HERMANN EXPLAINED.

How Some of a Showman's Celebrated Tricks are Performed.

Hermann is a sleight-of-hand performer whose tricks, on and off the stage, are often described in print. Those accounts usually exaggerate and mystify. Let us take a clear view of some of his doings. As he walked toward the footlights he removed his gloves, rolled them into a little ball, pretended to put them into his left hand, but kept them in the hollow palm of his right, and then waved his hands in the air, keeping the back of his right hand toward the spectators. He then picked up a pack of cards from the table and shuffled them, arranging the nine of clubs, ten of diamonds, and ace of hearts in the middle of the pack, so that he would know their exact position and could keep the third finger of his right hand beneath them. He walked down from the stage and presented the pack, spread out back upward, to one of the audience, requesting the gentleman to select a card. As the stranger reached for a card, Hermann moved the nine of clubs toward him with his finger, and the stranger took it. Another person was made to draw the ten of diamonds, and another the ace of hearts, in the same way. They looked at their cards and put them back into the pack, which was then shuffled. The showman returned to the stage and asked the three persons to name their cards. They did so, and a young woman dressed as a page then brought from behind the scenes a sword. The blade of the sword had been passed through three similar cards, which were concealed behind the hilt guard. A fine elastic cord was attached to the point of the sword, stretched and fastened to the hilt. The three cards were made fast to the elastic. The young woman took the pack and tossed it toward Hermann, who held the sword in his hand. As she did so, he thrust the sword toward the flying pack and released the elastic from the hilt. The nine of clubs, ten of diamonds, and ace of hearts at once appeared near the point of the blade, as though pierced through while flying.

Next, Hermann borrowed a handkerchief from a lady and gave it to a young man to hold between his hands. He carried a wand under his arm. Taking the wand out with his right hand, he also took from a little pocket under his arm a small package of pieces of linen, which he concealed in the palm of his right hand. He then said the young man in the audience was to hold the handkerchief right, and took it from him to show him how. He rubbed the handkerchief between his hands, palmed it, and gave back the bits of cloth in its stead. The young man did not observe the change. Again Hermann appeared dissatisfied, and told the young man to hold the handkerchief up by a corner. The dupe opened his hands, and the bits of cloth fell out. He picked them up and handed them to Hermann, who put them between his two hands, palmed them, and worked toward the ends of his fingers a long strip of cloth, which he had concealed in his palm. Then he shook out the strip, and said it was composed of the pieces. This he rolled up and palmed, and turning his back to the audience for a moment, he put the strip of cloth away under his coat and showed his hands to be empty. Then he picked up a lemon from which the pulp had been removed, and inside of which a handkerchief had been placed. He cut the lemon and drew out the handkerchief. The spectators thought it was the same he had borrowed, and they so stated. He put the handkerchief on a plate and poured some alcohol upon it. The pretty young woman set fire to the alcohol with a candle. Then he extinguished the flame with a sheet of paper, in which he wrapped the embers. He went to a table, rolled the package with his hand into a little ball, and took up another paper containing an unscorched piece of cloth. He walked down toward the audience, pretended to toss the piece of cloth to a lady with his left and palmed it with his right hand, which he dropped to his waist. While the spectators were looking at his left hand he concealed the piece of cloth in a pocket just inside the edge of his coat. He then placed his wand under his left arm, and took from the pocket there the original borrowed handkerchief, concealing it in his palm. Placing his hand at a gentleman's ear, he dropped the handkerchief into the hollow of his fingers, pretended to take it out of the gentleman's ear, and handed it to the lady.

The performer borrowed a tall hat, turned his back to the audience, put a handkerchief containing three eggs into the hat as he turned to the stage, faced about, and took first the handkerchief and the eggs from the hat. The pretty young woman, with a short wand in her hand, went down the aisle and borrowed three rings. Returning to the stage she slipped three other rings upon the wand and handed it to the showman, keeping the three borrowed rings concealed in her hands. She then went behind the scenes, and tied the three rings to ribbons hanging from the necks of three white doves, and put the doves into the deep cover of a stew pan. The cover had a false bottom held in place by a spring. While she was doing this Hermann let the three bogus rings slide from the wand into the stew pan, broke the eggs and dropped them in, poured in some alcohol and set fire to it. The pretty young woman brought out the cover and Hermann placed it on the pan. He then released the false bottom, lifted the cover, and showed the three doves sitting on the pan with the borrowed rings tied to their necks. He placed one of the doves on the barrel of a pistol, and fired his weapon. The dove was trained not to move. He put the dove on a table, covered it with a handkerchief, dropped the bird through a little trap, gathered up the handkerchief as though the dove were inside, and with his finger in the handkerchief to simulate the fluttering of the bird, and then smashed the handkerchief between his hands very violently. Ladies in the audience said, "Oh!" The showman shook the handkerchief out by the corners and showed that it was empty.

