A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

Benefit of the Decision of Judge Maxwell Regarding the Reilly Injunction Case.

GOOD LOCAL TEAM PROSPECTS.

A Few Opinions Regarding the Glove Affair Between Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett.

THEIR FIGHT ONLY A VERY POOR ONE.

Bowen and Myer's Fizzle, Among the New Orleans Patrons of the Ring and Other Matters.

In the baseball world the most important event of the week has been the decision of Judge Maxwell in the Reilly case. Pittsburg, of course, has been particularly interested in the matter, which made it of more importance here probably than anywhere else, but the case is certainly one of a national character and proves quite a number of things. I have often thought that baseball is a very strange business, for business it is, and the strangest part of it has ever been the signing of contracts by those interested in it. When it comes down to signing a contract to perform a certain amount of work for a certain amount of pay it is purely a business transaction between the wage worker and the wage payer. This feature has almost at all times led a very great number of people to believe that the ball player would always get the worst in the contract signing, but here we have another proof of the fact that in almost every instance the law is on the side of the player. I am very glad that the Cincinnati court decided as it did; not because the decision allowed Reilly to remain here, but because I am fully persuaded that the Association magnates, as we term them, tried the boldest piece of deceiving that has taken place for a long time in any business. There is no doubt at all in my mind as to what the intentions of the Association magnates were from the first They tried, and very cunningly at that, to hoodwink every player they could lay hands on into becoming a member of their forces, which they knew would soon become a kind of rebel force. In other words, while they were conspiring to become baseball outlaws they were in a very questionable and in a very clandestine way decoying ball players into their ranks. But they overstepped themselves, as the decision in the Reilly case fully proves. And this case, at any rate, shows that the civil law will protect a ball player against the very unfair machinations of any organization of schemers. Mark, I don't mean to say that all gentlemen interested in baseball affairs are schemers; but I do say that all the Association magnates were schemers when they signed players with the full knowledge that they were about to deprive these players of the benefits of the national agreement.

Good Effects of the Case.

The way in which the Reilly case was settled as pronounced upon was of great importance to me because from the day that the Association turned its back on the national agreement I urged that every player in it who had been signed under the old form of contract was at liberty to go where he pleased. I argued this question fully at the time, and President Kramer tried to show how the contracts of the players were just as binding as ever. But common sense pointed otherwise, and had the contracts been binding it would simply have meant that ball players were completely at the mercy of those people whom we call magnates. The condition of affairs was simply this: A number of the most pronounced disrupters that have ever disgraced baseball resolved that they would break away from all the rules and obligations that have bound baseball into something like a national body. When this resolve was made they kept it quiet and set out to sign every good player they could lay hands on. These players signed contracts in the belief that they were as usual to have the benefits and protection of the national agreement. But as soon as the step of revolt was taken the players, that is the intelligent part of them, discovered that they had been miserably deceived. They found out that not only were they to be deprived of the benefits of the national agreement, but they were to be parties in another baseball conflict, and a conflict that they did not want. When this step was taken by the Association, I at once urged that they had no claim on any player whom they had signed under ordinary circumstances. I maintained that neither morally or legally could any player be held by the Association after its departure from national agreement regulations. I was so much impressed with the truth and fairness of this, that I helped to convince some players that it was to their advantage to wash their hands entirely of such scheming people as those who were hastening the Association to its death. Well, as a result, it has been shown that baseball magnates cannot have a one-sided contract with ball players; they cannot have a contract which is to be emphatically binding on the player while they can change it or ignore part of it at will. This is a great benefit to the players, and every ball player in the Association will do well to consider the matter. The decision also tends, or ought to tend toward closing the mouths of those who have been abusing Reilly, Baldwin and others as alleged contract jumpers. In all respects these players acted within their own right, and the law has vindicated them in rebelling against the doubledealing and unfair methods of the Association moguls. I trust that the case and its results will be instrumental in teaching that hoodwinking in baseball affairs is just as illegal and dishonest in the eyes of the law as dishonest dealings in any other branch of business. Cases of this kind will ultimately point out the great necessity of people interested in baseball having contracts that the law will recognize. Sooner such contracts were in use the better for all parties.

The Local Team.

None of us can find much fault with the local team now. Surely they have been doing well and the complaints that many people had to make a week or so ago cannot be listened to as complaints now. More than once I have pointed out the wisdom of withholding our grumblings until we could plainly see that our team was a failure. But we have seen that our team is not a failure by any means and we have good reason to believe that our players will eventually do just as well as the players of any other team. During the last few days the local players have done very well and still it is reasonable to say they will do much better just as soon as they get thoroughly settled down. Miller has demonstrated the fact that he can play short in very brilliant style, and he has also shown that he can make some very awful mistakes. But it is only fair to expect that as the season goes on he will become less addicted to error-making. It he does not we may conclude that practice does not always tend to perfection. Miller is new to his position and surely as he becomes more accustomed to it he will improve in his playing of it. This would, or ought to, prompt us to have a little patience and for the present look with a spirit of generosity on any mistakes that may be made either by Miller or anybody else.

