there came to our cloister an American, and we loved him well. I have here a manuscript he wrote, and I have promised that it be given to some good American."

Here he took a roll of yellow paper from beneath his robe and held it in his hand.

"I heard that you were at the Hotel Napoli, and followed you to this garden. I am glad indeed."

Suddenly he leaned towards me, who sat next to him, and seized me by the arm.

"Count—Monsieur Symmes—I know you," he whispered quickly; "take this paper; it is for you to read. I trust your honor not to betray me; not to tell the story of my life till death brings me release."

"Who are you!" I exclaimed; "tell me?"

His figure straightened; with rapid hand he pulled aside his flowing beard and threw back his heavy cowl.

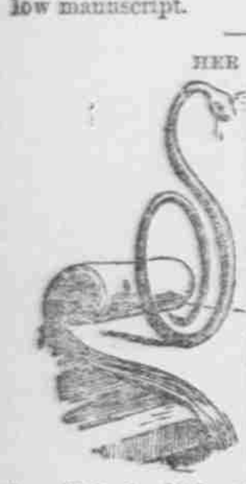
It was the face of a woman once exceedingly beautiful, with hair now short and streaked with gray, but with eyes that alone are born in sunny Italy.

"Marietta!"

In a moment more she was an aged monk, and her tottering figure fast fading in the darkness of the August night.

I ask you all, said the Count, to give your close attention to the last part of this curious history—to the last folio of this yellow manuscript.

HER PART.



O it has come back to me—this gilded serpent, that twines about my inner heart more closely than it were possible to enclasp a human arm. He must be dead, to have sent it to me. He promised that—and this the token! What a part has this tinsel thing taken in my sad life. What a thousand unseen thoughts its slender folds enfold. What a myriad miseries its jeweled head could mention. And I am writing, little by little, the history of a useless life. Let me begin where first I can remember. I was but a child when the mention of Italia's Unity was a terrible treason to half a hundred Kings and Dukes. Yet my father, a quiet and unostentatious man, I knew in my childish way, believed in that possibility—was certain of that future. My mother had long since been dead, and we lived—father and I—in an humble little cottage on an olive hillside, some way back of Genoa. How well I remember the secret meetings there; the many dark-faced men with always—it seemed to me—tangled masses of hair; men who wore long cloaks and always stepped noiselessly and looked about with every sound. They came to our little parlor at all hours of the night, and father got up willingly, and there would follow long whispered conversations, and the strangers would as noiselessly take their leave. Father told me that they were the patriots—the real ones—of New Italy. Then, what a correspondence my father had. He seemed to be writing to everyone in the land, or else everyone writing to him. With this I used often to help him. What tangled names they were sometimes, and to what odd places they were sent. Little I cared withal, save when I saw how worried often was my noble parent. At other times I wandered off over the fields and amongst the budding flowers. Often I would walk to the cliff, not very far from where our cottage stood, and, lying flat down, look so far below at the blue sea breaking on the rocks beneath. As years rolled on and I became older and more womanly, all manner of rumors filled the air of our quiet surroundings, and more people came to see my father. Well I remember one night indeed—the first time I saw Carlo Spetzioni. I knew him only by name before, as my father often spoke grandly of him. But I was peeping through the crack in the half-open door at the strange group that, about a rough table, surrounded by father. All seemed to be talking—all gesticulating—when the outer door flew back and there entered a splendid, young and handsome man. He had the cloak about him, one end hanging loosely on his left shoulder. He wore the great slouch hat of the period, and had leathern gaiters to reach above his knees. He shut the door noiselessly behind him, and then advanced to the table. All greeted him in whispers, but my father rose up and took his hat and cloak. Ah, Carlo mia! Carlo mia! Can I forget? Can woman's inner heart be ever cold and really dead? How grand he looked, with white clenched fists upon the wooden table, the jetty hair thrown back, the dark eyes aglow with the fire of thought and speech. For an hour he spoke rapidly to them all. They all were silent at the end. Throwing back his head and raising his straight arm up, he half shouted: "Viva Garibaldi!" I pushed the door aside and stood amidst them—these patriots. I, too, raised my arm and hand, and with my fingers resting on the shoulder of my astonished father, shouted:

"Viva Italia libre! Viva Garibaldi!"

"Little woman," whispered Carlo, "gracia—we wish the sympathy of women, but the actions of men. Good-night!"

The beautiful days that followed then to me, when we two—Carlo and Marietta—spent the long sunny hours together. We would walk for miles about our little place, and even sometimes down to the great city of Genoa, with its sunless streets and lofty, ancient buildings. Carlo knew everything—from the history of every dusty statue to the old paintings in the churches. I noticed once—and it made my heart ache a little at the time—that he was not so devout as he ought to be; and I asked him afterwards, as we were climbing the dusty road toward home—I put my arm about his waist—there was no one that could see us, and it was, too, growing dusk—besides, I loved him—"Carlo, do you not believe in God?" and I looked up into his splendid face.

