A CELEBRATED LAWYER'S HOUSE IN THE ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER.

olitan Residence of a Well Known Newspaper Correspondent -- A Street Railway Baron's Brown Stone.

New York, Feb. 6.-The mammoth ildings that are beginning to appear in lower Fifth avenue to meet the demands of business are wiping out the landmarks of the once exclusively aristocratic section. The new building of the Goelet estate, corner of Sixteenth, the home of The Judge and Frank Leslie Publishing company, occupies a site almost as strongly fixed in the memory of New Yorkers as the Goelet place at Broadway and Nineteenth street, where the old homestead has lingered amid the palaces of business that surround it. The corner at Sixteenth street (northwest) was never built upon and was one of the very few vacant spaces of private land in that vicinity. It was an oasis of primeval sward in a desert of brick and stone.

Another landmark that shared the fate of the old corner was the town house of the celebrated lawyer, Aaron J. Vander-



street, was one of the old style brick mansions, built probably forty years ago, when Sixteenth street was called uptown. While houses of this THE VANDERPOEL HOUSE. classs are plain in

exterior they furnish ample accommoda tions inside, a light dining room in the front basement and large parlors and chambers. The library is provided for by a long extension about one-half or two-thirds the width of the lot, and giv ing a good light. To a professional man the library of a

town house becomes the choicest corner in it, and that of the Vanderpoel house was especially favored in having a bright view on the green lawn of the vacantcorner, and also the passing scenes on the avenue. Mr. Vanderpoel was distinguished in his profession and had gathered in his home study the finest collection of law books in the state. His specialty was trial work, and he accomplished a marvelous amount of it, succeeding, as he said, by the studious mastery of facts. Yet the Sixteenth street ion was not a mere lawyer's den. Although a stern looking man, Mr. Vanderpoel was genial in temperament and a favorite with his fellows. He was very plain and looked rather like a farmer than a habitue of aristocratic Fifth avenue. He was of original Dutch stock and maintained a splendfd country estate

near his early home in Columbia county.

Mr. Vanderpoel associated himself with many city societies, one of which, the Holland, fostered those ancestral traditions to which he was devoted. The region of his farm at Kinderhook he made the scene of Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and used to relate the story to his friends with many local embellishments from his own experience. His country home and the adjoining Catskills were his recreation, but he he life of a New Yorker to the full. The neighborhood of his town home was full of social attractions. To the new St. Nicholas and Century clubs he gave some of his leisure, but during the greater part of his career he was a pillar of the Manhattan, which he helped to found and over which he presided several years. The Manhattan club-house, on the block below his home, was a convenient place to drop in for the

Mr. Vanderpoel was a neighborly man and identified himself personally with the surroundings of his home and with the people of the vicinity. For many years Brentano's Literary Emporium was near Sixteenth street, in Union square, one block from the Vanderpoel mansion, and the great lawyer, with his head crammed with legal facts, called in for his daily papers regularly, generally

stopping to discuss the news. His evenvisits here were also quite regular, and were often prolonged in comparing notes with the proprietor, who was thoroughly posted in the contents of his loaded shelves, or chatting with young August Brentano, the nephew and suc-See Se

cessor and the Brentano of today. A student of other things than law, he was 事業 a lover of literature in the best sense. He read everything of permanent value and that made a mark, and all of 37 the select new

publications were at once ordered AARON J. VANDERPOEL for his home library. Taken all in all. Judge and Frank Leslie, in going way upwan far from the printers' quarter, have not been quite reckless. Fifth avenue, with Madison and Union squares and Gramercy park for neighbors, and the home of an old time, brainy, cultured New Yorker, these things should inspire good work if there be power in surroundings and traditions.

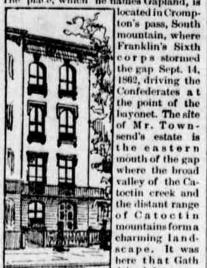
R is by no means seeking a contrast to go from Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue to George Alfred Townsend's (Gath's) neighborhood in West Thirty-fourth street. West Thirty-fourth street is not to be judged throughout by what it is at adway and Sixth avenue, all bustle and confusion. It is one of the city's broad streets, and had the early fathers been duly sensitive to the proprieties they would have called it an avenue rather than a street. This street was populated by a later generation of aristocratic people than those of lower Fifth avenue, and that portion of it west of Sixth avenue seems to be far more exclusive than Fifth avenue itself-that is, in the sense of being retired.

