Butler County's Court House.

Butler's beautiful Court House, discernible from any part of the town, is comparatively a new building. The old structure was totally destroyed by fire in 1883 and for two and a half years Witherspoon Institute was utilized as a Court House.

The present edifice cost $150,000 and is an ornament to the county, as well as a monument to the enterprise and tirift of the inhabitants. Work was begun on the present building in the spring of 1885, and completed September, 1886. The building has a frontage of 80 feet, 90 feet wide at the back, 120 feet deep, and 165 feet high. It is built of Butler county stone, with Berea stone trimmings.

The Register and Recorder, Sheriff, Clerk of Courts, Treasurer, Prothonotary and County Commissioners, all have their offices on the first floor, each department comprising a public and private office and a fireproof vault, with a general vault in the hall for valuable papers.

On the second floor are the jury and witness rooms, arbitration and ladies' room, and a commodious court room. The County Superintendent and the engineer have offices on the floor above. The tower surmounting the building is the finest point of observation, to view the town. It contains a large clock and a bell which strikes the hour of day as time recedes and man knows it no more.

Facing the Court House is a plot of ground called the Diamond, which is a part of the orignal five acres set aside by the county for this purpose. Owing to the large amount of business transacted in oil leases, etc., the county officers are kept very busy and court week always brings a large concourse of people to town.

The enabling act, passed by the Legislature March 12, 1800, authorized the erection of a county from a portion of Allegheny county, which then comprised all the territory lying northeast of the Ohio and Allegheny rivers. The act under which the county was organized for judicial purposes was not passed until April 2, 1803. It then became a part of the Sixth Judicial district, which included Beaver, Crawford, Mercer and Erie.

The present site was selected as a county seat, a rude log court house was erected, which served the purpose until 1807, when a stone structure was erected, of which the people were very proud. In 1855 a larger house was built at a cost of $40,000.

The first court in Butler county was held in a log cabin, void of windows, doors or furniture, on the Diamond, near where the office of Clarence Walker is now located. A few chairs and benches were supplied by the populace, and a carpenter's bench served as a desk for the judge and attorneys. This was quite a notable event, and was attended by all the great lights of the Pittsburg Bar.

The Circuit Court, which existed until 1833, was entirely separate from the Court of Common Pleas. The first case was entered in this court September 17, 1804, but was not tried until September, 1806. The first grand and traverse jurors were called at this term. The first business transacted in the Orphans' Court was on May 14, 1804.

Jesse Moore, Esq., the first President Judge, was appointed in 1804. His successors were: Samuel B. Roberts, in 1818; William Wilkison, in 1821; Charles Shaler, in 1824; John Bredin, 1831. In 1851 Daniel Agnew was appointed to a vacancy, and succeeded himself by election for two terms. In 1863 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. Judge McGuffen was appointed to succeed him as President Judge, and was elected in 1864. In 1874 Charles McCandless was appointed Assistant Law Judge. In the fall of that year E. McJunkin and James Bredin were elected; the former as President Judge and the latter as associate, of the Seventeenth Judicial District, composed of Butler and Lawrence counties. In 1884, Aaron L. Hazen and John McMichael, both of Lawrence county, were elected to the bench, and the lot of President Judge fell to Judge Hazen.

EARLY MEMBERS OF THE BAR.

Gen. Ayres, who came West with Washington's army in 1794, in the capacity of a tailor, read law with Judge Breckenridge in Pittsburg and came to Butler in 1804 as Prothonotary.

John Gilmore, born in Bradford county, educated at Washington, Pa., read law with the afterwards exiled David Bradford, came to Butler in 1803, was sent to the Legislature and made Speaker of the House. He was afterwards a member of Congress and State Treasurer. He died in 1845.

John Purviance was one of the first attorneys in the county, and was admitted to the first court held in Butler. He served as a Colonel in the war of 1812. He was for a long time attorney for the Rapp Society at Harmony.

John Bredin, for twenty years President Judge, was among the ablest members of this Bar. He was born in Donegal county, Ireland, in 1794, and died in 1857.

James Thompson, a native of Butler county, was at one time a printer's devil, and became a leader in his profession and in politics. He went to Erie, was sent to the Legislature, was made Speaker of the House, was elected to Congress, and finally became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. Soon after the expiration of his term on the Bench, while making an argument before the Court, he sank to the floor exhausted and never recovered.

