wife away. Then came Mrs. Ray-

mer's opportunity:

"If it were not Capt. Rayner's house, I could not have been even civil to Capt. Gregg. You heard what he said at the club this morning, I suppose?"

In one form or another, indeed, almost

an one form of another, indeed, almost everybody had heard. The officers present maintained an embarrased silence. Miss Travers looked reproachfully at her flushed sister, but to no purpose. At last one of the ladies remarked:

Well, of course I heard of it, but I've heard so many different versions. It seems to have grown somewhat since

'It sounds just like him, however, said Mrs. Rayner, "and I made inquiry before speaking of it. He said he meant to invite Mr. Hayne to his house to-mor-row evening, and if the infantry didn't like it they could stay away."

"Well, now, Mrs. Rayner," protested Mr. Foster, "of course none of us heard what he said exactly, but it is my experience that no conversation was ever re-peated without being exaggerated, and I've known old Gregg for ever so long, and never heard him say a sharp thing yet. Why, he's the mildest mannered fellow in the whole—th cavalry. He would never get into such a snarl as that would bring about him in five minutes."

"Well, he said he would do just as the colonic 'id, anyway—we have that straight from cavalry authority—and all know what the colonel has done He has chosen to honor Mr. Hayne in the presence of the officers who de-cunce him, and practically defice the inion of the Riflers."

Mrs. Rayner, I did not under-laregg's remarks to be what you , exactly. Blake told me that when asked by somebody whether he was go-ing to call on Mr. Hayne, Gregg simply replied he didn't knew-he would ask

"Very well. That means he proposes to be guided by the colonel, or nothing at all; and Capt. Gregg is simply doing what the others will do. They say to us in so many words: 'We prefer the society of your bete noire to your own.'
That's the way I look at it," said Mrs. Rayner, in deep excitement.
It was evident that, though none were

prepared to indorse so extreme a view, e was a strong feeling that the colo pel had put an affront upon the Riflers his open welcome to Mr. Havne. He had been exacting before, and had caused a good deal of growling among the offi-They were ready to find fault, and here was strong provocation. Mr. Foster was a youth of unfortunate and unpopular propensities. He should have held his ongue instead of striving to stem the

"I don't uphold Hayne any more than you do, Mrs. Rayner, but it seems to me this is a case where the colonel has to make some acknowledgment of Mr. Hayne's conduct"-

Very good. Let him write him letter, then, thanking him in the name of the regiment, but don't pick him up like this in the face of ours," interrupte one of the juniors, who was seated near Miss Travers (a wise stroke of policy: Mrs. Raynor invited him to breakfast), and there was a chorus of approbation.
"Well, hold on a moment," said Foster.
"Hasn't the colonel had every one of us

to dinner more or less frequently?" "Admitted. But what's to do with it?" "Hasn't he invariably invited each officer to dine with him in every case

where an officer has arrived?" 'Granted. But what then?" "If he broke the rule or precedent in Mr. Hayne's case would he not practically be saying that he indorsed the views of the court martial as opposed to those of the department commander, Gen.

Sherman, the secretary of war, the president of the United"-"Oh, make out your transfer papers, Foster. You ought to be in the cavalry or some other disputatious branch of the

service," burst in Mr. Graham. "I declare, Mr. Foster, I never thought you would abandon your colors," said Mrs. Rayner.

"I haven't, madam, and you've no right to say so," said Foster, indignantly.
"I simply hold that any attempt to work up a regimental row out of this thing will make bad infinitely worse, and I deprecate the whole business."

'I suppose you mean to intimate that Capt. Rayner's position and that of the regiment is bad—all wrong—that Mr. Hayne has been persecuted," said Mrs. Rayner, with trembling lips and cheeks

"Mrs. Rayner, you are unjust," said poor Foster. "I ought not to have un-dertaken to explain or defend the colonel's act, perhaps, but I am not disloyal to my regiment or my colors. What I want is to prevent further trouble; and I know that anything like a concerted resentment of the colonel's invitation will lead to infinite harm."