Hermann next got a programme, rolled it up into the form of a candy horn, placing in it secretly a compressed packet of cut paper flowers that he obtained from the pocket under his left arm. Putting his right hand into the horn, ostensibly to shape it better, he removed the pressure from the packet and the paper flowers swelled and filled the horn. He shook them out upon the table, put his hand upon them to arrange them and picked up another pocket, which he introduced into the horn while again adjusting its shape. He repeated this several times, until about a bushel of flowers had been shaken out.

He then borrowed a hat, took a rabbit from under his coat as he walked away, and put it into the hat. Then he took the rabbit out of the hat by the ears. While the spectators were examining that rabbit he held the hat close to his breast with his right hand and put into it another rabbit with his left. He took that rabbit out. Then he placed both rabbits on the table, one hiding the other from the spectators, dropped the latter rabbit through a trap, rubbed the remaining one, and when he had rolled two rabbits into one. A confederate in the audience had a third rabbit concealed in his inside coat pocket. Hermann came down, struggled with the man, and pulled the rabbit out of his pocket. Hermann returned to the stage, tossed the rabbit in the air, placed it on a shelf behind the table, where it came down made a tossing movement again very quickly, fired a pistol with his left hand, and looked up as though he had thrown the rabbit into the flies. Then the curtain came down for an intermission; and it had all been easy enough to see through if you knew how.

WEALTHY AMANDA DIXON.

Something About the Appearance and Life of the Richest Negro Woman in America.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Since the decision of the Supreme Court giving to Amanda Dixon of Augusta, the illegitimate negro daughter of the late David Dixon of Hancock county, his property, to the amount of $400,000, it will probably prove of interest to know something of Amanda and her mode of living. The facts of the case are familiar to the public generally. David Dixon, who was a wealthy planter of Hancock county, after the death of his wife, had cohabited with Julia Dixon, a former slave, by whom he had one illegitimate child, Amanda, who afterward lived with Dixon's friend Eubanks, by whom she had two children. Before his death he gave Julia $25,000. He died in February, 1885, leaving the bulk of his property, amounting to $400,000, to Amanda, she to only use the interest on the money, and at her death it is to go to her two children. The relatives tried to set this will aside, but without success, both the Superior and Supreme Courts deciding in favor of Amanda. By this decision of the Supreme Court Amanda Dixon is made the richest negro in America, and probably the richest in the world.

Your correspondent called at her residence, 452 Telfair street, in order to learn how she lived, her plans for the future, &c. Her residence is quite a large, double brick house, three stories high, containing some twelve or fifteen rooms, shaded in front by three mammoth oaks, surrounded by a large yard, and, all in all, a most desirable home. The house is handsomely furnished and has a neat appearance. She purchased this house about a year ago, and has been living there since in company with her mother, Julia, who is now quite an old woman, and her two sons, one of whom has recently married.

Amanda's business in Augusta is attended to through Messrs. Howard & Co., and before going I was informed by a member of this firm that he had advised her not to talk with any representative of the press. She, however, came to the door to see your representative, and informed him that as yet she had heard nothing about the decision of the Supreme Court, save what she saw in the papers, that Col. Charles W. Du Bose of Sparta was her advisory lawyer, and, in fact, attended to all her business, and that she had heard nothing from him yet. She is an unassuming, intelligent mulatto, and does not seem at all "set up" by her singular good fortune. She would not be noticed on the streets from hundreds of other colored women by any display or show of dress. She states that as yet she has no idea what she will do or where she will live in future, but I understand she has been advised to move North.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Woman.

From Temple Bar.

Most flattered and least trusted of the race,
Prompt for a whim and followed for a face,
Loved for their frailties, their devotion scorned,
In presence slighted and in absence mourned,
Their hearts, their characters, by men abused;
Who never think their help should be refused;
Seated by kings and trampled in the mire,
The best and worst they equally inspire.
Cursed for their weakness, hated when they're strong;
Whatever happens always in the wrong.
Yet is their genius. Add yet one thing more,
Woman is lost, when woman proves a bore.

Dandelion Gold.

From the Cottage Hearth.

Like bright gold dollars in the grass
The dandelions lie.
And if they would like dollars pass,
I know what I would buy.

At first I'd work with all my might
To gather up the gold,
And stuff my pockets just as tight
As ever they would hold.

Then I would find Dame Nature's store—
She has the dearest things—
And boldly knock at the front door,
And ask for butterflies' wings.

Then I should want some fine gray gloves,
Made out of spider's silk,
And feathery cloaks for breasts of doves,
As soft and white as milk.

For shoes I'd buy some lily leaves
With small shell buttons bright,
And, made of threads the thistle weaves,
Some stockings snowy white.

