THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG. SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1890.

TALKSOFSTATESMEN

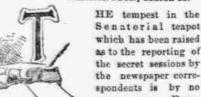
Some Easy for the Interviewer to Get, Others Not.

EDMUNDS' CHILLY POLICY.

Ingalls' Big Boom for a New England Soap Manufacturer.

A REPORTER WHO WORSTED BLAINE

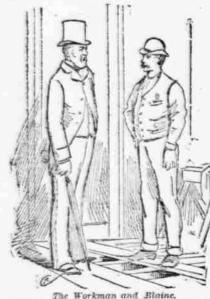
[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, March 15.



as to the reporting of the secret sessions by the newspaper correspondents is by no means new. Every year Edmunds, Harris. Wilson and other Senators make wild threats against their brothers who give out

the doings of the executive sessions to the reporters and the avenues of news are so many that the executive sessions are more fully reported than the open ones. About three-fourths of the Senators hold confidential relations with the leading newspaper correspondents, and every newspaper man in Washington has one or more men upon whom he can rely to give him accurate information as to anything before Congress.

Many Senators give out news without



seldom approached by any of the old correspondents. Young reporters now and then strempt to interview him, and he treats

TELLING THEM THEIR MISTAKE and asking for their address, saving that if they will give it he will send them a docu-ment that they may read to their advantage. he green reporter hereupon gives his card, and the next day he gets by mail a copy of the rules of the Senate with a blue pencil mark around the following paragraph:

"Any Senator or officer of the Senate who shall disclose the secret or confidential business or proceedings of the Senate shall be liable, if a Senator, to suffer expulsion from the body, if an officer, to dismissal from the service of the Senate and to punishment for

Senator Edmunds seldom submits to an interview upon any subject, though he sometimes dictates his views upon certain questions before the Senate, and when he the talk is always worth reading. He often gives information with the proviso that the matter shall not be used in interview shape, and he is in this respect much like a numher of his brother Senators. Ingalls often talks in this way, and his conversations sparkle with ideas graphically expressed. He is full of information, is up to the times on every subject, and if one can escape his ion to publish he is good for a column any hour of the day.

SHERMAN IS ACCESSIBLE.

Senator Sherman, though he is said to be "cold." is always ready to talk to a newspaper man. He answers all questions put to him, and gives interviews whenever he can. He will not say what he does not want to, and he is perfectly trank and open in his expressions. He sometimes dictates his replies to the interviewer, and he is accessible oth at the Senate and at his home. Leland Stanford is another very accessible

man, and he has as many ideas to the square inch as any other statesman in the country. His head is packed full of information of all sorts, and I have never heard a subject mentioned in his presence upon which he had not something new to say. He is not are always readable. Senator Allison talks readily, but he hedges so much in his state ments as to take the life out of them. He is too much of a diplomat, and he roosts on the fence.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, submits to an interview. I remember my first experience with him. I was correspondent for the Cleveland Leader, and I told him that I had been sent by its editor to ask him certain questions. He was sithis library when I made this remark, and he straightened himself up like a shot and shut his mouth like a clam as he chopped out the

NO MINCING OF WORDS.

"Well, young man, you may your questions, but I warn you I will not answer one word." I then told him that I did not expect to interview him by force and that if he had nothing to say there was no use in my asking questions. He then told me that he had de a resolution to publish everything that went from him into the papers over his own signature and begged my pardon for his seeming graffaces. He wanted me to stay

and look over the cartoons in Puck with him, but I thanked him and left. I find that the New England Senators are es a rule a raid to call their souls their own and the most snobbish man on the Sup Court bench is Justice Horace Gray. never submits to an interview and he told me once when I asked him some question about Supreme Court business that he thought the country would be better served by his attending to the business of the court than by saying what ought to be done as to its improvement. Not long ago a indy correspondent of Washington was preparing an article on the private libraries the Capital. She wrote to the leading statesmen who were known to have colltions of books and asked permission to call and see them.

JUSTICE GRAY'S REFUSAL.

From every man of prominence with the exception of Justice Gray she got a polite answer. Gray's coply was formal, almost to rudeness, and it stated that Justice Gray's library had been gathered together for other purposes, and that the public would be just as well served by not hearing anything as well served by not hearing anything watching its construction. Nicholas was about it. This is from the Justice of the

Supreme Court who went down the river with the President in an English hunting costume a month or so ago, and who, when I called upon him, received me in a silk velvet coat, patent leather pumps, a velvet ves

and light pantaloons.

Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, is not averse to an interview and he talks well.

Speaker Reed now and then gives a sentence or two to the correspondents, and McKinley is a good friend of the newspaper men. Joe Cannon is full of ideas, and he can grind out a column in an hour. Senator Hawley is very busy, but he is a newspaper man himself, and he will talk freely if you catch him at leisure. Wade Hampton never interviews, and the reporter who gets any-thing out of Joe Brown is a genius.

