## APPLES AND ACTORS.

Bill Nye Spends a Day Swapping Stories With Stuart Robson.

THE SAD FATE OF LITTLE JAMES.

Forrest and the Elder Booth Dance the Sailor's Hornpipe,

TROUBLE AT OPHELIA'S OBSEQUIES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



from Boston, and is noted for its mackerel fishing and also as the summer home of Lawrence Barrett and Stuart Robson. It is near Nautasket and Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, on a stern and rock - bound const. It is in latitude 420 16' 9" north and longitude

70° 45' 14" west. Mr. Barrett was

away the other day when I went down there, and he will be pained when he reads this to know that he has missed a Sabbath with one of the gentlest, leveliest characters in history. Mr. Barrett's house is large and white, and has the air of shrinking modesty so noticeable in its great, but ufterly unconscious, owner. Mr. Robson was found at his house, walk-

ing under the trees and thoughtfully eating green apples, of which he is passionately tond. He raises upward of (60) sixty barrels of apples on his estate each year, any one of which is fatal.

"A neighbor of mine had an odd experience with his apples the other day," said Robson. "He has some of this same breed. It is an apple which will turn when it is trodden upon. Nobody but a cider press can eat one and live. This friend of mine went out one day and discovered a boy named James sitting up in the branches of his apple tree enting the Juscious fruit and filling his shirt and trousers with enough to stay his stomach when he got home. 'I wish you would not do that, said the man. 'I do not care so much for the fruit but you are breaking the tree and disfiguring it."
O you shut up, retorted the lad, knocking the man's glasses off, together with the bridge of his nose, with a large lignum vite apple, 'It you don't go in the house and keep quiet, I will come down there and injure you.' 'Very well,' said the man, 'I will have to go to-morrow and tell your father about you and your insulting language.' 'All right,' said the youth. 'Go in, you old pessimist, and get the razzle-dazzle if ye wish. I will, in the meantime, select a few more of your mirth-provoking LITTLE JIMMIE WAS DEAD.

"The next day, full of wrath, the man went over to the boy's house and said to the father: 'Sir, I have come to do a very dis-



agreeable duty. I come to tell you of your boy and the insulting language he used to

'Do not speak of it,' said the old man softly. 'He told the doctor and me and his mother about it last night. He was very sorry, indeed, very sorry, indeed. Your errand is unnecessary, however, sir, the boy

laugh any for two or three days. Any boy almost can pick on him now and he does not resent it.' Robson tells a story as well as anybody

know, and I wish I might do it half as well in print as he does in conversation. He is full of reminiscenses and all of them of interest. He tells of a little incident in the life of the elder Booth which was not of such great importance of history, but I would have given a good sum it I could have been concealed somewhere so that I could have seen the performance.

ting so that he could play the banjo pretty reil. He was doing so in his father's study one day whan the great Forrest entered The elder Booth had the most profound respect and esteem for the genius of Forrest and so he tried to get Edwin to conceal his flippant banjo. But Forrest grandly moed him to go on with it. "Do you play 'Zip Coon,' Edwin?" asked

Mr. Forrest in deep, reverbrating tones. "Yes, sir."
"Play it." The great Hamlet then proceeded to

plunk the exilarating notes of the late Mr. Forrest conversed with the elder Booth little, but he kept time with his foot to the lascivious pleadings of young Edwin's

banje. "Do you play 'Gray Eagle,' Edwin?"

the melodious plunkings of the young trage-"Do you play the 'Sailor's Hornpipe,' "Yes, sir."

"Play it."

A SOLEMN SCENE.

Mr. Forrest now arose. So did Jupius Brutus Booth. Their faces were as solemn as if they were playing "Richard III." at a one night stand, but gently they fell to skipping the light and flippant toe, till at last, in the retirement of this room, the two great tragedians, with no more mirth in their faces than there is in the prospects for the Grant monument fund, heed it down, to the banjo plunkety-plunkings of Edwin Booth. I would be willing to walk up to McCoomb's Dam Bridge to-day, tired as I

am, if I could see that sight. When Horace Server, of Boston, was buried in August, Mr. Stuart Robson, among others, was asked to act as pail bearer. He wrote in reply to the invitation that he would icel honored to accept, and at the time set, he rode over from Cohasset by That is where he made a mis take. If he had read the wisdom of the great scholar and railway savant, Robert J. Burdette, he would have known that the man who is in a hurry should take the slow train. The Cannon Ball train is generally three hours late and the Flying Dutchman is frequently abandoned, but the Jerkwater

Mixed train is reported on time.

So Mr. Robson was a little late and the try to get rid of her! enormous audience thronged the sisles and extended even outside of Paine Hall so that he could not get in at all. Colonel Ingeructer—Puck.

soll was delivering his tribute to the dead. But Mr. Robson could not get in. He stated to those on the outskirts of the crowd that he was "one of the pall bearers and "Oh, look at the pall bearer," remarked

the crowd. "Isn't he a pretty pall bearer?" queried those who could not get in themselves, as they bored holes in Mr. Robson with their keen elbows. He tried once more to make it understood that he was one of the pall bearers, but his voice split up the back and a loud round of mirth was the imme-

diate reply. "Afterward," said Mr. Robson, "I learned that several others had tried to get in before I arrived, on the ground that they were pallbearers, and so the crowd was ready for me. By that time, if I had known that by giving my name I would have been carried in on a bed of roses, I could not have done it. I went away, and as I did so I heard a man say: "He is, indeed, a healthy looking pallbearer, is he not? He is probably someone who lives here in Boston, and has made a bet that he would get in and bear the address. Or perhaps he is a man who furnishes gloom for funerals. He looks like it. Did you notice his sad face?" Mr. Robins then came away, and, taking a slow train for Cohasset, was very soon

A WARM WELCOME HOME.

