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WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 19, 1891.

MME. BERNHARDT treated us last night to a revival. In stepping back across the pageantry of Theodora, Cleopatra, and their spectacular kindred into the field of simple human emotion, the divine SARA returned to the purest and most effective domain of her art. There was no cunning mechanism to furnish surprises, no professional splendor or sensational costuming to enthrall the senses; it was the original equation of life, involving only the primeval passions to which all of us are more or less subject, and dependent upon no contrivances or accessories for emphasis. The story of Camille is too familiar to call for any illustration or comment now. We have read it in books and seen it enacted both in French and English by the greatest artists of our day. We have heard it wedded to VERDI's most entrancing melodies and compared the brilliant *Brindisi* with the noisy badinage of the supper table, the thrilling cadences of the *Provencal*, with the spoken appeal of *Georges Duval*. There is not a light or shade in the wonderful picture which we have not studied from every imaginable point of view, until the structure of the drama is known to us as intimately as are the love, the hate, the selfishness and the despair that inform and vitalize it. One risks but little, however, in saying that not even PATTI or GERSTER, with all the aid that the great *maestro* could give through his immortal music, ever touched the human heart as deeply and as powerfully as BERNHARDT did last night. She may fascinate as the fierce and tigerish PTOLEMY or the false love of JUSTINIAN, but as the broken-hearted *Marguerite*, without the glamour of any pageantry or spectacle whatsoever, she goes straight to the familiar emotions of our every-day lives and plays upon them at her will. It is safe to say that the vast audience which sat hushed and spell-bound through last night's performance will indorse our proposition that BERNHARDT is at her best in the familiar emotional field—in that field which we know so well through our own experiences, but which so few can adequately survey and occupy.

A STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT is to be erected in Galena, Ill., his home at the outbreak of the civil war. It was there he left his family to enter upon that marvelous career which placed him at the head of the American Army, made him Chief Magistrate of the American people and filled the world with his renown. The statement is given out that the statue will probably be unveiled on Decoration Day and that either JAMES G. BLAINE or CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW will be the orator of the day. Neither of these eloquent gentlemen would be a particularly happy choice. Mr. BLAINE was never on intimate terms with General GRANT, either when he was at the head of the Army or at the head of the nation. And Mr. DEPEW opposed General GRANT in the Presidential campaign of 1872.

It occurs to us that a man like General HORACE PORTER, who was a member of General GRANT's military family, or Senator EDMUNDS, or ex-Senator INGALLS, both of whom were in full accord and sympathy with President GRANT's administration, would be a happier choice. The happiest choice of all, now that ROSCOE CONKLING is dead, would be Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, himself long a citizen of Illinois and the commander of one of her volunteer regiments, and a matchless orator.

BALTIMORE IS THOROUGHLY aroused as to the importance of the oyster industry to her future welfare. Last night a great mass meeting was held. It was shown that the warning given twelve years ago by Professor BROOKS of Johns Hopkins University, that unless they were protected the oyster beds would give out, was verified. The yield has fallen off from 16,000,000 bushels in 1875 to 3,000,000 in 1891. Nineteen firms of oyster packers have abandoned Baltimore. There is a close connection between the oyster packing industry and the canning industry; the first gives employment during the winter, the latter during the rest of the year. The conclusions of the meeting were as follows:

1. That the land under water in the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and in the other waters of the State, capable of producing oysters, should be made the subject of private property precisely as the land is above water; that the laws of the State should be so changed as to authorize and protect private property in oyster grounds.

2. That the people of the State should be educated through the press, through popular meetings, through pamphlets and all the machinery and literature of ordinary popular agitation, to the importance of the oyster question.

3. That the politicians of the State and City of Baltimore should be made to understand that this great interest can no longer be neglected, and that men must be chosen for the next Legislature who have got independence enough, courage enough, and intelligence enough to carry their convictions to the statute books of the State.

Brave conclusions, these. It now only remains to carry them out.

THE *Recorder* of New York is now discussing the lobster question. It seems to understand that subject much better.

IN THE ABUNDANCE of the twaddle which is being uttered and printed on the subject of the New Orleans affair, it is cheering to encounter an occasional gleam of good, wholesome horse-sense. Following is the text of a circular which has been printed and privately distributed in New York:

Italians! As intensely appealing as the lamentable butchery of your countrymen by the cowardly murderers of New Orleans must be to your feelings, as deep and earnest as your sense of justice must be which makes your soul cry aloud for swift, lawful retribution on the merciless assassins, do not permit yourselves to be aroused and inflamed beyond the bounds of reason by the incendiary words of demagogues whose main object may be selfishness. Italians! The beastly mob which has disgraced the civilization of the nineteenth century, the mob which has outraged the law of the land, does not represent the American nation any more than the assassins who slew the Chief of Police represent Italy. Americans love fair play. Be assured that all those worthy of the name will not rest under the disgrace which has been brought upon them, but will wipe out the stain by visiting, in a lawful manner, just punishment upon all those who are responsible for the dastardly outrage. Keep calm and let outraged justice take her course. Incendiary speeches cannot undo what has been done. Keep cool and attend quietly to your affairs. Now is the time to show to the world that you are Christians and therefore law-abiding citizens.

That's right. This is a law-abiding country. Nobody can go wrong or get into trouble here by observing the law.

