stanchest financial institutions, and his broad view and keen foresight have been a great help to the city.

Judge Gottfried Krueger was recently forced by his growing business interests to resign from the bench of the New-Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals. He was appointed to that office in 1891, and reappointed by Governor Griggs in 1897. He owns the Gottfried Krueger Brewing Company in Newark, besides having large interests in street railway, electric light and other companies. He is president of the State Banking Company and one of the men who is always ready to back Newark's financial propositions.

Ex-Senator James Smith, jr., is a Newark man who has attained prominence in both business and politics. He was elected to the United States Senate before he was forty-two, and only ten years after holding his first political office. His business life was begun in the drygoods trade in this city, but it was not long before he returned to Newark and engaged in the manufacture of enamelled and patent leather. In announcing his withdrawal from politics a short time ago Mr. Smith said: "My ordinary business is as much as I can carry, and in addition the interests with which I am connected have nothing to do with politics. It is only just to those interests that I should have no alliances that would jeopardize the fortunes of others with whom I am connected."

Of the men who founded the Prudential Insurance Company none have had a more interesting career than Dr. Leslie Dodd Ward, who is now its vice-president. Twice before he was nineteen years old he enlisted to fight in the Civil War, and it was his experience among the dead and wounded on the battlefields that persuaded him to study medicine. He had already spent four years at Princeton, and soon after his return from the war he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, and was graduated with the class of '68. He began his practice in Newark, and when the moneyed men of the town undertook to form an insurance company he became one of the corporators. He was the company's medical director until 1884, when he became vice-president.

George R. Gray, ex-Treasurer of the State of New-Jersey, now vice-president of the Essex and Hudson Gas Company, got his first business experience as a clerk for a firm in this city, which failed in the Civil War. Finding himself without a position, he returned to Newark and entered a carriage spring manufacturing establishment, eventually becoming a member of the firm. In 1875 he had an opportunity to show his ability in financial matters when his party elected him treasurer of the city. His administration was an able one in spite of the fact that the department had to be practically reorganized. For ten years he was superintendent of the Aqueduct Board, and then became State Treasurer, receiving a special resolution of commendation from the legislature on retiring. He has since been receiver of several large companies, notably the Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Company. So well were the affairs of this great concern settled by Mr. Gray and his co-receiver that he was made a director in the reorganized company. He is now president of the T. B. Peddie Trunk Company, and active director in several prominent financial concerns.

Several men who are prominent in Newark financial circles were born in this city and moved to the New-Jersey city in childhood or early youth. One of them is William Scheerer, cashier of the State Banking Company. When the Fidelity Trust Company was formed to handle the large amount of surplus capital which had accumulated at Newark, he became a director. He is vice-president of the Orange and Passaic Valley Railway Company, the Newark Consolidated Gas Company and the Newark and South Orange Railway Company. He is also one of the Sinking Fund Commissioners of Essex County.

Few financiers find time from an active business life to gain the military record which belongs to General Joseph W. Plume, cashier of the Manufacturers' National Bank. In 1857, while still a boy, he was a member of Company C of the City Battalion. He went to the War of the Rebellion as adjutant of the 24 New-Jersey Volunteers, retiring in 1863 with the rank of assistant adjutant general. He volunteered for the Spanish war, and as a brigadier general of volunteers took his command South, but was disappointed in not getting to the front. In 1899 he resigned as major general of the National Guard of New-Jersey and terminated a military career of forty-two years. He has been cashier of the Manufacturers' Bank since its organization in 1871, and is interested in several other financial concerns.

There are fully a score of other men who are equally prominent in financial circles and to whom the city must give due credit for its advancement. There is Frederick Frelinghuysen, president of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, and Amzi Dodd, who resigned the presidency some years ago; John F. Shanley, the energetic head of the Essex and Hudson County Gas Company; Joseph M. Byrne, vice-president of the Federal Trust Company; Sylvester S. Battin, Newark's first street railway magnate, who is president of the Manufacturers' National and Security Savings banks; Thomas N. McCarter, jr., counsel for the Fidelity Trust Company; Thomas W. Crooks, president of the Essex County National Bank; Edward Kanouse, president of the Merchants' National Bank; Thomas C. Barr, a power in street railroad affairs; Edward L. Dobbins, president of the Newark City Bank; President John W. Lushear, North Ward National Bank; Daniel H. Dunham, John J. Henry and John P. Jube, prominent in fire insurance corporations, and others, who give most of their time to individual industrial concerns. It is a strong circle of active, intelligent business men, and without them Newark would never have become a financial centre.

