SOLDIERS IN EARNEST.

UATES ANOTHER CLASS.

THIS MONTH WEST POINT GRAD-

The Gay Cadet of Yesterday May Be the Toll Worn Campaigner of Some Puture War-The Academy Viewed from Fort

June is the month of months for the bright cadet who has completed his course of study, is ready for his final examinations, and looks forward to holding at an early day a lieuten-ant's commission in some branch of the regular army of the United States. If he desires to carry away a lifelong recollection of his student home as a whole he should climb to old Fort m, 500 feet above, and view West Point as it stretches from the base of the hill far out to the apex projecting into the river.



CAMPING OUT IN AUGUST.

First comes the grassy parade ground, then a gravelly strip, at the south end of which stands the guns and caissons of a battery of field artillery; then the green space to which the cadets as soon as their examinations are finished are marched into camp. Against a corner of this tented field projects an angle of Fort Clinton, its parapet and scarp and counter scarp overgrown with a coating of grass like green velvet. On the oppo-site side of the river and to the north juts the rugged promontory of the East point, called at one time Martaliers Rock; beyond it, low, marshy ground, stretching far to the hills. Directly south the river, once swept by the guns of Fort Constitution, is modernized by the New York Central railroad, which divides the water space into two almost equal parts. To the north tower Old Crow Nest and Storm King, faced by other gigantic sentinels of equal height on the opposite side of the river.

Stepping along the rear parapet of "Fort Put"—the front is too broken to walk on-one gets another view east and southward. Directly beneath are the scademy buildings, the cadet barracksthree sides of a quadrangle—the aca-demic building, the hospital, the chapel, the library, while near, on a hill slightly lower than that on which "Fort Put" was built, stands the astronomical ob-servatory. On the opposite side of the river, half hidden by the foliage, is the memorable Robertson house, where Bene dict Arnold breakfasted on the morning of his flight, and the rocky point from which he put out in a barge to go on board the British ship Vulture. On the west side of the river, looking south, is the broad face of Cozzens' hotel, and beyond a succession of summer cottages. Six miles down Anthony's Nose looms up, apparently stopping the current of river, which it really turns aside.

Notwithstanding the stir, the excite ment of the examinations going on below "Old Fort Put" is as quiet, indeed more quiet, than the day when the Continental sentinel paced to and fro on ly, a schooner rounding the point drifts as lazily as in Revolutionary times. Occasionally the rattle of a drum is heard in the court of the cadet barracks, or the fine notes of a bugle ring "thin and clear" as the cadet is called to some new duty. Then firing is going on in the ravine near by, and at long intervals there is a boom, reverberating as the echo is tossed back and forth, at first angrily, then faintly, till its last sounds seem to be going to sleep in the sleepy

Go back in fancy 112 years. It is not June, 1890, but June, 1778, the spring when "Fort Put" was built, when Fort Arnold was commenced, when the Great Chain was laid. Col. Putnam has mainly completed the fort which bore his name. From below rise sounds from a party



dragging a gun up the steep winding road which still leads to the summit. They are hidden from view by trees but one can fancy the shouting and swearing of the ragged Continentals as they toil on with their heavy burden. Within the enclosure of the fort those of the little garrison not working on the walls or on guard are lounging about, gossiping on the various engagements of the war that have already taken place, or discussing the strength of the position, or perhaps what further works the newly appointed engineer, Col. Kosciusz ko will see fit to build.

Far down on the plain there are white tents, but they do not cover cadets. The West Point cadet has not yet been born. They are the temporary abodes of men who are engaged in actual war. On the parapet of Fort Arnold, the eastern portion of which is completed, cocked hatted sentinels are pacing, occasionally casting a glance across the river to Fort Constitution, where they may see their comrades also marching on the sentry's beat, or may look down on those engaged in floating the boom or the chain between the two forts. This is a picture as one would see it during a spring when all was activity at West Point: when the revolution was in its youth; when Benedict Arnold was one of Washington's most trusted generals.

