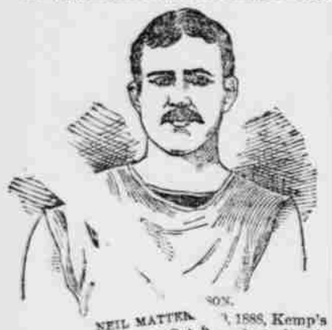
Wichita Eagle

A FAMOUS OARSMAN.

Australia Has Produced Few Better Sculler Than Neil Matterson.

Australia, the birthplace and cradle of great oarsmen, has given to the world few better men with the sculls than handsome and plucky Neil Matterson, whose picture appears herewith. He was born at Kempsey, N. S. W., June 6, 1864. An inch added to his height would make him a six footer, and his professional weight is 152 pounds. His initial public appearance was at the Grafton regatta in 1882, but the victory that first gave him world wide prominence was when he defeated Peter Kemp for $1,000 a side on the Nepean river Oct. 18, 1884. Kemp gave up the fight after rowing one mile. In May, 1885, Matterson defeated C. Messenger for $1,000 a side over the Paramatta river championship course.

On Dec. 18 Matterson lowered his colors to W. Black in a great race for the world's championship and $2,000 over the same course. He went to England in February, 1886, and was beaten by George Perkins on the Thames course May 24 for $2,000, the Sportsman cup and the championship of England. He turned the tables on Perkins Aug. 16 in a match for $2,000. A fortnight later he bested Wallace Ross, but was beaten by John Teemer. On Sept. 10, George Lee worsted him. He then returned to Australia and was beaten by Peter Kemp for $1,000 a side and the Tennyson cup,



NEIL MATTERSON.

July 4, 1887, and again Oct. 2, 1888, Kemp's backers wagering $5,000 against $1,500. Matterson was the trainer of all his Champion Harry Searle in nearly "World's important matches. During the present season Matterson has defeated Charles Mahoney, Stanbury, Stephenson and Chris Neilson, and lost to Kemp and John McLean.

Troubles.

Minnie Palmer has been a long time before the public as a star, and the only really sensational event in her career, until a week or two ago, was a libel suit against The Police Gazette for $25,000. She has been copiously advertised, but in a quiet way. Recently she made her debut in comic opera in New York. This occasioned considerable remark, and the quickly following quarrel with her managers, Locke & Davis, and subsequent collapse of the venture caused more.

Then all of Miss Palmer's friends, professional and otherwise, were surprised by the announcement that she had quarreled

MINNIE PALMER.

with her husband-manager, John Rogers. Miss Palmer, so the newspapers said, alleged that Rogers had tried to stab her. This he denied. When John Rogers first became her manager he stipulated that she should forfeit $30,000 if she married within three years. When this time limit was up he married her himself, and they were, until the late rupture between them, regarded as a model couple.

A Retiring French Favorite.

When an actor or an actress once really pleases a Parisian audience that audience's love is won for life, providing the object of it keeps within speaking distance of the standard of merit first established. No better illustration of this fact could be obtained than the prevailing demonstrations of regret over the retirement of M. Dumaine. He played many parts, and played them well, during his long career, the favorite both with himself and his audiences being that of Rysoor in Sardou's "Patrie," in the costume of which our portrait shows him. He was also an accomplished writer and collaborated with Dumas the elder in the creation of "The Three Musketeers."

M. DUMAINE.

A New Play for Tommy Russell.

A new play is being written for Tommy Russell, of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" fame. The author of the new play is Mr. Octavus Cohen, editor of The Charleston (S. C.) Daily World. The time is during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the characters is William Shakespeare, the immortal bard of Avon, who will be portrayed on the stage perhaps for the first time. The play will probably be called "Tocy Rattles; or, The Waif of Devon," and will be produced about the middle of February.

Sardou, the great French playwright, is to visit America in January.

Catching Rats with a Decoy.

A mechanical decoy rat has reached the patent office. It is made to resemble a rat with a piece of cheese stuck on a little spear, which projects just beyond its nose. When a real rat nibbles the cheese the spear darts forward about six inches and the animal is impaled.—London Tit-Bits.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

A ROMANCE IN A LETTER FROM DONN PIATT.

