The Opening of the Hunting Season in England.

"TO-O-O-!! TO-O-O-!!" THE CRY.

Bow the Pox Is Hounded to Death-Fence Jumping and the Nasty Results Therefrom-Coming to at the Finish-Paggod

The month of November is always halled with delight by young and old in England as the beginning of the hunting season. The following graphic description of a fox hunt in England is taken from The Blustrated London News of a recent date, and is presented as written, with few alteration.

It is November the first, and we are making our way to the first fixture, which is at Cately Village. It is a quarter, east 10, and unless we hasten we shall be late for the meet. See, on the top of that distant hill, just where

See, on the top of that distant hill, just where



redcoats; they are the whips. Our master is punctual to the minute. As we pass the kennels, which are close to the roadside, we see the old kennel huntsman, with a couple of lightweight second horsemen who are mounting. He catches eight of us. "Mornin, sir!

Mornin'! Hope you'll have a good day!"
On every side are horsemen, all coming to join us; some making their way by bridle paths, others by byroads. One seems to be having a little private sport all to himself, for he is taking a "bes line" to the meet, popping over each fence as it comes. Down a branch road, which joins ours some 300 yards ahead, three or four hats are bobbing up and down. As their owners come into full view on the open road, we notice among them Maj. S., a rare old sportsman.
"Mornin' sir! Sure to be a cont!" any a

ornin', sir! Sure to be a scent!" says a jolly old farmer, whom we have overtaken. His fat, sleepy cob is plodding along as though hunting was a thing he thought very little of, but during the season he'll have to put up with it at least two days a week.

A sound of rapid hoof beats behind makes us turn in the saddle. It is the master, on

his gray, mud splashed back. "Good morning!" he cries as he canters past, his face glowing with healthy exercise. What a seat that man has! He seems to fit into and be-come a part of the saddle on which he rides upright as a soldier, yet supple as a whip; his grip on the pigskin is not tight, not loose, it is that of a finished horseman. Watch it is that of a finished horseman. Watch how comfortably the blood like hack is cantering along, its head held exactly in the right place, and its mouth pleasantly playing with the bits—a sure sign that the rider has good

What a number of people are out today!
Red coats, black coats, blue coats, pepperand-salt coats; horses, ponies, cobs and donkeys—a motley throng of riders.
We will just cast a look over the pack, for

we are now among the group standing round them. Notice how level they are—not a coarse or weedy one in the lot. What shapely ins, what legs and feet! Note the gamey heads and well-carried sterns. Great bunches skins. They are like race horses highly trained. "They do their kennel huntsmen every credit." "Fit as fiddles." "They're in rare trim." "We shall have to ride to be with 'em." We overhear such comments from the good-humored pleasure-loving group, with mutual salutations: "Mornin'! Mornin!" "Glad to see you out again. Thought you said you weren't going to hunt this season?" "Why, the old bay's come up as fresh as ever!" "So, that's the new nag eh?" What a jolly, friendly gathering it is!



TWO ARE DOWN AND TWO HAVE REFUSED There is Miss M-, with her usual con-tingent of admirers, who hang on her every ord and smile. She is as pretty and natty as ever; and well she manages that flagety, dapple brown, who persists in trying to put a forefoot into one of his mistress' admirers'

Here come the Oak Farm crew, better known in the hunt as "The Oak Cubs," five jolly young fellows, who live with Mr. 8 at the Oak farm, presumably to learn the science and practice of farming. But, as they usually hunt four days a week, and shoot two, we fear their knowledge of agriculture must be rather limited. They are well mounted. Several are riding clean bred horses that appear hardly up to their weight.
"Hounds! Hounds, gentlemen, please!"
The master has given the signal to move off. The first "whip" takes the lead, and trots through the crowd, who give way on either side and make a clear passage for the tricolored beauties.

They are going to draw Tinker's Holt first, inlikely place for a find, as we killed a cub there some three weeks ago; but it is close at hand, on our way to the "draw" of the morning Swimmer's plantation, and might possibly hold a fox. We go at that odd jogging pace, faster than a walk, yet hardly a trot, which those who wish to keep with the moving pack must adopt.

The "whips" scurry off to their points of vantage. A minute or two the expectant, well trained hounds stand, their muscles twitching and tails waving, waiting the sig-nal from their master. Then "Lieu in, beauties! Lieu in, there!" With a rush they are over the fence and busy at their work. "Yoi, wind him! Yoi, push him up!" the master cheers. "Yoi, over! Yoi, rouse him!" Every one is on the tiptoe of excitement, ask-

Ah! what's that! A single note rings through the covert. It is joined by three or four others. "They've found! They've me of the riders start off madlythey know not why or where, but they must be moving. The hounds' voice, are still sounding, but somehow or other they don't sound right. People are asking each other, in excited tones, which is the best point to make for. Only the old hands sit still and say nothing. Ah! just as we expected. A volley of whip cracks. Two painful yells, "War' hare! war' hare!" "Ah! Destiny!" "War' hare, Doubtfulf" The new entry is still hardly safe where toothsome "pum"