"You may cringe and bow and bear it if you choose; you may humble yourself to such a piece of insolence, but rest assured there are plenty of men and women in the Riflers who won't bear it, Mr. Foster, and for one I won't." She had risen to her full height now, and her eyes were blazing. "For his own sake I trust the colonel will omit our names from the next entertainment he gives. Nellie sha'n't"-

"Oh, think, Mrs. Rayner," interrupted one of the ladies, "they must give her a dinner or a reception."

"Indeed they shall not! I refuse to enter the door of people who have in-sulted my husband as they have." "Hush! Listen!" said Mr. Graham, springing toward the door.

There was wondering silence an in-

"It is nothing but the trumpet sound ing taps," said Mrs. Rayner, hurriedly. But even as she spoke they rose to heir feet. Muffled cries were heard, as in an the night wind—a shot then

another, down in the valley—the quick peal of the cavalry trumpet. "It isn't tage. It's fire!" shouled Gra-ham from the doorway. "Come on!"

Two Old Pavorites Appear in New Clothes in New York.

MULLER'S "THE KING'S POOL"

the Leading Roles—A New Yorston of "The Grand Dusbess"—Time Bessey and

The season, so far, has failed to bring out anything startling in the way of operatio successe; neither has there been more than the usual number of failures. By the way, it would an prise the average person to know how small a proportion of the plays and operas written are ever put on the stage. In 1868 copyright papers were taken out in the United States for more than 1,000 plays, operas and operation. Only 108 of these were ever put on the stage, and of the 106 only il attained even a modest measure of success. In 1889, 741 places were copyrighted, of which but 62 were staged. Eighteen were successful to a greater or less extent.



DELIA FOX AND HELEN BERTHAM.

Probably Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoil srs" comes nearest to being the operatic
success of the season, and yes no very enthuslastic praise of the "Gondollers" has been
heard outside of London.

But notwithstanding all these facts the
American public has no cause to complain.

If there has been nothing sublime there has
been plenty of sterling quality. Two operaswere recently produced in New York which
may be safely mentioned in this latter class,
and which will undoubtedly continue in the
favor of the public for a reasonably long
time. These are "The Grand Duchess" and
"The King's Fool."

"The King's Fool" is laid in sunny Spain,
during the reign of King Philip, the usurper.

"The King's Fool" is laid in sunny Spain, during the reign of King Philip, the usurper. The real heir to the throne has been dressed in girl's clothes and hidden in a school to save him from his murderous uncle, the tyrant Philip, the prince himself being kept in ignorance of his own royal blood.

He unwittingly gives a gold chain, which is the only means of identifying him, to his playmate, the girl Felisa. A rebellion against the usurper occurs, and the people selze both Felisa and the prince. The possession by the former of the gold chain makes them suppose that Felisa is the prince, and they prepare to put Julius, the real heir, to death. Felisa, who loves him, assumes the royal power conferred on her by mistake, orders his release, and at last his real sex and right to the throne are acknowledged. The finale of the opera is the marriage of Julius and Felisa and the return of the former to the throne.



ABBAULT AT ARMS IN "THE KING'S FOOL The production of "The King's Fool" gain added interest from the fact that it promises to bring into prominence two hitherto little known singers who show decided ability. These are Miss Helen Bertram, prima donna, made her bow to a New York public last summer in the opera "Clover," and made such a hit that the manager of "Clover" offered her present manager (with whom she had already agreed to sing during the winter) a bonus of \$75 a week for her services during the whole season. Miss Bertram is a native of Paris, Illa., and is the daughter of a well known merchant of that city. She was given a first class musical education by her parents and sang for the first time on the stage with the Emma Abbott Opera company. She is the wife of Signor Tomasso, formerly con-ductor of the Boston Ideals.

Miss Delia Fox is from St. Louis, and went on the stage for the first time when she was only 9 years old. She has earned the reputation of being a clever soubrette, an work in the "King's Fool" shows that she de



PRED SOLOMONS AS GEN. BOUM AND PANET RICE AS WANDA IN "THE GRAND DUCHESS."
"The Grand Duchess" is already familiar to most lovers of light opera; but the present version of Offenbach's delightful piece differs in many respects from those before produced The treatment and arrangement of the text and music differ materially from the French score (which has previously been rigidly ad-hered to in America); all the music of the

hered to in America); all the music of the original German version as it was first produced in Vienna under the personal supervision of Offenbach is retained, and a decided departure from custom is made in the absolute omission of topical sengs.

