P

HEREOF DESCRIBED BY LIVE HARPER.

The Has Not a Beautiful age to Give Her Costames Ind -Happy Effect of the Fac

New York. Nov. 21.—You wouldn't believe that was a real girl, and that she looked just so if you hadn't really seen her; but I assure you that I met this picturerague person the other day, and stared at her from behind a pile of dry goods until every detail of her costume was indelibly fixed upon my mind. This person was not a pretty woman, she had a rather sallow complexion, she was over 20. I know, and her dark eyes were sunken and had circles around were sinken and had circles around them that told of ill health, or tearful vigils, and the costume was daring, yet it was so well adapted to the wearer, somehow, that it all made up a picture



A PICTURESQUE PERSON.

The material was a seal brown plush cing of moire of the same down the front of the three bands of mahogany this same shade was also used to the revers of the directoire plush, a for faci re were caps to the sleeves of the Around the neck was worn rchief of crepe lisse, and the same material were at the hat was large, of seal a full with the crown completely ostrich plumes, shaded drough brown to cream. brow

s carried a Tosca parasol. right, but it is not every-ted make that rather stiff tume appear a part and parcel of l upon the minds of my wo-that each one owes it to herherself and her dress in re

ry pretty and individual effects eved by the understanding ain little trifles in the illushair can be arranged in a pin yle adopted and continued of it is fixed in the mind The new jewels are, old jewels reset, but erfully pretty, and the te would be a desirable evening toilet. The hair the bes pins, the necklace and beautiful, and are, aside insic value, just as handt never wear false dia-treeive no one, and no berself while she knows

an jewelry.
e embroidered crepe
my amiable readers to re of cream crepe, with colors, and with "bit a ficotch saleswoman one is of Mechlin lace im: tiny the a tiny bow of riband c dressy, and, when ande are very costly, but make them with very little expense. There are what pineapple handkerchiefs," and they can be dotted all over with col



Value of varieties. a very short time, and ght a little above the and let fall in natural folds, which thed into that form and, with bow," it is made into a are the that is always a dressy adn plain gown. So then, let us all ren resque, stately, graceful or harmonious, if not handsome necording to the care we best ow upon our garments, and their

OLIVE HARPER.

THE AMERICAN NEGROES.

Their Peculiar Capacity for Mirth, Merri ment and Melody.

cial Corre New YORK, Nov. 21.—Those brought intimately in contact with the negro are wont at times, when care or concern bears heavily on them, to envy him his capacity for enjoyment. With his life cast in somber lines, the darkey is ever predisposed to humor, vivacity and a satisfaction with the decrees of fate. The smile on his face and laugh on his lips are strong bulwarks against the ills that bleach the hair and dig furrows in the brow. To "eat, drink and be merry," is an ingrained capacity of the darkey, stronger at birth than a theory, and an article of faith through life, though unwittingly. He is built that way, and is never so happy as when in arry degree enabled to illustrate the in-

It is with the approach of the holidays, when, having received his money for his crops, and feeling that he can get ad-vances from "the store" during the next summer, he is as improvident as the fabled grasshopper, and lives like a lord. Of course, it must be understood that the country darkey is referred to here. His town brother lives a hand to mouth existence, and rarely has enough money at any one time to indulge his in-clinations. The lack of funds does not detract from the disposition, but curtails

the scope of indulgence.

The nature of the negro makes him a charming factor in literature, when some student of history awakens an echo of the past, or a delicately attuned romance or lay treats tenderly of individual lives. Those of the north who know the darkey only through Page, Edwards, Johnson or Cable have little opportunity of seeing in life the characteristics depicted, unless they leave the besten route of southern travel and stray off into the bypaths, where the scenes are irreconcilable

where the scenes are irreconcilable with
the days of modern progress.

There, wending his way through cool,
umbrageous lanes, carpeted with needles from the tall, soughing pines, or under the somber cypress, the traveler may
meet a family of darkies going calling
or to the village to sell berries. They
will pass down the road in findian file,
and, though the wayfarer be a total
stranger, he will be the recipient of the
most courteous and cordial salutation. most courteous and cordial salutation The mother will beam on him from be neath her bright bandana, which matches, perhaps, a vivid pink gown. He will meet many other faces like hers at the cabin doors, where the cultivated taste for vichy, seitzer, or carbonic will meet with a piensurable surprise when quaffing deep draughts of spring water from a "sweet gourd" dipper. To appre-ciate a drink of water, one should drink

ciate a drink of water, one should drink it from the gourd.