TOUCHED TWICE SAME WAY

EX-REGISTER FROMME LOSES HIS WATCH AFTER RECOVERING IT.

Sometimes it takes a story, even about a prominent Tammany man, a long time to "percolate" from the inner through the outer political circle into a realm where it may be classified as public property. Not so very long ago ex-Register Isaac Fromme stood in front of the Home Life Insurance Building, in Broadway, near the City Hall Park, and described to a friend how his office was burned out when that building caught fire from the Rogers, Peet & Co. building. Mr. Fromme grew demonstrative as he told of the fire and, with his head thrown back, raised both arms above his head. When he reached his office he missed his handsome gold watch, presented by a Masonic lodge and suitably inscribed. He advertised successfully, and after his caller, a few days afterward, returned his watch and received his reward, Mr. Fromme said:

"Now, my friend, I know you ain't goin' to answer questions, but you've got your fifty, and I've got my watch, and I'd like to know how you got that watch?"

"Oh, I didn't take it," said the caller.

"That's all right," said "Ike," "but how did the guy get it?"

"Do you remember," said the emissary, "the day you stood in front of the Home Life Insurance Building describing the fire to your friend? You got a little excited and threw your arms around."

"That's so," exclaimed Fromme quickly. "I remember I raised my arms like this and looked up" (suiting the action to the word) "and then's when I got touched, I guess."

"That's right," said the visitor, as he said good-day.

Three minutes later Mr. Fromme hailed his friend, Von Glahn, and said:

"You remember that lodge watch I lost? Well, I just got it back. Here it is."

With that the Register reached for his timepiece, but the smile died on his face. His watch was again missing. The light fingered man, as Fromme had held his arms aloft, with his head thrown back, had repeated his first operation. It took another fifty to get the watch back. Fromme's friends have kept the story "dark" for six months.

NEW-YORK STATE INDIANS.

LATEST STATISTICS AS TO THE NUMBER AT THE VARIOUS RESERVATIONS.

The statistical data on the subject of the Indian population of the State of New-York have been tabulated in the Department of the Interior, and will soon be made public. The report will show that there are seven Indian reservations in the State, with a population of 5,232. On the Allegany Reserve there are 82 Onondagas and 964 Senecas. The population of the other reservations is divided as follows:

Cattaraugus Reserve—Cayugas, 158; Onondagas, 34, and Senecas, 1,255.

Oneida Reserve—Oneidas, 144.

Onondaga Reserve—Oneidas, 120, and Onondagas, 394.

St. Regis Reserve, 1,154.

Tonawanda Reserve—Cayugas, 18; Oneidas, 6; Senecas, 44, and Tonawandas, 488.

Tuscarora Reserve—Onondagas, 47, and Tuscaroras, 368.

These Indians all wear the ordinary citizen's dress, and 3,390 can read. The "reading" Indians are divided as follows: Cattaraugus Reserve, 1,100; Allegany Reserve, 700; St. Regis Reserve, 450; Tonawanda Reserve, 400; Tuscarora Reserve, 300; Onondaga Reserve, 200, and Oneida Reserve, 140.

Nearly all the Indians speak the tribal language, but 4,265 are able to speak English enough for ordinary conversation. The census report shows that these are distributed as follows in the various reserves: Allegany, 900; Cattaraugus, 1,300; Oneida, 140; Onondaga, 450; St. Regis, 650; Tonawanda, 500; Tuscarora, 325.

The territory occupied by the Indians of New-York aggregates 137 square miles. Of this land the Allegany Reserve has 30,469 acres; Cattaraugus, 21,680 acres; St. Regis, 14,640 acres; Tonawanda, 7,549 acres; Tuscarora, 6,249 acres; Oneida, 350 acres; Onondaga, 6,100 acres, and Oil Spring, 640 acres.

There are seventeen church buildings on the various Indian reserves and sixteen missionaries have worked there with the result that there are now 1,163 Indian church members, 475 of whom belong to the Onondaga tribe. In the last year there were 104 births and 144 deaths among the Indians on the reserves.

WANTS TO MAKE ALL THE NOISE HIMSELF.

