

nights and at an extra matinee on Wednesday. On Wednesday and Friday nights, "The Rivals"; Saturday matinee, "Rip Van Winkle," and Saturday night, "The Cricket on the Hearth."

"The Great Ruby" has made one of the best successes ever known at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where it continues to draw overflowing and enthusiastic audiences. The play is given with a strong cast, including such popular favorites as Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Minnie Seligman, John T. Sullivan, Cuyler Hastings and Louis Massen.

A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

STRANGE TALE OF FIRE, HIRED ASSASSINS, THEFTS AND POISON.

From The London Chronicle.

In a few weeks a romantic story will be told to the House of Lords by a schoolmaster who claims to be Viscount Kenmore, and who seeks residence in Kirkcudbrightshire. At present the residence known as Kenmore Castle, New-Galloway, is occupied by a woman whose mother was the sister of Adam, the last Viscount Kenmore, who died in 1847.

The memorialist, John Gordon, in his pleadings, recites a curious tale. Viscount Kenmore, who joined the rebellion in 1715, and who was beheaded on Tower Hill the following year, left two sons, both of whom died unmarried. His widow, née Mary Dalziel, shortly afterward married her footman, John Lumsden, and their children took the name of Kenmore. In several ways, according to Mr. Gordon, did she attempt to oust her husband's brother John from the position and the family possessions to which

LETTER CARRYING.

THE POSTMAN FINDS HIS WORK MORE VARIED AND BURDENSOME THAN FORMERLY.

The letter carrier in the discharge of his duty bears other burdens, less apparent to the public, but no less real to him, than the mailbag on his shoulder. When he starts as substitute carrier at the munificent salary of \$1 a year, plus the day's pay of the man whose work he may do, he is obliged on average earnings of \$25 a month, which may be his pay for five weeks or for five years, to provide for himself two uniforms yearly. He purchases his outfit at some advantage, however, as the uniforms are bought in lots by the carriers attached to an office.

The first move to procure the uniforms is made by the men appointing a Uniform Committee from among themselves. This committee places advertisements in the newspapers inviting bids for the work to be done. The advertisements are sent to clothing manufacturers and hatters, and the competing firms submit a uniform or hat with their bids. The factory of the successful bidder may be in Baltimore or Utica, and to insure the garments fitting properly the measurements of the men are taken with great care. In cases where the completed suit is unsatisfactory it is altered by a local tailor at the expense of the manufacturer. The postman's summer uniform of bluish gray

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fare. For example, postmen are prohibited from contracting debts that they have no reasonable prospect of paying. All carriers are en-

they have to be "passed" by the inspectors before the roof can be put on, and at every turn the same formality has to be repeated. It is a pure formality, but it is most essential that it should not be neglected, or people might grow sceptical at the use of red tapism. The State inspector would have no control over M. Chapelle, and for this reason, and because he was a dangerous innovator, he was politely shown the door.

A NOTED TAVERN.

IT WAS ONCE KEPT BY THE MOTHER OF HENRY CLAY.

Versailles (Ky.) correspondence of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nothing is more interesting to the student of history than to trace the obscure causes which have led to great events. Comparatively few people are now living who know that the mother of Henry Clay once "kept tavern" in Versailles, and fewer still have ever had it occur to them that had not this been the case Clay would most probably not have come to Kentucky at all. The Watkins family arrived in Versailles about the close of the eighteenth century, bringing with them quite a retinue of slaves. I may say right here that there is little foundation for the popular idea that Henry Clay's boyhood was spent in the atmosphere of poverty, obscurity and absolute want. The mother of the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," Elizabeth Hudson, was a member of a wealthy Virginia family, and in wedding the Rev. John Clay (after whose death she married Henry Watkins) she married into a family of equal prominence with her own. The Clays and Hudsons probably lived in the rather gorgeous style of the Virginia gentry, and if the Rev. John Clay was poor it was no doubt due to the devastation wrought by the Revolutionary War. It is extremely unlikely that his poverty could have been so great as the story books would have us believe.

