ductor raise his eyebrows.
"And when a man's alone mostly, leadin' his horse across the hills, he gets to talk aloud to himself as it was," said the weather-worn retailer of tortures. A vision rose before me of this man tramping the Bannock city trail under the stars, swearing and always swearing.

Bundles of rags that were pointed out as red Indians boarded the train from time to Their race privileges allow them fre transit on the platforms of the cars. They mustn't come inside, of course, and equally, of course, the train never thinks of pulling up for them. I saw a squaw take us fly-ing and leaving us in the same manner when were spinning round a curve. Like the Punjabi, the red Indian gets out by preference on the trackless plain and walks stolidly to the horizon. He never says where he is

Impressions of Salt Lake City.

I am seriously concerned for the sake of Mr. Phii Robinson's soul. You will remember that he wrote a book called "Saints and Sinners," in which he proved very prettily that the Mormon was almost altogether an estimable person. Ever since my arrival at Salt Lake I have been wondering what made him write that book. On mature reflection, and after a long walk round the city, I am inclined to think it was the sun,

which is very powerful hereabouts.

By great good luck the evil-minded train, already delayed 12 hours by a burnt bridge, brought me to the city on a Saturday by way of that valley which the Mormons, over their efforts, had caused to blossom like the Twelve hours previously I had entered into a new world where, in conversa-tion, everyone was either a Mormon or a Gentile. It is not seemly for a free and in-dependent citizen to dub himself a Gentile, but the Mayor of Ogden-which is the Gen-tile city of the valley-told me that there must be some distinction between the two flocks. Long be ore the fruit orchards of Logan or the shining levels of the Salt Lake had been reached that Mayor—himself a Gentile, and one renowned for his dealings with the Mormons-told me that the great question of the existence of the power within the power was being gradually solved by

the ballot and by education.
"We have," quoth he, "hills round and about here stuffed full of silver and gold and lead, and all the powers of the Mormon Church can't keep the Gentile from flocking in when that's the case. At Ogden, 30 miles from Sult Lake, this year the Gentile vote swamped the Mormon at the municipal elections, and next year we trust that we shall be able to repeat the success in Salshall be able to repeat the success in Salt Lake itself. In that city the Gentiles are only one-third of the total population, the mass of 'em are grown men, capable of voting, whereas the Mormons are cluttered up with children.

Old Mormons Versus the Young.

erI guess as soon as we have purely Gentile officers in the township and the control of the policy of the city the Mormons will have to back down considerably. They're bound to go before long. My own notion is that it's the older men who keep alive the feeling of opposition to the Gentile and all The younger ones, spite of all the eiders tell 'em, will mix with the Gentiles, and read Gentile books, and you bet your sweet life there's a holy influence working toward conversion in the kiss of an average Gentile, specially when the girl knows that he won't think it necessary her salvation to load the house up with other women folk. I guess the younger generation are giving sore trouble to the

What that you say about polygamy? It's a penal offence now under a bill passed not long ago. The Mormon has to elect one wife and keep to ner. If he's caught visiting any of the others-waal, do you see that over there against the hillside? That's the penitentiary. He is sent there to consider his sine and he pays a fine, too. But most of the police in Salt Lake are Mormons, and I don't suppose they are too hard on their friends. I presume there's a good deal of polygamy practiced on the sly. But the chief trouble is too get the Mormon to see that the Gentile isn't the doubly damned beast that the elders represent. Only get the Gentiles well into the State and whole concern is bound to go to pieces in a

And the wish being father to the thought, "Why, certainly," said I, and began to take in the Valley of Descret, the home of the Latter Day Saints, and the abode, perhaps, of as much misery as has ever been compressed into 40 years.

Polygamy Among the Bengall. The good folk at home cannot understand.

but you know how in Bengal to this day the child-wife is taught to curse her possible co-wife ere yet she has gone to her husband's house. And the Bengali woman has been secustomed to polygamy for a few hundred years. Yet she has a thoroughly feminine hatred of her rival. You know, too, the awful jealousy between mother-wife and behind the purdah-the jealousy that culminates sometimes in the poisoning of the well beloved son. Now and again an English woman enjoys a high caste Mussamani dhai, and in the offices of that hire, women are apt to forget the differences of color and to speak unreservedly as twin daughters mutually under Eve's curse. The dhai tells very strange and awful things She has, and this the Mormons count a privilege, been born into polygamy, but she loaths and detests it from the bottom of her

And to the lot of the Bengali co-wife-"the cursed of the cursed—the daughter of the daughili—the scaldhead and the barren mute" (you know the rest of that sweet con mination service)—one creed, of all the white creeds to-day, deliberately introduces the white woman taken from centuries of training, which have taught her that it is right to control the undivided heart of one man. To quench her most natural rebellion that amazing creed and fantastic jumble of Mohammedism, the Mosnie law and imperfectly comprehended fragments of Free Masonry call to its aid all the powers of a hell conceived and elaborated by coarse-minded hedgers and ditchers. It is a sweet

And the Valley Is Beautiful.

All the beauty of the valley could not make me forget it. And the valley is very fair. Bench after bench of land, flat as a table against the flanks of the ringing hills, awhile in its collapse from an inland sea to lake 50 miles long and 30 broad. Betore long these benches will be covered with houses. At present these are hidden among the green trees on the dead flat of the valley You have read a hundred times how the streets of Salt Lake City are very broad and furnished with rows of shade trees and gut-ters of fresh water. This is true, but I struck the town in a season of great drought —that same drought which is playing havoc with the herds of Montana. The trees were limp and the rills of sparkling water that one reads about were represented by dusty Main street appears to be inhabited by the

commercial Gentile, who has made of it a busy, bustling thoroughfare, and in the eve of the sun swigs the ungodly lager and smokes the improper cigar all day long. For which I like him. At the head of Main street stand the lions of the place tithing house, and the houses of Brighan Young, whose portrait is on sale in most of the booksellers' shops. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the late Ameer of Utah does not unremotely resemble His Highness the Ameer of Aighanistan, whom these fortunate eyes have seen. And I have no desire to fall into the hands of the Ameer. The first the outward exponent of a creed. Armed with a copy of the Book of Mormon, for better comprehension, I went to form rach epinions. Some day the Temple will be finished. It was only begun 30 years ago.

and up to date rather more than \$3,500,000 CANDIDATES have been expended in its granite bulk,

Inside the Monster Temple.

