WHY WOMEN GO TO THE MATINEES.

How they Study the Styles of Actresses and Fall in Love with Leading Men.

The bugbear of artists and regular theatre goers is a matinée. The fact of having a performance in the evening usually renders an artist somewhat indifferent to the work of the afternoon. There are but few familiar faces, no critics nor literati for the great lights of the stage to shine before, no heavy swells near the front nor dudes in the boxes for actresses to smile upon and singers to roll their witching eyes at, as we sometimes see in comic opera.

We miss the brilliancy of dressy audiences. The music sounds less gayly, and no flowers go over the footlights. Yet for a student of life a matinée audience possesses singular interest. Boarding-school misses from out of town, inhale the aroma of the stage, and long to breathe forever its wondrous intoxication. The jewels are all real to their fascinated gaze. The whiteness of Rhine stones is to them the lustre of old mine gems. The art of a make-up is nature's stamp of beauty. Their hearts burst with envy at the rustle of stately brocades, and the sweep of laces, and the flutter of fans, and the shapely figure that the modiste's skill has made. Their dream of the week is a matinée on Saturday, and Mrs. Langtry's gorgeous gowns, and Rose Coghlan's tripping feet, and Annie Pixley's glittering jewels flash in a confusion of brilliant pictures before their brains, which should be filled with French verbs and rhetoric.

They adore the clothes of Davenport and Dauvray, and women of wiser heads than these school misses send their seamstresses to the theatre to study the hang of a drapery or the style of a bodice.

Matinées are a boon to persons living in the vicinity of the city. Sometimes an entire family will attend *en masse*. They may always be known by the habit of leaving the theatre before the end of the last act, in order to make their train; also by the little shopping bags which they carry.

During the height of the theatrical season girls of the period don their best street rig and go to a matinée each Saturday, usually with tickets furnished by the courtesy of an admirer. Sometimes their fancy is caught by an actor or singer, to whom they devote vigorous apolause. These fancies have varied since the time of Montague, who was to them a demi-god enshrined within their hearts and framed in pictured grace upon their toilet tables.

This craze was not mere newspaper gossip, but a fact which oftener bored than pleased the leading young man of the then most fashionable theatre in the city. Somehow Wallack's luck seemed to change after Montague died. The new theatre followed closely upon this disaster, and its bright promises were eclipsed by the shadows of failure.

Osmond Tearle could not fill the vacuum left by Montague's sad end, nor has Bellew in any degree rivalled the young Englishman, whose graces of manner and of heart won the regard of all. Romantic though it seem in this age of rush and era of new sensation, at least one woman's heart got a death blow when Montague died. She was an actress with the caprice of her kind. "They call me fickle," she said. "I am to all the world, for my only interest in life ceased with the breath of Montague."

"Foolish girls," Montague used to say, with his cheery smile, as he listened to tales of their infatuation or tore into shreds the notes which filled his desk. On one occasion, when crossing Fifth avenue, a young woman recognized that she would rather be knocked down by Montague's horses than to be unnoticed by him, as his gay team pranced down the thoroughfare.

Another girl induced a male friend to take the actor to her house to dine. During the meal a chorus of giggles sounded from the butler's pantry, in which she, with three of her chosen friends, were concealed to catch what to them was the music of Montague's voice and to obtain a glimpse of him. He had stipulated that no girls should be present. "No girls" was to him like no flowers at a funeral. His dread at times was "the girls." Montague was the matinée card no manager duplicates

Mr. Bellew is thought to rank next in popularity with the fair sex, but he fails to touch the chord in their hearts that Montague reached. Bellew waxes bitter against the flimsy parts which have fallen to his lot since he came here. Not satisfied with applauses from the fair ones, he longs for a chance in the field of higher melodrama or light tragedy. He wishes to play *Ruy Blas*, for instance, and *Romeo*, to be sure. His battle has been against rant and storm. He desires to attitudinize to the stalls, not to the galleries, as some accuse him of doing. "I will prove to the world my artistic record with work of that sort," Bellew asserts. It is said that these two leading men would not work in harness next season under Abbey's management, hence Mr. Tearle will not belong to the force.

Richard Mansfield is the chief attraction to the female element at present. They dote upon his manly form and striking face, and will swarm like bees to the matinées during his summer season.

Harry Hilliard was once the craze with the girls. Indeed now they cast admiring glances at him in "The Pyramid." Hilliard is the recipient of volumes of their affection. Many of them do not know that both he and Bellew are married. But thoughts of wedlock enter not into the girls' imaginations. Their fancies are but for the hour—romances of the stage which for the measure of the moment they imagine to have a part in the more material issues of their lives—the struggle for dress and the weakness for swell table d'hôtes.