INTERVIEWED IN BED. Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, is al ways ready to give away a good thing when ways ready to give away a good thing when he has it. I remember once calling upon him about 8 o'clock in the evening. I was told to walk up to his bedroom, and I found him with his head on the pillow and the bed clothes well up to the neck of his frilled nightrown. He told me that he had had a hard day's work, and that he had gone to bed early to sleep himself fresh. He said that he could sleep at any time and that he was good for 12 hours or could get along with four as necessity demanded, and he gave me the information I desired while he

Frank Hiscock, of New York, is a poser. He seems to swell when he is asked for interview, and if he has not some ax of his own to grind he will say that he is very busy just now, but if you will call upon him to-morrow he will be able to tell you whether he can talk or not. Senator Joe Blackburn is a good man to interview, but a hard man to report. His language is so flowery that you lose the ideas if you are not careful, and he ought to be quoted just as he talks to do him justice. Voorhees is cautious, but he often tells a good story.

George Vest is sull of ideas. He is not

afraid to talk and he dictates an article as well as most correspondents can write it. He walks up and down as he dictates, and his words flow freely.

THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET. President Harrison has given no big in-terviews as yet. It is not considered etiknowing it, and an adroit interviewer is quette to ask him questions, and the ordinever at a loss for the facts in any case. Senator Edmunds' position in regard to ex-ecutive sessions is so well known that he is expressions on some subjects and Blaine has made one or two utterances since he became Secretary of State.

Speaking of Blaine and the newspapers, one of the best stories I ever heard in reand a number of the correspondents were chatting about public men and interviews. Smith D. Fry, of the St. Paul Globe, described Blaine's adventures with George Nicholas.

"Nicholas," said Fry, "was a reporter of the Chicago Times, which was during the the Chicago Times, which was during the days of Editor Storey a great friend of Blaine's. Blaine was in Chicago at the Blaine's. Blaine was in Chicago at the Store was the world accorrespondent in You would hardly find a correspondent in who would attempt to get an Grand Pacific Hotel, and Clint Snowden, the city editor, Sent Nicholas to interview him. As he entered the hour he saw Mr. Blaine go into the dining room arm in arm with a prominent politician of Chicago. He waited until they came out and saw Blaine go to the elevator and up to his

BLAINE WAS NOT IN.

Mr. Nicholas then sent up his card to Mr. Blaine. The boy returned immediately and said that Mr. Blaine was not in. Nicholas waited half an hour and sent up his card again. The same result. He waited another half hour and sent up another card, and still Mr. Blaine was not in. By this time he was rather angry, and seeing across the street an old Chicagoan who looked very much like Mr. Blaine it occurred to him that he would get even with Mr. Blaine by making this man personate him. Nicholas was a curious fellow. He stuttered in his speech and he was a good deal of a wag. He went over the patted this mai and said: "How do you do, Mr. Blaine?"
The man looked around and replied:
"What is it, Nick? What's the lay?"

Said Nicholas: "I have been sent out to interview Mr. Blaine, and as you look like Mr. Blaine I will interview you," and he thereupon began to ask questions. The man took the cue and be answered the interrogatories in a characteristic manner, saying just the things, however, that Blaine should not He referred in impolitic terms to

General Grant and criticised Garfield. THE PLUMED KNIGHT WAS MAD. Nicholas wrote up the interview and i was published in the Times. Blaine not iced it the next day when he was traveling somewhere in the central part of Wisconsin.

He was very angry and he telegraphed Mr. Storey that he had had no interview with any of his reporters and asked what he meant by such an outrageous misrepresenta-tion. Storey grew excited over the telegram. He called in Snowden and asked who had written that interview. "It was George Nicholas " replied the city editor.
" 'You must discharge him at once,' said Mr. Storey. 'The inerview never took place and I have just gotten this telegram Mr. Storey.

rom Senator Blaine. "Snowden went back to his office and moment later Nicholas came in.
""Well, Nicholas, you're fired,' said
Snowden. 'Blaine has telegraphed that he
had nothing to do with that interview and the old men says you've got to go.'
"Indeed,' said Nicholas. 'I to



Sherman is Accessible interview. It does not pretend to be a talk with Blaine but it expressly states that it is a talk with a man who looked like Blaine. and thereupon Nicholas told the story of how Blaine had illtreated him, how he had sent up his card three separate times and how Blaine had refused to receive him.

