Plans Now Going Forward for This Purthe Days when Aldrich and Davenp Wore on the Read Together.

New York, May 15.—There is a re-newal of the movement towards having a statue erected in Central park in mem-ory of and in enduring perpetuation of the greatest tragedian America has pro-duced, Edwin Forrest. With the excep-



EDWIN FORREST. tion of the John McCullough memoria in Mount Moriah cemetery, in Philadel-phia, the dramatic profession has raised no tribute to its great dead. Some ten years ago Gabriel Harrison, of Brook-lyn, who has been actor, teacher of dramatic art, painter and newspaper writer, and who is the author of an interesting volume entitled "The Life and Labors of Edwin Forrest," endeavored to create a fund for the erection of a statue to the great tragedian. He collected no money as his intention was to call for none o the sums promised until the full amount was guaranteed. From \$8,000 to \$10,000 were subscribed, and that was the end of

Recently Idaho's ex-governor, William M. Bunn, of Philadelphia, became arous ed to the injustice done the memory of the actor who so long made his home in the Quaker City, whose private theatre is now its School of Design and within whose county limits there is still supported by the fortune of the dead Spartacus the only asylum in this country for the aged and indigent members of his profession. Philadelphia having no actor colony, Mr. Bunn successfully sought the financial assistance of the railway magnates who largely control the street car lines of Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other cities-Messrs. P. A. B. Widener, William L. Elkins



and William H. Kemble. These gentlecountry displayed st the scheme they would contribute liberally towards the fund.

Whatever is the outcome of the matter it promises an interesting degree of the esteem in which Forrest is held by the actors of this day. It is somewhat singuer that at the time of the resurrection of the Forrest statue scheme, John W. Norton the St. Louis theatrical manager, and the man who gave Mary Anderson to the stage and was her leading support for several seasons, came to New York, inflamed with the desire to fire the breath of his theatrical brethren with the belief that they can best do onor to their great profession and to their art by placing in enduring bronze or glistening marble an effigy of one whom he described as "the greatest all around actor this country has produced, E. L. Davenport."

It is certainly true that Davenport was equally great as Romeo, as Damon, as Coriolanus, as Sir Giles Overreach, as William in "Black Eyed Susan," and so on through the gamut of his art, and only his unfortunate ventures as a manager dimmed the luster of his reputation



"MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL." and ended his life in failure. It will be interesting to learn whether the thorough beauty of his art or the thunder of Forrest's tones are best treasured and remembered by the members of the pro-fession in which both men were leaders. Korton is very enthusiastic about his project, and in conversation recently with Louis Aldrich indulged in many reminiscences of his hero. One mutual recollection which they had I will repro-

duce here: Many years ago, when Davenport was a member of one of the Boston stock companies, at the close of the season he joined with a number of his fellow actors and actresses (who were engaged in other organizations playing at the Hub) in what was then known as a "snap company, meaning thereby a sort of cooperative dramatic organization which during the idle summer season traveled from town to town and divided whateyer profits might accrue. This particular company included, besides Davenular company included, besides Davenport, such now famous people as Frank Mayo, Agnes Perry—she is now Mrs. Agnes Booth and the leading lady of the justly famous Madison Square Theatre company—Louis Abdrich and John W. Norten. They played through the eastern towns, but, the tour being decidedly unsuccessful, decided to disband after Ellips an engagement of three nights in

filling an engagement of three nights in a certain Massachusetts town.

When they reached that city they were guartered at a hotel which adjoined the

and both being equally dirty. This hotel, however, lured traveling players to its embrace by the emasaring suggestion that they could walk directly from their hotel spartment through a private passageway into the theatre dressing room. After the members of the "snap" company had attempted to partake of their first meal in the hotel they waited upon the landlord in a body and demanded that they be given edible food, to which the boulface independently responsed that if they did not like what was furnished them they could go elsewhere. Aldrich, Davenport and Norton acted upon this delicate hint, and with carpet sacks in hand walked down the street to the opposition house several blocks away.

to the opposition house several blocks away.

