SOME OF THE PRETTY LADIES THERE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, April 26 .- The Academy picture show is always abused, but it is AN INTERESTING COUPLE. nevertheless the one everybody goes to see. You must always see it, if it is only to know how bad it is. That is at least the view of many artists. With the Philistine world, the Academy is the Academy, and consequently of more importance than any other exhibition. In the opening of the Academy various different sets of people are to be seen on various days. First is varnishing day. That used to be frequently one and the same as press day, but last year the press, in its own expressive language, got up on its ear because they were only given half of varnishing day and the whole place was full all the time of painters and ladders, and painters with varnish pots, and painters showing their things to each other. The press considered it did not have half a show; and it howled. unreservedly at auction and afterward be-take himself to Chicago, which, by the way, is his native place.
As I stood under Chase's portrait of W.

howled. Press howlings are extremely apt to be effective in New York, so this year the varnishing took place in seclusion and the press had the whole place to itself for a every time I see it."

The last person I saw that I knew by sight as I left the reception was Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, just going in. She is being toasted about the studios so much, that what with that and having her portrait painted by Sargent, she has developed quite an interest in art. She was very prettily dressed, with a dark jacket and walking hat, but she was much made up under a dotted veil. They say she always, is and that that is the only disreputable thing

THE VIEWERS ON SUNDAY. The first Sunday after the academy is opened is apt to see a few choice spirits wan-dering around there that are not apt to be visible at other times. These are artists who are big enough to have ordinary rules sus-pended for them, and who like publicity so little that they prefer this way of seeing the exhibition to even the family gathering on Varnishing Day. Chief among these are George Inness and John La Farge. La Farge has a beautiful show all his

own going on now, but he takes an interest always in the state of the academy, even when he thinks that state pretty bad. He likes to go around and look at the pictures when there is nobody by to ask him what he thinks of them. He is not pic-turesque in his dress like most of the Academicians of his day and generation, but is always as correctly good form as a bank president. He looks like a nice mixture of bank president, poet and college professor. Inness still looks the Western man he is, and when he speaks you'd know his origin, whether he looked it or not

TREES THAT MAKE MUSIC. one Species That Whistles and Another That Plays Like a Flute.

ew York Ledger.] Accounts of reliable travelers describe a musical tree, found both in the West Indies and in Nubia. This vegetable phenomenon has a peculiar-shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. As the wind blows through these it gives out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In the Sarhadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the wind blows across the island, a constant mouning, deep-toned whistle is heard, which, in the still hours of the night, has a weird and mournful effect. A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan, is also called "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvæ of insects, distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from one

nearly equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute. A FAD OF YALE JUNIORS. Tabs of Shirt Bosoms Forciby Obtained and

Nailed to a Tree.

by the wind, becomes a musical instrument

ew Vork Sun. 1 A novel fad has recently taken possession of the Yale juniors, and is causing much amusement about the college. Every afternoon and evening the members of the three upper classes gather round their respective portions of the new fence in front of Durfee. and here it is that the juniors practice their new trick. As a new man strolls up to join a group of classmates, he is suddenly pounced upon, his vest is unbuttoned, and, in spite of his struggles, the tab on the bottom of his shirt bosom is cut off. This trophy is then tacked up on an elm, where are some 50 or more similar ones. The custom is peculiarly a junior one, and the members of the other classes look on and cheer while the struggle is in process. As many of the tabs so taken have the owner's initials embroidered upon them, they are easily recognizable as they hang upon the elm, and among them can be seen tabs once

HIS SHIRT WAS NUMBERED. The Insignificant Clew That Led to the Idea. tification of a Drowned Man. New York Times.]

It doesn't seem possible that a man could be identified by a number printed on his shirt, and yet that was what happened in the case of a young man found drowned in Brooklyn a few days ago. There was nothing on his person to lead to a discovery of his identity until an officer noticed on the

The manufacturer was called up on a elephone and asked if he could tell who had bought a shirt with that number on it. and, by referring to his book, he discovered that such a shirt had been made for John Robinson over a year before, Robinson's residence it was learned that he was missing, and a member of the family quickly identified the dead body.

THE POETS AND LABOR.

Two Hundred Contestants for a Prize Al Take a Pessimistic View. Corrent Literature.]

The French Academy gives a prize of 4,000 france every year for the best verses upon whatever subject it may select; at the close of 1889 the assigned theme was labor but of the 200 poets who entered the contest not one cousidered labor in any other light than that of pessimism; they all dwelt upon its pains, its hardships, its drudgery and its miseries, without once touching upon its benefits, its duties or its saving influences.

Current Literature.)

Limits Beyond Which Officers of the

Peace Dare Not Go.

Privileges of the Private Citizen in Detaining Offenders.

RIGHTS OF THE CRIMINAL CLASSES

Our liberty depends and rests not simply on force of arms, not on logic, not on anything short of our own sentiment and the will of the rest of us who are governed. Thus it is that we prefer government to anarchy, and government, being the outcome and production of the people, is necessarily for the good of the people, and has two main ele-ments-power and liberty-for without power there is no protection, and without liberty there is nothing to protect.

in its usual acceptation on the floor of Congress or in the committee room, while our legislators are regulating the best interests of our industries. It weakens the strong, it strengthens the weak. It is truly the bulwark of our social existence; by it rights are enforced, wrongs redressed and crimes prosecuted and punished by judicial rather than by lynch means. In order to comply with this view, it has always been the tendency of the law not to permit of an arrest, or the restriction of the liberty of a citizen, without a process of court. It often hap-pens, however, in practice, particularly in large cities, many arrests are made on sus-picion which could not be sustained under a babeas corpus proceeding, but often turning out to be so well founded that THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