The first act is laid in a snow mantled military camp. Lillian Russell sings the leading role—that of the grand duchess—and makes her first entry in a great Russian sledge. The scenery of the second act is particularly dainty and pretty—a white and amber salou. The first scene of the third and last act is a dupli late of the scene in the first act, painted with summer instead of winter effects. Delight'ul little Fanny Rice is Wanda; Isabelle Urquiart, the statuesque, appears as Iza, and Fred Solomons is more than funny as Gen. Boum.

Clandestine Marriage of Legal Infants. The clandestine marriage at Milwau-kee of Charles Hamilton Eliot, aged 15, and Lizzie Nugent, aged 16, would seem again to bring into prominence the necessity for some legal regulation that will serve to prevent those armed with the authority from uniting the lives of children solely for the sake of the fee attendant on performing the ceremony. The Milwaukee bride and groom are mere school children, dependent on their parents for support, and the dis-covery of their foolish exploit has brought sorrow to two homes, and given the husband and wife a good deal of unpleasant notoriety.

The Decline of the Circus Clown. Dan Rice, famous twenty years ago as a circus clown, is living now in retirement at Long Branch. He is a hale, hearty old man who delights to talk about the palmy era of his "business." He attributes the decadence of the clown to the fact that the "funny work" of today is monopolized by the professional

LIFE ON THE CONGO RIVER E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S OF

FICERS, AND HIS ADVENTURES. age, and an Explorer at Twenty-two. Experiences in the Jungio-Views on the

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORE, March 6.—Mr. E. J. Glave was taken by surprise with my early call the other morning and met me in his parlor, on Lexington avenue, in undress costume, over which was thrown a long ulster. His parlor, by the way, looks rather like an apartment on the frontier; the conventional ornaments being hidden by trappings that belong to the outfit of a traveler in some far off clime, and the curious implements, and panoply of war, and grotesque decorations of a savage race.

and grotesque decorations of a savage race.

This pioneer and explorer is a young man of athletic build and weighs 150 pounds. His face is strongly marked with lines showing energy and stamins. It is a good English countenance; a type found only among the adventurous types of that adventurous people. He was diffident about talking of himself, but finally consented to answer what was asked if he could.

"When did you first go to Africa?"

"When did you first go to Africal"
"In 1888, with Stanley, establishing

"You were evidently young then."

"I was just 19."
"I think I can appreciate your spirit, for I ran away to war when in my

teens. Now, why did you go with Stanley?"
"Purely to seek adventure," he said, rallying. I had struck the key that unlocks many a fund of adventurous narwas only 19, and at the end of four

months after E. J. GLAVE. leaving England I was in command of a pioneer station on the Congo. We landed at Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, and then took a river steamer to Vivi, a hundred miles

at first?"
"I had the usual troubles, fevers and

so on, for a time, but I soon got strong and remained there three years. I re-turned to England for ten months, and then went out again exploring the tributaries of the Congo, where I spent three years more.' 'To what violent dangers were you

exposed?"
"I lived among the natives with only one soldier and slept as securely as I do here in New York. Of course there are dangers in life and travel on the Congo. Some of the natives there are trouble some at times. Then there are the hippopotami, the rough waters, and the ter-rible tornadoes that come up without warning and have a tendency to swamp your boat before it can reach shore."

'What of the natives on the Congo?" "They are a happy-go-lucky, good natured, childlike people, except when aroused to cruel passions by bloodthirsty, savage ceremonies. They are at times suspicious from the fear they have of stronger tribes from the interior."

"What about the chimpanzee?" "He is simply an intelligent monkey." 'How about the notion that he is human and would talk but for fear of being enslaved should he do so?"

"That is nonsense. He is only a monkey and becomes very tame. In fact, they become too familiar around camp. When the crew are at mess the chimpanzees will run up and dip their paws in the pot to pull out their share." "Are you an artist, Mr. Glave?"

"I made some sketches on the Congo, and they were used in the London illustrated papers and also in Stanley's Founding of a Free State.' I have none of my own that I could offer you, but here is a very curious picture of a native climbing a wine tree. It was made by another on the spot. The rope passes around the trunk of the tree and the body of the climber. By working the rope with a circular motion little by little he draws himself up the tree and can hold on at any point he chooses." "What of the Congo region for devel-

"The climate will prevent extensive colonization, but the productions of the country admit of successful commercial enterprise, which, however, must be confined to the few. Great fortunes will be

made by those fortunate enough to en



GLAVE IN HUNTING COSTUME.