GOT A BAISE IN SALARY. "'That alters the matter,' said Mr Snowden, and he thereupon went in to Mr. Storey and the two looked over the article together and found it was as Nicholas had stated. Mr. Storey was very angry at the treatment of his reporter by Mr. Blaine when he had done so much for him, and he asked for Nicholas. When Nicholas came in he said: 'Mr. Nicholas, if you ever treat a public man that way again I'll discharge you, but for the present you may stay, and your salary will be \$40 instead of \$25 per week. Good day, Mr. Nicholas."

It was a short time after this that Nicholas came to Washington. He was engaged as a reporter on the National Republican, at the head of which was George P. Gorham, who hated Blaine and who was fighting him. Blaine's hatred of Gorbam was equally great, and Blaine would never have thought of giving an interview to the National Republican. He was building his house here then, and spent some hours of each day in

time when he went out to see his new house on Dupont Circle, and just as Blaine entere the front door Nicholas jumped down

THROUGH THE COAL HOLE and took off his coat, rumpled up his shirt and in a short time appeared before Blaine in the attire of a workman. Blaine is, you know, a very approachable man upon certain occasions, and Nicholas went up to him and

"Mr. Blaine, we workmen think som thing about politics as well as other people, and do you know that I have been greatly interested in your great career. I liked your speeches in Virginia, and as for this son-of



Inpalls Said He Was Ruined

a-gun who edits the National Republican and who is always denouncing you, we workmen don't think much of him." This was said in Nicholas' stuttering way and Blaine listened to him, sympathized with him in his effort to talk, and was evidently flattered by his appreciation. He replied to the workmen, telling him what he thought of the issues of the campaign, and drawn out by questions, gave a long discussion upon the matters which were of the most interest to the people at that time. As the talk went on, however, he thought his workman seemed to know a remarkable amount for a man of his position and suddenly stopped and asked:

By the way, young man, who are you? THE OPEN CONFESSION.

To say that Blaine was angry is unnecessary. Nicholas lett, however, before he expressed his wrath in action, and the next day a long and important interview appeared in the National Republican, in which Blaine's views were given to the peo-

Washington who would attempt to get an interview in this manner to-day, and the action of Nicholas would not be approved of by either editors or correspondents. The newspaper correspondents are as a rule fully as gentlemanly in the getting of their in-iormation as the most polite of the states-men, and there is not a man in the gallery who would betray a confidence or a secret. Most of them are close in the counsels of the public men, and not a few of them daily keep back information intrusted them in confidence which might make them money and which often might ruin the public mer who give it to them.

PUBLISH UNLESS FORBIDDEN.

The rule, however, in newspaper work is that a public man in giving an expression to a correspondent intends it for publica-tion unless he absolutely prohibits or re-quests the contrary. One of the funniest interviews of the past three years was that which was unconsciously given by Ingalis to Mr. Lewsley, then of the Washington Post, but now connected with the New York World. Mr. Lewsley was sent to interview Senator Ingalls on politics. Senator Ingalls did not want to talk, and he turned the conversation at every question that Lewsley put to the subject of When Lewsley asked him as to the pros pects of the party, Senator Ingalls remarked that Mr. Lewsley's beard needed trimming, and, "as a triend," told him "a gentleman could not go through life without shaving

himself at least once a day." "You should shave the first thing in the morning," said Ingalls. "You will want a cup of hot water, and as to the razor—"
Here Lewsley broke in: "But, Senator, I want to ask you as to the Presidental situ-

"I was speaking of the razor, Mr. Lewsley. I would advise you to get one of the Sheffield make, of a hollow blade and the lighter and smaller the better, and—"
"But, Senator Ingalls," interrupted
Lewsley, I want to talk to you about the

HE BOOMED THE SOAP.

"Ah, Mr. Lewsley, I forgot to speak about the soap. The finest soap you will find on the market is that made in New England by a man named blauk," and here Ingalls mentioned the name of one of the noted soap men of the United States and went on with a quarter of a column of eulogy in his usual linguistic pyrotechnics upon the finding he could not get what he wanted, lett, and having a certain amount of space to fill, he wrote up the interview on shaving, quoting Ingalls' words as they were uttered. The next day everybody in Washby the following week it was copied into nearly every paper in the United States. Senator Ingalls did not object to it until he saw it on one of the advertising pages of Harpers' Weekly. The shaving soap man had taken a picture or Senator Ingalls and had paid for a whole page of Harpers' Weekly for this and the interview advertis ing his soap. Mr. Lewsley bought Harpers' the day it came out and he had it in his pocket as, going up toward the Capitol, he met Senator Ingalis and said:
"Senator, there are some things in my

life of which I feel very proud and some for which I am sorry. I feel for once, how-ever, that I have done myself great credit, and I have never appreciated that fact as

just now," "How so?" said Senator Ingalls.