How Love Overcame Theory, and a Happy Marriage Followed a Challenge to a Duel—For 'Tis Love, 'Tis Love, 'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round.

[Special Correspondence.]

MAK-O-CHEE, O., Nov. 27.—I met young Spray—Charles Augustus Algernon Spray—at an English country house and fell in love with him. It was not that he was handsome, but that he had such a frank, winning way with him. Although 28 years of age, tall, broad shouldered, narrow flanked, with a superb blonde head balanced above his superstructure, he was as simple in his ways as if he had been born that morning. He listened to what one said with credulous earnestness that was perfectly charming, and yet the absurd fellow was a "crank." I do not give the popular meaning of that much abused word. By a crank I define a man possessed of what in old fashioned phrase was called a hobby—that is, taken up with some one favorite subject to the utter exclusion of all others. We have certain men who believe that humanity is constructed like a machine, and there is a crank somewhere that if they can get hold of and turn vigorously all the wheels, levers, pullies and things will move harmoniously, with great results. The human machine is, say, a sort of coffee mill with its crank. To some this is temperance, for example, or protection or Sabbath breaking. I knew a man who had morus multicaulis on the brain, and he talked silk and had worms.

These cranks are bores of course, but Charles Augustus was an exception. His crank was delicious, because he was delicious. His fad was so delightful that instead of avoiding it his friends drew him out and enjoyed his frank, boyish earnestness, and when he found that he was being chaffed instead of getting offended he would deprecate the humor, saying: "Well, I suppose it does appear ridiculous, but, by Jove, I believe it." A crank is almost always offensive, not only from an everlasting production of his one topic, but his intense advocacy and ill temper when doubted or having it disputed. Our dear fellow was earnest enough, but he would listen patiently, and at times with "Well, I must confess that is a weak place in my theory—at least, it appears—but I believe it only appears so. There is an answer or an explanation somewhere, if I could only find it." It was common for him to confess a lack of intellectual power in himself and lament that Tyndale, Herbert Spencer and Huxley, the heavy ordnance of science, did not take up the subject and help him out.

Charles Augustus had a fair mind and possessed vast stores of information, for he had been a hard student. But all seemed to end in a belief that by observing the laws of nature and living up to certain conditions life on earth could be rendered immortal. "Disease and death," he would say, "are not laws; they are violations of law. If it were our destiny to sicken and die sickness would not be accompanied with pain, and people would not have such a prejudice against dying. By Jove! it is a horrible shock that we cannot get accustomed to." But it would fill a volume to give even in outline the many and learned arguments he brought to bear upon the subject.

Among others, however, was that well being was more dependent upon the mind than upon the material things to which ill health was attributed. He asserted that worry shortened more lives than a torpid liver, and that the emotions were prostrating and perilous. There was love, for example; that was a beastly impulse in the lower animals and hid under sentiment in the human being. He was very strong on this point and avowed that, in his determination to demonstrate the truth of human immortality on earth, he would especially guard himself against that stupid emotion. He further maintained that in every child born there was that much taken from the vitality of the parents.

There were three charming girls in the house, and of course, while they evidently admired our immortal, they had no patience with his beliefs. Our hero was not only a vegetarian in food, but he held killing to be an evil that shortened the life of the slayer. Nothing proved his sincerity and earnestness more than this. When an Englishman gives up his gun he gives away his second nature, if not all his nature. To kill something is John Bull's ruling passion. This condition of our young crank threw him much upon the society of the women, and it was amusing to hear these last say, with charming simplicity, that "Mr. Spray's theory sounded real nice except that part about love, and that part was all nonsense."

Our term of stay, fixed in the beginning by our host, drew to a close. There are two things worth a trip across the ocean to see—one is Gladstone, the other the country life of an English gentleman. We took our leave reluctantly, especially of our immortal.

