WASHINGTON CRITIC

HAWKINS, COWEN & BUSKETT.

943 D STREET NORTHWEST,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SUNDAY CRITIC.

Single copy.....5 Cents
One year.....$2.50

THE EVENING CRITIC.

Single Copy.....2 Cents
By Carrier, per month.....35 cents
By mail, postage paid, one year.....$5.00
By mail, postage paid, six months.....3.00
By mail, postage paid, per month.....50 Cents
Mail subscriptions invariably in advance.
Address
THE CRITIC,
Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 3, 1890.

BROTHER HALSTEAD SPEAKS OUT.

It is late in the day for Mr. Thomas of Springfield to become conservative in speech, and the statements that the multitude of reporters who have called upon him and have heard from his eloquent lips the words of wisdom have generally been inaccurate, are not, under the circumstances, received by the public with unqualified admiration. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* comes close to the mark in the case of Mr. Thomas, who seems to have been a much-abused man. It gives him full credit for the stern integrity displayed when he remarks that "Mr. Eggerman showed himself to be a person totally destitute of honor and manhood." "What safety is there," the *Dispatch* asks, "for an ambitious millionaire if a legislator, whom he has acquired at a net cost of $600, can turn around and vote again for a higher and later bidder?" The *Dispatch* errs in its figures. The amount of cash acquired from Mr. Thomas by Mr. Eggerman was $850. Mr. Brice has not been accused of putting in more than $800. The enormity of the offense of Eggerman is to be found in the fact that after accepting $850 from one Democratic millionaire he voted for another of the same sort for the paltry sum of $500! There is a streak of inconsistency in this that ought to rouse either the public indignation or amusement. "The reprehensible practice," says the *Dispatch*, "of overselling the Senatorial market should be stopped," and Mr. Thomas should agitate in favor of "a system of protective registration of the titles in legislators like that of real estate, by which the first purchaser gets a legal title, and subsequent purchasers are warned off." If this should seem difficult, it might do for the millionaire to put a mark upon the legislator, say a simple brand, such as distinguishes the cattle of the several ranches on the Western ranges. The substance of the affair seems to be that if there is not a committee of investigation to determine the exact relations between the millionaires, who gave of their substance in furnishing funds for the candidates for the Legislature before the election—it is very important to remember the distinction that this was done before the election—there should be legislation looking to the protection of the holders in the Senatorial auctions. It is open to any member, we believe, to introduce a little bill to this effect. The purchase of Senatorial seats in Ohio has been reduced to such a system that if it is not to be recognized in one way, it must be in another. If there is not prosecution, there must be protection.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

A TRANSFERRED POLICY.

My case is a most peculiar and vexatious one. Seven years ago I insured my life for $5,000 in a good company. I was then in comparatively affluent circumstances. Two years afterward I suffered a sudden financial reverse and was obliged to hypothecate my life insurance to a friend, who loaned me $1,000 thereon. Subsequently he became bankrupt and transferred the security and the indebtedness to a third party, one of his creditors, a money-loaner by birth and occupation.

Perhaps you have noticed on the streets a man with a remarkably low brow, an evil eye or two, a slouching figure, hands which seem to be clutching forever at something which eludes them, and a general air of monetary depravity. That is Mr. Heichenliffer, who holds the insurance on my life. If you should need another point by which to identify him it would be found in the fact that Mr. Heichenliffer walks with his head down, looking always for pennies on the sidewalk. "You haf no idea how many pennies dere vere on de sidewalk," said he to me one day. "I haf count sefenteen in my life. Dis is a fery careless vorld, my poy."

The fact is that Mr. Heichenliffer is exceedingly anxious for me to die, and so ardent and persevering is he in the expression of this wish that he annoys me exceedingly. Not that he ever comes out directly—he is too quiet a man for that—he is, indeed, in his manner as soft and soothing as a silk worm; but every morning when I emerge from the door of my humble home, there is Mr. Heichenliffer at the gate with one eye on the sidewalk and the other on me.

"Good morning, my frent," he says; "it vas a putiful day."

"Yes," I answer. I am as brief with him as possible.

"Still," remarks Mr. Heichenliffer, "dere vas much malaria in de atmosphere. De vether vas fine, but pilious. I haf not been feeling fery well myself last night. I hope your health has been excellent, my poy."

This is on fine days. On rainy days Mr. Heichenliffer reminds me of the rheumatism and of the well-known fact that rheumatism of the heart is nearly always fatal. On cold days Mr. Heichenliffer unctuously discourses on pneumonia, and on hot days he turns to cholera and sunstroke. And then he sends me pamphlets through the mails—loads and loads of them—almanacs containing pages of bitter advertisements and columns of letters from invalids who have been sick—unutterably sick—tracts of quack doctors who describe in furious terms all the ills that human flesh has been heir to since the days of Adam, and who put into the head of the athlete the notion that he is trembling on the verge of nervous prostration. Mr. Heichenliffer also sends me all the obituary notices he can find in the daily papers, memorial volumes of dead Congressmen, undertakers' cards, bits of crape, notices of coroners' inquests, and heaven only knows what not. Last week I came home one evening tired from work and there was a hearse at the gate. I didn't feel particularly angry—I had gone beyond that.

