IT PLEASES THE TURFMEN.

Guenther's Bill to Extend the Racing Season Predicted.

Prominent Politicians Are Now Interested in the Sport.

Sporting men will hail with delight the news that Assemblyman Guenther, of Erie, has introduced a bill to lengthen the racing season in this State.

The measure provides that the number of day's racing on each track shall be limited to forty-five, and that all pool selling shall be confined to the race tracks, and shall be permitted on racing days only.

The full text of the bill has not yet been made public, but it is probable that Mr. Guenther's measure will provide for the stamping out of the poolrooms.

That such a bill would be introduced at Albany was predicted by "The Evening World" in its Sporting Edition of Jan. 4. The assertion was made that it was "dollars to cents that a bill providing for the extension of the racing season in this State would be pushed through."

Politics is playing an important part in the turf world just at present, and to it can be attributed the introduction of this bill.

Ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant, Park Commissioner Nathan Straus, Richard Croker and other prominent politicians have purchased stables of thoroughbreds, and will race them over the courses near the city. Naturally they want as long a season as possible, and the bill to extend the meetings is believed to be the result.

The Dwyer brothers, Philip and Michael, owners of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, were hand-in-glove with Richard Croker during last season. Mike Dwyer and Mr. Croker were very intimate friends, and the Tammany chieftain is said to have made thousands of dollars from the Brooklyn turfman's tips.

In return it is believed "Boss" Croker tipped Mr. Dwyer in the election, and the latter is credited with winning $100,000 on the Democratic victories.

Nearly $100,000 of these winnings Mr. Dwyer invested in race horses at the sale of the Ehret horses, and later it turned out that the queenly Yorkville Belle, the great sprinting mare Fairy, and the crack two-year-old Dobbins, were purchased for Mr. Croker. The latter also owns Red Banner, having purchased him at the J. M. Brown sale last Fall.

As it has all along been known that the Dwyers wanted to give extra Spring and Fall meetings at their Brooklyn course, turfmen naturally began to suspect that the intimacy between Messrs. Dwyer and Croker would result in the extension of the racing season. In fact several bets have been made since that such would be the case.

The Brooklyn, Coney Island and New York Jockey Clubs are governed by the Board of Control, and if the bill becomes a law this body will hold a meeting to arrange for new dates.

ESTELLE SAYS IT IS TRUE.

Romantic Story of a Poor Girl Falling Heiress to $400,000.

A Despatch from Rockford, Ill., Says It Is a Fairy Tale.

If the story is true that Miss Estelle Howard tells about being left an estate of something like $400,000 by a wealthy bachelor of Rockford, Ill., the alleged sudden acquisition of wealth has quite soured her temper.

An "Evening World" reporter, who called this forenoon at 55 West One Hundred and Fifth street, where Miss Howard is visiting. Mrs. Catherine Hanks, was told by the little girl who came to the door that Miss Howard was still asleep, and could not be seen.

The reporter was afterwards admitted to the parlor and a young woman member of the Hanks household appeared and said that the alleged new heiress was endeavoring to woo the "God of Sleep" after a long contest of wit with the morning newspaper reporters.

Young Miss Hanks finally consented to carry a message to the sleepy Miss Howard, which only elicited the following reply, which came hurtling down the hallway from an inner chamber and rustled the heavy portieres at the door:

"The story is every bit true and I don't want to be bothered any more. If I can't be let alone I will go away from here, so there! I don't get any sleep last night talking to those horrid reporters," and the ornaments on the mantel-piece fairly rattled with the vibration.

"Tell him I won't be seen now, or any other time—um-um-um—" and the voice died away, as if the owner had pulled the covers over her head.

The story, which apparently goes to show that Miss Howard will never have to work any more, is that Estelle was born in England, of poor but respectable parents, who, not being able to provide for their daughter, sent her, when very young, to America, where she got employment with a rich clock manufacturer of Rockford, Ill, as an amanuensis.

The name of the wealthy clock man, who is said to have been a bachelor, has not yet been divulged. However, according to the story, in 1892 Miss Howard went back to England for a visit. She returned to America in October, and found that her employer had died, and was told that his estate had been taken possession of by alleged distant relatives.