But, most of all, I long to buy
The new moon for a boat.
That I each night far down the sky
Among the stars might float.

Oh! round and round the earth I'd range,
So glad and free and bold,
And never a cent I'd ask of change
From dandelion gold.

MARGARET DELAND.

By Chance.

From the Somerville Journal.

They met by chance: a wayward Fate
Till then had kept them wide apart.
He had no thought of love or hate;
She hardly knew she had a heart.

They met by chance: the sinking sun
Cast lengthening shadows on the ground,
The long June day was nearly done—
The twilight dim was gathering round.

They met by chance: a fateful chance.
That brought them nearer—nearer still,
Each gave the other a startled glance—
Each felt a momentary thrill.

They met by chance: a swift, sharp pain
Unnerves them when they think of that!
They trust they'll never meet again—
The cyclist and the brindle cat.

The Magic Words.

From the Jewish Exponent.

The scene of conflict was a level plain
That lay among the stretching hills of Spain,
And on the sand that glistened in the sun
Ten thousand lay, whose hours of life had run.

'Till noonday's heat, from earliest sign of dawn
The battling forces were in combat drawn,
And ere the sun sank silent in the west
A host of men had found eternal rest.

Behind the battlefield, beneath a tent,
A soldier lay, on death his footsteps bent.
A kindly priest, that spoke of God, was near.
A doctor, he was there, but full of fear.

Each was a Jew, had each a Hebrew's zeal,
But neither dared his name or race reveal.
But death had robbed them of their mortal fears:
Here in his shadow they would spend their tears.

"Shemang Yisreal," the dying soldier breathed,
His face, in death, with fainting smiles all wreathed.
"Adonai Echad," said the man of God;
The doctor murmured, "Adonai Echad."

The priest reached out and grasped the doctor's hand.
These men were brothers forged in battle band
And then upon the doctor's bosom lay his head
And wept. The soldier now, alas! was dead.

The Two Glasses.

From the Maine Farmer.

There were two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquets and revels and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was a king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down.
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken the wit of the sparkling eye;
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

"I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
For they said: "Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
For your might and power are over all."
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host.
But I can tell of a home made glad—
By my crystal drops made light and glad—
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of large ships that my strength bore up,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen, and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

Praying.

From Godey's Ladies' Book.

In temple of myself I pray my prayer,
And let it be
Like planted seed to bear me precious fruit
Of due reply.

Not as I wish, perhaps, will be fulfilled
My urgent need,
And not in pathways where I fain would tread,
Will God's hand lead.

Yet somewhere out of darkness I shall turn
Into the light,
And after groping through this dim obscure
Rejoice in sight;

And looking back upon the troubled course,
Thorny and long,
Where oft my weary soul with struggling faint
Beheld but wrong,

At last in calmness of great peace won
Shall clearly see
Where blood-stained footsteps mark the onward steps
Toward sweet To Be;

And all the wounds the pain, the binding tears
As jewels shine
While groanings of the night like echoes swell
Of strain divine!

For some day I may feel God's way is best
How'er I go;
And though His word be hard to understand
I yet shall know!

And so, although amid my strife I pray,
'Tis not because
I hope to 'scape the dealings of His Grace
Or change His laws;

But that 'tis when all mortal joys seem far,
My soul in yearning soars beyond the flesh,
And earth is drear,
And having only human words to speak,
In limits bound,
I utter cries for help, while spirit depths
Find no true sound!

For Wisdom's Infinite and Present Love
Broods o'er my fate;
So lying low upon His sheltering arm
I learn to wait!

S. B. S.

The Mare and the Mine.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"She's a peerless mare," said the man from the East;
"She came from beyond the brine;
But I'll trade you mine Arabian for
Your share in the Arabian mine."

"'Tis a bargain," said the Nevada man,
And he deeded, then and there,
His mining share to the tenderfoot
In trade for the shining mare.

A Fancy.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

A tender little perfumed poet, he,
His rhymes are tuned to perfect melody;
So sweetly sings he, that I surely think
He writes on lily leaves with violet ink.

First Love.

I cannot tell, I do not know,
Altho' for hours I often ponder
Whether 'tis bliss, or whether woe?
This mystic, subtle, foreign wonder
That haunts my soul, and fills my mind,
My sacred moments e'en invading;
In ev'ry thought or wish entwined
It seems immutable, unfading.

A painful, pleasurable sense,
It came as if by inspiration,
And as it grows, becomes intense
This unrewarded aspiration.
Like see-saw, hope, and then despair—
Imagination's twin creations,
Perturb my mind with joy or care,
Alternate fears and exaltations.

