OLD AGE CHEERFUL.

Symposium by Famous Contributors Upon the Close of Mortal Being.

VERSES FROM TWO AGED POETS.

Whitman Says the End Comes Soothingly and Refreshingly.

MATERIALISTIC VIEWS OF ZOLA

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Two poets have lately put forth, almost simultaneously, verses containing a singularly similar thought, John G. Whittier, in his 83d year, writes of himself as on a shore hearing "the solemn monotone of waters calling unto" him. Altred Tennyson, past 80, rhymes of an embarkation upon a flood that will bear him "from out our bourne of Time and Place." The stanzas are quoted in the article contributed by that other "good, gray poet," Walt Whitman, to the original symposium which we present herewith to our readers. Whitman's own words of prase and poetry are pregnant with pathos, but illumined by a cheerful view of death in old age. In contrast is the materialistic view of the subject taken by Emile Zola, while from the pen of Ella Dietz Clymer, President of Sorosia, we get a Christian mystic's ideas, and from Frank Fyall a most peculiar and whimsical account of an old man who grew youthful until he relapsed into babyhood.

THE POET'S CAPTION.

A Denth-Bouquet Fresh Pick'd January 1890 by Walt Whitman.

Death-too great a subject to be treated so-indeed the greatest subject-and yet I am giving you but a few random lines, collecteans, about it-as one writes hurriedly of the last part of a letter to catch the closing mail. Only I trust the lines, especially the poetic bits quoted, may leave a lingering odor of spiritual heroism afterward. For I am probably fond of viewing all the great themes indirectly, and by side ways and suggestions. Certainly music from wondrous voices or skillful players—then poetic glints still more-put the soul in rapport death, or toward it. Hear a strain from Tennyson's late "Crossing the Bar:"

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark: And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I em bark;

For the' from our bourne of Time and Place The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar—"

Am I starting the sail-crafts of poets in line? Here, then, a quartain of Phry-nichus long ago to one of old Athen's in-

"Thrice happy Sophocles! in good old age, Bless'd as a man, and as a craftsman bless'd,

He died; his many tragedies were fair, And fair his end, nor snew he any sorrow." A happy (to call it so) and easy death is at least as much a physiological result as a psychological one. The foundation of it really begins before birth, and thence is directly or indirectly shaped and affected minute till the time of its occurrence. And yet here is something (Whittier's "Burning Driftwood") of an opposite coloring:

"I know the solemn menotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown.
That whisper of the Eter al Sea;
As low my fires of drift wood burn

I hear that Sea's deep sounds increase And, fair in sunset light, discern Its mirage-litted Isles of Peace."

Like an invisible breeze after a long and soothingly and refreshingly, almost vitally. In not a few cases the termination even appears to be a sort of ectasy. O course there are painful deaths, but I do not believe such is the general rule. Of the man; hundreds I mysel/saw die in the field and hospitals during the Secession War the cases of marked suffering or agony in extremis were very rare. (It is a curious suggestion of immortality that the mental and emotional powers remain in their clearest through all, while the senses of pain and flesh-volition are blunted or even gone.) Then to give the following, and cease before the thought gets threadbare: Now finale to the shore!

Now, land life, finale and farewell! Now, Voyager, depart! (much, much for thee is yet in store:) Often enough hast thou adventured o'er the Cautiously cruising, studying the charts,

Cattoday crusing, studying the charm,
Duly again to port, and hawser's tie, returning.
But now obey thy cherished, secret wish,
Embrace thy friends—leave all in order:
To port, and hawser's tie, no more returning,
Depart upon thy endless cruise, old Sailor!
WALT WHITMAN.

HURRYING OUT OF LIFE.

Zeln Lays Stress Upon Many Folks' Impatience for Death.

Serenity in old age is beautiful, but some of us find life too hard to bear until we reach that tranquility. All around me here in Paris is evidence of this distaste for life, this craving for the rest of the grave. An epidemic of suicide has sprung up like a plague coming no one knows whence. On some days the list mounts up to ten suicides, while the average number is two or three, seemed to claim so many victims. Some, in their misery or madness, throw themselves from the bridges. Others prefer the rope. Of poisoning there are of matches, although the latter is sometimes a successful means of suicide. Women, too, sometimes open the arteries while in the bath, and death puts them gently to sleep under the tepid water. A girl of 16 years, driven mad by disappointment in love, chose last week to die in this way.

As to charcoal, it remains the solace of the poor, a cheap and ever ready cure for all the ills of life. Whenever an odor of burning issues from under a door in the faubourgs inhabited by the working people, the first cry is, "Suicide!" They break in the door, and sometimes arrive in time to save some poor wretch struggling in the the words, agonies of death. Suicide by the knife is shall be changed." Is there not a victory more rare, for it requires too much courage to plunge a gleaming blade into the flesh. A more suitable weapon is the pistol; A more suitable weapon is the pistol; it demands only a slight movement of the finger—even a nervous contraction of the muscles will suffice. Moreover, in case the revoluer is used, if the first shot miss fire there are still four or five balls to complete the work. Last of all, the public monuments are no longer used for this deadly purpose. Scarcely one or two instances, each year, can be cited of persons mortal shall put on immortality without going through the gateway of death, when death is swallowed up in victory? So let me write "The Song of Holy Death:"

Shall it be soon, sweet Lord?

Shall it be soon, sweet Lord?

Fade now the stars away.

The sun, the moon,
Fade too; I only see Thy risen light,
I only see Thy face, than stars more bright.
Links now my soul in death's entrancing swoon,
My brightest day who have thrown themselves down to the pavement from the towers of Notre Dame, or from the summit of the Calanta Ball the sales and of the Calanta Ball the sales are found to the calanta Ball the sales are stances, each year, can be cited of persons or from the summit of the Column Venswed the Eiffel Tower from suicidal popuarity. It is a fine death—this tremendous
iump, this leap into space—thus to plunge
into the vortex of eternity.