Dr. John H. Girdner, William J. Bryan's most intimate New-York friend, is president of the New-York Anti-Noise Society, founded by himself. Two servants in his home, unaware of the doctor's presence, got into an uproar, which was quickly checked by the doctor himself appearing on the scene. In the hush following the last explosion the doctor's four-year-old boy said to his mother:

"Ma, I guess papa's head of the Anti-Noise Society because he wants to make all the noise himself."

And now the story is being told in the Amen Corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

HUNTING TALES OF ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

THEIR EXPERIENCES IN THE MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS WITH CATAMOUNT, DEER AND WOLVES, AS RELATED BY THEMSELVES.

Numbers of Adirondack guides are in this city just now, brought from their backwoods homes by the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden, and they are being entertained more or less by men like William C. Whitney and other lovers of forest life. The guides have a society called the Adirondack Guides' Association, which meets at intervals to transact business and swap hunting stories. Its members formed an interesting group of yarn spinners upon the stage of the town hall in Saranac Lake the other day, when the annual meeting was held. Prior to the business meeting there was an extempore smoker by some of the associate members who were out to hear a good story. It was a highly respectable looking body of woodsmen. The majority of them wore "boiled" shirts, a few had sweaters, while others had flannel shirts. A strict tally showed that there were sixty-eight present. The president was E. E. Sumner, who by his younger years and activity led the organization.

In point of experience and age "Mart" M. Moody, of Moody's Postoffice, Franklin County, was the ranking member. Mr. Moody was a guide under President Arthur, when Mr. Arthur was wont to visit the wilderness. During President Arthur's administration Mr. Moody was appointed postmaster of the postoffice at Moody's little settlement. And Mr. Moody has held the office through all the succeeding changes in administration. For seventeen years a postoffice inspector did not find it necessary to visit Moody's office. The reports he sent in were satisfying. Last summer a man in Washington wanted to visit the Adirondacks, and, being a postoffice inspector, he concluded that it was an appropriate time to examine into the accounts of Mr. Moody. When he reached Moody's, Mr. Moody turned all the books over to him and left him in possession of the office while the postmaster pursued his other duties about his forest home. The inspector spent a long time in figuring up the books. He got through the business of eleven years and then took a rest. When he had finally concluded his examinations he had found that the United States Government owed the postmaster at Moody's just sixteen cents.

"Somehow or other I had put in a little too much of my own money in making change some time, but I never noticed it," says Mr. Moody in speaking of this.

In this gathering of the guides, veterans were in the majority. One of the best known characters of the woods was R. L. Hayes, of Bloomingdale, Essex County, who, by his smoothly shaven face and wrinkled brow, is well remembered by the visitors to the region. There was A. H. Billings, of Lake Placid, the president of the guides' branch in that mountain town; Warren J. Slater, of Saranac Lake, the secretary of the Adirondack Guides' Association, and many others.

Storytelling was in order before the opening of the meeting. The little gathering on the stage grew from a handful to one of considerable proportions, and the people found in the prelude matters of sufficient interest to cause them to forget the regular time of calling the meeting to order, and instead of beginning at 2 o'clock it was delayed until after 3 o'clock.

"Mart" Moody, it was deemed best, should start the ball rolling. "Mart's" great countenance opened wide as he smiled in recognition of the compliment.

"Boys," said he, "you all know that I joined the Methodist Church seven years ago, and that since then I have been telling only the truth. There was a time when I could tell as big a story as the other fellow. But I ain't as spry as I was once. My imagination ain't what it used to be. The only stories I am telling now are true ones."

"Tell us that panther story," insisted Hayes.

"Yes, the panther story," was the chorus.

"You don't mean panther—you mean catamount," he indignantly exclaimed and Guide "Mart" Moody looked at Hayes as though he would like to chew his ear off.

"Well, let me take that gun, and I will try and show you how I did it," said "Mart," reaching for Sumner's gun. "Now, this catamount story is the truth. If any of you doubt it I will take off my shoe and stockin' and show how the steel trap made me a cripple for life."

No one disputed his veracity, although the shells had just been carefully removed from the gun by Mr. Sumner.

"In 'bout 1859," began "Mart," "while I was working for Daniel Ames buildin' the house where he now lives, on the road 'bout half way between Saranac and Lake Placid, I started out to get some lumber from the mill here in Saranac Lake. 'Dan's' two boys, Moses and Edward, were with me. They are alive to-day and will tell you this story, so if you don't believe me ask them. After getting the lumber in the village I 'ntended to return by the river to Lower Saranac Lake.