Turn to another date, four years later. It is the 31st of May, 1782. The nation has passed the crisis of Arnold's treachery: Cornwallis has surrendered; but it is yet war time, and British troops still occupy the city of New York. It is noon. The sentinel on the parapet of Fort Putnam panses on his beat to look down on what was Fort Arnold, but, since the treachery of the

Fort Clinton. There are signs of something unusual about to take place. A thing unusual about to take place. A regiment of artillery is drawn up on the plain near the landing, just below the fort, behind which is a grand colon-nade built of green boughs. A party is approaching the landing from the river in barges. It consists of his excellency Gen. Washington, with wife and suite; Governor Clinton, Maj. Gen. Knox, and many other prominent officials and many other prominent officials and citizens with their wives. Having landed they mount to the plain unperceived by the troops drawn up in line, and are conducted through the colonnade, proceeding in the stately fashion of the times. They are there in hono of an important event. The colonies have an ally, Louis XVI of France, who has just been presented with an heir. France is the main support of the colonies, and it behooves the commander in chief of

the American army to pay due respect to the advent of a dauphin. Perhaps if one should climb to "Fort Put" in the evening-the evening of the graduating ball—and listen to the strains of music floating out on the quiet air, and picture to himself the scene within, he might smile at the contrast between this and the ball swhich took place in honor of the new born dauphin. Then the venerable Washington-on none of whose portraits has anyone ever seen a with the elderly Mrs. Knox "carried down a dance of twenty couple in the minuet." Of all the dances ever laid out by a dancing master none has



NO VIOLATION OF ORDERS.

ever been more absurd than this minuet and it is scarcely possible to conceive of anything more solemn than George Washington and Mrs. Knox leading down the twenty couple of Continental officers, military and civil-knee breeches and powdered wigs-and their ladies, whose height of hair resembled more than any thing else the top of a one How different from the scene in the

cadet ball room! A forest of white legs are triangulating in circles, sliding. gliding, whirling, sideways, backwards, in reverse. Each cadet holds by the waist a youthful beauty in silk, in tulle, in satin lace, mingled in exquisite combination of colors. There are but two shades in the uniform of the cadets, the gray and the white. But in the costumes of their partners are all the colors and shades of the rainbow. These youths, these maidens know no stately minuet. They spin, they twirl, now tilting before a change of direction; then darting from one end of the room to another, threading their way among other shooting couples, as if the youthful guide had spent his boyhood as a pilot on the Lachine rapids. Truly this, compared with Washington and Mrs. Knox leading the minuet, is a pleasing indication of the progress of the age and the increased fitness of things. So, also, are the parade ground flirtations, wherein cadets sometimes obey orders and still promenade girls of their choice. During certain hours the young warriors are not allowed to approach within a prescribed distance of visitors. A stick of the proper length, held by both parties to evasion, allows of unlimited chatter without the technical violation of any

In the chapel at West Point is a silent moral, recorded by an omission. Among the marble tablets bearing the names and dates of birth and death of all the enerals of the Revolution is one left blank, for the man whom the tablet comorates died an alien in a foreign land. Back near the choir gallery, where it is not easily seen, is this unobtrusive censure. The name which does not appear is that of Benedict Arnold.

A MONUMENT TO RED JACKET. The Splendid Memorial to Honor Savage Chieftain.

A monument to the memory of Red Jacket, the famous chief of the Senecas, will be erected some time next fall on a site yet to be selected within the boundaries of the state of New York. Sculptor James E. Kelly, of New York city, has already completed the designs, which, when perpetuated in stone and bronze, will form a noble and striking addition to the art acquisitions of the country. The base is to be of granite, on which will rest a bowlder, either of syanite or granite, twelve feet in diameter and of equal height. At the lower angles of the bowlder will appear four bronze turtles. Over all will rise the blasted trunk of a tree



THE RED JACKET MONUMENT. bronze, bearing about its roots the tribal totems of the Six Nations. The bas relief appearing in the illustration here given represents Red Jacket addressing a council. On the opposite side will be a companion bronze typifying the life of the Senecas before the advent

of the white man. The artist who designed this monument is not yet 35 years of age, but he has long held high rank in his profession. He first became known, when only 21, as the sculptor of Sheridan's Ride.

