some sound advice: When you go back, if you find your nation up and ready to abolish that hoary affront, lend a hand; but if that isn't the state of things and you get a chance at an earldom, don't be a fool—you take it."

Tracy responded with earnestness and enthusiasm.

"As I live, I'll do it."

Barrows laughed.

"I never saw such a fellow. I begin to think you've got a good deal of imagination. With you the idliest fancy freezes into a reality at a breath. Why, you looked then as if it wouldn't astonish you if you did tumble into an earldom." Tracy blushed. Barrows added: "Earldom! Oh, yes, take it if it offers; but meantime we'll go on looking around in a modest way, and if you get a chance to superintend a sausage-stuffer at $6 or $8 a week, you just trade off the earldom for a last year's almanac and stick to the sausage-stuffing."

Tracy went to bed happy once more, at rest in his mind once more. He had started out on a high emprise—that was to his credit, he argued; he had fought the best fight he could, considering the odds against him—that was to his credit; he had been defeated—certainly there was nothing discreditable in that. Being defeated, he had a right to retire with the honors of war, and go back without prejudice to the position in the world's society to which he had been born. Why not? Even the rabid republican chairmaker would do that. Yes, his conscience was comfortable once more.

He awoke refreshed, happy and eager for his cablegram. He had been born an aristocrat, he had been a democrat for a time, he was now an aristocrat again. He marvelled to find that this final change was not merely intellectual, it had invaded his feeling; and he also marvelled to note that this feeling seemed a good deal less artificial than any he had entertained in his system for a long time. He could also have noted, if he had thought of it, that his bearing had stiffened over night, and that his chin had lifted itself a shade. Arrived in the basement, he was about to enter the breakfast room when he saw old Marsh, in the dim light of a corner of the hall, beckoning him with his finger to approach. The blood welled slowly up in Tracy's cheek, and he said, with a grade of injured dignity almost ducal:

"Is that for me?"

"Yes."

"What is the purpose of it?"

"I want to speak to you—in private."

"This spot is private enough for me."

Marsh was surprised, and not particularly pleased. He approached and said:

"Oh, in public, then, if you prefer. Though it hasn't been my way."

The boarders gathered to the spot, interested.

"Speak out," said Tracy. "What is it you want?"

"Well, haven't you—er—forgot something?"

"I'm I'm not aware of it."

"Oh, you're not? Now you stop and think a minute."

"I refuse to stop and think. It doesn't interest me. If it interests you, speak out."

"Well, then," said Marsh, raising his voice to a slightly angry pitch, "you forgot to pay your board yesterday—if you're bound to have it public."

Oh, yes, this heir to an annual million or so had been dreaming and soaring, and had forgotten that pitiful $3 or $4. For penalty

They Made Him Laugh.

he must have it coarsely flung in his face, in the presence of these people, people in whose countenances was already beginning to dawn an uncharitable enjoyment of the situation.

"Is that all? Take your money and give your terrors a rest."

Tracy's hand went down into his pocket with angry decision. But—it didn't come out. The color began to ebb out of his face. The countenances about him showed a growing interest, and some of them a heightened satisfaction. There was an uncomfortable pause—then he forced out, with difficulty, the words:

"I've—been robbed."

Old Marsh's eyes flamed up with Spanish fire, and he exclaimed:

"Robbed, is it? That's your tune? It's too old—been played in this house too often; everybody plays it that can't get work when he wants it, and won't work when he can get it. Trot out Mr. Allen, somebody, and let him take a toot at it. It's his turn next; he forgot, too, last night. I'm laying for him."

One of the negro women came scrambling downstairs, as pale as a sorrel horse with consteration and excitement.

"Misto Marsh, Misto Allen's skipped out."

"What!"

"Yes-sah, an' cleaned out his room clean; tuck sofe towels an' de soap."

"You lie, you hussy!"

"I'ts jes' so, jes' as I tells you—en Misto Sumner's socks is gone, en Misto Naylor's yuther shirt."

Mr. Marsh was at boiling point by this time. He turned upon Tracy.

"Answer up, now! When are you going to settle?"

"To-day, since you seem to be in a hurry."

"To-day, is it? Sunday—and you out of work? I like that. Come, where are you going to get the money?"

Tracy's spirit was rising again. He proposed to impress these people:

"I am expecting a cablegram from home."

Old Marsh was caught out, with the surprise of it. The idea was so immense, so extravagant, that he couldn't get his breath at first. When he did get it, it came rancid with sarcasm.

"A cablegram—think of it, ladies and gents—he's expecting a cablegram. He's expecting a cablegram—this duffer, this scrub, this bilk. From his father, eh? Yes, without a doubt. A dollar or two a word—eh, that's nothing—they don't mind a little thing like that—this kind father don't. Now his father is—er—well, I reckon his father—"

"My father is an English Earl."