For the most part, it is optional with the accused whether or not to submit to this preliminary investigation. He can demand it or waive it; if he waives it, the prosecurest and prosecution for the same offense, as such examination does not submit the ac-

AFTER A TRUE BILL IS FOUND. If the grand jury finds a "true bill" against the accused, he is then arraigned and necessitated to plead to the charge contained in the indictment. If the plea is guilty, the prisoner may be sentenced without further then the judge is required to look into the motive and circumstances surrounding the accused at the time. The other principal plea is "not guilty," in which event a trial is necessary; and when entered, the burden of proof rests on the prosecution to show the contrary beyond a reasonable doubt, or it will be the sworn duty of the petit jury to sustain his plea of "not guilty"

abused, if we except alone improper ar-rests, than that which regulates the committing magistrate. A warrant should not issue on information and belief when positive testimony is obtainable; nor will mere hearsay suffice, even though it is alleged that the accused will escape before a positive affidavit can be got. A warrant signed by a justice in blank, and filled out in his absence by a police officer, will not justify the arrest of the person whose name is thus inserted in it; the magistrate himself, not his clerk, must take the affidavit. It is in the information that irregularities, for the most part, arise in justice court; the warrant itself for the most part is copied literally from the statute, specifying the offense, the authority under which it is issued, the person who is to execute it and the person to be arrested.

FORCE IN MAKING ARRESTS. It has long been settled that an arrest may be legally effected without force, or even the manual touching of the body. The rule is that the officer shall make the arrest peace ably and without violence if he can; but if resisted, he may use sufficient force to effect his purpose. It is not justifiable to strike the prisoner except in self-defense. How-ever, if the officer acts in good faith and without ill-will or malice, the amount of force necessary is left to his own judgment. If his prisoner is very refractory, threatens him and endangers his life, he may even kill him where no other course is open, but to suffer his escape. If admittance is re-fused on demand he may break open the outer door of a house either in the day or night time. He must disclose his errand however, before breaking the door, and, is requested, exhibit his warrant, although is he regist before the officer can produce his warrant the latter can secure his arrest first. If the officer, in a case of felony, faisely claims to have a warrant and is not necessiand not be guilty of using excessive vio-lence. However, even in this case, and where the accused person is decoyed within the jurisdiction and arrested, or forcibly taken there, although the arrest may be il-legal, the prisoner will not be discharged on habeas corpus proceedings, but will be left to his remedy by action for damages against

mitted to punishment or damages where the procurement of the warrant is possible, as in attempted. At common law, in fact, the law is such to-day if the officer refuses to make an arrest when the offense is committed in his presence, he is liable to indictment on account of his negligence.

ARRESTING WITHOUT WARRANTS. In cases of felony an officer may arrest without warrant upon information based on reliable authority; but mere suspicion without some facts or circumstances to rest on is not enough; and even then such suspicion or believe, however well founded, will not justify an arrest if the crime charged be a misdemeanor only. Wherever and whenever an officer makes an arrest for a breach of the

Drunken and disorderly persons ragrants may be arrested on view and without process by virtue of statutes passed to promote peace and morality; and in many cases the same rule has been held to apply where a city ordinance has been violated in

the presence of an officer. An offender against the liquor license law or the Sunday law cannot be arrested without a warrant after his offense has been committed. When the prisoner has been discharged on recognizance the officer cannot rearrest him without a new warrant; but if he escapes while under arrest no warrant is necessary, and he can even, if necessary, break open the doors of his house to rearrest him. WHERE A WARRANT IS NECESSARY.

WHEN PRIVATE PERSONS CAN ARREST. The majority of authorities agree that there can be no arrest for a misdemeanor without a warrant, unless it amounts to a breach of the peace. A private person, too, is justified in making an arrest without a warrant in cases of felony or very grave mis-demeanors. In fact, his powers do not fall far short of those of the officer. A private person may prevent the commission of a orime on the same ground that an officer may do so, and if he is killed intentionally while so doing, it is murder. But it is well settled that a private person cannot arrest another a market. another on mere surmise or suspicion, let it be ever so well grounded. It is not his duty to arrest a supposed felon-only one who

offends on view.

The law is not a "pool box," where favorites are played. The law preservers are as equally amenable to it as the criminal they seek if they overreach the limits confined to seek if they overreach the limits confined to them. It merely calls for a decent consider-ation of each case on its merits and a recog-nition of the general good intention and real efficiency of the police. Their functions are difficult and dangerous. The criminal is always ahead of the society he preys on, and the officers too often have to make "a stern chase, which is a long chase," to eatch him. T. J. FITZGERALL.

CARRIED A PLOW A MILE.

The Feats of a Maine Man Who is Yet Something of a Prodigy.

Lewiston Journal. Mr. Davis Mosher, who lives about a mile from the Twelve Corners, is the oldest man but one in the town of Fayette. He is almost 88 years of age. He has been in his day a man of great physical strength and extraordinary powers of endurance. He once carried on his shoulders a large, old-fashioned, breaking-up plow, from Mr. John Crane's, near Moose Hill, to his own home, a distance of a mile, across lots, over fences and among bushes and rocks. From the same place and over the same route he carried two bushels and four quarts of shelled corn. When he was 83 years old he did the chores morning and evening, walked across the pond to the Perkins place and cut, split and niled a cord of wood in a day for Mr.

NEW WAY OF SAYING IT. When One Has a Dead Sure Thing He Has

the Hilton Cinch. St. Louis Republic, 1 "The Hilton circh" is the latest slang

phrase for a dead sure thing, and has grown out of the recent publication of the way Judge Hilton manipulated the Stewart estates to his own advantage. It has replaced the "lead pipe cinch" in vogue some time ago, which referred to the plumber who, while traveling on East River ferry, fell overboard with a coil of lead pipe around his body. The "lead pipe cinch" was too auch for him, and he never came up again.