Nearly a year after we were at the Virginia springs—not that huge resort of the well bent upon making themselves ill, known as the Greenbrier White Sulphur, but in a charming place devoted to invalids called the Sweet Chalybeate. Among the select few were a famous Confederate general and his daughter. They were very interesting people. The general was not only suffering from nervous prostration, brought on by the privations and exposure of a cause where men marched without shoes, fought without food and slept without tents, but he had been wounded in a way not only to leave its decoration through life, but a reminder in continuous pain. The devotion of the daughter won the sympathy of all. She had enough in her beauty and accomplishments to win without the tender gentleness that seemed a part of her nature. Bella G—— was deservedly a belle, and suitors thronged her presence with offers that met a kind yet firm denial. Her life was devoted to her father. Perhaps it is asserting too much to say that she was beautiful. Her attractions came more from her intellectual gifts and fascinating manner than her face and figure, excellent as they were.

The fair girl had read much and thought more in watches by her father's bed, and I soon learned that she had developed the brain at the expense of her heart, as it is the wont of such women. She was, in her gentle, quiet yet firm way, a crank, and reminded me of our immortal left in England. I told her in an amusing way of my young friend as we paced the long piazza of the hotel. She became quite interested in the odd character that in almost the same line paralleled her peculiar belief. She, too, was averse to matrimony.

That an individuality heaven born in its excellence should be seized on, taught, trained from earliest consciousness to a condition in which that individuality should be merged in another no wise superior, shocked both her sense and her sensibility. "I choose," she said, "to own myself. I can see clearly what a holy state would be that of matrimony were it made a sacrament based on equality." This was simply the protest of a girl to what she considered a wrong, and who had not yet experienced that feeling that makes the sense of dependence the sweetest and dearest part of the married state to the wife. To tell her of this was like talking of light to one born blind.

Our promenade was interrupted one evening by an arrival that fairly took my breath. It was so sudden, unexpected and yet so utterly appropriate, being no less than our young immortal.

"Here I am," he said, "under the bald headed eagle in the land of freedom. You see, it struck me one day that life would be altogether more pleasant in a nation of cranks than in dull, stupid old England, rut worn and rotten with age. I want to be more comfortable if I am to live forever. Do you know I was not seasick at all. I went aboard with an empty stomach, and, although hungry enough to eat the cook, abstained from all food but a few oranges. You see, my theory sustains itself at all points."

And so the dear fellow rattled on. He had sought me out for an introduction to our new life, and I introduced him to Bella G——. He immediately proceeded to convert her to his theory of life, and she, with an amused look in her eyes, combated his arguments while giving him the results of her own thoughts and studies. I had no more promenades with Miss Bella, nor did any one else save our immortal. There were not only walks, but rides on horseback. The young immortal, having the means, had procured a superb mount both for himself and the girl. All the time she could spare from her invalid father seemed given to my friend.

"How are you getting on, Charles, my immortal?" I asked him one day.

"Capital," he cried. "She is a wonderful girl. Such brain, such original thought! And, by Jove, she has read everybody!"

"And you hope to convert her to your belief?"

"Yes, indeed. I make progress. I tell you."

It was very evident to the observers at the hotel interested in this affair that whatever might be the progress of the conversion these two young people were deeply in love with each other. I saw, however, that a change had come upon my immortal. He lost his happy, careless way and became moody and silent. He lost color and appetite, and although as devoted as ever to the fair Bella, I could hear him pacing the floor far into the night instead of the health giving sleep he so strongly advocated. I met him one day pacing along lovers' walk with head bowed and arms folded.

"I say," I cried, facing him, "you are in trouble, my boy; come, confide it to me."

"I am, old fellow," he replied; "I am in an ugly fix."

"Have you converted her?"

"That is my misery."

"What! Why, I thought that was what you wanted."

"It was till I got it, and then"——

"What then?"

"Well, you see, while I was converting her she was capturing me."

"I don't comprehend."

"Confound it! I discovered when too late that I was head over heels in love with her."

"Well, is she not in the same condition—that is, in love with you?"

"Not much; she is in love with my theory, and my theory shuts out love and me with it."

"I see. That is awkward; but, my dear boy, it is not beyond remedy. Tell her the truth—that you prefer death with her to immortality without her."

"I have," he replied wofully.

"And the result?"

"Oh, Lord! She said she loved me too well to doom me to death."

"Charles Augustus Algernon Spray, you are a fool."

