THE LANGASTER DAULY INTRIAL GENOER, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

There were groups of little girls in the

ragged advance guard who held tightly to each other's bands. All were bare-headed and bore that mature womanly

appearance peculiar to Italian children. They clustered together like frightened

partridges whenever a truck horse came near, Several times the little girl with

ing gone, the sleeping child weighed like

lead on the arms of her sister. She looked around at the buildings and real-

ized that she was lost. Then she began to cry. The band dispersed and each

man went home by a different route.

The advance guard vanished like the

morning mist. The two children were

left alone. The baby slept as peacefully

While standing in the middle of the

street the mingled tears and perspiration ran down her face, and her feeble knees

bent under her heavy burden like those

of a baby learning to walk. Her home

was half a mile away, and she did not know how to reach it. Down Roosevelt

street a brawny Italian came running,

her loosened hair flying out behind her. She looked wildly here and there, and at

last caught sight of the disconsolate

child crying in the square near the ferry.

One minute later the baby lay securely

in the haven of its mother's arms, and

the tired child was hanging to her

mother s skirt with the grip of a drowning

SILCOTT, THE DEFAULTER.

His Home History-How He Operated.

The Woman in the Case.

The accompanying portraits are of C.

E. Silcott, defaulting and fleeing cashier

to the sergeant-at-arms of the house of

representatives of the fiftieth congress

Louise Thiebault, his female companion

man.

ERNEST JARROLD.

as if it had been in its cradle at home.

with delight.

A SIXTY MINUTES' VISIT.

IT WAS PAID CONGRESS RECENTLY BY A WESTERN MAN.

nd Walter Wollman Utilized His Hestily Formed Opinions of the Nation's Max Makers for the Present Letter-Hor Some of Them Appear.

[Bescial Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—A friend of ine, a stranger within the gates of the tal, went with me into the dress es of the senate and house ther day. He was a westerner, and of source in a dreadful hurry. He was ing" Washington in a day, as most westerners do, and had precisely sixty minutes in which to see the great Amer-



SPEAKER REED.

ican congress. "All I want," said he, "is a rapid glance at your statesmen. I will take them in on the run." And so we made a run for it. First of all, he must see Speaker Reed. Everybody asks to see Mr. Reed. I should not be surprised if in a couple of years Reed was the most famous man of his party. Already he is the most talked about person in the capital. It is not likely he will ever be president, for somehow he is not the sort of man that gets a start toward the presidential chair. If it be true, as some people say it is, that only neutral quan-tities are able to achieve the presidency.

Reed will not stand much of a show. Notwithstanding his sharp tongue and his terrible sarcasm, Reed is a kindly, companionable man. He has as keen : sense of humor as anybody I know, and can be easily provoked into hearty laughter. He smiles and laughs in the chair, in striking contrast to his predecessor, who was more solemn than a judge on the bench, and whose pale, thin face was never known to be illumined by a smile while at his post at the head of the house. Reed is fond of games and of a few friends. He plays whist and hearts occasionally in his rooms at the Shoreham, but he never drinks, smokes not chews. He plays billiards, and when engaged at this pastime is always sure of a large audience. The crowds assemble not to witness his game, which is very ordinary, but to hear the remarks which he makes upon the strokes of his competitor and himself.

Having looked at Reed till he was satistied, my friend asked to be shown Mc-Kinley, Cannon, Burrows, Carlisle, Mills, Holman and other celebrities. I will give what he said of each of these men. judging them simply by appearances, for he knew not one of them personally. "McKinley," said he, "is a man I would trust with my wife, my life or my for-tune. But if I had him for an opponent in a political contest, I'd keep watch of him. He is quiet and suave, but sly." When I told my friend that McKinley was the leader of the house, having taker Reed's place, he said the man would make a success of it, not by his masterly activity on the floor, not by his wit or sarcasm, but with his easy generalship, his calm, clear headed manipulation of his forces, his alertness, the confidence placed in him by his followers. Of Joe Cannon he remarked: "He reminds me of a neighbor I used to have up in Massachusetts. This neighbor had spells. One season he was pious, prayerful and an ornament to the office of deacon; next season he was owner of a trotting horse, a gamecock, a follower of the races, t lover of good times. That is the kind of a man I imagine Joe Cannon to be." "Burrows," said my friend, still giving his "first sight" impressions, "is a man who will always have plenty of friends, and who may be depended upon to use them." Of Carlisle he said: "There is the ideal face for a statesman, but I'll wager he is one of the poorest politicians in the world."