Changes in the Team.

The public has little idea of the scores of suggestions the management of a ball team receives every day. The sun never sets without somebody by letter remarking to President O'Neil: "I now take up my pen to tell you what you should do," &c. It is a very fortunate affair that all of these admonitions, and to the writers, valuable suggestions are not always acted upon. If they were, depend upon it we would not have the same team on the field twice a week. I don't think there is anybody more eager than I am to see the Pittsburg ball team come out victorious, but I am not going to allow my eagerness in that respect to prompt me to assume the management of the team. I take it for granted that both Mr. O'Neil and Mr. Hanlon have some practical ideas about running the team, and I am quite content to allow them to run matters. Certainly we can all offer suggestions, but if these suggestions are not acted upon we should not throw our heels in the air. Of course, we cannot expect that the directors of the club will be content to carry all the players they have at present, and some of them will have to go. But we are so fortunate in having good players that the difficulty is to find out who is the best among those who are spoken of as the ones to be released. We all know about the Staley matter. That is very unfortunate, because Staley has always appeared to me to be one of the best pitchers in the country, and Manager Hanlon to-day looks upon him as one of the best men that can be had. But as far as I can understand matters it is because of Staley's social conduct that he has to go. There may and there may not be truth in these reports regarding what Staley does and does not during his leisure time, but I would certainly be very glad if matters could be so arranged as to permit Staley to remain with us. On the other hand, the management must miss no opportunity whatever to enforce discipline. An enormous amount of money is being ventured on this ball team, and any player who will not fully respect that venture and therefore do his very best in all respects to make the venture a successful one, ought to be made an example of. I don't think that any true friend of the game will object to this, because without discipline the public cannot expect to see a winning team and the club stockholders cannot expect to get their money back. Judging from present appearances it would seem that we could easily dispense with Staley and probably one or two more players. But let me just point out that it is always a great advantage to have more players than you need. The pennant is not won by depleted ranks. We can see the evils of being "short handed" in the defeat suffered by New York. If the finances can possibly stand it I hope the club will retain all of its men at present signed.

The General Situation.

Certainly there have been some surprises in the League race already. A week or so ago nobody would have thought that the New Yorks would have been so far down and that the Philadelphia team would have become so prominent. And let me add that the tenacity with which the Chicago team is sticking to first place is a surprise to me. Nobody deserves success better than Anson, but for the life of me I cannot bring myself to believe that his team will be in the first three at the finish. We cannot draw anything like a correct conclusion from the week's play, because of the poor condition of one or two clubs. None of us will for a moment think that Chicago is so superior to the Brooklyn team as to defeat the latter four times in succession on their merits. We cannot believe that; indeed, I have yet to be convinced that the Chicagos are better than the Brooklyns at all and even at this stage it might not be wide of the mark to say that Anson's team will not beat both Boston and Brooklyn out.

The New York team continues to play under very unfortunate circumstances. My estimate of that team has not at all changed and I am still of opinion that the two best teams I have so far seen in the League are the New Yorks and the Pittsburgs. Depend upon it that the New York team will make itself known before long, and I would not be surprised if they get down to work at Chicago this week in a way that will surprise the talent. Philadelphia cannot continue to take a prominent part in the struggle if the club does not secure more pitchers. Judging from the work of the Philadelphia team here I don't hesitate to say that at present Manager Wright has the weakest team on hand that he has had for many years. It certainly can be made much stronger. There is not much to say about Cincinnati and Cleveland. The former team is getting into condition and ought to be able to beat the Clevelanders out in the race.

Jackson and Corbett.

Well, we have had something like an important week as far as pugilism has been concerned. Two of the latter day fights in one week is something to talk about, and doubtless there will be lots of talk about them for a long time to come. One hardly knows how to commence with that affair between Jackson and Corbett, because to be frank on the matter, an "inside history" might at any moment be sprung upon us. The outside history, that is, the contest as far as we can judge from a public standpoint, was one of the most questionable that has been known in the history of pugilism. Of course, all my readers must know that I have steadily held the opinion that Jackson would defeat Corbett. According to the result of Friday morning he did not finish a winner, but he did not finish a loser and therefore any advice of mine on the subject cannot have resulted in a loss of money. Had Jackson been defeated I would not have been surprised at all; he was fighting a comparatively unknown and clever and powerful young fellow. Had Carbett been beaten I would still have been less surprised; but I certainly was surprised, indeed, to learn that the two men fought 61 rounds under Queensberry rules without any result. Great Scott! Just think of it. They fought, or they were in the ring, 61 rounds; that is more than four hours, and according to reports they were only leg wearing. Was there ever such a farce? Not even barring the two affairs between Coburn and Mace. Will anybody tell me that these two men fought or tried to fight, or tried to knock each other out on Thursday night and Friday morning? If anybody says they did, let me have an explanation of their being in the ring 61 three-minute rounds. And the affair was under Queensberry rules, too, and under a club rule which prohibits any "draw" contest. There is a record of a battle between John Gully and Bob Greyson, in which both men fell exhausted when they tried to meet each other after fighting nearly two hours. Neither man could stand, and a legitimate draw was declared because they fought to punish each other and only for about $250. But here is an affair of two powerful and active men waltzing round each other for four hours, and until the promoters of the contest became weary of it. To what conclusion can we come regarding this wonderful affair? I have my opinion about it, and it is to the effect that it was nothing but a scheme. To me it was just as plainly a scheme as was the affair between McAuliffe and Myer. But I do not at all mean to say that the California club officials were a party to any scheme; what I mean is that there was a scheme to get the $10,000 from the club.