RAISED HIM TO GREATNESS. "I find I have been the humble means Senator, of making you truly famous, I have elevated you to the rank of Patti, Henry Ward Beecher, Lydia Pinkham, Harriet Hubbard Ayer and the other really great who find their place in the advertising

olumns of great newspapers."
"What do you mean?" said Ingalls. "I mean this," said Lewsley, and he thereupon handed the Senstor the paper. Ingalls screwed his double-spectacled eyes ose to the paper a moment without speak ing, and then he raised it up and said "Great heavens, Lewsley, you've ruined

"Oh, no, I think not," said Lewsley. "It is just as you gave it to me, is it not?"
"Yes, I believe it is," said Ingalls, "and there is no use in trying to lie out of it. I couldn't afford to enter the ring with a great professional liar like yourself. I will do one thing, however. I will prevent the re-appearance of that advertisement," and ereupon the Senator went to his room and telegraphed to the soap man that if he did not take that advertisement out of the paper he would be subject to a suit for damages. The result was that the advertisement wa FRANK G. CARPENTER.

No case of rheumatism can be so bad that Chamberlain's Pain Balm will not help it. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times the cost, which is 50 cents. WThsu

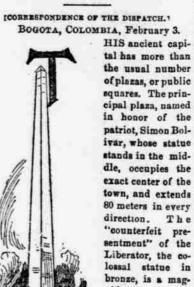
PLAZAS OF BOGOTA.

Statue of Simon Bolivar, the George Washington of Colombia.

HIS CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAS.

Babies Have a Hard Time Among the Poor Classes of the People.

COMPLAINT COMMON TO VISITORS



lossal statue in bronze, is a magnificent work. which was executed by the celebrated sculptor, Tenerami, and presented to Colombia (then New Grenada) by Senor Jose Ignacio Paris, a gentleman prom

inent in local politics, who at that time had the presidental ee buzzing loudly in his bonnet. The figure is attired in the alleged military costume which nobody on earth ever wore but statues, its trailing robe, some-thing like that which disfigures the marble

an elaborate cornice; and immediately below the cornice, in spacious niches over the side doors, stand colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul.

THE OTHER PUBLIC PARKS.

Not far away form Bolivar's statue is the plaza de las armas, 100 meters long, and traversed from east to west by the San Augustin river. On the northern bank is a pretty garden, of irregular shape because following the bends of the river; and on the opposite side, beyond another flowery space, stands the fine old church and former monastery of San Augustin. Besides its religious history which dates back nearly religious history, which dates back nearly three centuries, this church is memorable for having withstood a siege of three days' duration, in the revolution of 1861.

Scarcely second to this in historic interest is the Plaza de los Martires (the Martyrs) so named because within it have been exe-cuted many of Colombia's patriots, politicians, councillors, soldiers and statesmen, shot by the Spaniards during the bitter struggle for independence. Again and again has it been deluged with human blood -which perhaps accounts for the fact that grass and flowers seem to grow more rankly here than elsewhere. It has also been the scene of several auto de les, in those earlier days when Romish Inquisitors had power to burn alive those who dared to incur their displeasure.
In the center of the plaza a lofty obelisk

has been reared to the memory of "los Mar-tires." The cornerstone of the splendid monument was laid in 1872 by Dr. Manuel Murillo, then President of the Republic; but the work was not completed until as late as Trujillo's administration. The beautiful statues that adorn its sides are the work of the Italian artist, Zombardio.

Then there is the Plaza de la Capuchina, surrounded on three sides by the finest private residences, and flanked on the other by the College of Mercy and the ancient church of the Capuchina. Straight through the middle of this plaza runs a river, shaded on both banks by tall, ugly eucalyptus trees, said to be the first ever planted in Colombia -imported by the monks, whose favorite promenade was along this stream at the sun-

OUR LADY OF THE CLIFF.

Speaking of churches, one of the mos Speaking of churches, one of the most curious in Bogota is that which shelters "Our Lady of the Cliff." Like other intensely Catholic communities this has its miraculous Virgin, which corresponds to the Mexican Guadalupe, the French Lady of Londres, the Spanish Virgin de los Remedios, or any other of the numerous forms in which the Mother of Christ is said to have reproduced berself to man. "The "Lady" to have revealed herself to man. The "Lady of the Cliff" was discovered by an Indian



A VIEW OF SANTA PE DE ROGOTA.

caricature of poor Lincoln in the Capitol at | carved on the face of an almost inaccessible Washington, a cross between Roman toga, Spanish cloak and bed-sheet, adorned with elaborate embroidery. The head is uncov-ered, the right hand holds a rapier, and on the breast is a beauti ul medallion of George Washington, the Father of Republics.