The seriousness of Mantell disfavored him to some extent with the youthful femininity of his audiences. When he first appeared as *Loris* they all seldom went down before him. They taught their lovers to rehearse *à la* Mantell. As *Fedora* was the rage in style with the western section of the city, so *Loris* was the dream of young women who stand in shops. Even from the near towns crowds came to see his passionate love making, without which *Fedora* would not have been the hit it was. In "Called Back" Mantell's favor seemed to wane among the gentler sex. His smile caught their fancy again in "Tangled Lives." This smile, which flashes over his face like a sudden burst of sunlight after his outbreak of petulance at the advice of his worldly wise friends, is the best point that he makes in "Tangled Lives."

Perugini was a good matinée card before the hand of fate rested heavily upon him in the loss of hearing and partially of health. His costumes dazzled their fancy, and his smiles at the audience seemed to each girl especially directed to her herself. Among the notes which he received from stage-struck misses was one inviting him to a meeting at the corner of a certain street, at a certain hour, rain or shine.

She has no regard for my chief treasure, my voice," the singer laughingly said to a friend, as he held the note against the flame of a cuncite. The young enthusiast had promised her friends to exhibit admiration for Herbert Kelcey, but were frowned into silence by his wife. The Adonis fever raged until Dixey was literally tortured with requests for favors from the fair.

Mr. Wilson Barrett made havoc with the hearts of the feminine world. Odd it seemed that men downright were worshipped at his shrine, and one of the most uncertain age attended each performance here and many in distant cities, her admiration culminating in the desire to build for her idol a theatre. This infatuation was not for the actor's art, but for his presence alone, as it appeared in classic costume, heightened by tricks of make-up and by the deceptive light of the stage.

The enthusiastic expressions used by matinée audiences are sometimes amusing. "Isn't she beautiful?" a young woman remarked as Agnes Booth swept across the boards in the superb costumes of *Mrs. Ralston*. We know that this clever actress's success owes little to her haughty face.

"She is too lovely for anything," infatuated woman declare after gazing on the charms of Lillian Russell.

We envy the pleasure that is not marred by criticism, and sometimes seek in the audiences the diversion which the plays fail to furnish.

Ream's Luck.

From the Chicago Mail.

Wall street raised a howl of delight when N. B. Ream sold his Stock Exchange membership. But while the matter is fresh it ought to go on record that Ream left the street, all in all, tremendously ahead of their game. The fact that he is lucky again has a wholesome effect upon those who are not lucky. Ream says this himself, and as an illustration tells his experience as a Captain of a Pennsylvania regiment in the bombarding around Charleston. The work of his regiment had been so severe that in his company there were left only thirteen men, and they were ensconced behind willow earth works filled in with sand. The shots that were directed toward them had fallen short of them for a day, and, while they could see the missiles sailing toward them, they apprehended no peril. Ream says that crowding behind the defences having gotten tired, some he left his thirteen men for a moment and went out in front to stretch himself. He was standing a few rods in front, springing his saber into the soil, so that by letting go the hilt it bounded into the air and turned a somersault before it came back into his hand again. While Ream was amusing himself in front, a black object shot before his eyes, there was a terrific explosion behind the works, and shrieks and groans from the men. A shell had fallen behind the willow works, and of the thirteen men whom Ream had left for a moment not a man was left without some terrible and lasting wound. Not a man escaped. Ream was left without a company. But if Wall street ever believed that it could beat a man with luck like that, it is beside itself with vanity.

Private Wall's Promotion.

From the Baltimore American.

RICHMOND, Va., June 2,—Henry C. Wall of Company F, First Virginia Regiment, went to the National Encampment at Washington as a private, but returned as a corporal, having been promoted upon the "camping ground." Corporal Wall to-day explained his promotion as follows:

"While I was on guard duty some soldiers from a Rhode Island regiment tried to pass the line. I ordered them back, and they insulted me, telling me that they would shoot me if I ordered them back again. The result was I stabbed two of them, and they were in the hospital when I left Washington. I reported the matter to the chief officer of the Rhode Island regiment, and he said I did right. The matter was also reported to the proper officer of my company, and I subsequently restored my promotion."

PUTTING ON CIVILIZED AIRS.

Gas, Water Works, and Other Improvements in Out of the Way Places.

We do not often hear of New Caledonia in the Pacific Ocean, except when a batch of French convicts escape from their island prison to Australia, and cause the good people there to send up a howl of indignant protest. The latest news from the island is that the citizens of Noumea, its chief town, gave a grand ball on March 12 to celebrate an important event. On that day the people put away their kerosene lamps, and in the evening they made the streets and houses brilliant with gas. Gas mains had been laid under all the streets, and now the residents of this little speck in the ocean are enjoying one of the great conveniences of city life.

We hear every few weeks of some surprising improvement made in out of the way parts of the world. Livingstone complained of the difficulty of getting good drinking water at Loanda, on the west coast of Africa. An expensive system of water works is at present building, and Loanda will soon have an unfailing supply of water, drawn from quite a large river several miles away.

Askabad, in Central Asia, on the line of the Trans-Caspian Railroad, now boasts of a theatre, and a ballet troupe from Russia has been giving performances there. At Merv and Tashkend there are now club houses where privileged strangers and the Russian officers play billiards and drink their beer.