Very Slow Consumption. Dr. Mortimer Slocum, who died at San Antonio, Tex., recently, had a rather novel experience once. He was supposed to be hopelessly ill of consumption, and a life insurance company with which he had a policy of \$20,000 paid him \$5,000 for a release. He removed from his then home at Chicago to Texas, grew well and wealthy and lived for

twenty-five years.

HOW TO GET AT THEM.

THE BUSY MEN OF NEW YORK AND THEIR DOORKEEPERS.

It Is Quite Impossible to Pass Se the Latter-Many Doorkeepers Only Exercise Proper Caution in Admit

(Special Correspondence.)
New York, June 5.—Would you like to know how to reach some of the busy men of New York in case you had oceasion to do so?

I don't mean the editors, I mean the busy men. Everybody knows that edit-ors have very little to do. They just sit in an office and read newspapers and write a few columns a day of their reflections on matters of interest, and look over their mail and answer letters and over their mail and answer letters and attend to the make up of their papers, and the reporters and printers and book-keepers and other fellows do all the work. If you don't know what the make up is just call on the nearest editor about the time when he is making up, and sak him. He will be only too pleased to show your all about it any pleased to show you all about it and explain it as he goes along. An editor is always glad to receive calls. You can drop in any time and help him read his exchanges, and he will give you a cigar and a drink of good whisky and chat pleasantly all the afternoon. And you can tell him while you are there how to improve his paper.
But I mean the busy men-men who

run railroads and great commercial enterprises, and banks, and city govern-ment and things. Men like these are apt to put on a pretense of superiority, and try to refuse the ordinary citizen the privilege of a little friendly conversation, especially when the citizen is a stranger and they cannot make any money out of him. So they go to great expense and trouble to fit up inner offices, and maintain great numbers of secretaries and clerks and office boys solely for the purpose of preventing a sociable man, who may call to make their acquaintance, from getting access

to them.

I should say the two Rockefellers,
John D. and William, and Henry M. Flagler are the hardest men now in New York for a stranger to get at. They are the principal men in the great Standard Oil combination, and, when they are in the city, are daily at the palatial offices in the Standard Oil building near the foo of Broadway. The visitor to this building is received with the utmost suavity and courtesy, and every attention will be given to him if he goes on business; but though he can without difficulty see the secretaries of the millionaires named he may go a thousand times without ever being able to see either one of the

It is a little strange that they should be so very averse to seeing strangers, un-less they are afraid of being imposed upon, for all three of them are exceptionally liberal men outside of business transactions. John D. Rockefeller's fa vorite line of beneficence seems to be giving checks to churches and other religious institutions, while Mr. Flagler has a great fondness for reforming drunkards. It is said that he has take scores of these unfortunate creatures in hand and provided them with money and employment, making men of them after the usual discouragements. How they manage to get in communication with him, though, is more than I have ever been able to find out.

In sharp contrast with their habits of seclusion is the simplicity with which John Claffin, dry goods merchant, conducts his business. Any respectable looking man may walk into his private office at any time during business hours, without even the formality of inquiring whether he is in. His enormous store stands a block off Broadway and has only one small entrance for the public. Passing in at this narrow door the stranger may walk unchallenged half way down the room, which is more than two hundred feet long, where he will find a door with a sign beside it, reading, "To the counting room." Thread his way through narrow passage ways, among the thousands of cases of goods that are piled on the floor, and dodging the scores of little hand trucks that are used in collecting the goods for individual orders, the visitor may pass through this door, up a narrow flight of stairs to the enormous counting room, where forty or fifty bookkeepers are keeping the accounts of the house, and turning sharply to the right may pass the various clerks, and the desks of the junior partners, into the little room where Mr. Claffin sits alone. No one will even ask his business, and Mr. Claflin will give him time enough to explain it, without fuss or ceremony of any kind. Many men with only a small fraction of his cares and responsibilities would consider it impossible to transact business on such a plan, but Mr. Claffin