What Dixle Got From the North Washington Star. I

It is an interesting point in American sistory if, as stated, the Confederate gray uniform was borrowed from the First Virginia Regiment, which borrowed it from the Seventh New York Regiment. The Confederate song, "Dixie," was of Northern authorship. Some historians aver that the South adopted the doctrine of secession from New England.

Agglast Thirteen at Table. W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living," has started a bureau in London where men who have no engagements for an evening may register themselves as "disengaged diners," and there may be sought by hostesses who have invited 14, but whom an ear of having 13 at table.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Aver's Sarsaparilla - the best of all slood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

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THE BEST CIGARS.

A Tobacco Expert's Discussion for the Benefit of Smokers.

LARGELY A MATTER OF TASTE.

of Their Boyhood. CHOICE ROLLS FROM HAVANA LEAF

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) We made in this country, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, no less than 3,-668,162,486 cigars, and of this number nearly one-third were made in New York city, and about one-fourth in the State of Pennsylvania, and of these nearly two-thirds in New York and seven-eighths in Pennsyl-▼ nia were common eigars, made by cheap labor, to a great extent, of domestic tobacco, to sell at 5 cents or less apiece. On the other hand, the remaining third of the New York city product may be broadly stated as being made of a fine grade of imported Havana leaf, by Cuban or Spanish workmen, and resulting in a product of which a fair proportion is equal to the finest eigars of the

finest factories of Cuba, or the world. The gist of these latter remarks may also be applied to the product of Key West and Tampa, where, under the same conditions, aided by climatic influences, a grade of cigars is turned out quite equal to any imporsed stock, while the bulk of the product may be generally classed as far above the

domestic in quality.

Quality! That brings us to the query, "What constitutes a good eigar?" And it is an awkward question to do justice to, for the simple reason that every man thinks he knows a good eigur; and every man, yes, even among experts, differs in opinion as to what this term implies. The City of New York is cosmopolitan, and contains its mili-ionaires who prefer stogies and 5-centers, and men with a more than limited incom who will smoke but one cigar a day, and

that one a fine clear Havana.

THE GOOD 5-CENT CIGAR. To begin with, the good 5-cent cigar is made in a clean, wholesome factory, by good workmen, of sound leaf. The filler, or inside, is generally of Pennsylvania leaf, sometimes in long pieces, known as "long-filler goods;" sometimes in short pieces, known as "scrap," surrounded and held to-gether by a "binder," to hold it together, this binder being composed of Pennsylvania or Connecticut leat, and the two combined forming a "bunch," which is placed in a "mold" and pressed into the desired shape before going into the roller's hands. Many of these bunches are now made by machinery, but only four years ago they were made exclusively by hand, principally by

girls.

When duly pressed these "bunches" are covered by the "roller"—the man or woman who puts on the wrapper, with a leaf of Sumatra, Connecticut broad leaf, Housa-tonic, or some of the domestic grown varieties which supply the leaves of the finest texture, the quality and appearance varying very much with the season. Some of this grade cigars contain "a sprig of Havana" leaf, and others are made of inferior Havana leaf throughout. The bulk of the better class of 5-cent goods are covered with Sumatra leaf (which, by the way, is never used for "filler"), not because it is the bes leaf for the purpose—which it is not—but because it is the most pleasing to the eye, and cigars are sold by their appearance in this country, as will be treated upon later. This comprises the good 5-cent cigar, which is sold by the manufacturer at prices varying from \$25 to \$40 per thousand, according

to size and quantity of extra fine wrapper employed in its production. THE COMING 10-CENT ARTICLE. The good 10-cent cigar opens up a wide smokers are so various. The coming 10cent cigar of the day is undoubtedly the cigar made with a good grade of Havana tobacco covered with a very fine Sumatra wrapper. A cigar so made is very handsome, bright and glossy in its covering, and a mild, sweet smelling smoke. The domestie wrapper, even at its best, will look dull and heavy beside it, and the eye of the smoker is pleased with it, and the outline bestowed upon it by the fine workman, generally a Cuban, ployed in making it solely and exclusively by hand. Another cogent reason is found in the fact that this wrapper, in combination with a well-manipulated Havana filler, makes a cigar of which a man can smoke an almost unnumber without experiencing the heaviness that the same amount of eigars matter of fact, although a number of them are still made of domestic leaf, the great bulk of the 10-cent cigars are dependent for their quality upon the Havana tobacco used for fillers, and a well-known brand of

domestic cheroots have obtained their wide popularity by reason of the skillful combistion of Havana with the Pennsylvania leat used for their fillers. Domestic leaf is worth from 40 cents per pound down to any price, even 5 cents per pound; but Havana tobacco will cost from 50 cents to \$1, and, with the duty averaged

at 50 cents per pound, may be said to cost \$1 50 per pound. FIVE DISTINCT DISTRICTS.

The Vuelta is the highest grade, growing on that portion of the west of the island known as the Vuelta Abajo district, and possessing a peculiarly distinctive fragrance and flavor, which no other tobacco possesses no art can reproduce or duplicate, and no skill has yet been found that can produce the same result elsewhere from the same seed, and on, chemically considered, the same soil. The five districts in Havana tobacco are as clearly drawn as if with a

Of this tobacco the finest eigars in the world are made, and our domestic factories in their higher grade Havana goods turn out a cigar that is in most respects equal, and in some, such as appearance, workman ship and regularity of quality, superior to any factory in the world. When it is known that there are eigars made in this city for which \$47 per 1,000 are paid simply for the making, this is not to be wondered at. The question of quality in a fine Havana cigar is dependent upon the way in which the high grade of tobacco is handled; for if tobacco from the same vega (plantation field) be given to three different manufacturers, all equally skillful and expert, three very different eigars will be produced, of varying excellence in the opinion of a qualified expert. The reason of this is that no vega is made up singly, but is blended wite tobacco from other vegas in the man ner best calculated to bring its fragrance and flavor into their highest state of perfection, and to the delicacy and perfect detail of this manipulation is due the quality of the finer

