WITH HOLMES AND WHITTIER

Interesting Chat with the Illustrious Poets, the Last of the Old Guard.

Simple Life of the Quaker Bard, Who Still Retains His Mental Strength—Oliver Wendell Holmes's Library—Sorrow for Lowell.

Newburyport Letter in Brooklyn Standard-Union.

The poet Whittier came here from Wakefield, N. H., where he has been in the habit of spending a portion of every summer. He is stopping with his cousins, Joseph and Gertrude Cartland, in their beautiful home on High street. Although in a very feeble condition, he sees a few visitors each day. Mr. Lowell's death has been a severe shock to him, but to all who have called since that sad event he has told something of his love and friendship for the great genius who now lies sleeping in Cambridge. In his shy, timid manner he welcomed me yesterday. "Dr. Holmes and myself are the only two left now of the old guard," he said, mournfully. "Mr. Lowell," he continued, "was better known abroad than any other American man of letters. He was promising when he first came out of college. His Bigelow papers, in the future, will be read as much as they were in the past. However, there is nothing like them in American literature.

"My eyes begin to trouble me some, but as they have served me so well I ought not complain. I do very little work now; my correspondence takes up most of my time."

In the interview, which I did not care to prolong, as he seemed so poorly, Mr. Whittier said that he had never been out of the country; his work had always kept him here. Before I left him he advised me to call on Dr. Holmes, at Beverly Farms. "You will find him as witty and as bright as any young man, although I am only a year and a half older than he is."

The room in which the Quaker poet receives his guests is furnished comfortably and quaintly. On one window pane hangs a transparency—the kitchen scene from "Snow Bound." This poem was written in 1865, in memory, the poet says, "of the household it describes."

The "household" was Whittier's own. Off of the kitchen in the picture is the small bedroom where John was born.

Over the mantle in the reception-room hangs a picture of the old birthplace in Haverhill.

Of his "occasional poems" "The Eternal Goodness" is preferred by many for its broad humanity and love of the Creator. It starts off with:

O Friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the eternal thought!
Who talks of scheme and plan!
The Lord is good! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

There are eighteen verses more.

HOLMES AT BEVERLY FARMS.

Beverly Farms is a matter of twenty-five miles from Newburyport, and a more healthful or attractive spot cannot be found in the State of Massachusetts. A great many wealthy people, who long for quiet and separation from the "madding crowd," have summer homes there. It is a ten minutes' walk from the station to the cottage of Dr. Holmes. When it is fine he can be seen driving every afternoon behind a fine team.

The pretty cottage which stands back off the road is flanked in front by a great bed of rocks. On the front veranda stands a willow arm-chair, with a huge top.

At least a half-dozen reporters from the Boston papers have attempted to interview Dr. Holmes since Mr. Lowell died, but he declines to talk about his friend at this time. Like Whittier, he is suffering from the shock.

As I walked up the road he drove by in his Victoria and entered the house.

Acting on Mr. Whittier's advice I called at the cottage, where a comely, nice-mannered maid servant ushered me into the parlor. After taking in my card, she returned, saying that Dr. Holmes would see me in his study.

"So you have come from Mr. Whittier. I am so glad," he said, shaking hands. "How did you find him? I am so worried about him, and want to see him very much. The papers have been saying that I was ailing, too, but you can say that you found me well—as well as could be expected at my age—I shall be eighty-two in a fortnight.

"I went on to Boston to look after some matters this morning, and to-morrow, of course, I go in again to attend the funeral of my friend. Oh, he will be missed. He was the life and soul of a club they have in Cambridge, to which my brother belongs. Whatever you do say, do not mention the fact that I am weighed down with letters. The newspapers have said that so often that I fear the public is weary hearing it. I have a very competent secretary. She answers a great many of my letters. She knows how I want them answered.

"Yes, I believe in women for this work. They are admirably adapted for it. My library in Boston was recently marked and catalogued by a young woman who is an expert at such work."

In the desk near where we were sitting was a number of small bins, in which the correspondence was separated with "answered letters," "unanswered letters, etc."