Friends ranged along on either suds. My friend the visitor insisted on my going on gossiping like this about all the senators whom we saw sitting before us, and of course that consumed so much time that he missed his train for the west. Then he confessed to me: "It can't be done. You can't take in con-gress satisfactorily with a hop, skip and jump. Til come up here again with you to-morrow." WALTER WELLMAN.

red along on either side.

THE BIG AUDITORIUM.

JOHN M'GOVERN WRITES ABOUT THE MAN WHO BUILT IT.

It's a Treppendous Ballding, It Cost Milllons, and It is Guaranteed to Pay 5 Per Cent.-It Has Just Been Christened by a Performance of Italian Music.

Today there stands in Chicago a build-ing which, by its magnitude, fixes itself upon the attention of all the people. In its walls, unseen from the outside, are no less than 17,000,000 brick, while ten regular stories and a tower of seven ad-ditional stories confront three streets with blocks of granite. Upon the various floors of the edifice are 50,000,000 minute pieces of marble wrought in mosaic. Ten thousand electric lights are in use. The terra cotta cost \$210,000 for 760,000 square feet.

This building, viewed from a point in the lake, shoulders above the town as a grain elevator dominates the scenery in region of docks. The tower strikes the eye from all the West Side bridges. Three vast facades offer to the people a spectacle by no means as imposing ns is the Cook county court house, but where the court house may be beautiful, the Auditorium is to be useful. In the court house there is not one admirable room.

In the Auditorium there are regions and 5 worlds. There is a theatre which is as large as theatres should be. 21 There is a hotel as large as hotels should be. There are stores, offices and minor halls,

where thousands of auditors may 公職業 33 gather. It is the mass of all this ADELINA PATTL that awakens the pride of the Chicagoans. The thought of the theatre car-

ries that mass-supports it. Therefore, in the public mind, the theatre has be come the Auditorium.

We have just seen an Italian opera troupe of world wide fame landing at New York as the Romans might land at Ostia, and pressing forward to Chicago, as the Romans might press on to the eternal city. Whatever else may be said on this head, I, at least, may remark that a city has arisen on Lake Michigan which has all the vanity of New York, with a present willingness to pay the startling expense which comes with a gratifica-tion of that vanity. There are rich and luxurious people in New York, in Bos-ton, Philadelphia. Well, then, let them wait until the rich and luxurious people of a parvenu city shall have been served! Let Patti and Del Puente make a way station of the metropolis on Manhattan Island, while a new town out west, which had no particular existence in Buchanan's day--while this town dedicates its temple, warranted to pay 5 per cent. usury, and seals its bargain with the thought that, if Chicago have not

ing for a chance to hear Patti, and for a chance to see a really great theatre. The mas who built the Auditorium is named Ferdinand W. Peck. He was born rich, on the site of the Grand Pacific hotel. He is 43 years old. He is tall, lean, dark, intelligent. I should call him one of the ilk of literry men-anxious, busy, pec muning with such thoughts as become real in auditoriums. Three years ago I was commissioned to write a prospectus of the Auditorium. It was with pronounced mental impatience that Mr. Peck found time to outline his fixed idea. But having lost the ten minutes and passed the wicket of brain friction, he detained me in order to carry conviction that

culture, she still may keep culture wait-

A CURIOUS INCIDENT OF LIFE AND DEATH IN NEW YORK.

AN ITALIAN FUNERAL

How the Mourners Mingled Business and Serrow-Ragged Children Follow the Music-Gala Tunes by a Brass Dand. Mingling Grief and Glee.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Dec. 12.-Angelo Fales first made his appearance in Park street about seven months ago. He was not as

strong as Italian children usually are, but by careful nursing he lived to be five months old. Angelo got along nice-ly until the cold winds of October came. Then he caught a cold, and in one week was dead. Angelo's death occurred at the sleeping baby tried to keep step with the pulsery music, but her burden was too great for any such rhythmic gayety. It was 11 o'clock when the ragged and so'clock in the evening, on the second floor of No. 94 Park street, over a lager beer saloon. The mother of the child drew the kitchen table to the middle of the room and spread over is a sheet taken from the top bureau drawer in the corner. Over the sheet she placed a wide piece of cheap lace, which at some It was it o clock when the ragged and unkempt advance guard, the blaring band and the shining coaches emerged into South street. The band now stop-ped playing. The hearse and coaches were driven on board the ferryboat. The cheering influence of the music betime had evidently done duty as a window curtain. The lace work reached down to the floor. Upon the lace was laid a pillow lengthwise of the table, Another pillow was laid at right angles with the first at the head of the table. Each pillow was trimmed with cheap lace. When the lonely bier was all ready, the mother, with reverent hands, lifted the child upon the pillows. The little cheap shoes, badly worn at the toes and heels, were then removed, and white slippers were put upon the baby's feet. The uscless shoes were placed in the top bureau drawer bedewed with

