PERSONALITIES.

LORD SALISBURY AND MR. JOHN MORLEY —MR. HERBERT SPENCER—Mr. BLADES —MR. LANG—MR. KNOWLES'S MAY CELEBRITIES.

London, May 6.

The Royal Academy dinner of Saturday gave rise to something very like a scene. Lord Salisbury was the innocent cause of it: Mr. John Morley the chief actor, and the fountain of all the trouble was the usual toast to Her Majesty's Ministers, to which, as custom prescribes, the Prime Minister responded. If you have a half-column to spare you might do worse than fill it with Lord Salisbury's little speech: a model in its kind, and as good an after-dinner discourse as any Englishman has of late years been known to make. The heir of all the Cecils has a light hand when he chooses. He even ventured on allusions that might be called political, though, if there be any law well settled at these banquets, it is that politics are excluded; politics, though not politicians. The author of these certainly believed them free from offence. He was sorry to see, he said, that most of the political portraits were portraits of the Liberal party, including a picture of M. Rochefort. He had perceived, also, a picture of an Irish eviction. With respect to this he would only say that there was such an air of breezy cheerfulness and beauty about the landscape as made him long to take part in an eviction, whether in an active or a passive sense. Then there was a picture of "The Flowing Tide"; an allusion which all devout worshippers at the Gladstonian shrine, and, of course, all Americans, cannot but recognize. But, said Lord Salisbury laughingly, "the flowing tide is represented by a number of little boys of hungry aspect, seated side by side, waiting till the tide comes up."

Now these pleasantries were not known to have been ill received by the members of Her Majesty's Opposition then present until uprose Mr. John Morley to answer to the toast of Literature. Then it was seen at once that Mr. John Morley was angry. He spoke loudly, and his pale, ascetic face was a little flushed. He turned short upon Lord Salisbury. "I can understand," he said, "that the portrait of M. Rochefort would attract the Prime Minister, because M. Rochefort is a politician who was once a Liberal leader, and who has now seen occasion to lose his faith in Liberal government." The retort was plainly meant to be personal, and a kind of shiver went round the table. "Nor have I seen," continued the Radical leader, the "picture of the Flowing Tide, but I shall expect to find in that picture, when I do see it, a number of bathing-machines in which not the younger, but the elder, generation are incarcerated." And he added that whereas the younger were waiting confidently for the arrival of the flowing tide, the elderly gentlemen in the bathing machines would be only too anxious for a man and horse to deliver them from their imminent peril. The heaviest jest is productive of laughter after dinner, and this produced laughter. But Mr. Morley's friends were not happy.

It was said afterward that what had most angered Mr. Morley was Lord Salisbury's use of the word hungry, with reference, apparently, to the expectant politicians and office-holders of the Gladstonian party. The incident passed off without that explosion or protest which at one moment was threatened. It will bear no results, but it serves to show how sensitive Mr. Morley is with reference to any opinion which touches, however remotely, on the present attitude of that wing of the Liberal party with which he is identified. This was the debating part of his speech. The remainder of it, which had been thought out coolly and at leisure, was full of that charm which belongs to Mr. Morley, and to few others in equal degree. He delivered a wholesome and timely protest against the invaders of the English language; directed especially against Lord Bury and that ragged army with which he had lately marched through Coventry in search of a verb to denote electrical progression, —"appalling forces ready at a moment's notice to deface and deform our English tongue."

There was a word, too, which seems meant to reach across the Atlantic. "I tremble," said Mr. Morley, "to see the day approach—and I am not sure that it is not approaching—when the humors of the headlines of American journalism shall pass current as models of conciseness, energy and color of style." Nay, he objects to the social speech of Americans, or of some Americans, and wonders what the pilgrim fathers of the seventeenth century would say if they could hear their pilgrim children of the nineteenth century, who come over here on various missions, and among others, "on the make." It is a question which answers itself. The pilgrim fathers would recognize in the social speech of their descendants many and many a good word and telling phrase which have passed out of modern English use. The English imagine them to be Yankee inventions, whereas they are—not all, of course, but many—only so many survivals of the fittest, and among the fittest. Nor do I think many of the pilgrim descendants speak of the thousand "such-like" expressions which are invading the Puritan simplicity of our tongue.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's seventieth birthday is, I suspect, kept more religiously in America than here in his own country; or, at any rate, more generally. A sensational newspaper may seize the occasion to expound to its rather narrow circle of readers the "Gospel according to Herbert Spencer," but the press, for the most part, takes little heed of the day. Perhaps the time is past when Mr. Gladstone could ask, Who is Herbert Spencer? Yet neither now nor ever has the knowledge of his books been widespread in England. Probably his chief influence has been more secondary than direct. He has been read by other thinkers and other writers; themselves more widely known to the British Philistine than Mr. Spencer himself. The same may be said, no doubt, of most, if not all, philosophers, but in these days there is a public for almost everybody, and if a man be not read it is not because there are not readers.