In the twelfth chapter of "Over the Teacups" Dr. Holmes devotes several pages to criticising the hypocrisy of kind-hearted people. He says:

"It is the most painful exhibition of human weakness. It has occurred to me that it might be profitable to reproduce some of my unwritten answers to correspondents.

THE AUTOGRAPH FIENDS.

"If those which were actually written and sent were to be printed in parallel columns with those mentally formed, but not written out responses and comments, the reader would get some idea of the internal conflicts an honest and not unamiable person has to go through when he finds himself driven to the wall by a correspondence which is draining his vocabulary to find expression that sounds agreeable and signifies as little as the phrases used by a diplomatist in closing an official communication."

Here is what he thinks of an autograph fiend:

"Want my autograph, do you? And don't know how to spell my name! An a for an e in my middle name. Leave out the l in my last name. Do you know how people hate to have their names misspelled? What do you suppose are the sentiments entertained by the Thompsons with a p toward those who address them in writing Thomson?"

Here is a sad case of mistaken identity:

"Think the lines you mention by far the best I ever wrote, hey? Well, I didn't write those lines. What is more, I think they are as detestable a string of rhymes as I could wish my worst enemy had written. A very pleasant frame of mind I am in for writing a letter after reading yours."

Here is a case of "godfather":

"I am glad to hear that my namesake, whom I never saw and never expect to see, has cut another tooth; but why write four pages on the strength of that domestic occurrence?"

This is for the irrepressible one who thinks he or she knows it all:

"You wish to correct an error in my broomstick poem, do you? You give me to understand that Wilmington is not in Essex county, but in Middlesex. Very well, but are they separated by 'running water?' Because if they are not, what could hinder a witch from crossing the line that separates Wilmington from Andover, I would like to know? I never meant to imply that the witches made no excursions beyond the district which was especially their seat of operations."

While sitting in the Holmes study, I could not help observing the extreme neatness of the desk and the orderly arrangement of the papers and books.

Some of the rising literary lights of both sexes who think that it enhances their genius to appear in slovenly dress and keep their "dens" like a second-hand shop, had better, as the darkey said, "go to" and learn a lesson from the real geniuses of the country. Both the "Autocrat" and the author of "Snow Bound" were dressed good enough for a reception. Dr. Holmes had on a suit of fine black broadcloth, and Whittier had on broadcloth coat and vest and cassimere pants. Whittier, of course, wore no jewelry, and with the exception of a single neat gold stud, Dr. Holmes also refrains from wearing gewgaws.

Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Lowell gone!

Holmes and Whittier alone are left of the old guard.

Long life to both of them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SKOBELEFF.

He Drank with the Greatest Ease and Talked with Much Freedom.

Charles F. Tuckerman, in Murray's Magazine.

Sitting at breakfast one morning in the club-house at Pera, I noticed at another table Mr. MacGahan, the well-known American newspaper correspondent, who had accompanied the Russian army through the campaign, and had achieved a high reputation for personal valor as well as for remarkable ability as a graphic describer of events. His companion at table was a military officer in uniform, who, when I exchanged bows with MacGahan, turned toward him as if asking who I was. In a few moments both gentlemen arose and, coming to my table, MacGahan presented me to General Skobeleff. He was a man I greatly desired to meet. The valor and splendid military renown of the hero of Plevna were in everybody's mouth, and he possessed a personal magnetism that won for him the friendship of every one. A thorough soldier, his face informed one at the first glance that he was open as the day in his sentiments and democratic in his instincts. As to the men under his command, it would be difficult to say whether military respect or personal love for their commander proved the stronger motive for their admiration of him. A strict disciplinarian in camp, he had a friendly word or grasp of the hand for each and all of them. He did not talk to his men of personal bravery, but he set so conspicuous an example of it in his own fearless exposure to danger that his officers were more nervously anxious for his safety than for their own.

A few days after we met again by chance at the club-house, and Skobeleff, being alone, insisted upon my breakfasting with him and ordered two or three bottles of champagne. In vain I protested that at that early hour I never drank champagne, but he would have it and drank it like water, without the slightest perceptible effect. This is a Russian habit, and in Skobeleff's case, I fear, led to excesses not altogether disconnected with his untimely death after his return to Russia. Like all his countrymen whom I have known, he talked with the utmost freedom. On military and political affairs he gave his opinions without reserve, and censured certain high officials among his countrymen to an imprudent degree. But even his censorious remarks left the impression on my mind that he spoke from conviction, and not from personal feeling. He pressed me to visit him in camp at San Stefano, and offered to send a mounted escort and horses to meet me on my arrival at the railway station.