tears. By this time the news had spread and the neighbors began to come in. These began to decorate the room in a manner usual among the Neapolitans. A bedsheet was tacked upon the ceiling. Then three more sheets were hung from the ceiling in such a manner as to inclose the dead child on three sides. By this time the father of the infant had returned from a millinery store in Division street with some artificial flowers and mortuary ornaments. One of these consisted of a bouquet of white flowers mingled with red and green blossoms of a most vivid hue. Upon the bouquet was perched a white dove with outspread wings. This was placed upon the baby's breast. A chaplet of artificial flowers was placed over the brow of the dead Bright colored handkerchiefs baby.

were busy upon the sheets. The whole scene was picturesque and striking. The infant's face wore a peaceful expression, as if he had fallen asleep. As the night wore on the watchers

dropped asleep in their chairs. But the mother, who sat near the head of the baby, rocked to and fro, and at intervals called to the infant in Italian to return to her. It is the custom among the poorer classes of Italians for the mother not to eat anything until after the funeral is over. Sometimes the mothers go without food for three days. In the morning a male Italian learned of the child's death. He also learned from the family that an undertaker was needed. He turned across the street to the shop of Charles Bacegalupo and informed th undertaker that his services were required. By so doing he secured 10 per cent. of the money derived from the funeral expenses. The undertaker placed a how knot and streamers of white crap upon the outer door of the tenement Over this he hung a silver cord, indicat ing that the silver chord of life was broken, as spoken in the book of Ecclesi-astes. He also placed a brazen sconce, in which seven candles were burning, at the head of the table upon which the baby lay, together with a figure of Christ upon the cross. The undertaker also hired four coaches to convey the mourn-

dentity cocur to the children that they were straying far away from home. The child who carried the sleeping baby was perspiring freely when the cortege en-tered Roosevelt street. Her feet slipped on the cobble stones, and several times on the journey down the street she was jostled by clumsy boys into the gutter. With a frightened glance over her shoulder she resumed her journey. She was satisfied to endure any contumely so long as she was near to the blissful music which filled her palpitating heart with delight. NEW YORK'S BLOCKADES.

FOR DAYS BROADWAY WAS ALMOST IMPASSABLE BECAUSE OF THEM.

The Electric Subway Treaches Caused the Trouble, and Tradesmen Complained That Business Was Seriously Affected. The Street Filled with Stalled Vehicles.

Street blockades are not at all unusual in New York city, but the town has recently undergone an experience in that line which surpasses all others. More than a year ago the edict went forth that all electric wires must be taken from the poles and buried. The work was intrusted to the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway company, and the wires were slowly being put underground when, a month or two ago, a series of particularly frightful tragedies caused by the wires began. These greatly aroused public indignation, and the Subway company was compelled to cease its procrastination and begin work in earn-

This, of course, necessitated the tearing up of the streets, but all went well until Broadway was reached. Notwithstanding its name, and the fact that it is the principal business thoroughfare of the metropolis of Yankeeland, Broadway is not a particularly wide street. The volume of traffic is simply enormous, however. There are in the neighborhood of four hundred street cars in motion on Broadway during the busiest hours, and thirty-seven vehicles of other kinds passed the corner of Fulton street during ten minutes, while the writer stood there the other day.



CORNER OF FULTON ANL SROADWAY DURING A BLOCKADE.

With the first stroke of a pick by the subway workmen the trouble began. Great piles of dirt and paving stones rose on each side of the trench dug on one side of the street, and in a few hours that part of the roadway between one curb and the street car track was impassable for vehicles. Nor were the big pyramids of debris confined to the roadway. The sidewalks, too, were en-croached upon to such an extent that it was almost impossible to get to the doors of many stores. As it was during the busiest part of the year the trades men complained bitterly of this state of affairs; but there was no help for it. This nuisance continued in various

parts of the street for more than a week and the blockades that resulted were almost constant, and sometimes took in two squares at a time. Occasionally they even extended down the side streets, Chambers street being blocked one day for half an hour from Broadway almost to the North river. The following gives a good idea of how the blockades started:

At the corner of Fulton street and Broadway was a pile of earth and paving stones fully four feet high. On the top of this pile perched a policeman who by gesticulating and yelling was endeavoring to keep the line of trucks and street cars moving. An old lady ventured tim-idly from the sidewalk and the police-

and in these associations the older cus ions are still preserved in a m form, but there is less each year of the picturesque home life and northern man-ners among them. I found less distinctive Scandinavian celebration year than seems possible among so intelligent and earnest a people, and the most characteristic of all the festivals among them last Christmas is the one in th

little Scandinavian church in William street, South Brooklyn. It seems a pity that this is so, for of

the many poems of the world's religions that are founded on the dying of the year that of Baldur seems the quaintest and most beautiful. He was the son of Thor and of Frigga, and resembled Apollo in his attributes of light and beauty. When light and the warmth and brightness of the northern summer came to die on the eve of the shortest day in the year, Baldur was slain. He had been troubled by horrid dreams and premonitions of evil which he and the other gods failed to interpret, and Friggn, determined to pro-tect him, if possible, exacted an oath from everything in earth and heaven and hell that they would none of them harm Baldur. Only from the mistletoe she did

not exact the oath. The Asa Loki, who was the god of darkness and evil, and who hated Baldur, inquired about this, and Frigga told him what she had done. Only from the mistletoe had she taken no pledge, because it was, she said, so young and se little that it had not seemed worth while. Baldur, like Achilles, had been made invulnerable by his mother's tender care, and it came to be one of the favorite sports in the games of the gods for him to stand up and receive unharmed the assaults of all the weapons of the other asas, or gods. Loki traveled away to the south country, and, gathering the mistletoe, he fashioned a spear whose head was made of the wood of the despised para-site. This he took with him to the winter festival of the gods, and when Baldur stood up, Loki asked Asa Hod, the blind god, why he did not cast a spear at the sun god. Hod replied that he could not, because he was blind, and Loki told him that he would direct the spear. He did so, Hod hurled it, and Baldur was slain.

Ever afterward, at the feast of the winter solstice, the mistletoe was among the Norsemen an emblem of the myth. and not merely a bit of meaningless decoration. When Christianity made its way northward, the priests among the Germans and Scandinavians forbade the introduction of the mistletoe into the churches, but the prohibition was not long effective, and today it is connected with Christmas games, though less among the Scandinavians than further south, where it grows most.

"But how should the commemoration of Baldur's death become blended with the celebration of Christmas?" I asked of a venerable Scand, who has studied the traditions of his own and other race long and carnestly. "Because," he answered, "the two are

one. I do not mean that Baldur and Christ are one, though some Christian writers have tried to show that Baldu was merely the northern heathen's dream of the Messiah. I mean that their death and birth are commemorated in these winter feasts which have been celebrated by all nations and all religions at about the time of the winter solstice. The Phoe-nicians, the Kelts, the Skands, the Hindoos, the Greeks and Romans, the Jews, the Mohammedans and the Christians have alike taken that season for their most important feast. Among the Dru ids was the oak ceremonial, which led to the custom of bonfires and yule logs. Grimm traces these back to the Twelfth century in Germany. The Hindoo feast of Lakshmi is celebrated with charity to every human being. The Romans and Greeks observed their saturnalia by giving their slaves temporary freedom and

CHILDREN'S FASILIONS

A Company And

OLIVE HARPER TELLS HOW TO DRESS THE LITTLE ONES.

Charming Baby Cloaks Which Cost La and Add Much to the Small Girl's Be Apronu How They Are Made and 1 They Are For.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.-By all odds the prettlest material for children's cloaks is the eider down flannel. It is light and flexible, but thick and warm, and is looks soft and delicate enough for the daintiest darling of all. It is to be had daintiest dating of all. It is to be had in many colors and tints, and in stripes of various designs, all of them pretives is a delicate mouse color, and if anything could make a little toddler look cuter than another it would be one of little coats in this color.

CLOARS FOR THE BABIES.

I wish it was really the fashion to look better after the little children, for why should they suffer cold, hunger and

pain when this world has such an abun-dance of what they need? Let us rather take the little Minnies, Annies and Gretchens out of their wretched homes and dress them up in the newest styles for once. On one we will put pretty spring heel shoes and brown woolen stockings, knit drawer which reach her ankles, and a warm flannel skirt and undervest. Over this s brown flannel gown, Gretchen style, and for out doors a pearl white eider down flannel coat, with a bit of a hood in the back, and tied with cord and balls around the waist. A cunning little cap made of the same, and lined and trimmed with scarlet satin like the hood to the cloak.

