Men Who Will Be Heard from Before the Season Ends.

EXIGETS OF THE BAT AND BALL

List, of Course-James Duryen, John Bown, Dan Brouthers and Arthur



MICHARD & WHILEY Michael J. Kelly, the premier among ball players, the \$10,000 beauty and the hero of many adventures both on and off the field, is admittedly the greatest trickster in the profession. One of his favorite games with new pitchers is to stand outside the coachers' lines when there is a man on third base, and then sak to have the ball thrown to him, on presame that it is ripped or otherwise unfit for so. If the pitcher is not on, he will toss the all as requested and the base runner makes or the home plate. As a base runner he has for the home plate. As a base runner he has few superiors. In a recent game he made a hit that to an ordinary player would have been a good single, but Kelly wanted more. Quinn, the second baseman, was waiting with the ball in his hands, but Kelly threw his body out and shot his hand in, grabbing the as he went by. It was a remarkable , and no one but the king of base runners

slide, and no one but the king of base runners could have accomplished the move.

Another of his tricks is cutting across the diamond when the attention of the umpire is directed elsewhere. He has been known to cut from second base to the home plate, also to call a player to the plate in a discussion and then bluff the umpire into calling him out. Yet, notwithstanding these little peculiarities he is a hell player from his feet up. and always plays to win. As a batter he is a daisy. He bats altogether with his wrists, and strikes at everything, often jumping two feet from the plate in his eagerness to knock the leather out of sight.



JAMES DURYEA. "Cyclone" Jim Duryea, one of the pitchers on the Cincinnati League team, is an inter-esting character. Good natured and always ready for fun, he takes great pleasure in try-ing to throw the ball clear through the back-stop, hence his title of the "Cyclone." When Jim became old enough to join the St. Paul (Man.) team, in '86, his father, who was a great ball crank, told him he would deed him great ball crank, told him he would deed him a farm if he pitched winning ball for a year. "All right," says Jim, "the farm's mine." And he got it.

At one time four rival managers were after

him to sign him for their respective clubs. There is a law in baseball affairs which makes it impossible to sign a player before a certain date. On the night before the expiration of this time these managers were close after Jim, keeping sight of him every moment. In some way John Barnes induced him to join in a game of poker at the hotel. Wine was ity, and everything went Jim's way. He not aware that it was prearranged to have him win and so keep him interested un-til midnight. Barnes also stationed two stalwart "coons" outside the door, with orders to slug any one who tried to gain admittance. Promptly at midnight Duryea's name was signed to the contract, and the game turned. J. C. Rowe, who is now playing on the Buffalo Players' League team, is a hustler on the field and a model of propriety off it. He played his first ball on an amateur team called the Atlantics, of Louisiana, Mo., and



is is not too much to say that it was the best club in the vicinity, bar none, and he was its mainstay. Rowe came from a baseball fami-ly. His brother Dave, now managing the ly. His brother Dave, now managing the Denver team, will testify to the following story, if he has not forgotten it: In the town of Jacksonville, Ills., where the Rowes lived, John was looked upon as a "kid" while his brother Dave was the big gun of the local club. One day John came on the field and played in a practice game. He displayed such remarkable aptisude for the game that the members of the team unanimously asked him. members of the team unanimously asked tim to join. Only one man objected, and that was Dave. He did not want to play second fiddle to his "kid" brother, but he was obliged to come off his high stand. Rowe is one of the famous Big Four that went from Buffalo to Detroit. He is never made conspicuous by his behavior on the diamond. Modesty is his chief characteristic.

Dan Brouthers, the leading batter of last year, now with the Boston Players' League club, is a sufferer from personal admiration, so they say. Before the season began, while he was on the trip south, a young college so they say. Before the season began, while he was on the trip south, a young college pitcher struck him out. Last year it was a long time ere such a thing occurred, and when it did happen Mickey Welch was the man who did it. When Dan fanned the air recently he felt called upon to vindicate his reputation as a slugger. His excuse was given in this language: "Last season every nitcher had but one idea—to strike me out. This made it very hard for me to obtain more than two or three home runs a day and had than two or three home runs a day and had the effect of lowering my average. This year I determined to strike out early and save my

Arthur J. Whitney is on the list for good playing this season, and if last year's work is any criterion this handsome brunette will cover third base and scoop up grounders with that ease and graceful style so familiar to all who follow his actions. Arthur is not a star player, but reliable as the sun and always on land at critical time. hand at critical times. One of his most note-worthy fielding feats at third base was in the

league club this season.