SENATOR ALLISON and ex-Representative CANNON, chairmen of the Appropriation Committees in the two Houses during the late Congress, have loaded up and fired off a long statement endeavoring to defend and justify the enormous increase in the appropriations.

MR. HARRISON WILL soon start on a Southern tour, taking in the principal cities and points in that section and going thence, by way of Texas and Arizona, to the Pacific Coast. This is well. Mr. HARRISON should give the people an opportunity of seeing him and forming their own impressions as to his personality. He is a greatly misunderstood man. His reserved manner and cold exterior belie the quick affections and sympathies that lie beneath a somewhat repellant surface. He is a gentleman in all his instincts and associations, honest and patriotic in every fibre of his being, and these qualities should be recognized if the country is to arrive at anything like a just estimate of his character. He is distinguished by profound convictions on all important points and by austere methods in everything that involves a principle. He is, perhaps, too harsh in his judgment of those who differ with him in serious matters and too impatient of opposition and resistance. But the other and graver qualities of which he has shown himself to be possessed will weigh more heavily in the scale of an enlightened public sentiment than these minor considerations, and it will be better for the nation as well as for himself that they should be perceived and measured and appraised. All indications now point to Mr. HARRISON's renomination by the Republican convention next year. Every good Democrat who knows what manner of man he really is must feel that the next best thing to electing his own candidate will be the assurance of another term for a man who has proved himself a pure, high-minded and patriotic citizen.

SECRETARY FOSTER won't be a candidate for the United States Senate against Senator SHERMAN. He doesn't think it would be right. Besides, he is afraid he couldn't beat the Senator, anyway.

MR. IRISH, Democrat, received one vote for United States Senator in the ballot taken at Sacramento yesterday. Mr. IRISH usually is a Democrat.

GENERAL PALMER declares that his hair is too grey and his locks too thin to think of extending his political pilgrimage to the White House. He is content to rest at the other end of the Avenue.

THOSE ANCIENT IDOLS of the South American aborigines, recently discovered in Colombia, will be an interesting feature of the World's Fair. We can provide the modern idles ourselves.

THAT ALLEGED BRIBERY fund for the purchase of ten votes and sixteen-twentieths of a vote for the California Senatorship turns out to be a bare-faced and bald-headed fake.

APROPOS OF THE threatening postal card received this morning at THE CRITIC office, we pause to remark that there are four or five editors on this paper. No real or lasting results can be achieved by killing one of us. The moral of this is that it will be better not to begin. We greatly prefer to live. We are too young to die, anyhow. Our plans for the season are all made. The summer clothes are still good, the russet shoes will do for May and, peradventure, June, and there is service yet in last year's silken belly-band. Let us compromise.

IOWA HAS A POLITICIAN who is a very busy Weaver indeed. Just now he is engaged in weaving a net about the Alliance nomination for President.

PERSONAL.

Bernhardt's nine performances in Boston aggregated $43,889.37, the largest amount ever drawn in that city by any actress or singer in the same number of appearances.

A letter from Fort Worth, Texas, announces the marriage there of Mr. George Ellicott, member of a well-known Howard County, Md., family, and Miss Emma Skillman.

Mr. James T. Dennis, son of Hon. James U. Dennis of Princess Ann, Md., was appointed State's attorney of Somerset County by Judge Irving to fill the unexpired term of N. W. Dixon, esq., who resigned.

Mrs. Mary Epes Jones, wife of Judge R. H. Jones, a prominent lawyer of Petersburg, Va., died Sunday evening of pneumonia after an illness of only a few days.

Rev. J. L. Lancaster has tendered his resignation to the vestry of Trinity Church, Mobile, Ala., in order to accept a call to the chaplaincy of the University of Virginia.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler is now at San Remo where her health is sufficiently improved to allow her to disport in picturesque get-ups. Her favorite costume is a tan-colored gown, low shoes to match and brilliant cardinal hose.

Mr. Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration before the Washington and Jefferson Literary Societies of the University of Virginia at the annual joint celebration on June 30.

The Rev. W. J. Holland, D. D. Ph. D., has been unanimously elected Chancellor of the Western University, the foremost educational institution in Western Pennsylvania. He succeeds Milton B. Goff, who died recently.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is now at San Remo, where she has been for her health since the death of her son Lionel. As soon as she shall be sufficiently improved she will go to Paris and make arrangements for having the body, now in the American chapel in that city, conveyed to America.

Professor Jordan of the Athens (Ga.) Business College, has invented a machine to add up any number of columns of figures at once. The instrument to be used operates on the principle of the caligraph and typewriter, having keys numbered from one to ten. The accountant places the machine on his books and reads the figures in horizontal (instead of perpendicular) lines, from right to left and left to right, alternately, as land is plowed, results being registered as the reading progresses on a graduated scale attached to the instrument.

Dr. W. S. Manlove, a pioneer, died at his fruit ranch near Sacramento, Cal., March 17. He was a Virginian, and gained prominence here by planting the first big vineyard in Northern California. He was one of the horticultural authorities of the State, having experimented with all imported varieties of vines and fruits. He had a hundred acres in small fruits. This month he was elected president of his county branch of the Farmers' Alliance. Sixteen years ago he headed the Granger movement in California.

