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CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

Kate Field's Brilliant Work in Promoting the Drinking of California Wines.

Faith in Modern Miracles—Young Mrs. Blaine and Her Preparation for the Stage—Mrs. Cleveland—A Story of Senator Hale.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—Kate Field is paying all her attention to wine. She is a bright woman, as will be recalled, and her brilliance has at times been turned towards writing, acting and other brainy things. She is just the sort of a woman to be eccentric with her genius. For some time she has been in town, not only drinking wine conspicuously herself, but inducing others to do so. As she is particularly engaging and convincing, her example and argument are rather potent. She is as stylish in dress as ever. The newest costumes look well on her, as of yore, and her manners remain politely vivacious. Church people, to whom she used to lecture, and folks who have formed audiences in the past for her mixed entertainments of song and mimicry will regret to read that Kate has given herself up to intoxicant beverages. But it is so. She is courting the utmost publicity for her indulgence, as well as for her endeavors to lead others into the same sort of drinking. Another genius besotted? Oh, no; not at all. Kate's intellect is as clear and well balanced as ever. If she ever gets tipsy, she doesn't show it. Her devotion to wine is a matter of business. She has become a boomer of California wines. It has long been a usage with the French makers of champagne to hire men of social influence and plausible proclivities to promote the consumption of particular brands. The California viticulturists have placed Kate Field under salary, outfitted her with samples in plenty and set her to booming the wines of the Pacific coast among the drinkers of the Atlantic coast. As her eloquence is concentrated upon claret, a wine not much drunk except at meal time, she often deems it necessary to feed the persons whose appetites she desires to direct. Of course, the viands that accompany the claret must be of the best, and Kate has given a considerable number of fine suppers. I don't know how successful she is, or how triumphant she is going to be, in her Eastern efforts on behalf of the far Western vineyard men, but it is certain that she will prove rather a costly apostle of California wine. She is doing the job handsomely, anyhow.

* * *

Here is a notable instance of faith in modern miracles. There is sorrow in the elegant mansion of Pierrepont Morgan, at Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, but it is not chargeable to Mrs. Newman, the Christian scientist, or the three regular physicians, or the four trained nurses, who have been in faithful attendance on a daughter of the family, for in spite of them all, or possibly by their aid, she is recovering from a serious illness. But she is not so happy as she might be, and that is where the poignant sorrow comes in. Miss Morgan, who is a beautiful brunette, was to have "come out" early this winter, and her costume for that event, so important to a girl whose parents are "in society" here, had been imported direct from Paris. But soon after the Morgans returned from their summer season at Cranston's, she was taken ill, and the family physician's diagnosis was typhoid fever in a malignant form. It happened that a sister of Mrs. Morgan had died within a year of the same dread disease, the immediate reason being that in the fever's insanity she refused all nourishment, and the attending physicians at last found it impossible to force her to take it. Thus, cut off from all means of resisting the waste of the fever, she died. Therefore, when the daughter, who is of a highly nervous temperament and soon became delirious, exhibited a pronounced aversion to food in any shape, there was grave apprehension. From this time till the fever passed, three of New York's best doctors were in daily attendance, assisted by four professional nurses, graduates of the training school at Bellevue Hospital. Two of these were in the sick room during the day and two during the night. To use Mrs. Morgan's words, "I do not wish any one here to overwork," and to the remark that few families would feel that they could afford so much expense, she said in a simple, unpretending way: "I have never in my life known what it means to consider the expense of anything, and if competent physicians and trained nurses will add to the chances of my daughter's recovery, why should I not have them?" The most singular feature of the attendance was the presence of Mrs. Newman, the faith-cure healer. She is a graduate of Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science College at Boston, and has achieved a reputation at the Hub as a successful healer. The Eddy-Newman group of faith curists call themselves Christian Scientists, and deny that faith has anything to do with their works. They claim to be able to accomplish wonderful results without even seeing the patient, the method being for the healer to fix his or her mind on the patient's condition and needs, and to foster the firm conviction that the subject is well. Some two years ago Mrs. Morgan was ill from nervous prostration, and she believes she was cured by Mrs. Newman, who gave her treatments then, although she had the attention of a regular practitioner. She therefore secured her services in her daughter's illness and gives them much credit for the final favorable result. The daughter is slowly recovering, but her debut has been postponed to another season, as she soon starts for Italy to spend the remainder of the winter.

