MR. GLADSTONE.

HIS LATEST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AND HIS PLUNGE INTO "PROGRESSIVE" POLITICS.

London, June 1.

"There is," said Sir Andrew Clark, "no medical reason why Mr. Gladstone should not live to be two hundred." This remark was made just before his patient's departure for the Riviera last winter. It is probably as true now as then. Sir Andrew Clark is Mr. Gladstone's regular physician, and has long been;—a cautious, canny doctor; a Scot, in whose mouth a hint means more than a proclamation from the lips of an Englishman. The great patient has done what he could to justify Sir Andrew's prophecy. "He is a younger man than he was twenty years ago," said an old friend only the other day. Everybody has noticed his energy and freshness since his return from his long holiday in the South. He has been the wonder of the House of Commons; the life of more private assemblies. Last week he delivered a speech in the House which had every characteristic of youth; including rashness and enthusiasm. Last night he spoke to some sweltering thousands of liegemen in the Memorial Hall at Farringdon in London, and again his speech was the speech of a young man; with that buoyancy of tone which takes no account of obstacles, and pays no heed to any facts but such as suit his immediate purpose.

If Sir Andrew Clark's medical certificate be interesting, so is Sir Charles Russell's testimony to Mr. Gladstone's perennial political youthfulness. Sir Charles Russell is not quite so great an authority on the platform as at the bar, but he deserves attention. He is just as strong a partisan in politics as in court; sees one side just as clearly and ignores the other with the same air of candor which the advocate finds influential with the jury. He is a passionate Home Ruler and a passionate Gladstonian;—the two things do not always go together. The one feature, said Sir Charles, which distinguished Mr. Gladstone from the statesmen of any time was the fact that with advancing years his sympathies had broadened, and his mind was continually and fearlessly open to the consideration of every new problem which the progress of our complicated society brought to the surface. Sir Charles in his fervor, or perhaps the reporter in his haste, omitted the qualifying cause which would make this sweeping statement literally true. Mr. Gladstone's mind has, indeed, ever since 1885, been continually and fearlessly open to every new problem behind which there were any votes.

I will do him more justice than some of his newer friends do him. He is, in truth, on many of these new subjects, indeed, on most of them, extremely conservative. If he followed his best instincts he would be a bulwark against the rising tide of radicalism to which neither the cliffs nor the conservatism of this island are a sufficient barrier. Down to 1885, he was content to be a Liberal, and the English Liberal was just as conservative as the Tory on social questions; often more so. But ever since that night in June, 1886, when a hostile majority of thirty put an end to Mr. Gladstone's hopes of carrying Home Rule by a coup de main, his mind has been more and more widely open. He has drifted away from his old anchorage. His perfidy to the cause of the Union drew other perfidies in its train. The least fault, said La Rochefoucauld, of women who have abandoned themselves to the pursuits of passion is the pursuit of passion.

It is so with the politician. When he has once started on the down grade, he can no longer control the pace. When he has put before him the attainment of a majority as the highest political duty, all means to that end become good; or, if not all, many which in happier circumstances he would have put from him with just scorn. He is convinced, sincerely convinced, that the welfare of this country demands his return to office. He can only return upon certain conditions. He thinks some of these conditions injurious, but is sure the injury will be more than compensated by the benefits he will have it in his power to confer. So he submits to the conditions, relying on the excellence of his intentions. "Good intentions," observed Montaigne rather more than three hundred years ago, "do, when immoderately pursued, impel men to very vicious results." A later and more positive writer has declared that most of the worst actions in this world proceed from the best motives.

The conditions, to put it briefly, are impersonated in Mr. Schnadhorst, whose one business it is to win, by whatever lawful means present themselves, the greatest possible number of seats at the coming election. Hence the Newcastle programme. Hence the "Progressive" movement in London. Hence the attempt to identify Liberalism with Gladstonism, and Gladstonism with Radicalism, and Mr. Gladstone himself with the oracles of the labor party; and to identify the party which once bore and deserved the name of Liberal with the various crotchets of the heterogeneous company which calls itself the Liberal and Radical Union. You observe that Liberal by itself is no longer an adequate name. The great army of reformers in motley of which each battalion boasts a certain number of votes and claims certain concessions, has to be conciliated by the adoption of the word Radical as an explanatory tag to Liberal.

This is the body—this Liberal "and" Radical Union—which Mr. Gladstone addressed last night. His speech—his very presence on such a platform—is a bid for London. The Progressives of the London County Council have captured the Gladstonian party, and captured Mr. Gladstone himself. He has been told that his one chance of winning seats in the metropolis is to fight the Parliamentary election on lines similar to those of the municipal election. He bows that noble head. They are not his lines any more than the Newcastle Programme was his programme. He accepted the one from the hands of Mr. Schnadhorst, as he now accepts the other at the hands of—whom shall I say? No one name in the municipal politics of London answers to the name of the King of the Caucus—the ablest political manager, except perhaps Mr. Gladstone himself, whom this generation has seen.