One woman, after eight days valuly spent
in seeking for work, obtained on credit a dome, and only the closest precaution has The holy mor saved the Eiffel Tower from suicidal popularity. It is a fine death-this tremendous jump, this leap into space—thus to plunge into the vortex of eternity.

in seeking for work, obtained on credit a bushel of charcoal, to which she set fire, and hushel of charcoal, to which she set fire, and then lay down, clasping in her arms her two little children. The next day the three corpses were found, stiff and livid, and locked in a close embrace. Two old people With streaks of light faint glimmering in the of 80 years, busband and wife, in their despair refused to wait until death should come to them; they were eager to go, and they wished to go together, so they inflicted horrible wounds upon themselves with a rasor. That a mac in full vigor,

Though it be far, dear Lord,
Though it be far, urged on by the tumult of the blood in veins, should wish to check the besting of his heart, can be easily under-stood; but at the suicide of an old man we feel a sense of revolt-we ask the

dregs, and when it requires only one mo 2 effort of courage to await the end. Still, something sadder than the suicide of an old person is the suicide of a child. It fills the heart with the most profound pity. Before a child kills itself it must have felt the sorrows of a man; and we vainly try to conceive all the abominable workings of that young brain, ending in the conclusion that death is inevitable. It is hope destroyed; it is the tree cut off at the root—life out-raged and disowned. The scourge has fallen even upon the children. One poor little fellow, 10 years old, drowned himself because he had been dismissed by his employer, and dared not go home to his parents, who would bent him. Another boy hanged himself from jealousy, because people preferred his sister to himself. Lastly, a schoolboy 12 years old knotted the fatal cord about his neck without any apparent reason. It

was perhaps a death from philosophy, because life had already become a weariness. What a burden this life is! How eagerly men east it aside? The very street arabs will have none of it. They kill themselves in contempt of its joys, without even waiting to know them. The aged are filled with regret for having lived, and refuse to live longer. All go together in the same loathing for existence, and with but the de-sire for the quiet rest of the cemetery, where the May sun warms the graves.

A MAN REVERSED.

Singular Phenomena Which Attended an Old Gentleman's Experiment. A man who dwells no matter where

Beloves a maiden living there; And he would wed her if he could, And she could let him, if she would, Without ado or fuss, Or high degree of varity. Their added ages are not great, Yet, when computed separate,
A short half century between
His sixty years and her sixteen,
Howe'er it seems to us,
She deems too much disparity.

A potion learns he how to mix hat will a man in age trausfix, o never any older grow In vital vim or visual show: One swallow is enough
Of this output of alchemy.
But 'tis a bumper that he tips
With shaking hands to trembling lips.
"So haste the maiden's years," says he,
"Until she catches up to me—" And gulps quite all the stuff So curious in chemistry.

His overdose takes more effect Than anyone could well expect.
Thenomenally from that day Time flies for him the other way, And he, a man reversed,
And he, a man reversed,
Moves back toward juvenility.
His visage smoothes its wrinkles out,
His joints forget rheumatic gout,
While one by one he riddance makes
Of olden crochets, qualms and quakes,
And by no ills accursed,
Is jolly in agility.

When fourscore birthdays he can count His age is half the right amount; For it is plain to all concerned His years to forty have returned, While she is thirty-six

And not averse to marriage. Although the time is come when he
By hearse conveyed to church should be,
He takes the ride another way,
Not graesomely, but blithe and gay;
Not in a funeral fix,
But in a bridal carriage.

The kind of retrograded life The kind of retrograded life
That he is leading, while his wife
Grows old as other people de.
Soon makes him younger of the two;
To turn himself about
He tries and fails teetotally; Il doses counteractive lack

Effect upon his set-aback.

No drugs that he can blend will send
Him toward his normal latter end—
His efforts past a doubt
Are failures antidotally. At length, together with his son,

At length, together with his son,
He comes of age at twenty-one,
And moving backward through his teens,
He re-enacts his youthful scenes—
He is a boy once more,
And to his grandchild brotherly.

His wife, as he regains his past, Acquires her future quite as fast; Till he an urchin is at play, And she a matron old and gray; When added to her sweet sixteen

The signs of threescore more are seen, This strangest of subtractive freaks Brings sixty years to sixty weeks; They are unmated quite, With each dear former tie awry. Token bonds give place to new, And as we bid the two adlen. In cradle and in rocking chair They are no inharmonious pair;

And for a fond good-night They sing agoo and lullaby FRANK FYALL

AN ENEMY AND A FRIEND.

The President of Serosis Takes a Dual View of Death. Adam's act of disobedience not only

caused his body to become corruptible, and finally to return to the dust from which it was taken, but through that act his soul became unfit to dwell in paradise; unfit to walk among those living trees and beside those four rivers of water. The Garden of Eden remained unchanged, but he could no longer behold it. He, created its lord, designed to have dominion over all things, is driven forth. and the gateway guarded by Cherubim, armed with swords of fire. The first Adam, the living soul, is bound to a body destined to perish. "Dying ye shall die" was the penalty pronounced upon him. This is the death which came into the world by "the envy of the devil." This is the death with which we should make no covenant. This is the last enemy which has to be overcome. The "adoption of the body" is the last vic-Never has the contagion of death tory which is to be won over the flesh and not bury his head in the sand

the devil. To one whose life has been spent beside living waters and beneath the olive tree, shall not death come at last as the great deliverer? The strong angel whose mission it fewer instances; only women still swallow is to loose the silver cord and break the laudanum or the phosphorus from a bundle golden bowl? If life is spent in waging war against error in battling for truth, may not one hope to hear at the end "the soft comforting song" that the pilgrim sang to Sintram:

Death comes to set thee free; Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true griend,
And all thy foars shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.