Features of the Event.

If we commence to talk about the alleged contest on its merits, that is, as it actually took place, we will have a very unsatisfactory subject to deal with. I have read carefully the reports of the affair, and I have still the same opinion of Corbett that I have had and probably a little less of Jackson as a man. In no manner or form did Corbett prove that he is a fighter, and if he is one he has it yet to show. He gave fine exhibitions of the professor-style of boxing; but bless us if he had been half the man his friends claimed he was he would have settled the black man long before four hours elapsed. If he is a fighter, and if Jackson had been in earnest, would his rushes not have resulted disastrous either to himself or Jackson? Certainly they would. A man cannot keep up the rushing tactics for several rounds without considerable damage being done. I don't charge Corbett with dishonesty; not at all, but I do say that he has proven to us that he is not a fighter. And it is a question to me whether or not he has the "pluck." A bona fide fighter with the strength of Corbett does not waltz round and round his opponent; he fights him, and goes in to give and take, rather than make a farce of it. Why, Sullivan would simply have rushed all the prancing notions out of Corbett in less than six rounds. At best, that is giving Corbett credit for everything he did, he was afraid of Jackson. How do I know? Why, because he would not go near enough to hit Jackson, nor near enough for the Australian to hit him, except when delivering the professor-like taps. As far as Corbett is concerned, there was little credit for him in the contest except in the way of being a very good boxer, because of his long reach. I have not much to say about Jackson. I am inclined to think that he could have won if circumstances had been suitable for that result. If, on the other hand, the contest was absolutely an honest one, then the two principals are rank cowards, and proved it by their refusing to get close enough to each other to fight.

The Big Purse System.

I really believe that this miserable affair of Thursday night was the result of this $10,000 purse system. Two men who own nothing of this world's wealth can do many things for $5,000 each, and when a purse of the kind in question is being fought for, I am always prepared for anything. Why should the Australian black and Corbett not arrange to each take $5,000 if they could get it? Why should Jackson not agree to accept half of the purse and a little from the "outside" not to defeat Corbett? These are pertinent questions in the pugilistic world to-day. The big purse, combined with Queensberry rules, are simply all the incentive to fraud that anybody requires. But why, when such a big purse was offered, did not the referee insist that the men fight and not merely walk around the ring. Certainly I do not complain about the referee deciding the affair "no contest," but it might have been well had they been warned after the first 20 rounds were fought. From first to last the affair was nothing more than a farce as far as fighting was concerned. It was a "show" exhibition and it ought to tend to kill all these big battles for big purses.

Bowers and Myer.

Space is not plentiful this week, but I want to say a word or two about another miserable affair. I refer to the Bowen and Myer contest at New Orleans. Of all the decisions recorded in the history of the prize ring the decision of the referee in the battle in question is the most remarkable. When a fight can be stopped on a foul and the purse divided it is time to call a halt. Last week I think I remarked that I had nothing to say about the Bowen-Myer fight. To me it was then very suspicious, and I am still of opinion that I had a right to be suspicious. I don't intend to waste space in talking about the merits or demerits of such affairs, and all that I have to say is that it would be well if these alleged fights were stopped by law just as prize fights are.

PRINGLE.

LOVE-MAKING IN MEXICO.

American Women Popular Because They Are Approachable.

Chicago Herald.]

Baron Straus said the American women were so popular in Mexico that it interfered with the wheels of justice in that Republic. "The American women," he said, "go about Mexico as they would in this country, while the Mexican women are caged up like birds. The only way to make love to them is to stand off some 100 yards and stare.

"The pretty senorita sits in her open window and you can only look at her. There is one chance in a hundred of getting an opportunity to speak to one while she is in church, but that is the only place. Last summer a New York merchant and his beautiful daughter stopped for a few days in the little town where I was sojourning. The young lady was one of the handsomest that I have ever seen—light hair, eyes like bits of heaven's blue, classic form and all that was lovely. Well, you can imagine what a stir she created among the young Mexicans, who are held so far away from the native women.

"The son of a wealthy planter used to stand for hours opposite the window of this American girl. One day the father went to the City of Mexico, leaving the daughter unattended for a few hours. The young lady walked to the hotel from the station and was followed by the Mexican admirer. As she was nearly home the young fellow rushed up to her, and implanting a kiss upon her forehead ran away for dear life.

"When the father came home there was a little excitement. He had the young fellow arrested and the next day he was brought before the Judge, who gravely asked what the charge was.

"'Assaulting a woman,' spoke up the New Yorker.