"I took a muzzle loadin' rifle, but as I didn't think I would need it I carried only one bullet. It was an off time of the year for huntin'. I put the ball in my pocket, and as we had plenty of time we concluded it would be a good thing to stop at Rogers Brook Falls and catch some trout. We reached the mouth of the brook in the boat, landed and cut some fishpoles and arranged the tackle. The falls are about eighty rods from the mouth of the brook. There were still waters 'bout every ten rods apart, and I cast the line from time to time in these still waters as we passed up the brook. I was ahead of the boys, and wanted to reach the falls first, as there we could find the best fishing.

"In a kind of a level place, a bit low, I stepped into somethin' that seemed to close 'bout my leg. I jumped as far as I could and fell down. I saw that I had a bear trap, weighing thirty-seven pounds, on my right foot. There were three spikes on one side and one on the other, which had buried themselves in my flesh. When I jumped I tore the flesh for several inches.

"I didn't know how to get that trap off. I heard the boys coming and I called to them. They found a lever, and I worked around with my foot so that I could pry on one side of the trap and the boys on the other. In this way I squeezed out. At the falls I took off my shoe and washed the wound.

"While I was bending over, 'Mose' suddenly sprang upon my back, and 'Mose' and Edward both began to holler. They called the names of all the animals I ever heard of—wolves, panthers, catamounts, bears and everything else. Those boys were frightened 'bout to death, but up to this time I had seen nothing to scare me.

"But on a log about fourteen feet away was a catamount looking down on us. She looked as though she wanted to bite. I grabbed a stone. It was fifteen feet across the stream, and a young balsam hung over it so that the boys could cross. I swung the stone in the air to frighten the catamount as she lay on the log. She was quiet, but looked ugly.

"The boys got across all right and I picked up my stockin' and hurried over. In a lumber road I sat down and pulled on my stockin'.

"It seemed curious to me that the catamount didn't go away. It was a purty excitin' time. You know there is an old sayin' that a hunter should never go and leave an animal that way.

"'I ain't goin' to leave her that way,' said I to the boys.

"Then I got the gun and loaded it as well as I could. I told the boys to row their boat around the point to a rock covered with tamaracks, but they were afraid to leave me.

"When I got back the animal lay just where I had left her. I had my gun ready and walked around to a rock which was about fifteen feet from the catamount. I thought she had young ones. She was beginning to get uneasy, and all to once she jumped. She went about eight feet, and I saw that she had a trap weighing 'bout four pounds on a for'ard leg. There was a log hangin' to the trap. If that catamount had got much further down toward the lake she would have stepped into the trap in which I got caught.

"The catamount whirled and jumped and finally dropped behind a mound, so that I could not see her. Then I saw her above me. She was looking down at me with her head just hangin' over the mound.

"I thought I could risk a shot and fired. I knew I hit her, for she fell back. Then she jumped and bounded around so that her tail caught between some small balsams.

"I got hold of the tail and hung on. The boys brought a club, and I asked them to hang on to the tail while I clubbed her. The boys could not do it at first, but as she began to grow weaker they could, and I struck her in the head.

"I took off the trap and I was bound to carry her home. We tried to raise her up on a pole on our shoulders, but as the boys were much shorter then I, the catamount kept sliding down toward them. Then I grabbed the catamount and threw her on my back, just the way you carry deer. I fell down near the boat, as my foot was badly swollen and I was getting weak from the loss of blood.

"I managed to row down the lake with the boys sitting on the body of the catamount. I met my brother Harry and I called out to him:

"'I have a catamount that I got in your trap,' and told him the story. He took the body of the animal, while I went home and went to bed. I didn't step on that foot again in two weeks, and you may see that trap crippled me for life."

ADIRONDACK GUIDES TELLING YARNS AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING.

Guide Billings is illustrating how a deer was drawn from a lake with grapples.

"I can't go so far back as that," said Ross Hayes, "but I can tell you one of the queerest things that happens nowadays in these woods."

Several in the crowd seemed to remember some old experiences, and there was a mixed chorus of "some queer things do happen while huntin'."

"Three years ago," continued Ross, without noticing the interruption, "I was still-huntin' on Arab Mountain. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning. The still-huntin' was not very good. There was a little snow on the ground, but not enough. I was in the vicinity of Lake Pleasant, and as I boarded at Childwold Station at the time, I was figurin' on gettin' back in time for dinner. I had been on the track of a deer for some time, but he got away. I thought I could go around the ledge and reach the boarding house about the right time. At the time I was out for a deer for a man from Pennsylvania, who had offered me a good sum for a fine head.