Probably since the days of Damon and Pythias there has rarely been such deep devotion and affection between two men as that which existed between Robson and Charlie Thorne. Everything about the place brings back to "Rob" the memory of his old friend, especially the welcome that Thorne always had for him when he got Thorne was always there first, con-behind a big tree near the door. When the proper moment came he would spring forth like a Culinary Roman, with a breast plate mode of tin pie plates, a helmet consisting of a tin milk pail with the bail



under his chin, armed with a rolling pin and shielding himselt from attack by means of a bright, tin dish pan, he would burst forth, and after a Shakesperean howl of welcome, he would suddenly cast away his armor and execute a breakdown on the

It would seem from this that actors are not only susceptible to enjoymen of a harmless nature, but that they actually have affection for each other sometimes which would do credit to the higher order of human

At one time Robson was playing the Grave Digger and Mr. Forrest Hamlet. When they came to the burial, he noticed that the priest spoke rather thickly and his feet were balanced doubtfully on the edge of the grave. He seemed to be a little mixed as to whether it was Ophelia's grave or a drunkard's grave. If it were the latter, he seemed to have serious notions of filling it

Mr. Forrest noticed it. As well as I can recall the words, they were about as follows:
Priest—Her obshekies have been sho far

Forrest (in a low growl)—Most idiotic, intoxicated and unprofitable ass! Speaking pious words in the most impressive scene ever written or portrayed, you sir, balance yourself upon the verge of a property grave and with the foul odor of rum about your garb, with eyes like the dead, yet eloquent obsequies of the fair Ophelia! Pahl A ROCKY ACTOR.

Priest-Her death was doubtful and but th' great, Command o'ershwayd th'order, she should in ground unshanctified here lodge till astrump ish played.

Forrest (in a suppressed rumble like distant thunder)—Oh, villainous and most pestiferous priest! Could I but get a hack at thine own obsequies, how joy'ully would I pronounce them. And thou, churlish priest, seeking to support the noble Forrest, when beshrew me, but thou canst not support the giant jury thou hast concealed about port the giant jag thou hast concealed about thee. Out upon thee, thou maudlin shoe-maker, thou deep-voiced ass, with naught to recommend thee but that cursed dignity which is, and ever was, the devil's disin-

fectant for a moss-grown mind.

Priest—For sharitable prayers, shards,



Thorne's Welcome to Robson,

vet here she's allowed her Virgin crants, her maiden strew-ments and the bringing Laertes-Must there no more be done? Priest-N'more be done. You bet.

should profame shervice of dead to shing requium and shuch sings to her you know, as to preach parted shocles (hic). Forrest (sotto voice) (also aside)-Oh, nsked the great Forrest.

"Yes, sir."

"Play it."

Mr. Booth and Mr. Forrest still conversed in a rambling way, but they kept time to with tallowy pate, ods petitikins that thou shouldst spread the priestly vestments o'er the mammoth jag and then come here to hic and bray above the grave of fair Ophelia. Begone, dull knave, I bid thee tarry not, for at the postern thou wilt find thy quittance and thy salary. In riper years when thou

> (Curtain.) BILL NYE. She Had Been Having Trouble With the

> dost almost have a thought, in some short,

lucid, bromide interval, remember what the great and only Forrest told thee.



Husband-My dear, the howling of that cat of ours is unbearable; I wish you would LOVE AT NAG'S HEAD A Spot on the Carolina Coast Where Nature Aids Cupid to

FOOL FOND FLUTTERING HEARTS As Youth and Maiden Wander on the Sands in the Moonlight.

of Cape Hatteras, where many a goodly ship laden with its freight of valuable merchandise, and still more precious human lives, has gone down forever to the bottom of the treacherous sea, stands a large hotel and numerous cottages on a strip of the sandy beach with the usually placid waters of the Albemarle on one side and those of the more turbulent ocean on the other. The land between the ocean and sound at this point is in the shape of a horse's head, and the place from the earliest times has been called "Nag's Head." It is here that many of the wealthy people of the Carolinas spend their summer, and no more interesting or picturesque summer resort can be found from Maine to Florida. A few miles from "Nag's Head", on the sound side, can be seen historic Roanoke Island, with its clus-

blooming wild roses.