Townsend's home of the past seven or eight years, No. 361, is near Ninth avenue, and is very far from the central roughfares frequented by visitors, and if any one cares to test for himself that lation to be had in town which is so often said to be complete, let him stroll on West Thirty-fourth street some pleasant on in autumn between 1 and 3 o'clock. Then the masters of the long lows of mansions will be at their offices lown town, the ladies will be shopping or in the park, and the servants will be in the back basements. The caterers' wagons will have abandoned the street and the carringes and cabs will be with fr owners or patrons in the park. All libe alient within and without, and the fall of the few pedestrians will echo blooks around. Then it is isolation and, for brick and stone do not

breathe, and neave, and crackle, as do

lation and is in the center of a neighbor-hood of houses miles in extent. The building is one of New York's old timers, a brown stone on the English pattern, with a small front yard, level with the street. Strangers have doubtless noticed that a few blocks of the many thousands of houses in town have a vacant area of ten to twenty feet depth in front. This is because some old proprietor, with a bigh sense of the fitness of things, made a restriction when selling or leasing land that the building should not reach to the pavement line. These English basement nouses in Thirty-fourth street, of which Townsend's is one of a row of perhaps s dozen, have a neat grass plot in front and a low iron fence to protect it. The houses hemselves are roomy and comfortable The first floor contains a reception and living rooms, with parlors above. Although a traveling man and a Washington correspondent, with a country home, Gath has had for many years a New York home. His friends and children are located in the neighborhood.

For the past few years, however, his domestic hobby has been a new country home on South mountain, Maryland The place, which he names Gapland, is



charming landscape. It was here that Gath To the Division of the last delved for materials for his his-GATH'S CITY HOME. torical novel, "Katy of Catoctin," and if loveliness of nature and historical associations can compensate for the isolation of a mounthome, then the choice is a happy one. Yet it is not all the spirit of poetry

that draws the active correspondent to

seek this mountain retreat as a change

from city life.

Mr. Townsend is a practical man and puts theories to a test. When the cost of living, cooking reform, etc., were topics of newspaper discussion some years ago he selected a kindred topic for one of his New York letters, and made the rounds of the markets with a basket on his arm just to see how much diversion, annoyance, economy and humbug combined there are in the market basket act as attributed to certain great men. His Capland is the result of a similar propensity for seeing how some things can be done; for at first he simply fell in love with Capland - as do all susceptible folk that pass that way-and decided to build simself a lodge. The plan drew his attention to the rocky formation of a part of the mountain, and he found building material on the spot. A house, with out-buildings, soon followed, and if the estate with all its appointments should prove more attractive than the Thirty-fourth street house as a refuge for a man of 'Gath's" well traveled years, it will not be strange, especially as Washington is at present headquarters for his news-

Returning down town a half mile to nother broad street, or third street, where a still later movement, the spreading out of the residence quarters, drew many well-to-do-people to the west side of the island, we find another brown stone with a history 'Jake" Sharp's house, at 326 West Twenty third street, comes in the Mansard era. It was built about twenty-five years ago, and within it was doubtless planned, if not matured, the celebrated Broadway Street Railway scheme which rought Sharp to sorrow.

Sharp, too, had his home in congenial surroundings. He passed his prime in building piers and street railroads with ferry connections. Twenty-third street got its ferry very recently-that is, in Jim" Fisk's time, since the war. This street, long after some of those farther up town had been built upon with fine mansions, was a waste of vacant lots, with here and there a factory, stage stable, eattle market, and road tavern.

London Terrace, a row of fine old mansions west of Ninth avenue, and a row of brick cottages near Eighth avenue, opposite the Sharp house, stood almost alone as desirable residences of that neighborhood. The present Grand Opera house, built by Pike after the war, gave the region a beautiful marble structure in the Italian style. It stands on the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue,

the rear being diagonally opposite Fisk's enterprise also made the Grand Opera house, and in the building he estab lished the Erie railway offices in a suite of elegant apartments. The ferryacross North river, from the foot of Twentythird street to the

vonia, Sharp's Twenty-third WHERE JACOB SHARP street railway ONCE LIVED. from the ferry dock to the central portion of the city, and the Opera house combined, brought life to a district that but for these might have remained for years lagging in the