Miss Howard came to New York, and, as the story goes, received word Jan. 20 that the bachelor's will had just been admitted to probate, and that she was heiress to $400,000.

A despatch from Rockford to-day says that Miss Howard's story is pure fiction, and that so far as can be learned no wealthy bachelor, who was a clock manufacturer, ever lived in Rockford.

Too Much Hair.

[From Truth.]

Crummer (at the Theatre of Arts and Letters)—A very artistic audience here to-night.

Vokes—Yes; enough to give a barber a fit.

She Is Willing.

[From Truth.]

Mrs. Twynn—Don't you object to your husband playing poker so much.

Mrs. Triplett—Oh no! He nearly always wins.

No Admirer of His Prowess.

[From Truth.]

Maud—There's Frank. He's going to have a boxing match next Wednesday.

Marie—Is that so? Who is going to run his business the next two weeks.

Kismet.

[From Truth.]

Jack—You look despondent. Did she refuse you?

George—Yes.

Jack—But try again. A woman's "no" sometimes means "yes."

George—But she didn't say "no;" she said "naw!"

Jack—Then your name is mud!

About a Stand-Off.

[From Judge.

Fangle—The cholera scare was a real benefit in inducing a general cleaning up.

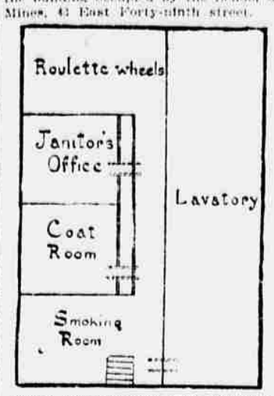
Cumso—Perhaps, but then it turned loose the oldest inhabitants with intermittent cholera reminiscences.

STUDENTS PLAYED ROULETTE.

Gambling-Den in the Columbia School of Mines.

A Row Over a Bet Led to Discovery by the Faculty.

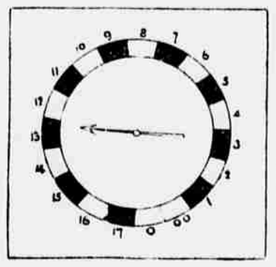
There are many hearts that ache among the students of the Columbia College School of Mines to-day, and a vast deal of anxious speculation is rife as to the probable action of Dean Chandler, relative to the startling discovery made by him in the basement of the building occupied by the School of Mines, 41 East Forty-ninth street.



WHERE THE GAMBLING DEN WAS LOCATED.

Some enterprising students had set up in a room, the location of which is shown in the accompanying diagram, four roulette wheels, and were doing a lively business at a dollar limit, the players being almost wholly students.

It is not yet known certainly whether the janitor, whose office adjoins the room where the gambling was done, was a confederate, or if so, to what extent. Beside the janitor and his assistants, the students were the only persons supposed to have access to the basement. The students have coat rooms and lockers there.



ONE OF THE ROULETTE WHEELS.

The discovery of the gambling is said to have been caused by a row which followed a dispute over a bet on one of the wheels. The roulette wheels, as shown in the cut, were of cardboard, bearing seventeen numbers, besides the "0" and "double O." Instead of a revolving ball, each wheel was fitted up with a needle that spun in the centre.

Last Thursday afternoon half a dozen students were playing, and there was about $25 in bets on the board. One student had lost heavily.

"Are you all ready?" asked the man at the wheel, at the same time giving the needle a spin.

The reckless player pushed a stack of four quarters towards the double O, but the man at the wheel shoved them back, and told him he was too late. The player claimed, angrily, that he had a right to place the money any time before the needle stopped revolving.

During the discussion the needle stopped on the double O. The man at the wheel and the angry player made a grab for the board simultaneously, and the other players jumped in to save their money. Some bad language was used, and the scuffle was about to turn into a free fight when some one turned off the light, leaving the combatants in darkness.

The news of the row reached the Faculty and its true cause was learned.

