MR. CANNON IN ACTION.

WALTER WELLMAN DESCRIBES "UN-CLE JOE'S" ANIMATED GESTURES.

There is Nothing Like Them in Con Besides-How the Orator Shakes Mis Finger - How Sam Cox Stopped Mis Pointing-Instantaneous Camera Cuta-

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, June 19.—In the American house of commons there are about a dozen orators and two or three million cestures. Only one of these orators emical auxiliaries to eloquence. Need I say
that this great American gesticulator is
the witty, the ardent, the rhetorical
member from Danville, the Hon. Joseph
G. Cannon? Mr. Cannon's repertoire of

complete. He is the model for all aspiring youths, which all new comers in the forensic field carefully study. When Mr. Can-non rises in his seat and calmly

addresses the pre siding offic there is little pre-"Mr. Speaker!" onition of the storm that is to come. But for his curling lip and flashing eye the stranger in the gallery might be mis-led into supposing this another dull and drowsy speaker not worth hearing on a hot summer day. To miss hearing one of Mr. Cannon's speeches is to visit Washington in vain, and if the stranger have experienced friends at hand they pull him by the coat tail and bid him.

The stranger is amply repaid for following their advice, for in another mo-

nation of gesture ment this incarto his seat and taken up position he stands, with either hand resting upon a desk, the nervous twitching of his fingers alone in-dicating the im-patience of his

soul. He is eager in which his words shall have "Never, sir! Never!" brought on the serious business of the ent-the mechanical eloquence in which he so delights. A few more sentences and this moment has arrived. Up comes the strong right arm, and the orator, with that member raised aloft, be-

gins shaking his index finger. Reproduced by instantaneous camera that finger describes the upper half of a cart wheel in motion. You know the spokes are there, but you cannot see them. The stranger in the gallery becomes alarmed. "The man will

lose his fingerhe will shake it off!" exclaims the stranger. But his friends only laugh and tell a new page whom waggish member once sent round to

Joe Cannon's desk to pick up that gen-Meanwhile the orator has reached another stage of his object lesson in the pos-

sibilities of gesticulation. Now he 13 is emphasizing a particularly emphatic and belligerent sentence. and as each word flies forth, the right hand, on which all five fin-gers remain, falls heavily upon the shoulder of Mr. Farquhar, of New York, who is so unfortunate

as to sit hard by. Mr. Farquhar "The people won't stand it!" knows Mr. Cannon, and he knows what is coming. He knows that Mr. Cannon's blows of emphasis have a crescendo movement—that they gradually gather force and increase in recklessness-and he soon retreats amid the smiles of his more fortunate

neighbors. Yet Mr. Cannon must strike something with his hands, and he instinctively looks about him for another victim. Judge Caldwell, of Cincinnati, is sitting close by, but he is a lame man, and the orator is too brave and manly to strike him. Mr. McKinley is also conveniently near, but no one was ever known to slap the back of the leader of the house, nor

to call him "Bill." Mr. Henderson, of Illinois, was in the next seat a moment ago, but he also is experienced, and when he saw his friend and colleague rise he had concluded discretion was the better part of valor and disappeared. Thus left without

a human striking "I appeal to the other side." bag Mr. Cannon begins to pound the air. Now more herce and warlike than ever he draws his right fist to his shoulder and then hurls it forth like a prize fighter who is about to put the finishing touches upon the peepers of an already waterlogged nist. Blow follows blow with incredible rapidity, and Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts and William H. Crain, of Texas, the best boxers in congress, shake their heads at each other. as much as to say: "How would you like to meet Uncle Joe with hard gloves?"

The orator now changes his movement He points his finger at his imaginary enemies on the other side of the hall, and



When he That is what your party first came to Congress, about fifteen years ago, that was the only motion he had. He brought it out on all occasions. One day he leveled his finger toward the Democrats across the aisle happened to point directly toward the late Sam Cox—peace to his ashes. Cox jumped from his seat as if he had been shot and dropped under his deak, crying

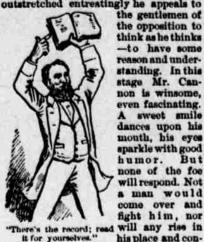
out as he did so: "Don't do that! Don't do that—it might go off!" This sally was met with roars of laughter, in which Uncle Joe heartily joined. But it ctred him. Yes, sir, it cured him of pointing. He at cuce went to work evolving his present system, in which years of practice have made him perfect. He never dared resume pointing till after poor same Cox was deed and buried."

