A MODERN YOUTH.

A rosy, merry maiden she
Who kept the village school;
A daring little scapegrace he,
Who daily broke the rule.
Yet when the time for parting came,
He felt his spirits fall,
And she, within her heart, held Jack
The dearest rogue of all.
Of all the lads and lasses there,
This one she most would miss,
And when he came to say good-by
She asked him for a kiss.
A moment's sudden shyness came
And hushed the tongue so bold;
"Why, Jack," she laughed, "and can it be
You think yourself too old?"
At first he flushed and answered "No",
In accents strangely gruff,
Then raised his roguish eyes and sighed,
"I am not old enough."

Isabel Goodhue.

A FIRE-EATING COLONEL.

THOSE ADVICE WAS "DO NOT MONKEY WITH MISSOURI."

In Albitumen, N. M., there lived several years ago, an old gentleman named Clay Benton Girardeaux, who hailed from Missouri. As is well known, it was considered ungentlemanly, in the early days in Arizona, New-Mexico and Texas, to ask a man his real name. We accepted the names that were given.

Albitumen was a town before the railroad got there, before the United States acquired the territory. What I am about to relate happened in the new town, the one built around the railroad station.

I was on my way from San Francisco to Washington in the early eighties, and, owing to a snow blockade in the mountains to the east of Albitumen, I was detained in that town for several days. On the morning of my arrival I met a man whom I knew, and was introduced by him to nearly every human being in the place who was at all introduceable. Among others I was introduced to Colonel Clay Benton Girardeaux, a lawyer of the place. "Old Clay," he was called behind his back, "Kernel," or "Kernel Clay," or "Kernel Geradoo" to his face. He was both politician and lawyer, and got his living by either or both, but was more given to talking in bar-rooms than to talking for his clients in courts.

Unlike most men who went West in those days, Colonel Girardeaux carried no pistol—said that he did not believe in carrying one, that he had too little money to fight a highwayman for, and, as to fighting others, there was always the code duello for that.

If you have ever been to Albitumen you doubtless remember the "Star of the West" saloon, near the station, where one can get drink, food or a game at any hour of the day or night.

"Everything is open," said the colonel to us, in describing the place; "everything is done in view of all, and no one thinks the less of a man for taking a cocktail before breakfast, any more than he does for taking breakfast, nor does one lose caste by playing at faro" or any game of chance. Money is earned to be spent in a jolly, generous fashion, and the way a gentleman wants to spend his money is the way a gentleman ought to spend it. I was born, gentlemen, in St. Louis, fifty-eight years ago. It was a town then. Now it's like Philadelphia, unfit, gentlemen, for a man of spirit to live in. When St. Louis began to put on a silk hat on Sunday I left the place, the home of my birth, and went to Kansas. Then Kansas began to improve, as the preachers say, and I quit. I've been coming West since then, and now I've been in Albitumen two years, and it's what this saloon is, gentlemen. It's the Star of the West.' It has only one blot. They don't believe in the code duello. They believe in the shoot-on-sight principle. It's wrong, gentlemen—wrong. The duel permits of a gentleman making his will, or declining an invitation to dinner, or paying his bar-bill. Gentlemen, will you join me in a drink?

"I see some of you noticed that I called for gin. I don't know much about the efficacy of prayer, but I'm well up on alcoholics.

"Gin in the morning before breakfast," continued the colonel, "I know to be the best. Not from books, nor from hearsay, but by personal experience. Then, between breakfast and lunch, whiskey, that is the correct thing; then never drink till a half-hour after lunch—after half an hour, one is safe. Then whiskey till a half-hour before dinner, when gin again. When I have a case in court, I suffer for my client, and I alternate whiskey and gin. I can always hang a jury on gin.

"Gin for the imagination, but whiskey for the memory. After dinner, brandy; brandy is essentially a night drink. Whiskey and gin, memory and imagination. Brandy for consultations. Whiskey for a judge, gin for a jury. That is my discovery. Great thing in equity cases. Some of my friends can tell when I'm arguing in court whether it's whiskey or gin."

And the colonel thumped the bar with his fist and said "Yes" [illegible] I asked him to join us.

"[illegible]ed the colonel, after we had taken [illegible] brandy for consultations. That is the secr[illegible] my wonderful success with my corporation clients—banking, manufacturing, or industrial. I always consult on brandy. I tell them to come after dinner, when the noise of the day is over, and bring a bottle of brandy. I have had as many as four bottles brought of a night by estimable bankers, shoemakers and hog-raisers. One of my clients once lost a case by bringing a bottle of whiskey. My mind was so occupied that I drank without due attention. He lost his case—ill his own fault.

"Yes, doctor," the colonel went on, addressing his conversation now to Dr. X., "in your profession of medicine and surgery, you will find my experience to be excellent. Consult on brandy, testify on whiskey, but defend yourself on gin, sir—defend yourself on gin. Another drink? All right—then I must say good-day."

After luncheon I met the colonel again. Somehow I spoke about the code duello.