This honor I declined, but I went down to see him in the course of the week, and was treated with great hospitality. I arrived in the afternoon, and just before nightfall he took me over the camp. Some men were preparing their evening meal around huge smoking caldrons; others were lying about at ease on the turf or in the tents. At the General's approach they started to their feet and stood at "salute," motionless as statues. With a pleasant word to them, he passed on to show me the arrangements for the night. I expressed my surprise at the height of many of the men.

"Oh, these are nothing," he replied; "come this way," and we advanced to a group of men sitting in a tent. These he called out by name—"Strogenoff," "Polinoff," and so on—to stand up; and a file of men stood before us, not one of whom was less than six feet two. The appearance of this vast camp of soldiers "off duty," lying, standing, sitting about in groups, some sleeping in the oddest attitudes or stretched out on their backs, open-mouthed and snoring, in their war-stained and weather-beaten uniforms, their sun-browned faces giving evidence of the toil and hardships of the campaign, was in some respects more impressive than when, a few days after this visit in the lurid light of the evening, I saw them in the blaze of noonday pass in review in all the perfection of thorough equipment and discipline.

Thackeray's Height and Hair.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Thackeray's general appearance in 1854 must have been very striking, judging from Anthony Trollope's reference to his face and figure. his six feet four inches in height, with his flowing hair, already nearly gray, and his broken nose, his broad forehead and ample chest. In that same year E. M. Ward, R. A., was engaged upon a series of paintings of personal friends and great men "in character," including Dickens, Lytton, Macaulay, Hallam, Thackeray and others. Of these, the portrait of "Tackeray at Home" (exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1864) is most successful. Here is seen the great novelist (who had just retired from Punch and was writing "The Newcomes") in his bedroom study at Onslow square, wearing a dark red dressing-gown and slippers, and sitting in a rather original attitude, with a writing-desk on his knee. A quill is held in one hand and a cigar in the other, while his head, well thrown back, gives the same effect of dignity to his portrait as that which characterizes Laurence's crayon drawing.

In the meantime Thackeray's hair was becoming more bleached, and in 1858, when but forty-six years of age, it had assumed quite a silvery whiteness. This and his great height and erect bearing made him conspicuous in every assembly. In talking of his stature he remarked to a friend of his, as recorded in the Magazine of Art, "After six feet it all runs to seed." This same physical peculiarity caused Carlyle to speak of him as a "half monstrous Cornish giant," and J. L. Motley, the historian of the Netherlands, as a "colossal infant," with additional reference to his "smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it and a very tall, slightly stooping figure."

Women Physicians.

Dr. Lucy V. Hall, in the Epoch.

It is sometimes said, in a sneering way, that the woman who becomes a physician, in some degree, at least, unsexes herself. I once heard of this charge being mildly made by a male member of my profession, one of the purest and sweetest-minded men I have ever known. The lady physician to whom he made the remark said to him: "Doctor, did you ever stop and think which one it is who is unsexed, the man or the woman? The male doctor enters the very sanctum sanctorum of the home; he treats wives and young girls and stands in the most confidential relations to them. Would he be admitted if he were just an ordinary man? Did you ever stop to think that the male doctor must unsex himself much more than the female doctor? The physician was honest enough to admit that he had never looked at the subject in that light. Really, however, there is no sex in medicine. In the future, when we shall have made a little more progress, no such talk will ever be heard; the question will simply be one of competency, as to who can best do this, that or the other thing in the cure of diseases."