* * *

Young Mrs. Blaine, who is being made into a star actress at the rate of four hours a day by David Belasco, of the Lyceum School of Acting, will not, it is safe to say, disappoint the anxious world in the matter of personal appearance and style. Her beauty, like that of all women, is, naturally, a matter of taste. But I'll tell you what she's like. She is a tall, stately, square shouldered girl of twenty-three. Her hair is a natural and decided blonde. There is none of the straw-hued vulgarness of dye and dissipation about this hair, its tint being of that honest delicacy often admired in well-pulled molasses candy. The girl's eyes are blue, and they wear an expression of alertness, mingled with invulnerable confidence. The nose is regular, the mouth thin, straight-set, and shall we say cold? I think we will.

A few years ago Marie Nevins—Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr.—was one of the most purely delicious things that ever lived. She promised to be as lovely and as brilliant as any woman in the country. But it is not always possible to predict the noon of a bright morning, and today a disinterested person would not select any ornate superlative to describe this next famous actress of America. She will light up handsomely, her features may come out with fine effectiveness, and you may be positive that her manner of dressing will be actually stunning. But she will lack the clean, silvery exquisiteness of Mary Anderson just as much as she will the passionate, languorous fascination of Jane Hading. In fact, aside from her impressive figure and delicacy of coloring, Mrs. Blaine is apt to produce a somewhat negative impression upon the critical body of theatergoers. But the big, paying crowd will like her.

She is studying hard at the Lyceum every day. Now, this school differs materially from the Madison-square school, presided over by the veteran Dion Boucicault, who asks only for free raw material and time, while Belasco requires, or at least prefers, social standing and a romantic history. At the Madison-square you find the Simpsons, the Thomkinses and the Grubbses. At the Lyceum you are treated to De Wolfes, the De Peysters and the Phlapdoodlers. Mr. Boucicault takes off his coat and wrestles with Shakspeare, while Mr. Belasco sits up in a family tree, the atmosphere violet-scented, and the stage lighted by diamonds, and gently tosses the fruit of knowledge down at his dainty pupils. If a dusty little spot of a girl came here to New York from Michigan and asked me which way to go, I would advise her to go back. But if the jilted fiancee of Lord George Fitzhook Cripsy bloomed up from Washington square, and tearfully implored of me what was left her now, I should answer her, "Belasco." This is the young man who has taken Mrs. Blaine out of the milky way, and is manufacturing rays to fasten upon her natural aptitude. The rays will be all right. The question is, how about the aptitude? But almost anyone of ordinary observation can hear the coin come tinkling down at the girl's feet to the tune of "The Star-spangled Banner," and "Don't Wake the Baby." You notice Mrs. Blaine's great advantage over Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter. She has a fine, healthy, fatherless baby. She will be unique in this specialty of being the first society star carrying en route a supply of nursing-bottles and other infant utensils.

Colonel Nevins, father of Mrs. Blaine, declares that next to seeing his girl dead he abhors seeing her on the stage. Mrs. Nevins—who is more beautiful than her daughter, and a woman of extraordinary attractions—is resigned to the determination of the strong-willed girl. So next season at the latest, and possibly during the present season, the most striking name on the three-sheet posters about the country will be that of Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr.