"The ledge which I was circlin' was from 10 to 15 feet high, and nearly perpendicular. It was faced by a flat rock, over which the moss had grown. The ledge looked steep from the lower side where I was. Above and below was burnt ground. I heard a deer working somewhere in the neighborhood and I waited, thinking that it could not get away from me.

"Suddenly I heard a noise above me, and looking up I saw something sprawling and kicking in the moss. I thought it was a man, and knowing that there were other hunters in the vicinity, I did not shoot. Purty soon I saw the foot of a deer. The deer had seen or scented me, and thought that he could spring across that ledge and get away. When he landed after his first jump he struck the moss on that steep ledge and his feet slid. He scraped a great spot bare, and the moss at first completely blanketed him. He was all tangled up, but kicked and jumped about as much as he could and finally bounded free from the ledge. He was out of gunshot in an instant, and I went home empty-handed."

"That reminds me," put in Moody, "of the time some fishermen saw a deer jump off a ledge clear over their boat into the water.

"They heard a sound and saw the legs of a deer flying in the air directly over their heads. They were so terribly frightened that they did not offer to kill the deer. It was a buck, and he swam back to the shore and disappeared down the side of the mountain.

"But there was a reason for the deer jumping like that. The next day we saw a boat rowing about in the lake where the deer had jumped from the ledge. When we asked what the matter was they told us that they had frightened a panther off the ledge into the water and that the panther had been shot. The shot killed the animal, for he sank to the bottom of the lake.

"Later in the day I saw something in the water near some lily pads. The waves dashed over it, and when I had investigated I found that the panther had risen to the surface of the water. We found the place on the ledge where the deer had been lying and saw the tracks made by the panther as it sprang down upon the deer. There was no way of escape for the deer but to jump into the water at the foot of the ledge, and he did so, going clean over the heads of the men in the boat. That deer certainly dropped 150 feet."

"I once saw a deer jump thirty-five feet," said Mr. Billings. "The story of this deer was one of the most singular I ever heard. We had been following him and ran him down to a ledge, about thirty-five feet high, which he cleared in a bound. One of us shot at him, but it seemed that the shot did not take effect. But we know that it was a 'spikehorn' buck, for we noticed a peculiarity of his horns. One of his horns was a spike, sticking straight up, and the other was a horn having a fork.

"Later 'Mart' Brewster shot that same deer.

"A singular thing occurred about three years ago," continued Mr. Billings. "I think it was just three years ago that we had a light fall of snow early in September. 'Mart' Brewster shot a deer, but as there was no sign he thought the shot missed. In November of the same year, while hunting near the Au Sable River, 'Mart' shot a deer as it leaped through some bushes. When he came up to it the only mark he could find was on his leg, which was nearly severed.

"It seemed a remarkable thing that a shot through the leg should kill that deer, but it was certain that the deer was stone dead. When the deer was cut up it was found that a rifle ball had passed through his heart. In the heart there was found a lump of 'podded' blood, and it was a mystery to us how that deer lived so long as he did. The animal was nothing but skin and bones, and we concluded that the shot through the leg was so great a shock to his weakened body that he died on the spot. There might have been a nerve in there in the right place to finish the poor thing."

"I can tell about the strange death of a deer on Silver Lake," said Secretary Slater. "I was hunting with Mr. Hoe. The deer was in the water, not far from the boat, and I called out to Mr. Hoe to shoot it through the back, because if he shot it through the head it would sink. But he fired straight at the head. I grabbed a hind leg of the animal as its head went down, and held on to it. After a few kicks the deer died, and we were able to get it ashore.

"The queer feature of it was that the deer did not show the mark of a bullet anywhere."

"Perhaps it went down his throat," said some one, and there was a laugh.

"No; we could not find a bit of lead in him anywhere," said Mr. Slater, warmly.

"Oh, I know what was the matter," said Hayes. "The man held the gun so close to the deer's nose that it took his breath away, and when Slater pulled him under water the deer simply drowned."

Slater's "Oh, I guess so," could be heard even above the roar of laughter.

"Mart" Moody was ready with another story, and the guides gave respectful attention.