"Drive on for a little while," I said to the gentleman in charge of the vehicle. "I don't want you just now. You have a telephone, I suppose?"

This morning I met Mr. Heichenliffer, as usual.

"Ah, my poy," said he, "dis vas a terriple tiesase, de grip. I congratulate you on account you haf it not. And myself, I haf it not. It is a goot thing."

"You haven't it?" I asked. "When did you ever let go of anything?"

"Goot enough," exclaimed Mr. Heichenliffer. "You haf a delightful spirits. A goot joke—dat is de result of excellent digestion. You haf goot health, my frent. But you look pale and tired. Possibly you have not sleep a great deal, nicht var?"

I did not reply and presently he said musingly: "A tousend tollars—it is a goot deal of money—und de interest, it piles up, and piles up, day by day—it never stops. While you vas workin' and while you vas sleepin', de interest is still a pilin' up. Und ven you dout pay it dere vas de interest on de interest and de interest on de interest of de interest."

I walked in abject silence. In a little while he said:

"Dis vas a hart world—schr hart. If it vasn't one thing it vas another. My poy, did you effer stop to consider vot ve are lifin' for? Und how easy mit one pistol to forgit all dose sorrows und haf peace? Dere's no ting like peace. Aber you mustn't let so gloomy thoughts in your heat, my poy—you must prace up—take are of yourself und——"

Tom Platt is really a bigger man in New York than Ward McAllister.

BARBARA.

EUGENE FIELD.

Blithe was the youth that summer day
As he smote at the ribs of earth,
And he piled his pick with a merry click
And he whistled anon in mirth;
And the constant thought of his dear one's face
Seemed to illumine that ghostly place.

The gaunt Earth envied the lover's joy
And she moved and closed on his head—
With no one nigh and with never a cry
The beautiful boy lay dead;
And the treasure he sought for his sweetheart fair
Crumbled and clung to his glorious hair.

Fifty years is a mighty space
In the human toil for bread,
But to Love and to Death 'tis merely a breath—
A dream that is quickly sped:
Fifty years, and the fair lad lay
Just as he fell that summer day.

At last came others in quest of gold
And hewed in that mountain place,
And deep in the ground one time they found
The boy with the smiling face:
All uncorrupt by the pitiless air
He lay with his crown of golden hair.

They bore him up to the sun again
And laid him beside the brook,
And the folk came down from the busy town
To wonder and prate and look;
And so, to a world that knew him not,
The boy came back to the old-time spot.

Old Barbara hobbled among the rest—
Wrinkled and bowed was she—
And she gave a cry as she fared anigh:
"At last he is come to me!"
And she kneeled by the side of the dead boy there,
And she kissed his lips and she stroked his hair.

"Thine eyes are sealed, oh, dearest one!
And better it is 'tis so—
Else thou mightest see how harsh with me
Dealt Life thou couldst not know;
Kindlier Death has kept *thee* fair—
The sorrow of life hath been *my* share."

Barbara bowed her aged face
And slept on the breast of her dead,
And the golden hair of her dear one there
Caressed her snow-white head.
Oh, Life is sweet with its touch of pain,
But sweeter the Death that joined these twain!

LIFE ON THE STAGE.

An Actress Says It Is Uneventful and Full of Hard Work.

All the stage-struck girls throughout the length and breadth of this land fancy that an actress' life must be an ideal one, full of adulation, flattery, amusement, distraction. An actress was speaking of this to me. She is a woman who, by dint of arduous work, has climbed far up the ladder of fame.

"My life is very uneventful," she said; "it is full of hard and monotonous work. Excitement? Yes, at night, when I am before the public; but for the rest of the day, no. Suppose I give you one day's routine, and you can judge for yourself whether my life is one round of exhilaration and pleasure. At 9 in the morning I ring for my bouillon. After I have finished it I take a cold bath and then my breakfast. Unless I am due at the theatre for a long, tedious rehearsal of four or five hours, I attend to my correspondence, sorting and answering various letters. After that is finished, and my household duties are looked after, I go for my constitutional walk of two or three hours.

"I eat no luncheon, and when I return from my exercise it is nearly time for my dinner, for I dine at 4:30. After this meal is over I have just a little time to rest before the real business of the twenty-four hours begins. I must be at the theatre by 7:30 sharp. At midnight I am home again, and after supper I go to bed. Now, that is a fair sample of my life. Every hour has its duties. I have systematized my work and allotted my time so that there are very few idle moments."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Justice of the Peace Clark.