But if you care to have a notion of the completeness of Mr. Gladstone's surrender, you may run through the list of names of the men who "supported" him on this occasion—something more than a guard of honor. They were there to do him honor and he was there to do them honor. He seemed in their keeping and custody. No testimony of respect to the illustrious captive was wanting, and no precaution omitted to prevent his escape. The list of these gentlemen, half bodyguard, half police, fills nearly half a column. Many of the names mean little here, and would mean nothing to you. Some of them mean much. There is Lord Rosebery, to whom the politics of the future are the politics of the poor. His deep sympathies with distress, and his keen perception of political necessities and of the irresistible power of the new English Democracy, have carried him much further toward socialism than he thinks. There is Lord Carrington, fresh from his vice-regal honors in New South Wales, perhaps the most radical of peers. There is Lord Monkswell, a Socialist doctrinaire, and Mr. Percy Bunting, to whom few fads come amiss. Sir Thomas Farrer is of the company; one of the Chief Rabbis of Free Trade and of the London County Council.

That distinguished body is present almost in block; its leading lights shining brightly in every corner. Need I name Mr. John Burns? Need I name Mr. Ben Tillett? They are the Castor and Pollux—the Great Twin Brethren of the Council, and of the newest socialistic Gospel of Labor; the two men who most openly avow their contempt for the general interests of the community, and their purpose to make the interests of one class supreme. The McDougall is there, but Mr. Parkinson's name does not occur. Mr. Alderman Frederic Harrison is there, perhaps wondering a little that Mr. Gladstone and not he should be the central figure of the scene. Mr. Harrison preaches the religion of Comte. His followers are few, but their fewness only strengthens his conviction that the faith he himself holds must be the true one. There are a score besides, each one of whom represents some fresh extravagance, but enumeration is tedious and these samples are enough; unless Mr. Benn's name ought to be mentioned. Mr. Benn is the Schnadhorst of the Council; the Whip of the Progressive party.

I remember the saying of an eminent citizen of Edinburgh, now dead, in 1884, during the third Midlothian campaign. He was at one of the great meetings to which Mr. Gladstone made one of his great speeches, and he was asked what he thought of him. "Oh, but it's a sad sight," was his somewhat unexpected answer. Invited to explain, he added: "Well, it's thirty years since I first saw him pounding away on a platform and here he is, thirty years later, pounding away still." There is a note of Carlyle in that, but of course it was not Carlyle. We need not altogether agree with it or with him, but it came into mind as I looked into the singular catalogue of celebrities—they are all celebrated for something—by whom the great orator allowed himself to be surrounded at the Memorial Hall in Farringdon. That it should come to this!

It is not less melancholy to hear his announcement that he has surrendered to the London Trades Council, and is now going to hold with them that conference which he so recently refused to attend. No good could come of such a conference, he wrote to the delegates who invited him. A cold shiver ran down Mr. Schnadhorst's back when he read it. The managers on both sides saw that he had made a mistake from a political point of view. The Tories used it. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour received the deputation which Mr. Gladstone had turned away from his door. What pressure was put upon him I know not, but presently he made advances to the offended labor authorities, and last night he announced that they had accepted them, and there was to be a conference after all. It can give nobody any pleasure to see a humiliation of this sort imposed on the great party leader; whether it be self-imposed or otherwise. To hear him announce it himself adds to the pathos of the situation. Practical politics, no doubt, but it makes one wish that Mr. Gladstone's friends could find some way to spare him the public exposure of such a capitulation. G. W. S.

"TORTONI'S"

THE FAMOUS PARIS RESTAURANT TO BE SOLD.

Paris, June 1.

After Brebant, Tortoni's. The former, famous old restaurant-keeper, is scarcely still in his grave when the latter, one of the most famous restaurant's, comes under the hammer of the auctioneer. June 20 is the date announced for the sale, and great is the speculation as to who will get it and what he will do with it. The general idea is that it will be turned into a common brasserie, or beer-shop. In any event, it is not likely to retain the name under which it has flourished for three generations, so that "Tortoni's" will soon become a thing of the past.

Only a few years ago, however, it was the centre of Paris. An artist, a journalist, a professional man of any kind, in seeking to rent a flat or other apartments, first of all inquired, "How far is it from Tortoni's?" Its desirability decreased as the distance from Tortoni's increased. Such was the case even fifteen or twenty years ago, in the early days of the Republic. But of late Paris has moved westward, leaving Tortoni's behind, and the number of beer saloons and other drinking places, and gambling clubs, has increased, to the ruin of the cafe restaurants of the old type.

Tortoni's, as the world knows, is at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Taitbout. It was opened at the commencement of this century by an Italian confectioner and caterer named Velloni. Under his management it did not prosper, and he presently sold it for a trifle to a fellow Neapolitan named Tortoni. The latter quickly made it the favorite rendezvous for all the fashionable young men of the First Empire. Even Bonaparte himself was now and then among its habitues. Its billiard parlor was the best in Europe, and matches were played between the most famous experts. It is told that Talleyrand was an enthusiast over this game, and never failed to be at Tortoni's when any good playing was to be seen. On one occasion Talleyrand brought thither a notable player named Spolar, and introduced him to one of his friends, a Government officer, who boasted of being the champion player of France. A match was quickly arranged between them, and Spolar won easily. Whereupon Talleyrand gathered up all the stakes and put every sou into his own pocket.

When Tortoni died, the house passed into other hands, but retained the name under which it had achieved its great popularity. Some years ago it was purchased by a M. Percheron, who did his best to check the decadence which was already setting in. Many notable folk still went thither. Henri Rochefort was an almost nightly visitor, until he left France. M. Aurelien Scholl and the Prince de Dion also frequented it, and it was there that they had the quarrel which led to their famous duel. Indeed, the leading personages in literature, art and finance, even down to the present day, have seemed to feel it a duty to visit Tortoni's, perhaps for the sake of identifying themselves with the place and its glorious past. But a few days ago M. Percheron died, and his son, who inherited his estate, has decided to dispose of the restaurant, which, despite its distinguished patronage, is no longer profitable.