The French are trying a plausible scheme for rapidly spreading civilization throughout their great domains in Senegambia. They argue that the quickest way to subdue the country will be to educate the children of the chiefs. These children will some day be persons of much influence, and the French argue that if they can train their minds and imbue them with right notions of progress in their youth, they will, in the future, be splendid missionaries of civilization. They have, therefore, established schools in the most important towns from the ocean for a distance of 600 or 700 miles inland, in which the children of the chiefs are receiving instruction at the expense of the French Government. Col. Gallieni, who has organized these schools, says he thinks they will prove the most powerful means of extending French influence.

THE ROSE OF ALABAMA.

Miss Winston's Good Luck—She Finds a Fortune and a Husband.

From the Chicago Mail.

The young lady clerk in the Treasury who recently made the gratifying discovery that a small farm near Birmingham, Alabama, which her family has long owned, and supposed to be next to worthless, is worth enough to make her independent, is something of a beauty, and will well become the station to which her wealth will entitle her. In person she is tall and graceful. Her features could hardly be called either regular or classic, yet with her clear white and pink complexion, her thick, raven-black hair, and a pair of splendid black eyes, they would certainly admit her to a conspicuous place among the far-famed, dark-eyed Southern beauties. She came to Washington late in the '70s, in company with her mother and an aunt, her mother's sister, her father having died some years before. They had some means, but not enough to enable them to move in a circle to which they had evidently been accustomed in the South. The aunt secured a place in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and later on Rose was given a place as a money counter in the office of the Treasurer. Her salary was $900 a year at first, but was gradually advanced from time to time until it was $1,400, when the happy discovery was made recently that she was heiress to a property supposed to be worth nearly $2,000,000. Her earnings, together with the income from their other property in the South—all that was heretofore supposed to be valuable—enabled mother and daughter to live comfortably, and they always moved in the better, though not, of course, the ultra fashionable circles of society.

Three years ago this summer the present heiress, then the pretty Treasury clerk, met Mr. Frank MacArthur at a boarding house on Fourteenth street, near K, in which the family had recently taken rooms. The house, if not in the fashionable quarter, was certainly well up in the region of eminent respectability. There were lots of young men and maidens in the neighborhood who were combining their lives and fortunes "for better or for worse until death did them part, and perhaps this may have inclined them to think seriously of a future arrangement of the kind themselves, or perhaps it may have happened just as other intense likings of the kind come about. Possibly their landlady may have taken a sly interest in their welfare, as Washington landladies frequently do. Any way, it soon came about that young MacArthur was seated next to Miss Rose at table, and in a very short space of time they were much seen together at the theatre and at social gatherings.

MacArthur hailed from Wisconsin and was a son of the ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of the District. He had begun years before as a clerk in the Interior Department, and had risen to be judge of the interference division of the Patent Office, a very honorable position, but not very lucrative. His constant study and long familiarity with interferences did not permit him to allow anything to interfere with his lovemaking, and in time it came to be generally understood that he and the dark-eyed Rose were engaged. Time went on, but still they were not married. Nobody knew why, but the gossips, of whom there are legions in the capital, speculated long and deeply as to the reason. Their wise conclusion in most instances was that both were ambitious, and for that reason were unwilling to unite their fortunes until their prospects could be so shaped that they could have a home to suit them. Be that as it may, they remained single, and shortly after Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated young MacArthur resigned, went to New York, and formed a partnership for the practice of patent law. His abilities had already won him recognition and were beginning to bring him a satisfactory income when the great good fortune befel his bride expectant.

Last Saturday the following modest notice appeared in the Washington papers:

Miss Sarah Winston and Mr. Frank MacArthur were married yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. T. W. Neill, on P street northwest. The bride is a granddaughter of the late Gov. Winston of Alabama, and the groom is a son of Judge Arthur MacArthur.

The bride and groom have many friends in Washington, who heartily wish them long life and happiness, but there are doubtless many young men hereabouts who heartily wish they had made better use of their opportunities in the days when it wasn't known or suspected that Rose Winston was heiress to the best paying land in the State of Alabama.

PRESIDENTS' SAVINGS.

Figures that Pretend to Show What Mr. Cleveland's Predecessors Have Done.

From the Jacksonville News.

There seems to be some conflict in opinions among writers for the press just now about the amount of money Mr. Cleveland is going to accumulate in his Presidential term. One writer the other day declared that the President was finding the expenses of his position worse than the salary, while another says, on the other hand, that he will go out with about $100,000 saved out of his salary. The fact is that neither of them know anything about the matter. He is undoubtedly able to live within his income, and with what money he had when he came here and the growth in value of what he has purchased it is not improbable that he may go out of the White House with about $100,000.

If he does, it will put him just about on a par in the matter of wealth with the average retiring President. Some of them had more than that, and a good many had less. As a rule, the average President is not much of a financier, and if he accumulates wealth it is because it gravitates toward him by the attraction of high position.