Great Rollivar Colombia's first President who did so much toward shaping the destinies of South America, and in whose honor the Republic of Bolivia was named, was a genius in his day. The congress of the nations of the three Americas, which has lately been making the grand tour of the United States, was the outcome of an idea originated by him, as far back as the year 1821. At that time the several sections of Spanish America had just achieved their independence, and were for the most part organized into Republics, but on no sub-

CONFERENCE OF THE THREE AMERICAS. Bolivar urged the doctrine of "America for the Americans," and suggested a confereuce of all the American powers—North, South and Central—to be held at Panama, the middle point. The proposal found favor in the United States, but there was some hitch in the arrangements made to comply with the invitations. For one thing the place of meeting was ill-chosen, the climate of Panama, though not objectionable to the South and Central Americans who are ecustomed to it, being deadly to those from the far North. Two delegates were sent from the United States to that early con-gress; but one of them died on the way, and the other, owing to some delay in transit, found, on his arrival at Panama, that the conference had adjourned some days before. The idea did not die out, however, and

after President Garfield's inauguration it again took definite shape. One of Secretary Blaine's first acts was to issue invitations t Mexico and the Central and South American governments to meet in Washington. After Garfield's untimely death, Mr. Blaine's uccessor recalled the invitations; and the project again slumbered until a few weeks before the expiration of President Cleve-land's term, when Secretary Bayard presented the matter to Congress, the invita-tions were reissued, and the result we know. This historic space, which has rejoiced under various names during the last three centuries, and is now most commonly known as the "Plaza de la Constitution," has been the scene of many stirring events. From its breast has emanated the growth of art, science, religion and liberty. Most of the wars have begun and ended here. Here Quesada unfurled, for the first time, the lood-red banner of Spain above the symb of the Cross. During more than 200 years of viceregal rule it witnessed the workings of slavery, of the Inquisition, the stake and the scaffold. Here Bolivar unrolled the flag of treedom.

THE WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL. On another side of the same square is the great Cathedral, a wonderful structure as to isze, but not much to boast of in the line of architectural symmetry. It was begun shortly after the Episcopal See of Bogota was founded (in 1563, I believe); but its original builders did not seem to understand their business very well for the whole pile tumbled down, killing scores of people in its fall, on the very day it was to have been consecrated! About 30 years later the work was recommenced; and many alterations having been made at subsequent periods, by as many different architects from designs of their own, the building has a singularly mongrel flook. Its facade rests upon a basement of square, newn stones, slightly raised above the atri-Above the basement eight Doric pillars rise in a group, forming portals for the side The entrance to the great central door is between two fluted columns of the Ionic order. Above the first story runs

precipice away up in the mountains. With infinite labor and expense the solid rock upon which the miraculous carving appeared was cut away from the peak and carried to

The only Protestant place of worship in Bogota is the Scotch Presbyterian Mission house, which occupies a building that was originally constructed for a printing office. There are galleries along both sides and at the farther end are two very high windows. above the raised platform, which holds the reading desk and a rather squeaky harmonium. The services are mostly conducted in Spanish, for the benefit of native converts, of whom, I am told, there are a considerable number. And queer enough it sounds to hear the same old home-tunes, endeared by so many associations—"Rock of Ages," "Old Hundred," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," etc.—rendered with words of another tongue, and the Lord's prayer repeated by the congregation: Dar nos este die nuestro pan, "Give us this day our daily bread." Protestantism is protected in a measure, in common with all other forms of religion by the "Liberal" government. The more superstitious of the people have a horror of all religions save their own. A former missionary in Colombia relates ho

a poor woman came to him one day, weeping and evidently driven to desperation by the pangs of hunger, bringing her baby in her arms, which she offered to sell to him "for the service of the devil," she fully believing that the mission of the Presbyterians was to gather in souls to his Satanic Majesty.

BABIES DON'T COUNT FOR MUCH. The maternal instinct is by no means wanting; but among the more degraded the women have so many children and are so habitually hungry and hopeless that it is no wonder human instincts nearly die out of them. In some cases infants 'are utterly neglected and left to shift for soon as able to walk, to live or die, "assi Dios quere" (as God wills), as their parents would piously remark it questioned on the subject. An American gentleman tells me that he was riding one day in the suburbs when his horse accidentally ran over and killed a child that was lying asleep in the road, its dirty and naked brown body com-pletely hidden in the sand. Of course he was stricken with horror and remorse, and hunt-ing up the mother, gave her all the money he happened to have about him (amounting to about \$40), as a balm to assuage her grief. A few days later, riding along the same road, he saw ahead of him another child squatted in the sand in precisely the spot where the other was killed. Dismounting to investigate, he discovered that the little thing could not get out of the way being securely tied in a flat basket. He did not run over any more babies.