New Home Industry.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

A burglars' and housebreakers' trust seems to be regarded by some of our contemporaries as a caricature, a movement to run the trust organization into the ground; but there may be serious business intended by the promoters of this latest "combine" for all that. One of the most famous of London's great criminals, the eminent Jonathan Wild, instituted a thieves' trust which he conducted for many years with distinguished success. The modern form of monopolistic consolidation was not known in the days of the celebrated Wild, but he improvised methods in many respects similar to those now employed, and managed a widespread conspiracy for conducting the plundering business with economy and dispatch. If Wild could succeed with the limited facilities at his command, why should not the clever cracksmen of our day be able to unite for the better prosecution of their unlawful undertakings?

Mighty Hard.

Ram's Horn.

One of the hardest things to do is to believe that the man is honest who doesn't look at things as we do.

The Progress

6 & 8 West Washington St.

THE GREAT

NEW ★ CLOTHING ★ HOUSE

..... WILL OPEN .....

ABOUT SEPTEMBER 1st

The Greatest Line of

FINE CLOTHING

HATS and FURNISHINGS

Ever Shown in Indianapolis.

Watch for the OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

SMALL PROFIT IN PLAYS

The Richest Managers in America Made Their Money in Variety Theaters.

Bars Proposed as a Financial Help to the Drama—The Much Talked-of-Play Abraham Lincoln—Go slip of the Stage.

MONEY IN THEATRICALS.

More of It Expended than Received, It Is Asserted.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—"More money is expended in providing dramatic amusement for the people of the United States than the people pay for it." This assertion, that more capital is put into the theatrical business than ever gets out again, was made by a participant in a peculiar meeting of managers held privately this week. Some of his companions looked incredulous. "It is absolutely true," he went on, "and I qualify my statement only by leaving the variety show branch of the business out of the calculation. There's big profit in variety, as we all know. The three richest men in American management to-day—that is, of those who made all their money out of the stage—got their fortune chiefly from variety theaters. Reckoning only on legitimate theatricals, and in their aggregate, they don't pay expenses."

The conference conceived a proposed means of making theatricals pay, and the prime mover was putting forward an argument in justification of the plan, which was nothing else than to make alcoholic traffic help support the drama. Seven managers were present, and they were harmonious in the belief that the liquor law should be so amended as to permit bars in places accessible directly from the theaters. At present the statute forbids the sale of intoxicants in any room which can be entered from a theater without going into the street on the way, the intention of the lawmakers having been to disenvest the two diversions of drama and drink. This law is observed generally in the Broadway theaters. Once in a while a door is opened from a lobby into a bar-room, but the offense has to be stopped quickly. The consequence is not any curtailment of tippling between acts, but the division of it among the groggeries close to theaters. Now, the seven managers in secret session agreed unanimously that the liquor traffic dependent upon each theater could and should belong to the house, and be made to swell its revenue. "The bar would pay the orchestra," said one, in whose mind the cost of orchestral music was begrudged, as it is generally among managers.

"Wouldn't it degrade legitimate theatricals just a little bit," was a rather timid suggestion.

"Not if it's done right," was the very positive reply. "It should be made fashionable. London theaters, with their open bars in corridors and lobbies, should be cited as a swell example. Degrading! Nonsense. Why, don't you remember that the late Lester Wallack opened a bar in his new theater, and, not only that, but outfitted it with bar-maids imported from London. It was a brilliant idea. The fellows were a little shy of ordering drinks from the girls behind the counter, but the strangeness was wearing off rapidly, and in a month a bar would have been a booming adjunct of the swellest theater in town. But the police wouldn't allow it. The bar was down in the cellar, with a stairway from the main lobby, and that was a violation of the law. What we want to do, and can do, is to amend the statute so as to permit a bar in a theater. Then every manager can scoop the drink business that by right belongs to him."

Your correspondent spent a single hour in going to the offices of Broadway theater managers, other than those who had attended the conference, and in that short time he found eight who declared unhesitatingly that they would not sell drinks on their premises, no matter how much freedom the law might give. Four of them had leased their theaters with a certainty that the adjoining stores would not be used for bar-rooms. Friends of the unsullied drama or of temperance need have no dread of bars in legitimate New York theaters. A majority of the managers are against it, no matter if it would be "so English."

LOCAL THEATERS.

The New Play of "Abraham Lincoln" to Be Given at the Grand.