"'What did the prisoner do?'

"'He ran up to my daughter on the street and kissed her.'

"'He kissed this lovely young lady?' asked the Judge, as he left his bench and carefully scrutinized the fair American.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, who wouldn't?' remarked the Judge, as he left the court room. And would you believe that was all the satisfaction the New Yorker could get in Mexico."

An American Theory.

Life.]

"I hate to tell Smothers a joke; he always wants it explained—is it because he's Scotch?"

"No, it's because you are English."

Voracious Banana Eating.

CARROLLTON, O., May 22.—Last night, at Port Morrow, a 14-year-old lad of this city ate 39 full-sized bananas in 15 minutes, and offered to eat 15 more in five minutes for $5.

STATUE OF BOBBY BURNS.

The Noble Work Recently Cast From Mr. G. A. Lawson's Mold.

A more fantastic scene than that which was witnessed the other afternoon at Mr. Moore's foundry, when Mr. G. A. Lawson's colossal statue of Robert Burns was cast, could not well be imagined, says the *Pall Mall Budget*. It was the ideal illustration of a "witches' cauldron" scene, or of Schiller's "Lay of the Bell." Roaring, sulphuric flames, fantastic wreaths of smoke, tons of molten metal, like so much liquid fire, and a few burly figures, half hidden by the fumes and flames. In front of the "burning fiery furnace" the mold which was about to receive the metal yawned like an open grave, round which a large number of journalists in their high hats appeared

like the mourners at the ceremony. And what a statue it is! Not that of an idealized Robert Burns, but that of a simple yeoman, with "clouted shoon," the attire of a Northern farmer, and with the thoughtful face as seen on Nasmith's painting in the Scotch National Gallery. The statue is nine feet in height, and represents Robert Burns at the age of 27.

A CHILEAN RAILWAY.

Trip Through the Heart of the Republic to Its Capital City.

INTRODUCTION OF PARLOR CARS.

Where the Fashionable People Go When They Want Real Cream.

FLOWER SALES AT THE STATIONS

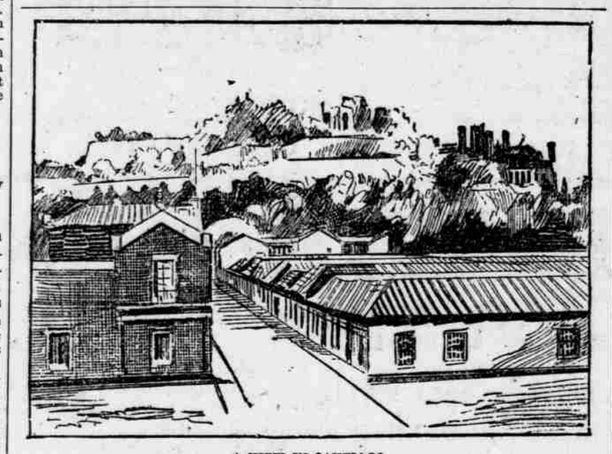
[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, April 25.—One can hardly imagine a pleasanter journey than that between Valparaiso and this city. The distance is 115 miles, and the time required by rail is five hours. The road, which is one of the oldest in South America, is owned and controlled by the Government. Its queerly-shaped locomotives and small, four-wheeled carriages show plainly that it was built by English contractors, and its equipment and management are entirely on the European plan.

The "common" coaches, which for many years were the only ones in use, are as odd inside as their exterior would indicate, each having two long seats running lengthwise from end to end, so that the traveler sits with his back to the window and his feet in the central aisle, gazing discontentedly at his companions in misery instead of at the flying landscape. The benches are as uncomfortable as pews in a country church, being upholstered in black leather, cold and slippery as glass, and so wide that one cannot rest his back and his toes at the same time.

Something Like Our Pullmans.

Nowadays, on the trains between the seaport and Santiago, there is a parlor coach, with chairs, here known as "the Spooner car," because introduced by a gentleman of that name. At first it was difficult to persuade anybody to pay a dollar for the privilege of riding in a chair, for habit is strong,



A VIEW IN SANTIAGO.

and these good people were quite satisfied with the transit they had been accustomed to. But having once tried the parlor car, they were delighted with it, and now nobody who can command an extra dollar will ride in any other. The consequence is that the Spooner coach is always crowded, while the others are nearly empty, and so great is the demand for chairs that they are engaged several days in advance, men often deferring their journey until the seats they desire can be secured.

By the way, the Chilean Government has received for its railways 800 cars and 38 locomotives, which were manufactured in England, but mostly from American models. We are told that the order was placed in England, instead of the United States, solely on account of the cheaper rates and more rapid delivery from the former country.

Balmaceda Friendly to Uncle Sam.

In an interview on the subject, President Balmaceda declared that the government of this Republic entertains most friendly feelings toward the elder sister of the north, and is so anxious to establish direct and regular steamship communication between the ports of the two countries, that Chile will contribute her full proportion to any reasonable subsidy that may be necessary to secure such service.