By this time Mr. Cannon has tired of prancing about in the siale, menacing his enemies. Much of his energy has been expended in mauling rails, as

mauling rails, driving spikes, cartwheeling his finger, and in imitating the old-fashioned wind-mill with his long arms. But plenty of energy still remains, and he quickly follows mace with at- "Ah, my friends, that will

tack. Rushing never do."
along toward the Democratic side of the house, overturning a chair and upsetting two or three cuspidores as he goes, he finally pauses near the sisle, which is neutral ground between the two armies, and there stands as if daring the braves of the foe to cross the line and meet him in deadly combat.

Now his manner changes again, and with one foot upon a chair and his arms the gent



fess himself in the wrong. Whereupon the orator's mood changes once more, as the sky in the west changes at the approach of a funnel shaped cloud. He warns the opposition of the consequences of their perversity, their folly, which he declares will "never, never do," and in his eagerness to impress this upon their minds shakes his head till the stranger in the gallery becomes alarmed at the prospect of beholding a suicide by decapitation.

The wicked foe staring blankly at Mr. Caunon or smiling incredulously as if doubting their own sins, the orator rushes to his desk, picks up a book and raises it where all may see. This is one of his greatest acts, one in which the art of gesticulation reaches its climax -

the right arm as rigid as the pedestal of "Liberty Enlightening the World," the left sinnous and snake like tempting the enemy to behold A smile of tri-umph is upon the orator's face as he assumes that enemy are as much discomfited as he thinks they ought to be. Then he shakes the volume violently in well simulated tion till

"These are the facts!" the leaves drop out and flutter to the floor like exaggerated snowflakes. But no snow or storm can cool the ardor of the orator. He is afire and must burn out. A few more gyrations, a few hard blows at an imaginary antagonist with the now sadly wrecked book as a weapon, and the volume is flung upon a desk with so much violence that the ink will slop over and the penholders dance a jig with the eraser. Then Mr. Cannon sits down, the coolest man in the house, and there is applause on the floor and in the gal-WALTER WELLMAN.

A WESTERN MAN'S RECORD.

The Active Career of Sergeant-at-Arms

Valentine. Hon, Edward K. Valentine, of West Point, Neb., who has been elected by the Republican senatorial caucus sergeantat-arms of the United States senate, to succeed Mr. William P. Canaday, whose resignation will take effect at the close of the fiscal year, is a pleasant, genial man. He was born at Keosauqua, Van Buren county, Ia., forty-seven years ago. He is a printer by trade, and worked on

The Burlington Hawkeye before Frank Hatton While sticking type he employed his spare moments in studying law, and when he left the war he took his composing rule

with him. He still carries this E. R. VALENTINE. implement of his trade, and proposes never to part with it, saying jocularly that he will always be able to fall back upon it to earn a living in case of neces-

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At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the Sixty-seventh Illinois in-fantry and was promoted to be a second lieutenant. Being honorably discharged he re-enlisted in 1863 as a private in the Seventh Iowa cavalry, and was promoted to be the adjutant of the regiment. He served until June, 1866, having been twice breveted for "efficient and meritorious services." He went to Nebraska in 1866 and was appointed three years later register of the United States land office at Omaha. While in this position he finished the study of law and was admitted to the bar and engaged actively in practice until the fall of 1875, when he was elected judge of the sixth judicial district. Three years later he came to congress and served through the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh con-

Discovery of a New Violet. A new violet has just been discovered by Mr. A. P. Gordon-Cummings on his place near Sykesville, Md. The foliage leaves of this violet are longer than those of the ordinary wild or cultivated violet. The flower leaves of the new violet are a soft white, striped or mottled, with light and dark purple. Unlike the other culti-vated violet, the new one is a single violet. All the cultivated violets have hitherto, without exception, been dou-Single violets, until this discovery of Mr. Cammings, have been without perfume, but the Sykesville cultivated single violet, says The Court Journal, has a wealth of rich perfume that can not be surpassed. Those sweet plants, Daphne Odora and Oleo Fragrans, do not give off more delightful odors than

A VISIT TO DR. HOLMES.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS INTERVIEWS THE AUTOCRAT.