Whitney's protessional curser began in 1970, when he was anguaged by the Fall River (Mass.) club, and took part in many games played by that once famous team. One of the most noted was that played Oct. 14, 1970, in Bostom, in which the Fall Rivers definited the Bostom, in which the Fall Rivers definited the Bostom by a score of 6 to 4. In 1977 Whitney joined the Lowell club, which made a very brilliant record that season, including a fourteen insting game, June 5, at Lewell, the Indianapolis team then making the only and winning run. Whitney made two of the six safe hits credited to his team.



DAW RROUTERES.

The Lowells also that season defeated the famous St. Louis team by a score of 3 to 0, and played a ten inning game with the Rhode Islands, of Providence, in which no runs were scored. On Sept. 7, 1877, at Lowell, the Bostons defeated the Lowells by a score of 1 to 0, and Whitney was credited with two of the four hits made by his team. Whitney remained during the season of 1878 with the Lowella, who defeated the Springfield club that season by 1 to 0 in a thirteen inning game.

In 1879 and 1880 he was a member of the Worcester club, the latter year being Worcester's first season in the National league. In 1881 Whitney was engaged by the Detroit club, that being Detroit's first year as a member of the National league. He remained with the Detroits throughout the seament of 1883 and mained with the Detroits throughout the season of 1882. During the season of 1883 and the early part of 1884 he played with the Saginaw (Mich.) club, of the Northwestern league. When that club disbanded in the summer of 1884 Whitney went to the Pittsburg club, where he played throughout the seasons of 1885, 1886 and 1887.

Many a game has been lost through the incompetency of the umpires. A few words about these indispensable worthies from The Sporting Critic may not be out of order here: In selecting umpires, it seems odd that

In selecting umpires, it seems odd that those who have that duty to perform seldom think of taking men who are best adapted to the position, but are governed in many instances by other considerations. For in-



ARTHUR WHITNEY stance, the man who has the best chance for stance, the man who has the best chance for an appointment is he who has the most in-dorsements of clubs. Thoroughly honest and reliable men are always chosen; but honesty and good, keen eyesight are not always pos-sessed by the same persons.

Men of unquestioned integrity have been almost hooted from off the field for erroneous decisions, which were mistakes of judgment, in calling balls and strikes. The hardest men to be deceived by pitchers, while acting in

to be deceived by pitchers, while acting in spent years behind the bat in the catcher's capacity: Among them can be named John Kelly, Robert Ferguson and "Phil" Powers. For that reason, the recent selection of "Bil-ly" Holbert as an umpire is generally ap-proved.

A New England Baseball Artist. Thomas J. Tucker hails from Holyoke, Mass., where he was born Oct. 28, 1863. In



ing the position of right fielder and first baseman. Tucker played with the Holyoke team during season of 1883, and was first baseman of the Springfield club of the Eastern New England league during season of 1884. In 1885 and THOMAS J. TUCKER. 1886 he played first base for the New-

his native town, fill-

ark club of the Eastern league. During the next three seasons he played with the Balti-more club, filling the position of first base in upwards of four hundred championship games. Tucker is a hard hitting left handed batter and ranked first in the official batting averages of the American association in 1889. In one game he made five safe hits, with a total of twelve bases, and seven successive safe hits out of eight times at the bat in two games played in one afternoon. He is indis-pensable as a coacher, and has few equals in that line of baseball work. During this sea-son he will fill the position left vacant by the resignation of Brouthers, of the Boston club of the National league. He has been men-

England's Champion Runner. Sidney Thomas, the champion long dis-tance runner of England, was born at Chelsea, Londou, on July 21, 1863. He won his first race, a distance of five miles, on Oct. 31, 1885, and was reasonably successful for the next three years. In 1889 he won the Clutton County's Challenge cup of the Ranelagh Harriers, and was defeated for the fourth

tioned as captain of the team.

time by E. W. Parry for the National cross county cham-pionship. Soon after he won the ten mile championship in 51m, 31s., beating the formi-dable W. J. Kibblewhite. Thomas was then challenged by Parry to the championship. chester before 15,-

000 people, and after SIDNEY THOMAS.

a grand race for five miles Parry had run himself off his legs. Then he came to Ameri-ca, won the ten mile championship and broke the American records from ten and a quarter to fifteen miles. In the great cross country run at Morris Park he finished fourth with thirty seconds start, covering the eight miles, thirty seconds start, covering the eight miles, over very heavy ground, in 55m. 47 2-5s. Thomas weighs, in condition, 119 pounds. He is a member of the Manhattan Athletic club of New York and the Ranclagh Harriers, in England. He is an enthusiastic and ambitious athlete, and will undoubtedly win many good races during the summer.

N.