And would I, if could, remove
This strange, inexplicable passion?
I cannot answer, till I prove
The problem that my brain doth fashion;
And, tho' forever I should ponder—
Whether 'tis bliss, or whether woe—
Until my reason reel and wander,
I cannot tell, I do not know.

A CHAT WITH YOUNG MR. SOTHERN.

Characteristics of the Comedian and Reminiscences of his Father.

When asked if he thought Mrs. Potter would succeed, Mr. E. H. Sothern replied with his accustomed candor and quaint humor, that since his recent hit he was prepared to see any one succeed.

"I am a surprise to myself," the genial auctioneer admitted. "You should have looked in upon us behind the scenes after the house brought us out, when we first made our high bid for public favor. We danced a jig which we would have liked to introduce into the play, so exuberant were our spirits.

"At the final rehearsal we were very shaky regarding success. I thought out the auction scene and acted it according to my ideas of how a nervous young man would feel about selling the house of the girl he loved. I had not been a frequenter of auctions. I had not been very sweet on a girl, nor had I ever been sold. Perchance I exaggerated the situation at the first performance, but I have worked it down to what seems to me natural."

"The temptation to burlesque the auction scene must have been great."

"You thought me at first too talky perhaps. Well, I was not more so than Mr. Draper was at the ten sale of his that I attended. He kindly says that I would make a good real auctioneer, but I am satisfied to be an amateur, and trust to continue in the mock business indefinitely."

"You think the character sufficiently strong to admit of polishing for permanency in your starring repertoire?"

"I trust so. Should I attain that position I would like to create a character which would entitle me to a place in the regard of comedy lovers."

"Are you looking for the great American dramatist?"

"I do not mind about his nationality, though he be a Japanese, could he write me a clever comedy rôle which would endure as long as myself, and be remembered sometimes as my father's creations are."

"You inherit your love for the stage, yet your father tried hard to keep you from its triumphs."

"Indeed he did. He was bitterly opposed to my undertaking the trying life of the stage. 'You must devote yourself absolutely to it or fail,' he used to say. I understand now why father was so careful to run over his lines in his dressing room before going on the stage. 'It is a good habit, my boy. One cannot be too sure of them.' I have fallen into the same way, and am usually the first at the theatre before the performance."

"You are very careful regarding make up."

"Yes. I am fussy as an old maid, or, I might say, as a young belle, about my appearance. When I made up for my part in 'One of Our Girls,' I went to the theatre often at 6 o'clock. I tugged at my wig and toiled at my complexion to get what seemed to me the exact ruddiness of a young sprig in reflmentalis. My walk was criticised, but I copied that from the officers whom I had seen in England. I spent much time on that tread."

"Do you not think that you have attempted some imitations of your father?"

"I have not endeavored to. I aim at originality, in so far as it is possible. I give my characters constant study, and follow my father's advice of devoting myself entirely to my profession. Father used to say to me, 'You do this bit of business and I will do that, and we will match the effect.' I am very nervous, and always avoid seeing faces in the audience, if possible. I never forget my first stage fright when I played in 'Sam.' The lines seemed to dance before my brain; then all was chaos. I often recall the time when a critic used me up in a line, saying 'I never would make an actor, and I had better change my name.' I quoted myself as an example to a débutante recently, when a critic said that in time she might become a fair actress. 'How does he know that you may not make a great actress,' I said to the discouraged young woman. I was nearly kicked off the stage, but I hung on, and if work and care can develop me I shall be a sticker, not a stick.

"Like all patient workers in dramatic art, you seek to elaborate a great deal."

"Yes. I may say that I think of little but the character I am playing. Father used to pause when fishing—a sport which, like many comedians, he loved—and jot marks and lines on the margin of his play book. This was especially the case when he studied 'The Crushed Tragedian.' Once he suddenly started, and I exclaimed, 'Have you a bite?' 'Only an idea,' he replied hurriedly, scratching some words on the margin of a page."

"Do you prefer character costumes?"

"My preference at present is for the line in which I have just met with popular favor. Some time since I was anxious to create a rôle that would not require a make-up. I disliked the preachy part I had in *Waldo Lorrque*, also the make-up. A wig is, of course, the most difficult achievement of a natural-looking make-up. I bestowed much care on my wig in 'One of Our Girls,' also in 'The Love Chase.' I consider dress rehearsals so essential, because they afford members of the company opportunity to criticise each other's appearance."

"Do you fancy *Wildrake?*"

"Yes. I like the variety which *Wildrake* offers, the roughness of the farmer and the assumed airs of the swell, but I believe my choice is for a part not in costume such as I now assume. It gives the fellow more latitude to portray a character which he creates than to render his conception of one which has become familiar to the public from the renditions of perhaps famous actors. Still, I have a great desire to play *Charles Surface*. From a number of offers I accepted that of Mr. Frohman, because I believe him to be in all things desirable as a manager."