The wife of C. Beaupre of St. Raymond, Quebec, has presented her liege lord, who is 75 years old, with twins. He refuses to talk.

William A. Chapman, the veteran actor, who retired from the stage about twelve years ago and settled on a farm near Haddonfield, N. J., died there Wednesday at the advanced age of 81 years.

Another American singer is winning laurels in Germany. Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson of Cincinnati, who has also been heard in New York several times, gave a concert in Berlin the other evening which was highly spoken of in all the papers next day. The *Boersen-Courier*, for instance, said: "The vocalist, a young woman of charming personal appearance, has a sweet soprano voice, soft as velvet and remarkably well suited for the expression of tender, deep sentiment, while the more vigorous passionate accents are perhaps beyond her reach. Her intonation is pure, her pronunciation, considering that she is an American, most praiseworthy for its distinctness."

A little less censure should be given the spider; flies are so willing.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE HEARST WAKE.

Champagne and Poker.

From the New York Herald.

The members of Congress upon whom devolved the solemn duty of escorting Senator Hearst's body to San Francisco had a rather hilarious time.

What with champagne, old rye and the innocent pleasures of poker they managed to make the days agreeable and the nights riotous.

Isn't it about time that these junketing parties, miscalled funeral occasions, were put a stop to?

$100,000.

From the New York Times.

One hundred thousand dollars for the Hearst funeral junket is too much of a bad thing, and the newspapers of the country, Republican, Democratic, Independent and all the rest, are protesting against such an outrageous use of public money. Out of the protesting may come a new order of things under which Senators will be buried like other people, and not at the expense of the Government.

EDITORIAL PERSONALS.

Tom Reed thoroughly enjoyed the movements of the Spanish dancer provided for his entertainment in New York last week. It is said that he beat a tatoo with his foot to the air of "When I Was a Student at Cadiz." Tom is getting in training to "walk Spanish" on the floor of the next House of Representatives.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Henry Cabot Lodge thinks his Force bill will be the issue in 1892. If Mr. Lodge is right he is the bearer of glad tidings to the Democracy.—*New York World.*

Major McKinley persists in giving oratorical utterances about things. Nothing would become the illustrious major quite so well as a masterly policy of silence for about six months.—*Chicago Tribune, Rep.*

Having done their best during the session to persuade people that the South was a land of lawlessness, Messrs. Edmunds, Ingalls, Morton and Hale hie there for repose as soon as the session ends, and President Harrison proposes a Southern trip for himself.—*N. Y. World, Dem.*

Ex-Senator Ingalls is engaged in an unworthy and unpatriotic effort to persuade the Western farmers that the people of the East are constantly taking advantage of them in legislation. In this way the spirit of sectional jealousy is engendered in different portions of the country.—*Philadelphia Record.*

What has General John M. Palmer done to draw upon himself the hatred and hostility of the Mugwumps?

He has achieved for himself a prestige and for his party a victory such as has not been won in Illinois since the time of Stephen A. Douglas. Western admirers of General Palmer are already nominating him for President of the United States.—*New York Sun.*

General Palmer's father died at the age of 89 and his grandfather at the age of 93. As the General is now, at 74, in vigorous health, his Republican friends who are worrying about his great age may be interested in knowing that if he lives to attain the age that his father attained he may be re-elected to the Senate not only in 1897 but also in 1903.—*Chicago Herald.*

Some Northern Republican organs profess to think opposition to Hill as postmaster at Vicksburg very strange. The truth is, however, that the opposition to the appointment of a negro postmaster would be about as strong in any Northern city—Topeka, the capital of "bleeding Kansas," for example, where public sentiment will not allow white and black children to go to school together. So strong is this opposition that the Administration has never ventured to appoint a negro postmaster in any city or town of the North.—*New York Evening Post.*

Sir John Macdonald threatens to bring over British regiments to check Canadian sentiment on the annexation question. Sir John could not adopt a better plan to foster the annexation sentiment in Canada if he tried.—*New York World.*

Colored men do not get postoffices in New England, because New England doesn't send colored delegates to Republican National Conventions.—*Courier-Journal.*

Quite a number of Americans were presented to the Queen on Friday by Minister Lincoln. Her Majesty, after inspecting them closely, gave them back again.—*New York Continent.*

A Virginia colored orator is under contract to go to England to lecture on the "Race Problem in America" and "The Negro in American Politics." These are the subjects so long informally discussed in this country under the well-known caption of "The African in the Wood Pile."—*Philadelphia Times.*

And, were it not that we should dislike to assist at the defeat of so pleasant a person, we should be glad if Mr. Watterson's name came after that of Mr. Cleveland on the Democratic ticket.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Senator-elect Palmer has not, up to this time, received the congratulations of ex-President Cleveland, which is creating comment in view of the fact that Palmer has always been a strong friend of Mr. Cleveland. General Palmer says nothing, but keeps on sawing wood.—*Dispatch to New York World.*

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Metropolitan—John Acker, Harrisonburg, Va.; A. S. Buford, Richmond, Va.; L. L. Walker, Woodstock, Va.; J. H. Busbee, Raleigh, N. C.; J. Kalmbach, jr., and wife, Nashville, Tenn.; T. L. Townsend, Philadelphia.