Every part of this lovely isle of the South has its legend or history, and, as we ramble at eventide beneath the towering branches of live oaks, listening to the sweet music of singing birds and the hoarser murmur of the ceaseless waters, breathing the perfume of a million flowers, watching the blood-red sun dashing his fiery chariots toward the west-ern horizon while his slanting beams glisten and dance along the foam-crested waves of the distant sea, we can but imagine Sir Walter Raleigh's astonishment and delight when he furled his storm-whitened sails and set foot on its lovely virgin shore. It was there Virginia Dare, the first child in America, was born, and either the deepening shadows of the murmuring pine trees or unreal rhythm of chiming waters still hold the secret of

ters of vine-covered forest and its bowers of

On the ocean side we look out, out, out, and naught can be seen but the mighty At-lantic. Its ponderous, white-capped waves roar and rumble and break upon the golden

HER MYSTERIOUS FATE.

sands up and down as far as the eye can see. Soaring alost, lazily, or darting with the swiftness of the wind, white-winged sea birds dip down in the briny deep for a moment, then rise dripping with the salt sea's tears, and screaming over the silver-scaled prey their talons hold. And the winds: 'Tis here they gambo and frolic; 'tis here they moan and shrick with the vengeance of myriad demons. Here the gentlest health-giving zephyrs bring out the roses on the pallid maiden's cheek in summer, and toy with beauty's flowing curls as from Wellfleet. Cape Cod, emigrating to tenderly as an enraptured lover. Here the hoarse, wild sweep of the storm is felt in winter-rushing, cutting, benumbing in its most awful fury. Here the sun shines brightly along the vast expanse of the ever-pulsing sea, and here the full, round moon sheds her silvery radiance in showers of sparkling, glittering diamonds over the throbbing bosom of the rolling deep. Here the clouds gather and deepen and spread till they seem to touch the ocean as a mam-moth pall, while the roar of the thunder detonates like exploding worlds, and the flashing, twisting, burning lightning scars and seams the very vault of heaven. Youth and beauty ramble along the

stretches of sandy beach or bathe in the chafing waters near the shore. Female loveliness and manly excellence promenade the water-washed piers or congregate in reclinwater-washed piers or congregate in reclining chairs on the cool verandahs where the tempered sea breezes blow. "Tis here Cupid wings his tender darts most accurately, and many a lovely, blushing Southern maiden has arrived heartwhole to depart in September engaged to some gallant beau whom she will follow to the altar and promise to "love, honor and obey" ere the Christmas tide has

come. Ay, this is indeed A PARADISE FOR LOVERS.

He who would not feel the soft influence of a pretty woman's smile here would be safe anywhere. Oh! the witchery of the music where a flood of light is streaming and merry feet are dancing to the strains of gushing melody! Graceful forms recline on cushioned divans and sofas neath chandeliers of oriental splendor, while hearts, warm hearts, pulsate to kindred hearts! Or leave the heated ballroom and go out with your fascinating partner for a stroll along the moonlit shore. The refreshing night wind cools your brow, and you scarcely feel the weight of the willowy form on your arm as she floats along. You glance into the depths of her dusky eyes and plainly mark the curve of her tosy lips by the bright moon's beam. On, on you go until the music dies in the distance, the flashing lights pale from the windows and all is silence save the beating of your own hearts and the continual sound of the sea. Before you return, unless your heart is made of steel, you have made a fool of yourself-thrown yourself at her feet and vowed to be her slave forever While she, with the witchery of a siren, bids you rise, and either fills your cup of happi ess to the brim or dashes it in a thousand

fragments over the phosphorescent sands.

In the morning many places of interest can be visited—the sand hills and the fresh water ponds, or lakes, the groves of stunted oak, and, further on, the pony pennings. These ponies run wild over the marshes and are penued once a year, in August, by their owners to be branded or sold to purchasers who come from a distance to buy them. When the branding is finished and all sales have been made, the remaining ponies are again turned out to roam at will for another twelve-month. They constitute the greater part of the wealth of these hardy people who live along this narrow strip of hand washed by the sea on one side and the sound on the other.

WARM FRIENDS, BITTER ENEMIES. And what a generous, hospitable people they are! Though rough and uncultured they extend the hand of friendship to the stranger and open wide their door for his entrance into their humble homes. The best their larder contains is set before him, and when we remember the luscious syster, the delightful wild towl and the toothsom fish that grace their plain tables, he would be an epicure indeed who could not do justice to the bountiful repast they spread. Like the Indians, who centuries ago bathed in the surf, fished and hunted, loved and mated and lived and died along these banks, they are strong in their friendships and last-ing in their dislikes. They know what it is to love and are unwavering in affection. They know what it is to hate, and are unlorgiving in their enmittes. Gain their esteem and they will shield and protect you—incur their ill-will and they will hound you to the death. The maideus love and wed and are as constant and true to the objects of their choice as the most cultured And their young men, while not as polished as city gentlemen, are faithful to the girls they marry. Indeed, they possess characteristics that might in many instances be-copied to advantage by some members of

our polite society. A SHELL-COVERED GRAVE. Near one of the many cart roads running through these sandy barrens is an old bury-ing ground. Huge boulders, brought as bal-last for ships, mark some of the graves while others have plain weather-beaten boards at their head. One grave rather apart from the others is particularly noticeable from the large number of bright and curious sea-

story of the young girl who lies entombed beneath the glistening pile. From her story is gathered that the maiden was the comeli-est lassic along the banks, and that she had a lover of a wild and roving disposition whom she loved with the utmost devotion, and who loved her as truly in return. But and who loved her as truly in return. But her parents were unwilling for them to marry unless he would give up his roving life. So he promised her after one more voyage to quit going to sea and do as her parents wished. With a trembling heart she bade him god speed as his ship sailed away over the treacherous deep. Much bad weather prevailed after his departure, and the vessel was some weeks longer returning than its THE STORY OF A SHELL-COVERED GRAVE

was some weeks longer returning than its
allotted time. The agonized maiden watched
every passing sail until the long delayed
one hove in sight. She rushed to the pier
to meet her lover, and the sad news that he
had been lost in a storm at sea was told her as gently as possible. The shock was so great that she sank to the ground, and when lifted therefrom life was extinct. She was buried in the old graveyard, and on every anniversary of her death her com-panions, in a sad procession, go along the seashore gathering the prettiest shells, which they strew over her grave.