CAMPED IN THE BOWERY.

A PICTURESQUE ARMY OF CABLE ROAD BUILDERS IN POSSESSION OF THAT THOROUGHFARE.

The Bowery is always an interesting and diversified thoroughfare. At night its flaming signs, shifting crowds and uncouth noises amuse the dullest observer. But since the forces of the cable railroad contractors have descended upon it the busy street has taken on an aspect that astonishes the oldest inhabitant. It presents a combination of the city and the mining camp that is unique.

At night a hundred gasoline tanks flame and roar forth great volumes of flickering light. In their ruddy glare gangs of men toil and drive in the bowels of the earth, laying the foundations of the cable road sub-structure. Deep trenches with linings of jagged planking and unsightly piles of brick give a suburban flavor to the scene. An occasional derrick reared over a difficult and deep excavation suggests the prospecting shaft of a lonely mining claim. The village smithy has been put on wheels and trundled down from its historic situation beneath the spreading chestnut tree, to the centre of crowded city traffic. The smith, minus his leathern apron and great creaking bellows, hammers on his portable anvil, shortening and lengthening bolts and braces, while his assistant grinds away at a little rotary blower. The sound of iron upon iron and the sharp ring of the cold chisel are in the air.

The great arteries of the city's water and gas supplies are laid bare, and undermined, and shifted about with an ease that appears to be recklessness, but is really the most intelligent carefulness. A score of special policemen with badges on coat and cap, and clubs under their arm, lean on the railing of the temporary bridges and watch the tides of humanity that ebb and flow and fret through the narrow channels thus provided. Piles of heavy iron castings are strewn along the gutter. Heaps of earth fill every available space. Cars crawl back and forth between rows of twinkling red lights on tracks that are half undermined and tunnelled at every crossing. Switches and sidings run right and left. Moving tool houses, drafting offices and engineers headquarters creep down town in the track of all this army of labor, as the headquarters tent follows an invading column. In fact, the Bowery is in the hands of an enemy whose camp by day and bivouac by night are equally picturesque to the observing stranger and exasperating to the suffering inhabitant.

PITIFUL BISECTION.

From The London Globe.

A little boy was recently given as a birthday present two goldfish in a glass jar. After a couple of days one of them died of excessive handling. Two or three day later it was discovered that the survivor had been bisected. The youthful owner, was interrogated, and replied: "The poor little fish was so tired of living alone that I made him into two."

THE TALK OF PARIS.

FIRE IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU—THE ROTHSCHILD WEDDING.

Paris, June 2.

The heat here has been almost beyond endurance during the last week. It renders all kinds of indoor entertainments almost an impossibility, while in the provinces it seems to have already been the cause of serious losses. From all parts of the country we hear of injury done to the crops by the scorching sun. Forest-fires have broken out in several of the departments, and five acres of the finest and oldest pines of the Forest of Fontainebleau have been destroyed in this way. Here in Paris itself, the chestnut and other trees which line the Boulevards and the Champs Elysees are being rapidly reduced to the state of tinder. The firemen spent an entire day last week, in endeavoring to extinguish the flames which extended all along the fortifications from the Porte de Saint Cloud to the Porte de Billancourt. It is in vain that the streets are being swept and watered, the dust and heat appearing to defy the authorities. The asphalt pavement is reduced to burning pulp, into which the foot sinks and sticks, while the wooden pavement of the roadway seems ready to ignite at any moment.

One of the most important incidents of the last week has been the determination of the Government to effect an altogether radical change with regard to the discipline imposed upon female convicts serving terms of penal servitude. Hitherto in all the great penitentiaries reserved for woman prisoners, the rule imposing silence has been in force. From the moment that the convict began her term of imprisonment until the date of its expiration, she was strictly prohibited from uttering a single word. Careful investigation, however, has shown that in almost every case where the term is of long duration this obligatory silence results in either insanity or death. After mature consideration the Government has decided that henceforth the female prisoners of the great penitentiaries at Clermont, Rennes, Montpellier and Cordillac are to be allowed to converse with one another for at least two hours every day.

No visitor should leave Paris without going to see the new panorama which has just been established in the large building on the Champs Elysees which formerly contained the panoramas of the Battle of Solferino, and afterward of the Siege of Paris. It represents the soul-stirring story of the French frigate Vengeur going down with the colors nailed to the mast off Vishant in 1794, rather than to surrender to the English fleet. The painter has chosen the moment when at the close of a hard day's fighting, the French fleet—overpowered by Lord Howe's squadron—is doing its best to escape in the direction of Brest, and when the sailors of the Vengeur are just going to their heroic death. In the panorama the vessel has settled down so far that only the guns on her main deck are available, and with these the gunners are firing a last feeble broadside at a stately British vessel of the line, from which shot and shell are being poured into the fast sinking ship. The wounded and ragged sailors of the Vengeur are in the act of nailing the French flag to the stump of the mainmast, while an officer on the quarterdeck, raising his hat on the end of his sword, hurls defiance at a group of British marines on board the Brunswick. All around are the ships of both nations keeping up a running fight as they speed through the choppy sea. Many of the British men-of-war have already launched boats to pick up the survivors of the Vengeur, scores of whom have been washed off her decks and are clinging to floating spars.