The singing and dancing of the darky on the plantation is in striking contrast to that of the drawing room performance of the white folks. I have seen a group sitting quietly, holding their hands, when one of the parts would take up some sitting quietly, to daing their hands, when one of the party would take up some queer chant, the words of which would be lost in persistent dwelling on the aspirates. At first the measure would be slow and halting, but, as others joined in and took up the chorus, the rude melody of the song would be rounded out and swell with a some party in the harden. with a penetration carrying its burden to others at work in the fields, who would take up the familiar air till the neighbor-

hood would pulsate in song.
Some of these songs are largely recitative, with a weird, lonesome chorus; others breathe dance steps so plainly that only a few bars are finished before the singers are patting for some of their number, who are on the boards or sand shufiling, "cutting the pike," "the pigeon wing" and other popular steps. The negro is a lover of melody, and it

is not an infrequent thing to find them grouped about the front piazzas when there is company at the "big house" and the piano is giving forth a favorite Chopin. Strauss or Gottschalk. Long after the echoes of the melody have died away on the night they will remain spellbaund. Manuscript purise was a spelibound. Manuscript music was a sore puzzle to our general utility man, who was styled Cupid, for the reason, perhaps, that he was totally unlike that mischievous little god both in appearance and prowess. I believe I could have conveyed to him more clearly an understanding of the correctors. understanding of the cosmogony of "Paradise Lost" than of the method of

With their naturally joyous temperament one might believe that allegro would be their favorite musical movement, but penseroso is more frequently voiced in their efforts. When by themto the spirit of song, and a pathos of vearning. thrown into their homely lay, and comes sold since that time, and the demand for to the hearer as the voice of a soul in both "Thou Shalt Not" and "His Private

days, which the darky investing in fireworks and his fondness for sweetments, and until after New Year's, there is no work performed on the farm. It is one round of gayery. Hunting in the day and damenag at night. The New Year's, which is relevanted by that queer. custom called wathing Egypt, comes all too soon. This custom is a religious all too soon. This chaom is a religious ceremonial, but is generally denounced by the clergy as unorthodox. They find it a relie of Voodeo practice, and the frenzy which its music and marching seem to bring on is discounteranced by the pulpit. The congregations in many instances, however, insist on "walking" or make their pastor walk, and they generally have their vay.

ally have their -ay This "walking Egypt" is nothing more than the entire congregation forming in line and filing up one siste and down the line and filing up one aisle and down the other to the measure of chants which work on the emotions and result in all manner of excesses and abandonment. Under the influence of its spell the marchers seem insensible to pain, and will oftentimes spring through the windows. The women are more susceptible to first effection than the men "Walking marks the ending of the THOMIS". LUCKY BOSTON AUTHORS.

HOW "_OOKING BACKWARD" AND 'THOU SHALT NOT" ARE SELLING.

Who the Writer of the Latter Book Re ally Is-His Answer to the Question "Does Novel Writing Pay?" with Advice to Aspirants to Literary Fame.

[Special Correspondence.]
BOSTON, Nov. 21.—Seated at a table in a restaurant the other evening, the writer saw the man who wrote one of the two great literary successes of the year in American fiction.
"Well, how is 'Thou Shalt Not' sell-

ing?" I asked. 'First rate," was the answer; "the American News company tells me that my book and 'Looking Backward' are the only books that are selling to amount

to anything."