The walls are 10 feet thick; the ediffee itself is about 100 feet high, and its towers will be nearly 200. And that is all there is of it unless you choose to inspect more closely, always reading the Book of Mormon as you walk. Then the wondrous puerility of what I suppose we must call the design becomes apparent. I am wrong; there is no design. These men, directly inspired from on high, heaped stone on stone and pillar on pillar without achieving either dignity, relief or interest. There is over the main door some pitful scratching in stone representing the All Seeing Eye, the Masonic grip, the sun, moon and stars and, perhaps, other skittles.

perhaps, other skittles.

The flatness and meanness of the thing almost make you weep when you look at the magnificent granite in blocks strewn abroad and the skill that \$3,000,000 could have called into the sid of the church. It is as though a child had said: "Let us draw a great big fine house—finer than any house that ever was," and in that desire had laboriously smudged along with a ruler and pencil, piling meaningless straight lines on compass drawn curves, with his tongue following every movement of the mapt hand. Then sat I down on a wheelbarrow and read the Book of Mormon, and behold the spirit of the book was the spirit of the stone before me. The simple Joseph and Hiram Smith struggling to create a-new Bible when they knew nothing of the com-parative history of the Old and New Testa ment, and the inspired architect muddling with his bricks-they were brothers.

Authority of the Book of Mormon. It is written, and all the world has read that to Joseph Smith an angel came down from heaven with a pair of celestial gig-lamps, whereby he was marvelously enabled to interpret certain plates of gold scribbled over with dots and scratches, and discovered by him in the ground, which plates Joseph Smith did translate—only he spelled the mysterious characters "caracters"—and out of the dots and scratches produced a vol-ume of 600 closely printed pages, containing the Books of Nephi, first and second; Jacob, the Books of Nephi, first and second; Jacob, Enos, Jarom, Omni, Mormon, Mosiah, the record of Zeniff, the Book of Alma Hola-man, the third of Nephi, the fourth another Book of Mormon, the Book of Ether (the whole thing is a powerful anasthetic, by the way) and a final Book of Moroni. Three men, of whom one I believe is now living, bear solemn witness that the angel with the spectacles appeared unto them; eight other men swear solemnly that they have seen the golden plates of the revelation, and upon this testimony the Book of Mormon stands. The Mormon Bible begins at the days of Zedeklah, King of Judah, and ends in a wild and weltering quagmire of tribal fights, fibs of revelation and wholesale thefts from the Bible. Very sincerely did I sympathize with the inspired brothers as I waded through their joint production. As a numble fellow worker in the field of fictionhumble fellow worker in the field of fiction—
I knew what it was to get good names for
one's characters. But Joseph and Hiram
were harder bestead than ever I have been,
and boider men to boot. They created
Teancum and Coriantumy, Pahoran, Kishkumen and Gadianton and other priceless
names which the memory does not hold;
but of geography they wisely steered clear
and were astutely varue as to the localities. and were astutely vague as to the localities of places, because you see they were by no means certain what lay in the next county to their own. Wonderful Accomplishments in Print.

They marched and countermarched blood thirsty armies across their pages, and added new and amszing chapters to the records of the New Testament and reorganized the heavens and the earth as it is always lawful to do in print. But they could not achieve style, and it was foolish of them to let into their wierd Mosaic pieces of the genuine Bible wherever the laboring pen dropped from its toilsome parody to a sentence or two of vile, bad English or downright "penny dreadfulism," such as "Moses said unto the people of Israel, 'Great Scott, what air you doing?" There is no sentence in the Book of Mormon word for word like the foregoing, but the general tone is not widely different.

Then I went a bout the streets and peeped ations upon the tables were after the man-ner of the year 1850. Main street was full of country folk from the desert come in to trade with the Zion Mercantile Co-operative Institute. The church, I fancy, looks after the finances of this thing and it consequent-

ly pays good dividends.

Don't Marry to Get Beanty.

The faces of the women are not lovely.

Indeed, but for the certainty that ugly persons are just as irrational in the matter of undivided love as the beautiful, it seems that polygamy was a blessed institution for the women, and that only the dread threats of the spiritual power could drive the hulking board-faced men into it. The women wore hideous garments and the men appeared to be tied up with string. They would market all that afternoon and on Sunday go to the praying place. I tried to talk to a few of them, but they spoke strange tongues and stared and behaved like cows. Yet, one woman, and not an altogether ngly one, confided to me that she hated the idea of Salt Lake City being turned into a show place for the amusement of the

"If we 'ave our own institutions that ain't no reason why people should come 'ere and stare at us, his it?"

The dropped "h" betrayed her.
"And when did you leave England?" I

"Summer of '84. I am Dorset," she said.

"Summer of '84. I am Dorset," she said.
"The Mormon agents was very good to us
and we was very poor. Now we're better off
—my father an' mother an' me."
"Then you like the State?"
She misunderstood at first. "Oh, I ain't
livin' in the state of polygamy. Not me,
yet. I ain't married. I like where I am.
I've got things o' my own—and some land."
"But I suppose you will—"
"Not me. I ain't like them Swedes an'
Danes, I sin't got nothin' to say for or
against polyamy. It's the Elders' business,
an' between you an' me I don't think its
going on much longer. You'll 'ear them in going on much longer. You'll 'ear them in the 'ouse to-morrer talkin' as if it was spreadin' all over America. The Swedes they think it his. I know it hisn't." "But you've got your land all right?"
"Oh, yes, we've got our land an' we never

say aught against polygamy o' course father an' mother an' me."

The Sights of Salt Lake City.

I should liked to have spoken to the maiden at length but she dived into the Zion Co-op, and a man captured me saying that it was my bounden duty to see the sights of Salt Lake. These comprised the sights of Salt Lake. These comprised the egg-shaped Tabernacle, the Beehive and town houses of Brigham Young, the same great ruffian's tomb with assorted samples of his wives sleeping round him (just as the 11 isithful ones sleep round the ashes of Runjit Singh outside Fort Lahore) and one or two other curiosities. But all these things have been described by abler peus than mine. The animal houses where Brigham, used to pack his wives are grabby villas. used to pack his wives are grabby villau; the Tabernacle is a shingled fraud, and the tithing house where all the revenue returns seem to be made much resembles a str.ble.

seem to be made much resembles a styble, The Mormons have a paper currency of their own—ecclesiastical bank notes which are exchanged for local produce. But the little boys of the place have great weaks ess for the bullion of the Gentiles.