What He Has to Say of "The Opening of the Plane"-Ifp Is Not in Love with the Autograph Hunter-"Dr. Merryman" in the Flysh.

[Special Correspondence,]
Boston, June 19.—Armed with a let-ter of introduction to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," I went one sunny afternoon to his home on Beacon street. The letter was given to him as he sat at lunch, and soon a maid came into the reception room, where two men were doing some decorating and arranging, to request them to leave the room for a few minutes, "because the doctor's coming in here," she said, and her tone implied that he could not on any account be looked at by them. The men withdrew, and in a moment a little white haired, pleasant faced man entered, and bowng said with a smile, "Will you come up to my study?"

Pleased at the prospect of seeing this famous workshop of brains I followed Dr. Holmes up one flight of stairs and through folding doors into a spacious room, whose entire side opposite the door seemed filled by a large bay win-

dow. It was a charming study.

Dr. Homes was in an after luncheon mood, and he talked pleasantly to me not much, but humorously and epigrammatically. In reply to questions about his poems he said but little. When asked if the incident recorded in "The Opening of the Piano" were true he laughed and said: "We all lie sometimes, but that was so. The piano was a 'Clementi' selected by Dr. G. K. Jackson, a famous musician of the day. The incident of the little girl, Catherine, was true." And he added: "I remember the smell of the mastic varnish to this day. The memory of smells, you know, never dies." He had alluded to it in the poem speaking of: When the wondrous box was opened that had

come from over seas, With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory keys. The story is a pretty one. The "Clem-

enti" piano had just arrived and been unboxed, and The children all grew fretful in the restles when their mother asked her daughter

to play, and soon Floating from lip and finger arose the "Vesper hymn." A neighbor's child heard the music

and crept up to the open door. Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies "Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries (For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard); "Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the bird!"

Dr. Holmes thinks that "Grandmoth-

er's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill" is one of the best of his descriptive pieces. "The Aviary," too, he regards as a pretty good thing in the way of de-scription. Then, lest he should be thought praising his own works, he added, "Nobody understands a poem as its author, and nobody cares for it half as much. So when a father says he likes his baby he doesn't mean that it is the .. nest baby that ever was."

Dr. Holmes is an honorary member of the class of '87, Wellesley college, and visited the college several times. He spoke warmly of the institution, saying that it was "a delightful occasion to see so many young women grow up to the full stature of womanhood." He was especially struck with the botanical and chemical departments and their completeness of apparatus, as well as with the library prospects. But the sight which most interested him was what he termed the "village of trunks" upstairs. ulty and students in the main college building are stored during term time in long lofts on its fifth floor. The boards of the roof slope down on either side and the trunks are placed in rows according to the numbers of the owners' rooms,

leaving pathways between. Of his present work Dr. Holmes said: "I am particularly lazy just now, but I hope to do a little more. I like to write after breakfast for about two or three hours before noon." His days are spent in reading, writing and taking exercise, both walking and driving. He does not drive except in summer, but patronizes street cars in winter.

That Dr. Holmes has a great dislike of autograph hunters is evident in his conversation. He spoke wrathfully of a man who had just sent a request, inclos-ing a stamped envelope and two cards for autographs. "I wrote on one," said he, "because the man had made everything ready and convenient, but I would not write on the other, and I hope it will be a lesson to him."