"By the way," said the colonel, "I have an affair on hand to-morrow."

"What!" said I, greatly astonished.

"Yes," he answered, "some fellows insulted me last night, and this morning I sent a challenge to all three, and we fight to-morrow at daybreak. Dr. X. will be our surgeon. Won't you attend as a witness or as an assistant?"

"As an outsider," I replied, still greatly surprised; "but not as an assistant or as a witness. I am due in Washington on the twelfth."

"The habit of this country," continued the colonel, "is the barbarous one of shooting on sight or telling your adversary to go heel himself, and then begin shooting when you see each other. I tell every one that I believe in the code duello, and in that only, for revenging wrongs and insults. I must now go to my office to arrange some papers. If I do not see you again before then, be at the railroad-station, where your Pullman is, a little before daybreak, where my second and I will pick you up and take you to the ground. But wait, let us have another drink before we part."

* * * *

I must tell here what I did not know till subsequently. For some time the colonel had been a source of much laughter to the frequenters of the saloons on account of his innocent peculiarities, and especially on account of his strong aversion to shooting on sight, and equally strong predilections in favor of duelling. Five of the railroad hands were in the "Star of the West" the night before I arrived, laughing about "Old Clay," when one proposed that they get up a duel with him. One could appear to take his side and could then act as his second; another could be a little apart and be a witness, and could be called upon as their second; and three could insult the colonel. If the colonel took the insult, and did not funk, as they thought he would, then the seconds could fix up the pistols, extracting the bullets and replacing them with painted paper-wads.

They were much surprised when the colonel not only took up the insults, but challenged all three to fight him simultaneously. The meeting was arranged for, and the seconds went away to prepare the cartridges, and, as we have seen, the colonel gave up the afternoon to arranging his papers and writing letters.

Dr. X., of the town, Girardeaux, and I were the only ones not in on this miserable practical joke.

Next morning, about daybreak, they picked me up and took me to the ground, about a mile from the station. The seconds had brought the four pistols under their overcoats. It was quite chilly.

When we reached the place, they put down the pistols and began measuring off the distance—thirty-five paces, I think they made it, long ones, too. While they were so occupied, the colonel got up to where the pistols were and began examining them, not closely—he seemed more to be fondling them. What struck me as strange at the time, was that his adversaries and the seconds watched him closely.

Suddenly the colonel stood up, and, in a loud and stately voice, said, looking toward his opponents:

"Gentlemen, it seems to me markedly unfair toward two of you that you stand fronting me in a row, as my second tells me has been arranged. Now, when I shoot, I, of course, must choose one of you, and, as I may get killed on the first shot, it is manifestly unfair that two of you should not have the chance of being killed by me. The one I shoot at will be killed certainly. I am an expert. Now, gentlemen, allow me to suggest to Mr. Gillan, who is both taller and broader than either Mr. O'Farrell or Mr. Schrader, that he stand in the rear; that Mr. O'Farrell, who is next in size, stand in front of Mr. Gillan; and that Mr. Schrader, who is diminutive, stand in front of both, and all stand close up. In that way you can all shoot one over the other, and each one may thus have a chance of getting shot, in case my cartridge is heavily loaded with powder."

They all acceded immediately.

There was a pause. The colonel was looking away, thinking. Of a sudden he turned around, and, lifting his hat, said, "With your permission, gentlemen," then took up a pistol, cocked it, and, aiming quickly at an oyster-can about fifty yards off, fired. The can was not hit. I heard him mutter, "This is strange." He cocked the revolver again—again fired. "What, not even dust?" I heard him say.

Again he cocked the revolver, then aimed, and fired. Nothing.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning round, "there is something wrong here, but, fortunately, I have some forty-four cartridges in my coat—enough to load all four guns," and he walked toward his overcoat.

The two seconds and the three principals looked at each other. When they saw the colonel pull out a box of cartridges, they turned around simultaneously and ran—up the road, toward the bend, the curve in the track.

The colonel had his back toward the runners, and was so occupied throwing out the empty shells that he did not hear them going, the doctor and I alone remaining. Suddenly he yelled:

"Blank cartridges! Fraud, by ——!" and turning around, he saw them disappearing. He grabbed a few cartridges out of the box and started after them, loading as he ran. Then we saw him stop—aim—fire—then fire again. We saw his second give a lunge, then we heard his yell, then we saw him run faster than before. The colonel sent another shot after them, but they were too far. Then he returned to us.

We examined all the pistols. All were loaded with powder and paper wads.

Girardeaux was white with anger.

"This insult I shall never forgive."

He grabbed his box of cartridges and started after them, loading his pistol as he went. We followed. When we reached the crest of the hill, they saw us and started on again. When they saw us still coming, they continued up the track on a run, one limping badly.

We saw them flag the freight, and as it slowed up, they swung on. We then returned to town.

I left next morning for Washington, having requested Dr. X—— to write me the particulars of the outcome.