march of progress. The Twenty-third street home of Sharp marks the second stage of the man's career. Had he lived long enough and carried out his plans, he might have died in a palace on the avenue. He came to the brown stone from a little brick house (leased) on Twenty-second street. His most active work was done in the brown stone period, when, although known to his neighbors principally as a quiet, unobtrusive man, he was preparing the Broadway project, and actually carried it in his brain for a quarter of a century. On the steps of the brown stone one cold winter morning, as he was about to drive out in his beaver and silk wrappings, the boodler manipulator was met with the news that the indictments against him

were to be tried at once. He staid in the brown stone to fight it out. The palace on the avenue never came to crown his career. During his busy life in the city Sharp maintained a country place near Rome, N. Y., and there he caught cold in the great blizzard and died the month following in a house near his old home, which his family occupied after his conviction. It was during his trial, or between the time of his indictment and his death, that Sharp became best known to his immediate neighbors. He was greeted by the idle and curious whenever he appeared in the street. One day he divided public curiosity with another celebrity of the hour, Mrs. Langtry, whose cottage is on

Sharp was on trial in the great railroad charter case, and the Lily was courting popularity on one stage and fighting a legal battle over a high paling she had erected before her cottage on another, and by a coincidence both celebrities had their carriages at their doors at the same hour. The mob crowded about the Langtry carriage until Sharp appeared, and hen went over en masse and surrounded the Sharp carriage, and followed it as long as they could keep up with it, staring at its occupant with the usual sang froid of street loiterers. His neighborhood fame, such as it was, came late and came suddenly, and vanished as quickly as it came, for few of the residents of the locality, excepting the tradespeople whose patron he was, remember personally the occupant of the brown stone, No. 326, or can tell off hand where he lived, within half a dozen numbers. GEORGE L. KILMER.

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE.

She Is Going to Hawaii to Minister to the

Lepers.

Miss Amy C. Fowler (Sister Rose Gertrude), a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic of the Roman Catholic church, is on her way through the United States to Hawaii to take up the work left by Father Damien at his death among

the lepers. How simple this announcement, yet how much is involved in it. An English girl, having learned of the sacrifice of one who fell a certain victim to the most dreadful of all diseases, freely offers herself to take his place as the soldier steps into the tracks of his comrade shot down in a storming party, with this difference-that the soldier acts under a feverish excitement and may not be killed. while the woman gives herself deliberately, and for her there is no hope.

The oldest and best known legend of the sacrifice of a young girl is that of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon



tra. Her father. so goes the legend, having offended the Goddesc Diana, vowed to make atonement by a sacrifice of the most beautiful thing born within the year. This happened to be Iphigenia. Agamemnon long delayed the sacrifice, but when the Trojan SISTER ROSEGERTRUDE, expedition ap-

[From Pall Mall Budget.] proached, and the Greek fleet was detained by a calm, Chalchas, the soothsaver, told him that he must keep his promise. When Iphigenia was brought to the altar she disappeared, having been carried off by the goddess to Tauris,

where she became a priestess. Such is the legend that has been for centuries perpetuated in song and story, on canvas and in marble, till the whole world is familiar with the name Iphigenia. Yet how much more is there in the case of Sister Rose Gertrude to stir the emotions. The Trojan girl was sent to the altar by her father in obedience to a vow. The English girl goes of her own free will to spend what time may be granted between her arrival at Hawaii and her death from the diseasewhich, unless she is carried off earlier by other means, is sure to follow—among stricken beings kept in a pen to prevent their contaminating the rest of the world.

The woman who thus offers herself is the daughter of an English clergyman the Episcopal church. years ago, when she was about twenty, she entered the Roman communion. Very soon after she listened to a sermon in which the speaker gave an account of the leper colony at Kalawao and Father Damien's labors there. An inspiration came to her that she should devote herself to this same work. She wished to go at once, but her friends begged her to at least wait till she should be older and should know something of the terrible disease. She acceded to their wishes for a postponement, but did not abandon her purpose. Five years passed, and then she began her preparations. Going to Paris, she was trained under the cele brated Pasteur and in the hospitals there, in order that she might gain a scientific knowledge of leprosy. With this training she may at once care for the lepers