"Several years ago," began the old guide, "I was in the habit of setting traps in the small lakes and ponds in the vicinity of Saranac Inn. One day in the winter I made a trip upon the ice, stopping now and then to catch a trout through the ice. There was a man named Smith on hand at the start, but he got strayed away, and was not in at the finish." And the old man indulged in a hearty laugh over his reminiscence.

"I rigged up a temporary hand sled, and had in it a few suckers and an ice chisel. Finally I located a favorable fishing place near the shore, cut some holes in the ice, sat down on the hand sled and began to fish. I had fair luck, until I encountered a big fellow, who refused to be caught. I tried my best to hook this fish, and watched the hole closely.

"I was so busy watching the trout that I did not notice a commotion on the ice. Looking up, I saw a deer running to me. I did not see anything behind him, the deer startled me so. As the deer caught sight of me, he whirled and fell on the ice. There was a little snow, and the deer slid. Before you coud snap your fingers five wolves were at him and killed him quickly. I was so excited that I did not know what I was doing. I grabbed my ice chisel, and ran at the wolves and the deer. I swung the chisel right and left, and drove the wolves away from the deer. I yelled the loudest I could, and I guess I frightened the wolves some. With the chisel I cut off the hind quarters of the deer.

"Then I grabbed the hind feet of the deer and dragged that part of him along the ice. The wolves returned to eat the forequarters of the animal, while I hung the hindquarters over a limb on the shore. The camp was at Howell. I ran a good share of the distance to camp and back, in all, about a mile and a half. At the camp I got my gun and a hatchet.

"When I got back I didn't see a wolf. I looked around the point, but still no wolves. The hindquarters of the deer hung there just where I had left them. There was a little of the forequarters, but no wolves. Nor have I seen any wolves in this region since. Guess they were the last."

"But what had become of the fish?" was asked.

"The trout had hung himself," replied "Mart," "and I had a fine saddle of venison and had licked a pack of wolves in getting it."

Some of the guides moved about in the circle, and President Sumner told the next story.

"One time, Dr. Wright, of Lake Placid, with 'Sim' Torrence, Dr. Hallock and others, were hunting on Silver Lake, and they drove in a buck that had four prongs. 'Don't shoot him in the neck,' yelled 'Sim,' 'he will turn end over and sink. Shoot him in the back!'

"But Dr. Wright shot him squarely in the head, the deer ended over and went out of sight. 'Sim' marked the place as well as he could, and they all went to the camp for a trolling line. They got a line eighty feet long, and fastened to the end of it a set of grapples. But they did not get hold of anything. They didn't even touch bottom. They returned to camp and got more line, and with this they caught something. They pulled and pulled, and finally the deer came to the top. Then they measured the depth of the water, and found it was 111 feet."

"It's a purty hard job to save a deer after he has gone to the bottom like that," it was suggested by some doubting Thomas. "Never heard of anybody gettin' a deer like that before."

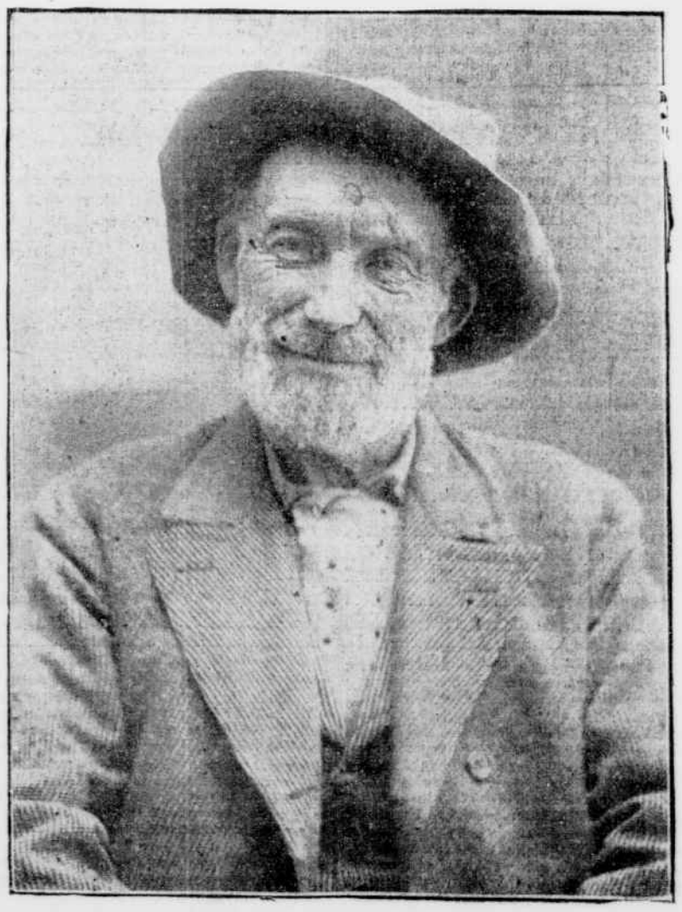
"That may be true," said Mr. Billings, "We all know it is a hard thing to grapple a deer like that, but not more than two months ago Dr. Wright showed me the grappling hooks which brought the deer to the top. The deer was hooked in the lip."