The last night of the Lowell engagement the bill comprised "The Stranger," in which Agnes Perry took the part of Mrs. Haller, and Frank Mayo essayed the role of the somber Stranger. This was to be followed by the farcical "Black Eyed Susan," in which Louis Aldrich was east for the Admiral, John W. Norton for Capt. Crosstree, and Mr. Davenport, of course, for William. In the latter play, as every one who has seen it will remember, William is found guilty of striking Crosstree, and the Admiral sentences him to be hanged from the yard arm, concluding with the solemn words, "and may God have mercy on your soul." Upon this particular occasion Louis Aldrich spied sitting in the front row of the theatre the landlord of the hotel, accompanied by his three buxom daughters, all evidently pleased with the play and with themselves.

Aldrich's soul thirsted for revenge. When the sentence of poor William had to be pronounced the words of the play were subjected to a most remarkable change. "I sentence you," said the Admiral, "to board at the —— house for

were subjected to a most remarkable change. "I sentence you," said the Admiral, "to board at the — house for two weeks, and may God have mercy on you." Davenport at first looked stunned, and then gave one wild, delirious ahriek of laughter; the landlord and his daughter. ters sprang to their feet and rushed fro the place, while the entire audience held its sides and ached with laughter.

Phil Armour and the Reporters. CHICAGO, May 15.—When you have paid your respects to the wheat pit from the gallery of the board of trade—which no properly constructed visitor to the big city by the lake neglects to do—and have strolled up the west side of La Salle street to a point opposite the main en-trance of the big insurance building, your attention suddenly becomes fixed on another of the recognized "sights" of on another of the recognized "sights" of Chicago. What first catches your eye is an immense bouquet of brilliant hot house flowers resting on the center of a large flat topped deak in plain view be-hind the biggest plate glass window in the building

the building. Then you observe that this desk, the flowers and a heavy built man, whose broad, pleasant, smooth shaven face is almost buried in the fragrant blossoms as he examines pages of memoranda that clerks are constantly placing before him. are a sort of a vortex into which are be ing drawn business operations of almost incalculable magnitude. The intense yet orderly activity of the scores of book-keepers, clerks, telegraph operators, typewriters and messengers, who are also in plain view from where you stand, im-press you with the certainty that some much more vital, tangible interest than the collection of "margins" or the buying and selling of "futures" is controlle by the heavy built man who works a with his face buried in a bower of roses.

And you are right, for the man is Philip D. Armour, who may almost be said to hold in the hollow of his hand the provision trade of the two continents. Armour's canned beef is eaten by British soldiers in Egypt and Russia soldiers in Siberia. His dressed meats are sold in every town in America and in most of the cities of Europe. The names on his pay roll, and of those who live by his industry, would fill one of the largest city directories published. Every-body has heard how his gifts to his em-ployes and to charitable concerns amount to a snug fortune every year. Now if you have business with the

house of Armour & Co.—if you want to buy 10,000 barrels of pork—don't flatter yourself that he is going to spend the day talking it over with you. While you are placing your small item with one of the clerks Mr. Armour, with his nose among the flowers, is reading a cable message from Berlin asking whether he will feed the German army this year on the same terms as last year. But if you are a newspaper man—even quite an humble reporter—you may march right up to his deak and smell of the flowers, and it is more than likely that he will shake hands and address you as "Mr. Medill" or "Mr. Scott," according to whether you come from The Tribune or The Herald.

CURTIS DUNHAM.

Here's Your Sea Serpent. The sea scrpent has again been seen, as usual, by a man of "unquestioned ve-racity," who is also a resident of South Egremont, Mass. This favored individual went fishing at Twin Lakes, Conn., the other morning about 5 o'clock. As he paused on the bank he noticed what he at first supposed was a blackened stump sticking up out of the water about 100 feet from shore. He was rather sur-prised at the sight, as at that particular spot the water is known to be seventy-five feet deep. While yet he looked the object disappeared from sight, to reappear again in a moment at another spot perhaps fifty feet distant.