President Arthur was a very high feeder and spent a great deal of money on his table, but he managed to save about $400,000. Garfield was not in office long enough to save much money. He left about $40,000, and the gifts Mrs. Garfield has received have made her a wealthy woman.

Mrs. Hayes ran the financial end of the house during Hayes's Administration, and that she is a financier is proved by the amount saved out of his salary.

Grant never saved much of his salary, but the generous gifts of his friends made him independent. He lost his all in the Grant-Ward failure. The sale of his book has placed his wife in an affluent position.

When Andrew Johnson left the White House he had saved about $15,000, a good deal of which was lost by the failure of the Freedmen's Bank.

Buchanan left over $250,000 to his nephews and nieces.

Pierce did not do as well. Fifty thousand dollars was his limit, with no one to inherit it.

Fillmore left the White House a poor man, but by a second marriage became wealthy.

John Tyler went to the White House a poor man, but managed to save enough out of his salary to live in comfort.

James K. Polk left about $150,000. As he had no children, Mrs. Polk received it all.

Martin Van Buren did not save much cut of his salary, but left $300,000.

Andrew Jackson was counted a rich man in his day. The Hermitage, which he left to his adopted son, is now the property of the State.

James Monroe died in New York insolvent.

Of the earlier Presidents, Washington was the wealthiest. At his death his estate was valued at $300,000.

Adams was poor, but by his wise, able management he never suffered want.

When Jefferson entered the White House he was a wealthy man, but he lost his property and died insolvent.

Madison was wealthy when he became President, and left a handsome estate, which Mrs. Madison's son, Payne Todd, squandered, and left her a poor woman.

A Mourafful Lot.

"Where have all these young men been?" inquired a of a Harlem policeman. "To a funeral?" "No, sir," replied the policeman, wiping away a tear, "they have been over to the Polo grounds watching the New Yorks play ball."

NEWS OF THE THEATRES.

The season is over for most of the theatres, although a few remain open with heat-defyingly successful entertainments or for tests of plays with a view to next season's use. The talk of managers and actors deals mainly with the future. The house as to which speculation most concerns itself is Wallack's. What will Abbey do with it? The only certainty is that he will maintain a stock company, in which Osmond Tearle, Rose Coghlan, and Mrs. Abbey-Gerard will figure. It is asserted positively, too, that Kyrle Bellew will be employed, but how room can be made for him and Tearle is not clear. Tearle is a captivating but not very skilful actor, while Bellew is clever, but not heroic. If it were practicable to put Tearle in the lovers' roles and Bellew into those involving something of eccentricity, both would be valuable. Abbey is a bold operator, and yet not reckless enough to have taken the heavy responsibilities of Wallack's without a definite policy. He has gone to Europe to get plays. Lester Wallack will do no acting next season, so far as he has yet arranged, and if he should appear it would be for occasional weeks in the large cities. John Gilbert will not be a full member of Abbey's company, although he may take parts in revivals of old comedies.

A new theatre of importance, the Broadway, will be a factor in next winter's city amusements. It will be Cosmopolitan Hall rebuilt. It will have no settled company, the intention being to get the strongest of the current things. In that respect it will be a chief competitor of the Fifth Avenue and the Star. Perhaps Mrs. James Brown Potter will be the opening actress, the idea being that, however weak she might prove artistically, she would start the venture fashionably. The pleasanter alternative is the conjunction of Booth and Barrett in Shakespearean tragedies.

Every established theatre in Broadway except Wallack's and the Star, both of which are included in the Abbey and Shoeffel leases, will remain under the same management as last year. That fact speaks well for the solidity which the theatrical business has attained since its old time charlatanism and irresponsibility. The nearest to a change without really being one is in Henry E. Dixey going to the head of the firm of Dixey, Miles & Barton at the Bijou, where he has become director as well as principal performer. The stage will be devoted to slightly fun, but the plans have not been perfected. "Conrad, the Corsair," which is a burlesque on "Captain Kidd," is in contemplation for September; and another place likely to be produced is "Amanuensis," by Frank Lynd, a work represented to mix light comedy, broad burlesque, and comic opera in an ingenious manner. "Amanuensis" would be performed by a company in which John A. Mackay would be the chief comedian, and several vocal actresses would sing E. E. Rice's new music. Later in the season Dixey might come in from his tour of the principal cities long enough to imitate Irving in a burlesque of that actor's *Faust*, which would then be in town. Jacoob Shattuck, who had been in the Bijou forces as Treasurer since Miles & Barton took possession, retired last night. Charles E. Rice, brother of Edward E., will fill the place for a time.

A man who must have to rub his head occasionally to see whether he isn't asleep and dreaming, is Buffalo Bill. The London papers chronicle his social doings along with those of the princes, dukes, and other aristocrats with whom he is associating. It is the whim of titled London to lionize him. The attention which American actors usually struggle for in vain over there, or only get charity, is being bestowed on Bill galore.