Shall not such an one die, as we are told by tradition that Moses did, from the kiss of "This kiss a union of the soul with the substance from which it emanated." there not yet a greater triumph foretold in the words, "We shall not all sleep, but we yet to be won over the last enemy when this mortal shall put on immortality without go-

Shall it be swift?

east?
Shall earth awake as to a glad new feast
Where not one eye shall shed a crystal tear,
Nor one hand lay

Though it be far, dear Lord,
Though it be far,
Yet it shall surely come;
Bright tuminous star
Of promise flash in my blue firmament—
The day is past, the night perchance far spent—
The east is glowing with a crimson bar—
Btar, call use home
Through whiching reading reason for so much impatience when the miseries of life are already drained to the car, ELLA DIETE CLYMER.

UR course lay up a smooth Through tracts of velvet And through the windmills made, And pasture lands | LUCK IN LEISURE A GOOD ADAGE. The kine had canva

on their backs and Other Times. And everywhere there was an air Of comfort and delight. My wife, dear philosophic soul!

Saw here whereof to prate:

Vain fools are we across the

west
Or wheresoe'er you please,
You shall not find what's here Equality and ease! THE WAY WELL

NE O C

To boast our nobler state!

Go north or south or east or

THE HOLLANDISCHE DAME.



Just then we overtook a boat
(The Golden Tulip hight)—
Big with the weight of motley freight,
It was a goodly sight!
Meynheer van Blarcom sat
on deck,
With pipe in lordly pose,
And with his son of twenty-He played at dominous.

Then quoth my wife: "How fair to see This sturdy, honest man Beguile all pain and lust of gain With whatso joys he can; Methinks his spouse is down below Beading a Kerchief gay— A babe, mayhap, lolls in her In the good old Milky Way.





I like the honest Dutch!" And then my wife made end of speech—
Her voice stuck in
her throat,
For, swinging around
the turn, we found What motor moved the boat: Hitched up in towpath harness there Was neither horse nor But the buxom frame of a Hollandische Meynheer van Blar--Eugene Field, in Chi-

OSTRICHES IN AMERICA.

The Birds Brought to California-Popular Errors Dispelled.

There are certain old traditions about the ostrich which, I have been told by the owner of the California ranch, are fallacious. He says that the estrich does and imagine he is unobserved by his enemies. On the contrary, he is a very puguacious bird and always ready for a fight. Nor does the female ostrich lay her eggs in the sand for the sun to batch them. do them justice, they are quite domestic, and deserve a better reputation. Nor is the ostrich ever used for riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back; any person might break it with a blow from any ordinary

cane.
The 22 birds brought to our California ranch trusted to their instinct and laid their eggs during the California winter, which corresponded to their summer south of the equator. It being the rainy season, their nests were filled with water and the eggs were chilled; so the first season of their American sojourn was a failure. The ostrich makes its nest by rolling in the sand and scooping out a hole about six feet in diameter, and, excepting an incubator house, the California ranch requires no buildings for the use of the birds, though the land is divided off into pens fenced in, each about an acre in extent, for the use of the breeding birds, every pair occupying one such inclosure.

The ostriches live upon alfalfa and corn. Alfalfa is a grass cultivated all over the ranch; it resembles our clover, and grows to a crop six times a year.

PAGAN BOB FINED.

When He Wanted the Court to Lond It Releated.

New York Herald.] Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll would never be suspected of being a respecter of persons, for he has such a free and easy way of discoursing upon religious matters. His legal protege was Judge Puterbaugh, then a judge of the Circuit Court at Peoris, Ill. Upon one occasion, while the judge was engaged in fining a spectator for contempt of court, Ingersoll offered some gratuitous advice, which was resented with some show of indignation. Ingersoll retaliated by hinting that when the Court was fishing in a political way after the ermine he had not been so chary about accepting advice. This warmed the old man up in earnest, and he at once imposed upon the presumptuous advo-cate a fineo: \$10 and costs. Ingersoll fumbled in his pockets for a moment, then walked up to the bar with outstretched hand and said: "Puterbaugh, lend me \$10!" The stern expression of the Court never relaxed for an instant. Turning to the clerk he said:
"Mr. Clerk, let the record show that Mr.
Ingersoll's fine is remitted. Peorla county
can better afford to lose \$10 than I can."

Bessie Bramble's Idea of When Men Should Take Their Brides.

Lessons From the Lives of Great Men of This

WHEN MAY WEDS BLEAK DECEMBER

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.1 The papers and magazines for a long time have been barping upon the subject of "At What Age Shall Girls Marry?" and since there appears to be no concern manifested as to the other party in the transaction of marriage, it would seem as if the "beloved brethren" had either been neglected or overlooked. It may, perhaps, have been a foregone conclusion—as we gather from the many given opinions upon the matter of the bride's age-that man has all seasons for his own in marriage; that he can safely and happily marry whether young and green, staid and middle-aged, or old and well stricken in years, as he is so constantly doing in daily experience.

A wise man of old made answer to the question of when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all;" and Socrates, more famous as a philosopher, said out of the depths of his experience: "Let a man take which course he will, he will be sure to repent." The sonorous Dr. Johnson, who married a widow older than himself and, as described-a homely nobody-gives comfort and courage to his fellow men by telling them that "Marriage is the best state for men in general, and every man is a worse man in pro-portion, as he is unfit for the married state, and that though matrimony may have some pains, celibacy has few " He, moreover, adds that "marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friend-ship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity, and he must expect to be wretched who pays to riches or beauty that regard which only virtue can elaim."

