

traversed by a little steamer built expressly to carry the small mail vehicle, and totally inadequate to carry one of our coaches. They were connecting lakes, and were forty-five miles long, consequently we had to drive around them, a much greater distance. The proprietor of the vehicle that carried the mail came twenty miles to dissuade us from undertaking the journey; but Mr. Bleeker gave him a characteristic reply. "I am convinced," said he, "that I can go wherever man or horse can go; and where I go these little people will follow."

Our grit was up, and we said, "Don't give it up. We'd rather sleep on the bare earth than be charged with lack of courage." We started, and completed the journey of over two hundred miles in six days, averaging thirty-three miles a day. We had been told we could not cover over sixteen. The only guide we had was the sun and the track made by the small mail wagon, and this was often entirely obliterated. As we approached the settlement the last day, we saw hundreds of kangaroos, wallabys, emus, adjutant birds, magpies, and great kingfishers. The lagoons were filled with black swan, wild ducks, pelicans, etc., and flying overhead were flocks of cockatoos. At noon we usually stopped and searched for fresh water, which was to be found only in holes dug beneath the sand by the drovers, who were compelled to bring their cattle across the desert to find a market. These wells fill during the rainy season, but many of them become dry. Around them would be lying the bleached skeletons of poor beasts, no doubt killed by excessive drinking after too long a thirst.

The last day we journeyed thirty miles, and reaching the Murray River were ferried across to Wellington, a miserable little village half buried in sand. After performing in ten different towns, we arrived at Adelaide on August 8. We performed in the town hall, a magnificent building, for one week; it seated two thousand persons, and was filled at every entertainment.

In going from Portland to Belfast we forded a river and had an exciting experience, as we came near being drowned. It was a dangerous undertaking, and our employees expressed their fears, so Mr. Bleeker said he would not insist upon their accompanying us. I had faced many perils and was anxious to try this new excitement. We left Portland about four o'clock in the morning, and drove twenty miles before we came to the river. It was about one-eighth of a mile wide, with a strong current, and evidently deep, being swollen by the rains.

The actions and remarks of our guide were not very encouraging. He gazed up and down the river, and hesitatingly said, "It is greatly swollen." "Are you sure you know the ford?" inquired Mr. Bleeker.

"Positive," replied he. Mr. Bleeker looked at us and asked, "Are you afraid to venture?" "I'll go if you go," said Mrs. Bleeker. "And we'll go wherever you go," said Minnie and myself. "All right," said the General and Commodore; "we're no cowards." "We'll go," said Mr. Bleeker, and helped us into the coach. "Now mount and go ahead," said he to the guide, who did so, we following. We advanced, each moment deeper and deeper, until our coach was submerged and the water covered the floor. The driver, with failing heart, pulled up.



Lavinia and Minnie Warren.

This was the deepest water flowing over the bar. "Urge them! Urge the horses!" shouted the guide. The driver plied his whip about the horses' heads; but, half swimming, they scarcely had power to move the coach. It was a critical moment. With a tremendous effort at length they succeeded and we slowly emerged, and shortly afterward stood upon terra firma. We all remained silent during the passage, although we were caged like rats in a trap, with no chance of escape or rescue if we had rolled off the bar.

We opened at Sydney on October 4, and performed for a season of three weeks with immense success; after which we proceeded to the north, visiting a large number of towns.

While at Sydney the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria, visited us several times at the hotel. The evening before our departure he honored us with his company at supper. His equerry, Sir Elliot York, accompanied him, and they remained with us until early morning. He complimented us with the remark that he had rarely passed so delightful an evening.

Minnie's triumph began when the Duke invited her to the ball given in his honor by the Governor General. Minnie looked on it as a joke, and accepted in high glee, going in costume as "Little Red Riding Hood," while Commodore Nutt went as "Dandy Pat," a character less widely known, but popular at that time. The two excited much attention; so much, especially after the Duke had danced several times with Minnie, that he carefully escorted her to the royal box to secure her from intrusion. She excited much envy and some jealousy; but with the impulsive independence of her American birthright, she ignored it all, and danced and flirted with the Duke, to his great delight. I tried to subdue her a little, but it was no use. She saw her opportunity and made the most of it, laughing to scorn the chidings of "old married people."

She and the Duke became great friends, and when on one occasion he found her making lemonade at some gathering, he avowed his intention of having some of that lemonade, though it invariably hurt him; to which Minnie laughingly replied that it would be quite in keeping with her republican principles to "knock out" a possible King. Minnie's aptitude for slang was a source of constant anxiety to Mrs. Bleeker and myself. The crumbs of royal attention which fell to my share were only to act as Minnie's chaperon, and occasionally to sing while the Duke played my accompaniments.

During a period of nine months, while in Australia, we traversed a distance of five thousand three hundred miles overland, nearly the entire distance by coach, and performed in one hundred and five cities and towns.

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT BIG MEN

President Harrison's Reserve

WHEN the Chautauqua movement first began to enlist the services of the great lecturers and politicians of the country, the late John J. Ingalls was requested to open the North Indiana Chautauqua. It was his first visit to that part of the State, and was just after his remote intimacy with President Harrison. Those who knew the grandson of old Tippecanoe will understand the term "remote intimacy."