and study the disease which afflicts them. The body in which dwells this heroism is very small, weighing scarcely a bundred pounds. The face is oval, the eyes bluish gray, the hair dark. The sister is as modest and retiring as she is heroic. Her father and mother and two sisters are living in England and her brother is a farmer in Manitoba. She was educated at the Ladies' college, in Bath, England, and brought up by her father in the Church of England, but, when she became a woman, began to doubt if she was in the right fold, and after six months' study joined the Roman church. She has always loved to care for the sick and began to be a nurse at the Pryor Park mission, in London, following up

her training in a London hospital. At Kalawao Sister Rose will have charge of the leprosy hospital containing sixty lepers. Before leaving England she was presented with a complete set of instruments for the study and cultivation of the leper bacilli as is done at Paris in Pasteur's institute. She will study microbes with a view to discovering how they develop under different degrees of temperature, and as she attains results will forward them to the Leprosy society in London.

The case of this little nun is one of those singular instances where the greatest heroism is contained in the smallest and frailest human compass. And how important the work she may be destined to achieve!

The Tennyson Family.

The cut here given is from a drawing reduced from a page picture made direct from a photograph for a recent number of The London Pall Mali Budget. It



HON. HALLAM TENNYSON. LADY TENNYSON. LORD TENNYSON. shows Alfred Tennyson and his wife and Hon. Hallam Tennyson at home, and presents a new aspect of the poet laureate's face.

It it said that if ten American novelists whose books sell readily are selected and ten mechanics, who earn \$2.50 a day, at the end of ten years the mechanics will have earned the most money.--Exchange.

NAVAL SECRETARY TRACY.

SUDDEN INTERRUPTION OF A BRIL-

LIANT AND SUCCESSFUL CAREER. Early Struggles and Triumphs-Brilliant Military Career-Takes High Rank at the New York Bar-The Beecher-Tilton Trial. Heated Campaign and Fitting Reward,

Benjamin Franklin Tracy, whose able administration of the naval department of the United States was so suddenly inborn in Owego, Tiggs county, N. Y., in 1830 and passed his carry life or a farm, attending only the winter terms of an academy. From boyhood be was noticeably vigorous, earnest and reliable, and when admitted to the bar, in 1851, soon made his mark in law practice. So rapid was his rise and so great the popular confidence in him that in 1853, and again in 1855, he was elected district attorney, though his party was in a minority in the county.



THE TRACY MANSION.

In 1861 he was elected to the legisla ture, in which he was made chairman of the railroad committee, and won fame by defeating the first skillful organization to place a surface railway on Broad-He entered on the fight almost single handed, but his exposure was so effective that he soon gained adherents. and the scheme went into local history as "a deservedly defeated job." The time came when New York city regretted that there was not a Tracy at the head of the same committee in the house. On June 22, 1862, Governor Morgan personally requested Mr. Tracy to raise a regiment in the counties of Broome, Tompkins and Tioga. He soon did that and assisted in raising another and was commissioned as colonel of the first-the One Hundred and Ninth New

His career in the Army of the Potomac was brilliant. At the close of the battle of the Wilderness he was carried from the field exhausted, but refused to go to a hospital, and, after a brief rest, led his regiment through the three days' fight at Spottsylvania. Being completely broken down he was then compelled to leave the service for a time, but soon took command of the One Hundred and Twenty-



seventh United States colored troops. He came out of the war a brigadier general, resumed the practice of law as one of the firm of Benedict, Tracy & Benedict, and for a few years the public heard

SECRETARY TRACY. comparatively little of him, though he held the office of Eastern district of New York from 1866 to 1873.

No other fame, probably, is so evanescent as that of a successful lawyer-especially a city lawyer, and most of all one whose work is chiefly done in his office and concerns property interests chiefly—and it was, therefore, as a new man that Gen. Tracy came into promincace as counsel with Mr. Evarts and others for Henry Ward Beecher in the protracted and exciting trial of 1875. It was in this connection that the first direct charge of unprofessional or not strictly honorable conduct was made against Gen. Tracy-a charge disregarded by the public at the time, but revived in heated political contests afterwards. Theodore Tilton's friends indignantly declared that Gen. Tracy had listened to Tilton's account of the matter and afterwards consented to act as counsel for Mr. Beecher, The statement was as indignantly denied. and goes into the limbo of the insoluble along with so many other statements concerning that remarkable case.