SOME QUESTIONABLE EVIDENCE. Johnson's marriage at 27 seems to have been his first streak of luck, for with his wife he received a small fortune, and found in her a fond and faithful companion and friend. Addison, however, has said sweeter and more charming things of marriage than even Johnson, but he did not marry until over 40, and then, as related, his marriage of rank and wealth proved to be, as Thack-eray calls it, "a splendid and dismal union," or in other words, a failure. Lord Bacon has written learnedly on the married and single state, and his remarks that "wife and children are a discipline to humanity," that "he that hath wife and children bath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief," and that "unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not best subjects," are often quoted as most reasonable and projound. But as he deterred marriage until the age of 45 and then married a woman beneath him in rank for the purpose alone of securing her money, of which the law gave him every penny, i is plain that his views were not founded upon, or modified much by, his own per-

sonal experience. Milton's marriage at the age of 35 to a bright young wife whom he treated so harshly that she left him and went home to her parents, gave the text for his "Essays on history, but that he rather enjoyed the marriage state, where he could rule and reign and put all things under his feet, is proved by the fact that he married three

PLEASING TESTIMONY.

John Stuart Mill, the eminent philosopher and writer on political economy, was not married until be was 44, when he wedded a widow of about the same age, or perhaps older. His married life was an exceedingly happy one, as he himself records, and perhaps no greater praise for helpfulness, sweet companionship, endearing friendship or noble qualities of head and heart has any woman ever received from the written words of her husband than did the wife of John Stuart Mill. Lord Beaconsfield, who cut such a large figure in English polities within the last half century, married when he was 34. and the proof that his wedded life was full of love, constancy, friendship and all that goes to make a union as near to the ideal of happiness as human lives can get is fur-nished by his own testimony as to his indebtedness to her for inspiration and her worth as a wife and faithfulness as a friend. Gladstone, one of his most brilliant cotemporaries in Parliament, entered the holy estate of matrimony at 30, and his married life, of which the world hears much, is a success far beyond the common. Robert Browning became the husband of Elizabeth Barrett at the age of 32, while she was seven years older; and yet theirs was a marriage of true minds and poetic souls, and, as all accounts go, an exceptionally happy one. Shakespeare married at 19, and his ex-perience would go far to prove that early marriages are not desirable. Dickens and Thackeray both became benedicts at the age of 26, and their homes are not such pictures of domestic felicity as will redeem their wedded lives from the stamp of failure.

A SIN OF OMISSION. When we survey the history of the men of our country to find in them a sort of idea as to the age at which men should marry, we are met at the outset with the remarkable fact that in their biographical sketches, as given in the standard works, their mar-riage or their wives have not been considered worthy of mention. Even Emerson, one of the most noted of American philosophers and authors, is written up without a word to indicate that he had ever had a wife to divide his serrows or double his joys, or a home, where he had to get up in the morning and light the fire. Longfellow, who, if we remember correctly, was married twice, is not credited with a wife and family, al-though the dates of his graduation and of his trip to Europe are duly given. Hawthorne, whose married life, as chronicled by his children and friends, was an ideally happy one, has neither his marriage nor his wife recorded in the stand-ard book of reference, though the date of the publication of his books is given, and the fact that Franklin Pierce most valuable triend is set forth. Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell, it may also be interred, married nobodies, since their wives, or even the fact that they married at all, find no mention in their biographical sketches. Although Charles Sumner, Ben Butler and other men of Massachusetts are supposed to have been married, yet in the record of their lives is found no mention of any such small currence. Considering these omissions, it is no wonder there is such a howl in the Plymouth Rock State over "the forgotten

SOME EXAMPLES LEFT US. However, for the instruction and example however, for the instruction and champto of the young men of to-day it is well to know that Washington did not rush into marriage at the gushing sentimental age, but waited until he was 29, and then judicionaly married a woman with an imdicionaly married a woman with an immense fortune, with whom he passed a most pleasant and happy life. "Martha," as appears, did give him a "going over" occasionally, but this only furnished a spice of variety to the smooth sweetness of their delightful country life at Mt. Vernon. Jefferson likewise married at 29. His wife was also possessed of great estates and large wealth. Their minds were congenial and their union is one of the happiest on record. When Ableral Adams happiest on record. When Abigail Adams became his bride, John Adams was 29, and, though they had the usual trials and troubles, and she was the first strong-minded

woman in America who made hold to ask for suffrage for women before the Declaration of Independence was signed or the Con-stitution was adopted, their union was akin to that of Eden in its bliss. Andrew Jack-son was married at 25 to a divorced woman, and yet he had a larger share o domestic happiness, according to his own account, than falls to the lot of most men. She was a plain woman, with no style about her as might be said now, but she suited Jackson, and he loved and admired her devotedly to her latest day. He had no happier, brighter days than those he spent with her in their old home in Tennessee, where, in company, they smoked contentedly their corn-cob pipes, amid the country comforts of the "Hermitage." Henry Clay married at 23 and Daniel Webster at 26. Both marringes were full of love and affection. GRANT AND LINCOLN. General Grant was taken prisoner by

Cupid at 26, and owing to his lack of cash

in their early days, he and his wife had a

into the army, love survived the cottage and the tannery and poverty, and his domestic life was to all appearance most felic-As the story of his life is told by his friends and biographers, Lincoln's marriage might be set down as a failure as far as his happiness was concerned. At the age of 33 he was united to an ambitious woman, but one who was not his match in taste, temperament or character. Discord and unhappiness made his home a sad one, and marked his brow with carking care. Even when he had reached the summit of his ambition, his life, with its vast weight of responsibilities arduous public duties, was darkened and saddened, not only by the cloud of war,

but by domestic infelicities behind the One of the worst things about early marriages for men is the tact that the fancy of a young man is most frequently caught by the pretty, giddy, empty-headed girl, brilliant in the ballroom, gifted with the gab and possessed of the art to fool a man with flattery. If, before his mind has grown or his judgment has seasoned, he mar-ries her, he thus signs the warrant for his own unhappiness and the tragedy of a mismarriage. Life is full of such mistakes—men of great powers and noble achievements united to dull and brainless women, whom they married in their youth for beauty, which is now resolved into stupidity, and women of intellect and culture, who live sad and solitary lives in a union with soulless clods or selfish boors, whom they married in the first rosy flush of love's young dream as heroes and as kingspoetically speaking.