The speaker was the man who, under the assumed name of "Albert Ross," wrote that much discussed book, "Thou wrote that much discussed book, "Thou Shalt Not," and a companion novel, "His Private Character." In that assumed name there is an intentional pun on the name of the series in which both novels were published, the Albatross se

At first the novel "Thou Shalt Not" was put forth to the reading public anonymously. It was not long, however, before there came a demand to know the name of the author. With the success of the book assured, it was deemed advisable to still keep his personality a secret while seemingly satisdeemed advisable to still keep in sper-sonality a secret while seemingly satis-fying the demand for the author's name. His real personality is now for the first time made known in print in this arti-cle. He is Linn Boyd Porter. He is a man of about 34, of medium height and stout, with a frank and cheery manner. His pleasant blue area light up with a His pleasant blue eyes light up with a smile when he meets you, and the changing expressions of his face, which are unconcealed save by a short mustache, show most unmistakably his pleasure in meeting old or new friends. He has served an appropriate ship of many long served an apprenticeship of many long years in newspaper work. For years he was editor of The Cambridge Chronicle, and latterly he has been one of the night desk editors on The Boston Herald, from which he resigned when his book became a success.

came a success.

During our talk, he became rather more communicative on personal matters than is his wont, and for the first time openly acknowledged that he was the author of "Thou Shalt Not." He also gave several incidents relating to the early history of that book which have never been told. Aspirants for literary fame and resulting fortune will be interested in this story of a phenome. be interested in this story of a phenom-enally successful novel. It is now near-ing its one hundredth thousand, and its sale is made more remarkable from its being the first work of an unknown writer. I tell the story just as he told

"I wrote the story," he said, "nearly three years before it was published. In order to secure perfectly legible manu-script I dictated it to a typewriter, after script I dictated it to a typewriter, after which I laid it carefully away in a bureau drawer. I often took it out and read it over, and I never doubted that it would be a success if it once got on the market; but I could not muster sufficient courage to offer it to any publisher. At last, when going on a pleasure trip to New York, I took the manuscript with me, determining to make one desperate me, determining to make one desperate effort to overcome my timidity. The next morning I walked to Twenty-third next morning I walked to Twenty-third street, and with many misgivings ascended the elevator, to the office of G. W. Dillingham. I never felt more relieved in my life than when a gentlemanly clerk informed me that the publisher was not in.

"'Here is some manuscript that I would like to have him read," I said, laying down my little package. The clerk took it, informing me that it would probably be returned, at my expense.

probably be retwrned at my expense, which I did not doubt in the least. If such had been the story's fate, it would, very likely, have been relegated to the bureau drawer for another three years, but within a fortnight I received a letter from Mr. Dillingham, accepting the novel and propaging a roathy which were and proposing a royalty, which was as generous, I believe, as is paid by any American house to its authors."

It is not likely that any anonymous novel has ever had such a rapid rise to a great circulation in this country, for the first editions appeared as stated above.

first editions appeared, as stated above first editions appeared, as stated above, without any signature whatever, and with no especial advertising or other means of attracting attention. When the second novel was issued last August rit of song, and a pathos of pleading and protesting is there were advance orders for 20,000 coppleading and protesting is. More than 30,000 more have been travail. With the end of the song a merry laugh will disp-t these vague fancies and deepen the perplexity of the currous fixener.

He are with the advent of the company of the currous fixener.

He are with the advent of the company of the currous fixener.

While thus talking over his success, Mr. "Ross," as he still prefers to be called, let out the fact that he is engaged on and has nearly finished a story which will bear the peculiar title "Speaking of Ellen." It treats of the labor question, and in it is interwoven a love story of the kind which has made his pen famous. Ellen is the chief of the spinners and weavers of Riverfield,

so frequently raised:
"Does it pay to write novels?" In reply, he said that his income, the first year of his attempt in that direction, exceeded the salary of a United States exceeded the salary of a United States, cabinet officer and equaled the combined amounts paid by the state of Massachusetts to its governor and council. In other words, it amounts to about \$9,000 a year for the first year. He will put his money to good uses, too. He is receiv-ing proposals from prominent publishers almost daily, while requests for his autograph are sent from all over the coun try. The best of the whole matter, too, is that his head is not at all turned by

his sudden elevation from comparative poverty as a newspaper man to affluence. More widely known than he, because his personality has been less concealed, is the author of the other and greatest success of the year, Edward Bellamy, whose novel "Looking Backward" is now in the one hundred and seventy. Affith now in the one hundred and seventy-fifth thousand. It will have reached and passed the two hundred thousand limit before the end of the year. It is now selling at the rate of 1,500 copies a day, or 9,000 copies a week. The author's royalties on these are at the usual rate of 10 per cent, on the retail price. This is 10 per cent. on the retail price. This is This is five cents a copy on the paper edition, which, on the sales of 9,000 copies a week, amounts to the snug income of at least \$450. This extraordinary sale, unprecedented since Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to which, by the way, this book has been compared, has only been in full awing since the first of been in full swing since the first of

July.