It is not pleasant to be taken round a township with your guide stopping before every third house to say: "Thr.t's where Elder So-and-so kept Amelia Bathershina, his fifth—no, his third. Amelia she was took on after Keniah, but Keniah was the Elder's pet an' he didn't dare to let Amelia come acrost Keziah for fear of her spilin' come acrost Keziah for fear of her spilin'

Kesiah's beauty."
The Mussulmans are quite right. minute that all the domestic details of polygamy are discussed in the mouths of the people the institution is ready to fall. I shook off my guide when he told me his very last doubtful tale and went on alone. An area faction of quiet luxlast doubtful tale and went on alone. An ordered peace and a perfection of quiet luxury is the note of the city of So.lt Lake. The houses stand in generous and well-groomed grass plots, none very much worse or better than their neighbors. Cree pers grow over the bouse fronts, and there is a very pleasant music of wisd among the trees in the vest empty sizeets, with smell of hay and the flowers of summer.

Barrison Must Fight a Man From the West

for the Presidency. RICH REMINISCENCE AND PROPHECY

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, Feb. 14 .- I met ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, in his room at the Riggs House last night. He gave up politics when he left the United States Senate, and he is now devoting himself with profit and pleasure to his first love-the law. He has an immense practice here at Washington, and he ranks as one of the greates lawyers west of the Alleghenies. He is noted for his sound, hard-headed common sense, and a long life of study and practice,

added to his sterling abilities, has put him at the head of his profession. His income is said to be five times the salary of a Congressman, but he practices at the law because he loves it, and he told me last night that he could not remembe when he had not an ambition to be a lawyer and that if he were a boy again he would choose the legal profession and stick to it. I asked him as to his political ambitions

and be replied: Not a Born Politician "I am not a natural politician, and poli-

tics have been only an incident in my life. I do not care for political life and I think I am happier and better off as a private in the ratic party than as one of its officials. began to practice law as soon as I was out and I was Attorney General of the State of Indiana before I was elected to the Senate."
"Where did you go to school, Senator?" I

asked. "In different parts of Indiana," replied Mr. McDonald. "I was born, you know, in Butler county, Ohio, and my father moved



was an apprentice to a saddler, a relative of

"Do you think you could make a saddle o-day, Senstor?" "Yes," replied Senator McDonald, "I am sure I could, and, in fact, there is a saddle now in use by my sister which I made for her some years ago. I was the boy Congress man in the session of 1849 and 1880, and I was under 30 at the time I was elected. I remember the great men of that time very

Can See Clay and Webster can see thay and weater
in my mind's eye to-day as they photographed themselves upon it in 1849. Henry
Clay was in the Senate. He was very tall
and spare, and had a small head with a high
narrow forehead, a large mouth and a big
nose. He wore very large collars, and some
of the paintings in the Capitol are good
representations of him. He was one of the
greatest orators I ever heard, and his force
largely came from the manner of his utterargely came from the manner of his utt

ange rather than from what he said.

"He had a very musical voice and had all the qualities of a fine actor. His manner was such that his speeches lost weight with you if you were in such a position that you could not see him while he was speaking. He was a man of great force, and he im-pressed himself upon everything with which he was connected. Daniel Webster, it seemed to me, was by far the stronger man intellectually, still upon such committees as Clay and Webster worked together in the Senate the measures bore the stamp of Clay rather than Webster, from his push and per-sonal influence, which carried to success al-most everything that he attempted."

Webster Excelled in Thought. "How did Webster impress you as an orator?" I asked.
"He was a great speaker," replied Senator McDonald, "but the charm of his speaking was in the thought rather than

speaking was in the thought rather than the manner in which it was presented. He had none of the graces of Mr. Clay, and his speaking was done chiefly in a conversational tone, and the most of his gestures were only from the elbow. He possessed, however, the strongest intellectual individuality of any man that I have ever known, and he held his audiences for hours by the iron chain of his thought which he forged link by link as he went along. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a massive tall, broad-shouldered man, with a massive head and deep-set eyes, which were rather dull save when he became enthusiastic in his speaking. He had a good voice and his very

sppearance caused strangers to stop and wonder who he was."

The conversation here turned to the tariff, and I asked the Senator whether he thought the McKinley tariff bill was the cause of the Republican defeat. He replied: Tariff in the Late Election.

"I do. The people have begun to study the tariff, and the farmers are especially alive to the effects of high import duties on account of the 'Twine Trust.' The McKin-ley bill put a tax on nearly every article of ley bill put a tax on nearly every article of home consumption, and every drygoods clerk and every tin peddler became an object-lesson teacher. The result was the defeat of the Republican party.

"This tariff question," continued Senator McDonald, "is an evidence how history repeats itself. The first political speech that I ever made was at my old home in Craw-tordeville in Indiana. It was 44 years are

fordsville in Indiana. It was 44 years ago, and President Polk was the candidate upon a tariff for revenue platform, substantially the same as that of the Democratic party during same as that of the Democratic party during the last Presidental campaign. During the Cieveland-Harrison campaign I made my last speech at Crawfordsville, and the chairman introducing me said that he did not believe an instance could be shown in our history of a man making two speeches for a Presidental candidate 44 years apart and ad-Presidental candidate is years apart and advocating substantially the same issues. The first message of President Polk was substantially the same as the tariff reform message of President Cleveland, and it brought about the enactment of the tariff of 1846."

"What will be the chief issues of the next

campaign?" His Ideas on Silver. "Tariff, silver and the force bill, or some other measure of substantially the same nature. As to the silver question, I have always been on the hard money side rather than so that of greenbackism or flat money. To-desy I do not know how I would vote were I in the United States Senate. If the

ratio were based on the intrinsic value of the silver in the dollar as compared with gold, there would be no danger in free coin-Uncle Joe McDonald Says Silver Will

Unhorse Cleveland.

HILL IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.

Believe the would be no danger in free coinage. I hardly think it would be dangerous as it is, though it may affect our dealings with foreign countries. When money passes from one nation to another, it goes by its actual value and not by its mark on the face, and it the dellar does not contain 100 cents, it cannot be used as 100 cents in settling the accounts of nations."

"What figure will the Farmers' Alliance out in the part campaign?"

cut in the next campaign?"
"It will have its place and will perhaps affect matters to a considerable extent. I don't expect it to last, however, and a year or two will be the extent of its life. You cannot have a successful party in this country which is not broad enough in its principles to embrace all classes and to suit all sections and all sorts of individuals These single idea parties spring up and are cut down after they have done their work by the great scythe of public sentiment, and he people fall back into the two great parties which, under one name or another have been in existence since the organiza-tion of our Government." Grover Cleveland's Chances Slim

"How about candidates?" "If the nominating conventions were held to-day I suppose the candidates would be Harrison and Cleveland and under such ircumstances I have no doubt that Cleveand would be the next President of the United States. The situation from now on, however, promises to be very different. If the silver question enters into the campaign t may menn a change of candidates as fa as the Democracy is concerned. If the free coinage bill passes the House and is vetoed by President Harrison it will force silver to the front as a campaign issue. President Cleveland is understood not to favor what s known as free coinage while claiming to be a friend of the silver coin, and he might not be satisfied as a candidate in a cam paign in which free coinage would be the

eading issue.
"I believe that Harrison will veto the sifver bill if it passes, and it seems to me that there is no doubt that he will be the next candidate of the Republican party. The only man who would stand any chance against him would be Mr. Blaine, who hows no inclination toward the nomination, and whose loyalty to Harrison by his acceptance of the place of Premier in his administration, would hardly permit him to take the nomination, even if it were tendered him. The power of an adminis-tration in the renomination of its head for a second term is very great, and President Harrison will develop a remarkable strength efore the convention meets."