It is said that once when O'Connor, the oarsman, was passing through Chicago en route to Australia he went into Schaefer's billiard hall and expressed a desire to see the Wizard toy with the ivories. To oblige him Schaefer and Catton agreed to play a game at eight inch balk line. Catton won the bank and commerced to count. He rolled up the and commerced to count. He rolled up the points until he had sixty, and O'Connor, getting restless, commenced to button up his coat preparatory to catching his train, which left in half an hour. Catton saw the joke and kept on hammering. At last O'Connor walked over and said: "Well, good-by, Jake; it's train time. I will see you take your inning when I return from Australia."

The Life of Harry Wright Almost an Encyclopedia.

ACCURATE RECORD OF HIS DEEDS.

W. I. Harris, in Offering It, Gives More Then Half the Credit to Mr. Frank Hough, of the Philadelphia North Amer-

No man in baseball today is more pop No man in baseball today is more popular, more honored, more respected by players, magnates and public than Harry Wright, the veteran manager and player. His career is one of vast interest to all, and it is of itself a sort of encyclopedia of the national game. This record of his life and services, though condensed, is the most complete ever given, and is absolutely correct as to facis. It was written in collaboration with Mr. Frank Hough, of The Philadelphia North American, than whom no one knows Mr. Wright better. I take pleasure in according Mr. Hough more than half of whatever credit is due the production.

I take pleasure in according Mr. Hough more than half of whatever credit is due the production.

Harry Wright was born in Sheffield, England, in 1835. When he was about eighteen months old his parents removed to the United States, where Daniel Wright, who has been located in California for years; George, the greatest short stop the game ever had, and now a successful sporting goods dealer of Boston, and Sam, who is associated in business with his brother George, were born. From childhood Manager Wright took a keen interest in all outdoor sports and pastimes, a trait that he inherited from his father, who was one of the first, if not the first, professional cricketers in this country.

While serving his apprenticeship with a manufacturing jeweler in Maiden lane, New York, he devoted a considerable portion of each summer to playing cricket, and in 1861 he joined the Knickerbocker club. The latter organization broke up during the war, many of its members going to the front.

In 1864-65 Mr. Wright joined the Gotham club, of New York, playing third and short, and occasionally going behind the bat. He also played cricket with the 8t. George club on the Red House grounds, First avenue and One Hundred and Second and One Hundred and Third streets, and in 1866 he made an agreement to play with that club, but he was released from his engagement at his own request, and joined the Cincinnati Cricket club as professional at a salary of \$1,200. Some of the best known citizens of Cincinnati, including J. W. Johnston, Capt. H. A. Glassford, A. B. Champion and Charles Scanlon, were members of the club. They soon tired of cricket, and on July 23, 1866, the Cincinnati Ball club was formed. The uniform was a gorgeous affair, consisting of red caps, blus trousers and white shirts. The new club played five games with the local amateur teams, winning three.

In 1864 Mr. Wright received an advance of the caps. ive games with the local amateur teams, win-

ning three. In 1866 Mr. Wright received an advantageous offer from the Germantown Cricket club of Philadelphia, which he would have likel to accept, but the Cincinnati people would not let him go, and though they had no legal claim on his services, only his promise, he declined the offer. Think of that in ise, he declined the offer. Think of that in those days of east iron, air tight contracts! In 1867 A. T. Goshorn, John McLean, John Joyce and others held a meeting and resolved to take the grounds back of Lincoln park, Cincinnati, and they were opened on July 4, Louisville being taken into camp by the score of 60 to 24. On July 10 Cincinnati was described by the McLean of the State of and the feated by the National club 53 to 10, and that Yeated by the National club 53 to 10, and that so depressed Capt. Glassford that he resigned the presidency. That was the only game the club lost that season, winning 17.

In 1868 President Champion declined the presidency, and A. T. Goshorn, afterward director-general of the centennial exhibition, was elected. This year marked the advent of professionalism in baseball and the introduction of the knickerbockers as part of a player's costume. The Buckeye club of Cincinnati, which was composed of teachers and professors, was anxious to down Wright's team, and sent an agent east, who secured Dockney. and sent an agent east, who secured Dockney, Cherokee Fisher, Sweesy and Leonard. Wright was compelled to strengthen, and John Hatfield, Fred Waterman, Asa Brainard and Doug Allison were engaged. The Buckeye grounds were opened in May, and in the first game Herry Wicht strengthen. the first game Harry Wright appeared on the field clad in knickerbockers and long red stockings, and caused a sensation, a few of the more prudish of the women folk characterizing his make up as indecent. Cincinnati won all the games from the Buckeyes.