The crowd fell back aghast—aghast at the sublimity of the young loafer's "cheek." Then they burst into a laugh that made the windows rattle. Tracy was too angry to realize that he had done a foolish thing. He said:

"Stand aside, please. I—"

"Wait a minute, your lordship," said Marsh, bowing low, "where is your lordship going?"

"For the cablegram. Let me pass."

"Excuse me, your lordship, you'll stay right where you are."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I didn't begin to keep boarding house yesterday. It means that I am not the kind that can be taken in by every hack driver's son that comes loafing over here because he can't bum a living at home. It means that you can't skip out on any such—"

Tracy made a step toward the old man, but Mrs. Marsh sprang between, and said:

"Don't, Mr. Tracy, please." She turned to her husband and said: "Do bridle your tongue. What has he done to be treated so? Can't you see he has lost his mind with trouble and distress? He's not responsible."

"Thank your kind heart, madam, but I've not lost my mind; and if I can have the mere privileges of stepping to the telegraph office—"

"Well, you can't," cried Marsh.

"—or sending—"

"Sending. That beats everything. If there's anybody that's fool enough to go on such a chuckleheaded errand—"

"Here comes Mr. Barrow—he will go for me. Barrow—"

A brisk fire of exclamations broke out:

"Say, Barrow, he's expecting a cablegram."

"Cablegram from his father, you know."

"Yes, cablegram from the wax-figger."

"And say, Barrow, this fellow's an earl—take off you hat! Pull down your vest."

"Yes, he's come off and forgot his crown that he wears Sundays. He cabled over to his pappy to send it."

"You step out and get that cablegram, Barrow; his majesty's a little lame today."

"Oh, stop," cried Barrow; "give the man a chance." He turned and said with some severity: "Tracy, what's the matter with you? What kind of foolishness is this you've been talking? You ought to have more sense."

"I've not been talking foolishness; and if you'll go to the telegraph office—"

"Oh, don't talk so. I'm your friend in trouble and out of it, before your face and behind your back, for anything in reason; but you've lost your head, you see, and this moonshine about a cablegram—"

"I'll go there and ask for it."

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart, Brady. Here, I'll give you a written order for it. Fly, now, and fetch it. We'll soon see."

Brady flew. Immediately the sort of quiet began to steal over the crowd which means dawning doubt, misgiving; and might be translated into the words: "Maybe he is expecting a cablegram—maybe he has got a father somewhere—maybe we've been just a little too fresh, just a shade too previous." Loud talk ceased; then the mutterings and low murmurings and whisperings died out. The crowd began to crumble apart. By ones and twos the fragments dritted to the breakfast table. Barrow tried to bring Tracy in; but he said:

"Not yet, Barrow—presently."

Mrs. Marsh and Hattie tried, offering gentle and kindly persuasion, but he said:

"I would rather wait—till he comes."

Even old Marsh began to have suspicions that maybe he had been a trifle too "brash," as he called it in the privacy of his soul, and he pulled himself together and started toward Tracy, with invitation in his eye; But Tracy warned him off with a gesture which was quite positive and eloquent. Then followed the stillest quarter of an hour which had ever been known in that house at that time of day. It was so still and so solemn withal that when somebody's cup slipped from his fingers and landed in his plate the shock made people start, and the sharp sound seemed as indecorous there and as out of place as if a coffin and mourners were imminent, and being waited for. And at last, when Brady's feet came clattering down the stairs the sacrilege seemed unbearable.

Everybody rose softly and turned toward the door, where stood Tracy; then with a common impulse moved a step or two in that direction and stopped. While they gazed, young Brady arrived, panting, and put into Tracy's hand, sure enough, an envelope. Tracy fastened a bland, victorious eye upon the gazers, and kept it there till one by one they dropped their eyes, vanquished and embarrassed. Then he tore open the telegram and glanced at its message. The yellow paper fell from his fingers and fluttered to the floor, and his face turned white. There was nothing there but one word—

THANKS.

The humorist of the house, the tall, rawboned Billy Nash, calker from the navy yard, was standing in the rear of the crowd. In the midst of the pathetic silence that was now brooding over the place and moving some few hearts there toward compassion, he began to whimper, then he put his handkerchief to his eyes and buried his face in the neck of the bashfulest young fellow in the company, a navy yard blacksmith, and shrieked: "Oh, pappy, how could you," and began to bawl like a teething baby, if one may imagine a baby with the energy and the devastating voice of a jackass.