Although having known him for over a year and meeting him many times, I could not help being struck when at a dinner, a short time ago, at which he, W. D. Howells and several other authors and newspaper men were present, by the difference between him and Por-ter. They are two of the most success-ful authors of the year, and yet how different in looks, in style and constructive method. In fact, they seem almost an-tipodal, yet the great public enjoys both. It seemed to me that the same personal difference found a parallel in the subjects of their novels and the manner in which they were treated. Porter's personal outlines have been already given. His novels are a succession of pictures, devoid of plot, and are realistic and Zolaesque to the verge of animality. Bellamy's novels are, on the contrary,

of more or less intricacy in plot, and, like himself, of a delicate, sensitive organism. Of about the medium height, organism. Of about the medium height, Mr. Bellamy is rather slender in build. His dark, grave face is illuminated by a pair of kindly gray eyes, which have at times a shrewd, and occasionally quizzi-cal, look about their corners. His fore-head is large and finely formed. A heavy, drooping mustache covers his mouth. He talks in a warm, sympa-thetic voice, which immediately com-mands attention. In manner he is quiet, and liable to be introspective. His whole appearance, when in repose, stamps him as the man of imagination. Any one who has read his shorter stories of recent date, "To Whom This May Come" and "A Positive Romance," or his earlier works, "Miss Ludington's Sister" and "Dr. Heidenhof's Process," must admit that in him is present a delicate, playful and exuberant imagination such as is possessed by no modern author since Hawthorne. His "Looking Backward," considered simply as a work of the imagination, commands the respect even of the enemies of its theories. He has often told the writer that he had never read any book on social ones.

had never read any book on social questions before he wrote "Looking Back-ward," and believed that he never would have written it if he had read them, for his mind would have then been confused.

Although comparatively wealthy now, he is not happy, as he is a long and patient sufferer from that old fashioned tient sufferer from that old fashioned New England disease, dyspepsia. On this account he will this winter take a trip to Cuba for several months. He has orders for a number of books that he cannot yet see his way to write, and is now engaged on a dramatization of "Looking Backward." This winter he hopes to write a work which shall present in didactic form the social theories contained in that book. He is now about 39 years of age, and lives with his charmcontained in that book. He is now about 39 years of age, and lives with his charming family in the old homestead at Chicopee Falls, Mass. An enormous mail comes to this little postoffice for him from all over the world. Many of his literary brethren in and near Boston have expressed a great desire to meet him and expressed a great desire to meet him, and were he in good health he would be over-loaded with courtesies from them. In-vitations have also come across the sea from England from several prominent literary men and artists asking him to come over there. Already "Looking Backward" (a pirated edition, by the way) is selling there very rapidly, 15,000 copies having been disposed of at the shilling rate. shilling rate,

Like Porter, he has served in newspaper work, having been for eight years actively engaged on Springfield and New York papers. He, in addition, has been admitted to the bar, but has done but little practicing. Both men are of old New England seek. old New England stock.

Such is a hasty pen picture of the two and the men who, with but one or two notable exceptions, are making the most money out of fiction.
"Does novel writing pay?

With Bellamy making \$20,000 a year and Porter \$9,000, what is your answe CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

Couldn't Part with That

A few of us had arrived early at Sun day evening services in a church in an Ohio town, when the minister was taken with a tickling in the throat. After coughing for several minutes he asked if any of us had a troche. A young fellow and his girl occupied close quarters in one of the seats, and his thumb and finger went down into his vest pocket at

Thomas, I shall be greatly obliged," said the good man as he ad-Thomas fished up a lozenge with some

red letters on it, started to hand it to the minister, but changed his mind and dropped it back into his pocket. "Well?"