A gala performance was given at the Opera a few nights ago, in aid of the Metropolitan Ambulance Association here, a worthy and useful institution which owes its origin to American enterprise. Notwithstanding the extravagant prices charged for seats, the house was crowded with brilliantly dressed women and elegant cavaliers, and seldom has the "Temple Garnier," as the Opera is called, presented so fairylike an aspect. The grand staircase was decorated on every other step by human statues, in the shape of picked men of the Garde Municipale, who presented arms as the President and Mme. Carnot made their entry. Mme. Carnot looked extremely well in a black velvet gown opening over white satin, the latter veiled with fine black lace. Crimson and pink roses nestled at her breast, and in her hair among bows of diamonds genre Louis XIII.

In the stage box opposite that occupied by the Carnots was Mme. Ribot, wife of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and an American by birth. She was attired in magnificent creamy lace over white satin, and carried a superb white feather fan. The English and Spanish Ambassadresses were in the same box, the Marchioness of Dufferin being gowned in silvery gray satin, trimmed with chiffon of a lighter tint, while the Duchess of Mandas wore black with a tall diamond aigrette scintillating in her coiffure.

The American born Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld presented a charming picture in a frock of gray satin, with a stomacher of gorgeous jewels and a coronet formed by diamond laurel leaves. The "loge entre colones" was the most resplendent of the whole house, for in the centre thereof sat, arrayed in pearl-white satin trimmed with priceless lace, with ropes of pearls looped about her bust and encircling her throat, and with a coronet of diamonds tipped with large pearls on her fair head, the Comtesse de Pourtales, still marvellously beautiful, in spite of the stubborn fact that she is a grandmother.

Among others whom I noticed there was the Russian Ambassadress and her daughter, Mme. Floquet, wife of the President of the French Chamber, the Duchesse d'Uzes, clothed in white from head to foot; the Duchesse de Morny, in pinkish mauve; the Marquise d'Hervey de Saint-Denis, in a "feuille de rose" gown; Princess Kotchoubey, in white lace and silver, and the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, in black lace and diamonds.

All the creme de la creme of fashionable and wealthy Paris assembled in the great synagogue of the Rue de la Victoire to witness the wedding of Baron Gustave de Rothschild's daughter, Juliette, to M. Emanuel Leonino, a promising young mining engineer. The ceremony took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the interior of the synagogue, and especially the "Theba" near the choir and sanctuary, were literally covered with magnificent flowers. Garlands of fragrant blossoms festooned the pillars, the walls were hung with crimson velvet draperies, and tall groups of palms arose from all sides, towering above regular parterres of flowering plants.

The bride wore a perfectly plain, white corded-silk gown with a long, square train. There were no flowers, ruches, embroideries, or lace of any kind on this virginal toilet, but around her neck was coiled a necklace of four rows of pearls as big as plovers' eggs—a present of Baron Alphonse de Rotschild—which must be worth a king's ransom. The six bridesmaids who followed her, were clothed in jonquil-yellow surah, and carried huge bouquets of mimosa dandelion, and feathery reeds.

It would be impossible to cite one-tenth of the personages who attended the wedding, but among the bride's nearest relatives and dearest friends were Baron and Baroness Edmond de Rothschild, Baronne Leonino, Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, who had come expressly from London for the occasion, Duc and Duchesse de la Tremoille, Duc and Duchesse de Morny, Duc and Duchesse de Fezensac, Princess de Sagan, Baron and Baronne Seilleire, Comte and Comtesse de Ganay, Comte Louis de Turenne, Marquis and Marquise de Lastegrie, etc., etc.

The chorus of the Grand Opera sang the "The'ea" and the "Hallel" of Halevy, and the Grand Rabbi of Paris, M. Dreyfus, officiated, assisted by M. Zadok-Kahn, Grand Rabbi of France. After the "Blessing" and the "Tasting of the wine," customary at Israelite marriages, the bride and bridegroom withdrew to another part of the synagogue in order there to receive the congratulations of their numerous friends. In the evening a brilliant reception took place at the mansion of the bride's parents in the Avenue Marigny.

MEMORIES OF CUSTER.

REMINISCENCES OF A SCOUT WHO WITNESSED THE MASSACRE OF LITTLE BIG HORN.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 2.—The repeating rifle, smokeless powder, and long range artillery have so altered the scope of warfare that warriors henceforth will depend more on their adeptness in chemistry, mathematics and scientific capabilities than on courage, muscle and cleverness with weapons. It is difficult to imagine in the next great war the personality of any one of the actual fighters participating having any effect on the contest. Most people of a romantic turn of mind who are prone to hero-worship realize this condition, and enjoy more than was perhaps formerly the case a bit of human nature endowed with the qualities which made d'Artagnan the most admired, and perhaps as well loved, of all the charming friends which readers have found in fiction.

Man-killing in these days is at once associated with such unpleasant features as policemen, courts, jails and an electrical chair; so to meet a man who for a large portion of his life has regarded the taking of lives from a business-like point of view as a bricklayer does his bricks, or a carpenter his planks and tools is, perhaps, of more than ordinary interest. When, in addition to his business of a slayer, the man possesses the heroic qualities personified by the Gascon guardsman, the modesty of a young girl, the truthfulness of a child, the physique of an athlete, and has assisted in the making of history, what one has to say of his experiences is worth recording.