In moving it left a very perceptible wake, and as it again rose to the surface the fisherman, to use the words of the local report, "saw that the object, if not a lineal descendant of the original sea serpent, was at least the largest snake ever seen in that section. As it reappeared it reared its head fully six feet above the water. The head of itself was flat and about two feet in length, the neck arched, and the body, which continued to grow larger the nearer it approached the water line, was from ten to twelve inches in diameter. The snake once more disappeared and, swimming in a circle, came up again somewhat nearer the shore." After his first sur-prise had a little abated the man bethought himself that if he desired to spread the story abroad it would be well to gather a few witnesses who could corroborate his statements. But he found none, and while he searched the marine

monster disappeared.

A Palace for an Empress. At Corfu the empress of Austria is building a magnificent Pompeian palace, It will cost \$2,500,000. The walls are to be of marble, brought from Carrara, and the interior is to be decorated with the rarest woods. The gardens will be laid ont in terraces, with fountains, and both grounds and house are to be illuminated by electricity.

Senator Hearst and His Horses.

Senator Hearst is extremely devoted to his horses and, besides his racing sta-ble, of which he will have thirty representatives east this season, he keeps five noble animals in Washington. Four of them, two blacks and two bays, he drives alternately to his carriage, while the other is for his personal riding.

JOURNALISTIC ETHICS.

WALTER WELLMAN WRITES OF THE CODE OF THE PROFESSION.

It Is Unwritten, but Every Belf Respect ing Experienced Newspaper Man Enews It and Follows It—Some Instances of Good and Bed Journalism.

[Special Correspondence.]
WARHINGTON, May 15.—Is there such a thing as newspaper ethics? This is a question which a series of events have brought to the front in Washington. First, a number of the ancient and proper senators thought the newspaper men had no right to send out accounts of the proceedings of the senate in ex-ecutive session, and they had an investiration which cost a good deal of money and resulted in a fine old farce. Then there came up the Cleveland-Dana episode in New York, which all the newspaper men and public men of Wash-ington took the keenest sort of interest ington took the keenest sort of interest in. Finally, the press gallery committee, composed of newspaper men and elected by newspaper men, concluded to discipline a young correspondent who had made the mistake of sending out a brutal dispatch about the habits of a distinguished statesman. Perhaps nothing would have been thought or said of this incident but for the peculiar circumstances surrounding it. The scene was laid at the funeral of Senator Beck was laid at the funeral of Senator Beck

in the senate chamber.

According to the dispatch the states man in question, who was a member of the funeral committee on the part of the house, staggered into the chamber, fell into a seat, sat there in a dazed condition, staggered out of the chamber when the ceremonies were concluded, fell in passing down the steps, and fell again at the railway station in attempting to board the train. This would have been brutal even if true, but it was false. While the committee of newspaper men in charge of the press gallery do not feel called upon to pass judgment on the truth or falsity of news sent out by gentlemen who enjoy the privileges of gallery, nor to act as press censors in any sort of way, they have felt it their duty to inform the public that the corps of correspondents, of whom they are the official representatives, do not indorse

newspaper invasion of private life. Here we have the best of answers t the question and conclusive proof that there is such a thing as newspaper ethics.

Journalism is a distinct profession, as is
the profession of law or medicine. It
ought to have its unwritten code of morals and practice. Its members are brought into intimate relationship with individuals daily in connection with important matters, and often with matters of delicacy as affecting reputation and peace of mind. The relationship which a lawyer bears to his client, or a doctor to his patient, is no more intimate or important than that which a journalist bears to the man whom he in terviews or of whom he writes. If there are codes of ethics for the lawyer and doctor, there should be similar codes for the journalist. The journalist should know the morals of his profession, the amenities of his business, should always feel his responsibility and appreciate the dignity of his position in the social fabric. There is such a code in journal ism, an unwritten code as all laws of professional ethics must necessarily be, but as yet it is indefinite and not well