Ingalls was eager to learn what position the President held in the esteem of his native State, and, being in the company of several representative men one afternoon, he asked:

"Is there anyone in Indiana who ever succeeded in getting behind Mr. Harrison's ice wall? You must understand, gentlemen, I have the greatest admiration for the President; but it seems to me he is wholly wanting in personal magnetism, whatever that may be, and he has never found any man in Washington honest enough to win his confidence. He seems to be shut away from his fellow men by an impregnable armor of reserve."

"I believe the men of Indiana have had the same experience with him," one of them commented. "I should have thought that you, at the head of the Senate, would have come closer to him than we."

The Brewer Incident

I NEVER got anywhere near his real life," Ingalls retorted. "I remember when my good friend Brewer was suggested to fill a vacancy on the supreme bench, I had an illustration of the President's lack of confidence in his fellow man, or perhaps it was his unwillingness to take another into his confidence. I'll tell you the story, and you may be able to throw some light on the motive."

"We from Kansas were enthusiastic supporters of Brewer. We shouted for him and plugged for him, early and late. We prepared a long petition, with scores of signatures, and carried it to the White House. We sang Brewer's praises until we were hoarse, and the only thing we could get the President to say was, 'I'll do my best for you.' After the third or fourth visit, that began to grow monotonous. We should rather have had him tell us outright that our man had no show. Finally we went to him and were determined to compel him to commit himself one way or the other."

"No man ever succeeded in doing that," one of Harrison's Indiana friends said dryly.

"I can readily believe that is true," Ingalls resumed. "He was signing some documents when we went in, and we had to wait for him. When we got our audience, we put up the strongest talk that was in us. We got the same old answer, and left in disgust."

"When I reached the Senate chamber, I found Brewer's appointment lying on my desk. It was the document the President was signing when we entered, and he had sent it over by a special messenger while we were laboring with him. Now, what do you make of that?"

Burdette's Family Quarrel

AS far as an unfeeling world has been able to discover, the inimitable Bob Burdette and his present wife have had only one serious quarrel. That one was on account of the ubiquitous "other woman" who refused for some little time to be explained away.

It began one afternoon when the humorist was summoned suddenly from his desk. He had been writing a letter, and Mrs. Burdette, who happened to be passing the desk while he was out of the room, let her eyes wander by chance over the astounding words:

MY DEAR LOVE—Your most welcome missive is at hand, and I cannot tell you how delighted I was to get your invitation to join you in St. Louis. There is only one thing in the way. Of course, Mrs. B. will accompany me on the trip, and I shall have to—

There the letter ended in a little scrawl of the pen as the result of the sudden ringing of the bell. Mrs. Burdette had not meant to pry into her husband's private correspondence. She had been sure he had no secrets from her, no affairs with other women, and yet here was the indisputable evidence lying right before her eyes. If he had only finished the sentence, since she was fated to see the beginning of it!

That evening she was haughty and hurt, as any husband with half an eye could see, and she positively refused to explain or give him an opportunity to explain. She threw out a few dark hints, of the kind to prick his conscience; but he was either obtuse or obdurate. He made no confession, and for the first time since their marriage he believed that his wife was a creature of unaccountable moods.

Things were beginning to look dark and dangerous between them, when he decided to try a new tack.

He would tell her something that would interest her, that would be sure to please her, thereby giving a new trend to her thoughts. He announced that he was going to take her to St. Louis. Did she manifest even the mildest symptoms of elation? On the contrary, she looked more grieved than ever, and there was a sob in her voice as she said she already knew about his invitation to meet some one there.

"What!" her husband exclaimed. "Has that way of a Robertus Love been writing to you and giving away our secrets? I was planning such a capital surprise for you!"

The making up was of a kind to cause him to wish for frequent quarrels, and although he promised faithfully never to give it away, the humorist did tell the story to a little crowd of press humorists, just after Robertus Love had been elected secretary of the association.

The Cemetery Fence

THEY are attributing a story to Russell Sage the glory of which actually belongs to Jay Gould—the one about the cemetery fence. It happened in the presence of a man now living, one who is willing to go before a notary and take oath that it was Gould and not Sage who said it. Moreover, there is internal evidence which is of more account than any human testimony.

One morning a man named Fox was in Gould's private office, when some women, personal friends of the financier's, called with a subscription paper. They were interested in a little cemetery that was in need of a fence. They wanted to do the thing up beautifully, and were sure they could depend on him for most of the cost. Gould seemed greatly interested until they mentioned the fact that it was a ten foot iron fence, with spikes at the top, that they wished to erect. Then his ardor cooled.

"My common sense will not permit me to give a dollar to such a project," he said with cold finality. "If it was a low stone coping, I should gladly help you out."

"But why?" one of them asked. "You always have a reason."

"And a good one," he returned. "There is absolutely no sense in putting a high spiked fence around a cemetery. Those who are inside cannot possibly get out, and I am very sure no one who is still outside is likely to break in. That is all, ladies."