"Thanks, awfully; but why?"

"That was the moment to seize her in your arms and cry, 'Bella G——, we will die together.'"

"That would do with most girls, but not with Miss Bella. She is all brain. I am done for."

"You remind me of the showman's giaskntis that couldn't live on land and died in the water."

The ludicrous affair would have continued a source of much amusement but for an event that came near ending in a tragedy. There were at the Green Brier White Sulphur a number of young men who called themselves fantastically "The Bella Knights of the Round Table." Bella G—— was their toast and fair lady, and one of their duties, faithfully performed, was to ride over to the sweet chalybeate and devote a day to her. It was a harmless eccentricity of young soldiers, at which the renowned officer smiled good naturedly and at which Bella was vastly amused. Our immortal did not so regard the affair; he considered it indelicate, and with his usual frank way so expressed himself. Had he confined himself to a general disapproval he might have escaped, but unfortunately he happened in the saloon when a bottle of champagne was being emptied in honor of the occasion by these hearty but rather heedless young men. He was called to drink the health of Gen. G—— and his peerless daughter.

"I can drink with pleasure to the gallant general, but not to the lady," was the response.

"Why not?" demanded the spokesman of the knights.

"Because I regard it as an insult."

A slap in the face from the wrathful knight and a knock down from the Englishman followed. Further violence was arrested by the bystanders. That night our immortal received a challenge to mortal combat.

"It is rather absurd, you know," said Charles Augustus to the friend he had selected; "but I suppose it is the custom of this bloody country, so make it swords. The general has a nice assortment presented him; and at daylight tomorrow morning, you know."

The assembled crowd admitted to the confidence of the affair were upon the ground in the early dawn, and the two contestants facing each other were about to cross swords when Gen. G—— appeared, accompanied by his fair daughter.

"Gentlemen," he said, quietly but coldly, "I will thank you to give me those swords. They are evidence of duty on the field in behalf of a holy cause. I cannot permit their being stained in a quarrel of this sort. Had I known last night the purpose for which they were borrowed they would not have passed from my possession."

The weapons were given him and he then added: "Gentlemen, I appreciate the kind feeling you have shown for me and my family. I wish to test it yet further. Mr. Spray interfered last night as the betrothed of my daughter. Not knowing you as well as we do, nor the customs of our country, he mistook a compliment for an insult. I know that he will withdraw his offensive language and you will apologize for your violence. I have issued many orders you have gallantly obeyed; this is a request. Come, let us all be friends."

The request was heartily complied with. The two purposed contestants shook hands, and that night, at a dinner given by the general to all parties, the knights not only drank to their old leader and his daughter but to the gallant stranger who had won the right to the immediate guardianship of their fair lady. The immortal problem was solved.

DONN PIATT.

Constantinople Notes.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 3.—When a newly arrived resident starts out to make her return visits to those who call upon her, she takes a sedan chair, which is carried slung upon poles which are placed across the shoulders of two stout Armenian porters. For the first moment or two the movement is very trying to unaccustomed nerves, but after a while the springy motion appears pleasant. They go along at a jog trot over the rough stones which makes it a hard jaunt for your man servant to keep up with, for it is de rigueur that you have a man servant along. He sits in the hall while you visit up stairs, for "nobody" lives on the ground floor.

You get your tiny cup of coffee and your spoonful of preserves, and admire your hostess' children, and then make your adieus and go somewhere else, and so on until all your visits are paid, after which you can attend to the business of your household, which is not an easy enterprise, as you can get no women servants who speak English or any other civilized language. Your man servant is kept for the purpose of opening the front door, helping the peddlers cheat you, ordering the other servants about, buying your wood and charcoal, and seeing that the halls are kept clean, and following you whenever you go out.

Your moral standing would fall very quickly if you were ever seen on the street without the presence of that man walking humbly behind. But he is always more or less of a linguist, as are nearly all the men in Constantinople, and that makes him indispensable. Besides he knows everything about everybody, and who "Madame" should cultivate and who she should avoid, and develops such a wealth of information as to everybody's present life and antecedents as to inspire a wholesome fear.

About Laura Holloway.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27.—Mrs. Laura Holloway is one of the best known women writers of Brooklyn.