HOW THE CIGAR IS MADE. When the vega is blended it is handed to the workman, whose handling of the leaf is very different from that awarded to the cheaper grades. In these cigars the same color of leaf is used throughout, so that a perfect equality of strength is maintained through the whole batch. No binder is used, but the filler is "booked," that is, the leaves are arranged as in a book: the workman takes a suitable section of leaf, lays it in his left hand, then another a trifle smaller is placed upon it, and still another, and is piaced upon it.
then smaller pieces are used to give the necessary shape, which is formed entirely by
the placing of the leaf and the artistic eye of the worker; and so exquisite is this gitt in the fine Cuban workman that in 100 cigars there will not be a perceptible difference in length, diameter, or outline in any two cigars that may be selected.

In "booking" this filler two things escape the notice of the casual observer, one of words, anyone within reach of gas may use which is that although the man works fast every portion of leaf laid in the cigar has less than his present gas bill.

the grain running the same way, the trade term is "veins up," and means that every separate portion of leaf is laid with the parts pearest the stalk at the head or mouth piece of the cigar. This is to insure good piece of the cigar. This is to insure good burning qualities, and may be easily demon-strated by holding a tobacco leaf in the fingers by the point and lighting the stalk end. The leaf will smoulder unevenly, and up one side, but if the leaf be held by the stalk and the point lit, it will smoulder evenly upward; and this is where the great art of the Cuban workman comes in. The Millionaires Who Prefer the Cheap Goods other point is that no piece goes into the cigar which is twisted or bent back, so as to form a "key" and so spoil a cigar which may be of the very finest leaf, and make it smoke badly, totally changing the flavor and aroma. When the filler is "booked" and formed, the wrapper is put on, and the cigar is made complete.

WE LIKE THE POORER TOBACCO. The leaf of the Vuelta Abajo district is much more valuable than the leaf of the Partido district, and by experts and connoisseurs the former is without possibility of dispute conceded the palm for flavor and aroma; yet fully 70 per cent of the cigars imported into the United States are made of Partido tobacco, and the national taste is undoubtedly for it. This is the more curlous, as in buying cigars at retail it simply means that the bulk of our smokers pay the same price for the second grade of Havana tobacco as they would if they bought the first grade, the price of Partido cigars in Cuba being only a little more than half that charged for the same sized cigar from a fine Vuelta factory. The fine Vuelta cigars have a much larger sale in Europe than they have in the United States, and some of the special sizes sent to Russia command a price of \$1,000 per thousand in Havana; these, if

shipped to this country, would retail at the fabulous price of \$2 25 or \$2 50 for each Among the curious points not generally known regarding the Vuelta leat is the peculiar fact that it is the only tobacco in the world, as far as is known, of which a cigar can be lit, allowed to go out, remain so for several bours and then be relit with no perceptible loss of tragrance or added rankness of flavor. It has been repeatedly asserted that this is the case with any fine cigar, but this is an error, neither Partido, Remedios, Yara, Manilla nor our domestic leaf can be lit a second time without suffering a decrease of quality, and an obnoxious increase of flavor, which, to say the least of it, is not pleasant. The reason for this is to be found in the composition of the leaf. The Vuelta is a dryer, duller looking leaf, as a rule, and the Partido a brighter, glossier leaf, and more elastic, these qualities making it more attractive to the eye, and are due to an increased proportion of gummy

matter and juice. ONE DRY, THE OTHER DAMP. Consequently the Vuelta eigar burns dry and the Partido or other grades burn moist, and so partially sweat or ferment the tobacco as the hot, dry air passes through the ash, and absorbing this moisture, passes through the cigar to the mouth, depositing the excess of moisture, or a portion of it, as it goes. This, laying in the half-consumed cigar, naturally does not smell very sweet when the partially dampened filler is re-lighted. To this question of gummy matter is due the fact that while Vuelta cigars kept in a medium temperature will improve up to four or five years old, the Partido eigars deteriorate after about 16 or 18 months, and this peculiarity is more marked in cigars made of Mexican tobacco than any other. It is also the reason why less tobacco is used in a thousand of Partido goods than in the corresponding size of Vueltas, for if both were packed close as the Vueltas, the

Partido would not permit the passage of smoke after a third of the cigar was smoked. The taste for one style or make of cigar is due in a great measure to early associations. The youth who learns to smoke with fine Vuelts goods may for a time, through ignorance, stray among other varieties, but he will generally come back to them and appreciate them. If he starts with domestic goods he will always prefer them, and decry the Havana leaf as too strong, which he means to express as too heavy, and will long for the metallic taste of the interior Sumatra as earnestly as the Englishman does for the coppery taste of his native oyster. This may be smiled at as a theory, but there is a od deal of sound, practical fact, and see of dealers have wealthy customers, men who have made their money by hard work, who, capable of affording the most expensive cigars, purchase and infinitely prefer the

5-center" of their youth.

A CAPRICIOUS MISTRESS. If a man really appreciates a fine Vuelta cigar he serves a capricious mistress, he must smoke it in the house, and give it his full attention to ensure the full bouquet and richness of flavor, and even then a slight dyspepsia, a deranged liver, or the smell of ourning eigarette is sufficient to take all flavor away, in the opinion of various ex-perts. The Partido, or domestic leaf cigar smoker, can smoke all day, indoors and outdoors, he can write or read, or occupy himself as he pleases, even to using a box of the heaviness that the same amount of cigars made entirely of Havana would produce, if the practice were long continued. As a tion of flavor, in his opinion. As a matter of fact there is no loubt that the smoker of a high grade of domestic leaf cigars finds ininitely more comfort, and more regularity in quality than the smoker of fine Havanas,

lomestic or imported. So a "good eigar" may be either made of domestic Pennsylvania leaf, or of fine imported Vuelta Abago, it is simply a difference in taste, but—it is the difference between a fine Burgundy and a sound beer.