Samuel Purviance, George W. Smith, Charles C. Sullivan, Samuel A. Gilmore, practicing in the thirties, were all men of mark and ability. John Graham, who died just before the war, was among the ablest, most reliable and best equipped members in his day, while John Nelson Purviance and Edward Bracken, both of whom died a number of years ago, ranked high in their profession.

It has been asserted that the Butler County Bar, was, and has been the strongest in the State, in point of the numerous intellectual giants who have, and are practicing here. Judges, senators, congressmen, legislators, soldiers and politicians, who have gained national renown and fame, have graduated by the scores from Butler county's law offices, and have assisted in the mighty work of upbuilding and strengthening this grand republic. Nor is there any diminution in the members who swell the ranks of the profession here.

The growing west has been an extensive field for Butler county boys, who battled with adversity, and now hold responsible positions and offices and enjoy lucrative practices, which the crowded condition of the bar of their native county would not permit.

AARON L. HAZEN.

A History of the President Judge of Lawrence and Butler Counties.

His honor, Judge Aaron Lyle Hazen, is a descendant of the sturdy pioneers who quitted merry England and made the American wilderness a garden. It is believed that Edward Hazen, the progenitor of the family, emigrated from New Castle on the Tyne, England, and settled at Rowley Mass., in the seventeenth century. The town records give evidence that in 1649 he was a selectman, judge and an extensive property owner and a respected citizen, which is proven by the fact that he was permitted to have seven gates in the public park, the largest number permitted by law. Nathaniel Hazen, a descendant of the above and great grandfather of the judge, was born March 17, 1745, at Lyme, Conn. He married Mary Bell, Nov. 27, 1768, and moved to the beautiful Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania.

The horrible massacre, by the Indians and English, of the white settlers, in 1778, forced those remaining to flee with their families to New Jersey. Hazen, though a Continental soldier, happened to be at home and rescued his family from a cruel fate. When peace was restored and England recognized the rights of the Colonist, he with his family, moved to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. Finding the place anything but a paradise, he selected a home on Peters Creek in Washington county, now traversed by the B. & O. Railway. The whisky insurrection disturbed the peace of the settlers and many went further west to seek a home. Hazen purchased a tract of 400 acres of land from the government in 1792 on Connoquenessing creek, in Beaver county, long known as "Hazen's Delight." Here he erected his log cabin and brought his family. His wife died Dec. 29, 1834 and the old soldier and pioneer was laid to rest Nov. 3, 1835.

Nathan, born May 1, 1786, in Washington county, was the tenth of thirteen children, and the grandfather of the subject of our sketch. He married Levina Kirkendal May 28, 1805, who died Aug. 6, 1846. Her husband outlived her 20 years. Henry, the eldest of 12 children, of this union, first saw light, March 4, 1806, in Beaver county. He learned the carpenter's trade and taught school in winter. He deserted his trade and settled on a farm in Shenango township after marrying Sarah Warnock (daughter of James Warnock, Esq., a native of County Down, Ireland, and Mary Gaston, a native of Washington county, Pa.) March 21, 1833. Five boys were born to them, of whom only two are alive; Eli W. and Judge Hazen. Henry Hazen died Dec. 28, 1841, his wife died April 25, 1885. Judge Hazen was born Feb. 19, 1837, being the second eldest of five children. Shenango township, in which he was born, was then in Beaver county, but was made a part of Lawrence county, March 12 1849. Lawrence county was formed of about equal parts of Beaver and Mercer counties by act of assembly of March 12, 1849. It was at the district schools and Beaver Academy that the Judge learned the golden rule. He graduated from the latter place in 1858 and entered Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pa., from which place he graduated in 1861. The last year at school was devoted to the study of law. During vacation of that year Fort Sumpter was fired on and Judge Hazen was among the first to enlist, the 18th of April, 1861, in the Twelfth Infantry Vol. When his enlistment expired he was refused admission to the ranks, on account of a serious deafness which had overtaken him. He was entered as paymaster's clerk and served in the pay district of Cumberland; however, the last year of the war he was appointed receiving and paying teller in the U. S. department at Louisville, Ky. In September, 1865, he was admitted to the bar in Lawrence county and gained practice and favor. In 1870 and 1873 he was elected two terms as District Attorney, which office he filled with so much credit that he was nominated on the Republican ticket of the Seventeenth Judicial District as candidate for Judge, to which office he was duly elected, although his Republican consort of Butler county was defeated and Judge John McMichael, a Democrat of Lawrence county, gained the goal.

Judge Hazen moved to Butler county, where he now occupies a beautiful mansion on North Main street. Amelia J., daughter of Wm. Watson, of New Castle, and Judge Hazen were married in 1865. Three children were born to them, one daughter and two sons, but he who giveth and taketh, gathered their offsprings unto him and left the kindly couple childless in advancing years.