demonstrates that it is entirely feasible. Chauncey M. Depew is another very ac essible man, though he does intrench himself behind a double barrier of doorkeeper and private secretary. The applicant for an interview will be politely asked by the doorkeeper what the nature of his business is. And, by the way, you may form a tolerably fair notion of the manners of any public man by noticing those of his personal attendants. I have never known a really polite man to have rude doorkeepers. I have known many rude doorkeepers. If you are not inclined to tell this one what your business is, he will, still with perfect politeness, either ask you to be seated, or show you into the next room, where Mr. Du Val, the prince of private secretaries, will ask you again. If you are wise you will tell Mr. Du Val what you want. If he can, he will attend to your business, and save Mr. Depew the trouble. If it is really essential that you should see the great man himself, you will be shown into his room as soon as he is disengaged. There is no fuss and no flummery about it whatever.

There are men who enjoy the priviege, such as it is, of seeing Mr. Jay Gould whenever they call on him, even in business hours. One such is that very clever newspaper man, Howard Irving Smith. We used to call him Cocktail Smith, up in camp when the Seventh regiment was at Peckskill, because his ever ready laugh was so invigorating in the morning. How he won Mr. Gould's favor I don't know, but he could get an interview every time he went for it when he was "reporting Wall street." A stranger, however, has as much chance of seeing John the Baptist as of seeing Jay Gould. The public do not even know where his office is. If you find that out, and go there, you will find it impossible even to learn whether he is in or not, and Mr. Gould would as soon think of giving a stranger a million dollars as of giving

hira a five minute interview. Russell Sage is very different. If you go to his office on Broadway, next door to Trinity churchyard, you will be told he is busy, and one or two of his clerks will try hard to learn the nature of your errand. If they fail, and you persist in your purpose, you will be permitted to wait in the outside room until Mr. Sage has a moment's leisure, when he will

come out and talk with you. Roswell P. Flower, the congressman and banker, follows Mr. Claffin's plan. He has a suite of parlors in his bank. and

if you want to see him in business hours all you have to do is to walk into the first of these parlors and sit down. Nobody will stop you, and as soon as Mr. Flower has a moment to spare he will

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

give you attention.

The great lawyers are usually very accessible. Senator Conkling, even when he was busiest with his enormous law

he was busiest with his enormous law practice, would always find time to see almost everybody who had business with him. Benator Evarts is an exception. If it is possible for one of his partners or clerks to act for him, a stranger has no chance of seeing him.

Among clergymen, Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. John Hall are the only two that I ever had any difficulty in seeing, and with Mr. Beecher it was simply a question of the limitation of time. He was ready enough to see as many perwas ready enough to see as many persons as he could find time to see. Dr. Hall, however, does not like to be interrupted by strangers at any time.

DAVID A. CURTIS. REV. OLYMPIA BROWN.

The Life and Work of a Famous Woman

Preacher. (Special Correspondence.)
CHICAGO, June 5.—It is not bodily size and strength which give victory in the battle of life, says Darwin. Certainly it has not been bodily size nor physical strength which has given the Rev. Olympia Brown such victory and prominence as she has attained.

Mrs. Brown is a fragile little woman,

with a small featured face of fine out-line, more suggestive of a refined and sensitive intellectuality than vigorous, persistent energy.

Mrs. Brown was born at Prairie Round, Mich., in 1835. She early devoted herself to becoming a thorough scholar, and grad-



REV. OLYMPIA BROWN. nated from Antioch college in 1860, re ceiving the M. A. degree from that in stitution.

Before her graduation from Antioch she had resolved to become a preacher, and when she had finished her collegiate course she at once entered upon the study of theology at Canton, N. Y. Mrs. Brown was the first woman admitted to the school at Canton. She was ordained June 8, 1863, and was the first wor 'n ordained in the Universalist denomina tion. In 1864 she was installed as pastor of the Universalist church at Weymouth, Mass., where she preached for more than thirteen years, and was great ly honored and beloved, not only among her parishioners, but in the community In 1878 she removed to Racine, and from that time until the present has been pas-tor of the Universalist church at that

In speaking of the work which she has done in addition to her ministerial duties she says that, being convinced that the best interests of the state would be most effectually advanced by the enfranchisement of women, she has given her carnest effort to this cause. When in 1867 an amendment to the state constitution providing for the suffrage of women in Kansas was submitted to the vote of the people of that state Mrs. Brown obtained leave of absence from her parish and went to Kansas to can vass the state for the amendment. From July 4 to Nov. 5 she made 205 speech She traveled every day and states that one of the most convenient and elegant conveyances she was able to obtain was a lumber wagon.