Dr. Holmes says that in his poem called "Contentment" there is a curious resemblance to a piece entitled "My Wants," by John Quincy Adams, who also quoted the lines at the beginning of the piece. "To the best of my knowledge," said he,
"I did not think of that poem while I was writing mine. Its mood is entirely different." It begins:

Little I ask; my wants are few; I only wish a hut of stone, A very plain brownstone will do, That I may call my own; And close at hand is such a one,

In yonder street that fronts the sun The Holmes residence is a brownston front, on Beacon street, Boston. The rear windows look out upon the Charles river, and for this reason the poet's study is at the back of the house, quite apart from city sights and sounds. I imagine it is quite as much from a kindly desire to satisfy the curiosity of strangers who want to get a glimpse of his house as to save wear and tear on his doorbell that he has had his name inscribed on the silver rim which encircles it. The house is artistically furnished. The vestibule and hall are much the same as those in other well ordered homes of the same sort, and the reception room differs from the usual kind only in having a small carved

desk between the windows. The study is the heart of the house and its great bay window is the most interesting part of the room. From it one can see the new bridge which connects Boston and Cambridge and the latter city itself, Dr. Holmes' birthplace. He has seen from this window many changes in the charming old place, "chiefly fires," he says, of which there have been many since he lived opposite. He has described his window as follows:

Through my north window, in the wintry weather, My airy oriel on the river shore, I watch the sea fowl as they flock together, Where iste the boatman dashed his dripping our

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen, Lets the loose water waft him as it will; The duck, round breasted as a rustic maiden, Paddies and plunges, busy, busy still. After a while Dr. Holmes drifted in his conversation to other than personal topics, talking of various people and things. He ceased to be the reserved man of letters submitting to an interview, and became the delightful conversationalist and the attentive listener. When I rose to go, after a pleasant period of this sort of conversation, he reminded me that I ought to look out of his window and see the river and the new bridge. The window was a place full of suggestions. Across the river lay Cambridge, the home of Longfellow, Lowell and the Autocrat himself, where stands the famous "Washington Elm."

of the American army, and was situated the first college founded in country. Harvard university. Nearer flowed the stream celebrated in song and prose, of which Longfellow wrote:

River: that in effence windows
Through the meadows bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling, Half in rost and half in strife, I have seen thy waters stealing Onward like the stream of life. Dr. Holmes has been said to have "an Dr. Holmes has been said to have "an entire want of reverence for everything which is not naturally and rationally worthy of reverence." And it has been added, "This tendency sometimes makes him strike too heavy blows at the narrow creeds of men." His exact position is best defined by words from his own lips: "I may speak slightingly of creeds, but no one ever heard me speak lightly of the Master."

You have heard of the three doctors who are the best physicians—"Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman." The last must mean the cheery little man who is the subject of this sketch. His aim has been to make life less hard for mankind by administering the best of all stimulants and revivants—a good hearty laugh. He is a doctor to the mind as well as the body, and may be regarded as our national physician. His pleasant doses may not avail in the cure of dyspepsia or cancer, but let any one take a good spoonful of his famous med-icine for melancholia, heartache, homesickness or hypochondria, and he will thereafter testify to the efficacy of this treatment. ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

A California Sunday.

San Francisco, June 14.-To an eastern man the most striking feature of California life is the Sunday business.

Here are churches and church people, as in other cities, and these are not unlike the same classes of people in Phila delphia or Boston. But not only are the churches open here on Sundays, but the theatres, baseball games, shooting tournaments, fishing and hunting parties. picnics and all manner of pleasure seek-ing go on in full blast. Market street, at the ferry docks, is indeed a scene of lively activity on Sunday morning. Fol-lowing on each other's heels are bands of music and uniformed ranks of men marching to take bosts or special trains to spend the day in festivity at some

island or grove resort.

The people have become accustomed to this sort of thing until it does not strike them as being anything out of the ordinary every day occurrence. But what strikes me as the most amusing feature of the whole scene is the heathen Chinee, who apparently governs himself by his own Asiatic calender. In China there is no such division of time as weeks. They have no Saturday for a half holiday and no Sunday for a day of rest. One day is the same as another, and as one passes through the outlying market gardening districts hereabout he sees the industrious heathen busily plowing in his corn or hoeing in his cabbage field. On the streets their laundry wagons keep on their rounds in search of soiled linen or delivering big baskets filled with starched and blueing daubed wash of previously gathered garments. At their laundries the lines are filled with drying shirts flaunting in the breeze, and in their factories the sound of the hammer and the click of the sewing machine is heard the same as on other days.