Washington rejoices in a justice of the peace by the name of Clark. Washington may well rejoice, for Justice Clark overrules the Supreme Court of the United States with the utmost ease. It was thus:

A landlord and tenant case was before his Honor. An attorney was reading from "Taylor on Landlord and Tenant," a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which was precisely in point. But the decision did not commend itself to the legal judgment and acumen of Justice Clark. He rapped and interrupted the attorney. "That will do," he said. "You needn't read any further or proceed with your argument. If the Supreme Court of the United States chooses to err that is no reason why this court should. I give judgment for the plaintiff."

Johnson Misunderstood Her.

Mistress of the House (widow)—Well, Johnson, of course I'm very sorry to lose you; at the same time I must congratulate you on your good fortune in having this money left you. (Pleasantly.) I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife now?

Johnson—Well, mum, beggin' your pardon, and I'm sure I feel greatly honored at what you propose, but—er—I'm engaged to a young woman already.—*Grip.*

A Wise Precaution.

Mr. Williams—Wha' yo' doin' dat fo', Mrs. Jo'son, puttin' mosquito nets up dis time in de year?

Mrs. Johnson—Waal, yo' see de doctor tole me de air war full of dese yer grip micro bees, so I'se takin' precations agin gettin' 'em into de house.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Quinine as Daily Food.

Doubtless most people have at some time in their lives been obliged to take quinine, disguise it as one will, in capsules or gelatine covers, it is a bitter dose. Think, then, of a country where it is an article in daily use, placed upon the table as regularly as the bread. Such is the case in portions of Africa. The natives do not need it, of course, because they are born to the climate, but quinine is the white man's shield from malaria. A missionary lady who lived for many years on the west coast of Africa told me that when perfectly well she took six grains of quinine every day in order to keep well, and that in her family of three persons they used on an average an ounce in six weeks. One can run over the table of weights and easily see what a large number of grains an ounce contains.—*Wide Awake.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

"GUILTY OR INNOCENT."

AN ACCUSED MAN MUST BE ONE OR THE OTHER.

The Practice of Taking Personal Bonds Criticised—"It is Simply the Promise of a Prisoner to Reform," Says Judge Mills.

There has for many years been a question in the minds of those who have to do with administering the law in Washington as to whether a judge has the power to take the personal bonds of a prisoner brought before him for trial. Recently there has been a great deal of discussion on account of a decision made a week ago by Judge Miller in the Police Court, and the legal fraternity of the city is divided on the question. The term is a meaningless one, and of the near 12,000 people walking about the streets of this city who have given their personal bonds, not one of them, perhaps, could define the phrase.

It is the *bête noir* of the members of the police force, and they will be glad to know that in the opinion of the best legal talent of the city it will soon fall into disuse.

THE POLICE OFFICERS PLEASED.

The officer, who has a good record and wants to make a better one, considers that when the bonds of his prisoner are taken it is a censure upon the manner in which his duties are performed, and they speak in the most disapproving terms of the custom.

Samuel C. Mills is a Justice of the Peace, and when Judge Miller is indisposed he occupies the bench of the Police Court. "I made a decision recently," he said, in answer to the reporter's question, "to the effect that a man was either guilty or innocent. That is patent to every one and needs no explanation. If he is guilty he should suffer, if not, he should go free. There is no middle ground, but this is just what 'personal bonds' creates.

ORIGIN OF THE PRACTICE.

"The practice originated in the higher courts some years ago, and from them descended to us. They were taken in criminal cases, in which the Court did not think the defendant had made himself liable to sentence, and yet where the facts showed that he had been concerned in the crime. The practice is nothing more nor less than an assumption of a privilege which, by right, belongs alone to the pardoning power, and which alone should be exercised by them. The Commissioners have that power and the President has it, but the Court does not and was never intended to have. The thing in itself amounts to nothing and I doubt exceedingly that, if the bond were violated, whether it could be collected. It is simply the promise of the prisoner to reform; only that and nothing more."

WHAT THE LAWYERS SAY.

"I am opposed to the practice," said Major H. H. Johnson, a prominent attorney, "and am glad to know that it is to be abolished. It is a usurpation of power and one that does a great deal of harm. Conviction or acquittal is what the courts should find, that is what they are there for."

Captain Charles C. M. Loeffler answered the question, when it was put to him, by a story, as he usually does. The custom, he said, reminded him of a story he heard Henry Ward Beecher tell one day when asked his opinion as to whether a man whose personal bonds had been taken by the court was guilty or not. "The judge admitted that the defendant was innocent," he said, "but made him promise that he would never do so again."

"That's the whole case in a nutshell," said the Captain.

DOWDY WOMEN OF BOSTON.

Too Strong-Minded and Æsthetic to Wear Clothes Gracefully.