* * *

Mrs. Grover Cleveland has this week made an unobserved visit to New York. She came with Mrs. Whitney to buy some Christmas presents, and she escaped so much as a mention in print. The defeat of her husband for a second term, rumors that have run through the press concerning her home life, and the announcement that Mrs. Folsom would soon present her a handsome diplomate as a father, seem not to have ruffled Mrs. Cleveland, who goes smilingly on her way, scoring success after success. Indeed, now the time of her retirement approaches, she seems to mingle oftener with the gay world, which she enjoys with all the enthusiasm of a girl in her first winter. This past week she has seemed especially gay, and looked radiant at the dinner given in her honor by the Fairchilds. Harriet Lane Johnson, the mistress of the White House under Buchanan, was one of the guests, and the gay young mistress of to-day made a happy contrast with that sweet-faced old lady, whose life there was one long success, and at whose feet all the chivalry of Europe have kneeled. Society is divided between two delicious bits of gossip, the announcement made in the New York Sun of a week ago of Mrs. Folsom's approaching marriage and the controversy between Mrs. Whitney and Senator Ingalls and Chauncey M. Depew. Denials followed thick and fast the Sun's Paris correspondent's announcement of Mrs. Folsom's marriage, but the matrons of the upper-tendom think that the lady "did protest too much," though none of the denials have appeared over her own signature. The whole matter has caused a tremendous stir in social circles, and brings forcibly to mind the rumors concerning the Cleveland marriage, which were industriously denied with like indignation. Mrs. Folsom intends spending the holidays with her relatives in Jackson, Mich., but will be back at her post in the White House with the commencement of the social gayeties. Mrs. Cleveland will, as usual, fill the presidential mansion with the bright faces of her friends, and the last few months of the Democratic administration bid fair to be very gay. This week's shopping expedition took Mrs. Cleveland to Philadelphia, also, and as the holidays follow her return, there will be nothing going on at the White House in a social way until the commencement of the New Year.

* * *

The most howling swell on the floor of the Senate is Mr. Hale, of Maine. He is the pink of propriety and elegance, from the straight little bang which hangs gracefully over a rather good forehead to the shiny boots on his shapely feet. There is little of the sturdy Maine Yankee, who talks through his nose and drawls his r's, in the modern Chesterfield who represents that State. He has cultivated and pruned himself until he bears but little resemblance to the original plant, but has expanded like the fancy fruits that E. P. Roe used to raise at his farm on the Hudson. This atmosphere of elegance he drops, however, when among his constitutents, who continue to defy him, and Mr. Hale continues to believe in himself even more than do his supporters. There is a funny story told of him, which dates back many years, long before he was called to help make the Nation's laws, and when a twenty-dollar fee was a small fortune to the green down-east lawyer. Riding one day in a stage coach with Mr. Frye—now his colleague—and his wife, Senator Hale had as his neighbor an Irish woman of immense proportions, which were increased by the unsightly hoop, then the mode, and a poke bonnet of overpowering size. Hale was considerable of a wag, and amused Mr. and Mrs. Frye by making sly love to the daughter of Erin, who, when she realized that she was the butt of his fun, bristled with wrath. He would pretend to embrace her portly form, kiss at her behind the brim of her scoop, and when a sudden jerk of the stage threw Mr. Hale quite into his charmer's arms, everyone shrieked with laughter, except Biddy, who maintained a stolid and dignified silence. Just after this episode the door was thrown open and the voice of a traveler asked if there was room inside. "No," answered Mr. Hale, "oh no!" then turning he said, with a tender look for Biddy and a sly wink for the Fryes, "we don't want anyone in here with us, do we, my dear?"

"Och! no," said Biddy; "my hoops are pretty large, and I see you feel pretty large, and there is no room here."

Old friends of the Maine Chesterfield think he still feels "pretty large." CLARA BELLE.

RAPID TRANSIT FOR BIG CITIES.

Superintendent Hain Says that Electricity Will Soon Solve the Problem.

Special Correspondence Sunday Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—Superintendent Hain, of the elevated railway system, talked cautiously, but in a most interesting manner yesterday of the rapid-transit problem in this and other cities.

"It seems beyond question," said he, that the whole rapid transit problem in New York is to be solved by the elevated system; indeed, it has in large measure been solved, and the elevated roads have not yet reached the limit of their carrying capacity. The express train system is eminently successful, and it can be extended."

"What of the problem in other cities?"