Thus is seen on Sundays here the cos mopolitanism of the most cosmopolitan city on the North American continent. W. G. BENTON.

· Was It Human Nature?

ALBANY, June 19 .- The season of vacating the cities for country resorts having arrived, the question of "Where all we spend the summer?" important one. I was going up town in a street car the other evening when two young ladies tripped into the seats directly in front of me and began a conversation for the evident benefit of the passengers. Said number one to her companion: Popper wanted us to go to the country this summer, but I says to mommer, 'I won't go to the horrid mountains; let's go Saratoga for a month or two, then for a few weeks to Bar Harbor.' That settled it, for mommer and popper al ways do as I say, even when at Saratoga. I wonder which is the best hotel, the Grand Union or the Staats? Guess we'll stop at the Union. They say it's splendid early, and I am just too awfully fond of Saratoga life, you know. Newport is just a little bit too quiet for me.' And thus the silly little body chattered

on for twenty minutes. Yesterday I saw my young lady on board the 3 o'clock train on the Susquehanna road. "Mommer" was there, too, and so was "popper." They were going to spend three weeks near the lakes in the Helderbergs, where the board is four dollars a week and tripe and salt mackerel the standard dishes.

Death's Sudden Summons. By the sudden death the other day of Francis W. Hill, Maine is deprived of a prominent citizen and the Democratic party of that state of a leader, for it was only a few weeks ago that he received and accepted the gubernatorial nomination. Mr. Hill was 79 years old and a

resident of Exeter, Me. Over half a century ago he began a business career that has been noted for its uninterrupted success, and at the 0 time of his death

he was probably one of the richest FRANCIS W. HILL. men in the commonwealth. He owned more real estate than any other person in the eastern part of the state, was one of the leading spirits in the directory of the Maine Central railroad, and ha large interests in several banks and financial institutions of kindred nature. Between .1850 and the time of his demise he held nearly every office in Maine except that of chief executive. He leaves a widow, one daughter and a son. Death was caused by pneumonia, which culminated in heart failure.

The Testimonial to France.

Mr. W. H. Brearly, of Detroit, announces that the dollar subscriptions to the fund for the proposed testimonial from America to France are still pouring in. The Masonic fraternity have specially interested themselves in the affair, for both Washington and Lafayette were Freemasons, the latter having been initiated in the St. John's lodge at Newark, N. J. Referring to this, Mr. W. B. Melish, a prominent 33d degree Mason of Cincinnati, says: "The Marquis Lafayette was an energetic, loyal and enthusiastic Mason. Numerous Masonic bodies in this country bear his name. While in this country during the revolution he frequently attended Masonic bodies in company with Bro. Gen. George Washington.

W. H. Brearley, of The Detroit Journal, is receiving many contributions to the fund for the purchase of a testimonial from America to France. The subscriptions are limited to \$1 each, and among those already identified with the novement are President Harrison and the governors of nearly half the states of the Union.

the More Per "Wisard" Edison's William Curtis' Charming [Copyright by American Pr

Where "Fig!

THE OLD KEARNY HOME. One of the oldest houses in the state of New Jersey is that belonging to the Kearny estate in Newark. It is a low frame building, and was the boyhood home of Gen. Philip Kearny. The house was built by the general's grand-father, and is now owned by a member of the family who lives abroad. It is generally spoken of as the Ogden house, as it has been occupied by the Ogden family for over a quarter of a century. The upright part of the house, with the prime of the house, with the prime of the part of the prime of the part of wing at the left of the entrance, is a wing at the left of the care and the rather recent addition. The old Dutch door is just as it was made years ago, when a street door was so construc that Mein Herr could open one half and take his ease leaning upon the other. In the interior there have been few changes; there are the wide, old fashioned fireplaces, with fender and andirons, in every room, with the high white man-tels characteristic of colonial architect-