"Are there many Americans in Africa? "Yes, as missionaries, and they seem to rough it well. They go far into the heart of the Dark Continent and found stations with missions. They are kind to the natives and hospitable to all white travelers whom fortune casts among them, and they are a most desirable element to have there." "Is there much territory remaining

unexplored?" "Very little. But much of that which has been explored in the past is now closed up; there are no roads and no stations, and the whole country has relapsed into an unknown wilderness peo-

pled with savage tribes." "Are young men good explorers and residents?"

"At proper age, yes; say between 20 and 30. Most great explorers in Africa have started out young." "What have been some of your personal adventures?"

"I have shot buffalo, elephants, hippopotami, crocodile and huge serpents. have also shot a soko, a dangerous halfbrute, half-man, something like the gorilla. I hunted a great deal on both my trips. As a rule, I went out alone, accompanied by two natives. The natives do not take game as hunters do. They kill large animals by trap and use a net for small ones. I found that natives on a hunt would sympathize with the senti-ments of their leader. If he showed the white feather, they were most happy to do the same. If he showed a dispo

have an idea of pienty of big game to be had for the abooting. They do not take into consideration the probability that the unimal may dispute possession of himself. Now, when amateur hunters come to realise that hunting means fighting, and look out upon a sea of horns, menacing and murderous looking, they begin to tremble and then the hunting etablity is all taken out of them. I have been charged by buffalo. I have been where life depended on my last shot and if my rife had failed me then I would have been gone.

"The great quality for a hunter there is patience. It is wrong to fire from a great distance or without sure aim. When we kill big game we give it to the natives to insure their good feelings, but to hit big game at a venture, only wounding it, is an act of torture. I never count game as got unless I have the tail as a trophy. An animal may be hit and supposed to be mortally hurt, but he disappears in the jungle, never to be seen by his hunter again."

Mr. Glave's manner, when I had secured his interest, convinced me that he is of the stuff for pioneering, and I saked him if he intended to return to Africa.

"Yes, after an interval to regain my



ONE WAY TO CLIMB A TREE.

full powers. Only ten months elapsed between my first and second trips, and this time I intend to make it longer; then I shall return for three or four then I shall return for three or four years. I am now preparing an account of my six years' hunting experiences for the boys of The St. Nicholas Magazine, and shall write upon weightier topics, particularly on elavery, for The Century Magazine. I return to England in April. In writing up the slave trade I shall relate what I have seen of the evil, with the hopes of arousing public sentiment on the question. African slavery will never be suppressed but by some gigantic movement sustained by the combined powers of Christendom. I am deeply interested in the question, and if an opportunity of the component of the c terested in the question, and if an oppor-tunity offers to abate the evil, an opportunity where I can take my own course and act on the suggestions of my own experience, I shall embrace it.

"The slaves of natives are badly used, and the Arabs who deal in slaves are very cruel."
"What of your experience with Stan-

Stanley is a unique character all the way through. He knows the native from the foundation up, and he wins in his conquests by tact and patience. On an expedition he lives the same as his men and is genial and talkative. I have spent hour after hour listening to his tales adventure as we lay surrounded by the jungle, within earshot of the howling of beasts and of savage music, the very oot to lend a realism to his marvelo recountings of things of days gone by. Only a fortnight ago I received a frie ly letter from him in which he calls up recollections of our mutual comrades of pioneer days. Stanley has been charged with being inconsiderate. That is not his nature. The magnitude of his work may cause him to appear so at times He moves with a vast responsibility resting upon him; like a conquering warrior he cannot stop to count the little ills that befall by the way. No great work is accomplished without some suf-

fering. "Speaking of the development of Africa, I should say that there is a work of development extending rapidly from the south coast up into the central por tion. As in your own western country, new villages and towns are springing up like magic. In the gold region, south of like magic. In the gold region, south of the Congo, there is at present great activity, and fortunes are being won and lost there in mining, exploring, trading and all manner of enterprises that belong to a gold region."