"Erminie" is still at the Casino. Mr. Wilson's brisk chase of *Benedictus* loses no part of its hilarious excitement, and the gavotte in which he and Louise Sylvester are the chief burlesquers never fails of encores.

Judicious and numerous interpolations have made Robert Griffin Morris's "The Kindergarten" a fairly merry entertainment at Dockstader's. The end of its run is not yet definitely announced, and it should last weeks longer. Blanche Seymour, one of the soubrettes in the cast, is attracting quite as much attention as Jennie Williams, the especially engaged leader of the actresses. Miss Seymour is both vivacious and pretty. Grinnell, the low comedian, satisfies the management, and they say he will be retained in next season's tour of the farce. The minstrel company of Dockstader's are about finishing their Eastern road trip, and will soon take a rest until Aug. 15, when they will resume their travels, visiting the West for six weeks or so.

Enterprise in placing wax representations of current notables is weekly displayed at the Eden Musée. To the curiosities there has recently been added a gold and silver model of a fire engine. The Eden is a comfortable resort for these warm days.

Manager Rosenquest of the Fourteenth Street is in earnest over to-morrow night's production of "Hypocrite." He long ago became enthusiastic about the merits of the play, which he hopes to see succeed in its brief trial here, so that he may send a company out in it next fall. Curious importance has been attached to the authorship of "Hypocrite," which was mainly written by Lawrence Marston, essentially helped by John A. Stevens. It has been deemed politic by Rosenquest to omit the names of both authors in his preliminary announcements of the play. This has hardly been to their liking, though they do not talk much about it. The facts are that Marston is comparatively unknown here, while Stevens has come to be regarded as theatrically a "Jonah." The use of either's name, therefore, could not be expected to benefit "Hypocrite" to any extent, and Rosenquest's action has perhaps been discreet. But it is well for the general public, which cares nothing for the box office, to know these things. Of course, if "Hypocrite" shall prove a success its authors will get due credit; but there is a prospect that a clash will occur if a curtain call for the playwright becomes necessary. "Hypocrite" will be well acted, at all events. John Newton Gotthold will play an octoroon slave, the *Hypocrite*, who seeks to revenge himself upon the hero, and Osmond Tearle will be the hero, a Louisiana planter and slaveholder. Herbert Kelcey, Tony Farrell, Marie Bates, Harry Courtaine, Charles Dickson, and Annie Robe will be in the cast, and this will be Miss Robe's last engagement of the season. Emmons & Hawley have painted new scenery. The play will hold the stage a fortnight at least. Afterward the Fourteenth Street will close for the season.

With this week's engagement of George C. Boniface in "The Streets of New York," the Grand Opera House's regular season will finish. It is conceded to have put many thousands of dollars into Manager French's pocket. Boniface will play *Badger*, a rôle in which he is no stranger here. Next week the Grand's summer season will open, under the direction of Assistant Manager W. H. Matthews and Treasurer John H. Bones, and with the younger Mayo as *Davy Crockett*. After him, the veteran Charles W. Couldock, Sydney Cowell, and others of the original "Hazel Kirke" will revive that drama.

A peculiarly occupied man was solemnly hopping on one foot and then sliding on the other, over and over again, and doing it with imperturbable gravity. He was in his lodgings, and if it had been a lunatic asylum the caller would have taken him for one of the patients. However, he was a comedian whose name would be at once recognized, and he was practicing by the hour several easy looking but really difficult steps in an eccentric dance. Without music or humor the exercise was curiously idiotic, but that is the way the funny men of the stage have to soberly prepare their comicalities.

At the Lyceum, "The Highest Bidder" seems to gain new friends. It will run until July 1, and then the house will close until September. It is Manager Frohman's plan to star Edward H. Sothern after May, 1888, for three years. An outside event of this week at the Lyceum will be the debut of Little Bijou Fernandez on Tuesday afternoon, when she will make known David Belasco's melodrama, "Peggy, the Fisherman's Child." Bijou is the daughter of Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, an actress of worth, best known for her expertness in training children for the stage. Of all the marvels Mrs. Fernandez has turned out, her own daughter and Tommy Russell are the most precocious.

Richard Mansfield's *Prince Karl* has renewed its last summer's success at the Madison Square, which is among the comfortable theatres in the warm season. There is no prospect of an immediate change of bill.

Hercat's entertainments, the blooming century plants, the famous paintings, and the concerts are a good list of attractions at the Old London Street.

Short Stories of Birds.

A bird was noticed fluttering about a tree about to be sold at the market in Paris. An examination disclosed in the branches the nest of a lark, with five eggs in it.

A tame magpie, belonging to a lady of Leeds, England, is accustomed to receive dainty little bits from the lips of its fair owner. Recently it horrified the lady when, peppermint in her hand, she stooped to receive it, its beak between her lips, it dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into her mouth, as a grateful reciprocation.