In Mr. Spencer's case the fault, or the misfortune, is largely his own. He has disdained the arts of literature by which even the abstruse sciences may be made attractive. Like Browning, he exacted more from the average reader, and did less to smoothe his path, than the average reader thought himself entitled to. His style has repelled those to whom his theories were not in themselves of interest. Even when he wrote for the reviews, Mr. Spencer preferred to be difficult, and if he addressed a letter to the newspapers, he still declined to clothe it in such language that he who ran through the paper might read it with ease. His sentences sometimes rival Jeremy Benthamas in bulk, and Mr. Gladstone himself does not pursue a more devious way from end to end of those complicated collocations of words in which the Old Parliamentary Hand wraps up his meaning from the profane. Mr. Herbert Spencer's sayings were hard; he has wilfully made them harder, and he neglects the lighter graces completely. Still, therefore, on this anniversary he finds himself on a lonely summit. The ignorant clerical outcry against him has nearly died away, but with it dies also some of that interest which human nature bestows more or less freely on the victims of this ignorant outcry. He has never been well known personally, either, and on the whole, by the joint fault of the public and himself, the seventieth birthday of one of the most austere of English thinkers has come and gone with less notice than that of a showman or of a prince removed by a dozen degrees from the throne.

The English book world loses in Mr. William Blades, who died last Sunday week, one of its very few scientific bibliographers. He was a printer, born in Clapham in 1824, and he was incomparably the highest authority on the first of English printers, Caxton: the same Caxton who, in the belief of the London organ of Irish Home Rule, printed the Shakespeare folios. Mr. Blades's two quarto volumes on the "Life and Typography of William Caxton" form a monograph, which is at the same time a monument to the subject of the book and to its author. It is a thoroughly exact, full, critical and altogether admirable account of the printer, of the early English history of printing, and of the Caxtons now in existence; the latter a far more difficult piece of work than might be imagined by any one who has never looked into the subject. The lovers of books in England and America paid Mr. Blades the compliment of soon making his book scarce and dear; and it remains scarce and dear, for the scarcity was not as so often happens, artificial, and the dearness was not due to that ingenious process known as rigging the market.

Mr. Blades wrote much else, including at least three other separate works on Caxton. One of them, "How to Tell a Caxton," is a book which no wise man who thinks of buying one of these costly treasures will dispense with. He wrote on numismatics, on "The Medallic History of Printing," and on "Shakespeare and Typography." In 1881 appeared a curious and excellent little volume with vellum covers, entitled "The Enemies of Books"; long since scarce. It is not devoted, as might be inferred from its title, to binders nor to those second-hand booksellers who practise the "knock-out"; but to other and less deadly enemies, such as servants, gas and worms. It may not be true that Mr. Blades is the last of the race of learned printers in England, but it might be difficult to name his successor.

Mr. Andrew Lang does not drop his favorite character of Advocatus Diaboli merely because he is now openly collaborating with his client. The partnership of fiction into which he has entered, to the dismay of his friends, with Mr. Rider Haggard leaves him still free to praise Mr. Rider Haggard, and to explain with all his wonted ingenuity why it is a good thing that a writer should not be able to write. "The style which is excellent for a sober, delicate, scientific story, is not so excellent for a tale of adventure." Moreover, it is laid down that, in a novel of romance, elegant and rhythmic English is not in place. Inelegant and unrhythmical English, of course, is in place, and now we begin to see why Mr. Lang has so high an opinion of Mr. Rider Haggard.

To the good republican to whom titles are dear I commend the April number of "The Nineteenth Century" as a whole. Among Mr. Knowles's contributors are a King, a Duke, another Peer, two Lords who bear courtesy titles, a Baron of Austria, and a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. If he is not content with these, he may turn to the President of the Dockers' Union, Mr. Tom Mann, who discourses on the Development of the Labor Movement; or to Professor Huxley, who continues his political papers, with a treatise on Government. It is characteristic that the two places of honor, the first and last, are reserved for Mr. Tom Mann and for His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, who begins a Memoir of Charles the Twelfth. Democracy on the one hand, Autocracy on the other, or, as Disraeli put it, the Monarch and the Multitude are the two powers to whom the world pays court. And Mr. Knowles has a keen sense of the relative values of things, and of people.

G. W. S.

CHEAP BUT PLEASANT VACATIONS.

SOME OF THE MANY OPPORTUNITIES OPEN TO NEW-YORKERS WHO ARE FOND OF TRAVEL.

How to get the most out of the coming summer vacation is a question that is just now occupying a good deal of the thoughts of a vast number of young fellows whose incomes are not any too large. Hunting claims its thousands of votaries and fishing its tens of thousands, but for many they lack interest; lounging by the seashore is well enough for girls and dudes; but perhaps travelling has more attraction for the wide-awake American than almost any other form of recreation. And it is gratifying to note how many long and interesting trips may easily be taken by New-Yorkers at slight expense. Every year tourists find that they can travel further, cheaper and more quickly than ever before; that new attractions for sight-seers are being brought within reach and better facilities introduced for going over the old routes more swiftly and comfortably.