A CASE OF HIT OR MISS. Love-matches, says as philosopher, are usually unhappy, and it must be because they are entered into hastily, unadvisedly and without proper consideration. If perchance they happen to hit they are all right, but if, as so often occurs, they miss, the result is disastrous. Early marriages sometimes prove to be quite as fortunate and felicitous as those contracted when time has given judgment, and common sense tempers ardent love into careful consideration of pros and cons, but neither man nor woman should marry until well assured that the love of the present will not turn into sad repentance as the years go by. An early marriage is full of poetry and romance just at first, but words would fail to tell how prosy it becomes when the fond young lovers having "settled down" and gone to house. all night, I delivered before the Senate keeping find that things are not what they

That there is lack in leisure has been discovered by many people who never cease to thought out the day before, but I had made congratulate themselves on having missed no written notes. The same evening I spoke their first love. "If I had married the man to whom I was engaged at 18, I should have been the wretchedest woman alive," said a lady not a hundred miles off, who has a mettle of his mind, but his low opinion of women as well. That he was a tyrant in his own house, and inspired the hatred of his wives and daughters seems plain from history, but that he rather entered his wives have the restance of commerce dinner, I began the preparation of my speech just as the speaking to my good old father for reversalish and to have the restance of Commerce dinner, I began the preparation of my speech just as the speaking to my good old father for reversalish and to have the restance of the speech than to hang on to one sentence until a could think of the next. At the Chamber of Commerce dinner, I began the preparation of my speech just as the speaking that the restance of the speech than to hang on to one sentence until a could think of the next. At the Chamber of Commerce dinner, I began the preparation of my speech just as the speaking that the restance of the speech than to hang on to one sentence until a could think of the next. At the Chamber of Commerce dinner, I began the preparation of the speech than to hang on to one sentence until a could think of the next. At the Chamber of Commerce dinner, I began the preparation of the speech than the preparation of the preparation to my good old father for preventing my making a fool of myself and wrecking my life."

The weight of opinion and experience is opposed to early marriages. Even those who have married young, and had good fortune, do not desire their children to follow their example. The general septiment of women, as expressed even by those who have married much younger with notable success, is in favor of 25 years as the proper age for a bride, to which might be added that from 25 to 30 is the most suitable for both men and women, and the nearer they are to the same age the better. But, after all, the age in marriage is not of so much importance as that the contract should be well understood and faithfully and honestly carried out on both sides. Some men there are who fondly flatter themselves that at any age they are fit companions for wives however young, but the precedents and testimony are against any such assumption. When May weds December she is likely to encounter a winter of discontent though her count of cash may be sustained. Such bargain and sale is leniently looked upon by society, but when a masculine May weds a feminine De-cember then the Grundies howl and the gossips furiously rage together. But why? One case is not a whit worse than the other. In fact, coolly considered, the chances of happiness are better in the latter than in the former. Baroness Burdette Coutts, in her meltow sixties, wedded a young man, and their life together flows smoothly on without a ripple, as far as the world knows. George 'Eliot, at 60, married a man 20 years younger, and no husband could have been more devoted. But the chances of winning a prize in marriage are more in favor of equality than in disparity of age. BESSIE BRAMBLE,

A YOUTHPUL FINANCIER.

A Boy Who Conducts Financial Operation of Considerable Magnitude.

New York Star. 1 Foreigners have formed an impression in the Garfield campaign. Mr. Reid told me that American children are precocious.

Perhaps that is so. At all events, there is no better instance of early development Edward Everett and the old Boston school Foreigners have formed an impression no better instance of early development that could be cited than in the case of Dave of orators first elaborately prepared their speeches and committed them to memory. Morris, 17 years old and youngest son of John A. Morris, the
projector of the New York Jockey
Club. Master Dave is an expert with the
violin, and was at one time devoted to ams-Morris, 17 years old and youngteur photography, but when I met him the other morning on his way to his lawyer's office, he assumed all the dignity of a man of affairs. It was not long ago that he asked his father for a check for \$100,000, and, on explaining that he wished to study invest-

ments, he received it.

Now he diligently scans the money artieles of the great dailies, consults at the breakfast table with his father about Rock Island extension 4s and New York Central debentures, while his lawyer is instructed to keep him informed of gilt-edged applications for loans on bond and mortgage. Young Mr. Morris tells me that he has made but few mistakes, and his father believes that his indulgence will teach his son the value of money better than a long appren-ticeship in a banker's office.

HOW TO SERVE WINES.

Rules Covering the Classic Theory for the Dinner Hour. New York World.1

The classic theory of serving wines at a dinner is the following: Immediately after the soup dry white Marsala, sherry, Madeirs, dry Syracuse, etc.
With the fish dry white wines are also
served. With oysters Chablis is preferred.
With releves of butcher's meas and warm entrees red wines—Burgundy or Bordeaux.
With cold entrees and other cold pieces fine white wines are served.

With the roost come the fine Bordeaux or

champague wines, or both. With the entrements, champagne alone. With the dessert, liqueur wines, such as Frontignan, Lunel, Alicante, Malvoise, port, Tokay, Lacrima-Christi, etc.

The red wines ought to be drank at a temperature of about 55° Fahrenbeit. White wines should always be served cold. DEPEW ON ORATORY. dinners in the interest of church work.

The Great After-Pinner Talker Tells How He Gets Up Speeches.

SECRETOF W. H. SEWARD'S SUCCESS

An Instance of Roscoe Conkling's Remarkable Gift of Memory.