"Look how it is at present," said Balmaceda. "Of the 73 ships that touch regularly at Chilean ports, 31 are English, 23 are German, 9 are French, 7 are Chilean and 3 are Italian—but not one from the United States. That is not as it should be, since we are all Americans on this Western Hemisphere, whether born on the Northern or Southern Continent; and especially since we younger Republics of the South have built ourselves upon the shining example of the stronger Republic of the North."

The flattering remarks above quoted were made some months ago. Being fully engaged in a life-and-death struggle with his chaotic countrymen, the poor President is not particularly interested, just now, about commercial relations with the United States or any other country, beyond smuggling out what guns and ammunition his adherents may require and preventing the rebels from doing likewise.

Scenery of Central Chile.

The engineering problems of this central Chilean railway do not appear to have been great, at least as compared with those so frequently encountered in Peru. The rise between the sea and Santiago is about 1,800 feet, but there are no steep grades, nor bridges worth mentioning, and only a few short tunnels. Neither is the scenery so grand as that along the Peruvian lines; but much of it is eminently picturesque. Running down through the heart of Chile, in a southeasterly direction, the snowy peaks of the Andes are constantly in view—a broad, irregular line of white against the bluest skies I ever saw; while snow-shrouded Aconcagua, the loftiest mountain of the three Americas, is visible the entire distance.

After leaving the Valparaiso station (whose fine buildings would do credit to any city)—never by the remotest chance on schedule time, but as likely to be several minutes too early as an hour or more too late—the road runs for several miles along the edge of the bay, close to the gray rocks against which the waves are dashing, while gulls and curlews circle screaming overhead. In one place the hills trend down so closely to the shore that there is barely room for the track, and in stormy weather the car windows are often sprinkled with spray of the surf. The first stopping place is called Vino del Mar ("Vineyard of the sea," pronounced Veen-yo), a suburban town, where the wealthiest people of the country come to spend their summers. It is

The Long Branch of Chile,

by far the most elegant and fashionable resort in all South America, not excepting Petropolis and San Paulo near Rio de Janeiro, those former seats of royalty during Dom Pedro's time. Many of the citizens of Valparaiso and the capital, and even of the far South, own splendid establishments in Vino; and in times of peace the President of the Republic spends part of every year here. It is in no sense a commercial place, but reminds one of some of the popular resorts in California, on the Atlantic coast, and along the shores of the Mediterranean. Graceful cottages and pretentious mansions are set in marvelous gardens of fruits and flowers.

There are lovely walks and drives and lounging places and unrivaled bathing facilities; and an immense hotel, wherein it is the fashion, especially on Sundays, for parties coming out by train from Valparaiso, to breakfast about mid-day. A great many English people reside in Vino, therefore it goes without saying that there is a fine race course, and that horseback riding is greatly indulged in by both ladies and gentlemen. Nowhere in the world can better society be found, and the dinner parties, high teas, lawn fetes and kettle drums are like a bit of London life transferred to this remote corner.

Where Ultra-Fashionables Go.

Close by Vino del Mar is a long, low pale-blue painted hospital, which looks large enough to hold most of the population and might be handy in case of an emergency, such, for instance, as a visitation from Yellow Jack or vomitivo, since both those terrors sometimes come this way. Just beyond is an immense sugar factory, the largest in Chile; and a few miles farther on is another famous resort, named El Salto, ("The Leap")—a little hamlet, with a big hotel and a magnificent view behind it. Though it is fashionable to go out to breakfast in Vino, it is ultra-fashionable to come to El Salto, not only because the journey is longer and costs a trifle more, but because real cream is to be had here, besides fresh fruits and other delicacies which neither love nor money can wring from any landlord in Valparaiso. Behind the great hotel there is a winding road around and between the hills, over mossy boulders and beside a brawling stream, under the shade of oaks and beeches. The merry little river executes many saltos in its wild race from the highlands to the sea, and along its banks no end of wild flowers may be had for the picking.

There are numerous villages between Valparaiso and the Capital, but only two of size and consequence. These are Quilloto and Santa Felipe; and at both stations swarms of rugged men and women are always collected when the train stops, with fruit and flowers to sell.

Gorgeous Bouquets at Gorgeous Prices.

Such gorgeous bouquets one sees nowhere else in Chile. They are arranged in huge, pine apple-shaped bunches, often larger than an ordinary water-bucket—some composed entirely of sweet-scented violets, others all roses, or all pansies, or of mixed flowers—every one of them put up in the same ungraceful shape and surrounded by a vast circle of scalloped paper.

Lazy as these bedraggled traders look, there are no fools among them. Step out upon the platform to purchase a bouquet, and every one of them "sizes you up" in the twinkling of an eye. If you have the misfortune to be not of the manner born they know you for a despised Gringo, and believe that you are literally made out of money. They have heard somehow—probably through the prattle of injudicious travelers—that flowers cost a great deal in New York City; therefore they unblushingly demand $5 for the overgrown bunch of violets (and it would be well worth it if grown in a Northern greenhouse), but will take 25 cents for its counterpart without a murmur from a native customer who is posted on local prices.