"Toot! Toot!" goes the master's horn.
"Come on away! Come on away!" shout the
"whips." It's a blank. Now for Swimmer's plantation. Jog! Jog! Jog! Again the

Now we have reached Swimmer's plantation. Again the "whips" hurry off at full gallop to their appointed places. "Lieu in there! Lieu in!" The mass of covert is alive. there! Lieu in!" Sometimes a white stern shows for a second "Yoi, push him up! Yoi, rouse him!" Men look to their girths. "Yoi, wind him! Yoi, push him up!" Ah! Listen! Listen, in-deed; for that long drawn, beautiful note cat belong to none other than Challenger, whese voice is death. "Hark to Challenger!" Another dog owns the scent; another and another join in. What a crash of music! How the air scens to vibrate with the sound,

as it echoes through the wood!

"Yo-o-o-i! Yo-o-o-i! Gone away! Gone away!" The second whip has viewed him as be breaks for the open. "Yo-o-o-i! For-rear away!" With a clatter and rush the "field" make for the halloo. Hats fly off; horses bolt, but to stop is impossible. "For-r-r-ard! For-r-ard!" is the cry.

hounds are out of covert; swarming, tumbling, leaping out they come, and on they fly. Ere the first horseman has leaped the bedge and dropped into the field, through which the gallant for has made his

the far side, scrambling through the bars of those stiff rails.

Now watch the "field," as they come over the hedge, all sorts and sizes. What a males, to be sure! The hedge is fortunately low. Miss M. files it, with the chestaut abreast. Now a horse has refused; three or four others cannon into him. What a scrimmage! But this flight of rails is rather stout, and there is a gate lower down. Now only about thirty ride straight at the rails. The others rush pell-mell for the gate. It is locked, and three minutes will be wanted ere the gate is off its hinges and the last of the shirkers has passed through. Three precious minutes lost, and mever to be regained.

"Tap! Crack!" How eleverly the major's

hinges and the last of the shirkers has passed through. Three precious minutes lost, and never to be regained.

"Tap! Crack!" How cleverly the major's old mare just rapped the top bar with her hind shoes! Ah! that dapple brown is a jumper, and no mistaka. Halio! one of the "Oak Cube" is down. That blood stick of his will have to learn to respect our solid timber, and there's nothing like a fall or two to make him.

What a pace the hounds are going! Nobody can catch them. Even the master, on his great ranging horse, with its low, sweeping stride, is losing ground. How they race! Not a single straggler; one could cover them with a sheet. Old Challenger and Merry-



man are making the running, but the others are close on their sterns. "Yonder he goes!" shouts Tom, the first "whip," pointing with his crop to a field some quarter of a mile ahead, where his quick eye has detected a sudden movement among a flock of grazing sheep. "Forrard! Forrard!" The trees seem to fly past us as on we race. The well trimmed hedges and honest rails are but playthings to our excited steeds. "War' wire! War' wire!" A thrill of

"War wire! War wire!" A tarin or herror speeds through the oncoming crowd. "War" wire! War wire!" Ah! it is too late! The master's horse has risen at the jump ere his rider had noticed the treacherous barbed line. He has kneed it. Ohl horrible sight!—he turns a complete somersault, and, with a dull thud, he falls! Ah! what a relief to see that the master has been shot clear from his saddle, and ere the horse has time to struggle to his feet the numble horsewann has clutched the his feet the nimble horseman has clutched the bridle! Thank God! they are neither of them hurt; for see, as the horse rises, his master vaults into the saddle, and on they go as gayly as ever.

he gamey fox is making straight for As-

The gamey for is making straight for Aston earths, which must be a good eight-mile point from Swimmer's plantation.

The field is now reduced to a dozen or so. Miss M., with her faithful attendant, is still going well. Little T.'s horse is still with us, but little T. is sitting in a ditch, miles behind. Three of the "Oak Cubs" (one evidently just the white the "Oak Cubs") one evidently just the white the "Oak Cubs" (one evidently just the white). about done, for he is foolishly using his whip), and B, on the wonderful pony, still galloping on. These, with a couple of young farmers and the first "whip," are about the lot; and, should the pace continue, we fancy our num-bers will be still further reduced.

The master's horse hit those rails awfully hard, so we conjecture they must be fairly high. Very uncompromising do they look. We pull our gallant blown horses together with just a touch of the "persuaders," for it is a chance if we get over. Crash! Bang! Rattle! Crack! Two are down and two have refused. The others get over somehow. Now, see the hounds have dashed into Aston Gorse. Only five more fields and four more fences. Can we last out! We do not heed the painful throb of our horses' sides; we do not hear their labored breath or note the streams of sweat which course down their glossy coats as we press them on. The spurs must be used again or we shall never clear that stabed and bound solid hedge, with perhaps a wide ditch on the far side.