So perfect was the imitation of a child's ary, and so vast the scale of it, and so ridiculous the aspect of the performer, that all gravity was swept from the place as if by a hurricane, and almost everybody there joined in the crash of laughter provoked by the exhibition. Then the small mob began to take its revenge—revenge for the discomfort and apprehension it had brought upon itself by its own too rash freshness of a little while before. It guyed its poor victim, baited him, worried him, as dogs do with a cornered cat. The victim answered back with defiances and challenges which included everybody, and which gave the sport new spirit and variety; but when he changed his tactics and began to single out individuals and invite them by name, the fun lost its funniness, and the interest of the show died out along with the noise.

Finally Marsh was about to take an inning, but Barrow said:

"Never mind now—leave him alone. You've no account with him but a money account. I'll take care of that myself."

When he had finished his breakfast, Barrow took him to his room, furnished him a pipe, and said cheerily:

"No—not yet. That would be giving up the ship. We'll not give up the ship yet. I'm going to amuse you; I sent Brady out for the wherewithal before you finished breakfast."

"You did? What is it?"

"Come, this is a good sign—curiosity. Oh, there's hope for you yet."

Brady arrived with a box and departed, after saying:

"They're finishing one up, but they'll be along as soon as it's done."

Barrow took a frameless oil portrait a foot square from the box, set it up in a good light without comment and reached for another, taking a furtive glance at Tracy meantime. The stony solemnity in Tracy's face remained as it was and gave out no sign of interest. Barrow placed the second portrait beside the first and stole another glance while reaching for a third. The stone image softened a shade. No. 3 forced the ghost of a smile, No. 4 swept the indifference wholly away, and No. 5 started a laugh which was still in good and hearty condition when No. 14 took its place in the row.

"Oh, you're all right, yet," said Barrow. "You see you're not past amusement."

The pictures were fearful as to color, and atrocious as to drawing and expression; but the feature which squelched animosity and made them funny was a feature which could not achieve its full force in a single picture, but required the wonder-working assistance of repetition. One loudly dressed mechanic in stately attitude, with his hand on a cannon ashore, and a ship riding at anchor in the offing—this is merely odd; but when one sees the same cannon and the same ship in 14 pictures in a row, and a different mechanic standing watch in each, the thing gets to be funny.

"Explain, explain these aberrations," said Tracy.

"Well, they are not the achievement of a single intellect, a single talent—it takes two to do these miracles. They are collaborations; the one artist does the figure, the other the accessories. The figure-artist is a German shoemaker with an untaught passion for art, the other is a very simple-hearted old Yankee sailorman, whose possibilities are strictly limited to his ship, his cannon and his patch of petrified sea. They work these things up from 25-cent tin types; they get $6 a piece for them, and they can grind out a couple a day when they strike what they call a boost—that is, an 'inspiration.'"

"This is a most extraordinary form of robbery. I never have heard of anything like it. It's interesting."

"Yes, and so are the artists. They are perfectly honest men and sincere. And the old sailor-man is full of sound religion, and is as devoted a student of the Bible and misquoter of it as you can find anywhere. I don't know a better man or a kinder-hearted old soul than Saltmarsh, although he does swear a little sometimes."

"He seems to be perfect. I want to know him, Barrow."

"You'll have the chance. I guess I hear them coming now. We'll draw them out on their art, if you like."

[To be Continued Next Sunday.]

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SUCCESSOR TO LEO.

The Only Safe Prophecy Is That America Will Not Get Him.

ITALIANS ARE IN THE MAJORITY.

Among the Possible Popes Is One Who Knows How to Live Well.

POINTS ABOUT THE CANDIDATES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Among those who are best qualified to gauge the probabilities of the situation, the prediction now being so confidently uttered in the public prints of the almost certain accession to the papacy of some ecclesiastic not of Italian birth when death shall remove Leo XIII receives no consideration whatever. The Intransigeant, or, as it is otherwise often called, the Ultramontane element, is the one which will rule in Rome when the next Pope is selected. They are unquestionably opposed to the selection of a foreigner as head of the church.

If there were really anything in this theory of a foreign Pope the United States might be more likely to supply the man for the place than any other country, because it is free from the international rivalries which affect the various European powers. Germany would object to a French Pope,

Pope Leo XIII.

and France to either an English or German one. The policy of the Vatican is to conciliate all countries and to avoid complications. But for this fact—and were a foreigner at all possible—it might seem more reasonable, on general principles, to anticipate an English rather than an American Pope. There is but one American Cardinal; in England, until very recently, there were three. The last survivor of these, Cardinal Howard, is now incapacitated through insanity. But the fact of there having been three English Cardinals at one time shows the disposition of the Vatican to bestow honors in England.

The Pope's Relations to England.

For many years political "dickering" has from time to time prevailed between English statesmen and the Vatican. The Irish question has had much to do with this, and it is not long since Mr. Gladstone, during one of his leases of power, had an Irish member of Parliament as permanent envoy to the Pope at Rome. The United States has practically no European foreign policy, but England has. When the Pope uses his influence in Ireland, as he has frequently done, to smooth the path of the British officials, it is well understood that he received a quid pro quo from the English Government.