Some idea of the endurance and forti tude necessary to carry out this canvas may be formed when it is known that her appointments were not infrequently forty and fifty miles apart, and the only roads were Indian trails, across wid stretches of uninhabited prairie, or mer openings through lonely forests. To add to the danger and discomfort of the undertaking, Kansas, at that time, was infested with "border rufflans," half breed Indians and lawless negroes

Mrs. Brown is the wife of Mr. Willes publisher of The Racine Times. Her hus band has always been in sympathy with her, and they are affectioned companions and workfellows. She has two children and is the gracious and agreeable mistress of a charming home. Like Lucy Stone she has never taken her husband's name, but is known as the Rev. Olympia A. V. H. Brown.



FOR ASHES OF THE DEAD. That cremation has not lost its hold upon the minds of certain classes of people is amply shown by the fact that eading jewelers throughout the world find it profitable to employ some of their best artists in the manufacture of dainty receptacles for the ashes of the departed. The illustration given herewith is of a crematory urn recently finished and exhibited in London. The bowl is made of the finest crystal glass, mounted in beautifully decorated silver. A crest tops the urn, on which there are also shown Masonic emblems and two shields for inscriptions. A depository of this sort is valued at \$2,000.

BILLIARDS AND POOL

Frank C. Ives, the rising professional billiardist, has lately been performing a very clever trick shot. He places one of the object balls under the table, and then he sends the cue ball, after scoring, off the table o as to spin on the floor, roll back and e unt on the ball underneath. He says he is laying stronger billiards every day.

Alf. edo de Oro, the Cuban pool expert, and John Werner have been matched to play a continuous pool contest in Chicago. The pame will be 600 points, and Werner will be conceded 75 points. Two hundred points for three nights will be played. The stake is \$500 a side and a standard 5 by 10

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

"WHICH THE SAME" REFERS TO THE DRESS OF WOMEN.

Olive Harper Is of Opinion That Modern Gowns Are More Modest and Becoming Than Old Time Garments-Some Pictures to Support Her Views.

(Special Correspondence.)
New York, June 5.—"I don't know New York, June 5.—"I don't know what the world is coming to, the young ladies do dress so outrageously immodest," said an old lady to me recently, and I quite agreed with her at the time, but it so happened that the next day I came in possession of a paper containing some of the styles in vogue 100 years ago, and from that time to the present the new modes were presented by decades, and I have been dazed and bewil-

LILY AND HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER dered ever since. While my friend is not 100 years old, her mother certainly must have worn the very kind of gowns which are presented in this article, as they were the style when she was young. Many of these dresses were made of very thin material and worn over silk tights, which must have been very fine from the evident pains taken to display them. To still further mark the contrast, young ladies' outdoor gowns of today are displayed beside them. The demure young lady in the jockey cap with the long peak to it wears her hair in short, unkempt looking lovelocks, and the book Mayor Wickham, a frisky lad of about 70, was accosted by a gentleman of erect bearing and whose eyes and skin were clear. He had just finished a hot apple toddy. "Wickham, my dear boy," he said in hearty tones, "you shouldn't be out a day like this. The weather is too rough for a boy like you." The ex-mayor laughed and then inquired: "Mr. Tapmen how old are you." instructs the wearers of the scanty gowns on the most graceful way of holding up the skirt, by catching it near the bottom and bringing that portion firmly up near-ly to the waist, allowing the front to "fall

modestly over the arm." This was a street costume, and it would seem that the wearers didn't mind sunburn. Among the quaint descriptions of the different toilets is the following descrip-tion of a toilet in 1786, a little more than a hundred years ago: "The Duthe was at the opera recently in a dress of 'stifled sighs,' trimmed with 'superfluous regrets.' Her 'perfect candor' garnished with 'indiscreet moans' and ribbons and 'marked attentions.' Her shoes of 'the queen' tresses,' embroidered with diamonds in 'perfidious blows.' Her bonnet was 'assured conquest' style, trimmed with 'fly-aways,' and of 'lowered eyelids' of rib-