One great trouble is that so many smokers do not know what they want! They ask for Havana eigars, and declare that they want them, but as a fact there are many of them that do not want anything of the kind. I was in a store the other day when a well-known man came in and asked for a box of fine Havana cigars, saying price was no ject so long as he was suited. The dealer howed him Havanas at 25 cents each, and 15 cents each: Sumatra and Havana at 10 cents each, and finally a good Havana filler, with a Connecticut wrapper. This suited him, he paid twice its value and was content. If the ordinary price had been asked by him he would have declared them poor, and the dealer had no fine stock on hand.

This is an absolute fact, the man wanted a sweet mild smoke, and he got it and was

suited. THE LIGHT-COLORED CIGARS. Another great mistake has been rampant in the craze for light-colored cigars, now nearly past, or at all events visibly on the wane. The light wrapper was no criterion of the color of the filler, and a light wrapper on a dark filler simply destroyed the even run of the leaf throughout, which is the one essential of a fine eigar. The light leaf was immature, plucked before the sun had finished it by nature's process, acrid in flavor, and in smell, and a glaring advertisement of the fact that the smoker knew nothing whatever about what constitutes a good cigar When Sir Morell Mackenzie advocates the smoking of a mild cigar he assuredly does not mean a light-colored cigar, he means a cigar in which the tobacco is perfectly matured, fully cured, and so, being free from the acrid principle present in all immature fruit or vegetafree tion, will form a fragrant, smooth smoke, but of a moderately dark color. It is worthy of note that the hotter the country, the darker and heavier the cigar is that forms the prevailing taste. A Cuban is never seen smoking a light colored cigar, but he grades their strength nevertheless, by size. He smokes a bouquet after his breakfast, a regalia after lunch and after dinner an imregain after lunch and after dinner an imperial or celestial, but they will all be of dark leaf, and of all people in the world the Cuban is the best judge of what the finest quality of a cigar really consists of, and the proper method for obtaining the greatest amount of good from it.

WILF P. POND, Editor of Tobacco

A Strange Fact in Lighting A dynamo has just been designed for use with a gas engine. The practical value of such a machine is shown by the fact that given amount of gas will give more light through the medium of a gas engine and dynamo than it will directly. In other COL. KNOX IN CLOVER.

He Listens to Several Poets of Philadelphia's Great Club.

MAJOR HANDY'S NEWSPAPER MAN. Dr. Bedloe Tells of Lucy's Lovers and Mc-

Laughlin Speaks of Women. SOME OTHER GEMS PUT UP IN RHYME

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] I was over at the Clover Club last week in Philadelphia at a Chinese dinner given in honor of Dr. Bedloe, the celebrated wit of the club, who has recently been appointed Consul General to Amoy, China. No words can express the gorgeosity of the Chinese dinner, and it would take several languages to give even a faint idea of the wit and wis-

dom evolved by the celebrities who sat around the four-leaf clover table. At a sub-session held at the Bellevue Hotel, after the dinner had been absorbed by the distinguished guests, there were present Frank McLaughlin, proprietor of the Pailadelphia Times; Moses P. Handy, President of the Clovers; Dan Dawson, the athlete; John S. Grey, the lightning poet; Jim Haverin, the luminous legal light of the Quaker City, and myself. The discussion turned on the improvisation of ideas and the possibilities of perpetual inspiration. Haverin said he didn't believe it possible for a writer to be ready at a moment's notice to write brilliantly on any given subject. Major Haudy insisted that spontaneity was one of the chief requirements of a journalist

one of the chief requirements of a journalist.

"That's all very well in prose," remarked
Frank McLaughlin; "but in the case of the
poet, I don't think he can be expected to
write like a hack newspaper man."

"I disagree with you, Frank." said Dan
Dawson; "I will bet you that Grey can improvise a poem right here on any subject
you suggest."

"I'll go you," replied McLaughlin.
"Now, Grey, go ahead."
"But I want a subject," said Grey.

"Well, what's the matter with the
weather," said Handy; "that's about as
broad a subject as you could expect, and
gives you lots of room."

Between the time the waiter started for Between the time the waiter started for and returned with the lubricants, Grey pumped out of himself and flooded the audi-

ence with the following atrocity: Unrespected Prophets. When I notice in the papers
Any so-called weather warning,
Or predictions of the capers
That the wind will cut next morning; When I read the words prophetic Of "clear, calm and warmer weather," In my language energetic I denounce it altogether.

And it isn't without reason
That I fall to trust this prophet,
For his "pointer" every season
Makes me feel disposed to scoff it.
My experience is showing
That the winds he cannot settle,
And he isn't half as knowing
As a weather-cock of metal. You will note that each prediction By as flat a contradiction
As the elements have blended,

If the prophet says: "Get ready,
For the storm is coming wilder,"
Be at ease and take it steady,
For the next day will be milder, If he says "To-morrow's finer And the bees will all be humming, You may take it as a sign a
Howling blizzard's quickly coming.
If he writes that "In the morning
Heavy rains we will be getting."
Take no notice of his warning.

For you will not get a wetting. When these weather prophets tell us That the "snow and rain are through," Get your rubbers and umbrellas, And your mackintoshes, too. You will need them on the morrow, For, as sure as you are born, You'll discover to your sorrow Half a foot of snow at dawn.

When they write "We are preparing
For a terrible cyclone."
For the caution be not caring.
Leave your overcoats alone.
It's a million to a feather
Not a zephyr comes along.
For these prophets of the weather
Guess at storms and guess 'em wrong.