Such powerful affiliations are very useful to the Roman pontiff, especially since the loss of his temporal power. England is a powerful ally. The college of cardinals may change its personnel again and again; Popes may come and go; but the same desire to negotiate with England will continue to animate both Cardinal and Pontiff. It is simply a matter of expediency, that is all. On the other hand, natural conditions preclude the possibility of the Pope either expecting or receiving political backing from the United States.

But there is no likelihood whatever of the next Pope being selected from the ranks of the foreign Cardinals, be their nationalities what it may. The exclusive privilege

Cardinal La Valetta.

of electing a Pope belongs to the privy council of Cardinals. This always contains an overwhelming majority of Italians. The conclusion that may be drawn from this fact is obvious.

Plenty of Politics In It.

There is a great disposition to regard the papacy question as one purely, or at least mainly, religious. But the fact is that there is quite as much politics as religion in the whole matter. When the death of a Pope is anticipated an undercurrent of unrest prevails in Europe. Ambassadors' dispatches to their respective Governments multiply, expectation is rife within the Vatican itself and the newspapers oracularly discuss the situation, while "our special correspondent" at Rome wires rumor after rumor.

It seems idle to attempt a prophecy as to the successor of Leo XIII, but I will point out some favorites in the race, as chosen by the most intelligent of foreign observers. It is a time honored tradition that no one ever yet correctly named in advance the coming pope. Gregory XVI was followed by a man he distrusted, and with whose policy he disagreed—Pius IX. Pope Pius, in his turn, gave place to Leo XIII, whom he never would have selected to succeed him had he possessed the authority to indicate his successor. But no such authority

Cardinal Alimonda.

is vested in the pontiff now. In some remote times some privilege of the kind was occasionally recognized, as for instance, when Pope Hildebrand named three men, who, if they survived each other, were to occupy successively after him the chair of Peter. But all that is changed now and Leo XIII has ever been a professor of constitutional methods, declaring that arbitrary actions should be avoided. He does not believe in forcing his ideas upon others.

One Candidate Is a Good Liver.

Ultramontanism is the force which must be primarily considered as bearing upon the question of papal succession, because in its most radical and its more moderate form it still represents the controlling influences of Vatican policy. Of the three Cardinals—Parocchi, Monaco and Battagline—who are looked upon in Rome as the most probable candidates for the distinction of the triple crown, two are Ultramontanes. These are Lucido Maria Parocchi and Raffaele Monaco. Parocchi is somewhat a type of the Pope of song and story, whose supposed perennial enjoyment of "a happy life" has furnished certain lyrists of the past with inspiration for their poetical talents. Rotund and jolly in his physical aspect, a careful discrimination as to the observance of ascetic rules of life and a liberal interpretation of their

Cardinal Parocchi.

practical application, have saved him from presenting the worn and threadbare appearance with which we are all familiar in the portraits of the late Cardinal Manning. The older he grows the stouter he gets, and to all appearances the distressing evidences of a consuming ambition have told but little upon his massive frame.

Parocchi is the leading spirit of the advanced Ultramontanes, who still pursue the idea of a restoration of temporal power, to be furthered and strengthened by encouragement of political alliances. The recent utterances from Rome discouraging the continuance of opposition to the republic in France may indicate that Leo XII, in his last days, is nearing a point of reaction which the Pope succeeding him is more likely than not to make the starting point of a directly opposite policy. The Cardinals may desire to put a brake on the wheels of progress set in motion by the present pontiff. Should this be so, Parocchi would doubtless be their first choice.

Points About Three Leaders.

Cardinal Monaco, who was born Marquis La Valletta and is descended from the founder of the Knights of Malta, may possibly prove to be the stronger candidate in the eyes of the Ultramontanes and they would possess in him the advantage of a leader and spokesman whose lease of life seems to have a greater unexpired term than that of either of his rivals. For neither of the latter is in a perfect state of health. Francesco Battaglini is the opposite of robust. The ages of the three aspiring clerics are as follows: Battaglini, 68; Monaco, 64, and Parocchi, 58.

About the fairest view of the situation can be thus summarized: Parocchi, who is popular and diplomatic and known to be rather an extremist, hence strengthening with many his availability for selection, has also the advantage in point of age. Monaco is the opportunist element of the Ultramontanes, thus capturing the conservative majority of Cardinals, and he enjoys the best of health. Battaglini represents the moderate churchmen, but his tenure of life is

Cardinal San Felice.

precarious. In official status at the Vatican Monaco and Parocchi are easily in the lead, the former being now Deacon of the Sacred College and Secretary to the Holy Office. Parocchi is Vicar to the Pope. Battaglini is Archbishop of Bologna, but holds no special office at court. Contiguity to the person of the existing Pope, however, is of little value to the prophet of succession, as I have already pointed out.