"Philadelphia will soon have an elevated railway. Chicago already has it. Kansas City has a short line that works satisfactorily. A company was organized to build such a system in St. Louis, and I was elected a director. Nothing was done, however, and I withdrew from the directory. I don't know whether the project is still contemplated. I have not studied the question of the adaptability of the elevated railroad to the needs of Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Baltimore and the other large cities of this country. It is in use in Berlin, however, and a committee of engineers have been examining the system here in view of a proposition to introduce it in Paris. Generally speaking, if a city in need of rapid transit has streets of sufficient width, the elevated system is the best solution of the problem. The underground system would not be endured by a community accustomed to the open-air travel of the elevated roads. London's underground railway is stuffy and uncomfortable to the last degree. It is unpleasantly like a long tunnel."

"Can the elevated railway structure be lightened as the system is developed?"

"Hardly. If you are to draw heavy trains you must have weight enough in your motor to insure the necessary friction, and a light structure would not be safe under such weight."

"What of the smoke and noise?"

"Electricity will obviate that, at least in part. There is no room for doubt that we shall see before many years as wide an application of electricity as a motive power as there now is of steam. Electricity is the steam of the future. The Fourth-avenue road finds its experiment with electricity successful, and our experiments with electric motors have not been discouraging. With electricity you obtain a smokeless and almost noiseless motor that would remove many of the alleged objections to the elevated railroad system."

"If you could obtain the right to connect the elevated roads with all ferries would it not be possible to give rapid transit to the whole population within ten miles of the City Hall so as to weld New York and Brooklyn and the neighboring big towns of New Jersey into one great city?"

Colonel Hain smiled somewhat suspiciously at this picture and said: "That is looking too far into the future. Brooklyn, of course, has its elevated system working satisfactorily. In time, the East river will be tunneled. That is a necessity of the not distant future. Observe, I don't say that such a tunnel would be controlled by the elevated roads, or even that it would carry them to Long island. It would be a separate enterprise. As to Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken, and their suburban villages, if they want an elevated system, I fancy they'll get it for themselves. The Board of Aldermen has thought it wise to cut us off from the ferries, and it is useless to speculate on what doesn't exist and isn't in sight. If we can give Manhattan island and Westchester county all the rapid transit they need, we shall be satisfied for some time to come. That is our field, and it is a pretty big one, for the city is growing along the line of our roads. Of course, there is the Harlem river, but why should the Harlem be retained as a navigable stream?" DAVID WECHSLER.

LAST OF THE CENTENNIALS.

Programme of the Coming Celebration, at New York, of the Washington Inauguration.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—This is the era of centennial celebrations, but it is no longer fashionable to speak sneeringly of them. In these days, when anarchy and socialism have become so prominent, it is well to let the thousands of strangers, that are pouring into this country every month, know that we have a glorious past, and that our prosperity as a nation to-day is the result of the foundations laid a hundred years ago.

Thirteen years last April took place the centennial of the battle of Lexington, then came the Bunker Hill celebration of June 17, 1875, and the great centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia in 1876. Since then have taken place the Yorktown celebration, the Evacuation day celebration, the celebration of the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and other smaller centennial celebrations.

The last of our centennials will be the hundreth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States. The formation of the Constitution was the outgrowth of the Declaration of Independence, but the capping to the foundations that were laid in 1776 occurred thirteen years later, when the first President of the United States was inaugurated. This historic ceremony was the final setting in motion the wheels of government. The United States of American then became a reality in every sense of the word.

It seems fitting, therefore, that an event so august as the inauguration of Washington should be grandly celebrated, and everything possible is being done in New York to make this last of the centennial celebrations the most brilliant. An outline of what it is proposed to do in this city on April 29 and April 30, next, cannot fail to interest.

Early Monday morning, the 29th of April, the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and the Supreme Court of the United States, and other officials of distinction, who have been specially invited will leave Washington and proceed via Philadelphia and Trenton to Elizabethport, in New Jersey, taking the same route that Washington took in going from Mount Vernon to New York, in April of 1789, to be inaugurated. At Elizabethport the presidential party will take a government dispatch boat, and steam up New York bay to the foot of Wall street, passing, en route, foreign vessels, and vessels from our own navy, and boats of every description that will be ranged in line by the navy committee. These vessels will salute the presidential party as the vessels in the harbor, in 1789, saluted Washington as he was rowed by thirteen pilots in an elegant barge up to the foot of Wall street. The navy committee consists, in part, of Major Asa Bird Gardner, chairman, and Loyall Farragut (son of the Admiral), secretary.