"Yes—child," he said slowly.

"But," I said, "I mean in our God—in the Holy Father, and these reverend priests, and all these splendid churches?"

"Ah, child! child!" he answered solemnly; "the time is near at hand when all these will quake with the rumblings of a mighty storm. The time is near at hand when the long, long enchained souls of thinking men—who, thinking these many despotic years—will burst their bonds, shake the very Pontiff in his chair, and echo from every hill of disunited and unhappy Italy the one mighty shout, 'Unity, Liberty, or Death!'" His voice grew quite hushed as he ceased. "But come," he said suddenly; "we must get home—it is late."

So we hurried on. Another day we were in Genoa, and Carlo took me to a jewelry-shop; and on the way he said, "Little one, we are betrothed, are we not, and will some day marry. Your kind father says 'yes' to me?" "Oh! Carlo, Carlo, how happy am I!" "Then must I give you something to seal our vows." We were simple people and poor, so I picked out a little ring. But Carlo had selected a peculiar thing for me to wear, and had placed it about my wrist. It was a little golden bracelet like a tiny serpent, with jeweled eyes. "It was the serpent," Carlo said, "that in Eden first tempted man. This will remind both you and me that of all the earth you alone could tempt me to forget my oath." I wondered at his words, and often worried over them, but in the events that now fast hurried on I soon forgot them. Not long after a whole day passed and Carlo came not to see me. Nor the next—or next. I wandered aimlessly, hopelessly, about. I thought, I dreamed, I wept. But I was too proud to say or ask of anyone, till one morning I came home and found my father walking up and down the little room, with his hands clinched behind him and his head drooping on his chest. A pile of open letters lay scattered about the floor, and here and there was pushed a chair about, as if other men had been but shortly here. I went to him and put my hand upon his arm.

"Father, where is Carlo?"

"He has gone, dear child."

"Gone? Gone? Where?" My hand trembled on his arm, my knees grew weak beneath me, and my heart stopped its beating.

"Gone to Napoli—gone to obey his oath."

I reached my room, I threw myself upon my little bed—and——all men and more women know what is grief and great agony—thoughts that burn and rush scourging through the heart; eyes that will not open the fountain of blessed tears; then dull, dead arguments that are weighted with the lead of an half consciousness that some great sorrow has entered the portals of your life. I had but one cry. What cared I for Italy, indeed? What cared I that the thunders of the Holy See had rung throughout the land against these patriots? What cared I that Garibaldi was knocking at the gates of Naples? Nothing—nothing! Only Carlo—only Carlo!

My father called me. I went down to him. The door was open, and standing in it was a gendarme from the city. There were others, too, outside.

"Pedro Cavalli," he said, "here is something for you."

He handed him a sealed envelope. My father took it calmly and tore it open. He read it slowly. Not a nerve of his face moved. He handed it back.

"When am I to go?"

"Now—with us."

"And my daughter?"

"She goes also. His Majesty says if you so wish liberty he sends you to find it. It is better than the Genoese dungeons!"

"Father! Father!" I shrieked, throwing my arms about him; "tell me, what is it"

"Exile!" embracing me.

"Where?"

"America," my dear child," he said gently.

In a little room—growing poorer every day—we had lived three years. The house was one of those many downtown tenements, full of the cries of countless children, of squalor, of poverty, of all that is terrible in the useless struggle for life. The city was New York. I wish here to make my story brief. It is a black curtain hanging before my memory. When we first came we did not live here, but in better places. But the iron hand of need and poverty had, as it always does, pushed us down further and more relentlessly. My father painted well, and did a little modeling in rough clay. At first he had had quite a class, and sold some little pictures that had taken him long months of patient toil. I helped all I could in my lace-work, but it was hard to sell. But one by one his pupils fell away; he was growing old and was often ill. I sought employment in every channel. In some I remained a while, in others failed. It is the same, same sad and horrid story. Who of the poor and fallen has not counted and knows the bitter history of every footworn step that leads to human want and suffering? But three years passed, and we were here. My father was very ill. Of all his pupils but one came even rarely to see us. His name was Henry Watson, an American.

He was a tall and handsome man, with bright and winning manners and a good and kindly heart. When at last my father grew near to death, Henry never left him, and all that mortal man could do he did. When the last hour came creeping near, one hot and starless night in Midsummer—I lay with my head buried on my father's pillow—I knew that it was the solemn voice of his pupil that repeated the short prayer and gently closed the eyes of his old master. I was alone.

We were married; not in the church, as I was a Catholic and Henry was not. But he took me before some civil personage in the city, which, he said, in America was just as binding. We were married, and I left forever the great unwholesome place with its horrid filth and squalor—left forever the little room, the abode of so many sighs, and from whence the soul of my noble father took its flight.