Throughout all Spanish-America the death of a child seems to be a matter of re-

joicing rather than of sorrow—the idea being that the little one, not having arrived at years of discretion, must be without sin, and therefore in no danger of the torments of purgatory; whereas, had it been permitted to live longer "quien sabe" (who knows) what might have been its eternal future? The small corpse is spoken of by all as otra angelita, "another little angel." It is dec-orated gaily with birds' wings, flowers and bits of gaudy paper, kept in the house as long as possible, often a great deal too long; and its interment is celebrated by lively music, followed by a feast for all con and sometimes dancing.

is promptly relieved by Chamberiain's Pain Balm, and many very bad cases have been cured by its continued use, 50 cents per bottle. THE severe pain incident to rheumatism

ENJOYING THE PLAY.

A Glimpse of Famous Men and Women in the New York Theaters.

MRS. CLEVELAND HIDES HERSELF.

Gen. Sherman Always on the Lockout for the Good-Looking Girls.

CONTRAST IN THE GOULD FAMILY

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, March 15 .- Men and wome: of national celebrity can be seen at almost any performance in the leading New York theaters, and it frequently happens that opera glasses are leveled quite as much at the occupants of some particular box or seats as at the stage itself. The presence of well-known people at a playhouse is sure to be a drawing card, and shrewd managers make use of such a fact for advertising purposes every time. Their attendance at s 'first night" is especially desirable, and it not infrequently happens at such a time that every box in the house is given gratuitously to celebrities.

Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland always occupy a box at the theater. Both are fond principal playhouses. Mr. Cleveland has of his daughter. no special preference for a box seat, and would probably prefer an orchestra chair to show his Democratic spirit, but he is altogether too big and fat to occupy one with comfort. With Mrs. Cleveland the case is different. She resents the gaze of a crowd, and although more conspicuous in a box, she is also more remote from the people who scrutinize her as they would a freak in a dime museum. Every theatrical manager in the city knows that she has refused to in the city knows that she has refused to attend performances altogether rather than sit in the body of the house. She gives indisputable evidence of her feelings by turning her back squarely upon the audience. Mr. Cleveland always sits behind his wife in an inconspicuous position. He leans back in his chair and pays close attention to the performance. He is chary of his applicable that considerable clark his bands. applause, but occasionally claps his hands in a perfunctory way. Between acts he de-votes himself to the ladies of his party— there are usually one or two besides Mrs. Cleveland-but at the same time he finds ar occasional opportunity to survey the audience through his opera glasses. He performs this feat from a position where but few can see him. He and Mrs. Cleveland still receive more attention at the theater than anybody else in New York.

SHERMAN PARTIAL TO BEAUTY. That grizzled old warrior, General Sherman, is an enthusiastic spectator of theatri-cal performances. He has the entree to cal performances. He has the entree to every theater in the city. He likes a seat well-down in front, for his eyesight and hearing are not as good as they were when he marched through Georgia. An expression of solid satisfaction and hearty enjoyment fills his face as he watches the show. He is a good listener, and follows closely the unfolding of the plot. For the good-looking girls of the company, too, he has an looking girls of the company, too, he has an appreciative eye. Nothing delights him more than to be taken back of the scenesand be introduced to some performer who has caught his fancy. In his applause he is generous. He always appears in evening dress, and his well-known rugged face, prominent nose and closely-cropped white beard look much more tamiliar in a swallow-tailed coat in these days than if gold braid and evaulettes were beneath them.

Jay Gould always sits in a box, and takes an upper one if he can get it. He is by no means a constant theater-goer. He is even more retiring than Mr. Cleveland, and rarely He never applauds, but occasionally becomes so interested in the play as to emerge from his place of concealment and crane his neck over the edge of the box. When the exciting scene or striking tableau is over he seems to become suddenly aware of his conspicuous position, and quickly sinks into

NOT QUITE SO RETIRING. Young George Gould is not so eager fo concealment as his father. He sits boldly in the front of the box, with his face in full view of the audience, or stands behind his wife, leaning back of her chair. He pays strict attention to the stage, however, as it is characteristic of the Gould family to always get the worth of their money. At the comedy touches he laughs heartily, but never applauds. He likes to look at the audience, and frequently divides his atten-

tion between it and his party when the curtain is down. Mrs. Edith Kingdon Gould is directly the apposite of Mrs. Cleveland so far as object on to public scrutiny is concerned one of a theater party she invariably sits in most conspicuous sent in the box. Whether unconsciously or not, she also sits in a position from which she can see the stage and the audience can also see her face. She cannot the called an enthusiastic spec tator, but seems to be studying the technical work of the players more than listen-ing to the play, a fact probably due to the influence of her past career. She engages in frequent conversation with her husband during the performance, and usually has a smile for every word he speaks.