I think after that we can stand egg plant purple and all the other vegetables in that kingdom of nature. The fear-fully and wonderfully made bonnet, and: in fact, general get up of the great grandmother's costume is tersely described as "a bonnet of green silk, with black ribbons and artificial flowers; Spencer with half shawl, long embroidered skirt and a balantine." I cannot imagine what the balantine is, unless it is the fancifully worked satchel, but altogether when it comes to a question of grace or modesty or general attractiveness. Lily's costume will have as good a show as that of her great grandmother.

To trace the fashions on down th the phases of enormous sleeves and lum ber yard capes through the awful hoop-skirt era, through the "eelakin" dresses with their multiple and complex ruff lings to the pretty and even elegant styles in vogue now, makes a very inter esting study, but it does seem utterly impossible to a person to believe that the wearers of those costumes thought them pretty or looked pretty in them. Classic gowns certainly have the merit of artistic grace, but none of the rest have, and yet I see an evident reaching out toward the past for suggestions for the future. I hope earnestly, however, that if they, the powers that be, do inflict such punishment upon us it will at least be tempered with mercy, and that ideas born of our times and needs will suggest changes and adaptations to our requirements.



LOOKING BACKWARD 100 YEARS. Surely they cannot find in the dim and dusty records of the past anything prettier or half so suitable for a prome nade dress for young ladies, either for city or "outing," than the dainty little gown I saw yesterday. It was of gray mohair, the skirt in accordion plaits all sround. The waist was in form of shirt front of fine white Scotch flannel with white standing collar worn with a black silk four-in-hand tie. A neat gray cloth walking jacket hangs loosely open in front, and a pretty gray sailor hat trimmed with a band and fan of white ribbon. OLIVE HARPER.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The Quaint Genius of the South-His Literary Career. [Special Correspondence.]

ATLANTA, June 5. - Joel Chandler Harris, the only man who has sung the songs of the plantation as they are worthy of being sung, may be said to have begun his literary career when he was scarcely 20 years old. Shortly after the war ended he became assistant to the editor of a monthly magazine, then published in New Orleans.

He worked diligently on the magazine and there completed the first period of his professional education. When he left New Orleans and went to Savannah to accept a position on The Morning News, a position which his growing good fame and repute as a hard worker had won for him, he was a good, "all round" newspaper man, ready to take any post, from local reporter to that of managing editor. And he was still a very young man. On The Morning News he had a long and successful career, and there found time amid the multiplicity of the duties imposed upon

aim to fall in love with and marry the gracious lady who now presides over his elegant home, and who has been to him his true helpmeet and the source of in-spiration of some of his best work.

the folklore of plantation life, the pre-eminent success of Mr. Harris as an author was assured. Thousands read them eagerly. They were so true to nature, so replete with that quaint plantation humor which has now for-

ever gone, save when it lives in the talk of Uncle Remus and his friends, that it

required no eye of prophecy to see what garlands would crown the brow of him

who had preserved these precious "flies in amber." These sketches of "Uncle Remus" Mr. Harris collated into a volume, which had an immense sale, and the widespread popularity of this volume induced him shortly thereafter

to issue another, entitled "Uncle Remus" Songs and Sayings," which struck the fancy of the reading public with equal force, and served to solidify and adver-

LONG LIVED NEW YORKERS.