Henry Clay did not accompany his mother and stepfather to Kentucky, but remained in Richmond, Va., as deputy in the clerk's office, and engaged in prosecuting his legal studies. The Watkinses shortly took charge of the only hostelry in Versailles, and "Watkins's Tavern" became famous in the surrounding country. They had a two story stone house built at the corner of Main-st. and Court Square by Henry Metcalfe, at that time a stonemason and afterward Governor of Kentucky. Such places were a sort of political headquarters and a rendezvous for the discussion of the news of the day, at a time when news travelled only by stage coach. The Marshalls, the Crittendens, the Blackburns, the Clays, the Watkinses and other prominent men no doubt planned campaigns at Watkins's Tavern, and here General Lafayette was entertained in 1826.

Mrs. Clay-Watkins was very attractive. While not a beauty, she was comely, with dark hair and eyes and rosy cheeks. Her manners were very engaging, and she was a most entertaining conversationalist. She had a well rounded and shapely figure, and possessed great vigor of mind and body. Her first husband, the Rev. John Clay, evidently realized fully his wife's charms, for in making his will he more than once gives directions "in case my beloved wife should intermarry between this and then." And, sure enough, at thirty-three, the mother of nine children, she married Henry Watkins, "an elegant and accomplished gentleman" of twenty-three, for whom she afterward bore seven children.

Mrs. Watkins was full of spirit, as a story told by one of her grandsons, T. B. Watkins, of Lexington, proves. He says that the day after the burial of the Rev. John Clay the British Colonel Tarleton made a raid into Virginia, and his men devastated her place. Mrs. Clay reprimanded Tarleton so severely that he emptied a sack of coin on a table and told her to take that for her losses. As soon as Tarleton left Mrs. Clay scraped the money off into her apron and threw it into the fire, saying that her hand "should not be polluted with British gold." She seems to have been a noble woman, much revered by those who knew her well, and with striking individuality and an imperious will.

About the year 1815 the Watkinses gave up their tavern in Versailles and settled upon a farm which they owned three miles south of town. Here Mrs. Watkins died in 1829, at the age of eighty years. Her body was buried in a country graveyard close by, and rested there until 1851, when it was removed to Lexington by her son Henry. The "Henry Watkins farm," which is still a point of great interest, is now the home of Robert McConnell. The last vestige of the Watkins residence has given place to more modern improvements.



JAMES T. POWERS.

PAULA EDWARDES.

"A RUNAWAY GIRL."

Daly's Theatre.

had succeeded. On one occasion she tried to burn Kenmore Castle at an hour when her brother-in-law, his wife and his child were asleep in the Balliol Tower. During that night a box containing deeds, the property of the Viscount, mysteriously disappeared. It was reported that Mary Dalziel had stolen the box. On the other hand, she swore that it had been burned.

John Gordon, Viscount Kenmore, afterward went to France, and while in Paris he was attacked by two masked men. Being a skilful swordsman, he succeeded in killing both. These two men had been engaged by Mary Dalziel to kill him! In order to see their work done thoroughly she braved the Channel passage and a long journey on horseback. This plan having failed, she represented that the nobleman was guilty of fraud, and he was thereupon put into prison, and remained in chains for eleven years. On the Viscount's return to Kenmore from France, Mary Dalziel visited him and drank wine with him at one of the feasts given in his honor. The glass he drank from, however, was poisoned by her, and he died. The Viscount left two sons, one of whom, William, was drowned while boating in America. He was unmarried. The other, James, found that Mary Dalziel had taken possession of Kenmore Castle, and had read the story that she had bought it from his father, her brother-in-law, John. Eventually the rest of the property going with the title was seized by other people, and these succeeded in keeping James out of his rights. One of Mary Dalziel's children by her second marriage to the footman Lumsden forthwith usurped the title of Viscount Kenmore in 1824, and on his death, in 1840, was succeeded by his nephew, Adam Gordon, the last Viscount.

In 1847 the plaintiff's grandfather began to move in the matter, claiming to be the only male heir to the title and estates, as the nearest male heir to the man who was beheaded on Tower Hill. John Gordon, the present claimant, claims that he establishes his right to the title of Kenmore estates through the relationship which he traces to John Gordon, who was poisoned by Mary Dalziel.