Chilean flowers seem to be particularly short lived. The hot sun withers them immediately; the enterprising bouquet-venders plunge those they have failed to sell during the day into the nearest stream, and palm them off as freshly picked on unwary passengers by the night train, who are deceived by their dying fragrance, but cannot see their dilapidation in the dim light.

Quaint Customs at Quaint Hamlets.

Some of the hamlets along this road are as quaint as their names. There is Llai-llai, (pronounced Yi-yi), where you take breakfast or supper, according to the train you happen to be on; and Thal-Thal, where you may have a cup of hot tea, or a glass of milk, chicha or whisky, and a sandwich or a cigarette, according to your taste and sex. Then there is Limanche, with its beautiful gardens and orchards, where many families of the middle-class, who cannot afford the prices at aristocratic Vino del Mar and El Salto, retire to pass a cool and quiet summer; and Los Andes, where you change to a branch road if bound for the mountains, or for Mendoza, on the Argentine side of the famous Uspallata Pass, which we must traverse by and by.

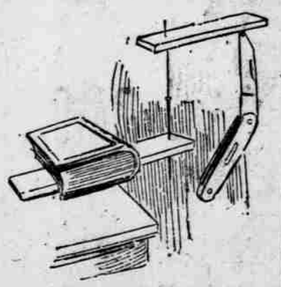
Hereabouts in central Chile the land is generally owned in immense estates, and irrigation is necessary in nearly all the coast districts. Yet there is no lack of rivers in Chile—as many as seventy-eight of them being deep enough to float craft of various kinds, with a total navigable length of 2,800 miles; not to mention a multitude of smaller streams, numerous lakes and the long line of sea coast. Farther in the interior the climate is more equable than so near the Pacific, and the soil is prodigiously fertile. Notwithstanding the rude methods of agriculture yet in vogue, the wheat crop is enormous; and there is a remarkable yield of other products—notably potatoes—considering the limited area devoted to farming. Of course we are speaking of peaceful times. There will be almost no crops of any kind this year, because the laborers have all gone to fight.

FANNIE B. WARD.

ANOTHER BALANCING TRICK.

How to Make a Needle Stand Upon the Head of a Pin in a Board.

The balancing trick shown herewith is sent to THE DISPATCH for its young readers by R. B. H. Drive a pin into a strip of board so that it stands firmly. Lay it upon a table so the part with the pin in it extends over the edge. Through a light strip of wood



A Needle Balanced on a Pin.

drive a needle at a point about one-third of its length from one end. Then take a knife and fasten the tip of the blade in the wood at a point about the same distance from the other end of the strip of wood. The knife should be heavy as compared with the strip so that when the handle is bent the center of gravity of the whole will fall just below the point of the needle. Place the needle point on the pin head and "R. B. H." guarantees you will be surprised.

BOTTOMS UPS furnished by sample at residence on furniture re-upholstery.
5a HAUGH & KNEMAN, 85 Water st.

A MIGHTY MEAN MAN.

Bessie Bramble's Opinion of the Great Napoleon as a Husband.

HE OFTEN TORE HIS CLOTHES UP,

And if Josephine's Shawl Didn't Suit Him He Threw It in the Fire.

A TYRANT IN HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"A true delineation of even the smallest man is capable of interesting the greatest," says Carlyle, a truth which all will recognize. Biography, which is only a higher form of gossip than the ordinary, is interesting to all readers. This is especially true when the subject is well known and portrayed to the life—when virtues are not unduly magnified nor faults wholly obscured, when he appears as a man like unto ourselves, and is not "written up" as a sort of demigod.

Someone has confessed that the story of George Washington as told in the school readers was always painful to him. As told there the hero of the Revolution is shown to be so tremendously good that his example goes for nothing with the average boy. He is represented as unapproachable—a being who, from his youth up, was a model so superior that no modern boy could come within a thousand miles of him. A saint who would calmly take "a lickin'" rather than tell a little white lie, is made of very uncommon stuff as young folks think to-day. Human nature is human nature, and it is therefore quite likely that they—as did the man of whom we speak—will feel relieved when they grow up and find that the Father of His Country allowed himself to swear when he got "awfully mad;" that he was occasionally tart in his temper; that he and Martha had little spats now and again, and that he no more loved his enemies than do other men. They will rather rejoice that in losing the saint they find the real man, who is none the less the world-renowned hero and revered patriot.

The Little Things Interest.

No brighter page is there to be found in history than that which records the genius and capacity of Washington as soldier in the field and as President of the Republic, but it is in the former on his estate, the husband in his home, the details of his everyday life as a friend and neighbor that most people take greatest interest—especially women.

The memoirs of Talleyrand, now so soon to be published seem, as far as known, to throw but little new light upon the private history of the Bonapartes. He relates his part in the great transactions of his day, which make up so largely the military and political history of the great man, but an abler pen has long before given the inside story of the mushrooms that found place for a few brilliant years in the palaces of the Bourbons. Like so many of the millionaires in these days who have risen from the ranks, the Bonapartes were engaged in a constant struggle for precedence, place and power. They always hated Marseilles, it is said, because it was in that city they lived when their reputation was a little shady, and those of its people who knew them at all, knew them as deficient in education and defective in the practice of the proprieties of life. After their advancement to the "higher life" of royalty it is said that Napoleon never forgave the people of the province for the retailing of the disparaging reminiscences, and that he allowed his wrath against them to interfere with the material interests of the seaport city.