Representations of the Liberals.

The Liberal party has two or three prominent representatives in the sacred college who are known to fame. These are Cardinal Alimonda, Bishop of Turin; Cardinal San Felice, of Naples, and Prince Gustav, Cardinal Hohenlohe von Schwillingfuerst, a cousin german of the present heir to the crown of Austria. Alimonda is a friend of the Italian royal family. San Felice is beloved for his great public charity and benevolence.

The number of Cardinals is fixed by the laws of the Church at 70 members, but rarely has the full number been in existence at any given time. Just now there are 60, and this number is equally divided, as to nationality, between Italians and foreigners. The ancient proverb that a cock crows loudest when stationed in his own barn yard is applicable to the present situation.

When Leo dies and the necessity presents itself of choosing someone in his place, the voice of the Church in foreign lands will be audible to any important degree in France only, for that country is alone in the possession of any really forcible outside clerical influence in the Roman conclave.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

CROKER DEFENDS TAMMANY.

He Commends It and Counsels the Ignoring of Its Critics.

The city of New York to-day, says Richard Croker in the *North American Review*, contains a political organization, which, in respect of age, skillful management, unity of purpose, devotion to correct principles, public usefulness, and, finally, success, has no superior, and, in my opinion, no equal, in political affairs the world over. I mean the Tammany Democracy. I do not propose to defend the Tammany organization; neither do I propose to defend sunrise as an exhibition of celestial mechanics, nor a democratic form of government as an illustration of human liberty at its best. In the campaign of 1891 almost the only argument used by the Republicans against the Democrats was the assertion that Flower was the candidate of a corrupt political club, and that club was named Tammany.

Tammany was accused of every vice and crime known to Republican orators; it was a fountain-head of corruption; it was because of it that every farmer in the State could not at once pay off his mortgages; it took $40,000,000 annually from the citizens of New York and gave them nothing in exchange for it. To the credit of the Democrats let us note the fact that, while this torrent of abuse was being poured upon the heads of voters, Democrats did as the inhabitants of Spain are said to do when the clouds are open—"they let it rain." Nobody apologized for the misdeeds of the alleged malefactor; the Democrats went before the people on legitimate issues, and the result of the affair was expressed in the figures, 47,937 majority. I doubt if the democracy would have fared anything like as well if they had defended or apologized or explained away. "He who excuses himself accuses himself," is a time-worn proverb.

Where He Has an Advantage.

Frank Leslie's.]

Drummer—And do you mean to say that you never have any of your goods thrown back on your hands?

His traveling acquaintance—No, sir; I'm an undertaker.

DOING THE CAPITAL.

Bessie Bramble Looks in on the Nation's Law-Makers, and Then

TAKES A WHIRL IN SOCIETY.

A Solemn Warning to the Voters of Pennsylvania to Watch Quay.

USING UP SUNDAY WITH EULOGIES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 13.—It might easily have been supposed that the Law and Order Society of Pittsburg had invaded the House of Representatives the other day from the frequency with which the words "Sawbath" and "observance" and "keeping holy" and kindred expressions—so familiar to the ear—were heard. However, after a time, above the din and racket, and amid the smoke below, I made out that the discussion was on a resolution offered by one of the members that, on the score of economy of time and money, the eulogies pronounced upon deceased members should be given on Sunday afternoons instead of during the working hours of the week.

It was urged, with some reason, too, that Sunday was a day especially appropriate for men to consider their latter end, and what is better adapted to inspire solemn thoughts, to impress upon men's minds the shortness of life, the vanity of all things here below, the folly of worldly ambition and the necessity of making their election in the next world sure—than funeral orations?

It is a rule that members of Congress like paupers shall be buried at public expense, and have their virtues extolled at a cost to to the country of over $1,000 a day Eulogies, it will be seen, are rather expensive, but if they resulted in impressing Congressmen with a realizing sense of sin and total depravity, and in leading them to repentance and newness of life, the money would hardly be considered wasted.

That such would be good work will not be questioned. It is lawful to do good upon the Sabbath day. This is a better law than the narrow restrictions of 1794. Some such thought and arguments were probably at the bottom of the idea advanced that the "eulogies" upon dead members should be made lawful upon Sunday afternoon, though the change proposed was based mainly upon economy. The statement was made that 40 days of the last Congress were given up to dead members, and that when all the expenses of the funerals, eulogies, printed copies of the proceedings and all the rest of the honors were counted up they would amount last year to over $300,000 of the public money—to say nothing of the time lost to public business. Senator Hearst's funeral, which was resolved into a junketing trip to California, cost the country over $20,000, and yet he was a millionaire 20 times over.