The Buckeye people were anxious to win the second game, and the night before they took Hatfield, Brainard and Allison out and got them drunk. The next day Wright would not permit Hatfield to play, although the di-rectors coaxed Wright to change his decision,

but he would not. In 1869 the famous Cincinnati Reds were organized. This was the first entirely pro-fessional ball club. Before starting out on that campaign Manager Wright laid down a set of rules which have since been the basis of all club discipline. The members were to report at certain hours in the morning and afternoon, were to practice so long a time and were to retire at a certain hour. Drunkenness or excess of any kind was not to be tolerated, and oxcess of any sint was not to be overaged, and infringement of any of the rules meanta fine. The writers of the day attempted to ridicule Mr. Wright and his methods, and the players were referred to as "Wright's Babies." But both Mr. Wright and his methods were vindicated. The club went through the season without a defeat in fifty-eight games played -a record that no team can even now expect

In 1870 the Reds received their first defeat at the hands of the Atlantics, and the interest in ball in Cincinnati died out, although the club finished the season. Boston parties then commenced negotiations with Mr. Wright, and notwithstanding Mr. Murat Halstead's offer to back him in the formation of a new club, he departed for the Hub in '71. His relations with Messrs. Adams and Apollonis, then running the Bostons, were not of the pleasantest character. The playing rules having been made from time to time were full of contradictions and distressingly prolix, and in 1876 Mr. Wright, assisted by Mr.

Apallonis, rewrote them. When Messrs. Soden, Billings and Conant secured control of the Boston club, they made it disagreeable for Mr. Wright, but he was such a favorite with Boston ball players that neither of the triumvirs had the courage to request his resignation. At their suggestion, however, the Providence club directors made a proposition to Mr. Wright to take charge of their club, which he did in 1882. In the eleven years that he managed the Boston club it won the pennant six times—a performance which eloquently demonstrated his ability as manager. He stayed with Providence only two seasons, but in that short time he got the team into championship form.

In 1884 Mr. Wright assumed the management of the Philadelphia club, which for some time had been gracefully adorning the tail of the League animal. He soon made the team a factor in the pennant race, and at the bedience of the management of the recognition.

a factor in the pennant race, and at the be-ginning of the season (1889) there were many, even outside of Philadelphia, who thought that the Quakers would land the flag. But an unlooked for let down by the pitchers, the lack of a capable captain and the want of a second baseman—contingencies against which not even the astute veteran could guard— rived whetever chargesophin charges the

ruined whatever championship chances the Phillies may have had. Personally Mr. Wright is a genial, courteous gentleman; an agreeable and, when thawedout, a positively delightful companion. He is very deliberate in everything he does, and never takes or gives snap judgments. While always careful of his employers' in-terests, he was never known to do an in-justice to any player. He believes in moral sunsion and harmony in a team, but if it be-comes necessary for him to resort to severe

comes necessary for him to resort to severa measures he can come down on an offender just as hard as an Anson.

Mr. Wright's life work has been inseparably connected with the inception and development of the national game. It is to men like William A. Herburt, Henry Chadwick, A. G. Mills, Alfred H. Wright, John B. Day, A. H. Soden, A. G. Spalding, A. J. Raach, Nicholas Young, Frederick K. Stearns, John I. Rogers and Harry Wright that is due the present high place which professional ball playing now occupies in the affections of our people. And in the work that placed it there Harry Wright has always been foremost. Loving the game for the game itself, he has devoted all his honorable years to its development and improvement in an artistic sense, normitting others to rean the financial reward

hat his subject made femilies. This him on my side you will, Harry Wright is a noble ample of nature's landswork in her best wood. May his shadow never grow less. W. I. Harris.

OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST.

OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST.

The Fundamental Idea of the tieme and Its Development.

Whise has been in a constant state of development since the day of Hoyls. As knowledge of the game increased, now standards were raised, new rules were adopted, so that what we appropriately call the grammar of whist has constantly become modified and its language made more clear and well defined. To trace the progress of the game from the time of Folkstone, to note the changes which have taken place and the efforts which have been made to reduce the game to an exact science, is extremely interesting. There are today, as there probably always will be as long as cards are played, players representing every stage of the game from Hoyle up. Thousands of people who play whist have never heard of the trump signal, and regard with horror the "accounting player." And so on up in the coale until we find a select few occupying the coule until we find a select few occupying the coale until we find a select few occupying the coule until we find a select few occupying the coule until we find a select few occupying the coule until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the coule until we find a select few occupying the coule until we find a select few occupying the coule until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until we find a select few occupying the scale until the select few o

geometry, fully as instructive and much more entertaining.

These last named are few and do not deserve our sympathy. They are amply able to take care of themselves, but I would appeal to the large body of those who play whist for amusement, who do not try to understand the game. "I have a horror," said a person to me recently, "of playing with one of these scientific players." In other words, this person prefers to play the game in a haphasard, slipshod way, a constant source of annoyance to those who try to play it understandingly, and not extracting so much pleasure out of it as he could get from seven up or casino. No wonder he doesn't want to play with a scientific player. No wonder he expresses himself indifferent to the game and would just as soon play suchre or Dom Pedro. This kind of whist ought not to be called whist. It is nothing more than a faint scho.

cho.