"Henry!" I exclaimed, as the carriage we had taken stopped at last in front of a splendid building on a stately, quiet street far uptown, "I did not know that you were rich. You never told me."

"I am not, cara mia; these are apartments only that I have rented for you, Marietta."

But they were beautiful. It often seemed to me that all that wealth could convey had been squandered here. There were many rooms, all connecting, and each differently but splendidly furnished. I had my own, and it was filled with all the bric-a-brac and woman's fancies that my heart so yearned. All that my husband could do for me he did. He left no wish ungratified—no half-expressed desire unfulfilled. So passed many months. Then came the change—slow, gradual, deadly. It was the same old story. The same dreadful story of wreck—of a thousand wrecks scattered along the sands of human misery. Slight neglects to grow to pointed indifferences. Club delays, with many fond excuses, grow to careless returns at all hours of the silent nights. I did not upbraid. I did not complain. I only understood. Slowly, surely it came. Very rarely now we went out together. Once I remember, one day, in Winter, it had been snowing hard, and he took me sleighing in the Park. It was growing late when we passed a large sleigh filled with a party of boisterous men. One of these shouted, "I say, Hal!" and something else I did not hear. The man took a rose from his coat and threw it at me. It fell on the snow behind us. Henry's face grew white, and his lips tight-closed.

"Drive me home," I spoke to him.

That long night, still dressed, I walked the floor of my room. I waited for him. It was late when he came. He did not take off his hat to me, but threw himself in a great chair, and, looking at me, said:

"Well?"

I told him all that burned in my woman's heart.

He leaned his head upon his hands and looked at me.

"Nonesense, Marietta; did you suppose we were married?"

I heard the carriages passing in the street beneath. I could almost hear the people talking. The moon was up. I saw its light upon the heavy carpet. The stars were out, too, I am sure, and it was Winter. But the gaudy walls, the heavy curtains, the costly pictures that were hanging—all were closing now about me. The air grew close and heavy. Through it all I saw the figure of a man seated on a chair, looking at me in a half-sneering, drunken way.

"Coward"—it was all I could say, but I tore the false ring from my finger, crushed it beneath me, drew a shawl about me and ran down to the wintry street.

Here, said the Count, the manuscript becomes fragmentary. It shows evidence of having been written in haste, and probably in secret. But I have patiently traced out Marietta's wanderings after her leaving Henry Watson up to the time the manuscript becomes more clear. I will give these in my own words to make them more plain and concise. Marietta found herself in the streets of New York, knowing no one, and with but little funds in her pocket, unable to decide which way to turn her steps. She finally goes to a small, obscure hotel and takes lodgings for the night. She seems to have stayed some days here, until at length, attracted by the advertisement of "Madame," she applies, and is, as you know, accepted. The manuscript becomes exceedingly indefinite. She is constantly writing of "Madame's" goodness; of her boundless generosity and of the growing peace of her life. "Maadme" has already told how long she remained, and of her sudden disappearence. At great pains I have here taken up the old manuscript and translate in the words of Marietta.

One day I was sitting in the Park, as was now my daily habit. The leaves were fast falling from the trees, and scattered about by the coldish wind. The sparrows were hopping here and there about, and oft twittering to themselves. The big fountain was dry and still and half filled with Autumn leaves. I had been reading, but my book had fallen on my lap and my thoughts alone filled my heart. How happy and content was I now. How hid from the false world I had so learned to hate. And Madame—what a priceless heart was thine!

There came the sound of a footstep on the gravel of the walk. It halted in front of me. I raised my eyes. My heart stood still.

"Carlo!"

"Marietta!"

He threw himself at my feet and took my hands in his. He poured into my willing ears all that had been burning in his heart these many years. All that in far Italy had been planted, only to grow and never die. And I? I could but answer him in broken words; they came broken from my heart through my tears. He told me of his past life, of the great revolution, of his quarrel with the leaders, and of his leaving Italy to come to America, and to live under the only Government he had given his young life to—the Republic. I, too, told him all. We met now often, almost every day. Once he took me by the hand and pulled down upon my wrist the little serpent bracelet.

"After all," he said, gently, "it has brought us good fortune—it has brought us together. Lend it to me, Marietta, a day or two."

He slipped it off my wrist and put it on his own. Then soon he was gone. For many days I did not see him. I went regularly to the Park. At last he came again. He almost ran to me. He sat hastily down at my side. He took my hands in his. His face was aglow with excitement and triumph. He could hardly speak. I saw my little bracelet glitter on his wrist.

"Marietta—Marietta!"

"Mia Carlo!"

"You are free—free!"

I sprang to my trembling feet.

"Free, Carlo?"

"Yes—yes! He is dead!"