STREET-CAR POLITENESS.

How It Varies in Different Cities of the Country.

"I got up ten minutes ago to give my seat to a lady," remarked a passenger on a Broadway car last Wednesday evening, when it was raining as if another deluge had come, "and that dude in the corner took it, and has stuck to it ever since."

The standing room in the car was thronged with women, young and old, a number of them evidently weary shop girls, for it was the hour for the close of labor in the stores. The "dude" who had taken the seat indicated was attired in the best custom-made clothes, and his delicate hands and complexion showed that he had not spent a toilsome day. He adhered to his seat with a patience worthy of a better cause, and stared fixedly at the bustle of a girl who was hanging to a strap in front of him.

"In Boston," remarked another passenger as the big drops trickled down his neck from the roof over the back platform, "no gentleman would sit while a lady is standing, unless it might be Dr. Mary Walker, and not in her case but for the pantaloons. I've been in several of the leading cities of the country, and New York rather takes the lead for indifference to the comfort of women on the street cars, although it used not to be so. In Chicago the native Americans and better sort of foreigners all give way to women as a rule, although I used to notice that in Chicago the fellows called Anarchists never showed any disposition to give up their share of sitting room, however willing they might be to accept a share of another man's property."

"How is it in Philadelphia?" asked the passenger who had first spoken.

"Well, you know, Philadelphia—it is hard to tell what a male Philadelphian would do if a street car was crowded and a woman should be standing. The street cars there have never been crowded except during the Centennial, and then, you know, the crowd was nearly all strangers."

PIT-BROW LASSIES.

Their Dress Not Immodest as Worn by Three Splendid Specimens of Their Class.

From the Savannah News.

I attended recently the annual meeting of the English National Association for Defence of Personal Rights. The audience was large and attentive, and rapturously applauded every point taken which aimed at contesting all Parliamentary meddling with individual liberty. The meeting was presided over by Charles Hopwood, Queen's counsel and Recorder for Liverpool, who was upported by Miss Muller, Mr. Charles McLaren, M. Léon Donnat, member of the Municipal Council of Paris, who stated that he was actively associated with a sister society in Paris for the defence of personal rights, and other prominent people. It appears that in 1886 it was proposed in Parliament, in the Coal Mines Regulation Act Amendment bill, to abolish female labor at the throw of coal mines, at the representation that the dress worn by these women when at work offended propriety, consisting, as it does, of trousers, skirt, and jacket. A deputation of pit-brow women attended the meeting, and three of them, in full working outfit, were accommodated with seats upon the platform, where the audience was enabled to judge for itself of the exact character of the dress.

It would be difficult to devise a costume more modest. The hair is completely hidden by a black alpaca skull cap with a hanging bag at the back, into which any loose locks may fall, and the dress covers the jacket and a thick-necked, long-sleeved jacket of thick dark blue cloth is worn over a petticoat of the same material, which reaches about to the calf of the leg; between this and the boot tops are seen the much-talked-of trousers, which in reality are nothing more nor less—except that they are made of dark cloth—like the jacket and a thicker than the pantalettes which were universally worn and shown a few years ago, and which are still worn but not shown nowadays. A colored silk tie about the neck and a large linen apron completed the accoutrement. The three women represented life's stages—youth, maturity, and old age. All were robust, sturdy—in a word, magnificent specimens of the female animal; and all three were endowed with complexions of the lily married to the rose.

The youngest was a girl of 18, who, it was stated, had worked for five years at the pit brow. She was, indeed, a picture. A few truant locks upon her forehead proclaimed her to be a perfect type of golden-haired blonde; large eyes of darkest sapphire were modestly downcast and shaded by long, curling lashes; the flag of ruddy health waved over the rosy cheeks and ruby lips, and altogether one could easily imagine that a scholarly, town-worn young minister, like the one depicted in "Thut Lass o' Lowrie's," could fall to loving this honest, primitive type of healthy woman, and to want her to wife despite their social unfitness; while, on the other hand, one could believe that the deeply touched, him-worshipping but conscientious girl should cry as did the last: "Not yet; let me educate myself first; let me be a little more worthy of you." I congratulated Miss Muller on the success of her energetic protests against interference with these honest women's labor.

"To speak of their dress as immodest is absurd," I said. "Is it not?" she exclaimed. "It is our dress (*i. e.*, that of women of fashion) which is immodest, not theirs." The agitation in behalf of their right to continue their work will now prevent any Parliamentary action relating to the women of the pit brow.

THE USES OF POOR WHISKEY.

Set Aside for Sale in Prohibition States—Lager Beer and Weak Drinks.