"You see, sir," whispered Thomas, as he rose up, "I've only got one, and I can't part with that. It says: 'I love you' on it, and I'm going to slip it to Sarah as soon as you folks stop looking!"

—New York Sun.

Crusty-Be careful, waiter, your thumb is in the soup.

Waiter—I don't mind it, sir; I'm used to it.-Epoch

RELICS OF COLUMBUS.

THEY ARE SCARCE, BUT WASHING-TON HAS A FEW.

The Ideal Bust of the Discoverer-A Bolt from His Prison-The Ring to Which He Was Chained-The Bronze Doors of Capitol.

(Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—In the great rotunds of the Capitol is a plaster medallion portrait of a man who will be much talked about during the next three years. It is an imaginary portrait, for the subject has been dead nearly four centuries and no authorities interest. [Special Corre centuries, and no authentic picture of him is in existence. For the first time,



COLUMBUS RELICS

the name of Christopher Columbus is to be intimately associated with a gr public event in the chief nation of t world which he discovered. The Co-lumbus fair of 1892 will make the voy-ager's name a household word. His struggles and triumphs will be recited in the ears of millions of human beings. The nations of the Old World will gather

with those of the new to do him honor.
All the public memorials of Columbus
which this country has erected are clustered about the rotunda of the capital. tries about the Fotunda of the capital. It is a matter of proper pride with Americans that, though Columbus spoke not the English tongue, and though he never set foot on the soil of the present territory of the United States, this country has not been slow to honor his name and his deads, in programment of honors and his deeds in monuments of bronze and

This plaster head is one of the saddest things I have seen in the Capitol. So because it is a bogus Columbus. Pit that the head of the real Columbus of the Columbus who lived in a land of painting and sculpture—should have been lost in the mists of the past. Sad because it reminds one of the great man journeying back to the Old World, from the New World which he had discovered, in chains. Sad because it brings to mind the death of Columbus in ignorance of the magnitude of his discovery, in ignorance of the fact that he had brought a new world under the domain of civiliza-

There is much that is pathetic in the career of Columbus, and of one of the saddest incidents of his life we find a peculiar souvenir in the National museum. It is well known that this institution contains personal relics of nearly all the great men whose names appear in the history of North America, and yet one is surprised to find something that was associated with the person of the very first European whose feet touched these shores. At first thought one is impressed in much the same manner as he fan-



TRANSOM PANEL OF THE GREAT BRONZE DOOR.

cies he would be on coming upon a personal relic of Adam or Moses. Yet here is a little bolt of rusty iron which held the chain which bound Columbus a prisoner in San Domingo. There is some-thing startling in the thought of laying hand upon a physical object which has felt the touch of the flesh of Columbus, but there is little cause to doubt the authority of the relic. The bolt was obtained by Robert Moore, purser in the navy in 1844, and he guaranteed its gen-uineness. Corroborative evidence is found in the little bottle lying close by. It contains small fragments of wood, and is marked:

Wood from the mortised beam in the wall of the dungeon called the dungeon of the prophets, in the city of San Domingo. To this beam was attached the ring from which hung the chain that held Admiral Christopher Columbus during his imprisonment by order of Francisco de Bobadilla in 1500."

Francisco de Bobadilla in 1500."

Not far away stands a cross which appeals strongly to the imagination of the average American. It is a simple piece of wood which flashes history before him like a flash of fire, which carries the mind instantly back to the most dra-matic moment of the career of a conti-nent. Think of holding in one's hand the staff which Columbus held, and which flaunted the flag of Spain when the discoverer first planted his foot on western soil and took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella! Yet that is what this cross purports to be made of. Unfortunately, there are some doubts of its genuineness, and the mu-seum authorities not wishing to display a parallel to the skin of the serpent which tempted Mother Eve, which may be seen in a Chicago museum, nor to the historic pair of Shakespeare skulls— "one of Shakespeare the boy, and the other of Shakespeare the man"—said to be on exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon, have ordered the cross sent into retirement till further light may be nad upon