It is said to be probable that several suspensions, if not expulsions, of students implicated in the gambling are contemplated by the Faculty.

GOVERNMENT STEAMER SUNK.

Kirus and Several Barges Caught in an Ice Jam—Three Perish.

BELMONT, Ky., Jan. 21.—The ice gorge here broke yesterday, leaving death and destruction in its wake. The assistance could reach them. The Kirus barges were caught in the jam, and sent to the bottom of the river.

Three negroes, deckhands, who were on one of the barges, perished before assistance could reach them. The Kirus was valued at $50,000, and the barges at $6,000.

I Vote for Hood's

FORTY YEARS IN THE MINISTRY

REV. W. R. PUFFER.

"Having taken Hood's Sarsaparilla five months I am satisfied it is an excellent remedy. For years I have had rheumatism, affecting my whole body, but especially my right arm from elbow to shoulder, so severe I feared I SHOULD LOSE THE USE OF IT.

I felt better soon after I began with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when I had taken four bottles the rheumatism entirely left me. I have been a minister of the M. E. Church 40 years, and like many others of sedentary habits have suffered with Dyspepsia and Insomnia, but while taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have had a good appetite, food digested well, I gained several pounds, and sleep better. I vote for Hood's."

REV. W. R. PUFFER, Richford, Vt.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Light Fields and Walk-Overs Are the Features To-Day.

Azrael and Leigh Appear to Have an Easy Thing.

The card at Guttenburg to-day is not specially attractive. The fields in many of the races are very light, and several of the events look to be walk-overs for certain horses.

Azrael looks to have an easy thing in the fourth race. Clotho seems to be about the only one able to raise a gallop in the first, and Leigh looks to have found a very soft spot in the second.

The third race has a fair lot of sprinters entered, and they may make a good race. Innovation, Belwood, Bullfinch, Panhandle, Sir George II. and Excelsenza filly may go well in the last race, which is at a mile.

The two-year-olds may also furnish a pretty contest.

The track will be dry and fast.

The entries and selections are as follows:

First Race. Purse $400, the winner to be sold at auction; six furlongs.

E. Eugene's Boyle Rhodes	102
Mythic Stable's Home Run	102
Lorillard Stable's Spartacus	102
J. A. Murphy's Vera	105
Ohio Stable's Marcellus	103
Excelsior Stable's Leather Stocking	104
P. Conahan's Longard	99
Camden Stable's Clotho	93

Clotho seems the only one in this lot capable of running even a little bit, and she ought to win. Spartacus may get second money, and Marcellus ought to be third.

Second Race. Purse $400, for three-year-olds; five and a half furlongs.

Glenwood Stable's Leigh	122
E. Bradley's Tromp	122
Melrose Stable's Seabright	117
P. F. Brian's Lake	117
C. H. Post's Deceitful	105

Leigh should have no trouble in winning this race, and Tromp ought to be second. Deceitful may beat the others.

Third Race. Purse $400; the winner to be sold at auction; four and a half furlongs.

Melrose Stable's Mustage	108
F. F. Gardner's Repeater	108
G. O'Leary's Sweetbread	104
W. H. Thorpe's Mayor B.	104
O. J. Decker's Red Rim	102
C. L. Sanders's Serenade	97
J. D. Weir's Genevieve	97
J. H. McCormick's Narka colt	92
G. O'Leary's Nebochin	92

Narka colt ran so well in his last race that he looks a good thing for this event. Red Rim, however, should be very close up at the finish. Repeater ought to be third. Genevieve is very fast, but is probably not fit enough to beat those named above.

Fourth Race. Purse $400, the winner to be sold at auction; five furlongs.

J. A. Mahoney's Prince Howard	120
Camden Stable's Nohican	105
E. Bradley's Panway	98
W. H. Roller's Azrael	98

Azrael looks an air-light in this race, and she should win hands down. Mohican ought to be second and Panway third.

Fifth Race. Purse $400, for two-year-olds, four furlongs.