Democratic Candidate From the West. "Suppose Harrison vetoes the silver bill, and the silver issue becomes such as to make the nomination of Cleveland seem inadvisable, from what part of the country will the

candidate be chosen?"
"I think the candidate will come from the West. I do not believe that Hill could be nominated if Cleveland were a candidate and were defeated. The Cleveland men would not support Hill under such circumstances, and I don't see how he could be a candidate at this election, though he may be later. As to other Eastern candidates, I suppose that Pattison, of Pennsylvania, would be brought to the front, and another man who would be looked upon as a possibility would be Governor Abbett, of New "The candidate, in case silver is one of

the leading issues, will probably come from the West, and there are a half dozen different States from which he might be taken. Illinois is now trembling in the balance, Wisconsin is a doubtful State, we practically own Michigan. We hardly know how to figure on Iowa, and Indiana is always a fighting ground."

McDonald's Own Position "You have often been considered a Presi deutal possibility," said I.
"No! no! no!" said the Senator, as a faint blush crept up from the white whiskers under his collar and traveled over his broad expanse of healthy (gatures. "No, I am not a candidate, and I have never been stung by the Presidental bee, My friends are very kind to mention me in such a connection, but I am, as I told you, thoroughly content with being a private in the ranks of the Demo-cratic party, and all I want is to see its prin-ciples and its candidates succeed."

"Suppose Harrison should be nominated,

the Vice President may be taken from Indiana?" said I.

"Yes, possibly," replied the Senator.
"And we have many good Democrats
in Indiana. I would be satisfied to see any of them receive the nomination, with the ex-ception of Governor Gray. I don't consider him a good Democrat, and I don't think he him a good Democrat, and I don't think he would make a fit candidate for the Vice Presidency. I say this, not because I have any personal feeling against Governor Gray, but I think his record is such as would unfit us to make a good fight with him as one of the heads of the ticket."

We Will Own the Continent. "The attack upon home rule," said Sent McDonald, "was the most dangerous ele-ment of the force bill. The protection of ment of the force out. The protection of the rights of the States is the principle upon which is based the expandibility of our Government. If we can keep our present Constitution as it is, we can become a great nation and under it we can and will conquer the North American Continent. I believe that the whole of this territory will be under our Government before the middle

of the next century.
"Long before that we will rival England and perhaps surpass her as the greatest man-ufacturing nation of the world. If we adopt her policy of free breadstuffs and free raw material, there is nothing that can stop us and the United States will be the workshop of the nations. New York will be a greater city than the wildest imagination has ever dreamed of and Chicago, the Giant of the Inland, will increase in population and wealth beyond conception. This wast territory will teem with millions who will be brought together by the improvements of the future as to inter-communication, and its possibilities of goodness and greatness are annealing."

are appalling." FRANK G. CARPENTER. MIGHTY ARMS OF LIGHT.

spectacle Presented by the Test of a Search Light in Boston.

Boston Herald.] The other evening a mighty arm of light darted across the city, grasped the gilded dome of the Capitol and held it up for every one to see. Then it reached over and picked up the spire of the Park Street Church. It held it a few seconds, till people could read the time and see which way the wind blew. then dropped it suddenly, darted over to the South End and touched the tall chimney of the West End power station, on Albany

street. At the top of the Edison electric light building a little group of men, most of them building a little group of men, most of them electricians, were trying a new search light. It looked like a light copper mortar as it hung on its swivels and was pointed by the operator at point after point along the street, till men and women put their hands over their eyes to keep out the blinding flash and horses shied at the strange distinctness with which unseen forms and trees suddenly appeared before them.

The light is the Huntingdon search, fog and position light. It is an are light but

The light is the Huntingdon search, fog and position light. It is an are light, but using an incandescent current. Electric light wires can be tapped and connected with it anywhere. It gets its great power from lenses, rather than the ordinary reflector. The beam of light is a small one, but having great penetration. Horse car drivers said they saw it last night at a distance of over two miles from the roof where it stood, and it is claimed to locate a vessel at a distance of one mile.

He Was a Mild Man

rican Grocer.] Mild Old Gentleman (goaded to madness y next room lodger)—Good gracious! That are you pounding the furniture that

CONTEMPT OF WOMEN Was One of the Prominent Traits of Napoleon's Character. HOW JOSEPHINE MANAGED HIM

His Idea of Woman's Sphere, as Shown in His School Regulations.

THE SPY SYSTEM FOR HIS OWN WIFE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

In view of his career as a here, no one will attempt to deny that Napoleon Bona-parte had a soul above buttons. No one will gainsay his greed for glory, his fierce rapacity for power, his insatiable ambition which gave him no rest, but led him from rank to rank to almost the eminence of a god. While repudiating the divine right of kings, he "waded through slaughter" to a throne, where, by his master mind and military genius, he terrorized all Europe, brought kings down to the dust and made the Vatican a valley of humiliation.

He began to climb the steps of fame under the red flags of the democracy, he reached the heights in a blaze of glory as an autocrat of the first magnitude and came down like stick upon the "lone barren isle" of St. Helena. He simed to make himself supreme ruler of France and to fashion the re-mainder of Europe into a footstool, to be knocked about or upset at his royal pleasknocked about or upset at his royal pleasure. But while, in popular parlance, he proved himself to be a "holy terror" for a time, the world waked up and beyond his victories at Marengo, Eylan, Wagram and Austerlitz he found Waterloo, which, as Carlyle says, "tumbled him helpless into vacuity, where, beyond rescue, he had to sink and break his heart and die. Our last great man."

How the Character Stands Tir What that great man was made of history now begins to tell us. His arrogance and conceit grew as his honors fell thick upon him and he became afflicted with that sad disease of greatness known as "the big head." He treated the crowned heads of Europe with contempt. He parted their possessions and divided them up to suit his imperious will. He so ill-treated and in-sulted the Queen of Prussia that to her dying day she impressed upon her children as a duty to inflict retribution, and never to pardon the wrongs that their country suf-fered at the hands of France.