It seems strange that Congress still persists in this abuse of public trust, but such expensive sorrow seems to be an established institution. The proposition to have the eulogies upon Sunday afternoon was denounced as an infraction of the holiness of the day—as laboring on the "Sabbath" and as a breakage of the blue laws. It was easy to see that the members who advocated these views were posing and prating for effect.

* * *

Antics of Pennsylvania's Senators.

A visit to the Senate disclosed the fact that the Pennsylvania Senators, Quay and Cameron, were present, and hobnobbing together. Cameron, who is growing quite gray and elderly in appearance, was looking as benign as usual through his glasses. No favorite of fortune, blessed with the richest gifts of the gods, could appear to be in a more calm and heavenly frame. On the other hand, Mr. Quay looked cross and ill at ease. At his feet was a shower of opened envelopes tossed there with an impatient hand. After what seemed a close confab of interest to both, Cameron crossed the chamber to Senator Vest, and that their conversation was interesting to both was to be seen from their emphatic gestures.

In the meantime Mr. Quay in attitude at rest drew down his brows in a dark frown and apparently indulged in some very profound thoughts. What deep stratagem he was considering, what well-laid plan the man of silence was meditating, what "feats of broil and battle" he was studying are, of course, unknown, but a little study of his expression suggested Napoleon after his disastrous campaign in Russia, when, with the remains of his grand army, he struggled home to France to find enemies at the front as well as the rear. Napoleon conquered Europe and held its kingdoms at his feet, but Nemesis awaited him at Waterloo. The defeat of Delamater as Governor of Pennsylvania pointed a moral for Senator Quay. In the plenitude of his power he must sometimes realize that Pennsylvania can serve up a Waterloo occasionally for a "boss." However, he has now gone to Florida to have his wrinkles rubbed out, to have his spirits keyed up, to have his soul enlivened by going a fishing. Public business can go hang when the bliss of catching tarpons is in order.

* * *

This Settles the Presidency

Mr. Blaine attended the concert given under the directios of his son-in-law, Mr. Damrosch, and it was the common remark there that, in his state of health, he could not live through a Presidental campaign. He seems much more likely to become a candidate for high honors in the "great bevond," than upon this sphere of sorrow. Harrison is, to all appearance, first choice at present. This may hold until Brother Quay comes up from the South and announces that he proposes to own a President for himself, whose name will not be Harrison.

The field of Waterloo seems to be still closer. The battle, indeed, is on. The men of Pennsylvania need to consider well and vote warily and wisely for members of the Legislature. "Put not your trust in princes," says Solomon, but the lesson of the hour is to put no trust in Quay delegates or men tagged with a price label.

* * *

The Pace in Society.

Society is engaged in the usual gay and giddy whirl of dinners, teas, receptions, balls, at homes and all the rest of the momentous matters of the season. No washerwoman over her tubs, or toiler in a factory or shop could be more tired than are some of the ladies in their vain endeavors to do their whole duty in the matter of society business. It is about the common thing for them to make a half dozen or so calls of an afternoon, take in three or four "teas" and then quite likely a dinner and a ball.

This as a daily programme is something like what constitute "the pace" for the ladies in society during the season. With church work added, and charity entertainments to fill in, it is marvelous what an amount of going about is crowded into a day of such work. It is no wonder that the approach of Lent is hailed with pleasure. The visitor to Washington who is "in it" enjoys "the rush" vastly. It is a great pleasure to meet face to face those whose names find place in print and who are looked upon from afar as great. In many cases it is found that "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." In others modest merit was but half disclosed.

Society in Washington is most delightful. There is conspicuously absent that stiffness, exclusiveness and arrogance so often manifested in narrower circles. From every State in the Union come noted men and bright, clever, intelligent women who are sociable, genial and cultured beyond the point of pride and prejudice.

* * *

An Evening With Mrs. Logan.

One of the most charming of entertainments was given Saturday night at the residence of Mrs. John A. Logan, the widow of General Logan, who made so grand a record in the war for the Union. Mrs. Logan is a fine looking woman with her wealth of snowy hair and her brilliant eyes. Her conversation gives token of a strong mind and uncommon intellectual power. Her manners are most cordial and gracious and full of the warmth of Western welcome.

The Memorial Hall, dedicated to the memory of her famous husband, so often described, is full of interest. Pictures, busts, swords, flags, trophies, mementoes of every sort—each has its story that should be embalmed in print to inspire heroism and impart a lesson of patriotism to the rising generation. With Mrs. Logan lives Major Tucker and Mrs. Tucker, her daughter. John A. Logan, Jr., and his beautiful wife and children are spending the winter with Mrs. Logan, and the grand old mansion is enlivened by happy youth and lovely childhood.