For her cousin a blue and pink striped cloak of the same material with dark blue velvet cuffs and belt, and a little bonnet of the same, a comfortable little blue merino dress and knit und ments, and a good, wholesome dinner under them. No wonder she would look aweet and roay. Her dearest friends and next door neighbors should have, first, albeaver cloth coat in darl red with plush bands and belt and laid wool ts. The cozy hood of the same with a pl setto on top and a serviceable plain dress and knit undergarments. other should have a pale blue eider down coat with a waist of velutina trimmed with a little pretty figured braid, and a close bonnet of velutina to match in dark blue.

These two coats should be long and warm, and the last should cover a gown of red figured fiannel, and each should have clean white aprons to wear at home to keep their dresses clean, just such as the richest women put on their little children. Some of the little one could have warm Astrakhan coats, other plush, plaid, or velvet even, and some should have the silky long pile plush, just the color of ivory and rich yellow cream. They should all have fashion-able black or brown stockings, thick and warm and nice little knit mittens and cunning mites of muffs to tuck theis dimpled hands in. These muffs would be of Persian lamb, for they are just the style. could have warm Astrakhan costs, style.

And it doesn't cost so very n either to dress your children up is the height of the present fashion. A very good quality of plush costs \$1.50; a qual-ity quite good enough, \$1; velutins, \$1; eider down flannel about fifty cents, and beaver cloth is \$1.50, double width. If takes about three yards of plush, two and a half of velutina and one and a half of beaver for a cloak for a 3-yearold, and this, with trimmings, is a very reasonable garment that any mother can make. The quaint little gowns can be of almost any material, dark being pre-ferred, and a tasty mother can make little close bonnet out of the scraps that are left over. If every mother would buy enough for two children, and make one for her lit tle one and one for her poorer neight or's child, the babies might all be well dressed. But the millennium hasn't go BU RICHED **AMAR** APRONS FOR THE MOTHERS here yet, more's the The days of pity. dainty white aprons are not over, and neat ladies always wear them at home mornings about their household duties, or when sewing or taking care of their babies. There is no reason why they should be taken off even when visitors come, for there is something very domestic and homelike about an apron, and most gentlemen recognize the charm of them, and yet per haps they could hardly tell what it is that attracts. I think it is the sense that the wearer has a higher part in life than to be a simple ornament, for an apron is the sign visible of housewifely or dones tic labor. I give three dainty aprons. One is of linen lawn, with a cute little One is of linen lawn, with a cute little pocket, with tucks and embroidery. An-other is of scrim, with lengthwise inser-tions of oriental lace and with black and white ruffle. The third is large and of embroidered linen, for a mother, a nurse or for the helpful eldest daughter who watches over the china and silver and does all the dusting.



LEEDOM. SILCOTT. THIEBAULT. Silcott was born in Adams county, Ohio, about fifty-two years ago, and for twenty years was engaged in the mercantile business at Youngsville, always bearing a good reputation as an honest and efficient business man. The news of his downfall was a com-

plete surprise and shock to his acquaint-

ances. He has always enjoyed the con-

fidence of his friends and neighbors, and

they would have trusted him with any-

thing they had. He was appointed by Hon. J. P. Leedom as a reward for serv-

ices to the Democratic party as a candi-

date for auditor of Adams county, in the

race for which he almost bankrupted

himself, but was defeated. This infor-

mation is taken from the Columbus (O.)

Mills impressed this observer as a man who had altogether too muck stubbornness and lack of adaptability to be a prime leader of men, though he possessed great force of character and ability.

"Holman," said he, "is a splendid old fellow. I have no doubt, but he reminds me of a schoolmaster of fifty years ago -a conscientious, hard working chap, who spent his old life preventing his pupils doing things of which he did not

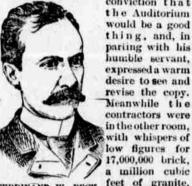
approve." There is no mistaking the physiognomy of Evarts, with that great nose and seem ingly toothless mouth, nor of Ingalls, with that queer shock of gray hair and persimmon like mouth, so suggestive of gripes and bites. Cullom is easily dis tinguishable from his resemblance to Lincoln, Plumb for his farmer like manners, old Senator Brown, from his patri archal beard, Allison for his handsome face, now strangely changed, however, by the appearance of a mustache where formerly was a long, clean upper lip, and Edmunds for his bald head and Ro man brow.