And yet the difference in the enjoyment which can be produced by the faint echo and the real game is nothing more nor less than a state of mind. You make your mind up to become a student of the game, to try and find a reason for playing every card in your hand, and the game becomes a revelation to you. In this condition the best players are not much better off than you are. So great is the game that they are almost as far behind the truth as you. What one of you is there who, having awakened within himself a taste for—well, say for books—does not stand in surprise and say to himself, "How could I have been so blind to this joy?" and henceforth, though you may not have read and digested two authors, you will find something in common with the greatest scholars of the day, simply because your desire is a common one. You are both seeking the same thing, and the best of us are humble, surrounded by the mysteries of life.

What is the use, I would ask, of playing whist at all, unless it be to play it for all there is in the game! Better play some other game. What is the use of reading if you read nothing but dime novels? Better drop it, and learn how to sketch, or ride horse-back, or do anything that you have a liking for: "But." exclaims my opnonent. "the only And yet the difference in the enjoys

it, and learn how to sketch, or ride horse-back, or do anything that you have a liking for. "But," exclaims my opponent, "the only thing we play whist for is amusement; to sketch or ride horseback is useful; but of what possible use is it for me to waste whole hours over something that cannot possibly do me any good?" Now you are wrong, and you know you are, begging your pardon. In the me any good?" Now you are wrong, and you know you are, begging your pardon. In the first place, you place the cart before the horse. When you take up your drawing implements, my friend, you don't do it because of the great and lasting benefit that it's going to confer upon yourself and your postarity.

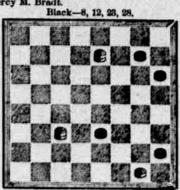
Oh, no. You do it because you like it. If you didn't like it you would drop it mighty quick. It is wrong, too, to say that whist is a waste of time. Every human being is endowed with a certain number of faculties that we accomplish results. Whist is probably as good a mental exercising machine as any other that can be named. But the real and only reason why we play whist is for pleasure, and as it has been demonstrated in every case that this pleasure is increased by an intelligent study of the game, no better argument than this can be given in favor of application to the game by those who care enough for it to play it at all.

TOM LANSING.

CHESS AND CHECKERS. Composed for New York State Chess association, Solving Tourney. Chess problem No. 58.—By S. Lloyd.



White. White to play and mate in three moves Checker problem No. 58, for beginners.—By Percy M. Bradt.



White-7*, 22*, 82.

Black to play and win. Chess problem No. 57: White. 1..Q to Q 3,

Checker problem No. 57: Black—10, 6*, 18*.

White—25, 1*, 11*. White to play and win.

White.

1..11 to 7

1..15 to 14

2..25 to 23

2..6 to 12

3..1 to 6

3..2 to 9

4..22 to 17

5..7 to 5 and win. White.
1. 11 to 7
2. 25 to 23
3. 1 to 6
4. 23 to 17
5. 7 to 5 and wins.

The Forts of the Maume The Maumee Valley Monumental association is taking steps for the preservation of the old time forts of the Maumee valley, and has a bill before congress to help carry out its design.

In 1888 Col. O. M. Poe, of the United States engineers, made an official ex-amination of the different points proposed for commemoration. He reported favorably, and upon this report the bill introduced by Senator Sherman is based. It appropriates for the work the sum es-

y Col.	Poe	in	detail	29	fe
					82,
y					8,0
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These estimates were approved by Chief of Engineers Casey on Nov. 21, 1888.

The association wants the United States to acquire the title to the sites and erect the monuments suggested, and there is a belief, based on certain assurances, that the bill will become a law.

England has evolved a novelty in the aquatic line, according to a London cable-gram, which states: "A popular movement is on foot, with good prospects of success, to make up a ladies' eight cared team to race over the university course. There is a considerable purse, and the entries are open to all girls under the age of 15, truspective of rank."

UNDER THE BIG ROTUNDA.

A PORTION OF THE CAPITOL WHERE ONE ALWAYS PAUSES.

no of the Persons One May See Pr Through the Apartment It Shelters. Representatives and Secutors, Officials, Protty Women and Journalists.

WASHINGTON, April 17 .- There is one spot in the Capitol which never grows old to the veteran habitues of the big build-ing. It is the great rotunds, where the most majestic architectural proportions, works of art of historic interest and a works of art of historic interest and a steady stream of pretty women and famous men combine to attract the eye and enlist the attention. There are benches here, and one may sit down and watch the kaleidoscope of human figures set in a beautiful frame of marble and freeco. Directly through the rotunda passes the walk which thousands take every day from senate to house, or house to senate. In one door and out the other all the famous Americans have passed during the last fifty years; each day that congress sits scores of men whose names are known all over the country may be seen strolling along singly, in pairs, or groups.