Gen. Kearny's father owned much property in the neighborhood, and the



grounds surrounding the place were formerly quite extensive, sloping on on side down to the Passaic river. A long lane led from the house to the entrance

gate at the foot of the hill. If you visit Newark, a perfect stranger, and inquire the way to the Kearny house, the native directs you at once to the "mansion" or the "castle," as he calls it. This is a place vastly more important to his thinking than the little, low brown house on the other side of the Passaic. The "mansion," as the name by which it is commonly known would suggest, is an imposing structure of brick and brown stone, with its ivy grown tower, its bay windows, broad verands and walled terrace. It was built by Gep. Kearny after his mar riage. This house is owned by the general's son, Mr. John Watts Kearny, who has lived here with his family for the past six years.



THOMAS A. EDISON'S RESIDENCE. In this house are many interesting souvenirs of the general. There is also a bronze bust inscribed:

Gen. PHILIP KEARNY,
Natus 1814. Ohit 1861.
Presented to Mr. John Watts Kearny by the
Veterans of the New Jersey Kearny Brigade. The house where a real, live American count lives cannot fail to be interesting. When the house happens to belong to the Chevalier Edison, grand cross of the legion of honor and wizard of Llewellyn park, Orange, it is of interest because he lives in it and also for the reason that it is quite a castle in itself. "Glenmont," it is called and, as the photograph shows, it is a handsome residence of imposing appearance. The lower story of the house is of brick, the remaining part of wood. One thing struck me as pr

its six towering chimneys, only two of which show in the picture. Over the roof of the conservatory in summer is stretched an awning and here, with a beautiful view spread out before them, the family often sit of an after-

larly novel about the place and that was



THE EDISON DRAWING ROOM. to this spot and regaled with a cup of tea. The grounds are not extensivejust large enough to admit of a pretty lawn in front of the house, a fairly good sized garden, with a handsome carriage house at the rear and a poultry yard.

The interior of Mr. Edison's house is naturally quite elegant in all its appointments. There is a spacious and lofty drawing room at the left of the hall as you enter. There are some handsome paintings upon the wall, many rich curios, a little Florentine table, a cabinet with an array of Sevres vases and Dresden figures. Many charming and valuable bits of china were purchased last summer by Mrs. Edison while abroad. The furniture is of crimson satin, with rich damask hangings at doors and windows. The beauty of the drawing room is the corner where the piano stands, with a dainty little figure in white marble near by; just over it hange a painting of Capri, one of the really good paintings in the house. The piano is a beauty in rosewood, with much ornamentation.

The dining hall is a stately room on the north side of the house; here are the conventional oak wainscotting and high oak mantel; the furniture is also oak, the chairs being upholstered in dark green velvet; the oak floor is nearly covered with a Persian rug. Mrs. Edison's sitting room on the second floor is such a charming room with its low, luxurious divan piled high with cushions, its easy chairs, pretty work table and writing desk that it is no wonder the family call it the pleasantest room in the house.

Livingston, Staten Island, is famous in two ways: here are the cricket grounds and here lives the genius of

At the corner avenues, about ten in the station, is the dwe Curtis has occupied for over years. The house was built before Queen Anne epidemic in architectur-had gotten abroad, and is an unpreten-tious frame building with a low, broad veranda in front overlooking a lawn that is absolutely as perfect as a lawn very well can be.

As you take in the house with its surroundings you think for the moment that you are looking at a bit of English scenery, everything is so trim and com-plete. There is a high arbor vite hedge about two sides of the place, many evergreen trees carefully pruned and trimmed, with a brook pursuing the even tenor of its way through one part of the lawn, and every inch of ground occupied in being either useful or ornamental. Mr. Bonner's estate adjoins Mr. Curtis' place on one side, and that of his



THE HOME OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. father-in-law, Mr. Shaw, upon the other. A carriage house and stable are at some distance from the house, and in an inclosure grazes a Jersey cow.