OCHILTREE AND HIS FRIENDS. Colonel Tom Ochiltree is a good listener. He extracts rare enjoyment from a clever performance, and he finds better ones in New York than he ever saw in Texas. He is always ready to lend a helping hand as regards applause, and between acts likes to wander in the lobby and talk with friends. Usually he can't take two steps without meeting any number of them. Colonel John R. Fellows, who didn't con-

vict the boodlers, likes a good minstrel show better than anything else in the show line. Merry Marshall P. Wilder is not like the majority of professionals when is the role of spectators. He goes to the theater to enjoy himself, and it is a cold day when he sails to do so, be the play good or bad. He never studies the acting or dissects the drama. At the thrilling passages he looks like a wondering schoolboy, and at the funny nes he leans back in his chair and emits true Wilderian laugh. He is generous with his applause, and will help along an encore to the best of his ability.

Mrs. Kendal has been a frequent attend-

ant at the metropolitan theaters since her American tour began. She steals away to a mutinee whenever she can do so, and although, of course, she is studying the art dramatic of this country, she apparently obtains hearty enjoyment in doing so. She is a sympathetic listener, and never lets a good point pass without applauding it. DEPEW'S MERRY TWINKLE.

Chauncey M. Depew listens during the play and does his talking between acts. Often-times when his face is sternest he is keenly appreciating some clever or humorous hit, and it would require a close observer to detect the merry twinkle in his eyes. When he claps his hands he does so with a vim. Mayor Grant is a great admirer of comedy. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is a Shakespearian "crank," and never fails to attend a good production of any of Shakes-peare's plays. He is an authority on the subject himself, and those who have beard him wax eloquent over the great dramatist have enjoyed one of the rarest of treats, a Shakespeare is one of the few subjects of which the famous agnostic never tires. At the theater he keeps up a steady fire of criti-cism, observation and wit, quite as interesting to those with him as the play itself. Mrs. Frank Leslie and Ella Wheeler Wilcox are vivacious and interesting as well as interested spectators. The latter becomes especially enthusiastic over a clever touch or thrilling climax.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

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CHAPTER XIX. A HAPPY MARRIAGE IN JUDEA.

There was merriment in the house of Malachi. The people of Bethany were once meaning of thy thought." again wending their ways to his now notorious door. Ready to forget a scandal for a feast and to forgive an unpleasant reputation for a frolic, the neighbors collected one bright winter day, and salaamed across the Pharisee's threshold politely in gala clothes. of the drama and are frequently seen at The occasion was no less than the marriage

It was a question of much local interest when or how Ariella and Baruch had effected the preliminaries to this event. Their betrothal which was a solemn affair, by the hand, before all the world; he gazed upon spiritual beauty, intoxicated. What according to the customs of their people, had taken place scarcely six weeks before the marriage day; Malachi had surrendered to the situation by the hardest persuasion; but he had surrendered thoroughly. Malachi was a shrewd fellow, who took no long time to perceive the pit of unpopularity to which he had dropped. Something must be done to retrieve himself among his neighbors and acquaintances. Why his very rentals had begun to decline! Gossip gave him the name of a hard man; and tenants were airaid of him. This would clearly never do. Malachi consulted what



[Continued From Last Sunday.]

ghosts. This wedding seemeth to me like the rising rom the dead."
"It seemeth to me as happy as a resurrec-

The pleasant tumult, the laughter and jesting, song, music, dance and feasting circled about Baruch like the movement of fays, or beautiful witches or beings of another race. He found it to be confusing to become akin to his kind, by all this commonplace fescivity. It made him silent, like a spectator. Yet, perhaps, Baruch liked it all well enough, in his own way. The goodliest saint has a throb of pleasure in finding himself forced to share in human merriment like other people. Baruch looked on with a remote smile. He heard the quick, soft breath of Ariella. He took her

eye that was used to seeing could look woon a bride like that? As one stirreth in a vision, Baruch Led her from her father's house. The procession



LAZARUS DEFIES THE HIGH PRIEST.

he called his own soul, kept his counsel, | formed in swift, bright links to bear her confided in nobody, admitted nothing, but away. The home of his mother would reagainst the growing intimacy of his daughter ceive the bridegroom and bride. Chaplets and Baruch, to the amazement of Haguar, he of myrtle crowned the heads of the bridal offered no protest. In fact he seemed to see party. All the flowers that the season would or know as little as possible of the love yield were showered before their happy feet. affair, treating it with a cold indifference Persumes filled the air. Timbrels sounded which would have wounded to the quick a daughter whose affection he had ever chosen to cultivate. When Hagaar timidly an-nounced one night that Baruch had formal-to the top of poles. These flickered gently

ly made request for the hand of Ariella, her tather scornfully replied: "The girl is naught but a nuisance about the house since all this sorcerer's business hath set her against her own flesh and blood. Let her marry the beggar if she will. I shall only be too glad to be rid of her."