"That's about as bad as I have heard in the way of verse," said Dr. Bedloe, "and I can only forgive Grey on account of its being an imprompta barbarism. I believe Handy can do better than that. He used to be a splendid poet."

The Major had been furtively scribbling on the edge of his immaculate shirt cuff during the recital of Grey's elegy. At the

suggestion of the doctor he rose and read the subjoined verses from his linen notes: The Newspaper Man. There's a fellow you meet in the hotel or street, A curious, prying, inquisitive chap. Who will bore you for news and solicit your views,
On the markets, the tariff or latest mishap.
He is cunoing and shrewd, and he's always imbued

With a wish to acquire all the knowledge he can And not even a plumber, book agent or drummer, Can equal the gall of the newspaper man.

With a well written puff by the newspaper He's the fellow one meets in the front rows of On the very first night that a play is pro-Who will moodily sit through the moth-eaten

And chestnuts the playwright has reintroduced.

The author will beam and the manager seem
To make the reporter at ease if he can,
Tho', of course, he don't pay for his seat at the But he gets in because he's a newspaper man.

Where'er you may be on the land or the sea,
This ubiquitous fellow you're certain to find.
In war or in peace his exploits ne'er cease
And in danger 'tis seldom you catch him
behind. He has pluck, tact and skill, irresistible will, And among brainy men he is found in the

There's the highest respect for the newspaper "I have a poem here," said Dr. Bedloe, as the last notes of the Major's blonde voice vanished in the eigar smoke. "I have a poem here which I wrote myself in 20 minates and I would like to read it. "I have an engagement," said McLaugh-

van, From the President down to the boys about

lin, rising.
"I want to catch a New York train," exclaimed Grey as he looked at the clock.
"I'll be back in a few minutes," said Handy as he made for the door "Sit down, gentlemen," said Dan Dawson, "and don't be impolite. Poetry seems to be the order of the evening, so let us listen to the

doctor's poem."
So Dr. Bedice in his pale blue, celestial oice, read these verses: Lucy's Lovers. Lucy was an awful flire. Very fond of fooling. She had manners sharp and pert Got in early schooling.

Ben, the baker, sought her hand,
But she would not heed him,
Too ill-bred, I understand,
So she did not knead him.

Months she held whip hand of him, Dick, meanwhile, in clover, But to gratify her whim, Then she threw him over. John, the joiner, loved in vain, Lucy's pretty features, He mirre been a trifle plane Though the best of creatures, Soon he saw he could not nail Her to share his pleasures, So knot holely pleased to fail, He then took other measures.

Dick, the driver, years ago, To Lucy love was telling. Wanted her for wheel or whoa, To rein within his dwelling.

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

the public.

Luke, the lawyer, went to court
Lucy like a lover.
And that he was but her sport
Soon did he discover.
Found it was a case, in brief,
Which 'twas useless pleading.
So, to give his heart relief.
Abroad he then went speeding. Tom, the tailor, pressed his suit, Profoundly interested, And his heart was resolute, Love in her was rested. But for him she had no use,

Every lover Lucy had
She jilted for another,
But to-day she would be glad
To get some man or other,
Lucy now is growing old,
Youth not long will tarry
And it looks as if, I'm told,
She will never marry.

I'll wed a tailor, never.

Sew, by shear endeavor. To clothes the thing, she said, "You goose

"This is really too bad," sighed Mo-Laughlin, wearily. "Any man who would make such diabolical puns as those ought to be banished to China."
"But consider, Frank," I ventured to renark, "that poem was written in 20 min-"The time was wasted," replied Mc-Laughlin, laconically. "I wrote a better peem during breakfast this morning."
"Let us hear it; let us hear it," was the

"It's here," responded McLaughlin, as he drew from the fastnesses of his dress coat a sheet of scented paper. "I always write on perfumed paper because my poetry, unlike the preceding rubbish, is worth a scent." worth a scent." As no one took the slightest notice of his wittiensm, he read in a very leisurely voice: What a Women Can Do.

There's a poet who sings
Of the wenderful things
That man with his might and his knowledge gets through,
But I wish to rehearse,
In a jingle of verse,
good many things that a woman can do, If distressed you appear, She can comfort and cheer, Dispelling the trouble that made you look blue.

She is born to console Any suffering soul; This is one of the things that a woman can d She can talk like a book, She can wash, sew or cook; She can take shabby garments and make then look new.

look now, And to keep a house neat, Cheerful, healthy and sweet, other good thing that a woman can do, She's a wonderful trick When she nurses the sick And as mute as a shadow her tasks she'll pu

And as made as suc.
As an angel to cheer
She can stand without peer,
It is one of the things that a woman can do. In a good many ways
She's entitled to praise.
In a good many others—to give her her due—
She's a little bit wrong. To continue my song.

I will name other things that a woman can't do.

I suppose you will own
That she can't throw a stone
With a possible chance of her aim being true;
And the pencil she'll point
Will look all out of joint,
It is one of the things that a woman can't do. If all a goes to the play, In the night time or day, The hat she will wear hides the stage from

your view. And to think those behind To look on are inclined, Is one of the things that a woman can't do. If she goes out to spend
A few hours with a friend,
She can't keep her tongue still a minute

two,
And no note she'll address
Is without its P. S.,
For that's one of the things that a woman
can't do. "Now," said Dan Dawson, "there is only myself and Colonel Knox left to inflict misery on the crowd. If the Colonel will

oblige first I will guarantee to fittingly end this poetical tournament myself." I excused myself on the ground that my poetical license only extended to the border of New York State. Then Dawson got up and disgraced himself as follows:

Some people praise the violet,
While others love the rese,
And some think the forget-me-not's
The finest flower that grows.
Bome people like the daisy,
And some the mignonette,
But you can gamble all the money you've got
left in your clothes
That the clover is the bloomingest leaf, and
it's Philadelphia's pet. After this the next thing I knew I was in bed in the Continental Hotel with a bob-

MAKE THE PORRESTS GLORIOUS.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

tailed nightmare on my breast.