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An Old Dispatch Contributor.

The entertainment was a lecture from Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood on "Washington Forty Years Ago." Mrs. Sherwood does not look as if old enough to have been one of the belles of Washington 40 years ago, but we must accept her own story. Her father was a Senator from New Hampshire in the days of Webster and Clay, and an intimate friend of the former. Her reminiscences of these two great men were very interesting, as was also her story of life in Washington in their time. As a young girl of that period she dwelt more upon the society affairs, balls, parties, picnics, country walks, when William Pitt Fessenden and other young men who grew afterward into fame were the beaux. Among these were youthful navy and army officers who distinguished themselves in the Civil War—then hardly dreamed of—though the excitement and agitation as to slavery were constantly growing in intensity.

Among the boys was the quiet and silent U. S. Grant, who then gave no promise of the distinction to which he afterward attained. In those days said Mrs. Sherwood, there was nothing of the luxury and splendor of the present, but the girls and boys had as much gayety and happiness as those of to-day, if not more. The ball rooms were lighted by candles that dripped grease over the gowns and coats of the dancers. Even the capacious halls and parlors of the White House were lighted by spermaceti candles in scores on great occasions. Still human nature was the same then as to-day and they gathered roses and were pricked by thorns then as now.

Mrs. Sherwood is a pleasing reader. She has given ten lectures in the palatial drawing rooms of Washington, and will probably give another series during Lent. It will astonish the girls of the period to learn that in 1850 those of the first society dressed upon $100 a year. Simplicity then was a young girl's chief charm. Young men then felt that they could afford to get married and go to housekeeping. Culture and intelligence, Mrs. Sherwood claims, were in those days more in fashion than favorable parade and show. Society was then graded more by brains than money.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

Why She Feels Elevated.

Pearson's Weekly.]

Arabella—Why is Miss Passee so proud?

Isabella—Well, there are 20,000,000 engagement rings in the world, and she has one of them.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOME IN SAMOA.

Novelists have long exercised a free hand in introducing real people into fiction. Sometimes no attempt whatever is made to disguise the characters, and, again, they are but thinly veiled, under names highly suggestive of the real ones. In many cases, no doubt, this has been very pleasing to the people portrayed, but more frequently it has been a cause of grave dissatisfaction to the original of the portrait; and in a recent case the publishers have been held responsible for the too free use of the author's pen in this respect. In the case referred to—that of Pinnock versus Chapman & Hall—the defendants were forced to pay $1,000 damages, besides all the heavy expenses of a lawsuit.

Few authors practice this more openly than Mr. Stevenson, many of whose characters are drawn from real life. The original of John Silver—the fierce one-legged pirate in "Treasurer Island" is W. E. Henley, an old friend and schoolmate of Mr. Stevenson's, and now the editor of that very sharp and caustic journal, the *National Observer*. Mr. Henley protested that the picture was not a fair one; Mr. Stevenson's replied: "No, perhaps it is not, but it is what you would have been if you had been a pirate." Another old friend, Charles Baxter, a Scotch advocate, is dealt with even more unmercifully as "Finsbury," in another work.

It is a somewhat curious fact that in acknowledging his indebtedness to an old drama for the central idea of his short story, "The Bottle Imp," which appeared in THE DISPATCH last year, Mr. Stevenson did not know that the story was published over 60 years ago in Germany in the Romancists and Novelists' library—a series of works in folio volumes. The story was laid in Germany, and the situations turned readily on the great variety of coins then current in Germany, each small kingdom having its own style, Germany being not then a composite empire with an uniform currency.

Mr. Stevenson's home in Samoa is called "The Lodge of Vailima." The picture of it is from a photograph recently received. The surmise is that it was taken by Lloyd Osborne, Mr. Stevenson's stepson and collaborator.

WILL BE KEPT BUSY.

The New Khedive to Have Many Affairs of State to Deal With.

TWO NOTED ENGLISH SCIENTISTS.

Facts That Indicate a Great Antiquity for Cliff Dwellers.

A PURCHASE UNCLE SAM PROPOSES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The new ruler of Egypt, Abbas Pasha, is described by those most intimate with him as a most exemplary young man, without a single touch of the disagreeable haughtiness usually so much apparent in heirs to thrones. He has been a very diligent student, the thought of his succeeding to power so early in life never entering his mind. Herr Blum, a very clever old German who

The New Khedive.

for years was Under Secretary of Finance in Egypt, was the trusted friend of the late Khedive. He has known Abbas since his birth, and has only the best and most pleasant things to say of him. He has learned to speak English, French and German, is well versed—for his age—in military knowledge, and has been studying law.