It is feared that Boston women can never claim the title of being well-dressed, says the Boston *Herald*. Do what the few may to aspire to that favorite verdict, there is always the ordinary uncorseted, hygienic majority to counteract it. It would be laughable were it not pathetic to note the shortcomings in this one direction of the average Boston woman. She has as much opportunity, as many means of dressing well as women elsewhere, but she invariably fails in producing the effect which strikes the observer in New York.

Regard the throngs of women who daily pass up and down Boylston street, for instance, and point out ten, if you can, who become their clothes or who carry themselves with grace and elegance. Nearly all have been to fashionable tailors, who have done what lay within their power to give *chic*, air, style; but the Boston woman is stubborn. She will not permit her preconceived notions to be displaced by the newest fashions; she will not wear a corset; she will wear a hygienic waist, if she wants to; she won't wear her hair except so and she will kick up her skirts at the back because her gymnasium teacher tells her to bring all the muscles into play when she walks.

Besides this, she is in haste. How can she take life easily and gracefully when sixty different calls are being made on her time and brain all at once? The art of wearing her clothes well is unknown to her. She puts them on. She does not make her toilet. She wouldn't be guilty of "prinking," nor of being sure her boots were well blacked; nor would this usual Boston woman consider it worth her while to take a hand mirror to see if the angle of her virtuous bonnet corresponded with the angles of her profile and her back hair. It is these little omissions, this forgetfulness of detail which renders two-thirds of Boston's women dowdy—in the eyes of appreciative, though critical, observers.

REDLY THE firelight shines through the rooms
Chasing away all the shadow and gloom;
Light-hearted children are prattling in glee;
Father is as happy as happy can be.
For the wife and mother who suffered so long,
Is getting her health back, and soon will be strong;
And who is so happy as she is to-night,
As she thinks of the shadow that's taken its flight—
the shadow of disease that darkens so many homes, and makes the life of wife and mother one of terrible suffering. How pleased we are to know that at last a remedy has been found for all those delicate derangements and weaknesses peculiar to women. It comes to cheerless homes with glad tidings of great joy." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for women what no other remedy has done, or can do, and it is not to be wondered at that women who have been cured by it are so enthusiastic in its praise. It is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers of satisfaction, or money returned.

Call up telephone No. 251-2 and order THE CRITIC delivered to you for 35 cents a month.

An Important Element.

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla this fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline, "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

MY FRIEND THE DUTCHMAN.

BY FREDERICK HARDMAN.

"And you will positively marry her, if she will have you?"

"Not a doubt of either. Before this day fortnight she shall be Madame Van Haubitz."

"You will make her your wife without acquainting her with your true position?"

"Indeed will I. My very position requires it. There's no room for a scruple. She expects to live on my fortune; thinks to make a great catch of the rich Dutchman. Instead of that I shall spend her salary. The old story; going out for wool and returning shorn."

The conversation of which this is the concluding fragment, occurred in the public room of the Hotel de Hesse, in the village of Homburg on the Hill—then an insignificant handful of houses officiating as capital of the important landgravate of Hesse Homburg. The table d'hote had been over some time; the guests had departed to repose in their apartments until the hour of evening promenade should summon them to the excellent band of music provided by the calculating liberality of the gaming-house keepers, and to loiter round the *brunnen* of more or less nauseous flavor, the pretext of resort to this rendezvous of idlers and gamblers. The waiters had disappeared to batten on the broken meats from the public table, and to doze away the time till the approach of supper renewed their activity. My interlocutor, with whom I was alone in the deserted apartment, was a man of about 30 years of age, whose dark hair and moustaches, marked features, spare person and complexion bronzed by a tropical sun, entitled him to pass for a native of Southern Europe, or even of some more ardent clime. Nevertheless, he answered to the very Dutch patronymic of Van Haubitz, and was a native of Holland, in whose principal city his father was a banker of considerable wealth and financial influence.