"WAR' WIRE!"

How bravely our horses answer the call! What courage--what endurance! With a struggle and a scramble we are safely over; and as we begin to cross the field, on the far side of which lies Aston Gorse, we see the master just entering the central ride. Listen! Pull into a walk. How the bounds are baying! "Whoo-whoop! whoo-whoop!" He's gone to ground! His earth was stopped, but a disused rabbit bur-row served him well. "Whoo-whoop! whoo-

THE LATE DAVE WAMBOLD.

He Wanted to Be a Minstrel When He Was Only a Schoolboy.

Years ago, in Newark, N. J., one boy did considerable toward demoralizing the school which he attended—when he couldn't help it. This boy was not at all a bad little chap, but he was so full of the idea of going on the stage that he played trunnt whenever he could, and organized minstrel shows among his playfellows. The boy's name was Dave S. Wambold. He grew to be a man, and his childish propensity developed with maturing years, until he became one of the best known minstrel performers in America. The name of Dave Wambold was associated with stage fun throughout the continent, from Quebec to the City of Mexico. Poor Dave, his days of fun making are ended! He died the other day in New York.

It was in that city that he made his first professional appearance. He had not much of a musical education, but his fine tenor voice at once attracted attention. In 1856 he went to England. He made a success there and was invited to sing before the royal family. He did so, and one of his most carefully cherished mementoes was the letter from Queen Victoria thanking him. He roturned to New York after a while, and then turned to New York after a while, and then drifted out to San Francisco. His songs "Write a Letter to My Mother," "Oh, Mother Dear," and "An Absent firother" made him a great favorite. He was then a member of the famous San Francisco minstrel troupe with Ben Cotton, Billy Birch, Charley Backus and others. Nine years ago he retired from the stage a great sufferer. he retired from the stage, a great sufferer from spinal trouble and rheumatism. He was a great joker. One of his friends tells this

"When I first knew Wambold he was the most popular man in San Francisco. He and I roomed in the same house, which was kept by a German. Dave was a great practical joker, and a joke that he perpetrated upon his landlord was the talk of San Francisco for months, and the newspapers there were full of it. Owing to Wambold's prominence the landlord considered what he said was law. The German wished to add another story to his house. Wambold told him that the air was the property of the city. and he would have to get the permission of the board of supervisors for using the air for another story. In order to gain the per-mission the German, at Wambold's suggestion, got up a monstrous petition, which was decorated by ribbons and seals of various

'In due time he presented the petition to the supervisors. The wording was the com-position of Wambold, and was very humorous, and asked for a certain number of cubic feet of air. The supervisors thought the poor German was crazy, and ordered an examina-tion as to his sanity. He would have been sent to an asylum had not Wambold acknowledged the joke. He was always up to such a trick. Almost every night Eureka hall, where he played, would be packed at 10 o'clock, when Dave sang, and during the rest of the evening the house would be compara-tively empty. In those days he was a very handsome fellow and the pet of the ladies."

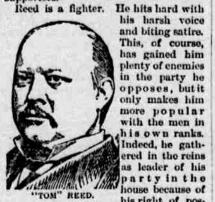
WHO WILL BE SPEAKER?

REED, M'KINLEY, BURROWS, CANNON, HENDERSON AND BUTTERWORTH.

Some Points of Interest About Six Congreamen Who Are Already Prominent, and One of Whom Will Probably Win the Big Prise.

There is a marshaling of followers of the candidates for speaker of the United States house of representatives. The battalions of Reed, Burrows, Cannon, Butterworth, Henderson, McKinley and others who have been spoken of less prominently, are furbishing up their ac-coutrements preparatory to inspection by their chiefs. Will the contest be short, sharp and decisive, or will it drag along sharp and decisive, or will it drag along for weeks? Since the memorable struggle thirty-four years ago, which re-sulted in the election of N. P. Banks, the people have occasionally looked for-ward to something similar at the ap-proach of a balloting for speaker. But until there is a division of parties, such as existed in the "fifties," it is not likely that there will be another such we that there will be another such pro-

longed deadlock. In politics the men who are familiarly called "Joe" or "Bob" or "Dan," generally seem to have a strength behind them that their more dignified competitors do not possess. At least, it is of a different kind. "Tom" Reed is looked upon as the candidate for the speakership, having, perhaps, the best chance for winning the race. Maine seems to be as good a soil for growing big brainy men as big pine trees. At any rate Tom Reed is a Maine man, and has some of the faculty of that other man of Maine James G. Blaine, for winning stanch supporters.