Mr. Glave wears as a decoration L'Etoile de Service—the Star of the Service—presented by the king of the Belgians.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

In monor of a famous Frances.

The status of Thomas Starr King.

The statue of Thomas Starr King, which is to be set up in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, next fall, will be of bronze, 10; feet in height, and will cost \$15,000. Sculptor Daniel C. French, of New York city, is now taking a plaster cast of the clay model, and the work is



was born in New York city Dec. 17, 1824. His father, Thomas Farrington King, was a Universalist minister. The son also entered the ministry. He was pastor of the Hollis Street church, in Boston, for eleven years. He went to San Francisco to take charge of the Unitarian parish there in 1860. His greatest fame resis on the fact that when a strong movement was made to carry Californi into the Confederacy he combated the scheme with eloquence and success. He died in 1864.

On Long Island, fifty miles east of Brooklyn, there is a curious lake called Ronkonkoma. The waters of the lake sink to shallowness for a space of three years and then gradually rise during the succeeding three years. The filling up process has just begun and is being watched with much attention by scientists. The phenomenon has been a matter of record for over a century.

Thought He Was Suspected. Inspector of Emigrants (to Italian just anded)—Here, sir, have you taken a bath? Italian (trembling)—My beavenst is one

ASIAWENTYJUNI POUHRE

IT HAS SENT OUT MANY SUC-CESSFUL MEN.

from There, and So Did Sonator Allicon, Ex-Governor Kirkwood and Congressions

Rood, of lows, and Beveral Others.

[Special Correspondence.]

Washington, March 6.—A group of members of congress and government officials were sitting in the easy chairs of a botel parlor a few nights ago, talking about the Astors and their wealth, the growth of the money power, the rise of trusts, and the probabilities of the future as to the centralization of capital. A majority of the gentlemen present took a gloomy view of the situation. They contended that in the new order of things a poor man, even in the United States, has not a fair start in the race of life, and that the tendency of the times is to make not a fair start in the United States, has not a fair start in the race of life, and that the tendency of the times is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Finally one gentleman, a prominent figure in congress and in national politics, with a good deal of seriousness stood against what seemed to be the prevailing opinion, and argued that as wealth is so much more conspicuous than poverty, its display always exaggerates its relation to the average condition of things.

"Let me tell you a story from actual life to illustrate my position," said he. "I think I can show you from a romarkable incident, or, rather, a series of incidents, of coincidents, that in the United States a man needs neither the prestige of wealth nor family to enable him to win conspicuous success in business or professional life.

"Fifty years ago I was a barefooted boy living with my parents on a farm in Ashland county, O. The country was comparatively new, the markets were

comparatively new, the markets were not good, and the agricultural people were hard pressed to get a living out of the soil. Money was scarce, nearly every one was in debt, and no one was prosone was in debt, and no one was prosperous or content. At the cross roads in Green township, near which we lived, there used to be an old blacksmith of the name of Studebaker. He was a good old man, who worked pretty hard at his anvil, but for all that had a constitutional tendency to financial prostration. He had some boys who were active young fellows and who tried to help their father out, but in spite of all they could do, and all the old man could do, the blacksmith found himself more than once every year sued for debt before a justice of the peace known in the neighborhood as Squire Allison. It was understood in the neighborhood that the old gentleman Studebaker owed nearly every one in that part of the country, every one in that part of the country, and every merchant in the county seat whom he could induce to trust him. In the same way about half the farmers in the same way about half the farmers in the township owed him bills for sharp-ening plow shares, for repairing wagons and implements and shoeing their horses. The farmers were too poor to pay, and Studebaker was therefore unable to pay the merchants who had sold him supplies.

the merchants who had sold him supplies.