Mr. Curtis is a great pedestrian, taking ong walks about Staten Island, nearly the whole of which he has traversed at one time and another. Mr. Curtis' Stat-en Island farm is where he spends the winter; in summer the family go to their other home at Ashfield, Mass. There he has a much larger house and a vast num-ber of books. His library at Staten Island is a goodly sized one, the walls of his study being lined with bookcases reaching half way up to the ceiling. Drawn up to the desk where Mr. Curtis does most of his writing is an easy chair and near by a comfortable lounge. Comfort and convenience rather than elegance are the characteristics of the place. In the study are some interesting souvenirs-a photograph of Thackeray sonvenirs—a photograph of Thackeray which he gave Mr. Curtis, the first publication of the "Sketch Book" and one of Bryant's first volumes. Mr. Curtis spends one day in the week at the Harper building in New York, but the place is too noisy and too crowded for him. He prefers to do his work at his own boxes. FRANCES M. SMITH.

Glad to Wear a Oneen's Old Clather New York, June 19 .- It is not generally supposed that any society woman in New York arrays herself in anybody's old clothes, but a few of them have done so, and been proud enough of the fact to tell about it, though it does not seem to have reached the ears of those gifted and imaginative writers for some of the paticoats and nightgowns of society leaders whom they do not hesitate to specify would seem to indicate a remarkable intimacy in the boudoirs of those ladies. But there are women of abundant wealth and refined taste who wear second hand clothes, though they do not go down to Bleecker street to buy the gorgeous satins and cottony velvets which hang at the doors of the old clothes shops in such tempting magnificence.

No, the possession of these castoffs implies a voyage across the sea, and stamps the owner at once as a woman of means and opportunities. For they are the once or twice worn toilets of royalty, and are only to be obtained by the fortunate few who can get in to the annual sale of costumes of Queen Margherita, of Italy. And it by no means follows that because they are second handed they are cheap. The modern kings and queens appear to have degenerated from the lavishness of splendor attributed to old time sovereigns and to have a thrifty satisfaction in turning an honest penny.

Queen Margherita is a beautiful woman, and is said to be one of the best dressed in Europe. The exigencies of court life, with its brilliant pageants and ceremonials, require a great many splendid toilets in the course of the year, as the same one can only figure at two or three of these grand functions. Nor can it be supposed that any pretty woman neglects to live up to her opportunities and to fulfill these requirements. So at the end of the year the accumulation of scarcely worn fine gowns is sold to the hi best bidders by a court chamberlain or some other royal functionary with much pomp and circumstance. Happy is the American woman with money in her purse who gets into one of these most exclusive auctions, but oh! thrice and four times happy, as Mr. Virgil re marks, the woman who brings home with her, as did the wife of a rich New Yorker lately, a sumptuous gown of green velvet, with a train of royal length and strange, unique metallic embroider-ies, calculated to make every woman who saw her in it mentally inquire. Where in the world did she get that HENRY R. ELLIOT.

A Pagnacious Sparrow's Punishment. The female sparrow, it appears, resents neglect as spiritedly as the Nineteenth century American woman. story comes from Scranton, Pa., of a pair of English sparrows that began housekeeping recently in a little box fastened to the top of a pole. The head of the family went away one morning and didn't return till sunset, leaving his wife to look after all the work. When he got back his tail feathers were gone, and he bore general evidence of having been whipped in a fight. The female sparrow promptly divorced him, got a new husband and went on with her sum mer's task of raising a nestful of little ones.

Buried Treasure Uncarthed. Buried treasure is oftener written about than found, but it is announced as a fact that Victor Boulet, a poor workman of Keenville, Pa., has made a lucky

strike. The path from his house to the gate had worn down so that some stones in it became troublesome. One morning the took a crowbar and began prying them up. He found that they were cob-blestones that had been driven into the ground, forming a circle. Beneath them was a large, flat stone. His curiosity was excited, and he pried up the latter, when he discovered beneath it a brass kettle full of money.