I looked long and steadily at his flushed face. I held firmly his trembling hands. His eyes sought not mine. A great horror crept over me. It grew. I could not arrest it. Suddenly it seized me.

"And you—you have murdered him!"

I shook myself from him, and fled with all my strength down the deserted path.

Then came long streets that were growing dark and that I did not know. Then came bustling crowds of many men and women, who pushed me on every side. And there was the roar of a thousand wheels somewhere—the flashing of a million lights. At last came growing darkness, and I felt a strong arm about me and a hoarse voice echo as in some cavern of my ear:

"Are you ill, woman?"

And I knew no more.

When first my eyes were open I dimly saw a woman dressed in black standing by me, but leaning over. She held something in her hand. The curtains were drawn. It was quite dark and very still. I closed my eyes again. And so it seemed to me for many days—for many years. Very slowly God brought me back to life. When, at last, I could speak and talk a little, I learned all. Many weeks before I had fainted in the streets. Neither my name nor address could be discovered. The police carried me to this home of Catholic Sisters. Here I had had a violent fever, and lain for many weeks between life and death. I had been nursed back. I gained but slowly, but in three months was able to be up and do what little I could to help my kind friends. I soon grew restless. I was afraid of my past; the specters of my life. The good Sisters found me at last a place. It was as a governess to a family going abroad. There were three children. Could I speak French? Yes; and Italian? Could I play? Yes; on the piano and harp. Had I any references? None. I was engaged. We went to London, to Paris, Vienna—all over the Continent—at last to Naples. Here my employer decided to start back to America. When it was determined I asked for my discharge. It was granted me.

I was seized with a strange yearning. My heart was dead. The circle of my sad life had not one light or color left to give warmth or beauty longer. I longed to bury in some living grave every memory of my past. Standing on the brink of that abyss where ends our mortal lives, where beneath all is black gloom and unsolved mystery, what else for such as me to do but drag my so weary limbs along and clasp with yearning arms the cross upon which He died?

With the little money I had I bought this coarse robe and heavy knotted cord; I put my naked feet in these rough sandals, and one darkened day took a staff in my hand and climbed the stony road to where the monastery bells were tolling from the hill. I have been here these many years. My other brothers have been kind to me and good. They know not my sex, only that I try to do good and serve my God. Have I been, then, unwomanly? I know not. I only know that on this rude bench, where I oft come and sit to read; where the shadows of the leaves above me fall gently on each page, I found rest and godly peace.

I let the bracelet fall upon the Holy Book. I read: "Let him who has no sin cast the first stone."

And I know that He will not forget a promise writ upon this page now wet with woman's tears.

"This," said the Count, "is the end of my story. The links of the bracelet are complete. Marietta has been dead these many years; with her died the tragedy of a life; a life encircled by this woman's trinket—this golden hoop that now I bind about, for the last time, a manuscript forever hid from human eyes."

The Count sat down.

"It is a curious story," said the man with the weak voice.

"It is," said the Count quietly, "a true story."

"Lift me up!" sharply shouted the man at the end of the table. The Lascars did so. "Gentlemen," he said, "the meeting of this club for this month of November is now dissolved. We extend our thanks to the Count P. D. for his entertainment; and, as is my prerogative, I name the excellent Mr. —— to be prepared on the occasion of our next meeting—Dec. 23—to be the literary host of the evening.

"Put me down!"

The Lascars lowered him in his chair.

[To be continued.]

The Use of Oil to Still the Waves.

Under the above title Lieut. W. H. Beehler contributes to the March *Century* an account of the experiments made with oil in rough water. We quote the following account of two rescues: "The Captain of the ship Martha Cobb, loaded with petroleum, fell in with a sinking vessel during a heavy gale in the North Atlantic in December, 1886. The signal made stated the vessel was sinking and that all her boats had been stove. The Martha Cobb had lost her large boats, her bulwarks washed out, and decks swept in the same storm; the only boat left was a small 16-foot dingey, which could not possibly live in the sea that was then running. The Captain says he was puzzled, and lay by for some hours hoping that the gale would moderate; but as there was no appearance of better weather and night coming on, he decided to make an attempt to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel. The Martha Cobb had a cargo of petroleum, some of which leaked, and the Captain had noticed that the sea in the wake of the ship was much smoother when the pumps were worked.

"He signaled to the other vessel to haul by the wind while he luffed to get to windward, and at the same time started the pumps; but the ship drifted faster than the oil, and while the oil made the sea comparatively smooth to windward, it did not cover the sea leeward. He then ran down across the other vessel's stern, hauled up close under her lee, and started the pumps again; at the same time also he emptied a five-gallon can of fish oil down the scuppers. The effect was magical. In 20 minutes the sea between and around the vessels was broken down. The long, heavy swell remained, but the combers and breaking seas were all gone. The little dingey, with three men, had no difficulty in pulling to windward, and the crew were saved. The boat was deeply loaded and did not ship any water, although the sea was breaking fiercely outside of the 'charmed' space in which the vessels lay on oiled seas.