Outside trips on the ocean are becoming popular, especially for people whose vacations are short, and who need rest and good air. The longer the trip, as a rule, the less the expense in proportion to the time. A new line of steamers started an excellent ship last month to run from this port to St. John, New-Brunswick. The time consumed in the round trip will be about six days. The accommodations are excellent, the table good and the first-class fare $9 each way, including a comfortable state-room. There's a fine trip for you. Stops are made at Cottage City, Mass., and at Rockland and Eastport, Me. St. John is a quaint old town, well worth spending a day in, the scenery all along the coast is picturesque, and the air in July or August just warm enough to be comfortable, yet bracing.

A shorter trip, and a popular one, is on the Maine steamers from this port twice a week to Portland. The passenger may go ashore for an hour or so at Martha's Vineyard, spend two days at Portland, seeing the city or visiting the watering places near there, or take a run over to the White Mountains, and return to this city to work again, all between the close of business on Wednesday night and its resumption on Monday morning. There are also the sound steamers, and the boats between Boston and Bar Harbor. The trip to Newfoundland is an interesting one, too, and not often taken by New-Yorkers.

Another pleasant series of trips extends to the southward, by means of the steamers to Norfolk, Charleston, New-Orleans, the Gulf ports, the Bermudas and the West Indies. These are really the most pleasant ones, but winter is the proper time to take them, though the days and nights actually spent upon the ocean are never oppressively hot, even in summer. But the Northern trips are of course the best patronized in summer, when the vast majority of those people who get vacations at all have their periods of leisure.

The coastwise trips furnish all the experiences of a transatlantic voyage, for the ships are sure to be out of sight of land at some time, and seasickness can be experienced in all its fulness or emptiness. The long ocean swell, rolling in from the east, catches a steamer going north or south broadside on, and as the vessels are built for putting into shallow harbors and coast ports, they roll to perfection.

For those who have more time to devote to travel there are more extensive trips to be had at proportionately small expense. A New-Yorker can make the round trip to Jerusalem and back if he wants to for about $600. Eight hundred would do to visit India. Hundreds of the teachers and athletics who will "do" Europe this summer in parties do not expect to spend more than $600 on the excursion. Bicycle or tricycle riders should be able to see Europe pretty thoroughly, by means of their wheels, at about $1.50 per day, if they are satisfied with the fare of the middle classes, and this more rapid and less fatiguing method of cheap travel is superseding walking parties to a considerable extent.

SOME VERDICTS OF JURIES.

From The Baltimore Sun.

Before Judge Stewart was elevated to the bench he had a case in the City Court in which he was fearful of being thrown out of court, as the opposing counsel was cutting down his claim, as it seemed probable that the jury, if they gave him a verdict at all, would find for a less amount than $100, of which the court could not take jurisdiction. Lawyer Stewart resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and demanded of the jury a verdict for at least $125. When the verdict was rendered Lawyer Stewart was much surprised to find that it was in his favor for $287. He afterward asked an acquaintance of his who was on the jury how the verdict had been reached. "You see, Mr. Stewart," said his friend, "we could agree upon no amount, and finally it was resolved that each juryman should write a sum on a piece of paper, and the total should be divided by twelve, which should be the verdict. Knowing that all the others were for a small verdict, I write $3,000."

On another occasion Lawyer Stewart made a bold, but, as he believed, unsuccessful, claim for a verdict of $200, and was correspondingly astonished when the jury gave him $250. "You see, Stewart," said a friend of his upon the jury, "there were ten of us who would have given you any amount you asked, but there were two who only wanted to give $150. Finally it narrowed down to $150 against $250, the smaller amount being championed by the two men, and it was resolved to write the two amounts on slips of paper and place them in a hat, which was to be held by one of the two men while the other drew one of the papers, the amount written on it to be our verdict. This was done, and the slip with $250 came out, which verdict was accordingly rendered. But you ought to have seen the faces of those two men," continued the juryman, "when I informed them that I had written the larger amount on both slips of paper."

THE FATAL BLUNDER.

From The Chicago Tribune.

The proud Boston beauty rose to her feet and rang the bell.

"Mr. Turrapin," she said, freezingly, "our acquaintance is at an end."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Osgoodson—Miriam!" exclaimed the thunderstruck young Baltimorean, "what have I done?"

"Sir, you have spoken of the Ibsen enthusiasm as a fad. Clytemnestra, show this gentleman to the door."

ON THE BIG BRIDGE.

INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES WORTHY OF ESPECIAL MENTION.

QUEER PEOPLE AND THEIR QUEER QUESTIONS —LOOKING AT THE "PENAL INSTITUTIONS" ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND—THE OLD FOOTBRIDGE—A PREDICTION NOT LIKELY TO BE FULFILLED —THE SLIP-JOINT.