The senator or representative even the vericest stranger may know, for statesmen always pass here bareheaded. Their hats are hung in the cloak rooms, and these they do not take the trouble to get on starting for a committee room or the other end of the Capitol. Not so with the newspaper man who are always to the contract of the contract of the capitol. the newspaper men, who are almost as numerous and as well known here as senators and representatives. Journal-ists are never seen in the corridors of the Capitol with bare heads, though they have coat rooms as spacious as those used by the members of the two houses. No one can tell why one class of men who earn their living in the national state house habitually appear with hats, while another class are always bareneaded; but such is the fact.

As the men and women come and go we notice other peculiarities and eccentrici-ties. No one appears to walk through this ties. No one appears to walk through this hall without pausing, or at least slowing his pace. There is so much to see, so many lines of beauty which one may never before have observed, that instinctively the eyes wander hither and yon.

Simply as an experiment in observation we sit down to note for a half hour

the notable or known men and women who pass. This is always an interesting experiment, no matter where tried. It is doubly interesting here, for it is a spot that stands midway between the two that stands midway between the two houses of congress, a spot in which his-tory is centered and where history is still being made. The very first couple to attract our attention are men whom one would hardly have expected to see together. They are Mills and Gear, of together. They are Mills and Gear, of the ways and means committee—the one a representative of Republicanism and the other of Democracy. Gear we ob-serve to be a carelessly dressed man of 50 or more years, with a face thickly bearded, and a way of dropping his head down toward his breast which many

thoughtful men have.
Mills looks older than his companion but as a matter of fact is not so old. His complexion is as ruddy as that of a girl, and his eyes have the twinkle of kindliness and good nature. Neither of these party warriors seems to care a rap about his dress, though both, thanks, most likely, to their good wives, are entirely presentable. At first sight one would say that neither was a genial man, yet this is but another illustration of the rule that appearances are deceitful, for two more companionable, informal, delightful men do not walk these marble floors. As we step up the two men are talking about Secretary Blaine and the scheme of international reciprocity which he is said to have devised.

"There is one thing I can say about Mr. Blaine," remarks Governor Gear. "He has the most phenomenal memory I have ever known. A few days ago ! was calling on the secretary, when he asked me to sit down. 'Gear,' said he, 'you are the very man I wanted to see. For a long time I have been wanting to ask you about some families which left my old county in Pennsylvania thirty years ago and settled in the part of lows which you now represent in congress. How are the Smithsons getting along? And the Browns?' And Mr. Blaine went on," added Governor Gear, "to make inquiries about no fewer than twenty-five families, a member of which he had not seen for more than a quarter of a century. He not only remembered the names, but characteristics and family histories, and when my own memory was at fault, though I have known nearly every family he made inquiry about, he described the heads to me with such particularity that I could not fail to recall them had I ever known them. A very remarkable thing was that he could remember the names of nearly all the girls whom these men had married and also the names of their children, and among the children whom he remembered are

many of the best men in my state." At this point the group is enlarged by the addition of a figure which ten or fifteen years ago was well known in the capital and the press of the country. It is that of an old man, slightly stooped, with an enormous gray mustache and pink complexion—J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky. "Here," said Mr. Mills, "is the man who has the greatest collection of canes and pipes in America. Knott, how many pipes and canes have you now?" "Well," says the old orator and raconteur, "when I left home I had ninety-eight pipes and 154 canes, but by this time there are probably many more there, for my friends all over the country are sending me in little presents of that sort all the time. They know I am in the pipe and cane business, and I suppose they won't stop till I have reached my ambition of possessing a different pipe and cane for each of the 365 days of the year A woman next attracts our attention.

She is richly dressed and has the carriage of a queen, of one who has known what it is to be admired, to receive homage. She has sparkling eyes—the sort of eyes which shine in the gloomy galleries which surround the senate and house halls. Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague—for it is she-was twenty years ago the most beautiful woman known in this Capitol. Now, though still a handsome woman, few know her. She is on her way to the supreme court chamber to hear the argument there in a case involving the wreck of the great estate of her former husband.