COL. J. B. STANLEY. The occasion is the sixth annual convention of the National Editorial amout ation, an organization made up of delegates from all the state and local editor. rial associations in the country, and representing about one-fifth of the membership of these bodies. The meetings are by no means the junkets which the meetings of editorial associations used to be. The association has a solid purpose, and the papers which are read and the dis-cussions which follow are generally of great practical value. The country editor—and but few of the larger city papers are represented in the association—is generally the publisher as well, and it is the aim of the association to systematise

the newspaper business.

This meeting will be one of unusual importance, for at it will be concluded the arrangements which were begun by the executive committees of the respective associations to affiliate the National Editorial association and the American Newspaper Publishers' association, the latter organization being the strongest newspaper association in the country. It is composed of 122 of the leading dailies and a few large weeklies and represents over one-half of the total newspaper circulation of the United States. This affiliation will place the country editor in touch with his me politan brother and be a very long ster toward unifying and strengthening the guild, both as a business and a p

it will remain in session from June 23 to 27. The members will be entertained during their stay in Posts during their stay in Boston by the Bos ton Press club.

ton Press club.

The president of the National Editorial association is Mr. Charles A. Lee, editor and proprietor of The Pawtucket (R. L.) Gazette and Chronicle. Col. J. B. Stanley, of The Greenville (Ala.) Advocate, is vice president. Mr. A. R. Lowrie, of The Daily News, of Elgin, Ills., is tressurer. Mr. William Kennedy, editor of The Evening Standard of Pottaville, Pa., is recording secretary and Mr. The Evening Standard of Pottaville, Pa., is recording secretary and Mr. J. W. Doane, formerly of the staff of The Chic State Journal, now state librarian of Ohio, is corresponding secretary. The second and third vice presidents are Mr. E. B. Fletcher, of The Morris (Ills.) Herald, and Mr. E. W. Stevens, of The Herald, Columbia, Mo. The broad territory which the association covers is shown by the above list of officers, representing by the above list of officers, repres as they do nearly every section in the

Outside of the social features of the convention the following addresses will be delivered:

Address of welcome by Governor Brackett an response by the president of the association "The Modern Newspaper," by Cot. C. H. Taylor of The Globe; poen by W. E. Pabor of The Sta



E. W. STEPHENS. W.M. KENNEDY.

W.M. KENNEDY.

Of Grand Junction, Colo.; paper by E. W. Stephens, of Columbia, Mo.; paper, "The Experience of the Country Editor," by Hon. George G. Washburn, of Elyris, O.; paper, "Women's Press Associations," by Mrs. Marian A. McBride, of Boston: paper, "The Railroads and the Press," by H. W. Maples, of The Hour, Norwalk, Cosm.; Col. James W. Scott, editor of The Chicage Herald and president of the American Newspaper Publishers' association; "The South," by Hon. L. Hensley Grubbs, of The News, Decatur, Vala.; G. H. Baskette, of The News, Decatur, "Ala.; G. H. Baskette, of The Nomparell, Council Bluffs, Ia; discussions on "Advertising," "Copyright" and "Libel Law;" paper by Mrs. E. M. il Merrill, of Boston, and W. H. Brearley, of Detroit. WM. KENNEDY.

ALLAN FORMAR.

Every one knows the meaning of the Every one knows the meaning of the term "pin money," but the origin of the phrase has been involved in some obscurity. The Dry Goods Chronicle says that long after the invention of pina in the Fourteenth century, the maker was allowed to sell them in open shop only on the 1st and 2d of January. It was then that the court ladies and city dames flocked to the depots to buy them, having been first provided with money by their husbands. When the pins became cheap and common the ladies spent their allowances on other fancies, but the term pin money remained in vogus.

Nominated After a Long Struggle. Worth W. Dickerson, the man who was nominated recently on the 207th ballot by the Democrats of the Sixth

Kentucky district to succeed Senator Carlisle in the United States house of representatives, is not yet 40 years of age, having been born Nov. 29. Grant county. public school education and in

of Detroit.

1870 began the WORTH W. DICKSON curing admission to the har two years later. He has served several terms in the legislature of his native state and is prominent as a Mason and Odd Fellow.

Among recent novelties in jewelry are cuff links of gold mounted and diamo-tipped tigars' claws and a scarf pin-

the moonstone head of a che