Here in Washington, however, where journalism is at its highest state of devel-opment in America, and that means in the world, I am happy to say that the ethics of the profession, this unwritten law, is constantly becoming better understood, and year after year is better respected. It is not enough that a Washington journalist must be a gentleman, as journalists everywhere should be-he must have a sense of honor that is keen and vigilant, not simply as a matter of policy, but of tem-perament and training. The days of bushwhacking journalism, of "fake" journalism, of extreme partisan and personal journalism, and above all of mendacious journalism, are at an end in the Capital City. And being at an end here means simply that they are rapidly coming to an end the country over, for Washington journalism is a reflex of the journalism of the nation. It draws its inspiration and its men from the provinces, and needs, moreover, constant renewal of the energy that comes from the rural press and the men that press has graduated into the wider field.

Journalism as seen at Washington has its ethics, but I do not feel competent to tell what that code of ethics is. Probably no two working newspaper men would describe it alike. But there are certain cardinal features of it known to us all, and of these we may speak. One of these was violated by the young man who is just now feeling the discipline of his fellows. The private lives of men and women are tabooed subjects in the newspaper practice of the capital. If this were not so, and we all felt ourselves licensed as free lances, thousands of hearts would ache. Probably there is no place in the country where the private lives of well known persons offer such shining marks for criticism and exposition as here. I can count at a moment's notice at least a score of members of congress who live in a certain sense double lives-men who have both wives and mistresses.

If we were to tell what we know and make it a business to find out the things which we now only suspect, plenty of gray heads now held high would be humbled. Even women of the fairest fame would suffer. Luckily these are not legitimate subjects of newspaper writing. The press is constantly growing more just and more generous. It knows how to shut its eyes as well as to keep them open. I doubt if in our time another public man meet the fate of poor Riddleberger. That senator was anything but a drunkard. He was simply a drinking man who occasionally lost his head. When intoxicated he was ugly and willful. There are a dozen men in congress today who have the same fault, but the press deals forbearingly with them. Had it been more lenient with Riddleberger he might have met a more happy fate. But he was picturesque. The press seized upon his first escapade, painted it in lurid colors, gave him a reputation which at that time he did not deserve, and he fell under the weight of obloquy thus thrust upon him. Being given the name he went in for the game and finally died of chagrin and a broken heart.

Newspaper men at Washington, as elsewhere, must keep confidences. This is one of the unwritten laws which is well understood and almost universally respected. Public men are not afraid to trust the writers. For instance, I called one recent evening on the speaker of the house. Conversation arose incidentally about some public men and measures, and the speaker talked very frankly, as is his wont. He criticised men of his own party in his characteris-tic savage fashion and without reserve. He made no request that this conversation be considered a private one—he instinctively knew that it was private and would not be printed or repeated. I could have created a mild sort of sensation by reporting what the speaker said, but of course I did not. This brings us to another phase of modern newspaper

ethics. A man must know that he is being interviewed for publication. The gentleman of the modern press does not get his interviews clandestinely. All conversations not understood from

All conversations not understood from
the circumstances or by express agreement to be for type are private. It is in
applying this rule that one of the chief
sources of trouble arises. The newspaper
man is often puzzled to know what was
intended for publication and what was
not. That was the bone of contention in
the Cleveland article in New York city. It is often the bone of contention in less celebrated cases. I am proud to say for the correspondents of Washington that the public men here find little cause of complaint in this regard. The political journalist, as a rule, not only respects confidence and is intrinsically honorable but he exercises fine discretion in win-

but he exercises fine discretion in win-nowing the proper and printable from the private.

Eavesdropping is also tabooed. The self respecting journalist of these times will not hide himself away in closets, or glue his ear to keyholes. Rare stories are told of the manner in which big news has been obtained by these means but most of these tales are of the old days. The good senators thought the Washington correspondents must have some such means of securing executive session secrets, but they were egregiously mistaken. The modern journalist will not eavesdrop, but he will deceive. He will not open another man's letter, but he will play a trick upon the other man if the man does not watch out.