Here is his letter:

My Dear Sir: About three days after you left, overtures were made to Girardeaux to allow the men to return. They thought that his anger by that time would have cooled. But it had not.

Mrs. Gillan finally was obliged to call on the colonel, as her money was all gone and, her husband not being at work, tradesmen refused to trust her. She won her case.

She then began pleading for O'Farrell.

"Madam," said the colonel, "do you need two husbands?"

"Of course not," she answered, turning fiery red.

"I thought not," said he, as he politely opened the door to let her pass out. "Madam, your husband, for your sake, can return with perfect safety so far as I am concerned, but the others return at the risk of their lives or of mine. Good-day."

Gillan has returned. O'Farrell and Schrader have found work at Sorocco, and the two seconds have sent for their things and are going up North.

I am glad to say that one practical joke has turned out against the jokers.

As I was coming here to write this letter, I met Girardeaux in the "Star of the West."

"Colonel," I said, "from your experience of the last few days, what is your advice?"

"To you personally or to the world?"

"To the world."

"Then tell the world this: 'Do not monkey with Missouri.' Let's have a drink: I have to defend a thief with an orphan mother, and I'll take gin."

With kindest regards from the colonel and myself, yours sincerely, X., M. D.

—(Frank Loringen in San Francisco Argonaut.

SOME GREAT PICTURES.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. WILLIAM T. WALTERS, OF BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, Aug. 1.—An unpretending, indeed, plain-looking house on Mt. Vernon Place, holds some of the most beautiful, curious and valuable objects of artistic interest in the world. It is the home of Mr. William T. Walters, whose greatest pleasure in life is collecting fine pictures and rare bric-a-brac. On certain days, during the spring months of each year, he opens his galleries to the public for the benefit of the Poor Association of the city, to which charitable organization he allows the right of selling all tickets. This arrangement is a double charity, for without it a great many people would be denied the pleasure of seeing his collection. Once in a long while he opens the whole house for some special occasion and there is not a corner in it that does not hold its treasure. A small front room on the second floor is devoted to the water-colors of poor unhappy Leon Bonvin. The room on the third floor, over this one, is furnished, as far as possible, with things that have at some time been used by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The walls are hung with blue satin brocaded in the fleur-de-lys and so arranged that when inside the room and the door closed the wall presents an unbroken surface. The bed is small and has a canopy of blue silk and a crucifix hung beneath. Opposite this room is another filled with old Dutch furniture. There are wooden chairs beautifully carved, but with such high, straight backs and hard seats there could have been little rest found in using them. There is a square mirror set in wood and brass hanging over a chest of drawers which has no doubt held many a little maiden's linen. Curious old beer-mugs adorn the walls and a platter in blue and white has the Lord's Prayer on it in old Dutch. On all available wall space of staircase and halls are hung etchings and engravings. A back room on the second floor contains the celebrated collection of Barye bronzes, some of which were seen in New-York about two years ago when the exhibition was given there of Barye's work. On the walls are the original pastel and crayon sketches of animals which were used as notes in his work by this great artist.

The parlor is really like a museum—full of bronzes, pictures, statuary and cases in the centre, devoted to antique and historic jewelry and bric-a-brac. At the back of the main hall we turn slightly to the right, where a tall eight-day clock is ticking away the hours, and then go down a long passage lighted through three large glass doors which form the inside wall of the dining-room. Passing under a portiere we find ourselves in the first bric-a-brac room Glass cases line the walls filled with rare vases—some whose colorings are examples of a lost art. Other cases stand about the room containing Japanese carving in ivory and jade, in silver filigree, cut work and repousse. Three beautiful crystal globes are in the cases. In the centre of the room stands a large square of brass-bound mahogany on which rests a Japanese bronze, six feet high, representing an enormous dragon out of whose coils rises a vase with smaller dragons for handles. There are pieces of Japanese ware in this room so rare that the legation at Washington has come over to see them as examples can no longer be found in Japan. Two small rooms open into this one. In the one to the left are a few water-colors, crayons and engravings—among them the original design for "The Angelus" and "The Shepherd at the Fold by Moonlight" by Millet; Fortuny's "The Mendicant" and "Don Quixote," water-colors; and Meissonier's "Courtyard of the Artist's Studio," also a water-color. Here, too, are water-colors by Alma Tadema, "Twixt Venus and Bacchus," and "Xanthe and Pharon," or, as it is better known, "The Bench of the Question," from Georg Ebers's book which suggested the picture. In a letter to Mr. Walters, Tadema says:

"In fact it has now come to this. I painted a picture, Ebers wrote a novel upon my picture, and I have now painted a picture again upon this novel.

"I have made the boy as noble looking and near the subject as I could, and the girl in her role dissatisfied with him and the full effect of the stories told to her about him. The seat was, according to Ebers, upon a dike. Leading downward is a staircase, up which, as you can see by the fallen rose leaves, Xanthe has come with the roses gathered for her work.