On the arrival of the party at the foot of Wall street, President Harrison will be met by the Mayor and the committee and escorted to his headquarters. That evening there will be a ball in the Metropolitan Opera-house, in this city, and it is proposed to make it the grandest ball that has ever been held in the city of New York. The chairman of the committee, who will have charge of the ball, is Stuyvesant Fish, the son of ex-Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, the president of the general committee.

Ward McAllister has been, for some months, giving a great deal of thought to the work of the entertainment committee. Mr. Fish and Mr. McAllister are ably assisted by Vice-president Levi P. Morton, William Waldorf Astor, William K. Vanderbilt, Robert Goelet, William Jay, W. E. D. Stokes and representatives of the Beekman, Winthrop, Morris and other well-known families.

On Tuesday morning, April 30, it is proposed to hold brief religious services in St. Paul's Church, where Washington, Vice-president Adams and the two Houses of Congress attended service on the day of the inauguration. As Doctor Provost, the Bishop of New York and the Chaplain of the Senate, conducted the services a hundred years ago, so Bishop Potter, of New York, will conduct the service on April 30, next. He will be assisted by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity and St. Paul's churches, and a member of the committee. President Harrison and other invited guests will be in attendance at the special service in St. Paul's Church. The ministers of this city have also been asked to hold special services in their respective churches, in the morning, at 9 o'clock, on April 30, and nearly everyone who has been written to on the subject has replied favoring the idea. It was at 9 o'clock on the morning of the inauguration, in 1789, that the doors of all churches in this city were thrown open for a brief service of prayer, and it is proposed not only to have brief services of thanksgiving in the churches of New York, but also throughout the State and Union.

The formal literary exercises will take place on the steps of the Sub-treasury, corner Nassau and Wall streets, at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D., of Brooklyn, will offer the prayer. A poem is expected from the venerable Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the oration. The President of the United States will speak, and Archbishop Corrigan will pronounce the benediction. At precisely 12 o'clock a salute of twenty-one guns will be given to the American flag from ships of war of every nationality in New York harbor, and from the batteries of Castle William, and Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth; then the grand military parade will pass the reviewing stand, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where stood, a hundred years ago, old Federal Hall, the scene of the inauguration ceremony. It is proposed to make the parade more brilliant than any parade ever held in the city. It has been suggested that the entire National Guard in this State turn out, and such an event has not occured in this city since the close of the war. The chairman of the military and industrial parade is Colonel S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, whose family has been prominent in this city for two hundred years. The committee are anxious to have every State and Territory in the Union formally represented in the parade, and the Governors of every State and Territory have been invited to appoint commissioners to attend to the representation of their respective States and Territories. Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and Washington Territory have already appointed commissioners. The other States and Territories are yet to be heard from. In the evening of April 30 there will be a banquet at the Metropolitan Opera-house.

During the month of April there will be an exhibition of historical portraits in the Metropolitan Opera-house, and also a memorial exhibition of Washington relics. The portraits will be limited to portraits of Washington and his Cabinet, and to members of the first Congress under the Constitution; and it is expected that the chair that stood in Federal Hall, which Washington occupied as first President, the Bible used at the inauguration, and other authenticated relics will be exhibited. Among the portraits promised is one of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, at Mount Vernon, in 1797, and given by Washington to Alexander Hamilton. This portrait has never been photographed or engraved, and it is a beautiful picture. It is now owned by Hamilton's grandson, Alexander Hamilton, of New York. The art committee, which consists, among others, of Henry G. Marquand, Daniel Huntington, F. Hopkinson Smith, Wm. E. Dodge, Charles Henry Hart, Lispenard Stewart and Richard Watson Gilder, is doing everything in its power to render the Art and Memorial Exhibition one of the most interesting and prominent features of the celebration.