There are many queer people who cross the big Bridge from New-York to Brooklyn and back again, and they ask many queer questions. When no one is near a group of these visitors to the city who are bound to see all the sights and to be able to tell all sorts of wonderful stories when they return home, and so astonish their neighbors, they indulge in unbounded speculation among themselves as to the Bridge itself and as to what it is that they are looking at up and down the river; they do not hesitate on occasion to ply the casual stranger with questions; and they regard the Bridge policemen as their special and rightful prey. There can be no doubt that they look upon the policemen as detailed there for the specific purpose of answering their questions.

An enterprising man who could obtain from the Bridge Trustees the privilege of selling a Brooklyn Bridge guide-book up by one of the towers could soon make a handsome competency. His book ought to be historical, descriptive and statistical. It should contain everything that can be known or thought of in regard to the Bridge. An important feature should be outline or panoramic maps, such as are given in the guide-books to the White Mountains and other similar regions, showing all the principal objects within the range of human vision from the highest point on the Bridge. Of course it ought to tell all the facts about the Bridge which every one wants to know, such as the height of the towers, the height of the Bridge from the water, the length of the structure, the distances between the towers, the number of wires in the cables, etc., etc., etc.

It is well to say "etc., etc., etc." because the number of things in addition that the stranger on the Bridge wants to know is more than legion. Ask any of the policemen whose monotonous duty it is to patrol the roadways or the promenade, and they will tell you that the fecundity of the human mind in the matter of questions is calculated to impress the one questioned with the fact that the human mind is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. They—the policemen—will not be apt to use that precise form of words, but they will convey the idea, or something like it, in tolerably correct and forcible English.

WONDER EXCITED BY THE SLIP-JOINT.

One of the points of unfailing interest is the centre of the Bridge, where the slip-joint is arranged in the trusses, floorings, railway tracks, etc., in order that the natural expansion and contraction of the cables from heat and cold may have free course and leave the great structure unimpaired. It is a common remark that the Bridge has a "broken back," and the fact never fails to excite the utmost wonder and admiring awe. "How much does it move?" "How did they ever think of doing that?" "What would happen if it was not so arranged?" "Isn't it wonderful?" These are only samples of the questions which this feature of the Bridge provokes day after day. Many of the regular travellers have endeavored by means of pencil marks at different hours of the day to ascertain just how much motion takes place here in response to the laws of heat and cold as they act upon the thousands of wires which make up the great cables. The motion is not great, nor is it invariable. If the slip-joint had not been provided, however, it does not require a high degree of imagination to see that there would have been mischief somewhere.

The point where the slip-joint is placed is the mathematical centre between the towers, which are nearly 1,000 feet apart, but it is by no means the centre of the Bridge taken from one terminus to the other. A man who walked from Brooklyn to New-York in the first summer the Bridge was opened found this out in a way that will cause him long to remember it. It will be remembered that the Bridge railroad was not put in operation until the fall after the promenade and the roadways were thrown open to the public. The young man in question was in a hurry and resolved to time himself. When he looked at his watch as he passed the middle of the Bridge he thought he was making a pretty good record; it had taken him nearly eight minutes to come that distance. As the rest of the way was down hill, he was confident that he would complete the passage in fifteen minutes or less. To his astonishment, when he took out his watch at the New-York end he had been sixteen minutes and a half. At first he could not understand it. In the evening, however, he mentioned the matter to a friend, when the suggestion was made that the New-York approach to the Bridge is considerably longer than the approach in Brooklyn, and the mystery was cleared up. One approach is 1,562 feet long, and the other 971 feet.

WHAT ARE THOSE HOLLOW IRON TUBES FOR?

One of the most curious conceptions the writer has ever heard in reference to the Bridge was that of an intelligent man of middle age, a college graduate and a school teacher, who on walking over the structure for the first time looked long and attentively at the cables and at length asked his friend what "those hollow iron tubes" were for. His friend's astonishment at the question was equal to that of the questioner when he was told that what he had taken for hollow iron tubes were the principal factors in the great structure, and that they were each a solid mass composed of 5,700 wires. Then the friend proceeded to explain how they were strung across the river in nineteen strands of 300 wires each, which were carefully adjusted side by side, tied together at short distances and then lowered to the place they were finally to occupy; after which the lashings were cut and the separate wires made to lie as closely as possible, and then bound in the continuous coil of wire which is all that is visible to the spectator. The stranger in this case as in many others was surprised that the wires forming the cable were not twisted, evidently thinking that the cable would be stronger if that were done. To have twisted the 5,700 wires which form each cable would have been too big a problem for even the master minds that conceived the Bridge to work out, at any rate, it would have required very powerful machinery of a kind different from any ever employed. But twisting them was not necessary, and it is doubtful whether it would have added appreciably to the strength of the cables.

HIS WIFE WOULD NOT BE CONVINCED.