Baden Stable's Inspector C.	112
Pierson Stock Farm's Simplicity colt	112
J. Smith's Hermione colt	108
C. F. Sanders's Fagan	102
W. H. Roller's False	97
Green Island Stable's Cole Billy	99

Simplicity colt and Inspector C. look the best of the lot, and they may finish as named. Fagan should be third.

Sixth Race. Purse $400, the winner to be sold at auction; one mile.

Brighton Stable's Belwood	115
A. Wheeler's Laura S.	107
Glen Island Stable's Bullfinch	106
J. Rosser's Innovation	105
J. A. Batchelor's Panhandle	104
A. Thompson's Sir George II	100
W. H. Roller's Excelsenza filly	90

The closing event may be won by Belwood, with Innovation second and Bullfinch third.

Gloucester Selections.

First Race—Apollo, Patrick, Wrestler.
Second Race—Silver Queen, Poet, Suspense Billy.
Third Race—Brown Charlie, King Idle, Telephone.
Fourth Race—Comrade, Owen Golden, Charlie Wilson.
Fifth Race—Drizzle, Rose Howard, Rafter.
Sixth Race—Woodburn, Starlie, Sierra Nevada.

Morning Papers' Selections.

AT GUTTENBURG.

First Race—Clotho, Boyle Rhodes.
Second Race—Leigh, Tromp.
Third Race—Red Rim, Mustage.
Fourth Race—Mohican, Azrael.
Fifth Race—Inspector C., Fagan.
Sixth Race—Belwood, Sir George II.

First Race—Clotho, Marcellus.
Second Race—Tromp, Leigh.
Third Race—Sweetbread, Repeater.
Fourth Race—Mohican, Azrael.
Fifth Race—Simplicity colt, Inspector C.
Sixth Race—Innovation, Belwood.

First Race—Clotho, Boyle Rhodes.
Second Race—Leigh, Seabright.
Third Race—Narka colt, Mayor B.
Fourth Race—Mohican, Panway.
Fifth Race—Inspector C., Fagan.
Sixth Race—Innovation, Laura S.

First Race—Clotho, Marcellus.
Second Race—Tromp, Leigh.
Third Race—Red Rim, Sweetbread.
Fourth Race—Azrael, Mohican.
Fifth Race—Inspector C., False.
Sixth Race—Belwood, Laura S.

Not Functual.

[From Life.]

Dashaway—Stuffer must be dead.

Cleverton—Why?

Dashaway—I invited him to dine with me at seven, and it's five minutes past.

One Reason.

[From Life.]

Miss Walton—Is marriage a failure in your town, Mr. Outwest?

Mr. Outwest—I'm sorry to say it is.

Miss Walton—Why?

Mr. Outwest—Lack of women.

Harmony in the Family.

[From Texas Siftings.]

He—Now, my dear Fannie, what shall I get you for a birthday present?

She—Nothing at all.

He—Isn't it singular that for once we agree? At last there is harmony in the family. We have hit upon the same idea.

"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"

Heckers' Buckwheat.

Makes Light, Dainty Buckwheat Cakes.

ECCENTRIC WILL HOBBS.

A Man Who Stole Just for the Fun of the Thing.

Broke Jail, Too, Whenever He Felt Like It.

Will Hobbs has been heard from again. It has been years since this extraordinary character informed the people of his birthplace regarding his whereabouts. So when it became noised around that one of the boys had a letter from Will Hobbs the whole town was set to talking and bringing back to mind some of his unusual performances, says a Lansing (Mich.) despatch to the Chicago Mail.

Will writes that he is in Japan now, in Yokohama, connected with the Oriental and Occidental line of steamships in a clerical capacity, and doing well. He says he likes it, likes the people, and has become accustomed to the native food—not a trifling matter with Will, by a great deal, as his history shows.

WILL HOBBS.

Did you ever hear of Hobbs? Well, you did if you ever lived in Michigan, and probably you have anyhow, only it has slipped from your memory. Will was the confoundedest fellow anybody ever saw. He came of good family, had the best possible home training, was sent to school, and learned a great deal and all that. He wasn't a studious fellow—was so quick to learn he didn't have to study much but he always stood well in his classes and was graduated with credit, if not with honor.