"I do hope you may be satisfied, as that is the only wish that made me work so hard; and could it be otherwise, as you must always look at this picture as a result of your last visit to my studio, at which I felt so truly gratified."

All the pictures in this room are worthy of mention; indeed, every one is a gem. Crossing the bric-a-brac room again we go on through the door to the right and are in the little bridge-room which connects the main gallery with the house. In it is a long case filled with Japanese bronzes; and in the centre is a small glass case mounted in rosewood and brass surrounded by a velvet rope. This contains the precious Peach-Blow collection. The famous vase is there, too, but made to stand modestly among the rest of its pink relations and attract no undue notice. There was so much said at the time of the sale that Mr. Walters seems to be slightly sensitive regarding its publicity. In this room is a portrait of Barye by Bonnat, and one of that artist himself painted by himself and presented to Mr. Walters.

Now we enter the large gallery and our attention is at once claimed by a picture to the right—"The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" by Corot. This is an immense canvas, the largest in the collection, though not the most interesting subject. This picture was painted over by Corot three times. In its second state he presented it to the lottery in aid of the orphans left by the Franco-German war. The picture at that time was circular at top, owing to its framing; but at a suggestion Corot filled out the corners, the canvas being already there, and made it rectangular as it is now. Other works by this artist to be found here are "The Evening Star," "A Country Lane," bordered with trees in the soft coloring of very early spring; and "A Fisherman's Cottage." This last one is a recent addition. So also is a Greuze, "The Milkmaid," and a beautiful Turner, "The Grand Canal, Venice." Tadema is nobly represented in oil by his "Sappho"; also by "A Roman Emperor, Claudius," showing Tadema's power of seizing the dramatic moment; "My Sister is not in"—a Greek maiden keeping from her sister an intrusive admirer; and "The Triumph of Titus." Fortuny's "Snake Charmer," from the Stewart collection, is here, and near by his "Ecclesiastic," an old prelate wrapped in a brilliant red cloak against a bright red background, which daring use of color accentuates the puffy, knotty, purple look of his face. Not far off is Gerome's great picture of "The Christian Martyrs—the Last Prayer." The best description is in the artist's own words in a letter to Mr. Walters:

"Paris, July 15, 1883.

"My Dear Sir: I send you a few notes about my picture, "The Christian Martyrs—Last Prayer," which you have bought. This picture has been upon my easel for over twenty years. I have repainted it from the beginning three times, have repainted and rechanged both the effect and the composition, always, however, preserving my first idea.

"This, therefore, is really the third canvas which you receive. The scene is laid in the "Circus Maximus," which might readily be mistaken for an amphitheatre, as in the picture only the end of the circus, and not the straight sides, is visible. But you will see on the left the 'meta' which ends the 'spina,' and is the goal around which the chariots made their turns in the races, as I have indicated by the tracks of the wheels in the sand. The Circus Maximus was one of the mightiest monuments ever built. It held more than 150,000 spectators. Its left touched the palace of the Cæsars, whence a subterranean passage led directly to the Emperor's lodge.

"In the time of the Cæsars Christians were cruelly persecuted, and many were sentenced to be devoured by wild beasts.

"This is the moment of my picture.

"In the middle distance I have placed those destined to be burned alive. They were usually tied upon crosses and smeared with pitch to feed the flames. It was the custom to starve the wild beasts for several days beforehand, and they were admitted to the arena up inclined planes. Coming from the dark dens below, their first action was of astonishment upon facing the bright daylight and the great mass of people surrounding them.

"This moment I have sought to represent.

"I consider this picture one of my most studied works, and the one for which I have given myself most trouble. Is it a success? Very truly,

J. L. GEROME."

Here also are Gerome's works, "In the Desert," "Diogenes," and the famous, much-copied picture of "The Duel after the Masquerade." Next we come to "The Slipper Merchant" of Villegras, with its wonderful management of color and detail; a "Portrait of Mlle. Nilsson as Pamilora," by Bonnat; "Christ on the Cross," by Delacroix—a wonderful, heart-breaking, harrowing picture—one of the "Hundred Masterpieces" in the Paris Exhibition of 1883. Another one of those masterpieces is here, the "Cattle Drinking," by Troyon. A little stream winds away between green fields, and in it stand the cattle. Storm clouds are rolling away, and the brilliant white light which precedes sunshine floods the picture. Still another is Millet's celebrated "Sheepfold, Moonlight."

Approaching the entrance again we come to Bouguereau's beautiful picture, "Winter Solitude." It is looked upon as a kind of miracle for he painted it in eight days. The country is hilly, only patches of snow are left, the sun is setting behind heavy clouds, and the crisp, frosty air can almost be felt.

Next we turn to De Neuville's "Attack at Dawn." A detachment of Mobiles and Turcos have been surprised in a village of the Jura at daybreak. Slushy snow lies deep in the street, showing the tracks of wagons and many feet. The inn door stands open and men hurry out with bayonets set. There is a wonderfully good piece of work in showing the distinction of different kinds of light—the evident red firelight that comes through the inn door, the sickly yellow of a dying street-lantern, and the brilliant flashes from the rifles.