"What effect does prohibition have on our business, did you say?" answered one of the largest wholesale liquor dealers in New York to the reporter. "Well, as to the volume of the trade, I don't know that it has any appreciable effect, except to increase it. Prohibition, however, in any particular locality does have a very appreciable effect in the demand for a much lower grade of goods than under a license law. Where it is just as much an offence to sell good liquor as poor liquor, of course the average man is going to make the best profit he can out of the risk he runs. Therefore he sells poor liquor.

"You see," continued the dealer, "that in a place where licenses are granted—New York, for instance—liquor selling is an art; and in a place where prohibition prevails it is a crime, and there is all the difference in the world between being an artist and a criminal."

"How does prohibition affect the sale of imported liquors, such as champagne?"

"Champagne," was the reply, "is a drink of the wealthy. It is a luxury. It is largely consumed in social clubs and in rich men's houses, which are beyond the reach of prohibition. These buy it by the package from importers, for the State prohibitory laws cannot and do not interfere with the sale of imported liquors in the original packages. In that respect Maine, Rhode Island, or Iowa, the rich man can go right into the store of an importer of liquors and publicly order his case of champagne, while the poor man, going to a saloon next door for a glass of lager beer, finds the door closed, and has to hunt around a back entry for a drink of poor whiskey.

"But the sale of champagne is affected by prohibition, for a good deal of champagne is sold in the higher class of restaurants and hotel dining rooms; and that cannot very well be carried on openly where prohibition prevails. The man who used to order his bottle of claret or champagne at the hotel dining room is now piloted after dinner, or before if he prefers, to some mysterious and carefully guarded apartment, where he satiates his thirst for intoxicants by one or two swigs of whiskey. Of course, in such cases poor whiskey is probably good. The whiskey takes the place of champagne because it is less bulky, and, therefore, easier to conceal, and a little of it goes a long way, a much longer way than champagne would have gone with the drinker.

"Yes, sir, as soon as the large liquor firms have their agents there for prohibition they count upon it as another market for their poorest grade of corn juice."

"Yes, the sale of lager beer is affected very considerably by prohibition in some of the States," said a gentleman well acquainted with the brewery trade. "Whenever prohibition comes in many of the people stop drinking lager beer. They drink hogwash, stuff with perhaps two per cent. or so of alcohol. They drink more alcohol in the end than if they had taken healthy lager beer, made by New York brewers with a reputation to lose, but it takes them longer to do it, and they are more sick when they are through. Where the ordinary drinker, in a place like New York, would take two or three glasses of lager beer, and be satisfied, and feel healthy and happy and sober, the drinker, in a prohibition town, swallows a gallon of hogwash, and then has a good deal more alcohol in him than the lager beer man, but has had no satisfaction out of it.

"No; when I say that prohibition affects the trade, I only mean that it affects our trade with those places which prohibit the sale of good, healthy lager beer. The general consumption of that excellent beverage is largely on the increase. So is the consumption of hogwash where prohibition prevails."

A PEEP'S SERMON.

The Earl of Aberdeen Pleads to the Young Men of San Francisco for Personal Purity.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The announcement that the Earl of Aberdeen would deliver an address to young men before the Young Men's Christian Association attracted a large audience to the hall of the Association on Sutter street yesterday afternoon. The room was packed before 3 o'clock so that there was not even standing room to be had, and hundreds of people were unable to obtain a footing on the stairs leading to the audience room. After the singing of several hymns and the reading of a chapter from the Bible, and then introduced the Earl of Aberdeen, who said:

"A man who is not gifted with natural eloquence on the one hand, and who has not had the advantage of a thorough theological training on the other, would make a great mistake if he undertook anything in the way of an impressive address on an occasion of this kind. He must be content to offer what he has to say in a plain and unvarished style." The speaker then told of the history of a mining venture where vast sums of money had been spent in driving a tunnel into a hillside where it was supposed that a vein of silver-bearing rock existed. The enterprise was finally abandoned by the original projector, and after a lapse of time another undertook the work, and had only driven the tunnel a few yard further into the hill when he struck a vein of silver from which great wealth was extracted.

"It was that last yard that made the difference, and the same difference exists in religion. I believe that very many people lose the kingdom of heaven by not going far enough. People often speak of carrying religion too far. I think when they speak of going too far is when people go to extremes. The thing is to ask yourselves, is religion put first, whether Christ is your master, and whether all a man does is done through loyalty to the master? This can be traversed so often by old Capt. Bemis. The Widow Bemis enjoys the reputation of a devoutly religious woman—a woman whose conversation and deeds are marked by a singular piety. Since the demise of her beloved husband she has lavished the wealth of her affections upon the parrot Neptune, and has devoted much time to teaching the bird religious hymns and phrases.