plenty of enemies in the party he opposes, but it only makes him more popular his own ranks. Indeed, he gathered in the with the men in

his right of possession by force and not by persuasion. Here is a sample of Reed's thrusts: One day Representative Taulbee was speaking. Reed listened for awhile at-

tentively, and at last said, in a stage

"What a pity! What a pity!" Being pressed by some of his immediate neighbors to state the object of his sympathy, he quietly observed, with inimitable drollery and a malicious twinkle

in his eye: "I was meditating upon the magnificent proportions of that robust thorax, and thinking how sad it was that heaven had not made any mind to supplement

and bear it company."
Reed's tribute to Logan while Gen. Logan was still alive is on a par with

"I like Logan," he said, "because he is

so damned human." Reed is a high protectionist to the point of rabidness. The late Larry Jerome took advantage of his knowledge of this fact to perpetrate one of his practical jokes at the annual dinner of the Philadelphia Clover club two years ago. Jerome, although himself a protectionist and although politics is never discussed at the club's board, when introduced a violent free trade speech in the most serious manner. Reed could not contain himself. Springing to his feet be loudly denounced the utterances. The company laughed, and when the situation was quietly explained to the eloquent congressman he only gesticulated more wildly and shouted: "Not even under the guise of the motley will I hear the sacred doctrine of protection attacked." Then the club shouted. It was one hour before Reed regained his good

Among the rivals of the Maine man is the diplomatic Julius Cæsar Burrows. He is a blonde, handsome man, with a fine physique and an excellent voice. He is no orator as Brutus is; or, rather, Tom Reed: he has the subtle persuasive charm of Mark Antony. It is not often that men try to lead men with a smile. They usually reserve that delicate method for women, but Mr. Burrows charms the

house with his smile. Agreat deal has been said about this smile, which is a pecuone else can imitate. It is gentle and confidential and winning. With it the speaker takes the liarly attractive

er takes the whole J. C. BURROWS. house to his heart, while he stands looking at them with his beautiful blue eyes. Burrows is hearty enough toward those with whom he is familiar, but with strangers he is dignified. He is one of the soldiers of the house.

Then comes Uncle Joe Cannon-origi-

nal and humorous. He doesn't want to be considered a dignified solon, and he isn't. His style of oratory is as different from the stately sentences of Daniel Webster as is that of a street preach-

of a street preacher. When he wants to say anything to the members of the house he talks to them.
He rushes about while speaking, gesticulating wildly and taking "JOE" CANNON. up the most fami-

liar positions. But Uncle Joe is no fool; indeed he is a very cunning politician. And Joe Cannon has a wife who will help him immensely in his race for the speakership, for she is an excellent hand at making friends. Joe Cannon looks like a country dea-

con or a justice of the peace. He is long and gaunt and wears chin whiskers as Abe Lincoln used to wear them. Another candidate belongs to that class who have the short given name. He is "Ben" Butterworth, of Ohio. Yet

it is said that be is not a candidate. There are possibilities in his case, however. He is said to be the most popular man in the house, taking both parties into consideration. He has a supersbundance of good nature, and is very ready in debate. He also has the fac-He is said to be

"BEN" EUTTERWORTH also has the fachis adversary on so soft a sod that he does not suffer from the fall or treasure

Among the candidates is the one legged oldier, Gen. David B. Henderson. He is a Scotchman by birth, and that sturdy race are not prone to give things up with over readiness. Indeed, this trait

with over readiness. Indeed, this trait is evident in the general, for having been driven out of "the service" in 1863 by the loss of a leg, he went back on horseback at the head of a regi-ment to fight it out till 1865, when there was nothing more to fight for. He is a Grand Army man who believes fully in pensions for soldiers. Though radical he has

a pleasant way b. B. HENDERSON. and outspoken, which makes him very popular. Gen. Henderson is now very

near 50 years of age. Last and one of the greatest comes Maj. McKinley—Napoleon McKinley he is sometimes called, from his resemblance to France's first emperor. Of all the candidates, McKinley had the main following at the last Republican convention in which Harrison was nominated. His personal appearance has been thus described: "His face in repose suggests at once Tom Keene and Daniel Webster. The profile is clear in its cutting, like Keene's, and the dark eyes are seen in the shadow that is so cavernous in the portraits of 'Black Dan.' There is little color in McKinley's face, and that white complexion contrasting with the shade about the eyes gives him the appearance of a man under some heavy nervous strain. "When he is speaking his eyes are

quick, nervous, apprehensive. The musshow like those of a comedian's in daylight, and they twitch. Some startling thought invades thought in the mind of this wide awake Ohioan and the clean cut lips respond immediately with an alertive play and then shut tighter and more bloodless in their

WILLIAM M'KINLEY. bloodless in watchfulness of the secret. His voice is rather higher than one would expect from a man of his type, but it is not unpleasant in its pitch. McKinley is not particularly demonstrative in his address, but conveys

an impression of reserved force." McKinley is still quite young for a man who aspires to the speakership, being not yet 46 years old. He went into the military service at 17, coming out brevet major at 21. He differs from most of his competitors in his dignity and reserve. He is not a frequent speaker, but when he speaks he produces a powerful effect. He won his present position with his party by his skillful handling of the tariff question. His great dignity is largely in his favor. since if there is any one trait becoming a presiding officer it is this.