He hesitated not to threaten the Pope with deposition from his holy office. With the roughness of a conscienceless conqueror, he demanded submission. He claimed the domination of Charlemagne and the powers of Emperor of Rome. He intended that the of Emperor of Rome. He intended that the sovereigns of Europe should be his subjects and reign only by his permission. Nor was he less despotic and arbitrary in civil life. The phrase "as false as a bulletin" originated, it is said, in his dispatches from the seat of war. Their lack of truth he defended upon the score that it was necessary to desire the seat of th to deceive the enemy, to keep up the cour-age of the army and to sustain the hopes and desires of the people. His idea of the freedom of the press was to demand that the public should be deceived by cleverly written articles against England, Austria and Prussia. His praises were to be sounded and his receiver and the survey of the state of the sounded and his receiver and articles. and his measures ardently approved.

Napoleon Feared a Woman. He had a horror and fear of the pen of Madam de Stael. Her banishment from Paris, the suppression of her books, the persecutions she endured were a recognition of the fact that he, the conqueror of Europe, was afraid of a woman with brains. In his spiteful littleness he called her a "she crow," a "bird of ill omen," a "creature whose residence upon French spil meant measureless mischief." His fear of learning for women was also shown by his regulations for the management of a girls' school at Econom in which he planned what they should est and wear, and how they should be educated. First, they were to be taught religion specially, as a guarantee for hus-pands and fathers. They were to be schooled oands and lathers. They were to be schooled in faith, but not in reason. "The weakness of a woman's brain, the uncertainty of her ideas, her destiny in society, the necessity of resignation," required—according to his notions—nothing so much as religious

training.

For the boys' school at Fontainebleau i was the reverse. Prayers and the catechism were for the girls—science and mathematics for the boys. The girls were to be taught very little of physics, history or geography, and no Latin or foreign tongues. Their work and no Latin or foreign tongues. Their work for three-fourths of the day was to be given to knitting stockings, embroidery and the making of underwear. Thus did the great soldier bring his mind down to the details of filling in the time of the school girls. What he wanted for France was good mothwhat he wanted for France was good mothers. This with an eye to providing his army with recruits. Poor mothers! What must they have suffered from the insatiate ambition of this selfish man, whose glory and greatness were purchased by the sacrifice of millions of their sons!

His Treatment of the Women.

Nothing more plainly shows the narrowness of the mind and meanness of the nature of Napoleon than his treatment of women. He made war upon the salons where literary men and women exercised freedom of speech behind closed doors. By his despotte will he muzzled the press, he managed the theaters, he coerced the Church. In order that the coming generation should not go wrong, he revised the catechism and tacked on a continuation to the Fourth Command. His Treatment of the Women on a continuation to the Fourth Commandment to the effect that as Christians "we owe ment to the effect that as Christians "we owe especially to Napoleon I. love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service—the tribute ordered for the preservation and defense of the Empire and his throne; we also owe him fervent prayers for his health and the prosperity of the State." Failing in such duty, they were taught that they "resisted the order established by God himself, and rendered themselves worthy of damnation."

Bonaparte even when in love was ben upon conquest. His personal appearance was against him when he courted Josephine as we are told. He was short and squatty and homely by reason of an eruption upon his face. She regarded him with indiffer-ence, and even then discerned something of his despotic character. He loved her as much as his selfishness would allow. His desire to marry her was not alone for love. but as a stepping stone to fortune. Genera Hoche and Caulaincourt are said to have been his rivals, but that he overcame the in-difference and apprehensions of Josephine is made evident by their marriage.

Mapoleon as a Bridegroom.

Shortly afterward he took the field in the campaign against Italy. His leve lettere are as full of warmth and passion as those of any Romeo. But that the wife, by her frivolous love of pleasure, gave him some cause for worry, is made plain, says a recent writer, by the fact that some of these letters were full of threats, and show unmistakably the torments of jealousy. Josephine has been set up by most writers as a saint entitled by her angelic goodness and fortitude to have a halo round her head, but this seems mainly to have been caused by the desire to make Bonaparte blacker by way of contrast. She was by all accounts possessed of great perwas by all accounts possessed of great per sonal charms, was good natured, and di-tinguished for the eminent social quality-

She exercised but little influence over h She exercised but little influence over her husband, save through sacrifice. She stood in awe of him, and allowed him to dictate in everything. He, it is said, inspired her with a contempt for morality, taught her to regard everyone with suspicion, and made her an adept in the art of lying. She dressed with exquisite taste, but was wildly extravagant, and always in debt. During his campaign in Egypt she was harassed by money troubles, and to relieve herself trafficked with her influence, and compromised herself in the view of her husband's relations. Gossip and scandal were busy with her name, and then, as now, made as much mischief and misery as possible.

Refused to Meet Josephine.

When Napoleon returned from Egypt with

his heart full of bitterness and his mind full of malicious stories, he relused to meet his wife, and expressed his determination to secure a divorce. But her tears and prayers, and those of her children, Eugene and Hortense, secured a reconciliation—much to the disgust of the Bonaparte family, by all of whom, Josephine—notwithstanding her sweetness of temper, her ample good nature, her genial manners—was cordially despised. It need hardly be stated that Josephine returned this feeling with interest when opturned this teeling with interest when op-portunity offered. Their envy and emnity were always ready to misconstrue her every motive, and to give breath to every libel and scandal. Spies were ever on the alert to

scandal. Spies were ever on the alert to gather from any source material to promote dissension and trouble between Napoleon and Josephine.

The mean jealousies, low intrigues, the envy and conceit, and lack of morality displayed by his sisters, coupled with the vanity and frivolity of his wife and the women of society may have been the foundation of Napoleon's contempt for women. Men are prone to judge all women by those whom they best know. The revolution had broken up society. "The circle that surrounded the Directory," says Madame de Remusat, "was a corrupt one," and the women whom he knew were of the vulgar, vain, and frivohe knew were of the vulgar, vain, and frivo-lous order. He despised them for their in-feriority, and regarded the influence of women in society as an intolerable usurpa-tion," and an abuse of the progress of civiligation.

Didn't Need Women's Help.

Madame de Maintenon ruled France un-der Louis XIV., and Madame Pompadour managed politics and State matters for Louis XV., but Bonsparte made up his mind that no woman should have a finger in his im-perial pie. But for all that, Josephine with her tack and heavelense helper the stand her tack her tact and benevolence helped greatly to make his way smooth. She did much to ingratiate the nobility and reconcile them to the court by helping to restore to them their confiscated estates. She was of great service in promoting the return to Franceof many who had been driven from the country by the Reiga of Terror. She has told of him, that "there were not more than five or six days in a year when a woman may obtain any influence over him because his ion of the sex is so unfavorable."