The Folsom boys live next door to Mrs. Bemis. There are three of them, and they are 15, 18, and 19 years old respectively. Their father is a blacksmith, and he is an industrious man, but these three boys are so unfortunately shiftless that they appear to have given themselves over, body and soul, to the devices of Satan. About a month ago these abandoned youths turned their diabolical attention to the beguiling of the Widow Bemis's parrot into sinful ways. From their back-door step they held artful discourse with the parrot as he perched in the window of the second story back room, and ere long they taught the guileless and unsuspecting bird divers ribald words, profane expletives, and wicked phrases likely to cause a blush of shame, if not a thrill of horror, when heard in polite society.

Last Saturday the Widow Bemis happened to hear the parrot explode an oath, and to punish him for the shocking offence the proper dame locked him up in the garret for several days and fed him nothing but dry bread. On Tuesday she believed his sufficiently punished and brought the bird down into the sitting room. The dejected countenance he wore, and the melancholy droop of his tail feathers convinced Mrs. Bemis that Neptune was truly penitent, and thereat the good lady much rejoiced.

On Tuesday evening the regular old folks' prayer meeting was held at Mrs. Bemis's, and the attendance was somewhat larger than usual. The ceremonies had reached the most impressive point when the parrot, who had maintained a gloomy silence all day, ejaculated, suddenly and in harsh, discordant tones "Rats!" It would be hard to conceive of an interruption more startling and shocking. The Widow Bemis made a plunge for the depraved bird, with the intention of incarcerating him again in the garret, but, as if he foresaw her design, the parrot ripped out a volley of oaths so prodigiously shocking that the Widow Bemis fell back and over on the floor and lay there like one dead.

Old Mr. Sawyer made a pass at Neptune with his cane, but all he did was to knock some veneering off the haircloth sofa. The profane bird thereupon opened out on Mr. Sawyer, and the hideous expletives he rasped out drove that worthy old gentleman into an apoplectic fit. It seemed as if the bird had become possessed of seven devils; at any rate, never before had the ears of his auditors been burdened with such a floodtide of ribaldry and profanity as he launched out from his perch at the back of the haircloth sofa.

The Widow Bemis swore out a warrant against the Folsom boys yesterday, and Justice Kersten will hear both sides of the interesting story. The widow claims that the boys have corrupted her parrot to such a degree that he no longer delights in goodness, but takes pleasure only in heathenish practices and sinful conversation.

DEFEATED LADIES.

The Movement to Put Women on the Brooklyn Board of Education.

The movement to put women on the Board of Education has resulted in failure, so far as securing their appointment by Mayor Whitney is concerned. But it has resulted in consolidating elements not heretofore united for want of time, and next fall an organization will be perfected that will work until the thing desired is accomplished. Mayor Whitney, as did Mayor Low, has refused to take this step because he did not feel that public opinion was behind him. Ex-Mayor Low, in a letter read at the meeting held at Historical Hall on June 9, stated that the reasons which prevented him from making such appointments when it lay in his power to do so were temporary in character, and he further expressed the wish that Mayor Whitney would put women on the Board. Mayor Whitney expressed satisfaction with the names offered him for approval and the committees presenting them would have expected some recognition of the request made to him by the 102 representative women who called upon him had he not made the statements he did to several of the ladies who waited upon him at different times. To one committee he stated that he had been urged not to do it by a gentleman whose judgment he trusted very much, for the reason "that the sacredness of the home would be broken up by permitting this innovation." The name of this adviser of the Mayor was then given to a committee, and it proved to be the same that he gave another committee in regard to a different matter. He said to this second committee that a gentleman whom he considered very able had requested that he be permitted to name new members to be appointed, and Mr. Whitney added that, as he had not asked any other favor of him, he felt inclined to regard his request. When notes were compared by the committees it was readily recognized that no woman would be appointed by the present Mayor for these and the additional reason which the Mayor gave, "that all the papers were down on it." He asked for further proof of the wish of the public that he should appoint women on the Board. The committees gave him the desired evidence and offered to do more, but he assured them that they had done all that he could require, and dismissed them with assurances of his personal desire to grant the request made of him.

The organization of committees, the entire movement in fact, was hurriedly arranged, and there was no concerted action beyond the committee work done. Funds were raised, meetings held, and visits made by women who had but a short time to learn the wishes of those acting with them. Mistakes were made, of course, but the committees represented the meetings with intelligence and fairness, and the work was thoroughly done so far as it was done at all. Some who at first graciously assured the committees that they would help them backed out when the newspapers criticised; others left when the report was circulated that the suffragists were the inspirers of the movement. This latter report seemed confirmed when the printed call to meet at the house of Mrs. Alexander Forman was circulated. This lady was known to be a member of the suffragist society, and many objected to identification with the meeting lest they should be considered suffragists. As a matter of fact, but a small number of those who went to see the Mayor were members of the suffrage society, or in sympathy with its object, and the Mayor was so informed. Members of the Brooklyn Women's Club, a literary organization which has long flourished in that city, were prominent in the movement, as they have been for years back. Such women as Mrs. Anna Field, Miss Kate Hillard, a former President of the club; the late Mrs. Burleigh, its first President; Mrs. John W. Chadwick, Mrs. Cornelia Cary, and many others have long favored the appointment of women on the Board of Education in Brooklyn.