"In June, 1885, the British ship Silvermore took fire and had to be abandoned when 800 miles northeast of the Seychelle Islands, Indian Ocean. The people took to the boats and made for Seychelle Islands. The third day after leaving the vessel a cyclone came up, and no one believed that the boats would live through it. Before they left the ship the boats had been supplied with oil for just such an emergency. Each boat got out a drag made of spars and oars lashed together, for what is known as a sea-anchor. Oakum saturated with paraffine was stuffed in long stockings hung over the bows of the boats. Before the oil was used the boats had been several times nearly filled with water, and the occupants had to bail for their lives; but when oil was applied no further trouble was experienced. An oil-slick formed around the boats, which rode in perfect safety on tremendous swells which took the place of the previously breaking seas. Little, if any, water came over the sides of the boats, and the occupants could lie down and sleep. The boats eventually reached the islands, but every soul would have perished except for the forethought of Capt. Conby, the Captain of the Silvermore."

An Insurmountable Barrier.

[Philadelphia Record.]

She—There is an insurmountable barrier to our marriage.

He—Name it, and I will remove it, even though I go through fire and flood, pestilence and famine. Aye! though foes by the thousand confront me, I will defy them. Name that barrier and I will remove it.

She—The barrier is a mortgage on your house. Remove that and ——

He (sinking to the floor)—Crushed, crushed again!

Never mind about the make-up of President Harrison's Cabinet, but secure a position for yourself with The American Mfg. House; they want good men on salary and will engage you if you write them. They have agents making fortunes. (Lock box 1610, N. Y.)

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HUMOR.

Comforting Advice.

[New York Weekly.]

First Friend—Hello, Jinks! got a bad cold, I see. Bathe your feet in hot water, and drink a pint of hot lemonade.

Second Friend—Inhale ammonia, or menthol.

Third Friend—Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

Fourth Friend—Sponge with salt water, and remain in a warm room.

Fifth Friend—Put on all the Winter things you've got, and spend half a day sawing wood.

Sixth Friend—The best cure I know for a cold is to get drunk.

Jinks (with emotion)—A friend in need is a friend indeed. Let's take a drink.

Unimpeachable.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Now, sir," said the attorney for the defense, knitting his brows and looking severely at the witness, "you say you can remember the exact time during the forenoon at which these events took place because you had been fishing in the creek for more than three hours. Is that correct?"

"It is," replied the witness.

"I'll ask you now if you can remember how many fish you had caught, and what their size was?"

"I hadn't caught a fish. Hadn't had a blamed nibble."

"We'll have to change our tactics," whispered the lawyer. "We never can impeach this man's testimony."

The Law's Inconsistency.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Mr. Noodle—Wall, it do beat all how the laws work, one upsettin' another right along.

Friend—Wah's wrong now?

"Wall, there ain't much what ain't wrong. Here I've been makin' a good deal as a juryman for years and years because I don't read the papers an' ain't got no 'pinions, ye know."

"You can't read."

"No; never learned. Wall, now I sot great store on that there son o' mine, an' wanted to bring him up for a juryman, too, but hang me ef they ain't talkin' 'bout laws ter make every boy go ter school. Where's the jurymen goin' ter come from in the next gineration? That's wot beats me."

All Pockets Suited.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Young girl (at fortune-teller's)—What? I am going to marry a poor laborer and live in a shanty, and have 17 children? It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told here and you said she was to marry a Prince and live in three castles. Huh! Here's your quarter.

Fortune Teller (with dignity)—Your friend Sarah got a 50-cent fortune, miss.

Control the Horse.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

Street-Car Driver—Me and that off harse has been workin' for the company for 12 years now.

Passenger—That so? The company must think a great deal of you both.

Wall, I dunno; last wake the two of us was taken sick, and they got a docther for the harse, and docked me. Gid-ap there, now, Betsy.

Love's Young Dream.

[New York Weekly.]

Little Girl (at school)—What did the teacher send you here for?

Little Boy—She said I was bad, and must come over and sit with the girls.

"I like you. Can you stay long?"

"Guess not. I wasn't very bad."

"Well, you be badder next time."

The Kind They Liked.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"What kind of stories do bald-headed men prefer?" asked McSwilligen.

"Don't know. I'm not bald," replied Squildig. "What kind?"

"Hair-raising stories, of course."

A Question Answered.

[New York Weekly.]

Lecturer (who intends to trace the origin of certain dishes and give their historical significance)—Now, ladies and gentlemen, many of you will doubtless be surprised at the question I am about to ask: "Why do we eat mince pie?"

Voice (from a dyspeptic-looking auditor)—Because we are fools."

A Clear Case of Bulldozing.