It was towards the close of a glorious August, and for two months I had been wandering in Rhineland. Not after the fashion of deluded Cockneys, who fancy they have seen the Rhine when they have careered from Cologne to Mannheim astride of a steam engine, gaping at objects passed as soon as perceived; drinking and paying for indifferent vinegar as Steinberger-Cabinet, eating vile dinners on the decks of steamers, and excellent ones in the capital hotels which British cash and patronage have raised upon the banks of the most renowned of German streams. On the contrary, I had early dispensed with the aid of steam, to wander on foot, with the occasional assistance of a lazy diligence or rickety *einspanner*, through the many beautiful districts that lie upon either bank of the river; pedestrianising in Rhenish Bavaria, losing myself in the Odenwald and pausing, when occasion offered, to pick a trout out of the numerous streamlets that dash and meander through dell and ravine, on their way to swell the waters of old Father Rhine. At last, weary of solitude—scarcely broken by an occasional gossip with a heavy German boor, village priest or strolling student—I thirsted after the haunts of civilization, and found myself, within a day of the appearance of the symptoms, installed in a luxurious hotel in the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. But Frankfort at that season is deserted, save by passing tourists, who escape as fast as possible from its lifeless streets and sun-baked pavements; so, after glancing over an English newspaper at the Casino, taking one stroll in the beautiful garden surrounding the city, and another through the Jew quarters—always interesting and curious, although anything but savory at that warm season—I gathered together my baggage and was off to Homburg. There I could not complain of solitude, of deserted streets and shuttered windows. It seemed impossible that the multitude of gaily-dressed belles and cavaliers, English, French, German and Russ, who, from 6 in the morning until sunset, lounged and flirted on the walks, watered themselves at the fountains and perilled their complexions in the golden sunbeams, could ever bestow themselves in the two or three middling hotels and few score shabby lodging-houses composing the town of Homburg. Manage it they did, however; crept into their narrow cells at night, to emerge next morning, like butterflies from the chrysalis, gay, bright and brilliant, and to recommence the never-varying but pleasant round of eating, sauntering, love-making and gambling. Homburg was not then what it has since become. That great house of carus, the new Cursaal, had not yet arisen; and its table d'hote, reading-room and profane mysteries of roulette and rouge-et-noir, found temporary domicile in a narrow, disreputable-looking den in the main street, where accommodations of all kinds, but especially for dinner, was scanty in the extreme. The public tables at the hotels were consequently thronged, and there acquaintances were soon made. The day of my arrival at Homburg I was seated next to Van Haubitz; his manner was off-hand and frank; we entered into conversation, took our after-dinner cigar and evening stroll together, and by bedtime had knocked up that sort of intimacy easily contracted at a watering-place, which lasts one's time of residence, and is extinguished and forgotten on departure. Van Haubitz, like many Continentals and very few Englishmen, was one of those free-and-easy communicative persons who are as familiar after twelve hours' acquaintance as if they had known you for twelve years, and who do not hesitate to confide to a three days' acquaintance the history of their lives, their pursuits, position and prospects. I was soon made acquainted, to a very considerable extent, at least, with those of my friend Van Haubitz, late lieutenant of artillery in the service of his Majesty the King of Holland. He was the youngest of four sons, and having shown, at a very early age, a wild and intractable disposition and precocious addiction to dissipation, his father pronounced him unsuited to business, and decided on placing him in the army. To this the *Junker* (he claimed nobility), and displayed above his arms a species of coronet, bearing considerable resemblance to a fragment of chevaux-de-frise, which he might have been puzzled to prop with a parchment) had no particular objection, and might have made a good enough officer, but for his reckless, spendthrift manner of life, which entailed negligence of duty and frequent reprimands. Extravagant beyond measure, unable to deny himself any gratification, squandering money as though millions were at his command, he was constantly overwhelmed with debts and a martyr to duns. At last his father, after thrice clearing him with his creditors, consented to do so a fourth time only on condition of his getting transferred to a regiment stationed in the Dutch East Indies, and remaining there until his return had the paternal sanction. To avoid a prison, and perhaps not altogether sorry to leave a country where his cash and credit were alike exhausted, he embarked for Batavia. But any pleasant day-dreams he may have cherished of tropical luxuries, of the indulgence of a paradisaic life in a grass hammock, gently balanced by Javan houris beneath banana shades, of spice-laden breezes and cool sherbets and other attributes of a Mahommedan paradise, were speedily dissipated by the odious realities of filth and vermin, marsh-fever and mosquitos. He wrote to his father, describing the horrors of the place, and begging to be released from his pledge and allowed to return to Holland. His obdurate progenitor replied by a letter of reproach, and swore that if he left Batavia he might live on his pay, and never expect a stiver from the paternal strong box, either as gift or bequest. To live upon his pay would have been no easy matter, even for a more prudent person than Van Haubitz, he grumbled lumoderately, swore like a pagan, but remained where he was. A year passed and he could hold out no longer. Disregarding the paternal displeasure and reckless of consequences, he applied to the chief military authority of the colony for leave of absence. He was