"One day, to the surprise of every one, old man Studebaker loaded his family and a few household goods into a covered wagon and started west. All the neighbors had confidence in his honesty, and were sorry to see him go. The next we heard of him was that he had located at South Bend, Ind., where he and his lusty boys had made first one wagon and then another and sold them at fair prices to the prosperous farmers of the St. Joseph the prosperous farmers of the St. Joseph valley. It wasn't long before he had made wagons enough to enable him to start an extensive wagon shop, and in a year or two he came back to Green town-ship, Ashland county, O., and paid every debt which he had left behind him. I remember how proud the old man was of his ability to do this, and how glad his former neighbors were to see him pros pering. Well, you all know the rest. You know how that wagon shop grew and grew till it became the largest institution of its kind in the world. You know that his sons are immensely wealthy and highly respected men.
"The Squire Allison whom I have nentioned was a poor man, too. He

had a son, Bill, who was fond of chew-ing tobacco and playing ball and of shirking his work on the farm. Bill and were chums, barefoot boys together, and I remember that he often said he was going to leave the farm at the first opportunity. Finally he got a chance to go to Ashland, the county seat, and study law with a firm there who knew his father, and in time he was admitted to the bar and hung out his shingle. He didn't have many clients, and for a time had to go through the process of starva-tion and insolvency which is the fate of all young lawyers in a country town. He naturally turned toward politics, and when the Republican party was born enrolled himself as one of its mem-bers and stood for county attorney on the Republican ticket. Ashland was then and still is a stanch Democratic county, and young Allison was snowed under. He took this as a hint that that neighborhood was not congenial for him, and started west. He went to Dubuque, la., and within five years his abilities and his popularity as a man had won for him a nomination and election to congress. You all know the remainder of the story—how he served a number of years in the house, and then stepped up to the senate, where he has been for seventeen years. Senator Allison has never been a success financially, though you will often see his name in the papers as one of the millionaires of the senate The truth is he is not worth \$30,000, and the entire devotion of his time to public affairs has left him without the inclina tion or the ability to take a hand in the money grabbing enterprises of the times.

But his life has been a great success, nevertheless. "By some strange dispensation of fate that neighborhood of Ashland county, O., has given a large number of famous men to the state of Iowa. Old Samuel J. Kirkwood, the war governor of Iowa, was a poor boy in Ashland county, who also studied law and for a time practiced before Squire Allison and other justices of the peace. Those who recollect him say that even then he had the same qualities of rugged honesty, eloquence and shrewdness which have since made him so successful as a popular leader. The first public office which he held was that of township clerk of Vermilion township, to which he was elected in 1841. He, too, drifted west, and became governor, senator and member of the

"Judge Reed, now a member of congress from Iowa, was a near neighbor of the Kirkwoods and Allisons in Ashland county before they all went west. The judge says he got his ambition to study law by hearing Kirkwood pettifogging a damage case before his father, Reed, who for many years was a justice of the peace for Green township. It appears that young Reed ran away from school to be present on that momentous occasion, an enterprise which involved him in a series of fictitious pleas entirely in keeping with the requirements of the legal profession.

"Young Reed drifted to Iowa just be fore the war, studied law, taught school and did everything which tradition has assigned to the youth of all great men. He afterwards went into the army, and as captain of a battery speat four years in the service. He is now one of the

grame corrected in the west. He spent toursteen year on a nist prius bench, and for many years was chief justice of lows. He has at once taken rank in congress among the influential members of the house, where he has a bright future before him.

"But I have not yet exhausted the list of barefooted boys who went out into the world from adjoining farms in Ashland county, O., to win success in the various walks of life," continued the gentleman. "Congressman McClellan, of Fort Wayne, Ind., used to wear blue jeans and drive the cows to and from pasture on his father's farm in Green township. Now he as a wealthy banker, and besides holding a seat in Congress has been on the bench of his adopted state. The comptroller of the currency, Edward S. Lacey, of Michigan, is another of the barefooted travelors who drifted out of Ashland county before the war. He is one of the most popular men in Michigan, has been in congress, and will eventually land in the senate. The present sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, A. J. Holmes, was about as poor as anybody could be when he worked on a farm in Ashland county. He was a good boy, made a good soldier, was for many years a good congressman from Iows, and the members of the Fifty-first congress believe that his administration of the office of sergeant-at-arms will be so satisfactory as to reform, for all time to come, the loose business methods which have hitherto prevailed there.

"The barefoot boys of Ashland county have not only marched to the front in business and political circles, but they have been equally successful in professional life. The newspapers not long ago contained a statement that Mr. James D. Springer, a noted railway lawyer of Minneapolis, had accepted a \$20,000 position with the president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. Mr. Springer has the reputation in the northwest of being a really great railroad lawyer, yet few men have won success in the face of so many difficulties. When his father started west from Ashland, O., about 1851, it was to

tion that could hardly become worse. Springer never had any education, as the term is generally understood, except what he picked up in the district schools of Ashland county, and of the various places in Iowa where his father from time to time resided.