SHERIFF WM. M. BROWN.

A Sturdy Yeoman Who is a Terror to Evil Doers in Butler County.

The subject of our sketch is a sturdy farmer, selected by the people of Butler county to act in the capacity of Sheriff from 1890 till 1893.

Mr. Brown is a descendant of the old pioneer who settled at Brownsdale, after having served with distinction in the war of 1812. His son Joseph married Miss Mary Marshall, whose family is one of the most illustrious in the State, being a daughter of James and Jane Marshall, of this county.

Wm. M. Brown, the Sheriff, was born June 12, 1832, in Forward township, and served his apprenticeship on the farm at home, attending the district schools during the winters. Arriving at maturity he took an active interest in his surroundings and served as Justice of the Peace four years, and 15 years as School Director in the township. 'Squire Brown was elected to the office of Sheriff on the Republican ticket, and has been a credit to the party since his acceptance of the trust.

His home life is a peaceful one, where, surrounded by his wife and seven children, his house overlooks the most beautiful scenery in Butler county. He is a member of the U. P. Church, in which he takes an active interest.

BUTLER COUNTY'S PROTHONOTARY.

A Highly Honored Gentleman, Who Serves His Second Term in Office.

John W. Brown, the Prothonotary, is the only officer in the Court House serving a second term. Though a Democrat in politics, he is so popular with the masses that he was the only candidate on the Democratic ticket elected.

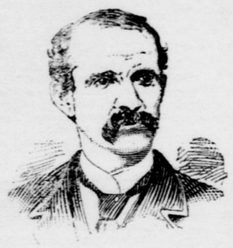
Harrisville, this county, is his native village, where he was born November 9, 1843. Like a majority of the country boys he had to content himself with a common school education, which was not of the best at that time.

He was a member of the Sixth Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery during the war, and was mustered out of service in 1865. Having acquired the trade of tanner and currier in Beaver Falls, Pa., he followed this vocation until 1878. He acted as clerk in the Prothonotary's office three years, and was elected Justice of the Peace of Butler borough in 1885. In 1887 he was nominated and elected to his present office on the Democratic ticket. His wife, Emma, is the daughter of W. S. Bingham, of Centerville, and three daughters and one son bless their home at 617 Brown avenue. The eldest daughter, Miss Jennie, is a teacher in the public schools. Mr. Brown is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and President of the Armory Opera House Company. The Prothonotary's office has been in good hands since his advent into office, as the records will prove.

CLERK OF COURTS CRISWELL.

A Responsible Officer Honored by the People for Past Services.

The people of Butler are not slow to recognize true merit, hence Joseph Criswell is attending to this important office in a highly satisfactory manner. The old veteran first saw light in Clinton township, Butler county. The common schools of his boyhood he attended as long as premitted. When rebellion raised its standard in the south, he deserted the comforts of home for the horrors of battle and fatigue of campaigns. August 18, 1861, he enlisted in Company H. 102nd Pa. Vol., and served faithfully until mustered out of service at Pittsburg in



1864. Returning home he led a busy life as a farmer.

Taking an active part in politics under the standard of the Republican party. His services were readily recognized and in 1890 he was sworn in office which has had his faithful and undivided attention since. Mr. Criswell is married and has a family of six children, who reside on a farm two and a half miles from Butler, in the township of the same name.

Mr. Criswell is an active member of A. G. Reed Post 105, G. A. R., and has served as past Major of Encampment No. 45, U. V. L. He is also a member of Butler Lodge 272, F. and A.M., and a supporter of the M. E. Church.

TREASURER JAS. S. WILSON.

A Patriot and Staunch Republican, Who Fills an Important Office.

Butler county people have been fortunate in selecting an active expert accountant, and a genial gentleman, for the position of Treasurer.

The subject of our sketch was born in Butler borough, July 31, 1841. His boyhood days were spent in acquiring a common school education. He had hardly outgrown his teens, ere war's alarms, and the dark danger of the disruption of our Union, called him to arms in its defense, in Co. H., 78th Pa. Vol., the 12th of October, 1861, where he remained until mustered out October 12, 1864, after having suffered many privations in the Fourteenth Army Corps, which did such effective work under Gen. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga."

Mr. Wilson has been a professional accountant all his life, and was employed by the Wm. N. Whitly Mfg. Co., of Pittsburg, for years.