My friend and I were lucky enough to come upon Ed munds in an exceedingly interesting attitude. It was one which gave Mr. George Y. Coffin, the artist, an opportunity to make a character sketch of two distinguished men. Edmunds and Sawyer sat side by side. "St. Je rome," as the Vermonter is called, was resting his chin upon his hands, while the rich statesman from Wisconsin was punctuating a story or argument with one of his peculiar gestures. Edmund. is one of the few men in the senate who do not grow old.



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A PAIR WORTH LOOKING AT. Senator Sawyer, on the other hand, is aging rapidly. He still gets about, but finds it necessary to go to bed early in the evening, and to avoid violent exercise. Probably there is no happier man in public life than Mr. Sawyer, Notwithstanding his age he is a ray of sunshine wherever he goes. He clings to his old habit of rising early in the morning. At 7 he breakfasts, and at 10:15 drives to the capitol, where he spends a good deal of his time sitting at the head of his committee room table with his Wisconsin



a million cubic FERDINAND W. PECK. feet of granite, 10,000 electric

lights and thirteen elevators. Still, as the man had spoken, it was important to convert this scribe. Let the scribe be in no haste to withdraw.

against the Auditorium. "It is," he said, 'the most advertised, the most overrated of structures. In the first place, it is hideous. In the next place, it is called popular, when in fact it is select. It offers a nucleus to the rich. It appalls and robs the poor. It begins with the most luxurious chapter in our history. It is a speculation for private gain, and carries the public good as a side card."

I asked the count if the Auditorium did not, nevertheless, occupy a half block. I asked him if it were not a huge reality. I asked him if it were not the only hall in America where a national convention could be conveniently and agreeably held. But the man o Berlin detested the idea of a town hall

that should pay 5 per cent., when it is a well established custom that town halls cost 10 per cent., housing only tax eat-JOHN MCGOVERN. ers.

A Statue to Nathan Hale. On Sept. 22, 1776, Capt. Nathan Hale was shot as a spy by the British, as all



Share in such Chickens wound Herry & mine of a a nephew of Ben-PROPOSED RALE STATUL jamin West. Thirty-five hundred dollars have been raised, but \$4,000 are still required to complete the statue.

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution was organized in 1886 for the purpose of preserving the memory of those who fought for and achieved American independence. The society now numbers 500 members.

ers to Calvary cemetery, paying \$4.50 apiece for them. These were sublet to the mourners at the rate of \$1.25 a head.

The father of the dead baby thought : brass band was necessary in order to make the funeral complete. The band was secured at its headquarters in a lager beer saloon in Mulberry street. Fifteen pieces were hired at \$2 per man. The tinerary of the band included a walk around the block and thence to James slip, a distance of about one mile.

At 10 o'clock the coffin was carried un der the undertaker's arm across the street to the room where the body lay. It was about three feet long, and was made of cheap white wood covered with papier mache. At intervals upon the sides and top of the coffin were little decorations evidently cut with a die out of block tin. These were made to represent Roman urns, with a lion asleep upon the top. While the undertaker was putting the baby in the coffin the band came strag gling up the street.

The men wore no uniforms. They went into the saloon under the room where lay the baby. A white hearse, made to carry babies, also came to the door, followed by the four coaches. The band came out of the saloon and each man blew a few preliminary toots upon his instrument. Then a swarthy Italian came down the stairs with the little coffin in his arms. He was followed by a bareheaded woman carrying the bouquets and the dove. These were placed on top of the coffin as it lay in the hearse. The band ranged itself in irregular fashion in the middle of the street. It struck up a spirited Strauss waltz and the procession started. The only one who showed any symptoms of grief was the mother of the baby. At the first sound of the music children began to gather from every direction. Every window was filled with heads. The crowd filled the sidewalks and literally crowded the mourners. There was a halt at the corner of Baxter

street by the band to permit the coaches to catch up. When the procession started again fifty children, from 5 to 10 years old, marched ahead, keeping time to the music, which was of the most jubilant kind. Among these children were two little girls about 8 years old. Each carried over her shoulder an infant about as old as the baby in the hearse. The living babies were as rosy as red apples. They looked with wondering eyes at the brass band spilling music all over the muddy street. Both of the girls who carried the babies were barefooted and bareheaded. The visible flesh was browned from constant exposure to the sun. By the time the cortege had gone a distance of 300 yards from the starting point, the sidewalks of Baxter street had become impassable on account of the crowd. The procession went around the block bounded by Park. Baxter, Mulberry and Bayard streets. All the time the advance guard of little children tramped along just in front of

the cornet player. The narrow escapes of these children from being crushed under the hoofs of truck horses and vegetable wagon wheels which filled the streets were alarmingly frequent. Meanwhile, one of the bables had fallen asleep in its juvenile guardian's arms. Not even the blare of the big bass horn could keep it awake. The baby wobbled about in its sister's arms like a small sack of ment. She shifted it from shoulder to shoulder to obtain rest for her aching arms, for by this time the haby had become very heavy. The procession emerged from Baxter street into Park row. It did not evi-

State Journal, which adds:

Mrs. Silcott comes from an old Virginia family, which has always been considered among the best families of the country.