National—T. B. Davis and wife, Mrs. L. P. Bradley, Newman, Ga.; N. L. Mullen, New York; W. H. Montz, Lehighton, Pa.; T. M. Robertsen, Elmira, N. Y.; G. B. Lewis, Michigan; D. W. Gale and son, West Virginia; E. J. Burke, Rochester, N. Y.; B. C. Crandall, Providence, R. I.

St. James—E. A. Pratt, Louisville, Ky.; F. M. Johnston, Pittsburgh, Pa.; C. L. Joralemon, Newark, N. J.; J. V. Doniphon, M. Nast, New York; H. Sherwood, Lynchburg, Va.; Charles R. Prosser, Pottsville, Pa.; C. S. Bussell and wife, Nashua, N. H.; C. B. Tower, Boston.

Willard's—H. C. Cody, Southbridge, Mass.; A. B. Conway, New York; M. Knowlton, Hartford, Conn.; J. E. Burtt, Boston; F. R. Treadwell, Salem, Mass.; Hon. F. E. Beltzhoover, Carlisle.

Riggs—J. R. Davies, New York; M. Kiefer, Baltimore; M. W. Ackeson, Pittsburg; Miss L. Hetzel and Miss A. N. Armer, Atlanta, Ga.; Misses Reid, Belfast, Ireland; Daniel Coolidge Johnstown; R. T. Dodson and wife, Arnot, Pa.

Welcker's—L. A. Reinhard and Mr. and Mrs. J. Carroll Beckwith, New York; Aug. Meimner, Philadelphia; A. F. Lawrence, New York.

Wormley's—E. A. Camp, Clifton, N. J.; Mrs. L. E. Pearsall, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Z. Pearsall, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. R. Jennings, Rochester; Albert Loening, New York.

Arlington—Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Sheridan, Chicago; A. B. Pettit and wife, Theodore P. Archer, Jamaica, L. I.; F. W. Sewell and wife, Auckland, New Zealand; Jose F. Learn, City of Mexico; Rufus H. King, Albany, N. Y.; Marquis de Choisend, France.

Ebbitt—Julian Bechtel, C. L. Coffin and wife, Dr. J. N. Butler, New York; E. D. Haley, Gardiner, Maine; J. B. Drapeau, A. O. Morin, Montreal, Canada; John C. McInnes and wife, E. D. Thomas and wife, Worcester, Mass.

Hotel Johnson—George Southwick, George W. Reynolds, New York; J. R. Van Hook, Philadelphia; W. E. Summers, T. S. Herbert, Salem, Va.; R. H. Carmichael, Virginia.

The President's Wit.

From the Chicago News.

A Washington dispatch says that a Minnesota Congressman called upon President Harrison and incidentally boomed the candidacy of a certain Minnesota man for a certain Federal office in his State—"but," he said, "I do not, of course, ask you to make the appointment, for I know it is a Senatorial appointment"—meaning that it was an appointment to be made upon the recommendation of the Senators. Continues the dispatch: "The President stroked his beard and looked at the carpet a moment; then, throwing his arm about the Congressman's shoulder, said: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Hall; it is a *Presidential* appointment.'" Touching scene. The *Evening News* cheerfully offers its columns for any comment, not in violation of the law, which Mr. Farwell may wish to make.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

In those remembered days of yore,
Before thou wert my wife—
Ah, happy days—I loved thee more
Than liberty or life.

But yet thou art to me, I vow,
More dear to-day than then—
You cost a hundred dollars now
Where once you cost me ten.

—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

WADE HAMPTON.

A Colored Journalist Interviews Him.

From the New York Sun.

"Has your experience in the Senate been a pleasant one?"

"Well, yes; very pleasant. I do not believe there is a Republican in the Senate who does not regret that I have been displaced, especially among the older ones. My relations with both sides of the Senate have been most cordial. I think my record has been unique in at least one respect. Of the 300 measures reported by me as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, not one of them was acted upon adversely by the Senate."

"What are my future plans, politically? I have none. I have done with public affairs. I must now look after my personal affairs, which have been long neglected."

"But the leading newspaper in your State nominated you for Governor the moment Irby was nominated to succeed you in the Senate."

"I know that. But I am not a candidate. I have never been a candidate for anything. I never asked a man to vote for me. I have not sought public honors.

"Presidential candidates? Well, if New York goes to the convention with a solid delegation it will get the nomination; if not the nomination will go to the West."

"What Western man have you in your mind's eye?"

"Oh, none in particular. The most obscure man in a break away from the favorites usually captures the honor."

"What do you think of Governor Campbell of Ohio, Governor Gray of Indiana, ex-Congressman William R. Morrison and General John M. Palmer of Illinois?"

"They are all good men; but I have nothing to say as to their candidacy, further than if New York does not present a solid front in the convention the nomination will go to a Western man."

"What about the Speakership of the next House?"

"I think it will be a mistake to elect a Southern man as Speaker. I think some good Northern or Western man should be selected. I think the Democratic party made a great mistake in the Fiftieth Congress by electing a Southern man as Speaker of the House and by giving the principal chairmanships of committees to Southern men. Again, I think the Democratic party made a mistake in the campaign of 1888 by flooding the North with Southern speakers. It is a bad policy. The voters resent it. If Northern speakers should be sent into the South we should resent it. We know more about our own affairs than outsiders do. I think the Northern voters resented the fact of our sending them Southern speakers to instruct them in 1888."