This matter of newspaper ethics is sometimes very intricate and difficult to understand. The public may not be able to understand why a journalist, who would condemn listening at the key hole of a committee room door, could hire ar employe of the government printing offfce to steal a copy of the president's message for him, but I can understand that, though I am not going to try to explain it. I would not listen at a key hole, but I would bribe a printer to steal a message for me, providing the messag was worth it and the printer did not com too high. Journalists have gone out of the business of stealing president's mes-ages, but they are still eager for tariff bills. The public is already familiar The public is already familia with the manner in which the McKinley tariff bill found its way prematurely to

A Pacific coast correspondent borrowed the copy of a member of the ways and means committee to write a paragraph from, and copied the whole bill with a from, and copied the whole bill with a force of six typewriters. That, in my my judgment, was fair journalism. So was the scheme set up by a couple of bright correspondents to get an advance copy of the Mills tariff bill when the public mind was filled with curiosity public mind was filled with curiosity concerning that measure. They knew Mr. Mills had a copy of the bill from the printing office, and that therefore the bill was in type. Their plan was to telephone the foreman of the printing office about 5 o'clock in the afternoon by the Capitol telephone that Mr. Mills wanted a dozen more copies of the bill sent to his house at 8 o'clock that evening. When the messenger arrived at Mr. Mills' residence with the package of bills one of the conspirators was to be in hiding near the door. He was to have a small package in his hand. The conspirators thought that when the messenger rang the door bell and the servant came and opened the door there would be a fine opportunity to do business. The man in waiting was to rush up just as the messenger left, ring the bell again, and when the servant came to the door the second time, no doubt with the package in her hand, the conspirator was to hold out his little package and exclaim:

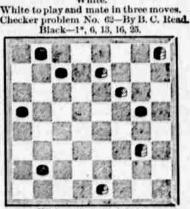
"I have left you the wrong package This is the one that belongs to Mr. Mills," and grabbing the bundle from the servant's hands beat a hasty retreat, as if trying to overtake the wagon, which by would be rolling street. In the package which the con-spirator was to leave in exchange for the more precious one was to be some bills and reports, which Mr. Mills, even if he were in the house and looked them over, would not be suspicious of, as, of cours he had not expected any copies of the tariff bill and would not be suspicious of trickery. The printing office would be satisfied that it had done its duty, and next morning two enterprising journals would contain the Mills tariff bill in full, telegraphed by their agile correspond-

The scheme did not work, for the simple reason that the printing office could not print the bills, and hence could not deliver them into the hands of the unsuspecting servant girl. It was a pretty plan, and I am sorry it did not work, for it was good journalism. The true journalist will not look in another man's desk for the biggest piece of news in the world, any more than a military commander will violate a flag of truce, but your good journalist will lead his enemy into ambush when he can. WALTER WELLMAN.

CHESS AND CHECKERS. Chess problem No. 62.



White to play and mate in three moves.



White-4*, 7, 11, 24*, 3L Black to play and win SOLUTIONS Chess problem No. 61.

| Chess problem No. 61 | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B to K R 5 | K to his |
| 2 R to K R 2 | P moves. |
| 3. B to Q 4 | Any. |
| 4B to mates. | |
| If | 2. K to h |
| 3 R X and B mate | 9. |
| Checker problem No. | 61, by P. M. B |
| Black, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 12 | |
| 4, 15, 19, 23, 26, 27, 28, 3 | |
| nd win. | |
| Black. | White |
| 130 to 34 | 127 to 2 |
| 2 6 to 10 | 215 to |
| 8 2 to 27 | 331 to 5 |
| 417 to 23 | 426 to 1 |
| 513 to 22 | 519 to 1 |
| | |

7.. 7 to 11 8.. 4 to 11

K to his B 5

7...15 to 8

9. .34 to 19

Black wins.

VANDERBILT HOMES.