"Tell us about shootin' a deer and breaking four legs with one shot," demanded an associate member of "Mart."

"Well, I did it," said "Mart." "A single ball broke four legs of a deer. I was hunting in the region of Marsh Pond. There was another fellow with me, and we both saw a deer in the marsh at the same time. The other hunter ran around one side of a clump of bushes and I went on the other side. I was in a hurry to get that deer, and shot first. I shot a single bullet from the smoothbore gun I was using at the time, and the deer dropped. When we got the deer out we found that every leg had been broken. The ball, I guess, passed through two legs, hit the third and splintered. That is as near as I can figure out. The ball we found was splintered anyhow."

"I can tell a better one than that," said Mr. Sumner. "Marshall Brown and I were hunting at Slim Pond. I saw a deer running up a hill and fired. The deer happened to be doubled up with the four feet together, and the ball happened to hit at the right time to cut all four legs off. Remarkable incident, that; how all things managed to be judged so beats me."

"I guess, boys, that we had better hold our meeting, if we are going to do so to-day," announced the president, and the story telling was at an end.



GUIDE STEVENS, OF LAKE PLACID.

One of the best known members of the Adirondack fraternity.

ARCHITECTURE OF FUTURE.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY SUGGESTS COVERING STEEL FRAMEWORK WITH COLORED TILES.

Sir Martin Conway, professor of art in Cambridge University, who is now in this city, does not share in the views of the president of the American university in Cambridge, Mass., regarding the architectural beauty—or lack of beauty—of New-York. President Eliot said frankly the other day that this city was about as ugly as they make them. Sir Martin Conway says, on the other hand, that Broadway, from the Battery to Madison Square, and then Fifth-ave. on, is the most beautiful street in the world. But he admits that this beauty is found to no small extent in the promises for the future that the buildings along the street contain. He says that the skyscrapers of New-York are just now of more interest than any other buildings in the world, because better than any others they hint at the style of architecture that will be the style of to-morrow.

In developing this proposition Sir Martin displays a freedom from traditional bias that is refreshing and stimulating to the imagination, and certain of his prophecies, at first thought rather ridiculous, grow on the mind till the picture he calls up assumes a splendor and a depth of possibility almost astonishing.

"The architecture of the future will be the architecture of steel," he said last week to a group of callers. "It will be an entirely new style, and it had its birth in Chicago only a brief twenty years ago. There have been three great styles in the past, the simple uprights and crossbeam style of the Egyptian and Greek temples, the rounded arch style, which the Romans worked out from a suggestion borrowed from pre-Athenian Greece, and the pointed style of the Gothic builders. All other styles have been variants or combinations of these. The materials have been wood or stone, and the problems to be met in the past were the problems of construction. An entirely new style is now being evolved, and is studied best in New-York. Anything can be done with steel, barrel vault or dome or pointed arch can be thrown up at will, and the structure can rise to a height of thirty stories. The problem is much less one of construction, and much more one of pure style. We can meet at will all the structural problems that vexed the old builders, and use at will the decorations which time taught them were most in keeping with the structural plan they adopted. The field for the architects of the future is immense and as wide as the globe.

"Now, what will the style of the future be? No one can say, but that it will be beautiful I do not doubt. Already, in many of the skyscrapers you seem to think so ugly, I see hints of this beauty. To those who had seen the buildings of Greece and Rome the churches of the Middle Ages must have seemed ugly. But in those very churches were being worked out and developed the structural principles which resulted in the Cathedral of Paris and the perfect spire of Chartres. Now, such of those churches as are left us we find beautiful by the light reflected back on them. Mr. Carnegie tells me that there is no reason why the steel skyscrapers should not stand the vibration for a thousand years, so I have no doubt that the day will come when Americans will look back on many of the buildings now going up in lower Broadway and find them beautiful just as we now see beauty in the early Gothic churches. Let us to-day look forward, and see in them a style in the making.