Mr. E. E. Winship, cashier of the Sec ond National bank of Circleville, O., who was Mr. Silcott's predecessor in the office of cashier of the sergeant-at-arms under Hon. John G. Thompson, explains the methods of congressmen in drawing their salaries as follows:

"The salaries of members of congress are drawn from the United States treas ury by the sergeant-at-arms monthly upon the certificate of the clerk of the house during the vacation and by the speaker after one is elected. Each certificate is also signed by the member and is for \$417. The salary is sent to each member by draft during the vacation if they request it, and when congress is in session the money is placed to the credit of each member in the books of the sergeant-at-arms and is subject to the check of the members. Silcott had access to it all. He was able at any time to embezzie thousands of dollars, as there was no check on his operations but

his honesty." Louise Thiebault, who fled with Silcott and his \$72,000, is a French Canadian with whom Silcott has been intimate for some time. She is described as a woman of good appearance, and was known by sight to many in and about the Capitol at Washington.

THE MICHIGAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

A Young but Healthy Organization-The Club House.

The Michigan Athletic club is the name of a successful organization which has sprung up within a year in the City of the Straits The finishing touches are now being put on the club house, which, when complet rival any similar organization in the west The entire cost will be about \$25,000, of which \$3,000 will be expended on the gymns

sium alone. In the basement of the building are the dressing rooms, bathrooms, lockers, kitchen and boller rooms. There is a plunge bath 32x15 feet. There has been no regular arrangement of the rooms in the building, no two being of the same shape. The main corrider is shaped like a half

moon. On the first floor are the ladies' room and reading rooms. The main stair way leads to the gymnasium on the second floor, and to the right of the entrance and near the stair way is the office. Adjoining the reading room is the smoking room, 14x22 feet. Across the

pilot her. They did not get very far however. An up-going street car got stuck directly in front of them and right across the narrow opening between the piles of debris. A truck which was following close behind the street car had to pull up short.

man descended from the pile of dirt to

In order to avoid running the great pole of the truck through the rear end of the car the driver turned his horses out toward the down track. This stopped a car on that track, and the long line of other cars and loaded trucks behind it had to come to a standstill. One or two drivers tried to get out of the jam by driving around the obstructions, and getting in each other's way, made things a hundred times worse. This blockade lasted eighteen minutes, and a view from the top of the heap, where the policeman



A SUBWAY MANHOLE.

stationed himself, showed a line of stalled street cars and trucks reaching downward to below Trinity church (four and one-half blocks), and upward to the triangular open space in front of the post office. The accompanying picture gives a good idea of how things looked during this blockade.

The subways which caused all this commotion are said to be the best yet invented. They consist of a series of wooden conduits in which the wires are laid, and which open, at intervals, into "manholes," where the wires may be tapped or new ones introduced. A pictare is given of a section of one of the manholes, with a man at work in it splicing a cable. These cables consist of twelve or more wires perfectly insulated from each other.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

The Curious Mythological Story of the Norseman.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Dec. 12 .- From the old Norse mythology, rich in legend and saga, have been derived many of the customs with which the Christian Christmas festival is observed, and among the Swedes and Norwegians in this country -veritable sons of Thor, as many of them seem to be in their rugged virility and massive strength-the Christmas tide is hardly less a celebration of the death of Baldur, the god of light, or the light of the world, than of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ.

They borrow the significance of the feast of the winter solstice, in other words, from a myth that in poetic sentiment shadows forth a meaning at least suggestive and typical of the story of the nativity, and in many of the Norwegian and Swedish homes in our own northwestern states the games and customs with which the holiday festival is enriched come directly from the customs of the Norseman. In New York city this is hardly true. Like the citizensof other foreign origin, they have their distinct-

license. "Observe that these are all celebrated after the husbandman's labor for the year is closed and the year itself dies. The Rev. Dr. Jennings, in his work on Jewish antiquities, says it is a vulgar opinion merely that Christ was born on Dec. 25. The feast is held then, simply because it is the world's time for a feast Among our own people King Hakon the Good, the foster son of King Ethelstan, of England, tried, in the Tenth century, to abolish the sacrificial feasts with which we honored Baldur, and to sub stitute the Christmas celebration. He falled, and was compelled to take part in the old heathen rites himself, but his will prevailed after he had passed away. There had been cattle, swine and horses sacrificed, and occasionally human lives,

but this, of course, is no longer the cus FALES-CURTIS. tom."