LOVE STRONGER THAN LIFE. Turning away as the narrator finished her story, the thought presented itself that in all the annals of the rich and great, no in-stance of undefiled true love could be found to exceed in tragic sincerity that of the faithful maiden reared among the simple and unlettered denizens of the banks:

"Oh! ship, with the dripping sail, From across the foaming sea,
What news of a wanderer
Do thy wet wings bring to me?
Has he sent true love to his dear,
Or perchance he's now with thee,
Oh! ship with the dripping sail?"

"Oh! ship with the dripping sail,
Are those drops the sait sea's tears?
A symbol are they of woe?
Oh! how they wake my fears;
And thy broken spars? I know
There's lack of news that cheers—
Oh! ship with the dripping sail." "Oh! maiden"—the good ship said—
"Tis true when I left you shore Thy lover was then with me, And vowed he would rove no more

"And maiden"—the good ship said—
"He was brave thro' the storm king'

The was blast reign,
The my gaffs and booms were gone
And my decks oft swept again,
He was thrm, but just at dawn
By a falling spar was slain."
"Oh! ship!"—and the maid was dead.

"W. Cotten Downing.

A LUCKY THIRTEEN.

A Baker's Dozen of Children in One Family Live to be Old.

Chicago Tribune, 1 There are three old gentlemen visiting Chicago who are quite remarkable in a way. They are remarkable because of the family of which they are members. This family has made a record for longevity that has certainly seldom had a parallel. These old gentlemen-their names are James, William from Wellfleet, Cape Cod, emigrating to Hampden, Me., in 1790. There were 13 children born within a period of 19 years. Ten of these "children" are now alive, their ages ranging from 87 to 71 years. The second oldest is Mrs. Emily H. Mayo of

this city.
In 1872 this family of 13 sat down to dinner together in the old house where all of them were born. Exactly one year to an hour from the date of that dinner at which 13 covers were laid they were called to the funeral of one of the brothers, who died at the age of 69 years. The other two deaths which have taken place were those of a sister and a brother, one dying aged 88, the other 70 years. "What is the secret of this astonishing

record?" was asked of the brothers yester-

"Have you followed any special rules to which you can attribute your perfect health? "There has been but one of the 13 who

knew the taste of rum or tobacco." 'I followed the sea for 30 years," said David, "but even then I never learned how "I took a pledge the day I was 21," said James. "That was just 60 years ago. I haven't tasted a drop of liquor since that

"Are you ever sick?" "Never. I haven't taken any medicine stronger than the juice of a lemon since I "How were your family divided on poli-

"Twelve Republicans and one Demo-The visitors are surprised and delighted with Chicago. Great as they had expected to find the city, they say, they were still unprepared for what they have seen. "Of course you are all in favor of Chicago

for the World's Exposition?" was asked.
"We surely will say nothing else while
we are here," was the discreet reply.

EVERYTHING WRONG END FIRST.

Curious Chinese Practices That Are Just the Opposite of Our Own. An old writer in speaking of China says that it is a country "where roses have no glass for a passing glance.

We passed through the dimly lighted scent and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath day of rest and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads have no carriages and the ships no keels; where the needle of the compass points to the south and the place of honor is on the left-hand side and the seat of intel-lect is supposed to lie in the stomach; where it is rude to take off your hat and to wear white clothes is to go into mourning."

With all the peculiarities mentioned one does not feel surprised at finding a literature without an alphabet, a language with ture without an alphabet, a language without a grammar. In China they mount a
horse upon the right side instead of the left;
the old men play marbles and fly kites,
while the children look gravely on; they
shake hands with themselves instead of
with each other, and what we call the surname is written first, and the other name
afterward; they whiten their shoes instead
of bleshing them; a coffin is considered. of blacking them; a coffin is considered a very acceptable present to a parent in good health; in the north they sail and pull their wheelbarrows instead of pushing them, and all Chinese candlesticks are made to fit into the candle instead of the candle fitting into the stick. Last, but not least, it is nothing uncommon for a man to court two or more young women at the same time.

Expressive French.

shells entirely covering it. Why this one should be so differently marked from the others causes the inquisitive mind to ascertain at the neighboring cottage. A venerable gray haired woman responded to the call and tells the poetical and teuching

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT

Lengthy Visiting Lists of Acknowledged Society Leaders

HOLDING RECEPTIONS IN JAIL.

A New York Woman With Oriental Ideas of Magnificence

TEACHING OUR GIRLS TO SHAKE HANDS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 NEW YORK, September 21. ADAM VANAS A TORBILT is engaged in revising her disregard means a

great deal to those

fear that they may be counted out. Madam Vanastorbilt comprehends fully the importance of her work of annual revision of her list of acquaintances. All sorts of considerations must be measured for or against the candidates for her favor. She will probably send out something like a thousand cards, each bearing her name and the days she will be "at home." Mrs. William Astor has 1,100 names in her visiting book, and the rumor is that she will now increas the number to 1, 200. No other of our acknowledged matrons keeps so long a roster, those of the other Astor ladies, as well as those of the Vanderbilts, ranging from 1,000 down to as few as 500.