It is generally conceded that of all the candidates Reed and McKinley are the strongest. As they are both strong men. perhaps they may deadlock each other, and both have to give way to some of their less prominent competitors.

TWO GREAT ARTISTS.

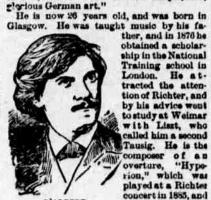
Sarneate, the Violinist, and D'Albert, the Planist, Now Visiting America.

Not long ago a little fleet of ve m sailed ocean steamship. They were crowded with jolly parties of musical and theatrical people. They went to greet Senor Pable Martin Meleton Sarasate, violinist, and Eugene Francois Charles d'Albert, planist. The New York World refers to these men as "the two greatest artists who have visited this country for

D'Albert's mother was a German and his

palbert's mother was a German and his father was a Frenchman. He was only 4 years old when he left John Bull's country, of which he now says:

"Unfortunately, I studied for a considerable time in that land of fogs, but during that time I learned absolutely nothing. Only since I left that barbarous land have I begun to live and I live now for the medium free. to live, and I live now for the unique, free, glorious German art."



ship in the National Training school in London. He attracted the attenby his advice went to study at Weimar with Liszt, who called him a second Tausig. He is the composer of an overture, "Hypo-rion," which was played at a Richter

concert in 1885, and a symphony in F, op. 4, in 1886. Last winter a string quarter of his was heard at Vienna. A dramatic overture was played at the Tonkunstlerfesi at Cologue, in 1887, and he is now, he says, engaged in the composition of a grand opera. Senor Sarasate is a bachelor and was born in 1844 at Pampeluna, Spain. He is rather small in figure, but strikingly handsome in feature and well posed in manner. He speaks French, Spanish and a little English, and has but little to say of himself unless questioned. He is Sarasate, the only, but he does not seem to feel that he is the greatest violinist since Paganini. When Sarasate was a young man he visited the United States,

and created no impression. Since then he has won fame all through Europe. Last May he was in London, and audiences and critics went wild over his playing and appearance. And thus one writer described him: Sarasate fascinated a crowded audience at St. James' hall, London, and excited such a clamor of enthusiastic applause as is seldor heard in London concert rooms. This grace ful southerner, with the warm light of warmer climes glowing in his kindly eyes with his small, slight figure, supple as a wan of willow, and his mobile, changing coun-tenance, full of intellectual force and expres-

moving spring of his marvelous genius! Not fame-for his enormous reputation is trested by him with ed by him with the merriest insoucice. Not lo-aoney, for he has private means of awn which are money, for he has any man of a readesire for honors,

SARASTE.

decorations or courtly flatteries—he cannot boast of being 'Dr.' Sarasate; be is Sarasate pur et simple -Sarasate e il suo violino-Sarasate and his dainty companion, his obedient, docile friend and confidente, the little instrument so fragile in make, so light to carry, so apparently nothing to look at, and yet which in his hands becomes a pleading angel, a repentant fairy, a rapturous skylark, a sobbing child, a sighing wind, a storm on the ocean, a cry of love, a kiss of parting—anything and everything in the whole range of human emotions that can be expressed by sound."

A Texas journal says to an English actress who recently electrided New York: "For the country's sake, Adelaide, keep away from Texas. We have cotton worms and potato bugs this season, and that is affliction enough for one year."

-LUCKY BOSTON AUTHORS.

HOW "LOOKING BACKWARD" AND "THOU SHALT NOT" ARE SELLING.

Who the Writer of the Latter Book Really Is-His Answer to the Question "Does Kovel Writing Pay?" with Advice to Aspirants to Literary Fame.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—Sented at a table in a restaurant the other evening, the writer saw the man who wrote one of the two great literary successes of the "Well, how is 'Thou Shalt Not' selling?" I asked.

'First rate," was the answer; "the American News company tells me that my book and 'Looking Backward' are the only books that are selling to amount to abothing."

The speaker was the man who, under the assumed name of "Albert Ross," wrote that much discussed book, "Thou Shalt Not," and a companion novel,
"His Private Character," In that assumed name there is an intentional pun
on the name of the series in which both novels were published, the Albatross se-At first the novel "Thou Shalt Not" was put forth to the reading public

anonymously. It was not long, ho know the name of the author. With the success of the book assured, it was deemed advisable to still keep his per-sonality a secret while seemingly satisfying the demand for the author's name His real personality is now for the first time made known in print in this article. He is Linn Boyd Porter. He is a man of about 84, of median height and stout, with a frank and cheery manner. His pleasant blue eyes light up with a smile when he meets you, and the changing expressions of his face, which are unconcealed save by a short mustache, show most unmistakably his pleasure in meeting old or new friends. He has served an apprenticeship of many long years in newspaper work. For years he was editor of The Cambridge Chronicle, and latterly he has been one of the night desk editors on The Boston Herald, from which he resigned when his book became a success.