The man in question is known to soldiers, miners and Indians of the Northwest and in Canada as "Captain Dick." His surname is Falconberg, but he never uses that. For years "Captain Dick" has led the life of a frontiersman, of a scout, and as such won the regard of General Custer, of whose last fight he was a spectator; unable to give assistance, expecting every moment to be his last, he viewed the carnage of the Little Big Horn, the bloodiest Indian battle ever fought on American soil, and he is able to present some new and interesting features of that tragic event. "Captain Dick" is now in Southern California, engaged in mining in San Diego County. He is fond of newspaper men, as will be remembered by many New-York reporters and "literary cusses" who may read this, for he is as much at home in New-York as on the prairies, and can talk shop with habitues of Printing House Square as readily as he can exchange gutturals with stolid Sioux. "Dick" recently permitted me to have access to his diaries, and from them, as well as from what he has told me, I am able to give you the following. In speaking of Custer, "Dick" estimates him as a brother.

"Poor George, he was the most gallant cavalryman who ever straddled a horse, the greatest general in his way the army ever possessed, and the bravest soldier who ever pulled a trigger. But for his terrible impetuosity he might be alive to-day. He was born to be a cavalry general—he hated restraint more than anything else, he knew no fear, and would have attacked the Sioux with his handful of men even if he had known that they outnumbered him a hundred to one. His example shows how well it is to be a brave man. During all his battles in the Rebellion he invariably fought in front of his regiment, unlike other generals, and he was wounded only once. He gave no time to the enemy to charge or fire twice; he and his men would be among them before they knew it, and this success of surprising, in fighting white men, led him to think he could practice the same tactics with Indians. This is where he made his fatal mistake. Had he sneaked up on to the Sioux—but this was not in his make-up—he could have conquered the brutes; as it was he was exposed, without protection of any kind, to their murderous attacks. If Major Reno, however, had possessed the same spirit as Custer, the Da-co-tahs would undoubtedly all have been slain."

The story as it follows is gleaned from "Dick's" papers. The references to himself I have had to construct from the slight mention I find of them in his diaries, for his modesty is as great as his fear is small, and he would not permit the amplification I have given of his own acts if he was aware. The story as a whole, however, is his own.

In 1873 General Custer was sent to Montana to protect the interests of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He went through the Yellowstone Valley, and strange to say, this expedition was what decided his fate in 1876. Hearing that several members of his party had been slaughtered by the Indians, he had one of the culprits caught and taken to Fort Lincoln. The prisoner confessed his crime and was sentenced to be shot. The very day the execution was to have taken place the buck escaped, and made his way through all the Sioux villages trying to persuade the Indians to take the warpath, in which he finally succeeded, stirring up a great revolt. That young Indian was the afterward famous Rain-in-the-face. On Custer's return to Dakota General Terry ordered him to trail the Da-co-tahs and make a clean sweep of them, if possible; but he added the instructions that if the warriors were too numerous, to wait for reinforcements before proceeding too far. I find the following entry in the diary: "But General Terry's parting remarks to Custer were his death-warrant. They were, as I have heard them, as follows: 'The commander-in-chief places too much confidence in your energy and ability, to impose precise orders, which might hinder you in your advance when near to the enemy.'"

It is evidently Captain Dick's opinion that if Terry had given Custer strict and well-defined orders the final tragedy might have been averted. In fact, the opinion is expressed that Terry did not like Custer's independence, and well knowing that he would rush ahead, intentionally gave him no restrictions. The consequence was that Custer neglected to wait for General Gibbon's forces, and trusting to his own strength, his brave 7th Cavalry and his ability, charged the Sioux camp as if riding to a parade on his favorite horse Dandy, which had carried him safely through many battles. Custer had only twenty-eight officers and about 750 men under his command, who were easily equal to about 2,000 Indians, and he expected to find about 2,500 Indians, whom he could have defeated. He went up through the Rosebud Valley, marched to Little Big Horn, and discovered Indians in front of him, and at once made an attack.

Captain Dick was then with Custer as a scout. He was at this time known as "Nick Dick," from the numerous little nicks on the stock of his rifle. Dick was then a very young frontiersman, but the stock was full of these little notches, each one of which, according to this Western manner of recording, marked the death of an Indian foe. Custer had a warm affection for the young fellow, and had termed him the most reliable and bravest scout in his command. Before making his final advance Custer called up Dick, and sent him as a carrier with a full statement of the situation to Major Reno, who with three companies of the 7th was ordered to cross the Rosebud on the left and at once attack the Indians in the rear at the same time that Custer would be engaging them in the front. Because of the immense number of hostiles, swarming all over the trails and through the woods, Dick could not reach Reno's command, but he came near enough to see that officer, after making only the slightest resistance to the Indians, retire with his 225 men across the Rosebud River under a heavy fire, when he might by risking his skin have stood and fought, changing the ending of that day.

Captain Dick, seeing that he could not reach the flying Reno, determined to retrace his steps and, if possible, join Custer, and take a hand in the scrimmage, and warn him not to make the attack, but to retreat, as Reno would not support him. He was seen by a redskin, and a rifle ball ploughed its way across his shoulder, but his knowledge of woodcraft and Indian warfare enabled him to elude the hundreds of savages who thronged the country. A few moments after receiving his wound his horse was shot under him, and the remainder of the journey he had to make on his hands and knees. He got within shooting distance, or, say, 600 yards, of the battlefield, but all he could see was a mass of naked, demoniac Indians, bloodstained and bloodthirsty, shooting and thrusting into something in their centre. The number of the hostiles could only be guessed at. So thick was the smoke, and so constantly in motion were the combatants, that all the onlooker could judge was that they were in the thousands. Occasionally there would be a rattle of musketry from within the howling mass, and the Indians would swerve aside for a moment, and Dick could see that the encircled men of the 7th, though in an absolutely hopeless contest, were fighting like she-wolves to the death. Dick had sixty rounds of ammunition when he, from his hiding-place, began to watch the tragedy being played before him. He put aside one cartridge for his own use, in case it came to a question of his death or his capture, and occupied himself in putting the bullets from the others where they would do the most good. As he is a remarkably good shot and delights in using Indians as a target, I am positive, judging from that fact and the notes in his diary, that not one of these leaden messengers was lost.