Politically he has taken an active part in the Republican ranks, and worked continually for its welfare. In the fall of 1891 he was elected by a large majority of the votes of the people, to the position of Treasurer. The accurate manner he has handled the accounts has given universal satisfaction throughout the county. His residence is located at Centerville borough, Slippery Rock township, where he resides with his wife and eight children. He takes an active interest in the U. V. L., of which he is a member, and is an elder in the Presbyterian church.

REGISTER AND RECORDER DALE.

A Bright, Popular Young Man Who is Destined to Make His Mark.

David E. Dale, the Register and Recorder of Butler county, is the youngest office holder in the Court House. The people have not misplaced their confidence, however, as his natural talents and years of training have well fitted him for the important position he occupies. His cheerful countenance greets all who have business in his sanctum.

He was born in Slippery Rock township, this county, April, 1862, where his father, Rev. Abner Dale, presided over the Reformed Church. Besides enjoying the limited advantage of schooling in Butler county, he spent a year at Thiel College, Greenville, Pa. Mr. Dale is a member of the firm of Colbert and Dale, of Butler, who have the largest gent's furnishing store in the county. Five years of Mr. Dale's life has been spent as Deputy Register and Recorder, which opened the way for his election on the Republican ticket in the fall of 1890.

His practical knowledge of the intricacies of his office has proven to the public that he is a faithful and responsible servant. Mr. Dale married Miss Mary, daughter of Albert Wick, of Butler, Oct. 7, 1891, their home being at 228 Fulton street. Being young, wideawake and enterprising, Mr. Dale has the interest of Butler always at heart.

The County and City Surveyor.

C. F. L. McQuistion, the county surveyor and city engineer, is a young man to hold so important a position, yet he gives universal satisfaction, and planned all the grades for the sewerage and paving which was completed in Butler borough last year. Brady township, this county, was his birthplace, April 17, 1867. He attended Grove City College, and received instructions in engineering and construction from R. F. Hunter, of Pittsburg. Four years ago, he entered his chosen profession, and has made an unbounded success from the start. His office is located at 316 South Main street. Politically, he is a Republican, and takes an active interest in party work. He is married and has one son. Though young in years, he bids fair to make a name for himself in his native county.

DEFRAUDING BANKS.

SAVINGS BANK FORGERIES AND HOW THEY ARE DETECTED.

A New York Treasurer Tells About the Difficulties in Keeping Track of People Who Try to Draw Money from the Depositories of the Poor.

Few people from the outside ever get closer to the business secrets of savings banks than in the lines that file continually before the little windows behind which sits the teller. If there are close mouthed people in the world they are the men who conduct the business of these depositories of the earnings of the poor. From the president, back in some carpeted recess, to the watcher at the front doors no information is ever volunteered by them, and answers to questions of bewildered inquirers are given right to the point and as short as proverbial pie crust.

Therefore, when a savings bank official talks of his business he generally says something the public knows nothing about.

"I will tell you something that will surprise you," said Treasurer Quinlan, of the Greenwich Savings bank, to a reporter recently, in a burst of confidence. "You wouldn't think that scarcely a day passes without attempts at forgery in a big city savings bank like this. It is no sinecure to be paying teller in this or any other savings bank in this city."

With that Mr. Quinlan tapped a bell and a boy responded.

"Ask the women's teller to bring in some of those attempted forgeries," said the treasurer. The boy departed and pretty soon the women's teller brought in a lot of receipts and put them before Mr. Quinlan. They were stuck on a file and the lot was nearly a foot high.

"All these were filled out within a few months," said Mr. Quinlan, "and this is only the showing in the women's department. The difference in the signatures on these receipts from the genuine signatures kept by the bank is all that enables the teller to 'spot' them as forgeries.

INNOCENT FORGERY.

"Sometimes the signatures are close enough to raise a doubt as to their genuineness. In most cases the applicants answer all the test questions, so you see a paying teller has got to exercise considerable judgment."

"Do you prosecute all these cases?"

"Oh my, no. Some of them are innocent attempts at forgery and some are criminal."

The reporter confessed his ignorance of what was an "innocent" attempt at forgery.

"An innocent attempt," said Mr. Quinlan, "is where a person signs a receipt for, say, Mary Jones, innocently. 'How is this?' the teller says. 'This is not the signature of Mary Jones.' 'Oh, Mary Jones is my sister,' is the reply. 'She sent me here to draw the money for her.'