A big hawk swooped down on one of Robert Brodie's fat hens, in Charleston, S. C., whereupon Mrs. Brodie caught it and wrung its neck.

The burning of the Paterson Iron Works is attributed to the English sparrow. The sparrows have been noticed carrying straw and other inflammable stuff and building their nests among the girders, and it is believed that the sparks lodging in these nests caused the fire.

An Irish gentleman presented an intelligent parrot to a lady he meant to marry. The bird has since caused a suit for breach of promise. It said, "Come in" once when he called upon the lady, and entering, he saw a young man sitting on the sofa, and the parrot imitated a long string of kisses and laughed fiendishly. That broke the match, and the lady brought suit.

A Century of Life.

The last of the Chesterfield, N. H., centenarians has just died in the person of Mrs. Saphronia Pierce, who was in her 101st year.

Mrs. Betsey Averill of New Preston, Conn., was nine years of age on May 5. She is still in good health with all her faculties except her hearing.

One of the spryest old gentlemen of Schoolcraft, Mich., is Godfrey Knight, who has passed the century mark. He is exceedingly fond of sports, attends horse races, and is still a great singer.

The Indian chief Canos of San Jacinto, Cal., is thought to be 125 years old.

The oldest resident of Philadelphia is Mrs. Rebecca Applegate, who is 104 years of age. She has her beer and whiskey as regular as ever, and has always chewed tobacco.

Omaha has its centenarian in the person of Mrs. Aruba Douglas, who has just celebrated her 101st birthday and is as bright and active as a woman of half her years. She recites lines committed to memory sixty-seven years ago with a perfection of voice and gesture that is simply wonderful.

John Preston died recently at Brownlows, N. J., aged 108 years. When he was 100 years of age he walked eight miles a day and cut his own wood. He never retired without his glass of applejack.

QUESTIONS FROM SUN READERS.

Can a Roman Catholic become President of the United States? CHRISTOPHER.

We have answered this question a number of times. He can if he gets votes enough, and isn't cheated out of them.

About how much coal does the City of Rome burn in twenty-four hours? JAMES E. S.

About 200 tons.

Is there any law to prevent a man selling his own medicine, compounded by himself, in New York State? Is not the maker of his own goods exempt from payment under all circumstances? MEDICUS.

Only licensed physicians have a right to prescribe medicine, and all medicines must be compounded under the direction of a registered pharmacist. A man may mix medicines for himself, and may give them to such friends as are willing to take them, but he cannot charge for his advice or his medicine.

What is the present status of the Cutting trouble with Mexico? What is the date of Gen. Meade's death? NEWARK.

The trouble seems to be over, and the matter will probably never be brought up again.

Gen. Meade died in Philadelphia Nov. 6, 1872.

I desire to become a doctor; can I study and get my degree without taking a regular college course? CONSTANT READER.

You can enter a medical school without having taken a college course, but you can't become a physician in this State without graduating from a regular medical school.

Is the word "clip" rightly used as a noun in reports of horse races, having a meaning synonymous with pace or rate? J. W. BARNEY.

The dictionaries do not admit the use of the word as a noun. Webster has the verb "clip—to fly swiftly; generally used with it," and quotes a line from Dryden about the lark "clipping it" down the wind. The noun is probably a corrupt derivative of this verb.

How can the Twenty-second Regiment celebrate the anniversary of their departure for the war when they never went? They were organized as a home guard. ANXIOUS.

By celebrating it, we presume. The fact that the regiment was organized as a home guard to the contrary notwithstanding, the regiment went to the front in 1862 and remained there for some time. It is better, Josh Billings said, not to know so many things that to know so many things that ain't so. You ought to read Josh Billings.

The Imperial Dictionary gives "nsiad" or "naid" as alternate spellings of the same word. A critic says the latter is incorrect. Which is right, the critic or the dictionary? LAYMAN.

Both ways of spelling are given in standard dictionaries.

1. A says Gen. Grant was the first Lieutenant General in the United States army. 2. B says Grant and Sherman held a higher rank, that of General. 3. B says Washington and Scott were Lieutenant-Generals. 4. When did Sheridan become Lieutenant-General? READER.

1. A is wrong. 2. B is right. 3. B is right. 4. March 4, 1869.

Please tell me the meaning of the expression "blue laws." TEACHER.

The name was originally applied to the code of laws drawn up in 1650 for the government of the people of Connecticut. It was given to them in derision of their minute strictness. The word "blue" has long been applied to the Presbyterians, perhaps because of the blue mantle spread over the preaching tub some of the ministers used; and as the Connecticut people were Congregational Presbyterians it was only natural that their laws should be as blue as themselves.

In what Latin author and where can this quotation be found:

"Manus haec inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietum?" R. M. B.

In no Latin author. The lines were written by Algernon Sidney in the university album in the University of Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1620.

At what hospital are they trying the new injection cure for consumption? MARY M.