He was a tall, thin, lanky boy, and his physical peculiarities increased with his years. He was one of that sort of fellows who could stand up and put his foot over his head, or lie down and touch his two heels together back of his neck. He could take things out of his lower left waistcoat pocket, with his right hand by throwing his right arm around his neck and over his left breast from behind, a trick that no one else in school could do, no matter how thin and overgrown he looked.

Well, Will grew up to a man and always kept his overgrown appearance. His trousers were just a little short—you know the kind—and flapped around his thin ankles as if he had come to be two or three inches taller since he bought them. His wrists stuck down below his coat sleeves, too, and his waistcoat always made a close connection.

STOLEN FOR FUN.

As he aged Hobbs took to stealing. Not to make money, nor from bad associations, but just for pure cussedness, as a boy steals his father's apples alone so he can go and "hook" the minister's green ones. He was the most peculiar thief, too, that ever puzzled the police. It came natural to him, apparently, in spite of the respectability of his family, for he could lift things out from under a man's very eyes without exciting suspicion.

Will didn't keep the articles he stole, nor try to sell them. He would get in a store at night and take half the stock—how he ever used to carry it all was a wonder—and then arrange all the merchandise and stuff on a prominent citizen's front steps. He would do it so carefully that it must have taken hours.

One night he captured fifty or sixty revolvers and arranged them along the balcony rings in front of a clergyman, who was notoriously opposed to war or the use of any kind of physical force. He'd take clocks, good, big clocks, too, wind them all up, alarms and all, and set one in each window he could reach all along the street. That trick left a lasting impression on the Lansing people, for so many waked up with the idea that the city was burning up or the end of the world had come, they couldn't forget it.

NOW YOU SEE HIM.

Naturally in a town as quiet as this Hobbs of that kind created an endless amount of talk. Special policemen were sworn in and some Detroit detectives came over to look at the ground. But the tricks and the thievery went on just the same until some remarks were dropped by Will Hobbs himself and they caught him coming out of a drug store with a bag full of hair and tooth brushes, and on his back one of the big three-storied bottles filled with colored water that druggists have for a sign.

He never told what he was going to do with that bottle. Well, they put him in the county jail—he didn't try to defend himself, and his people and friends were so disgusted that they gave him no help. But it didn't matter much, the evidence was too strong. And it seemed to make very little difference to Hobbs. He loafed around the jail, and didn't get any thinner, because he couldn't, and was well liked by everybody, officers and all, from the first.

One day the jailer came in with the breakfast and found Hobbs in his customary attitude, sitting in his cell with his chair tipped back and his feet resting on the barred window high above him. He looked over the food and said to the jailer, "That's a mighty poor meal for a hungry man."

"What's the matter?" said the jailer.

"Well, that's not the kind of coffee you'd give your own family, is it?" Hobbs said. "Besides, the biscuits are heavy. I believe I don't like the board here, anyway."

The jailer laughed and good-naturedly went back to get something better. When he returned to the cell there wasn't any Hobbs—no sign of him high or low. They searched the jail from top to bottom. The alarm was sent all through the town, but no one had seen him. Bolts and bars were untouched and the matter became a mystery.

One morning, about two weeks afterwards, as the jailer was handing round the breakfast in the same old way, he jumped aside, and dropped the victuals as he passed Hobbs's old cell. There, seated just as he used to be, sat the long, thin chap, with his feet in the air.

"Got that coffee for me yet?" said he, grinning.

The jailer was so mad he couldn't talk for a minute. Then he began to blow around.

"Here, don't talk so much, and I'll tell you how I got it," Hobbs said, and the jailer was glad to get the information. His window looked down into a little courtyard, with a high, solid oak fence all around it. He took his customer to the window and pointed out a barn just beyond it. He'd just squeezed through the bars around the window, reached over and caught the fence, and clambered along until he came to the barn.

There he had been sleeping all the time, getting out at night and going over to his mother's house for food.