The Park Theater will have a practical monopoly of the "show" business in this city this week, as neither of the other two houses will be open. At the Grand the season will not commence regularly for several weeks yet, a very wise provision, when the prevailing warm weather is taken into consideration. Previous to this, however, there will be a notable engagement at the Grand, and one that will excite more than local interest, in the production (for the first time on any stage) of the new play "Abraham Lincoln." No play produced in recent years has excited so much comment in advance as this. Mr. McKee Rankin and the other authors of the play will be here two weeks in advance to rehearse the company and arrange for the production, which it is intended to make complete in every particular.

The Park will have for its attraction this week the new protean star, "Little Goldie," who began to twinkle only a few weeks ago, but whose stage work has been much praised. She is quite young and pretty, and is said to be the possessor of strongly marked talent and to show the effects of careful schooling. Two plays, both especially rewritten for her, will be given, "The Rocky Mountain Waif" (to-morrow, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday matinees and evenings) and "Ziz, the Pride of the West" (Thursday and Friday matinees and evenings). As their titles indicate, these plays deal with life in the West. They are comedy dramas, affording the star every possible opportunity, and they will be produced with special scenery throughout. The supporting company includes J. W. Cope, Louis Westhoff, Ed H. Lee, Percy H. Clifford, Henry J. Yorkey, R. J. Harrison, little Effie Clarke, Lawrence Russell, Miss Ada Craven, Miss Genevieve Harrison and others.

Gossip of the Stage.

Francis Wilson's new opera is called "The Lion Tamer."

Harry Smith's and Rignald de Koven's new opera is called "The Dey."

Billy Emerson has signed with J. H. Haverly for a tour of America, Europe and Australia. Percy Denton will be the manager.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, the well-known English actress, will make a tour of America under the management of Marcus A. Mayer, beginning in November.

The receipts for Sol Smith Russell's first week in "Peaceful Valley" were $6,800. He has evidently made a genuine and lasting success in Mr. Kidder's new play.

Clara Morris opens the regular season at the Fourteenth-street Theater in New York Sept. 21, when she makes her first appearance in the metropolis in Sardou's "Odette."

Robert Downing, the tragedian, allowed his two young daughters to see him play "The Gladiator." They said: "We liked it ever so much. It was so funny! And papa hollered so!"

George Edwardes, manager of the London Gaiety Theater, has made a proposition to Nat Goodwin to undertake a three years' tour of the world. It is probable that the comedian will accept.

Clyde Fitch, author of "Beau Brummel," is to have a new three-act comedy, entitled "Pamelia's Prodigy," produced at the London Court Theater in October. Mrs. John Wood will appear in the cast.

The newest accession to the ranks of the American stars is Lillian Rowley, who is to tour this season in "An American Girl," a comedy drama written to fit her abilities by Grattan Donnelly, of Philadelphia.

The principal play which Miss Eastlake, the English actress, intends to use during her tour of America as a star is "A Yorkshire Lass," by William Jones. When it was produced in London last winter the critics spoke very highly of it as being more nearly true to nature than most English plays of recent seasons. Miss Eastlake's American tour will begin at the Walnut, Oct. 5.

George Barrett, the English comedian, brother of Wilson Barrett, will appear in the following plays during his American tour: "The Book-maker," "The Chimes," "The Color Sergeant," and a new comedy by A. W. Pinero; but his principal play will be a comedy drama, in four acts and a prologue, by John Harrison, entitled, "Another Man's Shoes."

The lank, limber, agile and tall comedian of the Parlor Match Company, Mr. Evans, is at Mount Clemens, Mich., almost incapacitated by sciatic rheumatism. Every effort which physicians have made to ease the extraordinary pain from which he suffers has failed, and the Parlor Match Company has rehearsed without him. His part will be taken by Thomas Le Mack.

Mme. Modjeska, who is now in New York, has a number of new plays. One of them, "Marie Antoinette," is by Albert Roland Haven, author of "Josephine, Empress of the French." Another is "The Tragic Mask," by E. Reynolds, of Pittsburg. She will appear in several Shakspearean plays, including "Macbeth" and "King John." Her leading man is T. B. Thalberg, now playing at the London Adelphi.