EFFECT OF HUMOR UPON AN ADDRESS

CONNERPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, February 1,-No other man

in America, and probably no man in the world, makes as many public speeches as Chauncey M. Depew. His great popularity pretty hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But though he did not strike his gait toward fame and fortune until he got as a speaker is due as much to the humor which he puts into his addresses as to the ideas which they contain and the oratorical effect with which they are delivered. The description which the preacher, Spurgeon, applied to Henry Ward Beecher would fit him: He is a myriad-minded man. It is as easy for him to make a speech as it is to carry on an ordinary conversation. The bright side of life is the one he looks on, and to that fact is due the unction of his words when on the rostrum. Few professional or business men have greater duties to perform. He is a rapid worker and a rapid thinker. Otherwise, he could never find time to talk in public. While he is working ideas are tumbling into his mind that reappear in his speeches and make people wonder where he gets hold of all the wonderiul things that he repeats to them. Your correspondent asked him for his ideas of oratory and orators. To the inquiry which opened the conversation, he re-

plied:
"Can any man with a good voice and the requisite intelligence become a successful public speaker? I answer, no. He must have a special gift. He may be a brilliant writer and have a fine voice and an excellent memory, and yet be unable to put things in a way to hold and interest an audience. I once knew a preacher who wrote admirable sermons and had one of the best stored and most logical minds. He subjected himself to the most frightful mortification in an indomitable effort to learn to speak extemporaneously, and, after trying for 25 years, informed me one night, after having an empty hall, that he thought he grew worse instead of better.

HOW HE PREPARES SPRECHES. "In talking with people who make good speeches, I find that the majority of them prepare their speeches very stowly. They take from three days to a week in making up each speech. In fact, I have known some of the most eminent men to take two and three months to prepare an oration However, as I speak nearly every day, if I undertook to do this I should have to abandon business altogether. As a rule, when I am to speak in the evening, I prepare my speech after leaving my office, which is anywhere from 4 to 6 o'clock. I make no notes except mental ones. My speech at the Holland dinner, for instance, was prepared after 6 o'clock. The next morning at 10 o'clock, after having ridden committee in Washington my argument in favor of New York as the location for the World's Fair in 1892. This argument was for 45 minutes at the reception given by Congressmen Flower and Belden to the World's Fair delegates, and gave no other thought to the speech that a speech was expected from me. My speech at the St. Nicholas dinner was perpared while on my way to it in a Fifth avenue stage, and in the hour before I was

called upon after I got there. HOW SEWARD PREPARED SPEECHES. "Having made a study of the methods of most of the great orators, I find that very few have ever permitted themselves to speak unless they had time to carefully prepare, revise and commit to memory their speeches. William H. Seward, who was the most finished and eloquent speaker of his period, told me that he never allowed himself to make a public address unless he had written it out and committed it to memory. "One reading, however, fastened it in his mind. I have no verbal memory myself, and I must either speak without notes or read my speech. Henry J. Raymond told me a story illustrative of Mr. Seward's methods. It was while Mr. Seward was Secretary of State in Johnson's cabinet. He was on his way from Washington to his home in Auburn, N. Y., and stopped at the Astor House. He sent to the Times office for Mr. Raymond, and requested him to have a man from the paper at Auburn to report a speech which he was to deliver there. The best reporter on the paper, of course, was sent. On arrival, the man could not find that any meeting had been advertised. He went to Mr. Seward's house. Mr. Seward told him to sit down, and then propeeded to dietate a speech. That speech was rewritten no less than six times. It was islivered to a few friends, and was the next day printed in every paper in the United States, and stands in Mr. Seward's works as the most polished and eloquent of his productions.

CONKLING'S WONDERFUL MEMORY. "Roscoe Conkling had a remarkable mem-ory. John C. Reid, managing editor of the New York Times, followed him with printed slips when he made his great speech occupy-ing four hours, at the Academy of Music, delivery was an admirable piece of acting. A local flavor and an extemporaneous ap-pearance were furnished by the interpolation of an account, also care ully rehearsed, of some recent incident at the place where the speech was delivered. This preparation made the speech of that period the classic of the school book. It is the rarest thing now to find the speeches of any of the orators of this generation in the books from which the future Clays and Websters are learning upon the academi stage, listening Senators to command. THE AFTER-DINNER ORATION.

The man who attempts to deliver a speech of a historical, commemorative or national character, should carefully prepare it in ad-vance. The man who is compelled to speak often upon a great variety of subjects and on occasions of widely diversified import-

ance should acquire the habit of being able

to draw at will and on short notice upon his entire knowledge of the subject in hand, or else he should abandon that branch of intellectual activity. A good deal of chaff and ridicule is cast upon the after-dinner orator, and the question is more or less playfully discussed whether the speaker talks best before or after dinner, or without any dinner. The dinner is in no sense any part of the inteldinner is in no sense any part of the intellectual exercise of the speaker except, if he
takes too much, it will clog the mind. But
the after-dinner platform is now the
only one in this country that allows
free and unrestrained discussion of
every character, which interests
the State, the Church and society. At the
Jackson and Lincoln anniversary banquets
the relition for the year as formulated. At of different denominations have monthly HUMOR IN A SPRECH.

"The after-dinner orator may, under cover of the special privileges and the hospitali-ties of the occasion, and with a slight infusion of humor as a sugar coat, speak his mind and ventilate his views and utter criticisms, and generally administer the truth in large doses as he would be permitted to do nowhere else. With an American audience no speech sticks unless there is some humor it. With an English audience humor creates a suspicion that the speaker may be chaffing or is insincere. The reason is that in one case the audience catches on, while in the other the humor may be so taken as to give a reverse impression from the one intended.