[New York Weekly.]

Judge—If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I—I didn't marry her. She married *me.*

Still Rubbing It In.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Little Johnnie (reading the paper for grandpa)—Doings of the Diplomatic Corpse.

Grandpa—Good Lord! Won't they ever let up on Bayard?

An Honorable Action.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Board of Supervisors of St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., at a recent meeting:

Whereas Wm. Dushane, late private, Co. B, 16th N. Y., who was for over eight years an inmate of the County Poorhouse, and during the last year received a pension, and deposited with H. D. Sackrider, Superintendent of the Poor, the sum of $800, to be paid to the County of St. Lawrence upon this Board directing that the name of said Wm. Dushane be removed from the list of County paupers: Therefore,

Resolved, That the Superintendent of the Poor be and hereby is instructed to remove the name of said Wm. Dushane from the list of County paupers, and upon his doing so to pay said sum of $800 into the treasury of St. Lawrence County.

We are glad to call attention to this honorable transaction of an old soldier, who was temporarily unable to provide for himself. As soon as the Government rendered him his just dues he pays back the amount which the County had expended for his keeping. We think, however, it would have been another honorable act on the part of the Board of Supervisors of St. Lawrence County to have stricken the name of Comrade Dushane from the list of paupers, and given him back his "blood-money."

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to Brown's Bronchial Troches."—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

Souvenir Fans.

The Centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States occurs in New York April 30, and the committee are exceedingly anxious to find a fan that was used at the ball given in honor of Washington soon after his inauguration. There were 300 people present at the ball, and as each lady entered the ballroom she was presented by a page with a Parisian fan, upon which was the portrait of Washington in profile. There will be a ball in the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday evening, April 29, and it is hoped that one of the original fans may be found, so that it may be reproduced and one presented to each lady as she enters the building. Anyone knowing anything about the historical fans in question should communicate with the Secretary of the committee, Clarence W. Bowen, Rooms E and F, 280 Broadway, New York city.

A Correction.

Editor National Tribune: I notice in a recent issue of your valuable paper an account of the presentation to the President-elect of the United States of a flag and a testimonial accompanying the same, alleged to have been sent by a veteran club of Leavenworth, Kan., and I beg to say that you are in error as to the location of the club.

The club that made the presentation was known during the recent campaign as the Harrison Union Veteran Club of Harrisburg, Pa. It was the largest veteran organization in Pennsylvania, consisting of seven well-organized companies, and it was thought fitting that the flag, with an appropriate testimonial, should be sent to the President, for two reasons: One, because it was the largest organization in the State, and the other because the organization was located at the place where William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of the President-elect, was nominated.—Isaac B. Brown, Chairman.

ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

The Speech of Gen. Manderson at their Last Meeting.

At a meeting of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, which was held during the last National Encampment of the G.A.R., at Columbus, O., in September last, Gen. Charles F. Manderson, U. S. Senator from Nebraska, who was seated in the rear of the hall, was called to the platform by the President of the Society, ex-President Gen. R. B. Hayes, and delivered the following interesting and witty address:

Mr. President, Comrades, and Friends: You see before you the unprepared victim of as base a deception as was ever practiced on man. [Laughter.]

I was neither specially invited or expected here to-night; but when I heard, a short time ago, at the house of my comrade, Major Goodspeed, that my old-time friend, who sits by the side of your President, was to speak, and I remembered that I had not heard his voice for nearly a quarter of a century, I sneaked quietly in the back way, and took a seat much retired, that I might not be seen, but hear again my comrade of the Army of the Cumberland, Gen. William Gibson, of Ohio. As he came by my seat after entering a few moments since, unguardedly and unexpectedly, prompted so to do by the sight of his face, again so near me, I grasped his hand and expressed my pleasure at again meeting him. I said, "I have come to hear you speak." He said, "You will not be disappointed, for I am going forward to speak at once." He went forward, but it is evident, from this call on me, instigated by him, that his only speech has been to your President, and that was in the way of suggestion that I be pulled from my hiding place, and be compelled to try to entertain him, instead of being entertained by him. [Laughter.]

I know him, and of his tricks and pranks of old; he used to play many on the boys when we soldiered together in the Army of the Cumberland, but this is one of the smallest that he has ever played, and will be a severe disappointment to him. [Laughter.] I had not met him for a long time, and while sorry to see that he has not improved, I am glad to notice that, not knowing him so well, you seem to think a great deal of him. [Cheers.] I attribute your good opinion of him to that appreciative love and comradeship that one soldier feels for another, and that increases with the passing years among those who belong to our great organization, the Grand Army of the Republic. [Applause.] I am pleased to see that he retains a warm place in the hearts of his fellow-citizens of Ohio. He has won it by great and gallant service on many a field.