There are many more pictures to be spoken of if one had time and space. Here are 160 oil paintings, all fine and worthy of hours of admiring interest. It is impossible to really describe the collection. It should be seen to form any just idea of its rarity and beauty.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

STARTING WITH PROPERTY AND FUNDS AMOUNTING TO $5,600,000.

A LIBRARY ALREADY CONTAINING HALF A MILLION VOLUMES—THE INSTITUTION TO BE OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Chicago, Aug. 5 (Special).—Now that the University of Chicago has raised its fifth million of dollars, a brief sketch of its remarkable growth, as well as of its present condition and future prospects, may be interesting. The present University of Chicago is built on the grave of an old institution of that name, which was founded in 1857 and died in 1886, after a career marked by poverty, misfortune and bankruptcy. It was a good Baptist institution, but for some reason or other the Baptists did not come forward to support it. The name, however, was not destined to die. Of his own volition, John D. Rockefeller offered to contribute $600,000 for the endowment of a university in Chicago if $400,000 were raised. The American Baptist Educational Society, represented by its secretary, the Rev. F. T. Gates, went to work and raised the necessary amount. Mr. Gates was aided in this task by the Rev. T. W. Goodspeed. These two gentlemen also secured about $15,000 in books and apparatus. Then Marshall Field, of Chicago, gave the institution land for a site worth $125,000, situated in a very desirable part of the city on the Midway Plaisance, between Jackson and Washington parks. The whole square of which it was a part contained about twenty-five acres, and the trustees saw the wisdom of purchasing the rest of it, which they did, paying $282,500 for it. Though that happened only two years ago, it is said that the value of this property has already doubled.

In June, 1890, the institution was incorporated as the University of Chicago, with the following Board of Trustees: E. Nelson Blake, Fred. W. Peck, Judge Joseph M. Bailey, Herman H. Kohlsaat, Francis E. Hinckley, Charles L. Hutchinson, Professor William R. Harper, Eli B. Felsenthal, the Hon. George A. Pillsbury, Martin A. Ryerson, Edward Goodman, Judge Daniel L. Shorey, Alonzo K. Parker, D. D., George C. Walker, J. W. Midgley, C. C. Bowen, Andrew MacLeish, Elmer L. Corthell, Fred A. Smith, Henry A. Rust and Charles W. Needham. These organized by electing E. Nelson Blake, president; Martin A. Ryerson, vice-president; Charles L. Hutchinson, treasurer; Dr. Justin A. Smith, recording secretary, and Dr. T. W. Goodspeed, corresponding and financial secretary. The first important act of the Board was the election of Professor William Rainey Harper, of Yale University, as president of the university. And if any one at the time doubted the wisdom of the choice, all doubts must have long since vanished. He appears to have been providentially made for the great institution which, on the other hand, he is doing so much to make, by his energy, his far-sighted views, and his genius for synthetizing a multitude of heterogeneous details into a harmonious whole.

With such a financial impetus, and with a president who seems to be the incarnation of Chicago's aggressive and progressive vitality, it was pretty certain that the movement would not stop, and it didn't. Three months after the incorporation, Mr. Rockefeller stepped up with a million dollars, of which he specified that $500,000 should be set apart as an endowment fund for non-professional graduate instruction and fellowships. Of the remainder, the income of $100,000 was to be used to erect buildings for the divinity school, and $100,000 for theological instruction. At about the same time, the trustees of the Morgan Park Theological Seminary turned over its grounds, buildings and funds, representing a money value of $500,000, to the university, to be used as the divinity school of the institution. In the spring of 1891 the executors and trustees of the estate of the late William B. Ogden, Chicago's first mayor, turned over 70 per cent of that portion of the estate devoted to benevolent purposes by Mr. Ogden to the university. About $400,000 will be realized from this bequest, which will be used to found the Ogden Scientific School of the University of Chicago, devoted to advanced scientific work.

The first part of the present year Sidney A. Kent, of Chicago, gave $150,000 for the erection and equipment of a chemical laboratory. Then Mr. Rockefeller again came forward and dropped a million into the slot, giving as good measure interest on the same, amounting to $61,666 66. A few weeks later Mr. Field announced that he would give an additional $100,000 on condition that the trustees make up a million less this sum and Mr. Kent's $150,000 on or before July 10 last. They at once began the work of raising this $750,000, and, as everybody knows, did so on the date specified, with $12,000 to spare. Few, if any, educational institutions in the world can boast of such a financial record. In this matter the University of Chicago is unique; but then it promises to be unique in a great many things.

The erection of the first building on the site was begun last November. The work of building has been rather slow, but the recitation building, the lecture hall and a group of dormitories are now nearing completion, and the income of the last million dollars raised will be used to push other buildings to completion. At present the grounds are in a very unsightly condition, and will remain so until all the buildings, which are soon to be erected are finished. By the 1st of October, when the university formally opens, it will have ready for occupancy one dormitory to accommodate 200 students, the general recitation building containing between fifty and sixty recitation rooms, and the lecture hall. A contiguous apartment-house, accommodating 100, will be temporarily used for a woman's dormitory. Temporary quarters in the vicinity have been rented for the scientific department, for the library and for a young men's dormitory.