asked his plea and alleged ill-health. The general thought he looked pretty well, and requested the sight of a medical certificate of his invalid state. Van Haubitz assumed a doleful countenance and betook him to the surgeons. They agreed with the general that his aspect was healthy; asked for symptoms; could discover none more alarming than regularity of pulse, sleep, appetite and digestion; laughed in his face and refused the certificate. The sickly gunner, who had the constitution of a rhinoceros, and had never had a day's illness since he got over the measles at the age of 4 years, waited a little and tried the second "dodge" usually resorted to in such cases. "Urgent private affairs" were now the pretext. The general expressed his regret that urgent public affairs rendered it impossible for him to dispense with the valuable services of Lieutenant Van Haubitz. Whereupon Lieutenant Van Haubitz passed half an hour in heaping maledictions on the head of his disobliging commander and then sat down and wrote an application for an exchange to the authorities in Holland. The reply was equally unsatisfactory, the fact being that Haubitz senior; like an implacable old savage as he was, had made interest at the war office for the refusal of all such requests on the part of his scapegrace offspring. Haubitz junior took patience for another year, and then, in a moment of extreme disgust and ennui, threw up his commission and returned to Europe, trusting, he told me, that after five years' absence, the governor's bowels would yearn towards his youngest-born. In this he was entirely mistaken; he greatly underrated the toughness of paternal viscera. Far from killing the fatted calf on the prodigal's return, the incensed old Hollander refused him the smallest cutlet, and, shutting the door in his face, consigned him, with more energy than affection, to the custody of the evil one. Van Haubitz found himself in an awkward fix. Credit was dead; none of his relatives would aid or assist him; his whole fortune consisted of a dozen gold Willeims. At this critical moment an eccentric maiden aunt, to whom, a year or two previously, he had sent a propitiatory offering of a ring-tailed monkey and a leash of pea-green parrots, and who had never condescended to acknowledge the present, departed this life bequeathing him 10,000 florins as a return for the addition to her menagerie. A man of common prudence and who had seen himself so near destitution, would have endeavored to employ this sum, moderate as it was, in some trade or business, or, at any rate, would have lived sparingly till he found other resources. But Haubitz had not yet sown all his wild oats: he had a soul above barter, a glorious disregard of the future, the present being provided for: he left Holland, shaking the dust from his boots, dashed across Belgium and was soon plunged in the gaieties of a Paris carnival. Breakfasts at the Rocher, dinners at the cafe, balls at the opera and the concomitant *petits soupers* and ecarte parties with the fair denizens of the Quartier Lorette, soon operated a prodigious chasm in the monkey-money, as Van Haubitz irreverently styled his venerable aunt's bequest. Spring having arrived, he beat a retreat from Paris and established himself at Homburg, where he was quietly completing the consumption of the 10,000 florins at rather a slower pace than he would have done at that headquarters of pleasant iniquity, the capital of France. From hints he let fall, I suspected a short time would suffice to see the last of the legacy. On this head, however, he had been less confidential than on most other matters, and certainly his manner of living would have led no one to suppose he was low in the locker. Nothing was too good for him; he drank the best of wines, got up parties and pic-nics for the ladies, and had a special addiction to the purchase of costly trinkets, which he generally gave away before they had been a day in his possession. He did not gamble; he had done so, he told me, once since he was at Homburg, and had won, but he had no faith in his luck or taste for that kind of excitement, and should play no more. He was playing another game just now, which apparently interested him greatly. A few days before myself, a young actress, who, within a very short time, had acquired considerable celebrity, had arrived at Homburg, escorted by her mother. Fraulein Emilie Sendel was a lively lady of four-and-twenty or thereabouts, possessing a smart figure and pretty face, the latter wanting somewhat in refinement. Her blue eyes, although rather too prominent, had a merry sparkle; her cheeks had not yet been entirely despoiled by envious rouge of their natural, healthful tinge; hair, of that peculiar tint of red auburn which the French call a *blonde hasarde*, was more remarkable for abundance and flexibility than for fineness of texture. As regarded her qualities and accomplishments, she was good-humored and tolerably unaffected, but wilfull and capricious as a spoiled child; she spoke her own language pretty well, with an occasional slight vulgarism or bit of green-room slang; had a smattering of French, and played the piano sufficiently to accompany the ballads and vaudeville airs which she sang with spirit and considerable freedom of style. I had met German actresses who were far more lady-like off the stage, but there was nothing glaringly or repulsively vulgar about Emile, and as a neighbor at a public dinner table, she was amusing and quite above par. As if to vindicate her nationality, she would occasionally look sentimental, but the mood sat ill upon her and never lasted long; comedy was evidently her natural line. Against her reputation, rumor, always an inquisitive censor, often a mean libeller of ladies of the profession, had as yet, so far as I could learn, found nothing to allege. Her mother, a dingy old dowager, with bad teeth, dowdy gowns, a profusion of artificial flowers and a strong addiction to tea and knitting, perfectly understood the duties of duennaship, and did propriety by her daughter's side at dinner table and promenade. To the heart of the daughter, Van Haubitz, almost from the first hour he had seen her, had laid persevering and determined siege.