He was afraid of intellectual women, an never at ease in their presence. He banished Madam de Stael. The beautiful Madam Recamier shared the same fate because she visited her in her exile. His system of spies and imperial police did effective work in breaking up society, and in repressing openness in correspondence. The best of friends were reserved, and not only the papers, but even private letters in the days of the Empire are more remarkable for what they omit than what they relate of passing events and politics.

Set Spies Upon Josephine.

Set Spies Upon Josephine.

So suspicious was the nature of Bonaparte that in all her life Josephine was watched by spies by order of her hysband. The ladies in attendance at the parace had often a sorry time of it. To them, when the fancy seized him, or things had gone wrong, he was brutally rude and insulting. How far he went is shown by the fact that though he had no scruples about his expressing his contempt for all women, he said at one time of his stepdaughter that "Hortense forces me to believe in virtue." In actual fear the dames of the palace maintained habitual silence. Under the despotic power of this man they were even afraid to gossip. To them not only the walls had ears, but even the tables and chairs seemed to be reporters.

A woman to have lived with such a man must indeed have been good natured and patient. In view of her trials the idea that patient. In view of her trials the idea that she cared for her high position more than she loved Napoleon sertainly has considerable weight. Biographers relate that on one occasion when Napoleon had arranged for a grand ovation for himselt the multitude cheered and hurrahed for the Empress. Napoleon flew into a rage, and, as the story goes, he spent two hours or more in a scene of such violence and outrage with Josephine as almost to exceed beliet. He accused her in the most cruel manner of accused her in the most cruel manner of having planned to enter the town and cap-ture the honors of the populace for herself

It seems scarcely possible that a woman could be sorry to be separated from such a man, but for the pleasure of being Empress Josephine, was willing to endure every humiliation. But his imperious will con-quered. Her prayers and tears and threats availed nothing. He relentlessly broke up his family, trampled upon the rights of Josephine, compelled the church to sanction his divorce and countenance his marriage with a daughter of Austria. That this union was, from the church point of view, a sacriligious one mattered nothing to him, and the scruples of Maria Louise were easily satisfied. Marriage to him meant but little save to further his ambitious de

signs.

He quarreled with his brother Lucien, who refused to give up his wife at Napoleon's dictation, and he compelled Jerome to give up his American wife, Betsy Patterson, whom he never suffered to appear in France.

Josephine was superstitious. She was

subject to present ments. In these days she was subject to present ments. In these days she would likely have been a medium. She told Napoleon that when their fates separated his star would go down. Talleyrand, in his late memoirs, seems to convey the idea that he used his best endeavors to thwart the plans of Napoleon, and while pretending to serve him, was secretly planning his downfall. Anyhow, with all his amssing genius and success, he was made to realise that power is only solid in justice, and that dishonesty does not pay. BRSSIE BRANKLE.

CUBA'S UPHRAVAIS. The Island Is Said to Be Breaking in Two By Some Strange Force.

St. Louis Republic.] Readers of this department will remember the curious prophecy of the old Bavarian hermit, which was given entire in "Notes for the Curious," Republic of February 14, 1890, in which the startling prediction was made that Cuba would break in two and sink beneath the waves before the ending of the present century. A recent letter to an Eastern paper, written perhaps by someone who had never heard of the old man's effort at uncovering the future, contains, among other matters the following:

"The startling discovery has been made that Cuba is cracking, not simply cracking, but bursting wide open. Numerous fissures in the earth have suddenly appeared in many widely situated localities, but particularly near Matansas. One of these enormous cracks is nearly 11 English miles in length, and has actually broken a mountain chain asunder, leaving a wide gap, which, but for the fact that the fissure seems without bottom, would make a splendid roadway, making the rich plantations in the valley beyond at least 50 miles nearer Lathios, the nearest port, which is now reached by rounding the spur of the mountain.

Some of the cracks and openings within sight of this place (Matansas) are 600 to 1,000 feet long, 24 to 50 feet wide and of unknown depth. These disturbances may be, and no doubt are, a continuation of those felt not long ago along the south coast of the island, but the people are not inclined to view it in that light, regarding all such to view it in that light, regarding all such manifestations with a superstitions awe, many of them actually believing that some impending calamity is about to overwhelm the country. Scientists explain it by saying that the earth's crust thickens from the sea inland, and that, therefore, the inland pressure is toward the nearest coast line; the crust there and in the ocean beyond, being thinner, is more sensitive to central disturbances.

GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

Odds and Ends of Life Gathered in the Form of Interviews.

GOV. SAM HAUSER'S POKER STORY.

Theodore Thomas Says American Opera Must Have an Endowment.

TRUNKS AT HOTELS AND ON TRAINS

RESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, Feb. 14.-I have picked up the following short interviews in my walks about town this week:

Ex-Governor Sam Hauser,, of Mon

tana-I am almost cured of traveling in a

special palace car with a number of gentle-

sen or what is known as a party. Several rears ago several Congressmen and I started together for a trip through the Far West to California. We got together at Chicago and began our journey in a happy frame of mind. Some New York reporters, while I was in the city, got wind of our going, and sent a dispatch West to the effect that I and a poker party of Congressmen were aboard a special car bound for California. In every Western city we entered reporters came in to nak us, not about the object of our visit to California, but how the poker game stood. As we were not indulging in cards at all we became wearied of the joke. No sooner had we arrived at San Francisco than a persistent reporter tackled me about the lleged poker game. He did not say alleged because he really thought we had been playing. It was too much. I told him it was a base, foul, malignant, traveling, corrupting, all-around, bay-windowed, gable-roofed lie. He did not believe me, and earnestly saked me to tell him how much was lost and won and who were the lucky ones. I never heard the last of the alleged poker game. The papers were filled with allusions to it. Some time after this I and several who were in the other party made armanagement to take another relies of the rangements to take another railread trip. The enterprising New York reporter telegraphed West that the poker party would start on such a date. It broke up the party. I never go anywhere with a party these days. One would imagine that I could play poker.

What People Read.

William T. Peoples, librarian of the Mercar tile Library-We have been established 70 years, and our library now numbers 229,210 volyears, and our library now numbers 229,210 vol-umes of the books circulated last year: Theol-ogy, 2,334; mental and moral science, 2,063; poli-tical science, 3,561; literature, 20,982; history, geography and travels, 15,500; biography, 3,067; mathematics, 164; natural science, 1,832; medi-cal science, 716; arts, 3,140; fiction, in English, 78,399; in French, 6,381; in German, 3,546; in other language, 57; total, 140,003. Popular taste evidently runs to fiction, you see. Of novels most in vogue we sometimes have ten dupli-cate copies.