The old justices know her, every one of them, and her eyes become brighter than ever as she pauses to tell, in that mellow voice which years ago made her one of the most fascinating conversationalists in Washington or Paris, of the attentions shown her by the members of the court of which her father was once the chief justice. Mrs. Chase's eldest daughter is just going on the stage, for which she has been carefully educated. She starts out, not to make her debut, but simply to get a little actual work behind the footlights. By the way, the historic Chase home, Edgewood, is likely to be soon broken up and covered by the buildings of this rapidly extending city. A syndicate of wealthy senators, who have already made much money in Washington real estate, are contemplat-

eastiful grounds, nearly fifty acres in extent, which overlook the city and Cap-

"It will seem almost like sacrilege to me to break up the old home," and Mrs. Chase; "a bookful of memories cling around it. Only today, as I was riding toward the Capitol, my eye turned instinctively toward the window of the senate wing in which my father used to hang a piece of red curtain at 4 in the afternoon if more than two guests were coming out with him to dinner. You see, we could accommodate one or two guests without extra preparation, but if four or five were expected we had to in-crease the quantities. More often than not the red curtain hung in the window."

A dark bearded man, with the stooped shoulders of a student or a worker, comes along, arm in arm with a substantial, bright eyed, handsome friend. We may well say these men are friends. The first is Public Printer Palmer, a sterling fellow, who not only has control of the greatest printing office in the world but greatest printing office in the world, but who has behind him a record which any

who has behind him a record which any wan might be proud of.

When his friend whom we see with him, First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson, went into Des Moines from the farm to become a newspaper man, his first employment was given him by Palmer's paper, and Palmer, against the advice of many of his friends, bought Palmer's paper, and Palmer, against the advice of many of his friends, bought The Chicago Inter-Ocean, then a rathole for swallowing up money, and in it sunk \$240,000 in a few years. Later on Palmer's sterling honesty showed the stuff it was made of. As postmaster of Chicago he lived almost parsimoniously, on a mere clerk's income, and devoted the remainder of his salary to paying old debts. Each month, I am told, a certain part of his salary as public printer is set aside for the wiping out of old newspaper liabilities. Not every man one meets in the rotunds is honest enough to make such rotunda is honest enough to make such

Clarkson drags his friend up to look at the paintings in the rotunda. The chief headsman of the postoffice department has a passion for pictures. His hand-some home here is filled with rare works of art. It is said he has the second finest Corot in America, the postmaster general having the third finest. Clarkgeneral having the third finest. Clarkson narrowly escaped possessing the finest Corot this country can boast of. While in New York helping manage the national campaign of 1880 he wandered into Goupil's picture store on Broadway. A painting attracted his attention, roused his admiration. He yearned to possess it, as he yearns to possess every beautiful picture which he sees. He asked the price. It was \$1,440.

Clarkson was not then as rich a man as he is now, and \$1,440 was a large sum of money for him to invest in a picture. But he pulled out his check book and was about to make the purchase when a friend who knew his weakness for paintings tugged at his sleeve and begged him to at least think about the matter over night at least think about the matter over night before buying. "You may be making a mistake," said the friend, "and, at any rate, the picture will be here to-morrow. Sleep on it, Clarkson." Thus rationally appealed to, the art lover put his check book back in his pocket.

Next day he called to buy the picture, and it was marked "sold." Mr. Clarkson did not see the painting again till the year 1884, when Mr. Jay Gould asked him to dine and to take a look through

im to dine and to take a look through his picture gallery. In the Gould lery Clarkson saw the picture he had had a check written for four years before. "And may I ask how long you have had this Corot, Mr. Gould?" he asked.

"Only a few months,"
"And if you have no objections I should like to know what you paid for it?"
"Sixteen thousand dollars."

In this way one half hour passes. Dosens of other famous men and more gossip is talked than one letter can hold. Great is the rotunda! WALTER WELLMAN.

HE FACED HIS DOOM BRAVELY.

Samuel J. Randall's Calm Reception of the Medical Death Warrant. The ninth member of the present congress to die was Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, who expired at Washing-ton recently. The "Father of the house," as he was called, because of his long and honorable service, was told some time ago that his days were numbered, and e proceeded to set his house in order



HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL. serenity. Just before the close of the presidential contest of 1888 Mr. Randall predicted his end. Said he in conversation with an acquaintance: "This is the last general election that I shall live to I did expect until recently that we should carry the next house, and that I should stay here long enough to see the party in good trim for the next presidential campaign, but I have ceased to expect that. I cannot shake off this disease, and the doctors cannot cure it. Probably as much as I can hope for is to outlast this administration." Then the doomed man dropped the subject, and a few minutes later was the smiling, cheerful center of a group of friends.

Mr. Randail's illness dated back for at

least five years, but the physicians did not ascertain for some time that the cause of his ailment was an extensive and malignant abscess. Once this fact was established they gave him no hope



MR. RANDALL'S RESIDENCE. of cure, and he bravely faced the inevit-

able. Mr. Randall succeeded to the state the "Father of the house" on the death of William D. Kelley some months ago. He was first elected to the Thirty-seventh congress, and served continuously up to the time of his death. One notable facident of his career was the splendid dash with which he pushed through the bill in effect authorizing the president to place Gen. Grant's name on the retired list, so that the suffering soldier might die as he wished—a member of the army of the United States.