The public likewise remained in ignorance of the fact that Gen. Tracy was a great lover of fine horses; that he was often present when big races were run and allowed his own horses to be put on the track, though he never bet himself,

until that heated campaign of 1886, which tore Brooklyn circles all to pieces and ventilated the lives of many. Gen. Trace was candidate for district attorney of Kings county Ridgway, then the Democratic

against James J. Da MRS. TRACY. occupant of that office; there was a "great moral reform movement" in progress, and the campaign was savagely personal.

The charge as to liking a good horse never hurt anybody in Brooklyn politics, but Gen. Tracy was defeated under cir cumstances which made him enthusiastically active against the Democrats in 1888. The success of the Republicans in New York that year was chiefly due to Brooklyn, and Gen. Tracy received much credit for it: it so happened also that he was the one man on whom all parts of his party in the state could unite, and his appointment was therefore a peculiarly happy one. It is no secrect that

drawns to be attorney general, that he would certainly seem more in line with his talents and

For New York as a state, however, the naval secretaryship is vastly more important than the other place, and Gen. Tracy has most ably served the best interests of his city and party while serving his country in a way to command general approval. The official and semiofficial intercourse between him and his predecessor, Secretary Whitney, was a most pleasing episode in the political movements of the day, and their personal relations, with suggestions for im provement of the navy, have been highly nonorable to both. In addition to accepting the plans for defensive action (coast defenses and the like) which have been settled for some years as the national policy, Secretary Tracy purposed to go much farther, to the construction of line of battle ships ready for offensive action if desired, and on this point will come the first discussion of his policy.

Gen, Tracy's domestic circumstances have been of the happiest, and the Brooklyn friends of Mrs. Tracy now recall with grief some of her expressions

on leaving that city to the effect that she did not hope to be as happy in Washing-ton as at her old home. She united two qualities not often found together—an extremely charitable disposition and good judgment in giving. She was one of the founders of the Home for Friend-

less Children. Personally she did not like "society in big doses," as one interviewer expresses it; small parties, small gatherings of per-sonal friends she greatly enjoyed. Her place among the cabinet ladies, however, was well sustained; and the young and fair, as well as the official society, were looking forward to a winter of unusua enjoyment when death invaded the cabi net circle-and with such rapid blows! Scarcely had the American people time to express their deep sympathy with Secretary Blaine in his double affliction when they were shocked by the appalling calamity to the Tracys.

In Brooklyn society there is, besides the general sorrow, a deep and special grief for Miss Mamie Tracy, who was a charming and cultured lady with much musical and artistic talent, and it adds not a little to the grief of her friends that she, like her mother, did not favor going to Washington, Mrs. Tracy's maiden name was Delinda E. Catlin, and she was a native of the same county as her husband-Tioga, N. Y. Their three children, Emma Eloise (now Mrs. Wilmerding), Frank B. and Mary Farrington, were also born there, in Owego. Miss Mamie was 26 years old, and received most of her education in Brooklyn, and was loved and admired by all who knew her.

EL PERAL.

The Spanish Boat Which Navigates Below the Water's Surface.



EL PERAL. When Jules Verne wrote his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," ir which Capt. Nemo navigates in his wonderful boat under the surface of the wa ter, every one regarded it as a splendid piece of imagination, but few, if any, supposed such a boat practicable. This, how ever, is an age in which the imaginative writer finds it difficult to keep ahead of reality. Lieut. Peral, of the Spanish has built a boat which closely resembles the cigar shaped submarine vessel whose picture appears in the volume written by Jules Verne. It was about five years ago that Lieut.

Peral conceived his idea, but kept his mains a secret.



A war becoming imminent, he revealed them to the Spanish minis ter of marine. and a commission appointed for the purpose of examining them having approved them. Petral was built at the ar-



EL PERAL AND INVENTOR. (El Peral Descending.)

senal of Carraca and launched in September, 1888. She is cigar shaped, measures 74 feet from stem to stern and 91 feet broad. She is driven by twin screws, the motive force being supplied by electrical storage batteries The Peral is a torpedo boat and fitted with complete torpedo gear. The steerage apparatus is in a conning tower in the middle in which the helmsman obtains a view of all about by means of reflecting mirrors. What the internal machinery is is kept secret. Several tests have been made, in one

of which the Peral went down like a whate and remained under water fortyfive minutes, attaining a speed of six knots an hour. Against such a torpedo boat no vessel, however powerful and well equipped, can stand.