There is a line in a Western melodrama now being played in Denver which is said to throw the audience into convulsions of delight. The dank and soggy heroine is having a thrilling encounter with the villain, which part is played by an actor both bold and bad. Suddenly the heroine raises her right hand to heaven, and says, in an acid key: "Stop, James Randon; not another step forward, or I will show you to the world as the base scoundrel you are not."

THE ROMANTIC ELEMENT NEEDED.

There Is but Little of It in This State to Inspire the Novelist—Capture of Vincennes.

A well-known book-seller, and a modest man withal, who would not have his name in print on any consideration whatever, was not averse to talking on literary and other matters the other day, notwithstanding the thermometer stood at 90° in the shade. "This is a very quiet summer among Indiana authors," remarked this authority. "Ben S. Parker appears to be the only one who is doing anything of consequence. He is getting out a book containing sketches of Indiana writers and poets, with selections from their writings. This will be a valuable addition to Hoosier literature and preserve many excellent things that would otherwise have but the transient existence given by newspaper publication."

"How is General Lew Wallace getting on with his new story?"

"I learn from a friend that he is steadily at work upon it, but as he is a very careful and painstaking author, no guess can be made as to when it will be published. 'Ben-Hur' was on his hands for many years before it was completed and given to the world, and the same was true of his 'Fair God.' The last-named work, which was General Wallace's first effort in novel-making, recalls to my mind the fact that the late Major Jonathan W. Gordan long had the intention of writing a novel, the scene of which should be laid in prehistoric Central America, but I do not believe he ever wrote a line of it. Like General Wallace he had been in Mexico, and like him the inspiration for a novel had doubtless been given by reading after the historian Prescott. This was natural, for certainly more romance attaches to the Spanish settled portions of this continent than to any other. There really is little of the romantic attaching to the settlement of New England, New York or Virginia. Hawthorne and Irving did marvelously well considering the material they had to work upon."

"How about Indiana?"

"This State is almost barren of romance, such as a novelist must have. There are some elements of it in the French exploration and occupation of the West, and it is strange that more has not been made of it. Little or none of this romance attaches to Indiana. Vincennes when held by the French was simply a trading post, and as prosaic as Southport or Allisonville to-day. Tippecanoe was the scene of a battle, a small one, and of very small importance politically. The greatest event that ever took place in Indiana was the capture of Vincennes from the British by George Rogers Clark. I do not suppose there is one citizen of Indiana in a thousand who identifies that capture with the struggle of the colonies for independence, or knows that it was one of the events of the revolution, bearing more important consequences than, perhaps, any battle fought during that struggle, except Saratoga and Yorktown."

"How so?"

"George Rogers Clark, by the capture of Vincennes, wrested from England all that she had north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. He not only made that vast area American, but he brought the French, who occupied the scattered posts, to our side. Clark is the earliest and most heroic figure in Indiana's history. His memory is perpetuated in this State by the county named Clark and a little town in that county called Clarksville. Little Vermont has done better by Ethan Allen, whose services to his State and to the Nation were inconsiderable by the side of what George Rogers Clark did. The Larkin G. Meade statue of Ethan Allen in the Capitol is the most heroic marble there. We have a vacant place in our State Capitol that could be no better filled than by a marble statue of Clark. That spot is under the dome, and the statue should be placed there. If the Legislature would not make an appropriation, I have no doubt it might be accomplished by popular subscription, and I think the people of Vincennes would head the subscription."

THE DOG'S ATTACHMENT TO MAN.

So Devoted to His Master that He Is Heartless to His Own Kind—An Exception.

Ouida, in North American Review.