Men Who Have Endured the Rush of the Metropolis for Many Years.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, June 5 .- There appears to

be a popular impression that the hurly

burly of the metropolis and the strain to which the rush and dash of its business

methods subject men's minds and bodies

are not conducive to longevity. Life in-

surance statistics show that this is a fal-

lacy, and, besides, there are many strik-

ing instances of the erroneousness of the

idea. In a well known down town re-

sort a few mornings ago, when rain was

pouring down most energetically, ex-

Mayor Wickham, a frisky lad of about

"Ninety-five," was the proud reply.
"Will you have another toddy?"
"Don't care if I do." The elder gentleman, who confessed to being almost a centenarian, is the father of Frederick

W. Tappan, president of the Gallatin National bank. Every morning except Sundays he travels down town and dili-gently attends to his own business affairs

without any assistance. He is still con-sidered in the commercial world a man of great shrewdness and keenness of per-

Exactly at 4:30 o'clock to the second

every week day afternoon a tall, vigor-ous, but white haired man strides into

the Astor house rotunds and when he reaches the mahogany, without a word being spoken, a glass containing a lump of sugar and a spoon is placed before him and he is further provided with a small pitcher of ice water and a bottle

of whisky.
With the aid of the water and the

spoon the sugar is dissolved thoroughly

and then the whiskey is added with an

air of great solemnity. When the toddy has been disposed of, the tall man strides out to Broadway and jumps into a dingy

waiting, and is driven to his residence on

Twenty-third street by a weather beaten

public Jehu, whose long blue coat is faded, and whose high silk hat has long

ago lost its gloss. The occupant of the

rattle trap vehicle is Dr. Norvin Green

president of the Western Union Tele-

graph company. At 80 years of age he finds himself as frisky as when he was a

David Dudley Field is only 82 years of

age. Nearly every morning of his life he takes a horseback ride in Central

park, and afterwards walks all the way

from his residence in Gramercy park to

his office on lower Broadway. In his

ninth decade he is still engaged in the

Instances such as these could be mul-

tiplied almost indefinitely to show that

the mad pace at which they are going

agrees with the modern New Yorker as

well as did the stolid gait of the broad

backed burghers who settled on Man-

hattan Island act in harmony with the

Statistics About the Echo.

exact distance that a person may be re-

moved from a reflecting surface and yet

hear the echo of his own voice. Five

syllables a second is said to be the limit

both of distinct pronunciation and dis-tinct hearing. This gives one-fifth of a second for each syllable. When the at-

mospheric temperature is 61 degs. sound

travels 1,120 feet a second. In one-fifth

that time it will cover a distance of 224

feet. Hence, if a reflecting surface is

112 feet distant the initial sound of an

uttered syllable will be returned to the

ear just as the next syllable starts on its

journey. In this case the first fifth of the second is consumed in the utterance

of a syllable and the next fifth of the

second in hearing its echo. Two sylla-

bles would be echoed from a reflecting

surface 224 feet distant, three syllables

from 336 feet, and so on within the limit

"Grant the Citizen

Mr. H. H. Kohlsant, of Chicago, has

arranged to erect at his own expense a

statue of Gen. Grant in civilian dress,

of audibleness.

Some one has recently figured out the

active practice of the law.

lethargy of their times.

country boy.

pan, how old are you?"

tise the author's rare popularity.

It was in 1876 that Mr. Estill, of The News, parted with him with great re-gret to see him take the train which was to bear him to the sanctum of The Atlanta Constitution and to enduring fame,

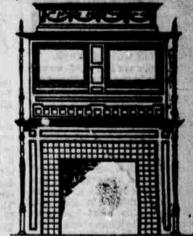
Pints on Decorations—The process of portions to Be Observed.

The parior in most houses is again and might be termed a room while of and most treasured works of art are peachibition. The style most appropriate this important room must, of amount of money at his disposal. For mansion of great pretensions the variable offer the most valuable suggestions for the most valuable suggestions for the most valuable suggestions for an an at the rooms are limited number the parlor must serve the for entertainment.

The first consideration for appearance of the dimensions of the room. for it was not until he had been firmly seated in his chair in The Constitution office that he began to draw upon the hoarded stores of his youthful plantation hoarded stores of his youthful plantation experience in those marvelous dialect sketches which laid the foundation of his success, and which have placed him almost without a peer as a faithful delineator of negro life, manners and talk. From the first appearance of his dialect sketches, his rare portrayals of the folklore of plantation life, the pre-

ly square room is unsupports ceiling is too high or the ro-and narrow all sonse of comfu-long room with a low ceiling unpleasant.