Solicitor General Taft.

Judge William H. Taft, who bas been appointed solicitor general of the United States, vice Orlow Chapman, deceased, is a very young man for so important a position, being but 30 years of age. He s the son of Alphonso Taft, who was United States minister to Russia and Augria, and had been Attorney General under President Grant and for a time Secretary of War. The son, William H. Taft, was grad-



uated at Yale, and studied law He soon became assistant prosecutor of Hamilton county, Olo, and was appointed from this ofrevenue collector by President Arthur. Mr. Taft preferred the law,

WILLIAM H. TAFT. office to become assistant county solicitor. When Judson Harman resigned from the superior bench young Taft was appointed for the unexpired term, and then elected to the office. He is a hard worker, a brilliant man, and is of fine physique.

Hon. J. C. Power. Hon. J. C. Power, Republican, is one of the "Big Four" now waiting for the United States senate to decide which two

of them are to hold seats in that body for Montana. He is emphatically "a western hustler," one of the kind so often described in romances of the west, one whose business career is a sort of romance, yet who makes

romance subsidi-J. C. POWER. ary to business. As carpenter, surveyor, town boomer, government contractor and heavy investor in railroad and steamboat stock, he has been always active and often successful, is very nearly the wealthiest man in Montana and is still active. He was born in 1839 in Dubuque, Iowa, and has kept on the border ever since. He is below the medium size and rather sallow in appearance, but his bright eye redeems his face, and he is ever on the alert. He entered politics four years ago, was a candidate for governor last year, and was defeated by the Democrat J. K. Toole. He represents the western half of the state.

STATESMEN IN SOCIETY

PUBLIC MEN MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN PLEASURE AND SUCCESS.

Walter Wellman Sits Down in the East Room and Studies Society as Seen at a White House Reception—A Bright Congressman Describes His Experiences.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Public men com in most bitterly that society makes such large demands upon their time that they cannot properly get through their work. At the last White House recep-tion I sat down in the East Room, taking possession of a secluded corner, and watched the famous men and beautiful women who were promenading that noble apartment, reflecting upon their daily lives, their antecedents, their life struggles and daily routine. On such an occa sion as this it is always obvious that the woman is serene and content and self possessed, while the man it is who seems pressed for time, who is nervous about is appearance and his manners.
"Donuver," said t, as no sat down be side me, "tell me how this scene im-

presses you."
"First," he replied, "let me tell you of

my experience here to-night. It was my taste of official society as seen at public levee in the executive mansion. I did not know what to do when I came here, and so I thought it best simply to follow the crowd. It took me forty min utes to get from the front door to the coat room, and there a colored man grabbed my hat and coat, while I was willing to wager something handsome that I should never get them back again. Ten minutes later and the stream of people had carried me with them to the reception room. I was a little dazed by what occurred there, and I have been a little dazed ever since. I remember hearing my name sung out by some one, 'Mr. Dolliver!' A man whom I took for the president grabbed my hand and pumped my right arm up and down a couple of times. Then I was shoved along to Mrs. Harrison, I think it was, My arm was pumped again, and as another cog was turned by the machine I heard myself greeted by the second lady as 'Mr. Gulliver. Again the pump motion was applied, the machine took up another cog, and was introduced to the next lady as 'Mr. Mellville.' More pump like movement of the right arm, and with the lights dazzling my eyes, and my brain a little disordered by visions of beautiful women and gorgeous dresses, I was passed along to still another. Here I recovered my self sufficiently to endeavor to regain possession of my proper name, but when, five seconds later, the machine moved again I found the pump action just like its predecessors and a large, handsome woman with a French accent calling me 'Mr. Gollyboy.' Then I gave it up, and resigned myself to anything that might happen in the way of impromptu nomenclature. More pump handle movements, more parodies on the name that I had come honestly by, and finally I reached the end of the line and as