Not long ago a well-dressed man and his wife got into a dispute at the Brooklyn tower over the objects that they were engaged in looking at. In particular the identity of Governor's Island was a bone of contention between them. The man declared that it was Blackwell's Island, about which he had read a good deal, and he proceeded to enlighten his wife as to what being "sent to the Island" meant in New-York. The buildings which constitute the military post, and especially the frowning but not formidable fort at the extremity of the island, he insisted were the abode of the vilest of the vile among the people of the great city. His wife was by no means convinced by his flood of misinformation regarding the subject in hand, and made haste to consult the first policeman she could set eyes on. To her great delight she was informed that Blackwell's Island was far in the other direction, and was only visible to exceedingly sharp eyes that knew just the spot in which to look for it. She returned in triumph to her better half, who was naturally not a little chagrined at having dilated with the wrong emotion and still more so at having been "taken down by his wife, whose superior judgment, in this case at least, he had been forced to acknowledge. Perhaps—who knows?—he made it uncomfortable for her for several hours afterward in consequence.

This incident calls to mind the experience of a well-informed Brooklyn woman who made her first trip across the promenade a few days after the Bridge was opened to the public. As the party of which she was a member were looking up the East River from about the middle of the structure, one of the prominent objects in view was the big Havemeyer sugar house in Williamsburg. "Why, there's Blackwell's Island, isn't it," exclaimed the woman referred to, who mistook the sugar refinery for the penitentiary, the workhouse or one of the other "institutions" which form New-York's penal colony.

THE RIVER RUNS EAST AND WEST HERE.

One of the things that are puzzling even to people who have been familiar with New-York and Brooklyn all their lives is the long bend to the eastward made by the East River in order to get around Coenties's Hook. When looking up the river they naturally suppose that they are looking nearly north, whereas, as a matter of fact, the direction is more nearly east, and really to look up the river one must look across a good share of lower New-York. It is this long circuit of the river doubtless that leads many to mistake the location of Blackwell's Island.

How many of the millions of people who cross the Bridge every month think of the few hundreds who had the privilege of walking across the East River when the narrow footbridge was strung between the towers? Of course people had walked across the East River before that—on the ice. But that had been a precarious and uncertain, as well as dangerous, journey. The last time this was done was in the winter of 1874-'75, when there was great trouble with ice in the river, passengers on the ferryboats often counting themselves lucky to make the journey from shore to shore in two hours. On one cold day the ice was driven in from the bay with uncommon force, and became so solidly packed together that it formed a bridge on which several hundred people walked from Brooklyn to New-York, and vice versa.

When the footbridge was hung over the river for the accommodation of the workmen engaged in building the structure, to which it was as a pigmy to a gigantic giant, there were many ambitious persons who essayed to walk over it. Some of them did not succeed, but the greater number made the trip in triumph. Crossing the magnificent promenade now does not in the least suggest that far different experience. The writer had the privilege of making the perilous journey three times, once with three ladies, although on his first attempt he gave it up after venturing out several hundred feet from the New-York anchorage in company with a friend. But that was only a few days after the footbridge was completed, and at that time the guide ropes for the hands were not so well arranged as they were later.

ON AN AERIAL LADDER.

The journey on this aerial ladder was an experience never to be forgotten. The footbridge was just wide enough for two persons to walk abreast by locking arms. This left one hand of each to grasp what might by courtesy be called the hand-rail, which no one of ordinary nerves wished to let go of for a single moment. The bridge was composed of wooden slats placed an inch or two apart, and to look down through the openings and see the glancing river far underneath was rather trying even to level heads. In one respect the transfluvial (acknowledgment is made to "The Brooklyn Eagle" for the use of this word) traveller of that day had a decided advantage over those who cross the completed bridge at the present time. The footbridge carried him over the tops of the towers, from which perhaps the finest views to be had in the vicinity of New-York are to be obtained. The towers are now practically inaccessible, a long climb up a ladder being the only way to reach them.

Another experience which the writer remembers with pleasure was climbing the stairway surrounding the Brooklyn tower in company with Chief Engineer Martin, and then walking down the footbridge to the Brooklyn anchorage. Speaking of the long time which it had taken to build the big Bridge, Mr. Martin declared that the work had been done as rapidly as possible, and then he added with emphasis that he had never "nursed" a job in his life. Mr. Martin had not then set up as a railroad expert, and the evolution of the deadly Barnes-Martin plan for carrying more people across the Bridge at the imminent risk of their lives was far in the future.

Speaking of the queer ideas about the Bridge brings to mind the remark of a man, presumably of fair intelligence, who was giving free expression to his notions on the front deck of a ferryboat in the ante-Bridge ante-ferry-syndicate days. "Now, I believe," said he in an emphatic and not to be disputed tone, at the same time glancing up at the work in the air above him, and causing the eyes of his listeners to turn in the same direction, "Now, I believe that if they ever finish that Bridge a good lively wind coming along some day will simply catch hold of it and turn it upside down, so that the whole inside, so to speak, will drop into the river." This wiseacre still lives.

TRYING TO GET BACK A TICKET.