During our after-dinner *tete-a-tete* on the day now referred to, my friend the gunner had shown himself exceedingly unreserved, and, without any attempt on my part to draw him out, he had elucidated, with a frankness that must have satisfied the most inquisitive, whatever small points of his recent history and present position he had previously left in obscurity. The conversation began so soon as the cloth was removed and the guests had departed, by a jesting allusion on my part to his flirtation with the actress and to her gracious reception of his attentions.

"It is no mere flirtation," said Van, gravely. "My intentions are serious. You may depend Mademoiselle Sendel understands them as such."

"Serious! You don't mean that you want to marry her?"

"Unquestionably I do. It is my only chance."

"Your only chance!" I repeated, considerably puzzled. "Are you about to turn actor, and do you trust to her for instruction in histrionics?"

"Not exactly. I will explain. Le Sendel, you must know, has just terminated her last engagement, which was at a salary of 10,000 florins. She has already received and accepted an offer of a new one, at 15,000, from the Vienna Theatre. Vienna is a very pleasant place. Fifteen thousand florins are 32,000 francs, or 1,200 of your English pounds sterling. Upon that sum two persons can live excellently well—in Germany, at least."

Unable to contradict any of these assertions, I held my tongue. The Dutchman resumed:

"You know the history of my past life; I will tell you my present position. It is critical enough, but I shall improve it, for here," and he touched his forehead, "is what never fails me. This letter," (he produced an epistle of mercantile aspect, bearing the Amsterdam post-mark), "I received last week from my eldest brother. The shabby *schelm* declares he will reply to no more of mine; that his efforts to arrange matters with my father have been fruitless, and that the old gentleman has strictly forbidden him and his brothers to hold any communication with me, a command they seem willing enough to obey. So much for that. And now for the finances."

He took out his pocketbook, opened and shook it—a flimsy, crumpled bit of paper fell out. It was a note of the bank of France for 1,000 francs.

"My last," said he. "That gone, I am a beggar. But it won't come to that, either, thanks to Fraulein Emilie."

"Surely," said I, "you are too reckless of money; too extravagant and unreflecting. Six months ago you told me you had twenty such notes."

"Ay, twenty-two exactly at the end of January when I left Amsterdam. But whither was I bound? To Paris, and who can economise there? I've had my money's worth and could have had no more had I dribbled the dirty 10,000 florins over three years instead of three months. I take great credit for making it last so long. Such suppers, and balls, and orgies, with the pleasantest fellows and prettiest actresses in Paris. But the louis d'or roll rapidly in that sort of society. One must be a Russian prince or a French *feuilletoniste* to keep it up. I never flinched at anything so long as the money lasted. Then, when I found myself reduced to the last note, I got into the Frankfort mail and came to rusticate at this rural roulette table. My next change will be to conjugation and Vienna."

"But if you had only 1,000 francs on leaving Paris, and have got them still, how have you lived since?"

"You don't suppose these are the same? There are not many ways of getting through money here unless one gambles, which I do not; but coin has somehow or other a peculiar aptitude to slip through my fingers, and the 1,000 francs soon evaporated. Meanwhile, I had written dozens of letters to my brothers, who seldom answered, and to my father, who never did. I promised reform and a respectable life if they would either get me a snug place with little to do and good pay, or make me a reasonable yearly allowance, something better than the paltry 3,000 florins they doled out to me when I was in the artillery, and on which, as I could not live, I was obliged to get in debt. They paid no attention to my request, reasonable as it was. The best offer they made me was five francs a day, paid weekly, to live in a Silesian village. This was adding insult to injury, and I left off writing to them. A few days afterward, taking out my purse to pay for cigars, a dollar dropped out. It was my last. I paid it away, walked home, lay down upon my bed, smoked and reflected. My position was gloomy enough, and the more I looked at it the blacker it seemed. From my undutiful relatives there was no hope; the abominable Silesian project was evidently their ultimatum. I had no friend to turn to, no resource left. I might certainly have obtained the mere necessities of life at this hotel, where my credit was excellent, and have vegetated a month or two as a man must vegetate without ready money. But I had no fancy for such an expedient, a mere protraction of the agony. I lay ruminating for two hours, two such hours as I should be sorry to pass again, and then my mind was made up. I had a brace of small traveling pistols amongst my baggage; these I loaded and put in my pocket; and then, leaving the hotel and the town, I struck across the country for some distance and plunged into a wood. There I sat down upon a grass bank, my back against an old beech. It was evening and the solitary little glade before me was striped with the last sunbeams darting between the tree tunks. I have difficulty in defining my sensations at that moment. I was quite resolved, did not waver an instant in my purpose, but my head was dizzy, and I had a sickly sensation about the heart. Determined that the physical shrinking from death should not have time to weaken my moral determination, I hastily opened my waistcoat, felt for the pulsations of my heart, placed the muzzle of a pistol where they were strongest, steadying it on that spot with my left hand. Then I looked straight before me and pulled the trigger. There was the click of the lock, but no report; the cap was bad, and had been crushed without exploding. That was a horrible moment. I snatched up another pistol, which lay cocked to my hand, and thrust the muzzle into my mouth. As before, the sharp noise of the hammer upon the nipple was the sole result. The caps had been some time in my possession, and had become worthless through age or damp."