"My first speech was delivered at a Republican meeting in Peekskill, N. Y., my native place, a week after I had graduated from Yale. I had become a Bepublican on the slavery question at Yale. My father and his brothers and their entire families were Democrats. The change in one member of a family so pronounced and active in their political affiliations created great excitement in the town, and led my hard-headed Dutch father to say: 'If you have a promising son, of whose inture you expect to be proud, and you want to make a d—d fool of him, send him to a Yankee college." DEPEW'S FIRST SPEECH. "George William Curtis was announced

to speak at this meeting, but he failed to arrive. I was called out simply to give publicity to the fact that a convert had been made in our family. To my own sur-prise, and everybody else's, I spoke for an hour and a half. Two days afterward, the State Committee sent me a flattering proposal to go on the stump, and that was the beginning of what now promises to con-"The man who eats much or drinks much

cannot make a good speech. The old-time orator neither ate nor drank for hours before speaking. When Henry Ward Beecher was going to speak in the evening, he generally took a glass of milk and a piece of bread about 5 o'clock. FIZZ OF THE CHAMPAGNE.

"When I speak at a banquet, I eat the same as if I were at home, but I am careful about the wine. I drink only champagne and not much of that. The firs is a mild stimulant for me and accelerates the thoughts. The story that Daniel Webster could only make a great speech when full of brandy, and which is universally believed, has sent thousands of young lawyers and clergy-men to drunkards' graves. Very hard drinkers, after a time, can do nothing at all except under the influence of stimulants,

"My funny stories are made up from incideuts in my every-day life, with a change of characters and an invention of dialogue to fit whatever they are intended to illustrate."

but unless a man is a confirmed drunkard the more liquor he takes the muddler his

WOES OF THE DENTIST. Confiding Moment He Tells Some Secrets of His Office.

Boston Globe.1 "A man might as well be a hangman as a dentist, as far as expecting any gratitude for his services," remarked an aggrieved member of that unappreciated profession to a Globe reporter. "I have worked for hours over a back filling in a woman's mouth where I had to nearly dislocate my neck and tie my backbone into a bowknot, and at the end, if I ventured to straighten up with a sigh of relief, I have been rewarded with a stony glare of indignant

"A woman will stand more pain than a man, for a woman has an inborn instinct of showing herself to the best advantage," he continued. "A rubber dam or a mouth stretched to its utmost capacity are not conducive to personal beauty, and therefore a woman will not add the further disfigurement of lack of courage.

"I had rather a funny experience the other day with an old darkey who wanted a tooth pulled. His face was elaborately tied up in red flannel and his expression was the em-bodiment of woe. The tooth was a hard one yank he gave a prolonged howl and fairly shot himself through the open window, out on to the shed roof beneath. He rolled over this roof still howling, and finally dropped from it to the ground all doubled up like a black rubber ball. All this instead of hurting him served to help his case, for he picked himself up and walked off apparently sound in wind and limb and quite regardless of the fact that

he had not paid me. "I had a man once give me more than I wanted for pulling his tooth. He was a big, strapping fellow, and I thought the tooth would never come. The forceps slipped off three times, but the fourth time I clinched it. The man never moved or made a sound until the tooth came out, when he doubled up his fist and lauded a blow on my chest that slapped me up against the wall as a lump of putty. Then he took his hat and stalked out, without waiting to see whether I ever got my breath again or not.'

SOMETHING ABOUT NAMES. Remarkable Coincidences Recalled by the

Death of Adam Forepaugh. Philadelphia Inquirer.]

The death of Adam Forepaugh will recall masters of the ground and the Germans the frequency with which this city has supplied illustrations of the curious adaptation that the French were fairly vanquished.

As for the Anglo-Egyptian War, it is a of surnames to business occupation. The explanation usually found for such fitness is that a great many names were originally derived from occupations, and the number of such names is so great that, after all, it is not remarkable that some modern Smith should return to the occupation of the

founder of his family.

But that the bearer of the name Forepaugh and the owner of a menagerie should be combined in the same person cannot be explained in this way. Nor will it account for the equally striking adaptation of the nameto the profession of that famous Philadelphia physician, Dr. Philip Syng Physick. It does not explain how Prof. Hartshorne came to be a physician. The ex-President of Select Council, Mr. Lex. is a lawyer, as his father was before him, and the same name trans-lated from the Latin into English has been borne by another Philadelphia lawyer. The directory of any large city will furnish a great many similar instances, but not often where the persons have attained the prominence of those mentioned.

MRS, GREELEY'S PATIENCE.

An Instance in Which Placid Herace Pressed It Too Far.

New York Herald.] There are an endless number of stories hinging upon the peculiarities of the late Horace Greeley, most of them having to do with his permanship. But we know he made tapestries and eloths of this pennext to nothing of his home life and what Mrs. Greeley did with the great journalist. While living at Chappaqua, he formed the habit of taking guests home with him unexpectedly, and, as may superstitious old folks supposed he was superstitious. home with him unexpectedly, and, as may naturally be supposed, much to the aonoy-ance of his wife. Thackeray told with glee how he walked into the parlor after the placid Horace, and how the journalist tried to assure a pleasant welcome by greeting

his better half with an effusive smi He had no sooner dropped his hat on the center table than she picked it up and threw it out of the window, thus mildly expressing her disgust, Having eased her mind she saluted the distinguished guest with becoming gravity and all was well.

Insurance Against Cyclones.

t. Louis Post-Dispatch.] The recent cyclone caused a wild rush of The recent cyclone caused a wild rush of was very angry, but before he could get out people to insurance offices to have cyclone Gobelin gathered a guard of enthusiasts clauses inserted in their policies. Of course about him and secured himself from any clauses inserted in their policies. Of course insurance companies very readily granted the politics for the year are formulated. At the commercial banquets the merchants give expression to the condition of trade. At the various college reunion dinners the subject of education is brought before the whole country. In the great cities the ciergymen insurance companies very readily granted the request, as it means money for them. Now, for the new word. From this story which is clear profit. Storms like that of last Sunday seidom visit St. Louis, yet when they do come other people have gotten over the language, but it had its origin in the silly story that was told about the man who first made these tapestries.