To a great majority of these "recognized" persons the honor comes as a matter of course, but there is in each list a minority of names belonging to families who are barely more than "in society," according to boundaries arbitrarily fixed. In the card basket of those households you may look confidently to see the cards of the Astors, the Vanderbilts and other magnates always lying conspicuously on top of all the other bits of cardboard. The season of formal calls will begin just as soon as the swells return to their town residences, and from that time until the Holidays no toilets, not even those worn at balls and the opera, will be finer in their way than the costumes worn in making the round of visits. A CURIOUS VISITING CARD.

A visiting card which was given to me A visiting card which was given to me the other day, and which I shall keep as a curiosity, bears the neatly engraved words: "Tennie C. Claffin, Ludlow Street Jail. Every Afternoon in December." Copies of this card were sent, about 15 years ago, to most of the brokers of Wall street, to a number of leading Spiritualists, and to a few tashionable families. Tennie C. Claffin and her sister, Victoria Woodhull, had then exploited themselves in a way to send them temporarily to prison, and it was to emphasize her disdain of bolts and bars that Tennie, the pretty one of the audacious sisters, sent these cards to her acquaint-

The one which has come into my hands was the card sent to the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who had befriended the Wall street firm of Woodhull & Claffin in their stock operations, and, as he subsequently testified in court, had consulted them with considerable faith as spiritualistic mediums. The Commodore lived then in Waverly Place, and had lately taken a second wife sincere religion. The card came when the aged Commodore was at home, and although it was impudently addressed to Mrs. Van-derbilt, it was delivered into his hands. A small poker party was in progress, for Vanderbilt did not abolish his favorite game of chance when his pious bride came into the household. The card was passed around, humorously commented on, and then handed to Mrs. Vanderbilt, who threw it aside somewhat contemptuously. One of the poker playing guests thereupon asked for it, and she declared that he would do her a favor by taking it away.

A DISMAL RECEPTION ROOM. I will take the render along for a call which I actually made on a New York woman of social prominence. A pretty maid opened the door, showed me into a drawing room that was as melancholy in its gloom as Juliet's tomb, and after an absence of 40 minutes, that filled my thoughts with the dismal grandeur of the place, returned with Madam's compliments and a desire to see me in her room. I followed the almond-cheeked maiden, falling rather than walking upstairs in order to avoid the grim ugliness of the harpies, furies, dragons and genii pictured along the wall. From the niches in the upper hallway the fragrance of burning joss sticks sweetened the air, and on console brackets were carelessly placed a scent bottle, a fan, photographs of famous men and women, and an enameled hand-

boudoir, with its canopied divan and soft hangings of mandarin silk, and into a chamber sumptuous enough in its appoint-ments for a queen. The afternoon was scarcely half gone, but the curtains were drawn about the windows, and a burning lamp of garnet and carved bronze, and chancel lantern, that hung in a corner just above a Moorish screen, threw from their crystals of amethyst, ruby and carbuncle those glorious colors that fancy paints about the heads of hallowed saints. IN BEAUTY'S BOWER.

In a brass-bound bedstead, with a canopy of old pink, fringed with silver, lay Madam, the most captivating creature I had ever seen in my life, either in a ball room, proscenium box or amphitheater. She were a night freek of fine white cambric, cut decollete, with sleeves of narrow fluted lace that reached to her elbows without covering them. Half way above her wrists she wore a pair of narrow gold bands and two or three jeweled pins held the lace frills together in her filmy, dreamy lace frills together in her him, dreamy corsage. In one hand was a handkerchief as delicate in the magic of its web as the one that ruined the Othello family, and in the other was a shell fan of matchless beauty. On the pillow supporting her head was a smaller one filled with balsam and orris powder, and the mingled sweetness that came and went gave me the sensation of momentary giddiness. It over-powered my senses, made my brain reel, and made me bite my lips to keep from swoon-ing away. In the other pillow was the 2 o'clock mail containing perhaps 60 letters. Over the counterpane was spread a white quilt of Chinese silk finished with a border of rich embroidery and trimmed on two sides with deep knotted fringe. The drapery was tovely enough in texture and workmanship her soft little hand in greeting, and bade me e seated in the chair beside her bed, but the purpose of my visit was gone, and all I could do was to sit and gaze enraptured and enamored by this matchless queen of com-

THE ABT OF HANDSHAKING. I lately heard it said of a pretty but ffected girl that she "shook hands badly;" and I was much amused by this recognit of hand-shaking as an art to excel or fail of hand-shaking as an art to excel or fall in. Most of us are quickly impressed— favorably or the reverse—by a person's manner of performing this salutation, but instead of being criticised or commented on, it seems generally to be tacitly accepted as a thing which, like personal appearance,

is beyond our own control. If the hand-clasp were truly such an indication of char-acter as at first sight, or rather touch, it seems to be, it would be a pity, I think, to apply schooling to it, and thus add one more to the insincerities of life. It is quite probable, however, that in nine cases out of ten the inference we draw from it may be totally wrong. The limp, flabby grasp which suggests cold indifference and aparthetic transfer of the control of the c which suggests dold indifference and apathetic temperament may be due in reality to physical weakness and a shrinking state of the nervous system, while the stiff, formal touch that clearly expresses pride and ungenial reserve may be simply the result of genial reserve may be simply the result of shyness and awkward manners; and many a girl may do herself injustice in this respect quite unknown to her nearest and dearest, who would correct the failing were they aware of it. Her mother and sisters, her "cousins and her aunts," give her the kiss and embrace of love and intimacy; even if