An exhibition was recently given at Cherbourg, France, of the workings of a new submarine craft, which is named



after its inventor, the Goubet. It is built to carry a crew of four men and showed excellent speed both on the surface and at a considerable depth. Electricity supplies the motive power, and the storage rooms for air. After the test had been brought to a satisfactory con



THE GOUBET PARTIALLY SUBMER clusion one enthusiastic Frenchman clared that the Goubet realized and m actual Jules Verne's fanciful tales, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "Doctor Ox."

A Girdle of Ples Bound the Re NEW YORK, April 17.—A president of one of the big pie baking establishments of this city who has a head for figures recently figured out that nearly 25,000, 000 pies were eaten in New York ever

when figured out it allows just fifteen pies a year to every man, woman and child in the city. One pie will out into four pieces, fifteen pies will make sixty pieces, and one piece eaten every six days will make fifteen pies a year. There are a great many in the city who eat ten times this amount of pie every year, and there are a great many who never eat it at all.

and thus the average amount of money spent in this city for pie each year is \$2,500,000. There is a pie for every sea-\$3,500,000. There is a pie for every masson of the year—mince pie for winter, apple pie for fall, winter and spring, huckleberry pie for summer, and peach pie, plum pie, cherry pie, cranberry pie, pumpkin pie, custard pie, pineappie pie, lemon pie, rhubarb pie and every other kind of pie for almost every week in the year. Mince pie is said to have the biggest sale, and in one bakery alone tone of mince meat are made every year, and forty barrels of apples are chopped up every day.

np every day.

The average pie is a foot in diameter, so in a single year the citizens of this city eat more than 4,560 miles of pie, and in less than two years and a half they will have eaten enough pie to have formed a band of pie crust around the

earth at the equator.

The average pie is two inches thick and if placed one on top of another the pie eaten in two and a half years the pie caten in two and a half years would reach to the height of a thousand miles. Taking the average weight of a pie as one pound, the total weight coasumed in one year would be 19,500 tons. If all this pie were put in one heap and the average weight carried away by men, women and children was fifteen pounds each, it would take the entire population of the city of New York to remove it, if no one took a second load.

CHARLES WILLS.

Reunited After Many Years. A romance in real life is that which has to do with the career of Eli S. Ar-nold. He married Emma Eddy at Albany, N. Y., twenty-five years ago. A few months later he left his wife and went west to seek his fortune. She heard some time afterward that he was deed and married again. By her second hus-band she had two children. She was left a widow recently, but did not have to linger long in single blessedness, for Mr. Arnold turned up the other day, told the tale of his wanderings, was forgiven, and took his wife to Indiana to preside over

the domestic details of a big farm he

owns in that state. "Lightly Thought of" in England. At a recent sale of autographs in Lon-don a letter of Longfellow's brought only \$10, while one of Mark Twain's, labeled "characteristic," went for \$1. The latter was dated Nov. 7, 1872, and read: "I shall spend the greater part of next winter here with my fam may be able to lecture a month during the autumn upon such scientific topic as I know least about and may consequently feel less trammeled in dilating upon." Referring to the low prices re-ceived The Pall Mall Budget says: "American poets and humorists are lightly thought of among the collectors

of autographs." They Played Satcliffe.
The Cincinnati Times-Star has the follow-

ing:
Butcliffe, the big raw boned catcher of the Clevelands, was initiated by the Chicagos. On his first night out the boys pilled the shoes in front of one berth in the sleeping care the boys.

and told him:

"Every new man has to stand his turn watching these at night. You go on this evening."

So while the ball players slept "Sut" eyed the leathers. When the porter came along about 3 o'clock in the morning and essayed to gather them in "Old Cy" raised Ned. The boys were awakened by the row. Sut was blessed if he intended to let that fellow get away with the shees! It was Tom Burns who calmed the troubled waters.

"That's all right, old man, we forget to tell you the porter relieves you now. He

"That's all right, old man, we forgot to tell you the porter relieves you now. He goes on watch at 3 o'clock!"

And "Old Cy" turned in and was soon snoring in the land of nod. Jack Brennen says when "Cy" landed in Philadelphia he stood out in the street looking up in wonder at the big buildings until knocked down by a wagon. Shortly afterward he came limping back to the hotel with the complaint:

"They'll kill a fellow in this town if he don't look out! A four horse coal cars run over my foot!"

over my foot!"

Very eiegant intile capes are made by having yokes of black silk or colored silk covered with rich passementerie is jet, and with two full ruffles of black Chantilly lace. Sometimes these have of frings of colored ostrich tips beneath the lace, which gives an exquisite affect, but it can be imagined that these are expen-