A Huge Butterfly That is Known Only in the Solomon Islands. London Spectator.] One day, when off the savage island of Malaita of the Solomon group, Mr. Woodford and others, under the protection of sentries, went to bathe in a pool. While in the water he saw a huge butterfly coming slowly along the beech, and, hurrying out as he was, he seized his net,

dashed off, fell over the stones, rose again, and just in time to catch the fly. What a "I leave it to any ardent entomologoists." he says, "to imagine my feelings." He had "rediscovered the long lost Ornithoptera Victoriæ," and why should he not feel like

Alexander on the Granicus or Hannibal at These "bird-winged" butterflies are some nine inches across the wings. One is blue with a yellow body, another is velvety black and metallic green. They excel in size, but other kinds wear equally mag-

nificent raiment, and make the glorious A MANY-SIDED MAN.

The Big Salaried London Journalist Who Has Married His Typewriter. Current Literature. George Augustus Sala, the well-known journalist, who has just married his typewriter, is small eyed, red cheeked, sharp nosed and writing his reminiscences; he draws a salary of \$10,000 a year for dictating four editorials a week for the London

teller in Europe, and he is known to be 62

Daily Telegraph; his handwriting is like copper plate, and when conversing he puts his head on one side after the fashion of a

years of age. And So She Hanged Herself. Detroit Free Press.] Mrs. Albert Shugg, of Mauch Chunk, called it "daypot." Her husband said it was "depot." They disputed. She refused to get supper, and he went out for the evening. When he returned she was hanging by the neck, and on the table was a bit of paper on which she had written: "It's day-

ot-daypot-daypot!"

He Sells by the Pound. Detroit Free Press,] "This infernal dust nuisance must damage you a great deal," he said to the grocer dodged into the door to let a great cloud roll by.
"Oh, no, sir. Anything added to maple

sugar, prunes, evaporated apples, etc., is paid for by the public at so much per pound. I am not doing any kicking." Queen Victoria has written two books which have never been published. They are volumes of travel, and recount her impressions of various places on the Continent. She has been so annoyed at the criticisms of her published works that she has refused to have these manuscripts put into print. They will be published after her death. "Oh, Queen, live forever!"

A Nation of Beer Drinkers.

suit for infringement before the United

States Court, gave some notion of the immense business done in bottled beer, by stating that there were 30,000,000 of his stoppers alone in use in the United States.

A maker of stoppers for beer bottles, with

TRULY A BEAUTY. Mrs. Millet is a little woman, with beautiful figure, a lovely complexion, bright eyes and regular features. If you have seen pictures of her husband you conclude they must be a handsome pair, but, as a matter of fact, Millet is not handsome a bit, though he is a likeable-looking creature. Whenever any publishers want a picture of him he lets them copy the big, beautiful portrait George Maynard painted of him years ago. That is very wise. He never was beautiful,

Now she is in Bloomingdale Asylum, and they say she will never come out.

us turn from the press view, when we miss her, to the cram and jam of the re-F. D. Millet, because she is the prettiest, at least there is no one to dispute that claim

but that fur cap and Maynard's flattering brush make him look so. See, there comes Barah Crowell Lemoyne

up the stairs with her husband (dear old thing) and her old friend, W. H. Lippincott. She is on a great wave of success and popularity since her Browning readings, and she seems to be growing younger and hand-Varnishing Day at the Academy Picture Show in New York.

somer every day. Of course they make a straight line for Lippincott's landscape in the East gallery. On the way they stumble over E. C. Stedman who is circulating around with his usual nimbleness, knowing everybody, talking to everybody and all the time. He can body and all the time. He can talk more to the square minute and better for the quantity than any man in New York, and he is always on tap. Some people have to be still to look at pictures, but he doesn't. I don't believe that he'd be still at a concert, but he'd come away and tell about it so beautifully that you'd be convinced he heard twice as much as you did, though you listened all the time. And probably you'd be right.

There comes Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Freer. Do you see her resemblance to the chief nun in Freer's picture of "The Sisters?" It is really quite a portrait. The title could be taken two ways, for the little girl in the picture is Mrs. Freer's sure-enough little sister, and, next to his wife, Freer's favorite model. Why doesn't he ever paint his son and heir, Frederick Church Freer? He is a fine looking tod-dler I know because I see him taking the air every day in front of the Tenth street studio building. I hear Freer is soon going to make an exhibition of all his pictures, sketches and drawings, then sell everything

C. LeGendre at the reception, I heard one man stending near by say to another: "That is so exactly the way Le Gendre straddles around the club, that I start up to ask him to take a drink, involuntarily,

whole day, a week before it was opened to the public.

And before this public opening another invitation affair always comes off, that is the reception and private view. That is the most varied and democratic of all. Press people, painters, students, models and awells are all in one red crush blent. I love to get my first glimpse at the very begin-ning on varnishing day. The painters show their temperaments in the different ways they act. Don't imagine that they stand in rows all around the place. Most of them don't avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion at all. They give their pictures all the varnish they think they need before they send them, but some men always like

to give them a final coat after they are hung, and some even paint a little touch or so on them after they see them in their places. A PICTURE'S SURROUNDINGS. Probably they would all like to paint them in their places, and with all their neighbors in position, if they could. A picture can be made or killed, in a degree, by its surroundings, and the painters tell it of F. S. Church that when only a year or so ago that great man was discovered surreptitiously painting on one of his delicate canvasses the little yellow ticket bearing the word "sold," which is the badge of the fortunate at the Academy. He said he was doing it to see how the yellow ticket would harmonize with his color scheme. He didn't want the effect to be spoiled if it had the

luck to sell. Arthur Parton is always on hand on varnishing day giving his poetic, rugged bits of landscape a fresh coat. I saw him be-fore his "Willows" the other day. He is poetical looking without being rugged. He has the typical painter manners utterly simple and unaffected, half shy and would be wholly so but that he is so unconscious.