'Gen. Zollicoffer' made my escape into the East Room. Let me sit down and catch my breath. "And you like it?" "Well, it is a wonderful spectacle, and I am fond of the spectacular. All the glimpses I have had of the society of Washington interest me, particularly the fine dinners. It seems to me that the dinner is the most rational and enduring form of social activity here. I never fail to accept an invitation to dinner But what strikes me most forcibly is the demands this social business makes on one's time. How some of the sens tors and members manage to get through their work and give so much time to so cial matters is more than I can under stand. Of course I am willing to concede that this society is very fascinating. I must confess that it has taken hold of me in a way which I had not dreamed of. I came down here, as I am tole many a young congressman had come before me, full of ambition and clother in good resolutions. I was not going to dally with the glittering tempter, soci ety. My days were to be spent in the work of the house of representatives and in the service of my constituents, while my evenings were to be devoted to letter writing and to study. Now as a matter

reception every night for a week. I have almost lived in a dress coat." "And you find yourself much pressed for time?

of fact I have been out to a dinner or a

"All the while. It is something new in my experience. In the country town in which I lived we did not know what it was to be hurried. We arose at a reasonable hour in the morning, bad leisure to read two or three newspapers before breakfast, walked down to the office, stopping to chat with friends on the way, had an hour or two for a midday dinner, took ; nap thereafter if so inclined, and in this luxurious manner spent the day and the evening. But this is a different sort of life. Take my experience of today as a sample of every day's experience, no only of mine but of every congressman's and senator's. I breakfasted at 8, at 5 was in a hired cab going to the government printing office to get a job for an old constituent of mine, from there to the pension office to look up a case for a worthy woman of my district. then to the postoffice department to see about a postoffice appointment, to the treasury, to the war department and finally to the Capitol. All day there I wrote letters to my constituents. At 3 o'clock the house adjourned, and I had an engagement to dine at 6 four miles from the Capitol. A rapid drive, a lightning change from business to dress suit, another hurried drive, and I was at my host's, ten minutes late, despite all my exertions. At 9 o'clock I had an engagement with my friend and colleague, Judge Reed, to come to the president's reception, and here I am, all of which I call pretty lively work for a plain young congressman who had firmly resolved not to be led astray by the seductions of

Washington society.' Mr. Dolliver did not know I was going to use him as a horrible example of the manner in which the society of the capital destroys good resolutions and leisureliness, and he may not thank me for so doing, but being a young and handsome bachelor, naturally falling an easy victim to the wiles of the world of fashion, I wanted to contrast him with a certain senator whose case was soon called to my notice by the appearance in the East Room of his beautiful wife. Mrs. Davis. wife of the senator from Minnesota, is one of the popular women of Washington, and goes much in society, but her husband is rarely seen with her. He is one of the few public men who have fought against the tempter and conquered, although the odds were not on his side, reenforced, as the opposition was, by the pleadings of Mrs. Davis. A friend of mine was telling me of a call he made at Senator Davis' house one night. In the hall he met Mrs. Davis just going to her carriage.

The senator was found upstairs in his library, sitting in his shirt sleeves, a cigar between his lips, his feet perched upon a chair, the whole a picture of plain, placid comfort. It was obvious that there had been a domestic discussion about the social duties of a senator of the United

extates, carried on in sucreave count and with the cenator emerging as vici My friend, who had surmised all ti and who is very artful, asked the sense

if he were going out.

"Not much," said Mr. Davis, puffing vigorously at his cigar and pushing the box over to his caller. "Not much. The fact is, this society business is the greatest nuisance of the day. A dress cust I abominate. I am thinking of introducing a bill to have all swallow tails al If I had known that a man had to wear one of those infernal things three or four times a week in Washington, I'm hanged

if I would have come to the senate."

About the first thing a public man has About the first thing a public man heat to decide on coming to congress or other official station in the capital is this one of society. Shall he go out and give up all his cherished plans of work and study, all his ambition to be a great and useful statesman, or remain at home and unse the pleasures of dinners and receptional It is a more serious question than the reader who knows not the situation would be likely to judge it. Once started in the social whirl it is not so easy to step. In fact, it is almost impossible, and the first thing the victim knows he will find himself so pressed for time that he can-not even read the morning newspapers, and as for writing speeches or giving careful study to any of the great ques-tions of the times, that is not to be thought of. I was talking about this to a veteran newspaper correspondent, one who has been here twenty years and kept his eyes and ears open to good advantage, and he lays down the rule that the men who eschew society are the men who make successes in public life. Social pleasures, even moderately indulged, sap the ener-gies and undermine the ambition with