"Then the teller tells the sister to go back and get an order, or to tell Mary Jones to come and draw the money herself. If it is an innocent case the sister goes away and does as she is directed. If there is any crooked work the alleged sister storms and fumes and insists, and the teller quietly hands her over to the police and prosecutes.

"Sometimes the guilty ones go away without making any fuss. In every case, however, guilty or innocent, we make a note of the circumstances in a book and look out sharply that the proper person gets the money on that account thereafter. Of course we keep the receipt with forged signature."

SEVERAL ACCOUNTS.

"Do you ever pay out to the wrong person?"

"Seldom, indeed. Sometimes, however, the shrewdest teller will get caught. One young man went up to Sing Sing yesterday for five years for extracting a small sum from this bank on a forged signature. Another young man is just about to be let out of Elmira reformatory after serving a sentence for the same offense.

"Nor is that the only dodge they try to work," continued Mr. Quinlan. "I remember when I was teller a good many years ago a woman came to have the interest entered in her book. She handed up her pass book, and it struck me that I had entered interest in a pass book for the same woman not long before.

"'Madam,' I said, 'didn't I enter up interest for you last week?'

"'No, sir,' she said.

"'I am certain, madam, I must have done so. Weren't you here a week ago?'"

"'No, sir, I wasn't. Look at the book. There is no interest entered there.'

"That was true, but I was sure I had seen the woman only a short time before. Well, I investigated and found that it was the same woman, but another account. I found she had thirteen different accounts with the bank. At that time one of the bank's rules was to pay 7 per cent. interest on sums under $500; over that 6 per cent. was paid on the whole sum. To get that additional interest the woman had opened up twelve 'trust accounts' all under $500 in addition to her own. I made her close up all those trust accounts before she left the bank."—New York Tribune.

An Early Fire Engine.

The earliest mention of fire extinguishing apparatus of any kind is found in the building accounts of the city of Augsburg, Germany, for the year 1518. In these they are denominated "instruments for fires" and "water syringes useful at fires." Anthony Blatner, a goldsmith at Friedburg, is credited with being the inventor and manufacturer, he having at that time become a citizen of Augsburg.

These syringes must have been of considerable size, as they are described as being mounted on wheels and worked by levers. Caspar Schott, a noted Jesuit, gives an account of one built at Nuremberg, in 1657, the largest squirting engine of which there is any record. It was mounted on a sledge ten feet long, four feet in width and drawn by two horses. It had two working cylinders placed horizontally in the cistern, which was eight feet long, four feet high and two feet wide. Twenty-eight men were required to work it, and it was capable of throwing a jet of water one inch in diameter to a height of eighty feet.—Detroit Free Press.

Negroes of Arkansas Plantations.

The negro women of Arkansas are very fond of their children and kind to them—unwisely kind perhaps, as we Americans are inclined to be. To all the other hardships of a woman's life here is added her mourning for her little children, for the careless life bears hard on them, especially in overflow seasons.

Sometimes we are reminded of this in a homely yet affecting way, as, when buying some chickens and asking for more, I was told by the little merchant:

"They aint no more, only but one old rooster, and we don't aim to sell him, 'cause my little brother that died he always claimed him, and maw sayed she never would sell him!"—Octave Thanet in Atlantic Monthly.

Hungarian Women.

In the Hungarian women we purposely overlook any foibles that may exist, for, without palaver, the Hungarian women are among the most beautiful in the world. They are not languishing, diaphanous creatures, composed of cobwebs and the odor of musk, with a sickly pallor or a hectic flush in their cheeks. No; erect and straight as a candle, hearty and vigorous to the core, the rare pictures of good health and abounding vitality. They are gifted with small feet, full arms, plump hands, with tapering fingers, and wear long braids. The sun has spread a reddish golden tint or a darker tone over the complexion.

The Hungarian woman is not a beauty of classical contour, nor does she perhaps frequently present a riddle to the psychologist, and ethereal poets will scarcely find a theme in her for hypersentimental reveries. She is rather the vigorous embodiment of primeval womanhood.—Wilhelm Singer in Harper's.

Death News in a New York Paper.

Plain death excites but little attention. It must be presented in some novel form to claim particular notice in a community where there is an average of a death every ten minutes of each twenty-four hours. Even deaths of a violent nature must present new phases or involve people of importance to be worth much space in the New York newspapers.

Suicides have become so common and uninteresting that it is not unusual to see four or five attempts in that line occupy not more than as many lines, each grouped under a general head. So small and utterly insignificant a thing is death in a great city.—New York Herald.

A Curious Tax.