Well, they put so many bars across the window that a man couldn't get his hand through them, and raised the height of the fence ten feet. After all these precautions had been taken, they went to see Hobbs one morning and he wasn't there. He stayed away about three weeks that time, and then he came back, just as before. The jailer almost had convulsions that time.

He explained that he had gone down and crept back by way of the drain pipe. They fixed the pipe so even a rat couldn't pass, but they were all timid about Hobbs, for all that. As a result, the officers took him to the Ingham County jail over at Mason. They didn't give him a chance to escape, either. One turnkey slept with him at night and sat with him by day, keeping as close watch as if he were condemned to death.

His case was hurried up, too, and inside of a fortnight he had been tried, convicted of burglary and sent to the penitentiary at Jackson for two years.

He was placed under the strictest surveillance, and the same one bright day he was gone, and the Warden found a note in his cell, saying he was tired of the board he was getting and had decided to find another boarding-house.

A week or so afterwards another letter came to the Warden, dated and postmarked at Bay City. It said in effect that board was much better there than in Jackson, and he was better satisfied. Similar letters came from Detroit and other Michigan points. Then they stopped, and nothing more was ever heard until just the other day, when word came from Japan.

MAGIC AMONG THE ZULUS.

Extraordinary Performance Seen by a Professional Entertainer.

During the Zulu war, says Prof. Kellar, the well-known magician, in an article in the North American Review, I was in South Africa, travelling north through Zululand.

In Dunn's Reservation, 200 miles north from Durban, in Natal, I saw a witch doctor levitate the form of a young Zulu by waving a tuft of grass about his head, amid surroundings calculated to impress themselves deeply upon the most prosaic imagination.

It was evening, and the witch doctor, who belonged to the class more than once described by Rider Haggard with great accuracy, was as revolting in his appearance as the high-caste fakirs had been pleasing.

A number of fakirs had gathered about our camp fire, and I had given them some illustrations of my own skill. They seemed puzzled, but were not specially curious. One of them stole away, and after some minutes returned with their own conjuror, the witch doctor in question.

After considerable solicitation from the natives, the intricacies of which my knowledge of the Zulu language did not enable me quite to penetrate, the conjuror, who at first seemed reluctant to give his consent to an exhibition of his powers before me, took a knob kerry or club and fastened it at the end of a thong of rawhide about two feet long.

A young native, tall and athletic, whose eyes appeared to be fixed upon those of the conjurer with an apprehensive steadfastness, took his own knob kerry and fastened it at the end of a similar thong of hide. The two then stood about six feet apart, in the full glare of the fire, and began, all the while in silence, to whirl their knob kerries about their heads.

I noticed that when the two clubs seemed, in their swift flight, almost to come in contact, a spark or flame passed, or appeared to pass, from one of them to the other. The third time this happened there was an explosion, the spark appeared to turn, the young man's knob kerry was shattered to pieces, and he fell to the ground apparently lifeless.

The witch doctor turned to the high grass a few feet behind us, and gathered a handful of stalks about three feet long. Standing in the shadow and away from the fire, he waved, with a swift motion, and exactly similar to that of the clubs a few minutes before, the bunch of grass around the head of the young Zulu, who lay as dead in the firelight.

In a moment or two the grass seemed to ignite in its flight, although the witch doctor was not standing within twenty feet of the fire, and burned slowly, crackling audibly.

Approaching more closely the form of the native in the trance, the conjuror waved the flaming grass gently over his figure, about a foot from the flesh. To my intense amazement the recumbent body slowly rose from the ground and floated upward in the air to a height of about three feet, remaining in suspension and moving up and down, according as the passes of the burning grass were slower or faster.

As the grass burned out and dropped to the ground, the body returned to its position on the ground, and after a few passes from the hands of the witch doctor the young Zulu leaped to his feet, apparently none the worse for his wonderful experience.

The human body has its limitations.

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

diminishes wear and increases enjoyment.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF

CAN BE OBTAINED FROM THE USE OF

DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment.

For pains in the limbs, back or chest, sore throat, colds or bodily pains of any kind can will find it worth its weight in gold. Price 25 and 50 cents. SOLD BY ALL Druggists.