It has often been mooted as a vexed question why all men of genius or greatness are so fond of dogs. The reason is not far to seek. Those who are great or eminent in any way find the world full of parasites, toadies, liars, fawners, hypocrites: the incorruptible candor, loyalty and honor of the dog are to such like water in a barren place to the thirsty traveler. The sympathy of your dog is unfailing and unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he; and if you are merry, none is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. For your dog you are never poor; for your dog you are never old; whether you are in a palace or a cottage he does not care; and fall you as low as you may, you are his providence and his idol still. The attachment of the dog to man outweighs and almost obliterates attachment in him to his own race. There is something shocking to our high opinion of him in the callousness with which he will sniff at the stiff body of a brother dog: he will follow his master to the grave, and sometimes die on it; but the loss of his own kind leaves him unmoved. I never knew more than one exception to this: it was, however, a noteworthy one. I had two puppies of the Molossus, commonly called the Maremma, breed; large, white, very beautiful dogs, with long hair; varying in size between a Newfoundland and a collie; the old Greek race of watch-dogs to which, quite certainly, Argos belonged. These puppies, named Pan and Paris, lived together, fed, played, and slept together, and were never separated for a moment for seven months. In the seventh month Paris fell ill of distemper and died. Now, by my own observation I can declare that Pan nursed his brother as assiduously as any boy could have nursed another; licked him, cleaned him, brought him tempting bits to eat; did all that he could think of, and when his brother at last lay there cold and unresponsive to his efforts, his grief and astonishment were plaintful to see. From that time he ceased to play; from being a very lively dog he grew grave and sad; he had a wistful, wondering inquiry in his eyes which it was pathetic to behold; and although he lived for many years after, and was as happy as a dog can be, he never recovered his spirits; he had buried his mirth in the grave of Paris. Something was lost for him with his brother which he never regained. This is the only instance I have known of a dog's love for another dog.

Misplaced Anxiety.

Ram's Horn.

Some folks who are always anxious about whether we shall "know each other there," pass their next door neighbors in the street without speaking.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK

The Only Theater Open.

Managers Dickson & Talbot announce for this week an unusually interesting engagement, and one that is sure to please the patrons of the Park, who want to "keep up with the procession" and see everything that is new in a theatrical way. The attraction is

A NEW STAR —IN— TWO NEW PLAYS

THE WINSOME SUNBEAM,

LITTLE GOLDIE

TO-MORROW, Tuesday and Wednesday and Saturday, matinees and evenings, the Great Realistic Comedy Drama, the

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAIF

Thursday and Friday, matinees and evenings,

"ZIZ,"

The Pet of the West.

"LITTLE GOLDIE" is a new star in the dramatic firmament. She is young, pretty and very clever, and has made an unmistakable hit in her engagements in other cities. She has begun her career very favorably, for her manager has had the good sense to provide a thoroughly excellent company to support her, and special scenery and appointments for her plays. They also are new, and are full of comedy, sensation, specialties and other attractive features.

POPULAR PARK PRICES

10c, 20c, 30c.

MATINEES—10 and 20 CENTS.

FAIRVIEW PARK.

Mrs. W. Z. LOVE,

Or an Assistant.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, August 25, 5 o'clock.

FREE EXHIBITION.

Balloon Ascensions and Parachute Jumps.

Cars run at intervals of ten minutes during the afternoon and till 10:30 at night.

Free Electric Fountain displays every night. Sundays excepted. Check-room for care of baskets and hand-baggage. Telephone No. 1601 in connection with all points in city.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATKINS E. C. & CO., Manufacturers and Repairers of CIRCULAR, CROSS-CUT, BAND, and all other Belting, Emery Wheels and Mill Supplies. Illinois st., one square south Union Station. SAWS

SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS, Specialties of W. B. Barry Saw & Supply Co., 132 & 134 S. Penn. st. All kinds of Saws repaired.

MILL SUPPLIES AND OILS Opposite Union Station. Circular Saws, Belting, Emery Wheels, Files, Wood and Iron Pulleys, Oil Cups and Greases. Telephone 1332. THE MILLER OIL CO.

BARBER SUPPLIES. J. E. BODINE & CO., 27 and 29 Circle street. Manufacturers of the Indianapolis Razor and Barber Furniture.

REMOVAL.

MAY BROTHERS, MANTELS, Have removed to the northeast corner Delaware and Ohio streets, where they show the largest stock of Mantels in the city. Call and examine our goods before placing orders.

We have the largest and best line of cheap and high grade WHEELS in the city. Agents for the Indiana Bicycle Mfgs line of wheels—Victors, Ramblers and Eagles.

HAY & WILLETS

70 North Pennsylvania St.

Agents wanted in every town.

The Sunday Journal, $2 Per Annum