"Then you are not in favor of electing a Southern man Speaker of the House of the Fifty-second Congress?"

"Emphatically no."

"What is your opinion of the future relations of the races in the South?"

"Most hopeful. I agree with the recent opinion of Senator Carlisle that there will be less and less of friction between the races; that they will come more and more to understand the mutuality of their interests, and that they will more and more co-operate together for the common good. In my own State the colored people have great respect for me, and in any division of votes, caused by the position of the Farmers' Alliance, I am sure that the best elements among the colored people would co-operate with the best elements among the white people."

Venerable Senators.

From the Chicago Herald.

General Palmer will not be the oldest man in the Senate by a long ways, though the oldest Senator for many years, Mr. Payne of Ohio, has just returned to private life. Senator Palmer is still considerably short of 80 years, while Senator Morrill is 81, and as for Senator Harris of Tennessee, no one knows how old he is. He does not print his age in the Congressional Directory, and all inquirers on that score are given a lecture for their impertinence and sent about their business. Senator Harris is somewhere between 80 and 100 years old. As many guesses approximate the latter figure as the former. He is one of the remarkable old men of the Senate. Like many of the good old public servants from the South, he likes his toddy, and it is said he sometimes takes twenty or thirty "nips" in a day. He is the greatest parliamentarian in the Senate, and the more toddy he drinks the clearer his head appears to become on parliamentary law. He is often called to the chair by the Vice-President, and is always consulted when knotty parliamentary problems are to be solved.

"Society Event" in Colored Circles.

From the New York Recorder, 18th.

Josephine Butts, a handsome young colored woman of 25, who lives with her aunt, Mrs. Wilkins, at 250 West Forty-seventh street, was until two weeks ago employed by Mrs. Mason Jones of 1 East Fifty-seventh street as a reader. She alleges that she was discharged through the influence of George W. Eccles, the colored butler at Mrs. Mason's house, who afterward told scandalous stories about her to a young colored waiter at the house to whom she is engaged to be married. She procured a cowhide, and, with her aunt, stationed herself in the square in front of the Plaza Hotel on Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue a little before noon yesterday.

Eccles soon came along, and when he failed to make a retraction demanded by the woman, she gave him a severe thrashing in the midst of a crowd, which soon collected. Park Policeman Zielecker saw the disturbance and arrested the woman. In the Yorkville Police Court she told her story in a refined and pleasing way, but was held for trial in $300 bail, which was furnished by Mrs. Wilkins.

White Supremacy in Kentucky.

From the Courier-Journal.

Not even a Force bill of the most drastic sort could compel Kentucky Republicans to give their colored voters even a little piece of the bottom crust of official pie. The Williamsburg *Times* tells how it is in the Republican stronghold of Whitley County, where the white Republican citizens have none of that difficulty met with by Northern politicians in attempting to understand the logical necessity of white supremacy in the South. The *Times* says:

"Four colored men were candidates for town trustees last Saturday, but as the Force bill was dead they got no votes." Strange how our white Republican brethren in Williamsburg want the negro to hold offices in Democratic States, and object to him here at home."

Noble Bar Owners.

A blue book issued by the Government discloses the fact that 152 peers of the realm are the owners of places in which intoxicating drinks are sold. The number of "drink shops" owned by these peers is 1,539.

The list is headed by the Earl of Derby, who, the blue book shows, is the owner of 72 drinking places. Next comes the Duke of Bedford with 48 "drink shops" to his credit. Then comes the Duke of Devonshire with 47, followed by the Earl of Cawdor with 39, the Duke of Rutland with 37, the Earl of Dudley with 35, the Duke of Northumberland with 34 and the Duke of Portland with 32.

Included in this list is the Right Rev. Richard Lewis, D. D., Bishop of Llandaff, who, the blue book shows, is the owner of two places which are devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Mrs. Jeff Davis pays her respects to Charles Sumner in her memoirs of her husband. She calls him a handsome, unpleasing man, whose conversation was studied, but brilliant; his manner deferential only as a matter of social policy; consequently, he never inspired the women to whom he was attentive with the pleasant consciousness of possessing his regard or esteem. He was, until the fracas with Mr. Brooks, fond of talking to Southern women, and prepared himself with great care for these conversational pyrotechnics, in which there was much Greek fire, and the "set pieces" were numerous. This is hardly so unfaithful a portrait of Mr. Sumner as it might be.—*Boston Herald.*

Barnes Compton, Congressman from the Fifth district of Maryland, said yesterday that he wanted a Congressional committee appointed to investigate and make public the frauds in the election of Thomas B. Reed in Maine last fall. Mr. Compton was at the St. James Hotel. He came to New York to see his son, who is an officer in the Military Academy at West Point.—*New York Times*, 18.

TERRAPIN POINTS.

How to Select and Boil Diamond Backs.

Julia Corson in the Chicago News.

As a matter of fact any tortoise or terrapin which can be boiled soft can be made into a palatable stew. All terrapins are good, but excellent above all others are those where the upper shells have a centre line of sharply defined diamond-shaped elevations; upon the under shell there is a yellowish tint and the long, narrow head is generally drawn close to the body in a series of thick folds of the neck skin, and the legs are short and covered with a greenish-black skin. Also by their price shall ye know them, for a dozen will range in cost from $30 to $50.