Among the curious taxes levied on trades people in Corea is one on sorceresses arriving at the capital, where they had to pay the board of revenue a certain number of logs or sticks of wood, for what purpose it is not said, but certainly not to burn them with later on, for they are an influential class in the community. The tax is no longer levied.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WORLD'S FAIR TALK.

MR. WELLMAN WRITES OF HIS VISIT TO CHICAGO.

The Congressmen Who Recently Visited the Metropolis of the Central West Delighted—Chicago's Rapid Growth—Its Business and Its Enthusiastic People.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 3.—Having been out to Chicago to see the World's fair grounds and buildings I have some gossip to tell you that is not particularly related to affairs at the national capital. Chicago is without question the most interesting city in the world. It is a marvel in itself, a source of continual amazement to its visitors, but in its World's fair it has a different sort of marvel, a distinct and quick creation, typical of Chicago itself and yet as broad and many sided as the world for whose use and entertainment it is intended.

I am not going to describe to you the World's fair grounds as they are today, except to say that the progress made there amazed and delighted all the senators and representatives from Washington who recently traveled to Chicago to see them. Statesmen who went there suspicious, distrustful, fearful that the exposition was to be something local or provincial; that its art and architecture were to be Chicagoesque, or that things were to be cheap and undignified, came away full of enthusiastic admiration for what has been done and confidence in what remains to be performed.

Chicago is essentially a city of superlatives. It is the city of "the greatest." It has had the greatest growth known among all the municipal communities of the world. It is greater than any other concrete city in area. It is greatest in parks and in boulevards. It is greatest in tributary railway mileage, one-fourth of all the railway tracks of the world meeting within its limits. It is greatest in grain, in live stock, in lumber. It is greatest in number of vessels leaving and arriving at its port. It has the greatest hotels, the greatest auditorium, the tallest buildings. It has the greatest newspapers in the world, is the greatest subscription book publishing center, and on the authority of Edwin Arnold has the most perfect newspaper building and plant on the globe.

These are only a few of the greatest things which Chicago has, and while one stands aghast at the great monopolies and great fortunes which she is building up, it is comforting to reflect that she will also soon have two of the greatest libraries in America—the Newberry and the Crerar—and that in the Chicago university, which John D. Rockefeller has just endowed with another million dollars, she is building up with characteristic energy one of the greatest institutions of learning on this continent.

By long odds the best of her greatest things is Chicago's public spirit. Fortunately indeed is she in possession of this superlative. Famed throughout the country is Chicago for her propensity to brag. Who has not heard of Chicago "wind?" But when you go to that city and see what Chicago "wind" really is you like it. It is genuine love for and pride in his city which leads the typical Chicagoan to boast, wherever and whenever he finds opportunity, of the greatness and the achievements of the municipality to which he owes allegiance second only to that which he owes to the stars and stripes.

In Chicago public spirit is the rule and not the exception. The men who have nothing but their day's work to depend upon join hands with the men who have made their tens of millions in working for Chicago. At Jackson park, when the visiting statesmen and journalists were inspecting the World's fair preparations I saw H. N. Higinbotham, the financier of the firm of Marshall Field & Co., which does an annual business of $40,000,000 a year, and who is himself a millionaire, walking side by side and arm in arm with Bob Nelson, the labor leader, who probably doesn't own a thousand dollars in the world.

At the Commercial club's banquet Philip D. Armour and Senator Peffer sat side by side—one the twenty millionaire packer, the other the high priest of the Farmers' Alliance. Chicago, you see, is a city of contrasts as well as superlatives. This public spirit brings men of all sorts and conditions together.

Where is there another city whose millionaires, business and professional men would give up their own affairs month after month for the public good, as the men of Chicago have been doing since the World's fair work was started in earnest? While in Chicago I was much impressed by the energy and self sacrifice of prominent men in the cause which now lies near their hearts. A hundred of the most successful men of the city left their business to escort the visitors about in Jackson park. The Commercial club, which is composed of forty millionaires, gave the city's guests a magnificent banquet, and every one of the millionaires was there. These are the men who have built up Chicago.

Their work of planning and scheming could not be laid aside altogether even for the pleasures of the table, and I noticed many consultations going on in quiet corners. About 1 o'clock in the morning, as the guests were dispersing, Mr. Fred Peck, that Chicago man of matchless energy and public spirit who built the famous Auditorium, said to me:

"You don't know how hard we are working out here. Tomorrow, for instance, I have three World's fair committee meetings to attend. The first is at 10 a.m. and will keep me two hours. The second is at 1 p. m., and if I get away at 3 I will be lucky. The third meets at 3 and will fill out the afternoon. This is the way we are working for the fair and have been working for a year and a half. We not only subscribe our money, but give our time, without pay or hope of any other reward than the satisfaction of having performed a public duty. The men of Chicago feel that their city's reputation is at stake in this matter, that the honor of the American republic has been committed to their care, and they are struggling manfully under the burden of responsibility. The men who are doing the bulk of the work are men who do not expect to reap a dollar of benefit, directly or indirectly, from the exposition."