TRACING THE FAMILY'S PROGRESS IN PROSPERITY BY THEIR HOUSES.

Where the Commodore Lived on Staten Island and Where He Died-The Bestdences of His Son and a Grandson in New York City.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] Some idea of the rapidity with which the Vanderbilt fortune has been gathared together may be formed by a glance at the houses which have served the suc-cessive heads of the family as residences within less than half a century. It is true that the old commodore, who found



THE STATEN ISLAND HOME. ed the fortune, was careless of display so far as his house was concerned, and lived in a house of much less pretension than would now satisfy his heirs, even after would now satisfy his heirs, even after he had money enough to buy a palace, but none the less it is true that the suc-cessive removals have kept pace with the growth of the fortune.

From the plain, comfortable coun-try house on Staten Island to the group of veritable palaces on Murray Hill— the fashionable center of America—the

change is a startling one, but it is no more surprising than the increase of the bilt said, when he was 81 years old, that he had made a million dollars a year for his whole life, but he was talking averages, for when he was 35 he was worth about \$30,000 only, and had said only a few years before that no man had a right to own more than \$20,000.

His father's house was a snug cottage in the village of Edgewater, now Staple-ton, Staten Island. It is still standing, though it is over 100 years old, having been enlarged somewhat, however, by more modern additions. There the "commodore" lived for a short time after he was married, but a little while before the war of 1812 he removed to New Brunswick, N. J., and his wife kept the "Half Way house," then patronized by the travelers who went from New York to Philadelphia in twenty-two hours, over the land and water route which the com modore managed.



THE WASHINGTON PLACE RESIDENCE In 1829 he removed to New York. against the remonstrance of his wife, who pleaded that they were prosperous, having already a fortune of \$30,000, and that they should be content. He lived in Stone street, near the Battery, for a time, then hired a modest tenement in East Broadway, but soon tiring of his cramped quarters he took his family back to his old home in Stapleton, where his mother was living. This, however, was only a temporary arrangement, for he was then preparing to build his first house, on a corner of his father's farm. This corner was known as "Corneel's lot," and the old mansion he built upon it was the first of the series of houses mentioned.

It is, considering its surroundings, rather an imposing building, with a high portice and tall Corinthian columns in front-but, compared with the later Vanderbilt houses, is a modest country house. It stands midway between Stapleton and Tomkinsville a rising piece of ground overlooking the tra-There he lived with his wife and children until 1846, when the increasing cares of business drove him to the city, and he made a residence at No. 10 Washington place, where he remained until his death in Aug., 1876, when he was 82 years old.



He was then the richest man in America, but the house in which he lived and died was an unpretentious one, as the picture shows. It was far less imposing, in fact, than many others in

the neighborhood, which had already lost the prestige of fashion that came to it after the commodore settled there. It was greatly inferior indeed to William H. Vanderbilt's house at No. 640 Fifth avenue, and that was by no means the most elegant of the Fifth avenue mansions of that day and was a lowly house in comparison with the later residences.
William H. Vanderbilt was, in fact,

the greater accumulator of the two, though he had not, as his father had, to begin with nothing. His real period of accumulation was from 1876, when he inherited a hundred millions, to the time of his death, in December, 1885, when he had doubled his inheritance. He had indeed begun life with little, for his father distrusted and even disliked him, and would make no further provision for him at the time of his early marriage than to buy him a seventy acre farm with a little homestead on it. It was unimproved land in New Dorp, Staten Island, and by his management of that insignificant property he first excited the respect of his father. The cottage he lived in stood near the southeastern shore of the island, facing the open ocean, where two-thirds of the hori-zon only was of land. It contained five rooms, including a primitive kitchen built on as an addition to the house; was two stories in height and square in shape. In this house he lived from 1842 till 1864, though he enlarged and beautified it ir 1855, and then expected to live there as long as he should live. Yet seventeen years later he had built for himself and was living in the costliest and most ele gant private residence in America, and had built for his sons and daughters a little settlement of palaces in the most eligible spot in the whole country.