THE PARLOR



FIREPLACE AND MANTEL FIREPLACE AND MARTEL.

Fortunately the appearance of the room can be greatly influenced by the decoration, and the treatment should be such as a correct any errors of proportion as far a possible. If the ceiling appears too his it can be brought down by the use of hostontal bands of color on the walls, by a frieze or dado, or both, if desired. Or, the ceiling may be coved, and moldings placed at the bottom of the cove only.

If the ceiling appears too low in any

placed at the bottom of the cove only.

If the ceiling appears too low in any room the treatment must be reversed, the is, all horizontal divisions must be availed, and vertical ones substituted. Or if a room be too long it may be improved by divisions across its narrowest dimensions; this may be done by color, but more effectively be done by color, but more effectively across and draperies, which give across its narrowest dimensions; this may be made light across and draperies, and some desired and draperies and draperies, or solid and richly carved, as the case may require, and by their aid we can secure cosy noon and corners for chairs and other details of comfort so desirable in a modern parior.

The treatment of doors and windows has great influence upon the effect of the room.

has great influence upon the effect of the room.

Broad doors and large windows give as air of lightness and bospitality to a room, while a single door will give the special solution and privacy which is not possible to attain where there are several entrances. Bay windows are always as attractive feature of a house and see pecially appropriate at the side or end of a parlor as regards appearance and comments are regards appearance and comments. Bay windows are always as luxury only suitable for appearance and comments of the colors formerly considered the mines. The colors formerly considered the make cheerless rooms unless very several managed. A more effective result may be obtained by a delicate yellow in place of the white, with gold, provided that the dottails of the woodwork are kept in homony. Since the choicest of the swarp pictures will be hung in this recent the walls should have a tint which will form a good background. Soft subdued should olive or red will in most cases best save this purpose, and the walls can be made rich enough with the pictures. If the are few pictures the tonce can be deput and riche enough with the pictures. If the are few pictures the tonce can be deput and riche enough with the pictures. If the are few pictures the tonce can be appropriately a parlow, which will be enrichments for a parlow, which will be suitable enrichments for a parlow, which

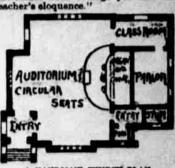
Moresque fretwork and panells

as they are not durable.

The fireplace and mantel are most susceptible of rich de neat design in wood with shell rore, brase frames and beautitile facings, and hearth with a baset grate complete complete.



The churches are, page 1. The register apicuous buildings of a place. Looking the matter from a purely practical star point—the influence on the value of a rounding real estate—it is essential if the churches shall be good looking a well built. "There is no denying," a warmown clergyman has said, "that a har some edifice adds a large per cent. to preacher's eloquence." preacher's eloque



A HANDSOME CHURCH PLAN. The designs here given, which are from the National Building Plan from the National Building Plan association's "Artistic Homes," are for a bris church to cost \$8,000. It has a slate ros stone trimmings, and is finished in nature woods. The seating capacity is \$00 and the church contains those very necessary as juncts which are so often omitted, a parlor, study and class room.

How to Tell the Day of the Week. Here is a formula for telling the day of the week of any date, which is said to be the discovery of a Rhode Island mathematician: Take the last two fig-ures of the year, add a quarter of this, disregarding the fraction. Add the date of the month and to this add the figure in the following list, one figure standing for each month; 3-6-6-2-4-0-2-5-1-3-6-1. Divide the sum by 7 and the remai will give the number of the day of the week, and when there is no remain the day will be Saturday. As an exam-ple, take March 19, 1890. Take 90, add 22, add 19, add 6. This gives 137, which, divided by 7, leaves a remainder of 4, which is the number of the day, or Wednesday.

Here is a bit of information of interest to the admirers of the poet Browning Dr. Furnivall has traced the great er's ancestry back five generations, and finds that he has a forefather who was a butler. This is the first that the first transfer who was a butler. This in itself is a distinction. The old time Browning carned as honest livelihood. He was neither a rocker baron, nor the son of a king's favorite.



company of invited guests.