Rain-in-the-Face was the leader of the Indians; this was the same fellow alluded to above, who was captured during the Yellowstone campaign, charged with murder, and who escaped and incited revolt. This warrior tried his best to come into a hand-to-hand fight with Custer, being eager for the honor; but his attempt was fruitless, as countless warriors were all endeavoring to single out the General, shooting, using clubs and arrows and all sorts of weapons in their ferocious efforts to reach him. A few of the soldiers tried to run away, but they might just as well have died like heroes for they were cut down before they had gone a dozen yards. As far as Dick could tell, nearly all the cavalrymen were killed before Custer fell. He saw the General dismount and urge his men on, when he received a bullet in the left side and fell to his knees, when another shot struck him full in the breast and he fell on his face, his emptied carbine and revolver beside him.

The fight had lasted four hours and over, and even Dick's strong nerves were unstrung after it was all over and the brutal Sioux began their dirty work of scalping and mutilating the dead. One Crow scout and one white man escaped.

The Indian lodges were close by, and there in a large tent, whining like a hound and then chanting a war song, was Sitting Bull, the great medicine man and humbug. He was not a warrior or a general, as he has usually been described. According to Dick, he never fought in his life. The scout, however, gives full credit to Rain-in-the-Face and his aides for the conduct of the battle. He denies, however, that that chief killed Custer, saying: "It is ridiculous to credit one man with killing any particular man in a fight where the bullets are flying by the thousands almost every moment. There were actually so many Sioux on the field that day that only about half of their number were able personally to participate in the butchery, and comparatively few were either wounded or killed; not more than 120 of the former, or sixty-eight of the latter. The number of the hostiles were increased by many of the Indians who had caused Reno to turn tail, leaving that officer's trail in disgust, and coming to where there was real fighting. According to Dick's account, the sight of the battle must have been terribly beautiful, for nearly all the contestants were on horse back, and the fighting was mainly hand to hand with sabres and revolvers.

As it was useless to try to render any help to the doomed band, most of whom were killed while he was looking on, Captain Dick decided to attempt to reach Reno again. Twice he was stopped by the squads of the foe, each time bringing down two with his revolver. He makes a note that at the last time, he scalped one of the bucks he killed, his first and last trophy of that kind, his taste running to fighting, but not to illtreating the body of a dead enemy. The Indians began a systematic search of the hills about, for more victims, and Dick regards his escape as purely miraculous. He found a deserted camp where he could hide in safety while resting, for he was exhausted. He was aroused by troops of horses passing close, and on reconnoitering he found that the Indians were falling back from General Terry's troops. They had in their possession five battle flags, and the squaws would stop at every corpse and strip it of clothes and belongings. "Terry's approach scared Reno" adds the scout.

Sitting Bull was the counsellor of his tribe—his Indian name "Ta-ton-ka-i-go-ton-ka—signifying in an Indian fighter's opinion—a cunning foe afraid to risk his life, but ever ready to slay and slaughter if it could be done with impunity. Captain Dick met him a year later when he was captured by the Sioux. Bull had him bound, and said a few words to his braves. They immediately surrounded the captain, brandishing knives, revolvers and clubs, as if to annihilate him; Dick never moved a muscle, but coolly smiled at Bull, who soon ordered him released, and had him sit by him while a great pipe was brought out of his tepee, and the peace smoke solemnly gone through with. Dick became intimate with the old rascal, and was promised the pipe as a legacy in case Bull died before his guest. The wily old chief doubtless thought that Dick would never have an opportunity of claiming the pipe, as his adventurous life would be apt to carry him off first. In speaking of Bull, Captain Dick summarized him as follows:

"Many successful victories were effected through his cunning plans, if not through his personal fortitude, and he took pains to acquire a certain notoriety, and the consequence was that whenever the Indians made any lucky raids, inspired by Sitting Bull, the Government thought him the war chief, which he never was. Nevertheless, I am forced to admit that the prearrangement of the battle of the Little Big Horn showed great cunning and generalship. The Indian forces were about as well distributed as any white soldiers ever were under any general—every nook was filled and escape was impossible. The only time that Bull ever commanded, or rather would have commanded, an Indian force was in 1879, when General Miles sent him near the frontier of Canada. Then as soon as the old medicine man saw that chances were against him he at once retreated and went back into Canada, never to return until his surrender on July 19, 1887. The real war chiefs of the Da-co-tahs were Rain-In-The-Face, Gaul and Crow-Wing." In talking with the scout the fact was developed that Custer had the highest regard for him and the captain treasures above all else the words which "General George" once addressed to him as follows: "Nick Dick, you're a brave boy, but you're like myself—a born leader; a poor private trooper you would make. In time of great danger you prove yourself the most cold-blooded, self-reliant scout I know of. Why do little things in ordinary life excite you? Follow your own good judgment wherever you may go. A really brave man wants to be known as such to the world and dislikes to have his valor doubted."