What would you expect a World's exposition to be in a city of such men as these? Another superlative, another "greatest on earth," of course. It is with this feeling you go down to Jackson park to see what has been done there. Your expectations are already high. But in a moment, after a rapid survey of the scene, you lift your hands in amazement while your brain in vain endeavors to evolve an adjective befitting the occasion.

At least that is the way it was with me, who am naturally enthusiastic; but it was so also with such cold blooded men as Senators Peffer, Shoup and Gallinger, and Representatives Enloe, Coolidge, Jerry Simpson and scores of others. Tongue cannot tell nor pen describe the scene on the shores of Lake Michigan in Jackson park. Even the graphic art fails, and pictures are but suggestions of the magnitude and magnificence there found. It out Chicagos Chicago—out superlatives the superlative.

I am not going to attempt to describe it, but I will hint at it. Imagine a square mile or more of ground which less than two years ago was for the most part a swamp. Chicago passes over it the wand of her magic energy, and now you behold a dozen palaces rearing their roofs toward the sky. The swamp is converted into a park. Lagoons and wooded islands embellish the landscape. Hundreds of miles of sewers, water mains, gas pipes, electric conduits are put in—it is like creating a city in a night.

A police force with a hundred patrolmen is organized, a fire department with a half dozen fully equipped engine houses provided. Ten thousand men work on grounds and buildings. Only one of these great palaces is nearly completed, and it is a characteristic of essentially modern, alert, adaptable Chicago that this one is a silent tribute to this woman's golden era—the Woman's building. Other palaces are half done, one quarter done or just begun. The floor of one is so vast that a dozen United States Capitols could be set down upon it—"larger," says Senator Peffer, "than the farm I used to till in Indiana."

In another is a steel arch larger than any other erection of a similar kind in the world. Crowning still another is to be a dome greater and grander than the dome of the Capitol or St. Peter's. One is to have a doorway of solid 18-carat gold and a companion door of solid silver. At every step new wonders unfold till the visitor, stopping to kick some mud off his boots and assure himself he is not in fairyland, asks if these stupendous plans can be carried out, if the giant buildings can ever be finished in time for the opening day.

In the Woman's building a map of the grounds is hung upon the wall. A big, strong man, muffled in a greatcoat, stands before it, pointer in hand, explaining to the visitors the landscape and architectural designs. He is Chief Constructor Burnham, and in this forest of palaces, this cluster of superlatives upon which 10,000 men are working, there does not appear to be a stone, a brick, a truss, a spike, a timber which he has not before him in his mind's eye.

Instinctively the audience concludes and whispers one to another, "There is a Chicago man; see how he grasps everything; he is master of the situation." And when, a moment later, Mr. Burnham modestly says all these buildings will be ready for dedication next October and for occupancy two or three months later, there is not a doubting Thomas within sound of his voice. There is universal agreement that if this masterful man, this typical Chicagoan, says so, 'tis so.

Best of all is not the magnitude, nor the matchless speed with which work is driven, nor the gold door, nor the superlative steel arch and gilded dome—big things we expect of Chicago. The best is the art and the beauty of every detail, every effect. Not only is Chicago building on a vast scale, but she is building with an artistic sense, in form and color, with dignity, with impressiveness, with every structure and every integral part thereof perfectly adaptable to the function required of it. Art is old and Chicago is young; but Chicago was wise enough to trust not to herself, but to cull her architects from all parts of America and her artists from all the schools in the world.

If Jackson park in midwinter, with buildings in embryo and mud, with the lagoons mere morasses, with no color yet applied and all decorative effects still lacking, with a hundred minor buildings not begun and an air of newness and confusion about everything that is—if the World's fair of February, 1892, can capture the imaginations of skeptical visitors, what will the World's fair of 1893 do, when the palaces shine with color, with statues, with flags and ornamentation; when innumerable lesser structures picturesquely fill out the background, when a great pier and casino adorn the water's edge and steamers and pleasure boats fill the bay, when the banks of the lagoons present a mass of green in vines and flowers and their waters teem with gondolas, and when mankind gathers there to see what good, useful and beautiful things man hath wrought in this world's workshop?