At none in New York city, so far as we know. We understand that a trial was made at the urgent request of the patient, but speedily abandoned because of a distinct loss to the patient.

If one must use slang, which of these expressions should he use: broken up, or broke up? PRINTER.

Broken and broke are both legitimate perfect participles of the verb break.

In the air, "The Last Rose of Summer," ever called "The Groves of Blarney?" How old was Father Burke when he died? POLEYT.

The air "The Last Rose of Summer" is never called "The Groves of Blarney." They are both Irish airs, but the former was originally a dirge, while the latter has always been a lively tune. Father Burke died on July 2, 1883, aged nearly 53 years.

Is a Union soldier who served from 1861 to 1863 entitled to a bounty or a pension of any kind? How can I join the Brooklyn Typographical Union? SPIDER.

Under certain conditions a Union soldier enlisting in 1861 became entitled to a bounty of $100. You should apply by letter to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, giving him the dates of your enlistment and discharge. The President of Typographical Union No. 98, the Brooklyn Typographical Union, was John Dillon of the *Standard* when we last heard from the union. Apply to him, and if he isn't the right person he will send you to the man who is.

I have leased a house for two years, have lived in it one year, and wish to move to a better place. Must I keep the house on my hands? Can any one use me, when I own no property, for the remaining year? CONSTANT READER.

The responsibility for the rent of the house for the remaining year is on your shoulders. If you can sub-lease the house, so much the better for you; but whether you sublet it, or leave it empty, or occupy it yourself, you have got to pay rent for it. You can be sued, whether you have any property "for the remaining year" or not.

Does the Post Office Department refuse to deliver letters addressed to a State lottery company? Does the State or Federal Government prosecute a paper for publishing advertisements of State lotteries? INDEX.

Yes. The Federal Government can prosecute papers publishing lottery advertisements.

Which is the more correct—oftener, or more often? L. H. RICHMOND.

Both are correct.

Please explain the composition of parties in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The actual Chamber is divided into three parts. On the right of the President of the Chamber sit the Anti-Republicans, composed of the Bonapartists and the Legitimists; they compose the Right, and the Extreme Right is composed of the Radical Bonapartists and Legitimists. The centre is occupied by the Moderates; according as a Deputy sits just to the right or the left of the central aisle does he belong to the Right or the Left Centre. To the left of the President are the Republicans, the Radicals being seated at the extreme left.

The Head of the Army.

From the Baltimore American.

Lieut.-Gen. Phil Sheridan, our highest military officer, is growing very stout. During the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Washington a few days since he was around with the boys two or three days, reviving war experiences and having a good time, and his corporosity was more visible than ever before and was often remarked. "Little Phil" is just below the maximum height for the army, and were he applying for admission to it would be barred out. He is shorter than five feet six, and weighs about 215 pounds. He fairly rolls when he walks, but he is nimble, and could go into the field and do as active service as any man in the army, and would doubtless withstand more hardships than the bulk of young men. But the General is not old. He is in his early fifties, and is as lively as a youth.

He is very fat in the face, his eyes being surrounded by great rolls of flesh. On a hot day he looks something like a boiled lobster in color about the face, and on a very cold day is a perfect purple. But he is the very essence of good humor, and no one can come in contact with him without admiring him. He is slow in speech, and careful of what he says; but when he says or does a thing it is said to be done; there is no crawling out of it. He has the nerve and disposition to stand by his words or acts. It has been said that Gen. Sheridan cannot make a speech. True, he is not given to talk, but he can talk, and well, too. What he says and does shows the character of the late Gen. Grant. His ideas were very like those of the late chieftain. Gen. Sheridan, like Gen. Grant, has the highest appreciation of personal honor. His word is as good as his bond. Should he be made President, and he speculators are electing him, his distribution of the spoils would undoubtedly be after the style of Grant. Both men were always characterized by their love for personal friends. It is said, however, that Gen. Sheridan has more of a nose for politics than had Gen. Grant. Yet no one seems to know whether he is Democrat or Republican. No man has ever occupied the position of general of the Army who had more enthusiastic friends than Sheridan has. And the manner in which he got up his "Jim Rosser, the famous ex-Confederate of Virginia, who jumped on him for his raid of the Shenandoah Valley, has manifolded his followers, in even the Old Dominion, where sturdy manhood is admired.

A Shepherd's Faithful Collie.

From the St. James's Gazette.

A good dog story comes from Edinburgh. A shepherd who had been imbibing rather freely sank down in drunken stupor upon the south pavement just by the garden railing in Princes street. As he fell his coat sleeve caught on one of the lower spikes of the railing and he hung thereby in a very uncomfortable position. Several people went to assist him, but were at once warned off by the shepherd's collie, which snarled and barked and threatened to bite any that ventured within reach. A crowd soon collected and formed in a half circle round the central group; others climbed upon the garden railings to get a better view. One or two gentlemen, who appeared fresh on the scene, expressed surprise that none in the crowd should help the man and pushed boldly forward to do so, but died immediately before the attack of the faithful collie. There was certainly something distinctly humorous in the sight of the little brisk collie keeping the whole crowd at bay. There it sat, however, by the side of its drunken master, ready to defend him against all comers.