She has written the life of Chinese Gordon, Adelaide Neilson and Charlotte Bronte, and is under contract with the Lathrops, of Boston, to prepare a history of Tennessee for their series, "The Story of the States."

Three or four years ago a book was published in London entitled "Man; the Fragments of a Forgotten History." It was said to have been written by two Chelas of the Theosophical society, and purported to be the embodiment of instruction given by a great Hindoo teacher to two pupils, the one from the Old, the other from the New World.

The work attracted much attention in Europe and America, but for quite a while the names of the authors were not divulged.

Knowing Mrs. Holloway's love for occult study her friends often asked her opinion of the book, and it was from her evident reluctance to give it, coupled with a sly pleasure in getting everybody else to express criticism, which first aroused the suspicion and led to the discovery that she was one of the joint authors, in fact the western Chela.

Miss Mary Humphrey is from Georgia. She lives in the Sloan apartment house on Broadway. She writes for various newspapers and periodicals. She has a project for building a hotel for literary women where the appointments shall be first class and the prices reasonable.

Anna Dickinson says that the reason there is so much unhappiness in marriage is that the Nineteenth century man persists in marrying the Eighteenth century woman.

Sweeney's Rope Jumping.

It is enough to make the numerous school girls who have expired while endeavoring to break the rope skipping record turn over in their graves when they hear that P. L. Sweeney recently jumped 1,527 times in 21m. 7s. without a break at Newport, R. I. The best previous record was 1,017 times.

Mark Twain's Narrative Quoted.

They sometimes elect people to parliament in New Zealand who are as intellectually dense as representatives occasionally chosen to deliberative bodies in other countries. The colonial government is anxious to acclimatize the chamois, and asked parliament to vote £150 for that purpose. When the bill was up for discussion a member named Kerr demanded further information.

"I should like," he said, "to hear from the government exactly what these 'shammies' are. I am told that they are a cross between a pig and a sheep, and that they feed scab." "There is a book about them in the library," politely replied a member on the other side of the house. "I'll go and fetch it for you," Mr. Kerr, touched by this act of courtesy, gratefully received the volume and began reading in a pompous voice the passage pointed out to him—a famous passage from one of the works of the eminent naturalist, Samuel Clemens, better known to many of his readers as Mark Twain. As the reading proceeded the house quickly realized the joke. Not so Mr. Kerr. When he came to the statement that the "chamois is no bigger than a mustard seed," he stopped himself, and glaring on the house, now roaring with laughter, fiercely asked: "What do we want with animals like that in New Zealand? Why, they would be worse than rabbits!"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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A Brilliant Right Fielder.

Thomas J. Poorman, the right fielder of the Milwaukee Baseball club, is a great favorite with the general public. He is 28 years old, is 5 ft. 8 in. tall and weighs 160 pounds. His career as a professional ball player is quite an extended one, dating back to 1881, when he became a member of the Lock Haven club. The following year he signed with the Metropolitans, of New York. Then followed engagements with the Jersey Citys, the Boston League

"TOMMY" POORMAN.

team and the Athletics, of Philadelphia, in the order named. His work was always considered of a high order of merit, and he occupied a good position both in batting and fielding at the end of each season. In 1889 he signed a Milwaukee contract to fill right field, his reputation being as great in the west as in the east. He filled that position during the past season, and it is the opinion of a many good judges that he is by far the best right fielder that ever donned a Cream City uniform. Poorman is also a reliable batter and a nimble base runner, and he can fill any position in the field.

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A Blue Ribbon Winner.

Sandwich, the handsome son of Lord Russell, recently won the blue ribbon for trotting stallions at the American horse show in Chicago. He was pitted against a field of ten magnificent stallions, including the famous show horse De Jarnette, which took second prize. Sandwich was bred at Woodburn, Ills., five years ago, and is owned by H. C. Graves & Sons, of Sandwich, Ills. His dam was Rosabella, by Belmont, and in his family tree occur such famous names as those of the mares Primrose, Rosebush and Black Rose, and the sires Woodford Mambrino and Alexander's Abdallah, while Lord Russell is the well known brother of Maud S.

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