NEW-YORKERS ARE SUSPICIOUS, IF ONE MAY JUDGE BY AN INCIDENT ON AN ELEVATED STATION.

Three men who were taking an elevated train at Park Place a few nights ago, were all eager to pay the fares. The result of their enthusiasm was that four tickets were dropped in the box. The man who guards the ticket-chopper, a good-natured, kindly-eyed fellow, who knew all the men, saw the four tickets go in, and was good enough to offer to return one ticket. His efforts to do this brought out the characteristic shrewdness and independence of the average New-Yorker. Indeed, it did more than this. It showed several men in a ludicrous light, their natural suspicion against trickery and "humbug" work suddenly driving them to the violent extreme of common sense.

The first person who came up the steps after the three was an energetic, nervous man. He threw down a fivecent piece at the window, seized his ticket, and before any one realized what he was doing, threw it into the box. Opportunity No. 1 lost.

He was followed by a tall, slender man, who had a dreamy, absent-minded look in his eye.

"Here's our chance," said one of the party.

"Give me the ticket, please," said the station-man, extending his hand.

But the other did not hear him, apparently, for he half-pushed the hand aside, and dropping in his ticket, mechanically walked along the platform and gazed up into the sombre skies, utterly oblivious of the laughter of the three men who were trying to collect the ticket.

The next man was the keeper of a news-stand. Upon his shoulder he carried a great pile of newspapers. He came drifting along like an overloaded barge, pushing every one before him, and in went his ticket just as he dropped his bundle with a grunt of relief.

Following him came a short, thick-set man, with a hostile face.

"Give me the ticket, please," repeated the guardian of the chopper, reaching for it. The other brushed his hand aside roughly.

"What do you mean?" he said, sharply. Three pairs of hands were covering the box, while three men were choking with laughter.

"See here, young fellows," cried the short man angrily, "you can't play any games on me. I put my ticket in the box, and nowhere else. I wasn't born yesterday."

Some one tried to explain.

"No, you don't," he answered, looking as wise as a seer. "I don't give up my ticket," and forcing aside the hands over the box, he dropped in his ticket, looked down the box to make sure that it was there, and stalked off with the air of a conqueror.

"Better catch the next one at the head of the stairs," was suggested, so this plan was tried. It was a thin-faced, narrow-eyed person who appeared this time.

"Oh, of course," he said, after having protested against being stopped, "but mind you, I must be allowed to pass. I don't care how much you 'skin' the company," he added, with a wink, "so long as I come out all right." He insisted on holding his ticket until he had passed the box. Then he handed it over, saying: "I enjoy seeing people beat this company, even if I can't do it myself."

There was no use to try to explain further. He had made up his mind that the company was being cheated, and nothing could convince him to the contrary, for, as the station man said, "They're a queer lot."

A PARSON'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

From The St. Paul Pioneer Press

It has often been exploited in print how useful the smooth and accomplished Dan Lamont made himself to ex-President Cleveland during his residence in the White House. In the Rev. D. J. Burrell and his faithful factotum, L. B. Williams, Minneapolis has even as remarkable an example of this usefulness in all the details of office to which the subordinate can attain. Without his efficient assistant Dr. Burrell would be as a ship without a rudder. It is he who parcels out the pastor's duties, keeps tab on all the requirements of the week, and reminds him of each and every engagement he has made. In a little book which he carries in his inside pocket Mr. Williams jots down all the details of the week. It maps out the pastor's work to the smallest detail, and without it he wouldn't keep half or a quarter of the engagements that he makes. Every appointment, sometimes for a month ahead, goes into this little book, and at the proper time Pastor Burrell gets his pointers from his secretary and then goes ahead. By this method all the details of his place devolve on some one else, leaving him to unencumbered thought on his sermons and the various other intellectual work with which his days and weeks are plentifully filled.

A FIEND IN HUMAN FORM.

From The Chicago Mail.

"It was raining like sin," said Horace McVicker to a group of hall a dozen people, "and I was just about ready to start home to dinner, when a man who lives in my part of town and rides on the same cars occasionally, came along and grabbed me as I stood under the awning in front of the theatre.

"'Goin' home?' says he.

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Come on an' get a cigar first,' says he.

"'Don't want a cigar,' says I.

(Here everybody looked at each other and smiled sceptically.)

"'Yes, you do,' says he; 'come on,' and he dragged me after him.

"'I haven't an umbrella,' said I, still protesting.

"'Nuther have I,' said he, 'come on.'

"Well, I thought he was only going a couple of doors east, so I started on a trot with him. He grabbed hold of my arm, and when we got to the cigar store I tried to dodge in, but he dragged me on down the street.

"'Where are you going?' said I, trying to break away from him.

"'Just around the corner,' said he, and pushed along.