Abbas will likely find plenty of use for all of these accomplishments. Judging from the assurance with which both England and France dictate to his country it is almost certain the new Khedive will require knowledge of both military and civil law before his career is ended. The really great differences of opinion as to the individual rights of the countries named in the land of the Pharaohs will be almost certain to result in an discussion at arms. In any event Abbas needs all the knowledge he can acquire without regard to its being either civil or military.

Garbling Geographical Names.

In a short article on geographical "Don'ts," recently published in "Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine," a warning is given newspaper readers not to accept the spelling of geographical names published in those journals as being always or generally accurate. The point is certainly well taken, for, if there is anything irritating to the student of foreign affairs it is to have names of places familiar to him garbled out of recognition. The worst feature is that these mistakes of the cable companies are rather the rule than the exception. Cases are, however, in which the orthography of well-known places have appeared in a half dozen different forms, not one of which was correct.

Is there not some remedy for this trouble? A little care and investigation would obviate a lot of conjecture on the part of readers and make the news doubly interesting.

One of the World's Great Scientists.

Sir George Biddell Airy, the English scientist who died a week or so ago, was very little known to the people of the present day as an active worker, but he well earned the quiet, dignified repose he enjoyed during his later years. In early life he was a hard worker in the field of science, and many steps in the way of progress were carved out by this great man at a time when many famous persons of this time were mere children or unborn.

Sir George Airy.

Sir George was born in 1801. He was educated at Cambridge, held the Professorship of Experimental Science at that college at 25 years of age and that of Plumian Professor of Astronomy at 27. At 34 he was made Astronomer Royal and then his great work began. He reduced the working of the royal observatory to the most perfect system it had ever known. He published many pamphlets on special subjects; worked for 15 years on a vast work suggested by Bessel, that of the reduction of all the Greenwich lunar and planetary observations made since 1670. He was one of the first to recognize the importance of observing solar eclipses and made many journeys to reach favorable points for that work. The deviation of the mariner's compass received his attention and resulted in a method of correction now generally accepted the world over. He instituted the dropping of time balls for the use of mariners. Of his literary works probably the best known are "The Lunar and Planetary Theories," "The Figure of the Earth" and "The Undubatory Theory of Optics." He was a member of all the Academies of Europe and was one of the eight foreign associates of the Institute of France.

Character of the Cliff Dwellers.

The Rev. C. H. Green, an enthusiastic archæologist, who has recently brought East a very interesting collection of relics from the cliff dwellings in the Grand Gulch of Utah, makes the rather remarkable statement that the ruined houses, mummies, human bones, utensils and implements found in those regions, antedate any human relics or productions yet discovered, being anterior in his opinion to the wonderfully ancient ruins of Karnak in Egypt. Mr. Green is of the opinion that at least 10,000 years have passed away since these cliff dwellers flourished and, most remarkable of all, that these people were not Indians but white men of the Caucasian race. He reached this conclusion by the comparison of the skulls and features. If any real good argument is brought forward to support this story, then many of our pre-historic notions must be wiped out and a new line of investigation commenced. The theory that the cliff dwellers were white men is not new, notwithstanding the fact that individuals, Indians, who occupy some of the ruins now, have been brought into civilization as specimens of the cliff dwelling tribe.

Fortunately, Mr. Green will exhibit his collections at the World's Fair, together with as much more as he can find during the intervening time, all under the care of Prof. Putnam, of Harvard, where those interested in the subject can judge for themselves.

Talent, Like Murder, Will Out.

Pittsburgers will remember a young, intelligent actress, named Dorothy Dorr, who appeared here about three years ago for the first, and we believe the only time, in "A Possible Case." At that period she had been only a few weeks on the professional stage, but many predictions were made that she had a bright future before her. Shortly afterward she joined the "Shenandoah" company, making a favorable impression for a while, but gradually lapsing into obscurity. She was forgotten by many while others concluded that this was only another case in which predictions had "gang aglee."

Dorothy Dorr.

Now the same clever, charming Dorothy Dorr comes again into the light as the successful leading lady of a new play recently produced in London named "The Honorable Herbert." There is no questioning her success this time. Talent, such as she possesses, is bound to manifest itself at some period or another.

A Good Place for Salamanders.

The United States wants to purchase the Gallapagos Islands from Equador and use them as a coaling station. The press of Equador is violently opposed to the sale, for no apparent reason other than that it would deprive that country of a territory which it has used as a long time as a penal settlement. The islands, there are 13 of them, are situated in the Pacific near the Equator and are about as disagreeable as could be imagined. The largest is but 60 miles long and 15 wide, and yet they have at least 2,000 volcanic cones distributed among them. What a splendid place for a convict to be made to see the error of his ways. If the United States should be able to conclude the dicker, it would then be high time for our own Tom Marshall to bring forward his pet theory of sending felons convicted of capital crimes to the Pacific Islands to undergo a