"In this connection I will add that back there in Ashland county lives a proud old pedagogue. The now venerable and respected George W. Brubaker has taught school in Green township for many years, and had under his charge at one time or another nearly all of the men I have mentioned as having subsequently won success in the various fields of human endeavor. He says Bill Allison was the worst boy he ever had, and of human endeavor. He says Bill Allison was the worst boy he ever had, and that he thinks he flogged that boy about a thousand times in four years. Still, the old man's former pupils remember him with gratitude and affection, for Senator Allison and Springer and others whom he graduated from Webster's spelling book and McGuffey's readers often suppover at Ashland on their way east or west to pay a visit to the old schoolmaster.

"One more instance of the remarkable series of successes won by barefoot boys

"One more instance of the remarkable series of successes won by barefoot boys from adjoining farms in Ashland county," continued the speaker, "and I shall have finished my story. One of the boys with whom Brubaker had a good deal of trouble was a chap named Stubbs. His father was a very poor man, and young Stubbs was a wil man, and young Stubbe was a wild, rather uncouth youth, who liked to run away from school to go down to the railroad and play among the cars. At 17 or 18 years of age he caught the western fever, and went out on the Pacific coast and worked for a time as a timekeeper or clerk in the employ of Stan-ford & Crocker, who were building the Central Pacific road. But he ha good stuff in him, and from time to time his employers advanced his salary as his knowledge of the railroad busi-pess increased and his usefulness de-veloped. Finally he was drawing the handsome pay of \$12,000 a year, and was the general freight agent of the road.

In this capacity he was employed mostly in representing the Central Pa-cific in the traffic associations of the country, and in these meetings he was brought in contact with the best trained business intelligence in the world. His extraordinary abilities were soon recognized all over the country, and two years ago Phil. Armour, of Chicago, who has a penchant for hunting out the brightest men to be found and getting them at whatever cost, offered him \$18,000 a year to leave the Pacific roads and go east and work for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The Central Pacific people were foolish enough to permit him to go, and Stubbs stayed with the St. Paul till his old employers discovered that they had lost a man whose place could not be filled, and whose usefulness could not be measured in money. So they went to bidding for Stubbs, and in order to get the man back had to put up the princely sum of \$25,000 a year, which is the salary which old Brubaker's former wild and uncouth pupil now draws.

"These are not the only instances could give from the farms in Ashland county of which I have spoken," conclud-ed the gentleman. "Other boys from those farms have gone poor into the world and commanded success and distinction. But I think I have given examples enough to show that the people of the United States, in picking out men to do its business in all the fields of thought and action, public and corporate, business and professional, have no prejudice against those who start barefoot, but give to every man a free opportunity to make the best that can be made out of life. The conditions which have prevailed I believe pre-vail today, and will continue to prevail in this country. Neither Socialism, Anarchy, Henry Georgeism, Edward Bellamyisn nor any other ism or notion will be able to dislodge from the mind of the American people that principle which from the beginning has assigned success to individual effort and personal ability to meet the tests of competition in all the walks of life." WALTER WELLMAN.

THE TAULBEE-KINCAID AFFRAY.

Both Parties to the Affair Native Kentuck ians—Cause of the Quarrel. Ex-Congressman Taulbee is from the mountain districts of Kentucky. Newspaper Correspondent Charles E. Kincaid s also a native of the Blue Grass state.



KINCAID.

The affray between the two occurred recently in the Capitol building, at Washington, and was the culmination of a quarrel of long standing, which began nearly two years ago with the publication in The Louisville Times of an ar-ticle reflecting on Mr. Taulbee's charac-ter. The ex-congressman has been for some while a notable figure at Washington. Tall, strong and possessed of a powerful voice, his physical attributes

TAULBEE.

atways gamed min recognision speaker whenever he chose to speaker whenever he chose to express
his views on any measure peoding,
which was not seldom. He began manhood life as a student for the ministry,
but abandoned the church for the quart
house, and became a lawyer. He is a
lawyer, 39 years of age, and first came
under general notice when elected to
congress some years ago. Charie E.
Kincaid is 36 years old, of slight build,
and, when the trouble culminated in the
shooting, was just recovering from an
attack of typhoid fever. After leaving
college, and when only of age, he was
chosen magistrate of a Kentucky village,
and thus acquired a right to the title of
judge. He has held several positions of
public trust and emolument, and is as
present the Washington correspondent
of The Loulaville Times. He has traveled a great deal, is a society favorite,
and comes of excellent family.