The season is during the winter, the size from six inches upward to eight, and one will provide a dish for four persons. Smaller varieties cost less, and "sliders," or large river terrapin, can be bought for very much less. An excellent stew can be made from the common wood terrapin or tortoise, the only requirement being the boiling to tenderness. The preparation of all kinds is the same; upon their removal from the shells the fate of the dish depends, for if the gall is broken the bitter flavor destroys the entire dish.

The terrapin, when brought to the kitchen, should be washed in cold water. For boiling they should be plunged into plenty of boiling water for about five minutes or until the skin of the legs begins to wrinkle and loosen, so that it can be rubbed off with a wet cloth. Then put the terrapin again over the fire in enough boiling water to just cover them, with a teaspoonful of salt to each quart, and boil them steadily until the shells begin to part at the sides, where they are joined by two serrated edges between the fore and hind legs.

The time will vary according to the tenderness of the shell. California terrapin have been boiled tender in less than half an hour; some wood tortoises have required two hours. The safest way is to boil the terrapin and remove it from the shell the day before it is needed for the table, or, at least, to boil it in the forenoon if it is to be used at a night dinner or in the evening.

To Dress Terrapin After Boiling.

After the terrapin is so boiled that the two shells can be easily pulled apart a smart wrench will separate them, leaving the entire body lying bound to the top shell by slight ligaments, which can easily be cut with a small, sharp knife. The liquid that flows from the terrapin should be saved. With the same sort of knife separate the legs from the mass of intestines, cut the eggs and the liver away also, and the long, white giblets, if it is to be used; wrap all these parts in wet cloths to prevent drying as each one is being prepared for the stew. The brownish membrane strips readily from the eggs.

The claws should be cut from the tips of the feet. The gall is a small dark greenish bag imbedded in one side of the liver; the liver should be held over a bowl or dish and the gall-bag carefully cut out with enough of the liver attached to prevent breaking, the rest being divided in half-inch bits so that it may be equally distributed throughout the stew. The eggs should also be proportionately divided. The old-time Southern cooks also used the white giblets, cutting them in half-inch pieces.

Cream and Brown Stews of Terrapin.

After the terrapin meat is prepared by this careful removal from the shell, and the broth and liquid portion saved, it will be ready to heat in the chosen sauce. For a cream sauce, mix together over the fire a heaping tablespoonful each of butter and flour for each pint of sauce, and, when smoothly blended, stir in gradually half a pint of the liquid and half a pint of cream. Put in the meat of one terrapin to heat, a rather high seasoning of salt, cayenne pepper and a little nutmeg or mace, the yolks of four raw eggs smoothly mixed, with a little of the sauce added just before serving, to prevent curdling.

It is at this stage that the special recipes direct the addition of a glass of the best Maderia and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. The brown stew is made entirely of the terrapin broth, and the butter and flour are browned before the broth is mixed with them, otherwise the process is the same in all respects.

One Hundred and Fifty Ballet Girls.

From the New York Herald, 18th.

On Sunday Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy, the celebrated recruiter of ballets, arrived in New York from foreign shores with about one hundred and fifty, more or less, young women who sling the light fantastic toe because they liked to and are paid for so doing. Mr. Kiralfy does not attempt to conceal the fact that in catering to the captious taste of New York he has robbed the capitals of Europe of their chief attractions. Some twenty of the fair dancers have been purloined from Paris. Milan yields tribute of thirty maidens, while Vienna, Berlin, Budapest, and Madrid alike are bereft of their most charming exponents of the choreographic art.

These cosmopolitan beauties gave an undress rehearsal in the course of the afternoon in the old armory. They gave, in fact, an undress rehearsal under the critical eye of "Tody" Hamilton. To the uninitiated an undress rehearsal of ballet girls would seem a terrible demoralizing spectacle. But sad experience tells me it is not. Ballet girls are least dressed when "full" dressed. When they give an undress rehearsal they wear ulster and woollen overalls. There is nothing to bring the blush of shame to a small boy or even to Anthony Comstock.

The girls danced as they will dance for the first time in the Madison Square Garden on March 26 when the marriage between Nero and Messalina will be celebrated. All the superannuated "supers" who have been stranded in this country for years doing Roman Senators were on hand, flirting with the new arrivals in some five or six different languages, and if words go for anything the marriage of Nero and Messalina will not be the only one celebrated while the show is on Madison Square.

Abandoned Farms.

From the Courier-Journal.

It is surprising to learn that in an old State like Massachusetts, having a dense population, there are hundreds of farms, having an aggregate value of more than $1,000,000, that are altogether abandoned. Territorially, Massachusetts is only a large county, being, in point of fact, not one-fourth as large as the largest county in the United States; yet, in spite of its small area and large population and wealth, nearly 3½ per cent. of its farming land has been abandoned. The matter is deemed of so much interest that it forms the subject of a phamphlet of seventy-eight pages, issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics and Labor.

The Farmers to Organize.

A Chicago special to the Philadelphia *North American* states: According to a Department employe from Washington the Farmers' Alliance is to have a Presidential candidate next year on a platform of more money and free silver coinage, and the South is to be thoroughly canvassed by Senators Stewart, Teller, Wolcott, ex-Senator McConnell of Idaho and several others, who will leave the Republicans. Southern men will canvass the Northern States. Ex-Senator Ingalls says that the Alliance movement is much more formidable than Eastern people imagine.