When all the buildings of the university, as now planned, are erected the university will have a finer, more commodious, and more up-to-date home than any institution of learning in the world. The institution is fortunate in its site, as its students will have the advantages of the two parks between which it is located. The grounds themselves will be most attractive. The main entrance will be imposing. In the centre will stand a fountain, and on the four corners will be dormitories, built in the form of quadrangles. Fronting on the plaisance will be the women's halls. Nearby will be a beautiful chapel, flanked by a museum on one side and a gymnasium on the other. Then there will be a very complete astronomical building, a great central building to be called University Hall, the Silas Cobb lecture hall, the Kent Laboratory building, the Field Biological Laboratory, Science Hall and the library building. A fortunate circumstance for the university is that all these buildings are to be planned by one architect, who will thus be enabled to consider their relations to each other, and their effect as a completed whole. The entire group is to be built of Bedford bluestone, and no pains will be spared to make each building correct architecturally, as well as perfectly adapted to the purposes of the university.

It is already certain that when the institution opens in October there will be an attendance of more than 1,000. Already nearly 2,500 candidates have applied for admission, and it is expected that this list will be very much increased during the next two months. This is a remarkable showing for an institution not yet open, and prompts the inquiry where this immense clientage comes from. It does not seem to have been drawn from the constituency of the other great colleges, for they all report the usual number of applications thus far. So that apparently the University of Chicago has performed the additional feat of creating its constituency as well as everything else. It may be observed, in passing, that the requirements for entrance are as near as may be equal to those of Harvard and Yale, and that no certificates from other colleges will be accepted.

As already hinted at, there will be a number of novel features in the university. Indeed, if this were not the case, it is suspected that the people of Chicago would not feel much interest in it. It will be in session for exactly forty-eight weeks in the year. The scholastic year will be divided into four quarters, with a week intervening between them. The various courses of study are so arranged that students may begin the course any quarter, or in fact any time in the year. The academic and university courses consist of four years, thirty-six weeks being reckoned a year's work. The result of this is that students, who desire to do so, will be able to get a degree in three years by studying forty-eight weeks in the year. It will be required, however, that such students present a certificate from a physician, certifying that their physical condition is such that they can safely engage in this amount of study. On the other hand students who, for any reason, desire to do so, may take longer than four years to get their degree, without feeling the stigma involved in falling behind their "class." In fact, many students will not have any class at all. Though this innovation may seem revolutionary to old college men, it will have many good results. For one thing, it will disabuse the minds of people that in a college all men who enter on a certain year must necessarily get their diplomas four years thereafter. Under the baleful operation of this tradition, the brilliant, the stupid, and the commonplace have all been thrown in the same mould, and officially labelled with exactly the same ticket.

Moreover the arrangement at the University of Chicago is a good one for young men who have to pay their way through college, for they can take their three months' vacation in any quarter in which they can most easily find remunerative employment. It will also redound to the advantage of the institution, because it will enable it to engage the special services of the famous scholars of other American and European universities during the summer months. The regular instructors of the university will have one quarter out of every four for their vacation, and they can take their vacation on any quarter they choose. If they prefer to teach for a whole year continuously, they may take a six months' vacation the next year, and by teaching continuously for three years, they can take an entire year off. The possibilities of study and investigation for professors in this arrangement are obvious to every one.

Each quarter of twelve weeks is divided into two terms of six weeks each, and in every department the term will be regarded as the unit of work. Every student will pursue only two studies at a given time, a "major" and a "minor." To the "major" study will be devoted ten hours of recitation a week, and to the "minor" five. To each study at least a term will be given. The theory underlying this arrangement is that a student can do a great deal more by concentrating all his attention on two studies for a short time than by scattering the energies over five or six subjects for a longer time. It is hardly necessary to say that the various studies are as largely elective as possible. During the first two years the course is elective, and during the last two years the subjects are elective. The reason given for this is that during the last two years of his course the student is presumed to know less what he wants to study, not simply as a matter of taste, but with reference to his future life work, and under such circumstances there is little danger that he will make an unwise use of the liberty given him. In addition to this, it is expected that the university will attract a large number of students who will desire to pursue special studies, and to whom the mastery of some branch of knowledge will be of much more importance than the mere earning of a degree. Among such men it is hoped there will be many who will engage in original study and investigation, and whose labors will thus add materially to the sum of human knowledge. But however that may be, specialdivity will be most emphatically discouraged; in fact, that is about the only thing that will not be optional. No student will be allowed to spread himself over more than four branches of study at the same time.