OF THE LATEST FASHIONS

OLIVE HARPER WRITES OF WOMAN'S WEAR OF TODAY.

Some Very Petching Gowns That Have Boos Made for Mrs. Chausesy M. Dopow, Miss Rellie Hargons, Miss Dora Lealie Lyde and Mrs. Kila Wheeler Wilcon.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, March 6.—This past week has been a suggestive one for those who have the entree to the private rooms of the high class dressmakers. Bome of the very handsomest gowns are made of what seemed the least promising material. I saw one dress made for Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew which was particularly elegant. It was made of gray serge, trimmed with black velvet, and a thick fringe of dark gray across the front breadth, which was slightly lifted in front, showing a simulated petitions of velvet. Above the fringe was a fine of velvet. Above the fringe was a fine black ailk gimp passementerie.



There were two plain velvet panels the back was pulled in and hung in a straight lines. The waist was of in the back and in front it was "with serge, each plait being edges silk passementeris. The sleeves we gray faille, plaited to a deep cuff, dainty little capote bonnet was of velvet and white ribbon. The may of velvet and white ribbon. The may of velvet to match. Mrs. Depaw half mourning, and this custom is sesuitable for that, or it is not necesso if a bit of color is added to the back dressed young ladies in York, and she certainly is one of wealthiest and prettiest, and the pretty and quiet costume was may for her in dark prune ladies' dioth, med daintily with narrow coaties. MISS HARGOUS' AND MRS. DEPEW'S D

med daintily with narrow o

is cut princesse pattern, the si plain from shoulder to foot. The front breadth is set in trimming of the waist in kilt plaitin the back is finished in the same ma the back is finished in the same manner. The gown fits to perfection, and is set of by one of the new "shepherdess" has some call them "Doris" hats. They are of a satin finished straw, very ficalible and rich, requiring no face lining. The hat is in dark prune, with old gold ribbon bows and plumes. It might see that this is a rather during contrast, but it does not appear so at all when worn. With an ordinary princesse wrappear to many clever lady could make gown like this. Ladies' cloth is see from 75 cents to \$1 per yard, 44 inches wide, and it only requires about some and a half yards for such a dress, good quality of cashmere, camel's had or silk warp Henrietta would all be mitable materials, and the color could be

or silk warp Henrietta would all be mite ble materials, and the color could be whatever the wearer preferred.

A dress was just finished for his Dora Leslie Lyde, Elsie Leslie's sister, this pretty color. It had the as alightly draped, and all around his tom a rich passementerie in black all in Eiffel points. At the right side the was a panel of nanon plaits. With the was to be worn a terra cotta walkin jacket of beaver cloth, with black passe menterie and rolling collar and cuffs menterie and rolling collar and cuffs black faille. A hat of felt of the shade as the dress, with plumes of the same, make up a taking costume. Ladies' cloth, tricot or any smooth surface goods would look well in this style, particularly the hulliantings. There particularly the brilliantines. cotta and old rose are the proper plements to this in color.

The elegant long wrap was just fintal for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who kno how to dress as well as to write poet



LONG WRAP.

It is of rough surface tweed, in banans brown, with front and back of wood brown velvet. The sides are trimmed with a quaint scroll pattern in silk smbroidery of the two shades of brown. The sleeves are full and have cuffs of velvet. Bown the front and around the neck and at the bottom are bands of ostrich file, shaded from cream to brown. The quiet richness of this garmant can hardly be described. A pretty toque of brown velvet and cream tips and pear gloves complete the costume.

OLIVE HARPER.

The one cent stamp in the new United States postal series is the object of much artistic criticism. It is said that Franklin's profile portrait on the stamp is "putty faced personification of senility," and a likel on the good old printer whose memory all Americans delighbonor.