I am not in good physical condition to make you a speech. I had not been feeling very well for several days, and had, like many of you, a long, tedious railroad ride to get here. This morning, feeling it my duty to join in the great parade, I sought to find my comrades of the Western State from which I now hail. After a long walk and much inquiry, I found that Nebraska was a part of the 17th division, and was to form on Jefferson avenue. When I arrived at that gathering point I was warmly greeted by my fellow-Nebraskans. They showed their love for me and keen appreciation of my coming by presenting to me a horse, that I might ride and present a noble and notable figure in the procession. [Laughter.] This equine specimen was a most wonderful creation—a veritable Rosinante! If his picture was taken, it would be necessary to write under it, "This is a horse"; he was so "fearfully and wonderfully made." [Laughter.] He was a good frame on which to erect a horse, and his vertebræ was certainly the sharpest of any that I have ever seen or with which I have come in bodily contact. [Laughter.] I waited, wearily waited, for the procession to move for four or five dismal hours; I then tenderly rode in the parade over the entire route. At last that march, the terrors of which were hardly exceeded during the war, was over; and, comrades, I assure you that ever since the back of that horse has been so sore that I have been hardly able to move or speak. [Cheers and laughter.]

This seems to be a good-natured audience, and your good humor has spread itself to our comrade, who usually sits silently at such gatherings as these; I mean your old commander and my friend, Gen. George Crook—the man of action rather than words. [Cheers.] He looks so happy to-night that I will venture on a story familiar to him, because it will serve to explain the reasons that prompt to such gatherings as these. Those of you who marched with Gen. Crook, or Gen. Gibson, or others of the great leaders of the war, find no difficulty in understanding why we meet and enjoy these great assemblages of the survivors of the war. You can take in and appreciate the spirit of comradeship that flows from dangers shared and sacrifices made in the great cause. Those who did not serve in the war find it difficult to understand these meetings, and the feeling that prompts to the formation of Orders akin to the Grand Army; no old soldier finds any such difficulty, and I have heard one a few years ago explain it in funny fashion to Gen. Crook. A long time ago, but many years after the war, he was on duty at Omaha, where I live. There was a Reunion of the Army of the Tennessee to be held at Des Moines, Iowa. Our comrades of that great army invited those of us who followed the flag elsewhere to join with them in their festivities. A number of us who lived at Omaha, and most prominent among all, your old commander of the Army of West Virginia, left Nebraska to attend the Reunion. Our train was greatly delayed, as excursion trains are apt to be, and being about seven hours late, it was after midnight before we arrived at Des Moines. Tired, sleepy and cross, we were a sorry-looking set as we got out of the train at the station. Here, to our amazement—and afterwards, as it proved, to our amusement—we were met by a Reception Committee. This committee had been waiting our coming for seven long hours. Iowa was not then a Prohibition State, and this suggestion is perhaps enough as explanation of the condition of the gentlemen appointed to receive us. [Laughter.] The Chairman, who was also to be the orator of the occasion, was an Irishman who had been an efficient Surgeon during the war; he was yet able to stand on his legs, and the frequent potations taken during the evening only added to the rich brogue that hung on his tongue. At some time during his army career he had served with Crook. He was deeply affected by the sight of his old commander, and wept tears of maudlin joy. The occasion was too much for him, and he forgot the words of his carefully-prepared oration; threw his arms around the neck of the General, declaring his undying love for him, and said that he would sooner "see him than all the rest of the world." At last, feeling it incumbent upon him that he should make some sort of a speech of reception, he seemed to remember a part of it. He asked what had brought us together, and replied that it was the spirit of comradeship. He then attempted to explain what he meant by it, and tried to quote from his favorite poet, Tom Moore. He wound up his speech amidst "confusion worse confounded" with the following wonderful poetical quotation: "I sez to you, General, sez I, in the wurds of the immortal poet"—"Ye may break—ye may shatter!—the vase if ye will!—but the scent of the roses"——I rapate, General: "Ye may break—ye may shatter!—the vase if ye will, but the smell——yes the smell of the damned machinery will hang around it yet!" [Cheers and laughter.] The staggering legs of the drunken quotation carry the idea. We appreciate its truth. It is because we have marched and bivouacked together; have felt the touch of elbow to elbow; have drank from the same canteen; fought and bled on the same field of battle and of honor; slept in the presence of the same danger; mourned over the same defeats, and rejoiced over the same victories, that we organize these great military Orders. It is because of a common devotion to that glorious flag, and all that it represents, that we enjoy these meetings. [Cheers and applause.]

My comrades of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, while we have much in common, there are no links of special association that bind us together, for I never served in your army, but we all served under the same flag, and early in the war I followed it on that part of the sacred soil of Virginia—the mother of Presidents, who seems to have lost the power of maternity in late years—which now constitutes the State of West Virginia. And here let me briefly refer to an historical fact but little known, that will be of special interest to you.