PEACE OF EUROPE The Two Republics the Only Nations

Really Opposed to War. BUT NO ONE WILL STRIKE A BLOW.

The Danger Comes From Germany, but She

Has Too Many Enemies.

PRANCE WAS BETRAYED TO PRUSSIA

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There will be no war between France and Germany until the Teutons march again on Gauls, and, in my opinion, it will be the great German Empire that will bring on the horrors of war in Europe whenever that terrible event occurs. Spring always brings its rumors of war and this year the fate of nations is suspended by threads so fragile that the least breath may break them. A year or so ago the peace of Europe was linked to the fail-ing life of an old man; then next it depended on the flickering existence of a doomed invalid; and when he died power came to a young man, ardent and badly advised in most things. In my opinion there are two peoples in Europe and two only, who do not desire war, and these two are France and Switzerland. Two nations only, whatever may be the vivacity of political contentions, in their respective districts have absolute security for the morrow, and strangely enough those two are the only republics there are in the Old World. Everywhere else is uncertainty. England with her Irish struggles has lost her domestic peace, and what with Russia giving her disquietude in the East, the Government of Great Britain seems painfully anxious to go to war even if it be with the weakest power of Europe. Revolt is imminent at every point of her colonial Empire, and steam and steel ships have killed her

maritime superiority. The decadence has begun in England. Belgium, given up to religious quarrels, looks with torture toward the East whence comes the blustering threat of Germany. Holland hangs on the tragile life of an old man and a little child. Mutilated Denmark, with a dangerous conflict between Parliament and royalty, still weakens, knows not whether it ought to dread or desire alliances. Sweden, in conflict with Norway, remains silent. Spain, with empty treasury, ever placed between royalist in-surrection and republican pronunciamento, has one desire only, that of preserving peace and keeping her baby King on his throne.

GERMANY'S NAVY ENEMIES.

Germany, Austria and Italy, under pretext of an alliance for peace, make the nations fear. Of these Austria and Italy are passive, so that Germany is the all-im portant power. There remains Russia with her millions of soldiers. Perhaps the attack might come thence if she were ready. But Russia is weak financially, and Ger-many, knowing this, defends herself by trying to ruin the finances of Russia more than ever. For Germany, strong as she is, and ambitious as is her young Emperor, dreads war, she has so many enemies. Europe carries Germany upon her shoulders and the Empire is a heavy burden to bear. All the Empire is a heavy burden to bear. All Europe is exhausted in armaments, in military expenses, and it is the German Empire that compels each nation thus to arm itself. There is where the danger lies, and that day when, having succumbed to military impositions, unable longer to increase her forces, and beholding failure and decay approach, Germany, seeing herself too tightly pressed, may play her last trump card, but

may be for the year to come.

Apropos of this eternal problem that presents itself with each new year, it has often been said that by dint of perfecting weapons of combat and constantly increasing the destructive power of the engines of war, the to handle, and just as I gave it the final final result will be the slaying of war itself. It is possible, but not at all likely. The fact is that in our days that military virtue par excellence called courage counts for little in the success of battle; it is no longer courage which decides the victory. To sit upon a horse smoking a eigar never to receive a scratch and direct that cities shall be fired, populations driven to madness, old men and women and young children be buried under ruins, this is the generalship that will win future battles. It is called making war on a grand scale, and I should think that civilization would rise

up indignant and put a stop to it forever. FRANCE NOT SQUARELY BRATEN. Besides war is nearly always waged for some sordid purpose, and what makes it more to be despised is the shameful way in which victories are obtained. I do not think that France was fairly vanquished in her heroic struggle against the invading Prussians. She was betrayed and that most basely. Marshal Bazaine at Mets and Napoleon at Sedan, surrendered themselves voluntarily, abandoned everything and gave over into the hands of the enemy a force almost as great as the army to which they surrendered. Then the inex-plicable retreats when French forces were

matter of public notoriety that General Wolseley owed all his successes to the gold he scattered in the camp of Arabi Pasha. Knowing that the sending of bullets into the Egyptian camp would not help him, Wolseley sent Bank of England notes and

gold in boxes.

Every feeling of loyalty and honor is not extinguished in Europe, and I like to think that respect for justice is dominant in the consciences of men. I know that it is so with Frenchmen; and it is because I am so firmly convinced of French honor that I believe there will be no war in the springtime. The people of the Third Republic are not satisfied to have Alsace and Lorraine left as a part of the German Empire, but they are by no means desirous yet awhile of going to war to recapture those provinces.

HENRY HAYNIR GOBELIN TAPESTRY.

Little of it is Genuine-A Curious Bit of History. St. Louis Post-Dispatch. 1

Real gobelin tapestry is hard to find in the drygoods stores. Much is sold as gobelin tapestry that is not genuine. Gobelia has quite a history, and gave a new word to our vocabulary. A Flemish pairter named Gluck found a process for dyeing a beautiful and a very peculiar scarlet, and sold it to Giles Gobelin, who built a factory in France, where he made tapestries and cloths of this peculiar color. Everybody looked on him as a crank and his factory was always spoken aided by the devil. The devil was supposed to have taught him the art of dyeing scar-let on condition that at a certain time the devil was to have him.

When the time was up the devil came after him, and caught him going through a yard at night with a little piece of lighted candle in his hand. Gobelin begged for time, but the devil wouldn't let him have it. At last Gobelin requested his astanio majesty to wait until the bit of candle in his hand burned out and the devil consented. The wily old Gobelin, as soon as he got this concession, threw the candle into the well and pitched the divil in after it. The devil

further attacks.