THEY SHAKE HER HAND there is no constraint in the touch, and as gaged in revising her visiting list. She has not yet returned to town, but will be here by the 1st of October, and then it will tober, and then it will be necessary to send out her cards for the winter season. As she is a high potentate in society, it can be understood that her recognition or disregard means a great deal to those great deal to those who desire to be counted in, but who have any reason to be counted out. Madam rehends fully the importor annual revision of her es. All sorts of considmentations are favor. She will probe the favor. She will probe the favor. She will probe the favor when the favor is a favor is a favor when the favor is a f every Thursday. She criticises or com-mends each hand clasp. Thus carefully are some of us being educated.

A JAPANESE DOWRY. Somebody told me that a Japanese bride had sailed into port with her American husband, on a ship which was her own property, and that the cargo, as well as the craft, his impatience when obliged to obey orders, band, on a ship which was her own property, and that the cargo, as well as the craft, was an endowment gift from her father. That seemed intensely interesting, and I transformed myself into a reporter for the purpose of learning the facts. I suppose that the general public has no idea of the amount of work done by newsgatherers in chasing the rainbows of sensation. I got an idea of it when I came down to the truth in this case. There was a bride named Kai Kan, and she was "as Japanese as any picture of a fan," to use the descriptive language of the Captain on the Monmouthshire, on board which she had made the voyage across the ocean. But she did not own that big steamer, nor more than a small portion of its Oriental lading.

She had married the Rev. Robert A. Greenman at Hong Kong. He had converted her to Christianity before accompanying her into matrimony. Her father was a rich merchant, and he had made a bridal present to her of a consignment of fans, boxes and other Japanese knick-knacks. These goods have been transferred to a storehouse, and will probably be turned into about \$5,000. That sum is a dwindled one as contrasted with the whole ship and cargo of the original story, but it is a small fortune to a poor missionary elergyman. Mr. Grænman's old home is near Atlanta, Ga., and he has taken his bride there for a honeymoon visit, after which he will return to Japan.

CLARA BELLE.

CLARA BELLE.

POLLY AND THE HEN.

How the Parret Made an Escape From an Angry Chicken.

Our next neighbor-writes a correspondent owned an amusing parrot which was always getting into mischief, but usually got out again without much trouble to herself. When she had done anything for which she knew she ought to be punished, she would hold her head to one side, and eyeing her mistress, protest in sing-song tone, "Polly is a good girl," until she saw her mistress smile; then she would flap her wings and cry out in exultation, "Hurrah! Polly is a ood girl!"

She was allowed to go free, and usually took her exercise in the garden, where she promenaded back and forth on the walks, sunning herself, and warning off all intru-

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard, and was quietly picking up its breakfast, when Poll marched up to her, and called out "Shoo!" in her shrill voice, emphasizing the command with a smart pick of her sharp beak on the chicken's head. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, tol-lowed by Poll, who screamed "Shool" at

every step.

The hen had her revenge a few days later, when Poll extended her morning walk into the chicken-yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every cor-ner, till she came to the old hen upon her nest. The hen made a dive for Poll's yellow head, but missed it. Poll, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run, the hen, with her wings wide-spread, tollowing close after.
As she ran, Poll screamed in her shrillest

tones, "O Lord! O Lord!" A member of the family who had witnessed the whole performance, thought it time to interfere in Poll's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out, and stooping down held out his hand. Poll lost no time in traveling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage-ground, she turned her head to one side, and looking down on her foe, screamed, "Hello, there!

The frightened hen acknowledged defeat by returning to her nest as rapidly as she had come.

Temperary Vigor.

Mr. Roper (the agent)-Allow me to con gratulate you, sir. Our examining physician reports you as a first-class risk, and we be glad to insure you for \$50,000 .-



Young Emperor William's Experiences With a Trio of Empresses.

THE OLD KAISER AND HIS WIFE.

How the Empress Frederick Offended the German Nation.

A DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS EMPRESS

WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. With three Empresses on his hands the young Napoleon of Gormany has had rather a hard time, but it has been good discipline for him, and he is now showing Europe that ceptions, taithful to the crown, but when ever the iron hand relaxes and the splendo of royalty is not kept up, the people ge dissatisfied and murmues for republican

A few years ago he was only grandson of the Kaiser and his ambition only burnt

was a very sweet and lovely old lady.

I saw her once walking on the arm of her husband "unter den Linden"
—scarcely attended and looked upon by the people with a familiar loyal enthusiasm, such as is found only in Germany. siasm, such as is found only in Germany. She had a very sweet smile and a peculiar bob of a bow in return for the salutations of her people. A peculiarly dowdy couple they made, for Emperor William seemed old and broken in ordinary clothes. But what a change when on horseback? Then his whole figure seemed to straighten, his eye to flash with rekindling fire. In uniform he was superb.

THE EMPRESS PREDERICK.