During our talk, he became rather more communicative on personal mat-ters than is his wont, and for the first time openly acknowledged that he was the author of "Thou Shalt Not." He also gave several incidents relating to the early history of that book which have never been told. Aspirants for literary fame and resulting fortune will be interested in this story of a phenomenally successful novel. It is now nearing its one hundredth thousand, and its sale is made more remarkable from its being the first work of an unknown writer. I tell the story just as he told

three years before it was published. In order to secure perfectly legible manu-script I dictated it to a typewriter, after which I laid it carefully away in a bureau drawer. I often took it out and read it over, and I never doubted that it would be a success if it once got on the market; but I could not muster sufficient courage to offer it to any publisher. At last, when going on a pleasure trip to New York, I took the manuscript with me, determining to make one desperate effort to overcome my timidity. The next morning I walked to Twenty-third street, and with many misgivings ascended the elevator, to the office of G. W. Dillingham. I never felt more relieved in my life than when a gentlemanly clerk informed me that the pubisher was not in.

"'Here is some manuscript that I would like to have him read.' I said. laying down my little package. The clerk took it, informing me that it would probably be returned at my expense, which I did not doubt in the least, It such had been the story's fate, it would, very likely, have been relegated to the bureau drawer for another three years, but within a fortnight I received a letter from Mr. Dillingham, accepting the novel and proposing a royalty, which was as generous, I believe, as is paid by any American house to its authors."

It is not likely that any anonymous novel has ever had such a rapid rise to a great circulation in this country, for the first editions appeared, as stated above, without any signature whatever, and with no especial advertising or other means of attracting attention. When the second novel was issued last August there were advance orders for 20,000 copies. More than 80,000 more have been sold since that time, and the demand for both "Thou Shalt Not" and "His Private Character" compels at the present time the printing of 4,000 copies a week. They are sold from Bangor to San Francisco and from Galveston to Montreal, and the demand bids fair to continue.

While thus talking over his success, Mr. "Ross," as he still prefers to be called, let out the fact that he is engaged on and has nearly finished a story which will bear the peculiar title "Speaking of Ellen." It treats of the labor question, and in it is interwoven a love story of the kind which has made his pen famous. Ellen is the chief of the spinners and weavers of Riverfield, and the "contest of intellect" between her and Philip Westland, agent of the corporation, in which, of course, the girl comes out victorious, makes a story which, as rapidly outlined by Mr. "Ross" in his impetuous conversation, must be of absorbing interest.

The writer asked him the question now so frequently raised: "Does it pay to write novels?" In reply, he said that his income, the

first year of his attempt in that direction, exceeded the salary of a United States

cabinet officer and equaled the combined amounts paid by the state of Massachusetts to its governor and council. In other words, it amounts to about \$9,000 a year for the first year. He will put his money to good uses, too. He is receiving proposals from prominent publishers alruost daily, while requests for his autograph are sent from all over the coun-The best of the whole matter, too, is that his head is not at all turned by his sudden elevation from comparative poverty as a newspaper man to affluence. More widely known than be, because his personality has been less concealed, is the author of the other and greatest success of the year, Edward Bellamy, whose novel "Looking Backward" now in the one hundred and seventy-fifth thousand It will have reached and passed the two hundred thousand limit before the end of the year. It is now selling at the rate of 1.500 copies a day, or 9,000 copies a week. The author's royalties on these are at the usual rate of 10 per cent. on the retail price. This is five cents a copy on the paper edition, which, on the sales of 9,000 copies a week, amounts to the snug income of at least \$450. This extraordinary sale, unprecedented since Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." to which, by the way, this book has been compared, has only been in full swing since the first of

Although having known him for over a year and meeting him many times, I could not help being struck when at a dinner. a short time ago, at which be,

July.

W. D. Howells and several other authors and newspaper men were present, by the difference between him and Por-

by the difference between him and Por-ter. They are two of the most success-ful authors of the year, and yet how dif-ferent in looks, in style and constructive method. In fact, they seem almost an-tipodal, yet the great public enjoys-both. It seemed to me that the same personal difference found a parallel in the subjects of their novels and the man-ner in which they were treated. Porter's personal outlines have been already given. His novels are a succession of given. His novels are a succession of pictures, devoid of plot, and are realistic and Zolaesque to the verge of animality. Bellamy's novels are, on the contrary,

of more or less intricacy in plot, and, like himself, of a delicate, sensitive organism. Of about the medium height, Mr. Bellamy is rather slender in build. His dark, grave face is illuminated by a pair of kindly gray eyes, which have at times a shrewd, and occasionally quizzi-cal, look about their corners. His forehead is large and finely formed. A heavy, drooping mustache covers his mouth. He talks in a warm, sympathetic voice, which immediately commands attention. In manner he is quiet, and liable to be introspective. His whole appearance, when in repose, stamps him as the man of imagination. Any one who has read his shorter stories of re-cent date, "To Whom This May Come" and "A Positive Romance," or his earlier works, "Miss Ludington's Sister" and "Dr. Heidenhof's Process," must admit that in him is present a delicate, playful and exuberant imagination such as is possessed by no modern author since Hawthorne, His "Looking Backward," considered simply as a work of the imagination, commands the respect even

of the enemies of its theories.