At the last session of the Legislature of this State a law was passed making April 30 a legal holiday, and everything is being done by the committee, whose headquarters are in the Stewart building, this city, to make the celebration in every way worthy of the historic event of 1789. The president of the committee, as has been before said, is the venerable Hamilton Fish, whose father was a Revolutionary patriot and a friend of Washington. The chairman is Mayor Abraham S. Hewitt, and the chairman of the executive committee is Elbridge T. Gerry, the grandson of Elbridge Gerry, a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, a Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and Vice-president of the United States. Other members of the committee include such well-known names as John Jay, Philip Schuyler, Robert Stuyvesant, James M. Varnum, J. Tallmadge Van Rensselaer, Wm. G. Hamilton, John A. King, Samuel D. Babcock, Theodore Roosevelt, Seth Low, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Egerton L. Winthrop, and J. Pierrepont Morgan.

See that Your Mixers Are All Right.

Toledo Commercial.

Natural gas is a great blessing, but it is dangerous, if not properly guarded. There is one danger which may not be generally understood and which may be best given by relating an incident which occurred Tuesday night, or at an early hour on Wednesday morning. The proprietor of a store had left the gas burning in his stove. At about 1 o'clock A. M., persons occupying rooms over the store heard a peculiar noise, such as arises from the burning of gas in the mixer, where the pressure of the atmosphere from the chimney is greater than the gas pressure. On investigation, it was discovered that no gas was burning in the stove but in the mixer, which was so close to the floor that there was danger of setting it on fire. The gas pressure was so low that the pressure of air from the chimney had driven the gas back from the stove and it was burning in the mixer. A messenger boy was dispatched to the proprietor of the store, the key procurred and the gas turned off. It was a mere accident that this condition of things was discovered and a fine business block saved from destruction by fire, for it was a bitter cold night and there was a strong wind which would have made it hard work to combat a fire.

NOT ABOVE REPROACH.

Are There Men Among the Four Hundred Who Would Carry Off Your Overcoat?

Special Correspondence Sunday Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—It is very clear that New York society, in spite of its alleged exclusiveness, has allowed some queer characters to enter its portals. Alexander Dumas, pere, in one of his later novels describes two precious thieves who managed to palm themselves off as gentlemen and to secure the entree to the best drawing-rooms of Paris. The New York debutante who has read this romance has undoubtedly shrugged her shoulders and smiled at the thought that such a thing would be impossible in the gilded upper-crust of the American metropolis. Yet, according to the most prominent entertainers of the day, she is mistaken. I do not pretend to state that any society leader has admitted so much in words, but their actions reveal their thoughts, and, as usual, speak louder than language.

It is both strange and ludicrous that, in the society which hundreds of wealthy and well-educated persons are clamoring to enter, there should be members who cannot be trusted in a crowded parlor. That men who look down upon ordinary mortals as dirt should be suspected of carrying off loose articles of value is a state of affairs which the every-day comprehension finds it difficult to master. Yet it is true.

Else, why was it that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt found it necessary to have no less than three detectives disguised as gentlemen at his recent reception to the Rev. Dr. David W. Greer? Here was an affair at which the host ought to have felt secure of his guests if there ever was one in New York. It was a reception given in honor of a new rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, that very hightoned place of worship, and only gentlemen were invited. It is fair to say that Mr. Vanderbilt, who is a conservative man in society as elsewhere, did not go outside of the list of his own acquaintances, and surely a great millionaire could hardly be suspected of knowing a blackleg. And, mind you, he must have feared something more than the accidental admission of a single doubtful character or he would have had only one detective stationed somewhere about the entrance hall to scrutinize the arrivals.

But not only were there three, but they were actually put in full dress and allowed to roam about, elbowing the most exclusive of Mr. McAllister's celebrated 400 and drinking punch out of the same bowl. Is it possible that we have come to this? One can hardly imagine the anguish that such a calamity would have occasioned our high-minded social leaders had they unfortunately learned of it at the time.