The Empress Frederick, as she is called, I only saw after her bereavement when, with her three ugly daughters, she visited her mother—she was very fond of shopping, and almost any day might have been seen making the tour of the more exclusive private shops in Bond street, using one of the plain royal carriages without arms or liveries so that few recognized her. One feature of her mourning was very striking and has begun to be copied extensively among the upper circle of English aristocracy, another year it will be fashionable in all London and in about two years will get over here. It is the peculiar shape of ner "widow's cap," which was fitted close to the head all over and had a long point in front which reached nearly to the middle of the forehead and lay flat down to it. Several parallel folds of crape formed the border and from the back fell a heavy vell of crape to the ground. This was very effective. In the house she left the room or was about to dismiss a visitor she would gather the veil about her till she was completely enveloped in its folds, which gave a most majestic appearance to a very homely, common-place THE EMPRESS PREDERICK. pearance to a very homely, common-place woman, for she closely resembles her mother. The three girls all wore the same cap, only with shorter veils, and when the mother and daughters were all together they looked like the weeping pig-maidens

of a fairy tale.

She is most unpopular in Prussia, where her husband was worshiped, but she made the fatal mistake of trying to meddle in politics, which in a woman the Germans detest above all things, and in one of less exalted position such an experiment is often followed by an armed escort to the boundaries of the kingdom or a timely intimation to the oftender's husband that he should keep his wife more in the nursery or send her to a cooking school.

The young Emperor does not love his of a fairy tale.

The young Emperor does not love his mother very warmly, recent effusive tele-grams to the contrary—an accident hap-pened at his birth caused by her ignorance and false modesty, and he has never for-given her, but then if he had had any other mother he might not have been born an Emperor. It is never safe to question fate.

A BAD MISTAKE.

But her worst crime in the eyes of the Ger-man nation was her disregard of popular feeling and tradition when two years ago her mother passed through Germany. There has been preserved in the palace a room dedicated to the memory of Louise of Prussia. She was looked upon by the people as a saint. The holiest thing in German history. True Germans knelt in reverence when they entered the chamber. Everything in it was just as the holy Louise had left it. Queen Victoria came for a single night. There Victoria came for a single night. There were plenty of other guest chambers in the palace, but some madness impelled the wife of Frederick to desecrate the hallowed room and she had it newly upholstered for her mother's visit. A cry of horror rang through all Germany and she was hissed in her carriage. It made her the object of the deepest hatred, and she has never recovered her hatred, and she has never recovered her

Her son inherits much of his obstinacy and love of power from his mother, only she has never had a chance to exercise it and it

has never had a chance to exercise it and it boils within her and sours her expression. As a child she was snabbed by her mother, during her long married life she was controlled by the firm mildness of her husband and just as she had really reached the throne, death placed her son in power and are had to humble herself once more.

Her mother used to treat her childish assertion with the usual mild "I never did that when I was a little girl." "Yes, but you were not born Princess Royal of Great Britain," she would reply.

There was one point in which Victoria was infexible—the treatment of the venerable John Brown. On one occasion the Princess Royal left the room without bidding him good night. Reproved for it, she said brusquely—"Good night, Brown." Victoria insisted gently "Mr. Brown, my daughter," again the pouty child flounced out of the room with—"Good night, Brown." The Queen sent a servant after her. "Now if you don't say when you come down, "read meaning Mr. Brown." if you don't say when you come down, 'good morning, Mr. Brown' properly you shall be sent straight to bed after breakfast"—the next morning found the girl as stubborn as ever and on entering she said, "Good morning, Brown, good night, Brown, I'm going to bed."

THE REIGNING EMPRESS.

The present Empress is very dowdy look-ing and her mother-in-law has always tried in every way to make her feel uncomfortable. She had not much influence over her husband and devoted herself entirely to her five sons—in fact she looks and acts like the

typical German nurse.
Of late, however, a complete change has come over her, and she is gaining great in-Mr. Doubledopp (out on the, street)—By ginger, that was a close shave! I had all I could do to keep the effects of that elixir in till I could get away from the office.—Puck.

stool and a bronze crueifix, that the E press often retires for meditation and pray. Although the Empress Frederick has more power than a Countess and is almost an exile, permitted only by courtesy to re in her son's dominions, she has weal enough to keep up a court of her own date desire it. But she does not live much state, as she inherits the parsimony her mother, to whom the nations allow \$300,000 a year for more spending money and who spends perhaps \$20,000 or \$30,000 An old Duchess recently left the Empres Frederick in a freskish way with man strange conditions an estate of enormous value, yielding at present about \$60,000 yearly income. Then the German Govern ment allows her \$200,000 a year, and as during her life as Crown Princess she scarcely spent any of her liberal allowance from the British Government she has a carefully in rested fortune of colossal proportions. He income is now estimated at \$500,000 a year. vested fortune of colossal proportions. I income is now estimated at \$500,000 a ye With such boardings as these of the people money, truly grants for royal children see absurd.

## EVERYONE HAS A HOBBY.

ome of the Peculiar Diversions of Promigent Men. [PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.] JOE JEFFERSON is an artist.

EDWIN BOOTH is an enthusiastic whist BILLY FLORENCE is a fisherman. His

hief hobby, though, seems to be pract OSCAR S. STRAUS, ex-Minister to Tur-

key, makes a hobby of collecting and study-ing books on American history. GEORGE BANCROFT, the historiau, passionately fond of roses, and has some the finest specimens in the country.