Discovery of Probably the First Automatle Commercial Machine.

DROP A NICKEL.

[Special Correspondence.] SHEFFIELD, England, Dec. 2 .- My business in this grimy, somber hive of industry brought me to the King's Head hotel, a typical old fashioned house tucked away in a crooked street not far from the market place. The landlord, Mr. Charles Corke, with the hospitality that affects a lonesome American so pleasantly, summoned the barmaid to a retired nook in the smoking room, whither we had gone to discuss a possi ble contract. That comely and discree young person promptly furnished the desired "Scotch and potash" (in American English, whisky and soda), and set the great glasses before us.

Landlord Corke was smoking-a pipe of course-and presently his hospitality extended itself (without reference doubtless to the possible contract) to inviting me to join him. I had neither pipe nor tobacco, but that mattered not. He brought from his collection a pipe of the "church warden" variety, so long that the stem, once in my mouth, I had to step forward a yard or so to reach the bowl. For tobacco he placed a tin box on the table. It was about a foot long, eight inches wide and perhaps six deep. There was a slit in the cover. Into this the landlord dropped a big English penny, whereupon the lock was release with a click, and, having raised the cover, we filled our pipes with the tobacco lying loose inside. It was a crude but effective example of the nickel-in-the-

slot machine. "This box," said Mr. Corke, "is always in the smoking room for the convenience of guests who are out of tobacco, and the pennies dropped in to secure a pipeful just about pay for keeping the supply undiminished." "I should think," I suggested, "that

the box once opened, all the tobacco might be extracted by some conscienceless vagabond. Your box isn't modern; it ought to be so contrived that only a limited supply could be obtained for

each penny." "I don't think," he responded, "that the box has suffered much from dishon-est users, and as for being modern, of course it isn't. That box has been in use in this hotel for more than 150 years, and is probably the forerunner of all th penny-in-the-slot machines now so com mon all over England, and America, too,

as I understand." The box was certainly battered and daily enough to have been in use that leat th of time, and there seems to be no reason to doubt Mr. Corke's statement with regard to it.

FUEDERICK R. BURTON.

What the Seventh Gun Meant.

What the Seventh Gun Meant. It is less customary now than in "ye palmy days of the drama" for members of the audi-ence to have their little say. Still, that this does occur occasionally was proved by an in-cident that is said to have happened in Buffalo during a recent production of Josephine. The emperor's sister, Pauline, had just ex-plained that if a girl was born five guns would be fired; and if it was a boy, the num-ber of volleys reached 101. Bang' went the first gun, the sudlence and

Bang! went the first gun, the audience and actors listening intentity. The sindactors boomed, and the firing seemed to cease, girl," encered Pauline, completely disgue Boomt went the sixth gun. "A boy!" or the actors and a large number of exci Cun A aly disgusted auditors. Boom! went the seventh gun "Twinst" should a roguish youth in the gal lery, and the curtaine went down amide roars of laughter

In "Theodorn" and as Lady Macbeth Be In "Theodors" and as Lady Macbeth Bers-hardt wears a Jersey next her skin, over which the soft folds of the fine crepes or slike hang, not made into a waist, but caught on the shouldars with broaches and held about the hips with the broad metal girdles which she has made so fashiounble. Miss Eastlake has never worn a corset, but replaces it with something hearly as bad, a broad, heavy, linen band, which gives her figure in pecie-liar look. In Clito, however, the dispense with it and gains greatly in grace thereby.



room, with accommodations for four tables room, with neconimodations for four tables, is also on this $\theta \rightarrow \tau$. The gymnosium occupies the entire upper floor, and is fully equipped with the Spanking system of apparatus. There is in this room an elevated track 9 feet from the floer and 154 feet in circumference The grounds about the house afford ample space for a cinder track of five laps to the mile. Next spring the tennis courts will be laid out and the whole provide arranged for the various game-bodball, lacross, base ball, cricket, etc. The members take partimular pride in their symmetry, which they elaim is unexcelled by any state, house gympassion in the United State.

the musicians, the two caretakers staggering along almost under the nose of