The best friends of the university are not making any wild boasts about it. Least of all are they indulging in sneers at other institutions. But they do maintain that it will offer to its students some advantages that they cannot obtain elsewhere, and they believe that the scholastic standard and the intellectual atmosphere of the university will compare favorably with those of any great university in the world. Some things of course there are which time only can give to it, the prestige which comes of many years of brilliant success, the lustre which a long line of eminent sons always shed on their Alma Mater, the renown which comes from the employment of great teachers, and even the sentimental interest which attaches to a pile of buildings venerable with age and redolent of noble memories. All this is acknowledged. "The atrocious crime of being young," to adopt Pitt's words, "I at least neither palliate nor deny." But at least it will have the virtues of youth, also the advantage which comes from being, so to speak, full-grown at birth. It will be in all things "up to date," and that alone entitles an institution to respect in the closing years of the nineteenth century, especially in Chicago.

Though so much money has already been given to the institution, much more will be needed to run it on the scale proposed. Already about a hundred instructors have been engaged, and still more are to be engaged; and the salaries paid are unusually high. Eight men will receive $7,000 a year. Twenty-five men will receive salaries ranging from $3,000 upward, while fifty-four will be paid $2,000 a year and upward. The liberal salaries offered have enabled the institution to secure many of the foremost educators of of Semitic languages, Latin, the Romance languages, biology, history, political economy and geology will compare favorably with similar departments in any university of Europe or America.

The Morgan Parke Seminary will be used as the university academy, in connection with the Chicago Female College property adjoining it, which has been given for the purpose, and the Morgan Park Military Academy grounds and buildings which the trustees have leased. It is intended to make this academy one of the best schools of the kind in the country, and a worthy preparatory school for the university. It will be divided into two schools, a "higher" and a "lower," each covering two years' work.

A remarkable feature of the university will be its splendid library, which already contains nearly half a million volumes. It comprises the collections of Dr. George B. Ide and Professor Hengstenberg, the library of the American Bible Union, collected by Dr. T. J. Conant; the old university library, the private collection of the late President Edward Olson, and the famous Calvary Library, purchased by President Harper in Berlin, Germany, last summer.

A PAINFUL DECORATION.

From the London Globe.

A good anecdote is told of M. Carnot, who is about to visit savoy. As usual, he will take with him a collection of decorations and other distinctions for distribution among the notables of the towns he will pass through. The President of the Republic, in order to enhance the value of the decoration, is accustomed to pin it himself on the breast of the happy recipient. On his last provincial tour it appears that he made a mess of the operation. A statue had just been unveiled and the customary speeches delivered, when the persons to be decorated were invited to get on to the platform. Among them was a fat farmer to whom the Academic Palms were allotted. M. Carnot approached him and proceeded to pin the blue ribbon on his breast, but whether the pin was blunt or the cloth of the farmer's coat hard, he found the task difficult. However, at length he succeeded. But judge of his surprise on seeing the farmer trembling and as pale as a ghost. He at first thought it was simply emotion, but the farmer getting worse, General Brugere advanced and found that the pin had stuck in his breast, and that he was bleeding freely. To extract it was of course the work of a second and the farmer recovered, but it will be a long time before he forgets the first day he wore his decoration.

MARRIAGE IN THE ISLES OF GREECE.

From The London Daily News.

Describing marriage customs in Kaso, one of the most southern islands of Greece, Mr. E. M. Edmonds, in "The Eastern and Western Review," says the parents upon both sides take upon themselves all the responsibilities of courtship and marriage. Courtship, as we understand it, is not in any way permitted to the betrothed couple. No moonlight walks or tete-a-tetes are allowed. Such a course would be deemed highly reprehensible, and all wooing, if there be any, must take place in the presence of the elders; but there is no great time for repining at these decrees of custom, for the marriage follows the offer as quickly as may be.

SIMS REEVES.

THE FAMOUS TENOR RETIRES TO A MUSICAL PROFESSORSHIP.

London, July 24.

The announcement is at last definitely made that Mr. Sims Reeves, perhaps the most famous tenor singer of the age, has retired from the stage to the school. He has accepted a professorship in the Guildhall School of Music, of which Mr. Joseph Barnby is Principal. He has not yet entered upon his duties there, but will do so in September next, when, it is expected, a considerable class of students of singing will await him. Some years ago his son, Mr. Herbert Reeves, accepted a professorship in that institution, which he still holds, and it was understood then that Mr. Sims Reeves himself would be glad to do likewise. He named as essential, however, certain conditions which the then principal, Mr. Hill, was unable to grant. Mr. Hill is now dead, and has been succeeded by Mr. Barnby, who will take charge in September; and under the new administration it has been found possible to make the arrangements required by the veteran singer. So he will henceforth be Professor Reeves. A formal farewell to the public stage was said by him some time ago, and this act reaffirms it; so that he may be regarded as finally and absolutely retired from the stage on which he has had such a unique career.