ONE OF THE MODERN MIRACLES.

A HOUSEWIFE'S HORROR CHANGED INTO ONE OF HER BEST FRIENDS.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is entitled to be called a public benefactor, certainly the man who turns an odious stench into a pleasing fragrance has a claim for credit which may not be ignored. The days of necromancy are not past, they are only beginning, and in a dingy red brick house on the East Side of this city a striking example of this fact may be seen at any time.

There is probably no person who regards rancid butter as anything but a highly offensive substance and there are few, outside the uninitiated, who can think of any better use to be made of it than throw it into the ashbarrel. The initiated know better. There are few housewives and cooks who, when they flavor their custards, pies, cakes, etc., with delicious essence of pineapple, do not imagine that tons of that luscious tropical fruit are daily gathered by dusky natives from waving palms and amid scenes of harvest revelry are then squeezed of their fragrant juice for the special benefit of the American palate. But the "trade" knows that the pineapple oil of commerce is really butyric ether.

Now, there is no cause for alarm to the reader who first becomes aware of that fact by reading this article. Butyric ether is a charmingly fragrant, innocuous and delightful substance, and if the genuine pineapple itself were not pretty full of it that much prized fruit would command no better price than turnips; perhaps not as good. The only startling feature is the fact that butyric ether, which tastes and smells so good in custard or soda water, is produced from the most horribly rancid butter. Turning pure water into new wine seems simple alongside this modern miracle.

The miracle-worker takes his rancid butter and mixes it into a soapy lather with potash and sulphuric acid at first. This results in a thin, oily liquid which has even a more persistently rancid order than the butter had at first. It is then called butyric acid. Being distilled with alcohol and more sulphuric acid, the marvellous result is a fragrant and altogether delightful substance known as butyric ether or pineapple oil. Used in moderation it does no harm to the stomach, but it should not be used as a perfume, because when inhaled it tends to cause irritation of the air tubes and intense headache.

GRACE DARLING'S JUBILEE.

From The London Globe.

A suggestion has just been made in the columns of a Northumberland paper which deserves sympathetic consideration. On the 20th of next October fifty years will have elapsed since the death of Grace Darling, daughter of the Outer Farne lighthouse keeper. It is not necessary to recount the story of her heroic exploit on the occasion of the wreck of the steamship Forfarshire in September, 1838, which resulted in the raising of a subscription of £700, and in many offers being made to advance her position in life. Grace Darling, however, refused to leave her own people, and four years later died of consumption in her sea-girt home. She is buried in the churchyard of Bamborough, beneath a tomb which has been raised so it can be seen from the sea. "Every schoolgirl," writes Mr. Robert Burn to "The Alnwick Gazette," "has heard of the name of Grace Darling, but her deed lies now so far back in the past, and some day it may be forgotten. I cannot help thinking that as the fiftieth anniversary of her death will be this year, it would be a fitting occasion to raise a National memorial to her." We took occasion not very long ago to call attention to the Somersetshire Valhalla instituted by R. A. Kinglake, which has grown to such goodly proportions that the vestibule of the Shire Hall in Taunton is filled with statues of the illustrious dead. It seems to us that Mr. Burn's proposal affords an excellent opportunity for the starting of a similar institution in Northumberland. It would be difficult to inaugurate a Northumbrian Valhalla more fitly than by the erection of a statue to Grace Darling, the humble heroine who honored all English womanhood by her devoted courage.

A MIGHTY FEAST.

From The London Globe.

At Fischhausen, in Germany, a wedding feast of Homeric proportions recently took place. The 168 guests got through one ox, three pigs, four calves, eighteen chickens, ten geese, and ducks and pigeons in proportion. Four hogsheads of beer, forty quarts of rum and fifty of other liquids served to wash down the solids. The shade of Gargantua should rejoice at this noble feat.

PEERLESS IN EVERY RESPECT are the through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"THE ENGLISHMAN."

AN INDUSTRIOUS ECONOMIST AT THE HEAD OF GREEK AFFAIRS.

Athens, May 25.

The state of the Greek mind to-day is not easy to describe or to imagine. The elections are over and M. Tricoupis has won. The majority in Boule is so large that the opposition is scarcely worth taking into account. It is in a sense the King's victory. King George not long ago committed the extraordinary but entirely constitutional act of dismissing his then Prime Minister, M. Delyannis. He first requested him to resign, which the Minister refused to do; whereupon the King peremptorily dismissed him. M. Delyannis did not take this well. He was very angry. He raved against the King, and tried to get up a revolution that should drive "the foreigner," as he called him, from the throne. The elections, therefore, decided whether or not the King was right in dismissing M. Delyannis; and they decided most emphatically that he was right. But even more than that they were a victory for M. Tricoupis. For when King George dismissed M. Delyannis it was because his policy had proven ruinous to the country, and the King thought it would be better to have the policy of M. Tricoupis substituted for it. The country has approved the change.

So "the Englishman" becomes Prime Minister for the sixth time. He is commonly called "the Englishman" because much of his early life was spent in England, where he learned the English language very perfectly and acquired much of the disposition and manner of the people of that country. The Greeks are nervous and excitable. But he is cool and steady-going. More than that, he was for many years a member of the Greek Legation in London, and indeed it was he who conducted for Greece the negotiations with England which resulted in the cession of the Ionian Islands to their ancient owner. He is in fact, of course, a true Greek, having been born in 1832 at Nauplia, and being the son of Spiridon Tricoupis, the famous Greek historian. And in patriotic spirit he is a very Greek of the Greeks, despite the wild charges of lack of patriotism made against him by M. Delyannis and his party.