"Structurally, this style will be the simple square principle of the Greeks, the girder style, for that is the cheapest. But as the general proportions of the skyscraper are entirely different from the low buildings of the Greeks, the style of ornamentation cannot be the same; nor can it be the style of the Gothic, which was adopted for pointed buildings, and, moreover, ecclesiastical. Many attempts to use these styles are seen on the towering structures in your city, and too often the result is unhappy. These square steel buildings might be covered with wallpaper, if one desired. Neither stone nor brick nor wood is essential to the structure. How shall they be covered? How shall the steel skeleton that is the real building be concealed and ornamented and made beautiful to look upon? The proportions are like nothing before built in the world, unless it be the tower of Babel. They are reared for use. How make them lovely?

"They are the buildings of the future, so our question is, What is the style of the future to be?"

"Well, your architects are working out the answer. The University Club, in Fifth-ave., is a beautiful building, fit to stand in Venice or Florence. Many of your architects have treated the stories, or groups of stories, the windows and cornices of the tall buildings of steel in entirely new and beautiful ways. I shall not be surprised myself to come back to New-York in thirty years and see your tall buildings covered with colored tiles, arranged in patterns, or even in pictorial designs, if you wish. Why not? Think of that forest of skyscrapers on lower Manhattan Island all standing up in shining colors and sending back the sun!"

Sir Martin paused to allow the conception to come home to the men with whom he was talking. Spoken very quietly, his words did not at once carry the wild, Babylonic splendor of the picture.

"The theory of a level sky line on a city street doesn't appeal to me," he went on. "I know of no more beautiful sight in the world than lower Manhattan viewed from Jersey City at sunset. That wilderness of Towers of Babel, each with its rosy plume of smoke, is a sight so majestic, so genuinely beautiful, that it can never be forgotten. It is a pity that the splendid idea of a triumphal arch of entrance on the Battery was not carried out. The finest street in the world should have the finest entrance. There should be a fitting door to the land that holds the future of architecture in its keeping."

His auditors left the Albemarle, where they had called on him, debating his words. "His suggestion about the tiles makes me think of what Professor Fenn, of the Harvard Divinity School, used to say about the tile pattern on the front of Tremont Temple in Boston, the big Baptist church.

"He used to say that it was quite in keeping with the building, because it was the conventional pattern of oilcloth."

"You Bostonians are hopeless," cried the others.

"And you must remember, too," said the Bostonian, "that Sir Martin has climbed most of the highest mountains in the world. He likes heights."

LIVELY WIDOWS IN MOURNING GARB.

It is probable that the Chinese, with their hideous funeral rites, which seem most heathenish to us, would regard our custom of showing love and respect to our dead as being equally absurd. And when we look the matter straight in the face, is it not true that the great majority of American mourners by their unseemly conduct convert their sorrows into satires? An observing woman says:

"Last spring, during the annual visit of the circus in Madison Square Garden, I saw three young widows enter the front of the building. They were gowned in the most correct mourning. They had a box at the middle of one side of the Garden, and as they were a little late they stepped down into the tanbark ring and started around the arena. They had taken only a few steps, when the signal was given by the band for the procession—'the grand hippodrome display'—to enter at the opposite end of the Garden on its way around the arena. The elephants, with their red and gilt keepers, appeared. The people cheered wildly, the band blared, the widows simultaneously threw back their heads like excited thoroughbreds, snatched up their swirling skirts and ran, screaming with the delight of children and kicking up a perfect cloud of tanbark with their French heels.

"It was quite evident they had forgotten everything except the hugh gray elephants that were tramping steadily behind them. In their eagerness to get out of the way their long, black, fluttering veils were unheeded.

"I was thankful that their husbands could not see them."

LONGEST TOOTH—SIXTEEN INCHES.

From the Ohio Dental Journal.

Relics of prehistoric times have been unearthed in a bog at what is known as White Sulphur Springs, two miles north of Afton, Ind. T., by Professor W. H. Holmes, head of the bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and W. A. Gill, a government photographer. The find includes several large teeth and bones, together with many arrow points and heads. One tooth, that of a mastodon, measured sixteen inches in length and four inches across the top. This is said to be the largest tooth of these extinct animals ever seen by man.