THE CLEANER.

For many years Justice Kilbreth enjoyed the distinction of being the only lawyer on the Police Court bench. Now that he has retired from his judicial position, he will resume his place in the ranks of the profession in which he formerly achieved no little eminence. The ex-Justice was a graduate of the Harvard Law School, and the second honor man of his class.

* * *

Secretary Benjamin F. Tracy is often seen in town nowadays. He is here to make arrangements for opening a law office, as he intends to resume his practice as soon as he turns over the Navy Department to his successor.

* * *

Ollie Teall is at last going to bring his 600 to the front. There was a deficit of over $3,000 in his Christmas Society entertainment, and to make up this amount and also to raise money for next year's Christmas tea, he is going to give a ball in Madison Square Garden. As a rival of the great and only Ward McAllister, Ollie seems to be looming into greater prominence.

* * *

The northward-bound Elevated trains which are ordinarily comparatively deserted between the hours of 8 and 9 in the evening, are now packed with many crowds at that time. They are all bound for the lakes in Central Park, where the skating is fine. So rare an opportunity to enjoy this exhilarating Winter sport is evidently not being thrown away by pleasure-loving Gothamites.

* * *

Good Roads, the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is doing a great work in the cause which it represents. In the current number some of the snap-shot camera views which it presents of Western country roads, as well as city streets, show a condition of affairs that is almost incredible. Its artists might find some interesting specimens of impassable roads without going very far from New York, as every wheelman hereabouts knows by bitter experience.

* * *

Paderewski, with his long, tawny mane, makes a very striking portrait either in oils or water colors. His picture has already been painted by Alma Tadema, the famous English artist, and by the Princess Louise, who is quite expert with the brush. The distinguished pianist is now sitting to J. Edward Barclay, of this city, and the portrait, when completed, will be presented to William Steinway, the great patron and friend of musical artists in Gotham.

* * *

Prof. George Gunton, of the School of Economics, welcomes the era of billionaires, and says they will soon be recognized by every one as great beneficial social institutions. He holds the same views with regard to trusts, much to the gratification of coal barons and oil kings.

* * *

Lawyer James S. Norton, of Chicago, told the Yale men at their dinner last night, that the West admired and appreciated "Our Chauncey" even more than the East. They thought so much of him in Chicago, he said, that even in the outskirts of the city, near the Yellowstone Park, they had named one of the finest of the spouting geysers after him. He thought Dr. Depew liked Chicago, too, better, perhaps, than he would be willing to confess to his friends in the East, because he once said, at a little dinner given to him in the Windy City, that he liked nothing better than to sit down to table where he could take off his coat and reach for himself, a freedom of action he could never enjoy east of the Alleghenies.

* * *

The shady walk along the bank of the upper Harlem, under the cliff, where Mayor Gilroy proposes to run his speedway, has long been known as "Lovers' lane." The young people of that part of the town, it is hardly necessary to say, regard the proposed invasion of this romantic spot with small degree of favor.

* * *

A New York composer, Frank G. Dossert, has just received high honor abroad. Pope Leo XIII. has named Easter Sunday, when a special jubilee will be held, as the time for the first production of Dr. Dossert's "Messe Solennelle" at St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome. This is the first time that such an honor has been accorded at Rome to a foreign composer.

DEATHS FROM FRIGHT OR GRIEF.

Peculiar Circumstances Under Which the Grim Visitor Came.

We read in Livy that, when Hannibal had vanquished the Romans in the battle of Cannae, two women, seeing their sons, whom they had supposed dead, return in good health, died immediately from excessive joy, says the Chicago Herald.

A Frenchman who had by chance passed over a narrow plank lying across a deep gorge in a dark, on viewing the spot the next day fell down dead while contemplating the dangers of the previous night.

Montague relates the case of a German nobleman, who died of excessive grief on discovering that his son had been killed in battle.

"He stood," says Montague, "like a stock, with his eyes fixed on the corpse till the vehemency of his sorrow having overwhelmed his vital spirits, he sank stone dead on the ground."

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