The situation became more approached from behind the railing and endeavored to relieve the coat sleeve; but the collie drew at the railing and he beat a retreat. A couple of policemen soon passed their baton through the crowd. They were cautious men, however, and took evidence from those around before meddling with the man and the collie. The policemen agreed that the best way to proceed in the matter was to secure the dog from behind the shelter of the garden rail, and amid laughter they disappeared to get a rope. By and by one of them returned, and from the garden bank attempted to throw the rope over the dog.

The crowd by this time had pressed pretty closely up to where the man lay, and while the policeman with his rope and noose was busy with the collie, he was attracted the attention of the dog, the shepherd was raised by others to a sitting posture, and was able to say something to the effect that he quieted the animal's fears. A few more policemen then appeared and took the man to the police station, and the collie, seeing that his master was not being harmed, trotted contentedly behind. The dog proved the master into a cell, and, darting itself up on his feet, resumed its watch over him.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE.

Chicago's New Password.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Wife—Cyrus, this is a pretty time for you to be coming in, it's half an hour past midnight. You've been at the club again, drinking.

Husband (with impressive gravity and maintaining his equilibrium with much effort)—Ma'ria, my dear, you do me injustice. I was caught on jury. Couldn't get off till few minutes ago. Came straight home.

Wife—You are deceiving me, Cyrus, as memorandrums and husbands always do when they become sinfully guilty.

Husband (cautiously)—Certainly, my dear. Memoran—moran—bannannact—(get ing reckless and letting go all holds)—Go out o' my way, madam! I can't get into my own house 'thout giving 'ternal password I'm resign as head o' this family. Gway!

Mr. Depew and the English Lord.

From the Kansas City Times.

Apropos of English lack of humor, the following good story is told by Ben Butterworth on the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

Depew was visiting London on one occasion, and was entertained at a dinner of the lords of the realm. Being called on for a speech, he began by saying that he arose with much embarrassment before such a company for the reason that his friend Jim Blaine, Pro. Ex. was usually wrote for him the remarks he made on such occasions, was absent. He then went on to make the best of the situation, and made what he thought was a fairly funny speech; but not a sign of appreciation was given, and he sat down feeling that he had made a failure. His feeling was verified when he heard the presiding lord express sorrow that Mr. Depew was deprived of the assistance of his friend, for they had understood he was a capital after dinner speaker.

Two days later he met this presiding lord, who said: "O, Mr. Depew, do you mind that I have come up to London expressly to say to you that I did not see the humor of your speech until the day after the dinner. I am sorry we were all so stupid, but now we all agree that it was a capital speech, and that we wished our sympathy in taking your reference to your friend Porter as in earnest."

"My lord," said Depew, "did you ride to London on a freight train?"

"No, Oh, no" said the lord in a tone of surprise. "I came on the passenger train. I never ride on freights."

Four days later Mr. Depew was astonished to see this lord in Paris.

"I have come" said the lord, "expressly to tell you that I never saw the point of your question about my riding to London on a freight train until the next day; why, sir, that's a finer bit of humor than the other about your friend Porter."

Mr. Depew was satisfied that to scatter humor among the English was unsatisfactory.

Blind Men Play Poker.

From the Oil City Blizzard.

Four blind men, graduates of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Instruction of the Blind, played a game of draw poker Monday night in a room at the "Moon and Stars," a gaslit dive on the Germantown road, and it is stated that $150 was won by one of the players, who cleaned out the other three. The men played with cards devised and manufactured by John Stevens, who was one of the losers in the game. They were about three times as thick as the ordinary cards. The body of the card bore no marks whatever, but in the upper left hand corner of each were the sunken marks which signified the card's value. The suits were designated by the letters D, H, C, and S, and the cards by letters or numbers beneath them; the ace of spades, for instance, being marked S, with the figure 1 beneath, and the queen of hearts H, with the letter Q beneath. All four of the players have been using the cards for some time and have become quite proficient in handling and reading them.

The winner of the game was Phillip Wormser, a musician, who plays the organ in one of the Philadelphia churches. The winning hand was four queens. Stevens held an ace high flush, and the other two players held a "jack full" and a "seven full," respectively. A curious feature of the game was that the players played with the usual red, blue, and white colored chips, and distinguished the colors entirely by the sense of touch.

A New Coon in Print.

From the Brookville News.

A lady who was walking through one of the hammocks adjacent to town heard a hog making a curious noise, and on going to ascertain the cause, discovered a ferocious raccoon making a persistent attack on a sow. The latter was retreating and defending herself and a litter of young pigs. The coon would seize the sow by the ear, she would shake him off, dash at him, and he would treat, when she would start to run, only to be seized again by her enemy. Finally