Seventy years is the age of this veteran, and his public life as a vocalist, which was brought to an end three years ago, lasted just half a century. And down to the very latest years of that half century his artistic powers seemed undiminished. Perhaps his voice had failed a little. But the consummate skill with which he used it had not, and what failure there was passed unnoticed by the enthusiastic audience. In all other respects, too, he was a marvellously well preserved man, with the physical frame of an athlete, and a constitution that put to scorn the ills that ordinary flesh is heir to. Doubtless there have been greater singers. Yet it must be remembered that in an age of the most brilliant singers he, weighted with an English name, ranked among the foremost Italian opera singers in Italy itself, while as an oratorio singer and as a ballad singer his preeminence has not been challenged. It may be added, too, that he has been a brilliant and even a great instrumental performer as well as a singer. Like nearly all musicians, he was the child of a musician. His father was church organist in a Kentish village; but he was not a good organist, according to Mr. Reeves's own testimony. However, he satisfied the people, and he discovered at an early day that his boy Sims had a remarkably good voice. So he set to teaching him to sing and play, with the result that Sims knew his scales before he knew his alphabet, and could read music before he could read a book. At nine years of age he could read the most difficult music at sight. His father was his sole instructor then, and if he was not the best possible teacher, he was at any rate a strict master. He kept the boy at work practising his scales for eight hours a day. Thus, at any rate, the muscular development of the boy's vocal organs was secured, until his throat was as strong as a prize-fighter's arm.

When Sims was fourteen he became himself the organist and choirmaster of the village church, on a salary of $40 or $50 a year. He was, apart from music, a lazy, careless fellow. Yet he quickly and thoroughly learned anything he took in hand. So, under the guidance of the vicar of the parish, he studied various modern languages, and became so proficient in French and Italian as to use them as readily as English. He also gained much local fame as a musician, singing and playing at village concerts. He was a master of the organ, piano, flute, violin, violoncello, oboe, and bassoon. But he was, withal, tremendously ambitious. Already he had determined to be a great artist. So he studied under Calcott and Cramer and other masters, with the utmost possible diligence and earnestness.

His first real public appearance was made in 1839. It was at a benefit performance, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he sang the part of the Gypsy Boy in "Guy Mannering," an opera which not many people of this day have ever heard. The performance went off well enough, but was not especially notable, unless for two things. In the first place, it was one of the very few occasions on which he assumed a stage name, the name being the unromantic one of Johnson. And in the second place, which is more important, he discovered that his teachers had all been making a mistake. They had regarded his voice as a baritone. In reality it was a tenor, "as nature and self-consciousness taught him." However, he had to keep on with baritone parts for a time, until he could get to London and have his voice trained for tenor work.

When he reappeared as a tenor he was promptly engaged by the great Macready, to sing in the operatic performances which he was managing at Drury Lane. Now, Mr. Reeves has put it on record as his solemn conviction that Macready knew no more about music than a pig knows about electric lights. And all the world knows that the famous actor had a harsh temper and was stern and arbitrary in his treatment of subordinates. So from the outset the two disagreed. Reeves's singing of a martial air in "Acis and Galatea" created a perfect furor. But Macready wanted him to stand with his back to the audience while he sang it, and Reeves flatly refused. Finally they made a compromise, the singer standing with his side to the audience. Worse disagreements followed, however, and Macready finally discharged Reeves, under such circumstances that the singer was greatly angered and retained his animosity against his former employer to the end of the latter's life. Several times in after years Reeves was asked to sing at testimonial performances given to Macready, but always declined to do so, even when Macready personally made the request.

While he was singing for and wrangling with Macready, Mr. Reeves went through the romantic passage of his life. He fell in love, as he thought, with Miss Clara Novello, a young musician of high promise. She did not care for him, however, and could not be persuaded to do so, and the young tenor was disconsolate. He had plenty of admirers, however. Every day he received many notes from ladies whose susceptibilities had been aroused by his appearance on the stage, and who wished to make his closer acquaintance. He treated all such missives with scorn. But one day he got a note from a young lady who was a stranger to him, but whom he knew to be a sincere and promising student of music. She wrote, asking him to come and hear her sing, and sing in duets with her. He did so, and fell in love with her, as she did with him. "And so," as the story-books say, "they were married and lived happily ever after." Mrs. Reeves became a very accomplished artist, both with the voice and upon various instruments, and for many years received a few choice pupils at extraordinary high rates.

Before their marriage, however, at his fiancee's urgent desire, he went to Italy to study singing for a few years under the great masters there. His Italian debut, after much study at Milan, was made at the famous Scala theatre, as Edgardo in "Lucia," and he scored a great success. As he himself says: "I was received with enthusiasm, and at the end of the performance the illustrious Rubini came to my dressing-room to congratulate me on my success." One evening not long afterward, Mr. Reeves had one of his troublesome sore throats, and declared himself unable to sing. The doctor of the theatre, having examined the sufferer, was of a different opinion. So a carriage came, escorted by a squad of gendarmes, and the singer was carried off to La Scala. But he stuck to his refusal like a sturdy Briton, and the gendarmes had the journey for their pains