He has often told the writer that he had never read any book on social questions before he wrote "Looking Backward," and believed that he never would have written it if he had read them, for his mind would have then been confused.

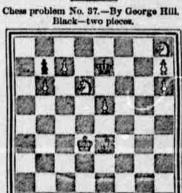
Although comparatively wealthy now, he is not happy, as he is a long and patient sufferer from that old fashioned New England disease, dyspepsia. On this account he will this winter take a trip to Cuba for several months. He has orders for a number of books that he cannot yet see his way to write, and is now engaged on a dramatization of "Looking Backward." This winter he hopes to write a work which shall present in didactic form the social theories contained in that book. He is now about 89 years of age, and lives with his charming family in the old homestead at Chicopee Falls, Mass. An enormous mail comes to this little postoffice for him from all over the world. Many of his literary brethren in and near Boston have expressed a great desire to meet him, and were he in good health he would be overloaded with courtesies from them. Invitations have also come across the sea from England from several prominent literary men and artists asking him to come over there. Already "Looking Backward" (a pirated edition, by the way) is selling there very rapidly, 15,000 copies having been disposed of at the shilling rate.

Like Porter, he has served in newspaper work, having been for eight years actively engaged on Springfield and New York papers. He, in addition, has been admitted to the bar, but has done but little practicing. Both men are of old New England stock. Such is a hasty pen picture of the two

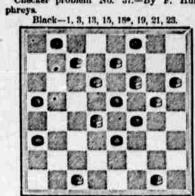
most talked about authors of the day, and the men who, with but one or two notable exceptions, are making the most money out of fiction.

"Does novel writing pay?"
With Bellamy making \$20,000 a year and Porter \$9,000, what is your answer!
CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.



White-nine pieces. White to play and mate in two moves. Checker problem No. 37.—By F. Hum-



White-6, 7, 10, 11\*, 12, 16, 30, 32. Black to play and win. Chess problem No. 86.

8..14 to 10

4...10 to 17

5... 17 to 22

6..11 to 16

10 W 15 0	Auj.
Kt, R or Q mat	es.
erker problem No	. 86: Black-7, 10, 11
White-30, 19, 2	2, 23. Black to pla
u n	A
Black.	White,
110 to 14	13 to 17
221 to 14	219 to 16 (a)
311 to 20	322 to 18
414 to 10	423 to 19
520 to 24	518 to 15
6. 10 to 7	619 to 10
724 to 27	715 to 11
8 7 to 3	816 to 13
927 to 31	911 to 8
1031 to 27	10 8 to 4
1127 to 23	11 4 to 8
12 8 to 7	Black wins.
1000 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	PRINCIPLE AND ADDRESS.

PROBLEM NO. 16, BY "MOSSBACK." Black-5, 6, 9, 14, 183.

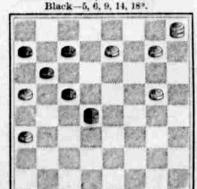
(a) 2..22 to 18

8..18 to 14

4...23 to 18

5...19 to 15

Black wins



White-4\*, 7, 8, 13, 16, 21. Black to move and win. Following is the solution of No. 15, by Mossback "

W. 22-17 B. 2-6 17-13

MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

THE GENUINE DR. C. MCLANE'S

-CELEBRATED-LIVER PILLS!

SICK HEADACHE!

Mr. and Mrs. Williams. No. 278 Seventh street.
N. Y., testify that they have both been suffering with liver complaint for about five years, during which time they have spent a large amount of money and tried many remedies, but to no purpose. Finally, hearing of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pilis, prespered by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., they purchased four boxes, which they took according to the directions accompanying each box, and new pronounce themselves perfectly cured of that distressing disease.

This is to certify that I have been subject at times to severe headache; sometimes the pais would be so severe I could rest neither day or night. Hearing of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pilis, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., I sent and got a box, of which I took two pilis on going to bed, for two nights. They relieved me entirely. Some time has now claused and I have had no more trouble from sick headache.

chaosed and I have had no more trouble from sick headache.

M. JOHNSTON, HS Lewis street, N. Y.

This is to certify that I have had the liver complaint for six years, and I never could get any medicine to help me until I commenced using the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. I can now say to the public, that they have completely cured me; and I do hereby recommend them to all persons afflicted with a diseased liver. Try them. They will cure.