While Mr. Low was Mayor, the then President and Vice-President of the club, Mrs. Ellen T. Brockway and Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, presented a petition, signed by 1,800 well-known citizens, asking for the appointment of women. Since that time the matter has been allowed to rest until this spring, when it was known that many new members were to be appointed. Now a far greater number of women are interested, which proves that it is a movement not likely to be abandoned in the future. With the establishment of a permanent organization the work will be carried on systematically, as was not the case in the recent movement.

The names offered to the Mayor represented women able, competent, and willing to undertake the duties of the position. The women who gave permission to have their names used asked that they be withheld from the press, and the list has not been published. Some ladies have been interviewed whose names were reported to be among those offered, and no little public amusement has been afforded by the reports of their vehement expressions of indignation over a step which had not been taken, by the complaints addressed to the Mayor, who was not one of the ladies interviewed, but who was most frequently mentioned in connection with the post. She wrote expressing appreciation and gratitude to the Chairman of the committee—who requested the use of her name—giving private reasons why she could not accept if appointed at this time, and in deference to her wishes her name was not used authoritatively. It was suggested by many persons, and the committee would have been glad to use it, but the Mayor did not receive it. Neither did he receive that of Mrs. Low, who, though declining to be named for appointment when invited, expressed the great interest she felt in the effort. The friends of the movement would have been pleased to have heard of the selection of either or both these ladies.

The leaders admit that they are defeated this year, but are satisfied that the time is not far distant when women will occupy positions on the School Board in Brooklyn, as they do in many other cities of the Union.

LOUISIANA PIE.

It Will Surprise Many Folks to Learn that the Sunny South Loves New England's Pet.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

There are a great many different kinds of pie, from the current and pumpkin variety of a colder climate to that juicy Southern confection, sometimes cooked in an earthen plate and then again embroidered with leather trappings, called the potatoe pone. Not feeling competent to grasp the complex subject fully, or give an intelligent synopsis of the question under discussion, the reporter visited some of the most prominent merchants and merchantresses of New Orleans, gathering a few interesting facts in regard to the trade.

The first colored pastryman called on was a tall, powerful man, whose unusual development of muscle showed the effect of his labor in this line. He makes pie enough to last twice every day, save Sunday, when the law confines his sales to a few local and strictly private customers.

Pies vary with the season, all except dried apples, known to the craft as the "old reliable." They are perpetual bloomers, and never fail. "You see," the vendor continued, "I have all kinds—peach, potatoe, cocoanut, cherry, apple, and cranberry. I believe I am the only merchant in this city able to show a cranberry pie in June, and I'm proud of it. They ain't easy things to keep, neither, but a person must study and understand Nature. Now, I know you can't air-bound cranberries—tain't possible. Just as fast as you get 'em stewed down and stopped up just that soon they blow the very heads off the jars. They make such strong vinegar you can't hold them down. I humor things like that. I bile mine down, leave the jars open, give 'em plenty of room, and they never seem to care about making a fuss. I say now what I said at first—they is a kind of fruit you can't air-bound, and it ain't any use to try."

"I find," he went on, "that most in general it's clerks and newsboys eats the biggest number of pies, straight along durin' the week. Bosses eats 'em, too, but they have to be mighty stayin' up at night to do and treatin' customers that it kinder spiles their taste for sweets. I make every last one of them you see in my basket fresh every morning, and I make 'em myself. I won't have any woman fussin round my work. They ain't got the strength or the discretion to make pies, and don't to my notion. I slap up the pastry light and easy, and have my 'gredients ready to have fill in. Some I lattice, others the tops left clean off, and the rest have all over covers.

"'Bout payin', I ain't fooled easy. I can tell most every time; when a man picks over my pies, smellin' and sniffin', and feelin' if I'm shore they's clean and if I make certain the fruit wasn't spiled, I know his change is scarce. I cut the pie mighty slow, givin' him plenty of time to get the nickel before I lay the pie down."

The next party interviewed was an ancient bright-colored mulatto woman, wearing a purple dress and sun bonnet, the picture of cleanliness. She sat on a stool beside her stand, the wares protected by a tent of mosquito netting. All the day long her stick moves ceaselessly, its many streamers fluttering to the terror of every sort of insect. The marchande was sociable and communicative. Said she was a Creole woman, and had cooked in