PERHAPS PREARRANGED.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"We come now," said the campaign orator, "to a moment to take a drink of water, "we come now to the marrow of the subject."

"How do you know it is the marrow?" interjected a jeering auditor near the door.

"I feel it in my bones!" instantly retorted the orator.

Hereupon the enthusiastic crowd cheered for the minutes, to the great and overwhelming confusion of the other fellow.

flannel has been known to cost the individual \$11.50, and he gets his light helmet for \$1.75. His winter hat costs the same, but the heavier uniform seldom less than \$15.

At many stations during the last few years the experiment has been tried of having the collector make his rounds in a small cart drawn by a horse. Two horses and carts are supposed to get over the area otherwise covered by three men on foot. The Government supplies \$300 a year for the maintenance of a horse and cart; but as the men must purchase the horses and vehicles at their own expense, and some owners have been known to lose three horses a year, the assistance of man's best friend often proves a decided drawback. In Jersey City, for instance, this method of collecting mail matter was abolished by the postmaster a year ago.

A burdensome feature of the carrier's work at this season of the year is the vast amount of circulars sent out by firms advertising spring clothes, carpet cleaning processes, the attractions of real estate, etc. The carrier's work is heavy, too, just before Election Day, when all parties are soliciting support through the mails.

An old carrier said recently that his work was becoming heavier and more responsible every year. He asserted that he carried five times as much mail to-day as he did ten years ago. He is now required to receive and deliver registered letters and parcels, sell postage stamps when it does not delay him in covering his route, and attend to other things with which he had no concern formerly. There has been a widespread agitation among carriers for several years to have Congress raise their salary to \$1,200 a year. At the present time cities of seventy-five thousand population or over have three classes of letter carriers. Those in the first class receive \$1,000 per annum; the salary of the second class is \$800, while the third class man gets \$600. The Government furnishes the carriers with only the leather satchel in which mail matter is carried.

"Uncle Sam" looks out for the postman in one particular—carriers are not obliged to make deliveries where vicious dogs are kept; and there are other rules laid down to promote their wel-

lared to fifteen days' furlough with pay in the course of a year.

REBUILDING THE THEATRE FRANCAIS.

Paris correspondence of The Pall Mall Gazette.

I have had another look this afternoon at the fragments that remain of the Théâtre Français. These fragments are, happily, more considerable than was thought at first would be the case. It will be possible to utilize several of the staircases. The great staircase in particular is almost intact, and its marble steps have already been covered with planks, to preserve them from injury during the rebuilding. Again, it will not be necessary to renew, as had been feared, either the ceiling or the pillars of the main vestibule. In the public foyer, which has suffered but very slightly, the painters and decorators are already at work, and the parquet flooring, injured by the deluge of water, is being relaid.

The work of clearing away the ruins is almost completed, and it is possible to move about on the site of the theatre without danger. All the charred remains have been deposited, ready to be carted away, in an immense heap, which towers like a vast funeral pyre on the spot where the stalls used to be. The skill with which the inextricable tangle of ruins has been made away with without accident is remarkable, and I was given the rather curious piece of information that there exist two or three firms in Paris which make this work their sole specialty. The title they give themselves may be rendered, "Cleaners up after fires," and there is sufficient call on their services to make the business an excellent one.

As already announced, the new theatre is to be as nearly as possible an exact replica of the old. It appears, however, that the plans in the possession of the architects are most defective, and that the archives are being searched for much indispensable information that is lacking. It has been finally decided that the offer of M. Chapelle, the contractor who declared himself ready to rebuild the theatre in sixty days and to make no charge, except for the material used, cannot be accepted. This decision is the triumph of routine and red tapism. M. Chapelle proposed to have recourse to a variety of expedients for insuring speedy progress in common use in his calling in America and elsewhere, but the official bigwigs held up their hands in horror at these suggested departures from established custom. They had, too, another objection—one of enormous weight to the official mind. The rebuilding of a State theatre is a State affair, and there are a number of State inspectors whose right and duty it is to follow the proceedings closely and to interfere at every stage. When the walls are finished

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