A Test of Honesty. Colonel George W. Parrott, President of the Capitol City Bank, Atlanta, Ga.—Some queer feelings come over a man when he ex-pects to be awakened at night and asked to run

way with a lot of gold. After the fall of Richmond, ex-Governor Rufus B. Bullock, of Georgia, had \$440,000 in gold belonging to the Contederacy which he was conveying to Augusta. I was doing the transporting in several wagons. We started from Blackstone, S. C., and were three days and nights en route to Augusta. The ex-Governor knew as well as I that the Cenfederacy was doomed, and that in a short time General Lee would have to surrender. Every night I rather expected the ex-Governor to come to me and say something about not delivering the gold to a designated bank in Augusta. But he was as honest as any man can be. He never even hinted by inneendo that the plan of dividing the gold would not be bad. I often hugh and tell the ex-Governor that I kept awake at night expecting him to make a proposition to divide the gold. It is in trying circumstances that men prove their mettle and what they are made of. Since that time I have never doubted the integrity and incorruptible honesty of ex-Governor Bullock. Richmond, ex-Governor Rufus B. Bullock, of

Henry M. Stanley, late of Africa-I have had any number of bright African boys attached to my staff, only to lose them by some carelessness on their part. One boy, taken from the interior of Africa, was particularly from the interior of Africa, was particularly bright. I took him to Europe with me and sent him to school for a year and a half. Then he had a longing to go back with me and I consented. In the interior of Africa he was careless and one day he and nine others were drowned. The natives are reckiess and do not value life as the whites. This young boy is represented in a picture of myself at the New York Press Club. Many questions have been asked about this particular boy because he was photographed and pictured. He went the way of most young Africans.

The Curse of Bossiss Ex-Congressman Henry G. Burleigh, of New York-The curse of any political party Ex-Congressman Henry G. Burleigh, of New York—The curse of any political party is boesism. Let one man imagine he can boss a party in a State and his egotism becomes so great he goes around wearing it as a kind of royal halo. He will have a finger in everything that is done, in every Legislative act, and very soon nothing can be done untess it has a political complexion and is manipulated by him. Rome fell from imperial bossism, and any party that attempts to stand it for a term of years will fall to pleces. Bossism is against the spirit of American institutions. I am a Republican in politics, but I am against anything, even in my own party, which savors of bossism. Here every man has a right to stand up and express his opinion and act as a free man, but many do not do it because they are afraid of being "disciplined" by some district or city boss. The British tried to boss us many years ago, but found the task too much for them. New York State is a big plum for a boss to manipulate politically, but after several years the yoke becomes too galling and the people rise up, irrespective of party, and carefully bury the boss. I had rather be a coal shoveler in sheel than a truckler and lickspittle for a political boss.

Petatoes in Politics.

Colonel George W. Hooker, member of the Republican National Committee, from Vermont—My State is great, especially when vermont—sly state is great, especially when it comes to raising potatoes. Now few people may believe it, but potatoes have a potent political influence in Vermont, Any Congressman from the State who should consent to have potatoes put in the free list would be defeated. Every farmer would rise up against feated. Every farmer would rise up against him, and in Vermont the farmer's vote counts. Why, with potatoes on the free list, Canada would pauperise nearly every farmer in Vermont. I do not mean to say that potatoes are all the products in my State, but they certainly are among the staple products. The city chap who sits down to a fine dinner and eats three or four big potatoes and wonders what Western State pad the body informed that an Eastern State had the bonor. I believe that some of the first-class restaurants and hotels in the large Western cities now put on their menu cards, Vermont potatoes. You never see a thin, measly, razor back potato from my State, Free trade would eliminate the large julcy and peculiarly seductive Vermont potato from the market. What lover of his State would do it?

An Ex-Congressman's Superstition Ex-Congressman George West, of Ballston, N. Y.—I am not superstituous a bit, but I will not sit down to a dinner at my own home with 13. Last Christmas some of my daughters-in-law and sons-in-law came to dine with me. in-law and sons-in-law came to dine with me. When we not down to the table only 13 of us were present. I would not have it, and so two tables were quickly prepared and seven of us were at one and six at another. We have all been in good health since. At Washington I often dined with Congressmen when only 13 of us were present, but I always felt that I was not the unlucky one, and if one of us did die somebody could be found to fill the place in Congress. But in a private family the thing is entirely different. I do not know how I became inoculated with the 18 in number scare. I never bet at poker, never believe in mascots, never make a cross-eyed girl locks at me, and never shudder when I cross a funeral procession. I have never had a dream that came true but once, and that was when I dreamed it was too expensive to devote my time to politics.

Konnan's Ficture of Russia.

Princess Martha Engalitcheff, of Russia.

Konnan's Picture of Russia.

Princess Martha Engalitcheff, of Russiaine would imagine from reading Mr. Kenan's articles about Siberia and Russia
hat the laud of the Crar was anything but detrable to live in. Mr. Konnan has taken a deidedly pessimistic view, and has written acordingly. There are doubtless cases of hardhips in prison life in America. The criminal
lisses cannot be kent in inxurious apart-

and write books of a very uncomplimentary kind. If these hasty authors had remained longer I have no doubt they would have formed entirely different impressions of this country. Perhaps if Mr. Kennan had remained longer in Russia and not been based he would have written articles in a different strain. Equals is a delightful country to live in.

American Crests and Mottoes.

Joseph T. Wilson, stationer-In order to understand the stationery business thoroughly I think it best to serve an apprenticeship, I served my time in Edinburgh, Scotland, and it was seven years of profitable employment. I studied every phase of the stationery business, and thought when I came to this country that and thought when I came to this country that my knowledge of heraldry would be superfluous. It has proven to be quite profitable, for I find that many Americans are entitled by right of birth to crests and mottoes. A good many ladies have beautiful crests engraved upon their letter paper and not on their carriages. I presume their husbands object to the crests on carriages more so than on stationery. But there are some who do not care if the world knows that they are entitled to crests. I find one thing royal about New York buyers, and that is they want the best grale of everything. A duchess or a lord would not care to buy finer stationery than a majority of American purchasers. And few may credit this statement, but it is true. The refinement of people as a rule always shows liself in the purchase of stationery.