The house at Fifth avenue and For-tieth street, which he had occupied for

those seventeen years, does not call for elaborate description. It was one of many fine residences on the avenue, and not remarkable among them. The last of his homes, where his widow and his youngest son George now live, could not be adequately described without writing a large book,

WHERE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT LIVES, This palace stands on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-first street, and, together with a double man-sion connected with it, occupies the entire avenue front to Fifty-second street. The main house is 115x84 feet, and is of plain brownstone outside. This material was selected in preference to light stone with colored marble trimmings, which the builder intended to use, bewhich the builder intended to use, because time would have been lost in importing the latter material. As it was, the building took three years in completion. The interior, however, is a dream of almost fabulous beauty and cost. The doors at the entrance are of bronze and cost \$20,000. The outer vestibule pavement is paved with a mosaic, laid by an artist imported from Venice for the work. Pillars of African marble, huge vases of malachite (the same stone used in valuable jewelry), windows of stained glass, bronzed doors and mantels, sculpglass, bronzed doors and mantels, sculp-tured cornices, bamboo ceilings, panels of gold and of silver, carved oaken shelves, floors of mahogany, Circassian walnut and other rare woods, ebony and satin wood trimmings, floors and walls of resewood and mother-of-pearl go to make up a total that is simply bewilder

It is not, however, for the material of which it is built and the cost of its construction only that the palace is famous. It contains art treasures, pictures valued at a million and a half of dollars, statu-

ary, etc., far in excess of some of the famous galleries of Europe.

The double mansion connected with this one by the outer vestibule mentioned is really two houses, one of which faces on Fifty-second street. This one is owned and occupied by Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, while Mrs. Sloane, another daughter, owns and lives in the other.

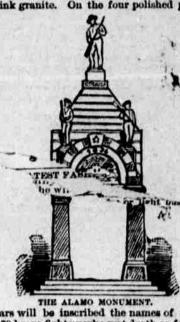
Directly across Fifty-second street, on the southwest corner of that street and Fifth avenue, is William K. Vanderbilt's house, which he inherited together with some \$50,000,000 from his father. A few doors beyond is the house of Mrs. Webb, and next to hers is Mrs. Twombley's, both of them daughters of William H.

Still further up the avenue, at the northwest corner of Fifty-seventh street, is the residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, is the residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the eldest son, who received by the terms of his father's will the largest por-tion of his estate, not much less, indeed, than that father received after the death of the commodore. It is an ex-ceedingly beautiful house of light stone, and is in design and interior finish and decoration equal, if not superior, to the larger one so imperfectly described above.

The third son, Frederic W. Vander-

bilt, received, and still occupies, his father's old home at Fifth avenue and Fortieth street. DAVID A. CURTIS.

By and by there will stand in front of the state capitol at Austin, Tex., a monument erected in memory of the grand old heroes of the Alamo. The design which has been selected is a happy combination of arch and shaft. The main body of the monument will be of Texas pink granite. On the four polished pil-



lars will be inscribed the names of the 170 brave fighters who met death so fearlessly at the siege of the Alamo in 1836. On the corners above the pillars will be bronze statues of Crockett, Travis, Bowie and Bonham. The figure over the dome will be that of an Alamo soldier, heroic size. The four pediments will bear bas reliefs of the siege of the Alamo, coats of arms, the cap of liberty, etc., each pedi-ment being decorated with an appropriate inscription. The seal of Texas, the Lone Star state, will find a place on each of the four keystones. The estimated cost of the monument is \$20,000. It will be 19 feet square at the base.

For Fifty Years a Reporter. Thomas Towndrow has a record in his profession that cannot be beaten. He is a reporter; he is over 80 years old, and he has worked for one paper, The New York Tribune, since it was founded by Horace Greeley in 1841. Despite his fourscore

years he is "still in the harness," and reports for duty every morning as promptly as his fellow workers who were not born until after he had passed the milestones of middle

Mr. Towndrow THOMAS TOWNDROW. lives at New Rochelle, and his specialty at present is the furnishing of West-chester county news to his paper. He was born at Crich, Derbyshire, England, in 1810 and came to America in 1830. The other day, when he completed his 80th year, his associates on The Tribune presented him with a gold watch similar to the one given Horace Greeley when ho sailed for Europe twenty-five years ago.