ROBERT BONNER devotes all his time and attention to his horses. His mania is to own the fastest horse on the trotting GEORGE W. CHILDS, the Philadelphia journalist and philanthropist, is foud of collecting authors' manuscript, china and bric-a-brac.

WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER is an admirer of fast horses. He owns a three-quarter mile track at which he treats his friends to races between his own horses.

COOPER HEWITT, son of ex-Mayo Hewitt, has one of the best collections of musical instruments in America, and know how to play on nearly all of them.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S hobbles ar thurches and charities, and he devotes all his spare time to furthering the interests of the Methodist Church. He is also foud of

HENDY VILLARD, the railroad magnate, is passionately fond of music. He is a good performer on the violiscello, and is theroughly posted on all the doings in the operatic world. RUSSELL SAGE is an enthusiastic ch player. After solving the problems of the bulls and bears, and puts and calls on Wall street, he goes home to solve problems on the chess board.

MRS. HARRISON is a very good painte Nearly all the pictures in the Harrison homestead were painted by her, and many of them are really works of art. The Presi-dent takes a great deal of interest in his

time and attention to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, improving that institution and do-ing what he can to add to the comfort of the children who live there. This seems to be a perfect hobby with him. GEORGE GOULD is a philatelist. He has one of the finest collections of fore

stamps in the world and devotes a gr

deal of his apare time in arranging the and sticking them in albums according their classification. Another hobby is

in the country. He attends all the sales and frequently sends commissions to the book sales that take place in Europe, and is con-sidered a well posted bibliographer. W. E. KIMBALL, the great tob of Rochester, has the finest collection of

HENRY CLEWS, of Wall street fame, de votes all his spare time and attention to his house. You can take his attention away

JOHN WANAMAKER, the Postma General, has been a busy man all his life His only hobby is the Sunday school which is connected with Bethany church in Phifa-delphia. He is so wrapped up in the success of this Sunday school that he is frequently caught neglecting his business to discuss Sunday school matters.

for a number of years and always form one of the most attractive exhibits at the show He is especially fond of chrisanthenum and has thousands of varieties of these curi

would. PRESIDENT . HARRISON is very fond of

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, who is heir-presumptive to about \$200,000,000, is a very model young man for a millionaire's son. He is a good business man, and has no particular hobby. He is moderately fond of horses and yachting, and is a good fencer and boxer. He is a man of strong literary and artistic tastes, and if he had not been a millionaire's son he would probably have been an artistic tastes.

The Last Hours of a Man Who Fought as Apache for an Hour.

some time, was not expected to live. Cap-tain Ross is a noted Indian fighter, and his attles with the red men in Texas are a

At the close of the season. Hotel man-Where are you going for the Head clerk-Ob. I think I'll spend the

he intends to rule in truly royal style. It is singular that whenever the rulers of a country govern with absolute power the people remain, with a few anarchistic ex-

I have really fallen in love with this young eagle, so young and spirited, and with an expression of power and stern com-mand. He does not intend to settle down into the old fogvism and pig farming of modern royalty-almost every day marks some return to ancient splendor, not, it is true, in the poetic silver swan style of the artistic and ill-fated King of Bavaria, but rugged soldier-like feeling for pomp and gorgeousness—not Greek but Roman. Roman in its pride. Roman in its opulence. Roman in its grand magnifi-

itself out in his dreams and wasted him so that at one time it was thought he would or when he had to sit still and see his father or grandfather execute a move which his boyish despotte feeling could not ap-prove of.

The Empress of the old Kaiser William

wife's work. JESSE SELIGMAN devotes all his spe

> BRAYTON IVES, of Wall street, has p haps the finest and most valuable collection of old manuscripts, missals and rare books

> orchids in the country. He has spent fabu-lous sums of money to buy some of the rarest of these queer plants that could be found. He devotes a great deal of his time in studying and watching their growth.

from his business if you begin to talk about his house, and he is perfectly delighted when anybody requests to be taken over the building. His bathroom is of solid onyx and cost \$50,000.

CHARLES A. DANA finds recreation among the flowers. His flowers have taken prizes at the flower shows in this vicinity

ous plants in his garden. JAY GOULD'S hobby during his lifetime seems to have been collecting dollars; but in addition to this very interesting collection. which now numbers several millions, he is very fond of flowers. He has, perhaps, the finest conservatory in the country, and he works among his flowers and rare plants in this conservatory just as his gardener

PRESIDENT HARRISON is very fond of bric-a-brac. In his house in Indianapolis he has a very rare collection, among which are some very valuable Greek and Roman coins. He also keeps a scrap-book in which he has a copy of all the speeches he has ever made. This scrap-book was very useful when General Lew Wallace was compiling his autobiography.

ably have been an artist. A FIERCE OLD FIGHTER.

Governor Ross received a telegram Friday from Waco, his home, stating that his father, Captain S. Ross, who has been ill for

matter of history.

It was Captain Ross who, in a hand-te-hand fight with Iron Jacket, the noted Apache chief, killed him after a conflict lasting nearly an hour. The fight took place on the Wichita in the year 1838.

ready to carried cany. It is the Hoffman.

Hotel men—Well, here's your \$500 salary for the last week. Er—can you let me have 25 cents for a few months?