I looked at Van Haubitz, doubtful whether he was not hoaxing me. But hitherto I had observed in him no addiction to the Munchausen vein, and now his countenance and voice were serious; there was a slight flush on his cheek and he was evidently excited at the recollection of his abortive attempt at suicide, perhaps a little ashamed of it. I was convinced he told the truth.

"I do not know," he continued, whether, had I had surer weapons with me, I should have had courage to make a third attempt upon my life. Honestly, I think not; the self-preservative instinct was rapidly gaining strength. I walked slowly back to the town, my brain still confused from the agitating moments I had passed. I was unable quite to collect my thoughts, and felt as if I had just awakened from a long, heavy sleep. It was now dark; lights streamed from the open windows of the gambling-rooms; the voices of the croupiers, the stir and hum of the players and jingling of money were distinctly heard in the streets without. I have already told you I am no gambler, not from scruple, but choice. Nevertheless, I used often to stroll up to the Cursaal for an hour of an evening, when the play was at the highest, to look on and chat with chance acquaintances. Mechanically, I now ascended the stairs. On the landing-place I found myself face to face with a man with whom I was slightly intimate, and who, a few evenings before had borrowed forty francs of me. I had not seen him since, and he now returned me the piece of gold. 'Try your luck with it,' said he; 'there is a run against the bank to-night, everybody wins, and M. Blanc looks blue.' And he pointed to one of the proprietors of the tables, who, however, wore a tolerably tranquil air, knowing well that what was carried away one night would come back with compound interest the next. The play was heavy at the rouge-et-noir table; a Russian and two Frenchmen—the latter of whom, judging from their appearance, and from the complicated array of calculations on the table before them, were professional gamblers—extracted, at nearly every *coup*, notes or rouleaus of gold from the grated boxes in front of the bankers. I drank a glass of water, for my lips were dry and hot, and, placing myself as near the table as the crowd of players and spectators permitted, watched the game. My hand was in my pocket, the forty-franc piece still between its fingers. But, in spite of the advice of him who had paid it me, I felt no disposition to risk the coin: not that I feared to lose it, for as my only one it was useless; but because, as I tell you, I never had the slightest love of gambling or expectation to win.

"A pause occurred in the game. The cards had run out, and the bankers were subjecting them to those complicated and ostentatious shufflings intended to convince the players of the fairness of their dealings. During this operation the previous silence was exchanged for eager gossip. The game, it appeared, had come out that night in a peculiar manner, very favorable to those who had had the address and nerve to avail themselves of it. There had been alternate long runs upon red and black.

"'*Mille noms de Dieu!*' exclaimed a hoarse, cracked voice just below me, 'What a series of black! Twenty-two and only three red! And to be unable to take advantage of it!'

"I looked down and recognized the gray moustache, wrinkled features and snuffy-black coat with a ribbon of the Legion of Honor, of an old French colonel whom you may have seen limping in and out of the Cursaal, and who ranks among the antiquities of Homburg. He served under Napoleon, was shelved at the peace, and has lived since then on a moderate annuity, of which one-fifth procures him the barest necessities of existence, whilst the other four parts are annually absorbed in the vortex of rouge-et-noir. When gambling-houses were legal at Paris, *le colonel rape*, the threadbare colonel, as he was called, was one of the most punctual attendants at Frascati's and the Palais Royal. When they were abolished, he commenced a wandering existence amongst the German baths, and finally settled down at Homburg, giving it the preference, as the only place where he could follow his darling pursuit alike in winter and summer. From the opening to the close of the play he is seen seated at the table, a number of cards ruled in red and black columns, on the green cloth before him, in which he pricks with pins the progress of the game. That evening he had been unfortunate and had emptied his pocket, but nevertheless continued puncturing cards with laudable perseverance, of course discovering, like every penniless gambler, had he money to stake he should infallibly make a fortune; predicting what color would come out, and indulging, when he proved a true prophet, in a little subdued blasphemy because he was unable to profit by his acuteness.

"'Extraordinary run, to be sure!' repeated the veteran dicer. 'Twenty-two black and only three red! There'll be a series of red, now; I feel there will, and when I don't play myself, I'm always right. I bet this deal begins with seven red. Who bets a hundred francs to fifty it does not?'

"Nobody accepted this sporting offer, or placed upon the color which the colonel's prophetic soul foresaw was to come out. The cards were now shuffled and cut for dealing. The hell relapsed into silence.

"'*Faites le jeu, Messieurs!*' was repeated in the harsh, business-like tones of the presiding demon.

"'Red wins,' croaked the colonel. 'Seven times at the least.'

THAT TERRIBLE "GRIPPE."

What It Really is Explained by One of the Best Informed Men in America.

The president of one of the leading New York medical colleges, in conversation with the writer the other evening, said:

"'La Grippe,' the Russian influenza, that has caused so much talk, is a more severe affliction than people usually think. It arises mysteriously, and appears to have its origin in the atmosphere. The last time it visited America was in 1889, and it came then, as now, from As