MARIA EVANS, No. 81 Lewisstreet, N. Y.
Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills, preparee by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists.

(5)

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Cravelers' omide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL POADSCHED In effect from Nov. 10, 1886. Frams LEAVE LANGASTER and leave and a rive at Philadelphia as follows:

WESTWARD. Philadelphia. 11:25 p. m. 4:30 a. 4m. all trainvia M.Ljoyt 7:30 a. m. all trainvia M.Ljoyt 7:30 a. m. 4:30 a. 4m. all trainvia M.Ljoyt 7:30 a. m. 4:30 a. 4m. all trainvia M.Ljoyt 7:30 a. m. 4:30 a. m. all trainvia M.Ljoyt 7:30 a. m. all trainvi Pacific Express;
News Express;
News Express;
Way Passenger;
Mail traint in Mail Traint v
Ningara Express;
Hanover Accom v
Fast Linet
Frederick Accom v via Columbia 1 via Columbia 1 lido a. m. via Mt. Joy..... Frederick Accom... Laucaster Accom... Lancaster Accom... Harrisburg Accom.... Columbia Accom.... Harrisburg Express.... Western Express,.... EASTWARD. | Columbia Accom | 9:00 a. m. | 11:45 a. m. |
Atlantic Express	11:55 a. m.	12:5 p. m.
Seashore Express	12:56 p. m.	9:15 p. m.
Philiadelphia Accom	8:55 p. m.	6:45 p. m.
Sunday Mail.	3:00 p. m.	6:45 p. m.
Day Express	4:45 p. m.	6:50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom	6:45 p. m.	0:35 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom	8:35 p. m.	0:35 p. m.
Frederick Accom	12:53 p. m.	

The only trains which run daily. On Sunday the Mail train west runs by way J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD READING & COLUMBIA DIVISION.

On and after Sunday, Nov 10, 1829, trains leave Lancaster (King street), as follows:
For Reading and intermediate points, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 3:48 p. m.; Sunday, 8:35 p. m.
For Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:25, 28 p. m.; Sundays, 2:35 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 28 p. m.
For New York via Allentown, week days, 12:35 p. m. 7:80 a. m., 12:85, 8:48 p. m.
For New York via Allentown, week days, 12:35 p. m.
For Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 3:48 p. m.; Sunday, 3:55 p. m.
For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 3:48 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 5:40 p. m.; Hunday, 8:55 a. m., 3:55 p. m.
For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 5:40 p. m.; Sunday, 8:55 a. m., 2:50, p. m.; Sunday, 8:55 a. m., 2:50, p. m.; Sunday, 8:50 a. m., 2:50, p. m.; Sunday, 5:10 p. m.
TRAINS FOR LANCASTER.
Leave Reading, week days, 7:30, 11:56 a. m.,

Leave Reading, week days, 7:20, 11:55 a. m., 5:55 p. m.; Sunday, 7:20 a. m.; 2:19 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, week days, 4:15, 10:00 a. Leave Philadelphia, week days, 1.00 p. m. Leave New York via Philadelphia, week days, 745 a. m., 130, p. m. 1215 night. Leave New York via Allentown, week days 150 a. m., 150 p. m. Leave Allentown, week days, 550 a. m.; 430 p. m. Leave Pottaville, week days, 5:50 a. m., 4:35

p. m. Leave Lebanon, week days, 5:20 a. m., 12:30 i.i.b., m.; Sunday, 7:55 a. m., 3:45 p. m. Leave Lebanon, week days, 7:12 a. m., 12:30 ii.b. m.; Sunday, 7:55 a. m.; 3:45 p. m.; Bunday, 6:56 a. m.; Bunday, 7:10 a. m.; ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut street wharf, and South street wharf.
For Atlantic City, week days, express, 9:00 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.; Accommodation, 2:30 a. m.; Accommodation, 2:30 a. m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a. m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a. m.; Accommodation, 6:30 a. p. m.

Returning leave Atlantic City, depot corner, Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues. Week days.—Express 7:30 a. m. and 4 p. m. Accommodation, 8:05 a. m. and 4:20 p. m. Sundays—Express, 4 p. m. Accommodation, 7:30 s. m. and 4:30 p. m.

Tetailed time tables can be obtained at ticke, offices.

offices. A. A. McLECD, Vice Pres. & Gen'l M'gr. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. L EBANON & LANCASTER JOINT LINE Arrangements of Passenger Trains on and after BUNDAY, November 10, 1889.

NORTHWARD.

Leave, Lanc. 7:00 12:35 5:25 8:05

Lancaster. 7:07 12:43 5:33 8:13

Columbia. 12:51

Manhelm. 7:33 1:20 6:01 8:45

Cornwall. 7:39 1:46 6:28 9:17 Cornwall. Columbia 9:7 2:00 King Street, Lanc. 8:35 2:00 A. M. WILSON, Supt. R. & C. Railroad, S. S. NEFF, Supt. C. R. R.

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