In the beginning of the war it was considered important that the mountain part of northwest Virginia, particularly that portion along the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, all of which was adjacent to Pennsylvania and Ohio, should be held by the Union troops. The rebels saw its importance and occupied it. One of the best men that ever lived then occupied the Executive chair in this Capitol—I mean Gov. Dennison, of Ohio. [Cheers.] In the adjoining State (Indiana) was that great war Governor and true patriot, Oliver P. Morton. [Cheers.] These great leaders, equal to the emergency, did not bother their brains over the question whether the troops of one sovereign State might invade another, but offered the militia organizations of their great States to Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States. It was the militia of Ohio and Indiana that conquered and held western Virginia. [Applause.] They were never mustered as United States troops until they were mustered out, when, in recognition of their great services, the country adopted them. It was as a Major-General of Ohio militia that Gen. McClellan won the fame that called him to supreme command in the East; it was as a Brigadier-General of Ohio militia that Gen. Rosecrans, with Ohioans and Indianians, fought and won the first field battle of the war—the battle of Rich Mountain. [Cheers.] It was my fortune to serve then and afterwards, in other parts of the South, under that gallant soldier. But whether from Ohio or from Indiana, the interesting fact to us to-night is that we were all prompted by the same love for a common country, and all desired to maintain the glorious Republic of which our States were but parts. [Applause.] There are before me probably men who served in all our armies. I was of the Cumberland. If I have comrades here listening to me who were of the Army of the Cumberland, they do not need to be reminded that they followed that spotless soldier and noble patriot, Gen. George H. Thomas. [Cheers.] If you served in the Army of the Tennessee you followed those great chieftans, Grant and Sherman [Cheers], and the typical volunteer soldier, John A. Logan. [Cheers.] There may be some among you who, in the West or East, followed the waving plume of the great cavalry leader—that dashing trooper who, with so many others, has gone over to the majority, is with the departed brave, our noble comrade, Gen. Philip H. Sheridan. But wherever you served, and whomsoever you followed, there is the same fraternal feeling among you, and with warm hearts you call each man the other "comrade and brother." [Applause.] I cannot close without making a brief reference to that modest soldier who sits near at hand, whom you delight to honor, who was your chief, Gen. George Crook. [Cheers.] He belongs not only to you, but to all of us, particularly to those who live as I have lived for 20 years on the frontier, for which he has done so much. We of the West, where he has done his Indian fighting since the war, know how splendid has been his service, and how well he has deserved his lately-acquired promotion. A high sense of honor and keen appreciation of duty has always spurred him on to the accomplishment of great things. [Applause.]

My friends, I thank you for the attention that you have given me, and I close, expressing the hope that you will aid me in bringing to the front this comrade who has shirked his duty and deceived me, and make Gen. Gibson make the speech of this occasion. [Applause and cheers.]

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Editor National Tribune: I desire to call your attention to the fact that the railroads in this State advertising excursion rates to Washington for the coming inaugural, besides fixing a good stiff fare, are limiting their excursion tickets to from five to eight days for the round trip. In all probability the crowded condition of the roads will require nearly two days to make the trip and one to return, leaving but two days for the excursionists to spend in Washington who buys a five-day trip ticket. In view of the generous donations of Washington citizens toward this inaugural and the fat fare, it seems to me the railroads are not doing the fair thing by either Washington or the excursionists. What sane person desires spending two or three days on crowded trains and two or three days in crowded streets? There is a limit to human endurance; we have citizens who could, perhaps, go through this ordeal and survive, but they are engaged in putting up ice, cutting cord-wood, mauling rails, or some other outdoor occupation, and in all probability will not attend the inaugural. Try and get a limit that will enable one to witness the inaugural ceremonies, do Washington, and take a short rest before starting home. —J. M. W.

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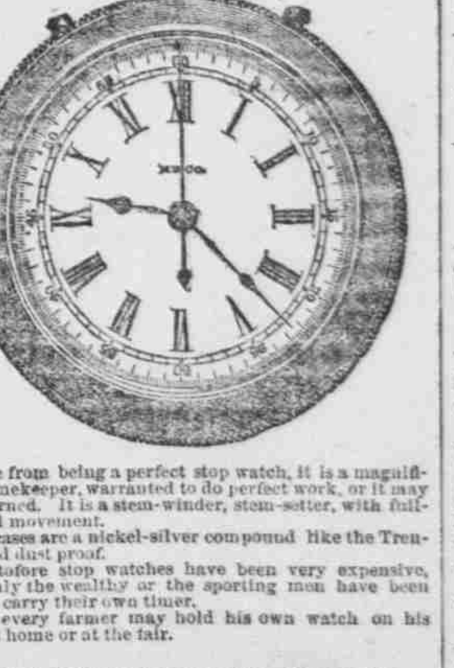

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