surprising rapidity. As Secretary Windom walked through the East Room my friend pointed to him and said: "There goes one of the most evenly balanced, one of the most capable of our public men. He has a phenomenal capacity for work. Every day the secretary is at the treasury department till 5 or 6 o'clock; his dinner is not finished till 8; four or five times a week he is out to receptions, and yet he comes into his office next morning thoroughly up with all the news of the day and with a score of important matters all ready to go into the hands of his subordinates. How he could do that was a mystery to me till one night last week, when I chanced to pass his house on Massachusetts avenue about 2 o'clock in the morning. There was a bright light in his library, and then I knew how he kept up with his work. He burns the candle at both ends. A little further down the avenue another library was brilliantly illuminated, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and through an open blind I saw the little chief justice of the United States bending over his desk. That explained how he was able to devote so much time to society, of which he is very fond, and at the same time to keep up with the enormous amount of work which his position throws upon him. And thus, I dare say, you'll find it all over the city of Washington.

"To the man of affairs and success and conscientious effort to do his whole duty there is but one way to make up for the time lost in society's gay whirl, and that is by consumption of the midnight oil. This does for a season or two, but the man who settles down to it as a regular thing will fail sooner or later. This reception is given in honor of the supreme court and congress. It is the one social event of the year which senators and representatives are in duty bound to attend, yet not one-half of the leading men of those bodies are here. Many that are here will not go out again this season. They need their evenings in their libraries or "dens" for the purpose of writing letters, reading bills, studying questions or conferences with friends and colleagues. They have made their choice between pleasure and success in favor of the latter."

AN AUSTRALIAN FAVORITE.

Miss Myra Kemble, Who Recently Deserted "the Colonies" to Appear to England. On the recent retirement of Miss Essie Jenyns from the stage Miss Myra Kemble lady who recently made a successful debut before a London audience, seems to eave at once taken a place in the affections of *mrcelian playgoers. Just before her de parture for England Miss Kemble was treat

ed to an imposing farewell function at Sydney, and Melbourne sadly grieved that it could not, from lack of time, accord like honor to the popular act-ress. "Miss Myra Kemble's story, writes a represent Mall Budget, "as #

MISS MYRA KEMBLE. after a fatiguing rehearsal, is one of patient effort and well earned success. She has had no sudden tri amph, no matutinal awakening to find herself famous; only the capacity for taking pains and the reward of unilagging persever ance. As a consequence, Miss Kemble has attained to artistic as well as physical maturity. But although not in the first bloom f youth, Miss Kemble's fair, silky hair,

blonde complexion and graceful carriage give her an excellent stage presence." Her first appearance on the stage was in 1874, at a pantomime in Melbourne. Then she took up small Shakespearean parts, and in less than two years was leading lady at the Victoria theatre. At 19 she played Lady Macbeth, being the youngest woman to atempt the role in Australia

It is said that she excels in those difficult and delightful old school comedies created by Sheridan and contemporaries. Her stage name, Kemble, is that borne by her mother before marriage. Her father objected to her going on the stage, and so she did not take his name. She is married, and was born to

REMARKABLE PISTOL SHOOTING.

The Performances of George Naude and George Bird Who Beat Him.

At the tourney held in Paris during the exposition George Nande, of Paris, was warded first prize for a six shot score with a revolver on the new French target. Naude's ecord was a great one. He had one shot in the bull's eye near the edge of the inner circle, two shots on the edge of the circleone above the diameter line and one below it -two other shots were bunched at the di-ameter lines, half on the 8 circle and half on the outer circle of the black bull's eye, and the sixth shot half in the 7 circle and half in the 8. The target was 11% inches in diameter and was set at a distance of 33 yards from the marksman. This was considered remark able shooting, and bets were freely made that no one would equal it for some time.

The bull's eye cut here given is a fac-simile of the center section of the target on which George Bird, the young dare Hunting club and the Calumet club, not only equaled the score of Naude, but surpassed it. This achieve-

THE TARGET. remarkable from the fact that the target was one-fourth the size of the original French tar-get used by Naude. Mr. Bird bunched his six shots, as shown in the cut, while another marksman a few feet away was banging at

another kind of target.

Mr. Bird used the Smith & Wesson "Fronand a round ball. It is safe to say that thi last record will not be disturbed for awhile

tier" 44-caliber revolver, with a Russian model shell loaded with six grains of powder