should the Columbus quadri-centennial exposition be held in the capital city, visitors will here find the career of the discoverer epitomized in a most curious, most admirable and most enduring form. It is a bronze door—the great bronze door which heaves at the eastern entrance. door which hangs at the eastern entrance to the rotunda—the door through which a score of presidents have passed on their way to take the oath of office. This door is justly considered one of the attractions of the Capitol. Visitors long linger over it, interested by the novel effect of the pictures made of lines raised from a flat surface, pleased with the graphic por-trayal of the life of Columbus, to be com-prehended at a glance, and sometimes a little startled on seeing a mere child take one of the ponderous doors in each hand and swing them to and fro. The weight of the two doors is 20,000 pounds. With of the two doors is 20,000 pounds. their casing, also of bronze, and superbly carved, they measure nine feet by nine-teen. They were modeled in Rome, in 1858, by an American, Randolph Rogers, and were cast in bronze at Munich in 1860. The cost to the government was

\$28,000.

It is a work of art, which must be not only seen but studied to be appreciated. There are nine panels, four in each leaf of the door and one in the transom, representing in alto relievo the leading events in the career of Columbus. First, the enthusiast is examined before the council of Salamanca respecting his theory of the globe, which is rejected. Next comes his departure for the Spanish court from the convent near Palos, and in succession his audience at the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, his departure on his first voyage, landing on the island of San Salvador and taking possession in the name of his sovereign, an encounter with the natives, triumphal entry into Barcelona on his return to Spain, Columbus in chains, and final-ly, Columbus on his deathbed. Embel-lishing the borders are sixteen statuettee naming the borders are sixteen statuted of patrons and contemporaries of the admiral. Among these are Pope Alexander VI, Ferdinand, Isabella, the archishop of Toledo, an early patron of Columbus: Charles VIII of France, a friend to all maritime enterprises; Lady Boba-dilla, a friend of the admiral's (likeness of Mrs. Rogers, wife of the sculptor); Pinzon, commander of the Pinta, second vessel in the first fleet to cross the ocean; Columbus' brother, Bartholomew; Bal-



THE PICTURE IN THE ROTUNDA boa, discoveror of the Pacific ocean; Cortex, the conqueror of the Pacific ocean; Cortex, the conqueror of Mexico; Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, and Amerigo Vespucci, the voyager from whom our continent derives its name.

Just outside the bronze door, on the eastern portico of the Capitol, is the only statue of Columbus in the United States.

It is a seni-colossal group, representing the discovery of America. Columbus holds aloft a small globe, on the top of which is inscribed America. At his side crouches an astonished and owe stricken Indian maiden looking up into the face of the admiral. It is said the the face of the admiral. It is said the armor which the figure of Columbus wears is true to a rivet, having been copied from a suit in the palace of the

copied from a suit in the palace of the discoverer's descendants at Genoa. But these are by no means all the Columbus memorials of which the rotunda boasts. Conspicuous among the eight huge paintings adorning the walls is the "Landing of Columbus at San Salvador," Oct. 12, 1492. John Vanderlyn, of New York, was the artist, and the government paid him \$10,000 for his work. In the foreground is Columbus, planting ir the sand the royal standard, of whici fragments are said to be in the National Museum. Behind him are his officers, the two Pinzons. Escobedo, the notary; Sanchez, the government inspector; a Sanchez, the government inspector; as mutineer, now in suppliant attitude; a cabin boy kneeling, a friar bearing a crucifix, a sailor kneeling in veneration for the admiral, and on the shore other sailors giving expression to their joy on reaching land, or contending for edittening restrictes in the sand. From glittering particles in the sand. From behind trees and bushes the natives are looking out with awe stricken faces.

The chains which bound Columbus the armor worn by him, the signatures which he made, still exist. How unfortunate it is that no likeness of his face has survived may be judged by a look at ese figures in and canvas. The Columbus who lands



THE ONLY COLUMBUS STATUE on our shores in bronze has a beardless face, while the Columbus of the painting is bearded like a patriarch. The Columbus of the statue on the east portice bears small resemblance to the Columbus of the medallion within the rotunda Walter Wellman.

They Catch Right on.

It doesn't take an American long to catch on to any sort of situation. A De-troiter goes to Germany, remains two weeks, and returns to report that there will be no war in Europe for the next five years. It would have taken any other sort of a man a month to make up his mind on a matter like that.-Detroit Free Press.