"I saw I was in for it, so I submitted and galloped along with him. When we reached State-st., he charged straight across it, and, having reached the other side, he headed east toward Wabash-ave. I made another effort to escape, but he hustled me on, and we reached Wabash-ave. There we turned south and my captor lightened his grip on my arm. I was nearly out of breath and my clothes were soaked; but still we staggered along. We reached Monroe-st. and crossed it, and I began to think that this fiend was bent on running me all the way to Thirty-fifth-st., when he dodged into a place where they sell cigars and things and hauled me in after him.

"I was five minutes in getting my breath, during which time the man had bought some cigars and forced one on me. I was too mad to say anything, I was afraid if I got started I'd do murder; so I sat on the neck of my wrath, as it were, and made a break for a car as it passed. The man who wanted a smoke so bad followed, and stuck close to me. After I had paid our fares I felt I could trust myself, so I turned to him and said:

"'What in the name of a "prop" idol, did you do that for?'

"'Do what?' says he.

"'Chase me half a mile in the rain,' says I savagely. I felt as though I'd like to run up and down his form with those spikes on like folks climb telegraph poles with.

"'I'll tell you,' said he, not in the slightest abashed by the baleful glare in my eyes. 'I had to go to that place for cigars, because—well, because I know the man and can stand him off.'

"'You didn't have to take me with you,' says I, shivering in my clammy clothes.

"'Yes I did,' says he, 'I knew that if I bought cigars, you'd pay fare when we got on the car, and that's what I wanted. I'm flat broke.'

"I just looked at this low-down villain, and tried to overmaster my rising rage. But he saw that it wasn't going to be a success, and that I was gathering myself for a spring at his throat, so he edged away to the other end of the car, placing several corpulent gentlemen between himself and me. I let him go, though I ought to have chopped his measly head off. He had dragged me three blocks in a drenching rain in order to confidence me into paying his car-fare, and there I was, wet to the skin, with a ride to Thirty-fifth-st. before me. I've been looking for that man ever since, but I guess he's moved to some other town."

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW-YORK.

HABITS AND WHIMS OF DAVID B. HILL.

Hugh Hastings in The Epoch.

Let us glance at Mr. Hill's habits. They are exemplary to perfection. He is the rum-seller's friend but he has no use for their wares. Tobacco and he are strangers. In his wine-cellar, however, are stored the choicest liquors to be found in the market. These are for his guests. He is very methodical. His own apartments in the Executive Mansion are the most unpretentious in this handsome structure and are furnished in a quiet style without elaboration or extravagance. He rises between 7 and half-past. His breakfast is eaten at 8 o'clock in a small room on the west side of the Mansion. He glances through the morning papers and at 9 o'clock starts for the Capitol. Up to half-past 10 he is busy with his mail or looking over newspapers that his industrious subordinates have marked for him. He receives during this time his chosen legislative lieutenants, but no one else, unless by appointment. His public business begins at 10:30, and with the exception of an hour and a half for luncheon, for which he trudges over to the Executive Mansion half a mile away, he receives visitors up to 3:30 o'clock. All business of a strictly State character is done after this hour. The first two years of his life as Governor he was democratic enough to admit any caller, but he soon learned that this kind of democracy did not pay, that it clogged public business. Now only his intimates are privileged callers at the Executive Mansion after nightfall. He needs no Dan Lamont to keep away bores, nuisances or political dead-beats. He attends to that department of state personally.

It has been said time and again that the Governor is an inveterate woman-hater. The assertion is hardly true, for women who can discuss politics have found him a delightful but timid companion. As a matter of fact he is shy of women, and his oft-repeated remark that a man is of no use a year before and a year after marriage is a fair example of his estimate of woman's influence. A few years ago he was travelling through the State in a special car. At one of the stations a committee got aboard to escort him to his destination forty miles away. One of the members impudently brought his wife and daughter, and, without asking consent, ensconced them in the Governor's car. Mr. Hill soon observed them.

"Who owns those women?" he demanded savagely of Colonel McEwan, who was in charge as chief of transportation.

"General Blank, Governor."

"Who invited them here?"

"I reckon he did? Shall I escort them out?"

"Oh no. Don't do that. But this is no place for women. Allow no more of them in the car."

One of his friends was talking with him in his public room at the Capitol one day when a delegation of four women marched in. Several members of the Legislature were waiting to see the Governor, but the Amazonian delegation proceeded at once toward his desk.

"Look at this procession," observed Mr. Hill. "I would you were Governor for about twenty minutes."

The delegation in the meantime had approached within earshot when the Governor hurriedly arose and exclaimed to his friend: "If you will step back in the private office for a moment I will show you that picture we were talking about," and before the astonished women could gather their senses together, the Governor and his friend were behind the closed door. "I merely want to escape those women," he explained, deprecatingly. Verily a handsome retreat in the face of a determined enemy.