In fact, M. Tricoupis is bitterly opposed by the so-called "patriotic" party in Greece. And so it comes that the people are in such a curious frame of mind over his return to power. "Patriotism" in the sense commonly known here means Jingoism. It means intriguing for the possession of Crete and of Macedonia, and of every country in which many Greeks are to be found. It means opposing the sending of Bulgarian bishops into Macedonia. It means, in brief, Pan-Hellenism. That is doubtless a laudable sentiment. But it is one that Greece is scarcely able to maintain. Even if it does not bring on a foreign war, which would surely be disastrous to Greece, it has a fatal effect upon commerce and upon the domestic interests of the Nation. Against this Pan-Hellenic Jingoism M. Tricoupis has always set his face. At heart he is as earnest a Pan-Hellenist as M. Delyannis himself. But he realizes that the time is not opportune for such a movement, and that it will be far better to cultivate the welfare of the present country. A strong and prosperous Little Greece, he thinks, is better than a weak and bankrupt Big Greece.

Now Pan-Hellenism is very dear to the Greek heart. No people in Europe are so eager as they to have all their kindred united with them under one flag. At the same time the commercial spirit is strong, too. They greatly desire prosperity. Under M. Tricoupis the finances of the Nation have been safeguarded, but the Pan-Hellenic movement has languished. Under M. Delyannis Pan-Hellenism has been rampant, but finances, public and private, have gone to the dogs. So the people do not know whether to rejoice or to mourn over the return of M. Tricoupis; whether to rejoice in prosperity or to mourn over loss of so-called patriotism.

As for M. Tricoupis, he must now take up a most difficult and distasteful task—a dual task. He must recognize the fiscal system which M. Delyannis has wrecked. That is difficult. And he must repress and restrain the "patriotic" ardor of the Nation. That is distasteful. Yet he has done both, several times before, and does not shrink from the duty now. In 1881 he had a similar task, when Turkey did not carry out the Berlin treaty with regard to the frontier, and all Greece clamored for war. He kept the peace, but was forced to resign. But the country needed him, and in a few months he was in office once more. Again in 1885 he resigned his office to the hands of M. Delyannis. The latter began a most aggressive career of Jingoism, with the result that the Great Powers of Europe soon had to suppress him. They blockaded the ports of Greece and brought unspeakable humiliation upon it. So the Nation was glad to get rid of M. Delyannis and recall M. Tricoupis once more.

It was a terrible task that then confronted the Minister. Not only was the country humbled, but it was almost bankrupt. To keep the National Treasury from actual insolvency it was necessary at once greatly to increase taxation. That is usually a most unpopular thing to do. But he did it boldly. At one stroke he increased taxation more than 50 per cent, from 62,000,000 to 94,000,000 drachmas. Strange to say, no one complained, and even under this heavy burden prosperity was greatly increased. But after a few years the impatient Greeks grew tired of prosperity and began to clamor for "patriotism." The Greeks in Crete were oppressed; the Greek language was banished from the schools and courts of Epirus, and Bulgarian bishops were allowed to enter Macedonia. So in came M. Delyannis, with a fresh Pan-Hellenic crusade. It was the old story over again. M. Delyannis did not succeed in doing the least real good to the Greeks abroad, and he did bring bad times to the Greeks at home. So the King wisely put him out of office, and the people have wisely put M. Tricoupis in.

"The Englishman" is really a statesman of extraordinary ability. He is also perhaps the most industrious Minister in Europe. He has never married because he has been too busy. Wife and children would too much distract his attention from his work. So his accomplished sister manages his household for him, and makes it not only an important political centre, but the resort of all who are best in the literary and artistic worlds. M. Tricoupis begins work at his desk at daybreak and continues at it until midnight. He leaves it only for very brief and hasty meals, and for the hour's sleep at noon which seems to be necessary in the southern countries of Europe. He spends little time with visitors. When he meets guests he is a most affable and cordial host. But usually he leaves all such matters to his sister, who is well-fitted for the work, for she can discuss politics or diplomacy as astutely as she can converse charmingly on the latest novel or the newest departure in art. If ever he does seek relaxation from official duties, he finds it in reading serious literature or in promoting the interests of the archaeological schools of Athens. For some time to come he will probably think of nothing but his public duties, for matters are in terribly bad shape, and it will require all his attention and ability to bring order out of the prevailing chaos.

MARS APPROACHING THE EARTH.

From The Washington Star.

The month of August next is expected to bring important if not wonderful and sensational developments in the study of our mysterious heavenly little kinswoman. August 5 next Mars will arrive at a point directly opposite this earth, which it reaches but once in fifteen years, when the distance between the two planets will be reduced from 141,000,000 to 35,000,000 miles. Upon that night a thousand telescopes will be leveled at the planet, which will repose in refulgent beauty in the southern skies, and a thousand eyes will seek to pierce the veil of distance that conceals the knowledge for which science thirsts.

Wonderful results are expected by reason of the marvellous improvements that have been made in astronomical instruments within fifteen years and since the last most favorable observation was made. With the powerful lenses and the photographic appliances of to-day it will be as if the faraway visitor, tempted by curiosity, had drawn nearer to the earth than ever. Although Mars will be 35,000,000 miles away, the powerful Lick telescope will magnify her to a size as if viewed at a distance of but 17,500 miles.