Marriage of a Centenarian. A remarkable wedding took place near Charleston, W. Va., the other day. The bridegroom's age was 101, the bride's 91, the best man's 83 and the bridesmaid's 74, an aggregate of 349 years. The bride was attired in the dress she wore at her first wedding sixty-four years ago.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHIREY. SPRING MEDICINE. Be careful of your diet. You do u heavy food such as you require dur. Winter. Spring my be beautiful, but it is tre Do not let it deceive you later

Do not let it deceive you into a cold, malaria or pneumonia.

Do not throw off your Winter flant early. It is better to suffer a little income than to take cold.

If you feel tired, feverish or overbean or rush off and take "Spring medicines yourself down and in this way help y tem and purify your blood.

If you feel hot and thirsty, do not drie quantities of water or other "long" dries much better to take a little pure a and water which will quench the thir the system and fortify against disease.

Remember that only pure whisker ever be taken into the system, and it leading chemists and scientists of the day unite in declaring that Duffy's Pure absolutely the purest and best.

Cravelers' Guibe. PENNHYLVANIA RAILROADSCHED Trains LEAVE LANGASTER and beave and rive at Philadelphia as follows:

8:50 a. m. at Linet...

J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Ages CHAS, E. PUGH, General Manager, LEBANON & LANCASTER JOINT &

NORTHWARD. BOUTHWARD Arrive at King Street, Lane, 8:38 1:36 8:38 9:39 8:38 A. M. WILSON, Supt. R. & C. Rai THILADELPHIA & READING RAILBOA

READING & COLUMBIA DIVISION. On and after Sunday, May 11, 1888, eave Lancaster (King street), as follows: For Reading and intermediate points, lays, 7:40 a. m., 12:40, 2:45 p. m.; Sunday,

Loave Pottsville, week days, 660 a. m. Leave Lebanon, week days, 715 a.

Samps.

NEW LAMPS AND ART GOODS. Call and See

ART COODS ON SECOND FLOOR John L. Arnold's Building.

NORTH QUEEN STREET.

D UMBING, GAS FITTING, 40.

John P. Schaum & Son.

PLUMBING,

GAS FITTING AND ROOFING.

26 SOUTH QUEEN ST., LANUASTER PA.

THE MT. GRETNA

Narrow Gauge Railway will be opened for the sumer season or MONDAY, MAY 5th

This road extends from the entrance of the Park to the summit of the South Mountain Glovernor Dick), a distance of about four miles. Its miniature trains connect with all the regular passenger trains on the Cornwall & Lessnon Railroad arriving at the Park, and roturning from the summit of the mountain in time to connect with trains leaving the Park.

From points on Penna, R. R. and Philadelphia & Reading R. R., within 100 miles, the trip can be accomplished in one day.

It is the NARROW ENT GAUGE in the world it is the most PERFECT IN ITS CONSTRUCTION, it has also the MOST COMPLETE EQUIPMENT. Its engines are perfect littles models of the standard engines of the first-day, and its cars are especially adapted to afford at unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery along the line. Steel Rails. Stone Baltast. It is one of the features of Mt. Gretna Park.

Mt. Gretna Park, the finest day resort in Central Pennsylva Church and School, Military and Civic and zations, Clubs and Tourist Parties can a the exclusive use of Mt. Greins Park on : cation to al-3md Sup't C. & L. Railroad, Lebanou

Pressare, Water Gauges, Gange Cocks, Wood Wheels or Weighted, Glass Tubes, Whistles, Syphons for Steam Ganges, Cylinder Ollers Plain, Water Gange Columns, Ozeks for Steam Ganges, call on JOHN BEST, 55 For