During his Indiana trip in the fall of 1888, the Governor was called to the rear end of the platform at Seymour, where a dense crowd had gathered. A woman with a mewling infant in her arms forced her way up to the edge of the car and cried: "You're a great Democrat, Governor Hill, and me and the baby want to kiss you!" This wild demonstration of Indiana hospitality nearly prostrated Mr. Hill. For a moment he was speechless, while the colors of the rainbow flitted over his face. "I will kiss the child," he finally observed after a painful hesitation and with apparent embarrassment, but at that moment as the crowd began to cheer, the train began to move, and the Governor, with a murmured "what a narrow escape," lifted his hat to the multitude.

He was at Fortress Monroe the same fall to recuperate after the arduous efforts of the campaign, and a lady, the descendant of four generations of Democrats, went out of her way to make his visit pleasant. This was a phase of life he had not counted upon, and it embarrassed him all the more when he discovered that Mrs. —— and her mother intended to start North the same day as his party. He then endeavored to learn strategically whether they would travel by boat to Baltimore or by rail. He was informed that they preferred the boat. Now, he had laid his plans to travel by water too, but he changed them and bought return tickets by rail—only to find in the end, when escape was impossible, that Mrs. —— and her mother were on the train. At Baltimore the party changed cars. The Governor was standing on the track when a through express came whirling along. The young lady snatched his arm in a perfect le matter-of-fact manner and escorted him out of harm's way. He was surprised but yielded submissively. To those who saw the incident, his face is described as a perfect study. It is doubtful whether a woman ever before undertook to boss him.

Is Governor Hill honest? He came to Albany with a substantial bank account. I am informed by one of his most intimate friends that to-day he is forced to depend upon his salary. But still he is the Governor of a State whose population is greater than that of the United States under Presidents Washington, Adams and Jefferson.

JOHANNISBERG CAN BE HAD.

From The Chicago Tribune.

A Chicago wine merchant was shown yesterday an interview with a wine-taster of St. Louis in which the latter stated that there wasn't a bottle of Johannisberg in the United States, and that there had never been but three cases of it brought to this country.

"Nonsense," said the wine merchant. "I know it is a rare old wine and expensive. But there is Johannisberg in this country for those who are able to pay for it, and there has always been. Of course the vineyard from which it comes—the estate of Prince Metternich—is very small. But its productiveness is marvellous. I have been there and seen it. I have bought the wine from the agents of the estate. I know of Americans who have stopped off there and bought cases of it and shipped it back home. I have bought of it for people here in Chicago myself. It costs from $12 to $15 a bottle, but what is that to an American who has the money? Look here, let me tell you something: When an American with money wants anything from any part of the old World he is going to get it. Those chaps over there would sell anything they have. And one-half of the royal pleasure-seekers and titled gentry who are roaming around Europe are not as able to buy the good things over there as our Americans. Two or three of the nobility—I mean the little Princes and such—get together and have a supper or dinner, and it costs them what is equal in this country to $10. A Board of Trade man of Chicago will come in here with one friend and spend $15 for a lunch. Americans can beat the world living. I repeat that there isn't anything too good for an American if he has the money. And when he is broke he manages to get along.

"I have a consignment of Johannisberg in my cellar that belongs to Herbert Ayer. Bemis, of the Richelieu, can uncork a case of Johannisberg by touching his bell. Levi Z. Leiter and Marshall Field have Johannisberg in their cellars. John T. Lester had some in his life. Kellogg, H. G. Farber, J. G. Peasley and Martin Ryerson—the latter has the finest private wine cellar in Chicago—have Johannisberg, and I don't know how many more."

AN ASTONISHED BUNCO MAN.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

Chief Justice Beasley, of New Jersey, who prides himself on the rural character of his dress and appearance, while on a recent visit to New-York City, was one afternoon standing on the steps of a prominent hotel when he was accosted by a perfect stranger, who he at once sized up as a confidence operator.

"It has been a long time since we met," said the newcomer in an affable manner.

"Yes," said the Chief Justice, musingly, "quite a long time."

"Are you enjoying yourself as usual?" asked the man, evidently feeling for an opportunity to run in his little game.

"Yes, as usual," answered the Chief Justice, with a sunny smile.

"Still in the same old business, eh?"

"Yes; still in the same old business."

"What business is it? It's been so long since I've seen you that I declare I've quite forgotten."

The Chief Justice's eyes sparkled merrily, as he replied, with an assumption of innocence which would have done no discredit to a first-class actor:

"Sending rogues to jail!"

The confidence man stared at him and then suddenly shot off down the street, while the Chief Justice looked after him with all the innocence and benevolence of a Jersey farmer totally ignorant of city wiles and delusions.

FISH CARRIED THROUGH THE AIR.

From The Indianapolis Journal: Marion dispatch.

At Swayzee this morning the residents were catching fish out of the pools and puddles made by last night's terrific rain. Later, when the water sunk into the ground, sunfish and shiners by the thousand strewed the ground. There is no stream within four miles of Swayzee, and the theory is that these fish were caught up by a small tornado and deposited where they were found.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A MEMBER OF THE CABINET PROFITS BY EXPERIENCE.

"WORKING" PUBLIC MEN FOR ADVERT