Napoleon's Family at Paris.

His mother and the entire family seem to have flocked to Paris when Napoleon attained power to benefit by all he could be wrought upon to bestow. The mother was not a brilliant woman, but she seems to have had a prudent turn of mind, for while the sun of fortune shone upon them she devoted herself principally to saving and amassing money, with which, when the storm came, she returned to Rome and lived comfortably upon during the rest of her life. The sisters were intensely jealous of Josephine, and never ceased in their efforts to make trouble between her and Napoleon. It was nothing but lies—lies to which he was only too eager to listen.

This delight in gossip and scandal was one of the prominent traits of Napoleon's character. He wanted to know everything about everybody and no one received from him a warmer welcome than he who came freighted with the mean and petty tales that find origin in envy and malice. Men are fond of assuming that this delight in gossip is mostly confined to women whose lives are narrow and whose minds are given to small things, but a little thought and observation shows that the brethren give as much time and tattle to their neighbors' affairs as the most proficient adepts of the sewing societies or the schools for scandal. Napoleon even invited and encouraged tales as to his wife. Such was his suspicious nature that he had no scruples of delicacy or honor as to talking over her shortcomings with their friends and relatives. He kept

The Threat of a Divorce

ever impending, and at times seemed to enjoy humiliating her before the entire court by his attentions to other women. He had spies ever at hand to report her smallest doings and sayings. She on her side, employed the same methods to find out his goings-out and comings-in, and usually got enough of tattle and scandal concerning Napoleon to make her thoroughly unhappy. She was frivolous, not very intelligent, but she was sensitive to such indignities as were heaped upon her when the mood of meanness seized upon him.

With all its thorns, however, she valued her high position. She enjoyed its prestige and its power. The prospect of becoming a divorced wife, of resigning the grandeur of a court and crown, of retiring into obscurity while her enemies gloried in her downfall, constituted the skeleton in Josephine's closet. At times Napoleon seemed to take delight in displaying this hideous horror to his wife, and again he would gladden her soul by appearing to forget all about it. But with her knowledge of the boundless ambition of the man, her hours of happiness must have been few and her sorrows keen.

Not often in real life are the "ups" so high and the "downs" so deep as they were in the lives of Napoleon and Josephine. Military genius which raised the artillery man to the throne of the Bourbons and to the mastery of kings is a rare quality, and well for the world it is. His passion for war, his success in winning victories made him the autocrat of France, while his eagerness for power led him to grasp at every thread, even in the household, that he might hold everything in his own hands. He dictated the management of the house, the observance of etiquette, the style of Josephine's dress and the selection of her friends. Among these he compelled her to cut some of those who had been most kind to her in her early days, and seemed especially to delight in sowing dissention and promoting distrust on all sides.

How Napoleon Won Josephine.

The Bonapartes began poor. Through the kind offices of Barras—one of the Directory—Josephine had been enabled to get back enough of her first husband's confiscated estates to manage to "get along on" in a modest little house in a back street. With this, after the storm of the Revolution, she was content. With her children and her friends she took heart to forget the sorrows of her life and grow happy again. But the young widow was too handsome and attractive to long lack lovers. Among those who paid court to her was Napoleon, who really, it might be said, intimidated her into marrying him. His worldly advancement at the time depended upon this marriage, as Josephine's friends in power were only disposed to help him for her sake. That he overcame her scruples and dislike, and thus secured his promotion, shows that he had a genius for conquest, even as a lover.

Carlyle's mother told his wife that "he Carlyle) was aye a hard man to live with." This seems to be true of most men of genius. Shakespeare leaves evidence that he and his wife did not live happily together, since by his will he left her only his second-best bed. Few women, as history goes, have had a more unpleasant married life than the young wife of John Milton. So unhappy did he make their home that both wife and daughters hated him. Byron's married life was a tragedy. The marriage of Dickens was a failure, and his treatment of his wife will ever be a blot upon his memory.

The Logic of Ruskin.

Ruskin, with all his beautiful sentiments upon Queen's Gardens and the power of women, was unhappy in his marriage, and holds women responsible for all the suffering, injustice and misery upon the earth. Josephine, by his course of logic, was responsible for the wars of Napoleon, responsible for the millions of lives that were lost by his ambition—just as upon Eve has been piled all of the sins of the world. It may have been that if Josephine had been more intelligent and less given to frivolity; that if she had had a stronger sense of right and wrong, and been less lazy and selfish; that if she had had sense enough to grasp the situation and been less given to a study of dress and devices to make herself look young; that if her love for her children had prompted her to think more of their happiness than their elevation to rank, and that her affection for them stirred her to feel the woes of others, she might have exercised an influence over Napoleon for good. It may have been that had she been alive to her duty in the State, that had she been moved by true love rather than vanity, had she been courageous for peace rather than war, had she been stronger in her love of country than in her passion for cashmere shawls, she might have prevented the divorce from her husband, the bloodshed and desolation throughout Europe and the downfall of Napoleon.