Just the same kind are the manners of Gilbert Gaul, the battle painter. I saw him before his "Cheering the Line." It is the finest thing he ever did, and he looked at it lovingly. He is the last in New York you would pick out for a battle painter. No unconsciousness can save him from being the shyest creature that ever lived in a house, and his pretty, dark-eyed little wife (he is pretty and dark-eyed, too) is only less shy than he is. One wonders how they ever got

together. BIG AND COMPANIONABLE. T W Dewing lonnges in and takes a lo masterly little portrait of a lady in black, but seems to conclude to let it alone. He is a great big man who would be hand-some if he would carry himself like a bandome man, and he loves to paint lovely little bits of pictures. He nods pleasantly to the other men, and even goes and stands by one and another in a friendly, companionably way, but it never seems to occur to him to say anything. He has the air always of say anything. He has the finding words a perfectly artificial, unsatisfinding words a perfectly artificial, unsatisfinding words as a superior of the same and th factory method of communication-now

you'd give him a canvas and a brush he'd tell you something! He has great vogue among the painters, and is a great light to the on-coming generation.

How different the air of the men who pass in an out on press day. They talk more, and in a more humorous, careless manner, only of course one could never associate anything humorous or careless with Ripley Hitchcock, the critic of the Tribune and general writer on art, and Hitchcock is one of the critics ye have always with you. He earns his salary. He never misses an exhibition. He looks like the hero of a woman's novel, grand, gloomy and peculiar, with the quick turn of the dark eye, the brow stamped with restless ambition, the cheek sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought and all the rest of it. I think he must have been getting worried lately for he don't wear as good clothes as he used to. I know that is what is the matter with Charles DeKay, the Times man and literateur in general. He has been declining and falling steadily ever since he married that prettiest of all girls, Miss Coffee, a couple of years ago. He is positively shabby now, which is a shame and shows a lack of artistic conscience, for he used to be a sort of professional beauty himself, and ought to feel bound to display

himself to advantage. He used to. A REAL NEWSPAPER MAN.

Van Cleve, of the Herald, is the regular newspaper man of the lot. His clothes are good, and he sets his Derby on the back of his head and walks up to the pictures with the look of a man that is going to know what's what, or find out the reason why. He buttonholes any unfortunate painter who falls in his way, and in his own way, and in his own language, tells him more art in ten minutes than he could find out by nimself in six months. Not many painters are likely to be in the way. As a class they have a horror of newspaper people, though some of the canny ones try to dissemble it. One misses this year the familiar, pretty figure of poor Charlotte Adams, who used to be on hand as regularly as the familia old woman at the door. She used to be al ways the gayest figure at a press view sometimes in very good clothes, sometime in very shabby ones, but always full of bright talk with the various men she knew.

ception, where we can miss no one, but will be sure to catch glimpses of various inter-esting people. The fabled buyer is here in force, but he is not one of the interesting people. No one cares anything about him but to get him to spend his money. Let us leave him in undisturbed obscurity and look at the painters and their wives and their friends, who are out in force. The most interesting of their wives to see is Mrs. with her, now that Mrs. Blashfield is

Andrew Lang is unquestionably the foremost literary power in London at the present time; among his associates he is simply revered as a being of superhuman genius; in person he is tall, spare, dark, with a noble forehead, dark furtive eyes, and an ample lower jaw; he is nervous as a cat, gives the impression of being in delicate health, and has the Oxford drawl, and a very nervous laugh.

CHOITTEN TOR THE DISPATCH !

In this respect the word "protection" has larger and more significant meaning than

and the result justifies the arresting officer. But in every such case he assumes the risk and must bear the consequences in punish-ment or damages, if he has acted wantenly, vindictively or oppressively. He must be always able to show good grounds for his action which will evince his good faith. It has never been the law to arrest first and find a cas afterward. It might be well to give a little explanation of this process of court before taking up the law of arrest itself.

There must be an accusation or charge that
the person to be proceeded against has actually committed a crime or misdemeanor; this may be either in the form of an affidavit, or more formal complaint under oath, made either by the injured party or some one con-versant with the facts. Upon this a war-rant issues, and the party charged is appre-hended and taken before a magistrate or examining court for a preliminary hearing or trial, as often happens when the offense is petty or light.

tion can only ask for his commit-ment to prison to await the action of the grand jury. Of course, if the charge be bailable he has the priv-ilege of turnishing ball. On the other hand, if the examination takes place and the cvidence is not strong enough to raise a pre-sumption of guilt, the magistrate should promptly discharge the accused. This dis-charge, however, is no ban for a future arcused to a legal jeopardy, and he cannot take advantage of his constitutional right under the fifth amendment—"Nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb."

to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon and have him discharged from custody.

Perhaps in the entire machinery of the courts there is no power or duty more

belonging to the best known men in the tag of the shirt the name of the maker and tated to produce it, and at once selles the number 100,026.

> the individuals so wronging him.
>
> The peace officer is not so liable to be subthose cases where the accused would be apt to escape if the procuring of a warrant was

peace without a warrant, it must actually occur in his presence and in his immediate presence. When it is threatened or impending, or has been fully committed before his arrival, an arrest without process is entirely unwarranted. irely unwarranted.

CHRONIC COUGH NOW For if you do not it may become con-sumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and

Scott's Emulsion There are poor imitations. Get the gene