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THE NEW JUDGESHIPS.

Confidence in the President's Judgment.

From the New York Times.

We are happy to believe that President Harrison, while he will doubtless make a choice of Republicans only, will try to get men as able, experienced and fit as he can. That has been his practice heretofore. But we wish that he might have the courage to take a higher and broader view of his opportunities and his duty in these appointments. We wish he felt equal to recognizing the fact that, fortunately for the nation, the time has come when there is no really serious difference between the best minds of the two great parties as to the interpretation of the Constitution, and when the fundamental law is as safe in the charge of upright and capable jurists of one party as of the other. The recognition of that fact, by placing some of the new judgeships in the hands of suitable Democrats, already tried in the Federal Judiciary, would be a practical and influential one. It would strengthen the bonds of nationality. It would increase the common confidence in the stability and effectiveness of the national judicial system. It would definitely enhance the authority of the Federal courts. It would be without a shadow of risk in any direction, and it would win for the President the respect of right-thinking men of all parties.

A Persian Eye Opener.

The Crown of the Moon occasioned a fiendish crime. Sir John Malcolm has written of a heinous Persian practice in its biography:

"Risa Kuli Khan, governor of Kazerum, came to pay the Elchi a visit. This old nobleman had a silk band over his eye-sockets, having had his eyes put out during the fierce struggle between the Zend and Kajar families for the throne and royal treasures (in gold and precious stones) of Persia. He thus related his terrible tortures to us:

"'I had been too active a partisan,' said he, 'to expect much mercy when I fell into the clutches of the rascally tribes of Zend. I looked for death, and was rather surprised at the lenity which condemned me but to the loss of my eyes. A stout fellow of a feresh came in as executioner of the sentence. He had in his hand a large blunt knife which he meant to make his instrument of torture. I offered him twenty *tomauns* if he would use a pen-knife that I showed him. He refused in the most brutal manner.

"'Seeing,' continued Riza, 'that I had no tenderness to look for from him, I pretended submission to my fate, and laid myself upon my back. He seemed quite pleased, tucked up his sleeves, brandished his knife, and very composedly put one knee on my chest, and was proceeding to his butchering work, when, observing him off his guard, I raised one of my feet, and, planting it in the pit of his stomach, sent him heels over head. I at once sprang up; so did my enemy; we had a short tussle, but he was the stronger, and, having knocked me down, finally succeeded in cutting out my eyes.'

"The sadness of this recital of his misfortunes brought tears to our own pitying eyes. So you see that even the possession of princely jewels has the disadvantage of attendant trials." It has been well observed that 'cupidity, murder, robbery and remorse are prime factors in most diamond matters,' and that trouble, political, social and personal, accompanies the god-like gem from its earliest to its latest resting-place."—*From "Yarns About Diamonds," by David Graham Adee, in April "Lippincott's."*

OVER THE NUTS AND WINE.

"Give me charge of the choir," remarked the devil, "and I care not who occupies the pulpit."—*Boston Herald.*

The devil never asks anybody to go all the way home with him.—*Ram's Horn.*

When trying to catch the ear of a Chicago girl you should use both hands.—*Richmond Recorder.*

He—Charley seems to me to be a man of one idea.

She—He is more fortunate than I thought.—*Puck.*

"Who goeth a borrowing goeth a sorrowing," was doubtless true in the good old times; but nowadays it is the lender who does the mournful perambulation.—*Life.*

Probably no one in this wide world is ever in a state of perfect satisfaction, but the homely girl with her first engagement ring on comes pretty near it.—*Somerville Journal.*

Gilhooly—Are the people who live next door to you rich?

Gus de Smith—I should say so. You ought to see the silverware they carry to the pawnbroker.—*Texas Siftings.*

Teacher—Why does Great Britain support royalty?

Pupil—Because royalty cannot support itself.—*Epoch.*

Customer—I bought some medicine here yesterday for my dog, and, after I gave it to him, he died. What do you mean, anyway? I didn't tell you I wanted to kill him.

Druggist—You said he belonged to your wife.—*Life.*

"Yes, papa, Jack is poor, but he loves me. Mayn't I marry him, papa?"

"Well, yes, if you want to."

"You dear old thing—but when?"

"Immediately."

"Oh, but you know it's Lent."

"Yes, but wouldn't it be well to get broken in to fasting right away?"—*Life.*

Foreigner—Why do you call the man "Honest Joe?"

American—Well, it's this way: He was once treasurer of this county and had a chance to run off with a whole year's income, but the honest old fellow took only $100,000.—*American Stationer.*

She—So you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins? How can you distinguish one from the other?

He—I don't try to.—*Life.*

He—You do love me, darling? And your heart is mine, wholly mine?

She—That's what. And no string to it, either.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Woman may be able to pack a trunk better than man, but she needs the man to sit on the lid after she has packed it, just the same.—*Somerville Journal.*

Boston Citizen (on his way home from church)—Wait outside a moment, please, Waldonia, while I step into this drug store and get a cigar.

Wife of Boston Citizen—I thought druggists in this town were not allowed to sell cigars Sunday.