It would seem as if his plan for conquering Europe, and his mastery of affairs in the field, and his conduct of the civil government of the Empire, constituted enough business for one man, but Napoleon regulated besides everything in the household—servants and salaries—with as much care and economy as Victoria manifests over her cheese parings.

Where His Temper Led Him.

He growled over what his clothes cost, but he sacrificed many to his tantrums. He hated dressing, and when anything did not suit him, he would fly into a passion and fire it across the room or into the fire. He had a horror of barbers and always shaved himself. One of his habits when not in a good humor was to stir the wood fire with his foot and kick over the burning logs, in his wrath, much to the detriment of his shoes. He would not be bothered with courses at dinner, but insisted upon having everything on the table at once, and he usually spent not more than ten minutes on a meal. He had a fondness for eau-de-cologne and used it to the extent of 60 bottles a month. Imagine a warrior steeped in cologne.

He insisted upon Josephine dressing handsomely, and she was nothing loth, but gave her mind and her time to it. She, in the days of the Empire, had eight dressers who spent hours in "making her up" to look young and beautiful. She changed every article of her attire three times a day. If Napoleon did not like her gowns they were changed at once. On one occasion, as related, when he did not fancy one of the richest of her dresses, he emptied a bottle of ink upon it. This mattered little, as she seldom wore anything twice. He would at other times throw her shawls which did not please him into the fire. Shawls in those days were the fashion, and Josephine gloried in the possession of from three to four hundred, for some of which she paid from $2,000 to $3,000 apiece. This favorite extravagance has gone out of fashion, but may come round again as the Empire styles are being revived.

Crowned Through Contrariness.

With the divorce in mind, Napoleon at first did not intend that she should be crowned as Empress, but his family were so importunate that she should be deprived of this honor that he grew contrary in proportion, and determined that she should share in the glory of his great day. Moreover, he about this time would have relinquished the divorce altogether, if the chief physician, Corvisart, in whom Bonaparte had great faith, could have been induced to enter into the secret plan to palm off a false heir as the child of Josephine and Napoleon. But Corvisart refused to take any part in such an arrangement, and was insulted by the mere proposition, much to Napoleon's amazement.

The marriage of Josephine and Napoleon had been performed by the civil power only, but Josephine longed for the sanction of the church ceremony, probably with a view of preventing the divorce. In an interview with the Pope, she confided to him her wishes, and he promised to require that the church marriage should precede the coronation in which he was to take part. Napoleon consented and they were married by Cardinal Fesch. But no rules of church or bull of Pope could restrain Napoleon when he set his mind to the contrary. The church had eventually to knock under and, contrary to church rules and precedents, the divorce was obtained.

Napoleon's Coronation Costume.

Napoleon, who is best known by his picture in which he appears in a very plain uniform, must have been weighed down with the magnificence of his coronation costume, especially as his ermine mantle alone weighed 80 pounds. He wore white velvet knee breeches with diamond buckles, a red velvet coat embroidered with gold, a white sash, a short cloak sewn with bees, and a plumed hat, turned up, with a diamond buckle. Josephine was equally gorgeous in white satin and ermine-trimmed train with a magnificent display of diamonds. How soon, divorce, disaster, death followed this magnificent parade history tells. After his fall, Napoleon turned to the wife he had divorced for sympathy. He wrote to her: "I have heaped benefits upon millions of wretches! They have all betrayed me." Neither of them seemed to take thought of the desolation and misery they had brought upon millions of innocent beings in pursuit of their selfish ambitions and greed of greatness.

His second wife, the Austrian princess, had no real love for him, and gave no token after his fall that her vow of taking him for better or for worse was held by her to be binding. Down to his latest hour, Napoleon was a liar. The record of his life shows him to have been—not a hero—but a selfish man, who having fallen short of his ambition, thought the world had cheated him. The ingratitude of those he had raised to place and power soured him, but he seemed to have no thought of the anguish, distress and broken fortunes he had brought upon France. In years to come, he will be known as a great soldier, a cruel despot, and a mean man.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

TWO LECTURES AT ONCE.

Wendell Phillips Meets With a Queer Instance of Yankee Thrift.

Wendell Phillips, having been announced to lecture in the parish meeting house, found on his arrival that the committee was not agreed as to the subject of the lecture, says *Youth's Companion*.

"How many lectures have you brought, Mr. Phillips?" asked the chairman.

"All of them are here," answered the lecturer, tapping his forehead.

"Well," continued the chairman, "we'll ask those in the audience which one they prefer to hear."

The audience was also divided. Some called for "Toussaint l'Ouverture," others asked for "The Lost Arts." At last one old man arose and said:

"S'pose we have both. Couldn't you give us both, Mr. Phillips?"

"Yes," answered the orator, taking in