I wonder what our Mayor, the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt thought of the presence of his three subalterns in such unusual uniform. He was there and must have recognized the three faithful guardians of the people's welfare, for he knows them well. Yet, strange as it may seem, Mr. Vanderbilt's fear for his loose articles of value, his bijoutry and objects-d'art, was entirely pardonable, and has plenty of precedent. While our native society is really very respectable, as compared with society in cities of the old world, yet there are foreign elements in it, which, while openly flattered and petted, are secretly viewed with suspicion.

Society's love for noble names, or rather, for those which sound noble, has caused it to accept at all times the alleged dukes, earls, viscounts, barons and so forth, many of whom have not been above stealing umbrellas.

The Union League Club usually has a dozen of Pinkerton's men scattered through its rooms in full-dress suits at its receptions, and many hosts have done as Mr. Vanderbilt did.

ROBBED HIS FATHER.

A Man of Eighty Twice Plundered by an Unprincipled Son—Arrest of the Culprit.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 22.—The people of Clarksville, Ga., are very much exercised over the arrest of W. M. Barker, who has for some time been engaged in teaching school there, and had the respect and esteem of every person in the city. Barker's story is one that has few parallels. A little more than a year ago he was visiting his aged father, a well-to-do farmer in Alabama. One night the son, who is more than fifty years old, mysteriously disappeared, and $3,000 in gold and silver from the old man's safe disappeared at the same time. The father, Isaac Barker, immediately swore out a warrant against his son and sent descriptive circulars all over the country, but the son himself could not be found. The old man kept his money in an old iron safe, and the school teacher knew it. The search was finally given up. The old man, having lost all his savings, began again at the foot of the ladder, and two months ago he had $800 stored away in the old safe. One night about six weeks ago he was waked up, as it is charged, to find his son standing by his bed.

"Come back, have you?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes I'm back."

"Did you bring my money back?"

"No."

"Well, I ought to have you arrested," said the old man, losing his temper; "you stole that money."

"How much have you got now?"

The old man stared hard, and before he had answered the question his son had seized him by the throat and threw him back on the bed.

"You holler," said the son, "and I'll kill you."

Trembling for his life, the old man promised to keep still, withdraw the warrant and to give up all the money he had in the safe. He sat up in bed and watched his son take out the precious roll of greenbacks and stow them away in an overcoat pocket, and then listened to his steps as he walked off in the darkness. It was not until morning that the old man dared to tell of the second robbery. Then another warrant was taken out against the school teacher, and circular letters were sent out to the police all over the country. Schoolmaster Barker was arrested yesterday in Clarksville, just after his school was dismissed for the day. The most remarkable part of the story is that Barker came to Clarksville just after the first robbery and soon made up a prosperous school. One day about six weeks ago, he left Clarksville on the evening train, and came back early next morning. He explained to the curious that he had been on a business trip to Atlanta, and nothing more was thought of it. The trip was made so quickly that no one could have surmised that he passed through Atlanta, went to Alabama and robed his father, who is over eighty years old, and returned in time for school the next morning. Barker passed through Atlanta yesterday in charge of an Alabama officer. When asked about his guilt he said: "It's all a lie. I love my old father better than anything on earth, and would not rob him."

Rats Make Leaks in Lead Pipes.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

There are more leaks in water pipes caused by the gnawing of rats than by flaws in the lead of the pipes. A great peculiarity of the leak made by the rat, however, is that it always occurs at a place where the pipe goes through the floor or ceiling.

This is the assertion which was made yesterday afternoon by Mr. I. K. Becker, and, as his observation is based upon an experience of nearly forty years, he has good reason for making such a statement.

"I never saw a leak made by a rat yet," said Mr. Becker, "that was not found in the places I indicate. A lead pipe may be lying along the ground in the cellar for several yards, and still the rats will not gnaw at any place except at the point where it goes through the ceiling."

"How do you account for that?"

"I think it is a matter of curiosity with the rat. The rodent notices the lead pipe going through the wood, and he wants to go, too, so he begins to gnaw at the lead."

"What do you do to prevent it?"

"We put a tin covering around the pipe in these places, and that generally saves it."