Boston Citizen—They are allowed to sell them when needed for catarrh. (To druggist a few moments later)—Jodes, give be a ted-cedt cigar. Batch, please. Thangs.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Banker's Daughter (to her husband, just after marriage)—I want a little money, John.

Husband—All right, darling. I'll draw you a check.

Banker's Daughter—No, don't trouble to do that, John, for I really haven't known you long enough to accept your check. Let me have cash, please.—*Chicago News.*

Husband—I won enough money last night at poker to get you a new dress.

Wife (sobbing)—I think you might stop playing those horrid cards, John. You know what it may lead to in the end, and to think that I should ever be the wife of a gambler. That is t-t-too much. What kind of a dress shall I get?—*Cloak Review.*

Freedom of the Press.

Around her waist I put my arm—
It felt as soft as cake;
"Oh, dear!" says she, "what liberty
You printersmen do take!"
"Why, yes, my gal, my charming gal,
(I squeezed her some, I guess)
Can you say aught, my love, against
The freedom of the press?"

I kissed her some—I did by gum,
She colored like a beet;
Upon my living soul she looked
Almost too good to eat!
I gave another kiss, and then
Says she, "I do confess,
I rather kinder sorter like
The freedom of the press."

—*Ringgold (Ga.) New South.*

LOST FOR TEN YEARS.

Strange Story of an Iowa Girl Who Was Abducted and Restored to Her Relatives.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

FORT DODGE, IOWA, March 15.—Mary Puckett, a young lady whose home is just now in Carroll County, is the heroine of a story of abduction, exile and final restoration as strange as has been recorded in any yellow-covered romance. Ten years ago, while herding her father's cattle on a Dakota farm, Mary was kidnaped by a Black Hills trapper. She was then 13 years old. Her captor dressed the girl in boy's clothes, and for three years compelled her to do the drudgery of his lonely camp. At the end of this time the trapper, who was old and feeble, moved to a point on the Mississippi River, near the southeast corner of Arkansas.

Here they lived on a flatboat. Mary had by this time resumed the attire of her sex, and was introduced as the niece of her aged abductor. The girl soon forgot all about her old home and friends and lived the hard life required of her without a thought of better times. About six weeks ago some neighbors became interested in her and inquired about her former life. All that she could remember was that she lived at one time in Carroll County, Iowa. Mary's new found friends wrote to the county clerk of that county, who sent the letter to the Carroll papers. In one of these it reached the eye of the lost girl's grandfather, Elijah Puckett, who immediately sent his son to investigate the truth of the story. The young man found the girl—now 23 years old—and soon convinced her of her identity.

Mary way only too glad to escape from the rough life she had been leading, and willingly agreed to accompany her rescuer home. The old trapper, when he found that his villainy had been discovered, broke down and pleaded for mercy. On account of his gray hairs he was not prosecuted. Mary Puckett, after her ten years of slavery, is now living quietly on the Puckett farm, near Lake City, and is preparing to make up for lost time by going to school. Her parents are living somewhere in Nebraska, and are not yet aware of the rescue of their child, whom for ten years they have mourned as dead.

Davy Crockett.

A monument is to be erected over the remains of Davy Crockett, the famous Tennessee hunter, who killed 108 bears and performed various other deeds of valor. It is now more than sixty years since this picturesque old character was buried. The shaft will be of Tennessee granite and over twenty-seven feet high. At the front base of the column the emblematic bear keeps faithful watch in front of the bronze medallion of the setting sun; on the right part of the shaft a bronze medallion with the distinctive badge (the rifle and knife crossed) of the pioneer settlers of the State is represented, and a corresponding medallion on the left side shows the agricultural implements, early symbols of Tennessee's prosperity. One other medallion represents the grand seal of Tennessee, and on the front of the shaft a bust of Colonel Crockett looks down over the grizzly he loved to hunt so well. The bust will be as true to life as it can be made.

The President's Visit South.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* (Democrat) accepts the following from the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* (Democrat) as "appropriately disposing" of the treatment of the President should he go South:

"Some of the newspapers have been discussing the manner in which Mr. Harrison should be received by the Southern people during his coming visit to us. This discussion seems to us particularly useless. There is only one way in which the Southern people could receive him. They will treat him as a gentleman and as the President of the United States should be treated—that is to say, they will be polite to their great guest, receive him cordially, make his stay as pleasant as possible and show him all the honors due his exalted place."

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From the Hartford Courant.

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SALE OF SEATS Now in Progress FOR GILLETTE'S NEW COMEDY, Which Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN will Present Next Week at the NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, (First Time in This Country),

MR. WILKINSON'S WIDOWS.

Same authorship as "Held By the Enemy," "All the Comforts of Home" and "The Private Secretary."

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Next Week—"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." Seats now on sale.

ALBAUGH'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Messrs. Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau respectfully announce the reappearance in Washington, for one week only, of

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In the Following Repertoire: THIS (THURSDAY) EVENING,

FEDORA.

Friday, March 20, Saturday, " 21, and Saturday Matinee, **Cleopatra**

PRICES—Reserved Seats, $3, $2.50, and $2. Gallery, reserved, $1.50. General Admission, $1.50. Gallery, $1.

Next Week—THE OLD HOMESTEAD. Seats now on sale.

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WEEK OF MARCH 23.

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