My hope is that you and I and all of us will be there to see.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A Pen Sketch of Governor Northen.

W. J. Northen, present governor of Georgia, is one of the most widely known and popular men in the south. He is a farmer by occupation, and takes great pride in rearing fine cattle and raising fine crops. For some years he contested with the late Hon. Primus Jones the honor of "getting the first bale of cotton to market." He is in the prime of life, hale, vigorous and full of ideas. His pet hobby is the future of the new south, and he believes in encouraging immigration.

ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

Domestic Designs Which Preceded the Era of Public Grandeur.

So great has been the destruction in Rome of many palaces and public monuments, even within the first three centuries of our era and of course much more so since, that it is very difficult even to trace the plans of some of the more important which were known to have existed, though it is impossible to make excavations anywhere in the sacred city without coming upon strata after strata of houses erected at various periods. To study her domestic architecture, therefore, we have to go to Pompeii, a second, or even a third rate city, perhaps, but which, by a provision of nature, has been preserved in great part down to our own day.

It is true that all the roofs and vaults are gone, and of the walls only from ten to twelve feet remain, but with these and the description of various authors it is possible to reconstruct in our imagination the general appearance of the city before it was overwhelmed by the last fatal eruption of Vesuvius in the year A. D. 79, which buried the city in a shower of ashes, pumice and stone in a layer twelve to fourteen feet deep. Of the temple and other public buildings it is not worth speaking, as they are of far less importance than those in Rome and elsewhere, but of the private houses and villas of the upper and lower classes there exists an inexhaustible supply, from which the following general arrangements can be summarized.

The more important houses were divided into two parts, the public and the private portion. Of the former an entrance vestibule led to the atrium, a large hall open in the center to the sky, the covered portion having a roof sometimes supported by columns surrounding the impluvium (a marble basin under the compluvium, or open space in the roof.) Round the atrium, and lighted from it were a series of chambers, sleeping rooms for the male guests, recesses for conversation and the tablinum or sitting room.

The private portion consisted of a peristyle around an open court, in which there was a small garden; the triclinium or dining room; the pinacotheca or picture room; the bibliotheca or library, and suites of small chambers used as bedrooms. Beside these there was generally a court surrounded by the offices, the kitchen, bakehouse and storerooms. All these rooms derived their light from the internal courts, the exterior of the block forming the house being invariably occupied by shops, in which sometimes the lord of the mansion kept retainers, who sold the produce of his farms and lands.

From the walls which still remain erect, we find that they were all richly decorated in color, painted in arabesque and occasionally with landscapes, figure subjects and wreaths of flowers; the columns were of marble or painted in imitation, and the floors inlaid with mosaic or with small pieces of marble set in cement. The roofs, being all in wood have perished, but their coverings in tiles, with the various ornaments on the ridges of the roofs, are still found in the excavations. Such portions of Herculaneum—a town close by—as it has been found possible to excavate (the lava which overwhelmed it being of great hardness) shows even finer work than at Pompeii, and those remains which occasionally are found in Rome show a far higher quality of work than that found in either of these cities.—Cassell's New Popular Educator.

When Woman's Work Was Valuable.

In early Bible days richly embroidered raiment was enumerated with the gold, silver and other valuable property of a rich man. In that primitive age Dame Fashion was not the fickle goddess she is at present, and the "raiment" so frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures descended from father to son as a valuable part of the inheritance. Raiment was often sent, with gold and gems as a present to dignitaries.

It took, not months, but years to ornament some of these garments, and the gold thread so lavishly used in embroidering them was real gold. Moses describes the process of making the gold thread that was used in ornamenting the tabernacle. The habit of making presents of rare needlework is still common among eastern nations who changed their customs so slowly. —Woman's Work.

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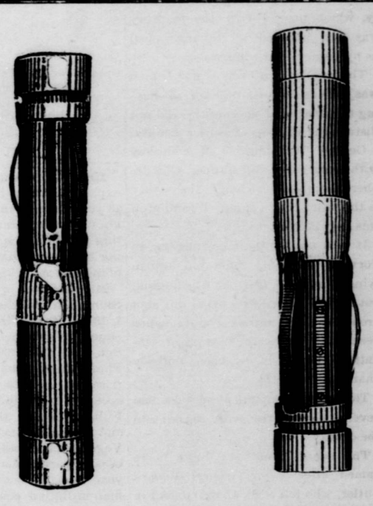

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