It was more difficult to say when the lovers themselves had reached the definite mile stone of marriage in their vague and somewhat nerial courtship. Tormenting and blessing each other by turns of devotion and withdrawal, they had at last come to the limit of a kind of spiritual caprice—who could tell how? They themselves, perhaps, least of all. Fate had led them by strange ways into the common human circumstance of fortunate love. Marriage, for so long impossible, nay, the inconceivable in their afflicted lives, was the last thing to make itself practicable, nay, the last, perhaps, to make itself necessary to their new and happy The possession of the simplest human faculties-the unregarded preciousness of sight, the unestimated mercy of the power of locomotion-treasure so usual that other loving men and women noted it not-this

was paradise enough at first for Baruch and Ariella.

The thrill of health, the delirium of vision, the late sweet conscionsness of having become like other of God's creatures, here was the fruit upon the tree of life. Slowly they came to the knowledge of the good and the evil in unshared experience. They arrived at the necessity of uniting their blessedness, by those almost unapparent stages which sometimes make the period of courtship as delicate and fair as the prism in an opal, and sometimes crowd it with sharp pangs and perils that go too far to destroy

its delight. At any rate, however, they did it; they came to the old familiar turn in the winding road of love, and, insensibly, as one foot follows another in a long march, they passed with extraordinary sensitiveness into ordi-

nary happiness. The wedding of Ariella was a great event in the hamlet of Bethany. Her father un-expectedly developed a stubborn vanity in the matter, and insisted on as much show as possible; partly, Hagaar suspected, as a taunt to the proverty of the bridegroom, who naturally, poor tellow, had not so much as a trade yet, to show for himself; though he had prospective opportunities to acquire the delicate handicraft of constructing musical instruments; for which both his taste and his refined fingers were well adapted. But at all events Ariella was

eremoniously married. The girl bore herself through the gayeties of the evening like a white flower, still and sweet. There was something singular about er beauty, which seemed less bridal than ner beauty, which seemed less bridge that take celestial to look upon. The rudest eye re-garded the pale, slight, serious bride with reverence; and the rudest tongue—which alas, sometimes gave itself freedom at the weddings of those times—was bridled before

shrilly. Sweet singers chanted love songs. The light-hearers bore brazen and carven upon laughing faces and rich robes, and the wavering outline of dancing figures.

"Impossible," thought Ariella, "that this bride is I." It seemed to her every moment as if she should make a misstep-stumble-and fall back on that bed of misery, that nine years' old grave, and lie there helpless, hopeless, aching, and start and sob because she had waked out of such a

pretty dream. "Impossible," said Baruch, "that this en-raptured man is I." He looked at Ariella. Her long, fair hair flowed like sunlight down her shoulders; it rippled in the light breeze, like a brook. Her veil was of silverwhite tissue, half transparent and shining. Her delicate throat was visible. A chain of gold encircled it. The chain stirred with the heaving of her breast. Her hands and white arms trembled. Barneh said to himself: "I shall turn my head and darkness will blot it all out. The vision will shatter before me. I shall strain my sightless eye balls till they burn into my brain. I shall move in blackness. I shall be guided of a

lad upon a solitary way." But when he saw the lad Enoch verily standing upon his valuable head, in a prominent place at the front of the procession, and wearing his chaplet of myrtle upon one wagging foot, Baruch concluded his situa-tion possessed the elements of reality. He recovered himself and crushed the hand of Ariella, like any common bridegroom, and was only uncommon in this, that he blessed God because of his earthly joy, and remembered that it was of heaven.

In the bliss of Ariella and Baruch there was one sturdy disappointment. First in their thought had been the great benefactor o their afflicted and blessed lives. To welcome him among the marriage guests would have added the last throb to delight and the last prayer to the sacredness of the hour. His benediction would have brought their joy to its highest and most solemn level. The rabbi might even have married them, Ariella thought. But the rabbi was not to be found. He was traveling in distant vil-lages, tollowed by blessing and malediction, by trust and suspicion, by adoration and enmity, by a few faith ul frieuds and a fickle crowd; by the scorn of the socially influential, the espoinage and hatred of ecclesiastics, by the loving tears and smiles of the poor, the sick, the crippled, unlucky, unhappy, of the outcasts, erring, and de spised of men.

The rabbi was about what he called his Father's business. These were strange words to the followers who so blindly loved, but so darkly comprehended that mystical life. Perhaps few were constituted so as to have understood them better than these two young people, whose experience of suffering had refined both the imagination and the spiritual vision necessary to the case. Yes their conception of it was vague and poor enough. As one looks back upon that sublime history, the most touching thing about it seems to be the heart-breaking soli-

her.

"Verily," said Martha, the widow of Simon the Leper, "the marriage of those twain is like unto the marriage of two riage festivity of Ariella and Baruch was