Finance and American Opers. Theodore Thomas, musician-The life of musician is one of work. My playing before the public is the least part of the work
I have to do. There is never a moment that I can claim of absolute
leisure. Hundreds of people write to me whom I have never seen or heard of, and their letters have to be answered. Friends ask me why I answer them, but I can only answer civility. Then I am often asked about a school of opera in this country, and why we are so far behind in establishing a great conservatory. Well, we have a few bread and butter conservatories now, where the teachers depend upon good paying publis to get a living. I call these teachers "bread and butter" professors, but I do not mean to disparage them or their methods of teaching. But no great national school of opera can ever be established unless it is raised far above the plane of financial want. We might just as well look the problem squarely in the face and not try to deceive ourselves. As long as there is no large endowment for a grand national conservatory forthcoming just so long will the musical future of the country be retarded. Not because there is no taient here, for there is plenty, but because the talent goes abroad for an education which means practically expatriation. We must teach in America, give opera in the English language, and ever contribute for a grand conservatory. letters have to be answered. Friends ask me

Drunks on the L Roads. Guard on the Third Avenue Elevated

Road—The greatest trouble I find is in putting off sleepy drunks at the end of the road at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, A passenger slighty intoxicated will get aboard downtown, intending to get off at Fifty-ninth of Sixty-seventh street, and going to sleep will ride to the end of the route. When the train stops at One Hundred and Tenth street I gen-erally go in and shake the sleeping man, but all to no purpose. He will mumble something to no purpose. He will mumble something about being let alone and continue his sleep. At One Hundred and Twenty-fitth street I attempt to get him off in a quick way because I have to let the passengers out of the gates in a hurry. The rug of war comes at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street. Sometimes it takes four guards to get one drunken man out of the car. Often it is dangerous to put off a sleepy drunk passenger. He rises up and goes to fighting without knowing or caring where he is. One time I had a curious experience. I put off a sleepy drunk at the end of the route, and he asked to go down to Forty-seventh street. We have orders not to let drunken men rude in the elevated cars, but what are we to do when they get on estensibly sober and then sick into alcoholic slumber? This man said he was not drunk but had simply overslept himsel. We put bim on a down train, and when we arrived at Forty-seventh street he was sound asleep and could not be awakened. At South Ferry he roused up, walked out on the platform and boarded an uptown train. Again he slept until he arrived at One-Hundred-Twenty-minth street, and there he was taken out almost blind drunk and slept in the nearest station. The life of a guard on the elevated road is not one of ease and joy.

and joy. The Smashing of Trunks. A. Lovejoy, head hotel porter-I have been porter for 22 years and naturally think I

know something about my business. I handle some 1,560 trunks a week and on steamer sail-ing days 1 often send 150 to 200 trunks to one some 1,540 trunks a week and on steamer sailing days 1 often send 150 to 200 trunks to one steamer. It requires care and skill to handle trunks. I have never yet smashed a trunk, and that is a good record. Frequently I have been asked what kind of trunks stood the wear and tear of handling beet. The sole leather trunk I do not consider the most durable, although they have that reputation. A modern made trunk, canvas covered, with strong strippings and iron jointed, so the body of the trunk cannot strike the floor If it falls sideways, I think stands hard usage best. The in covered trunks can stand just so much pressure and banging about and then either collapse or get so fearfully indented they are never in anaps again. Hotel porters handle trunks like artists and not in the slam bang smashing way which characterizes the railroad baggage handlers. I now have five porters under me and they are all men of strength and would as soon think of dropping a baby as a trunk. If a trunk got injured in our hotel by the porter, through careless handling, the guest would case to be a patron of the hotel if the damages were not paid. It is just as easy to handle a trunk without smashing it as it is to throw it down recklessly. I know a great deal of fun is poked at the baggage smasher, but I want it distinctly understood that a porter in a first-class hotel, like the one i am in, is an artist and cart and amount of grace. We do not belong to can carry a trunk anywhere with safety and a certain amount of grace. We do not belong to the class of railroad hamfatters who work for corporations that have no soul and do not care about an individual trunk.

Something About Chocolate,

Galaslady in a confectionery store-Many people ask me about the chocolate statue of the Venus de Milo in our front window, and want to know whether it will meit. It is solld, weighing 1,925 pounds, and is made of the best choco ing 1,225 pounds, and is made of the best chocolinte. When the weather is warm the statue has to be but in a cool place or else it will melt. Two chocolinte statues were sent to the Paris Exposition recently, and one of them was ruined by the boys in France, who chipped little pieces from it to eat. It was a high tribute to the toothsome quality of our chocolate. The statues took the medal in Paris. Who is the artisty He is in the service of my employer, and just makes a statue tow and then to keep his hand in. Ladies are very fond of chocolate candy when it is manufactured as bon-bon. One peculiarity of chocolate eaters is that they are very, very fond of chocolate, and always want the best. I think we make just as good, if not better, chocolate than is manufactured in France. Now, a pound of bon-bon chocolate sails for \$1.25, while a pound of cooking chocolate is valued at \$1 down to 80 cents. It is a healthy candy, and, used in cooking, is desh-producing.

Looking After Beckless Drivers. Officer Michael Kano, Broadway police squad-I have been at the Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street crossing some 12 years and have done my duty, I hope, in keeping vehicles have done my duty, I hope, in keeping vehicles from running over pedestrians. It is not an easy beat, especially on Wednesday afternoons when the matinees are over. I'm 6 feet 3 inches tall in my sock feet, weigh over 225 pounds and can run as fast as any one I know. A hackman ran over a lady just below Worth monument, not long ago, and broke both her legs. He drove down to Twenty-first street hefore I was notified of what had occurred. Although he was driving rapidly to escape, and had two blocks the start, I did some fast sprinting and caught him at Sevenigenth street. It is no trouble for me to run fast. My experience in stopping reckless drivers? It would fill a book. The average hack and carriage driver would just as soon run over me as not. Indeed, I was run over once, but I do not care to say anything about it. The hackman was arrested and fined \$10. When I raise my hand to stop a horse, I mean it, and that horse has got to stop. A constant stream of people, ladies, children and young first, to say nothing of men, is passing during all the busy hours of the day. I have to keep on the crossing and be on the alert. In proportion to the number of reckless drivers few people are run over.

How It Feels to Be Beaten. Hon, J. P. Sanborn, member of the Re

publican National Committee from Michigan— There are times when a man feels like going to There are times when a man feels like going to Kamskatchka, or some far away land and that is after a crushing defeat at the polls. I confess that I never anticipated defeat in Michigan last fall and when it came I had a feeling as if I had been struck and could not locate the part of my anatomy where the blow fell. It is only through defeat that we learn to become philosophera. The best way is to go abead and not make any big brags and then the laugh will not been you when your side is defeated. Of course, now and then politicians have only brag to help them and they make the best use of it possible. Nepoleon said, after the battle of