QUITS PARIS FOR GOLD.

"DICTIONARY SNYDER" IS GOING TO THE KLONDIKE.

For Nearly Thirty Years He Has Been One of the Characters of the Latin Quarter—Expedients in Economy That Have Won Him Fame—Adventure at the Time of the Siege.

Among the adventuresome spirits from foreign shores who will seek the golden opportunities of the Klondike this spring will be one of the most noted characters of the Latin Quarter of Paris. This is Charles Snyder, a native of America, who has lived for more than thirty years at the French capital, and who is well known to the students of the "Quarter" as "Dictionary Snyder." He is a veritable human cyclopedia (hence the soubriquet), and to boot a superb linguist, having at ready command seven languages which he speaks with facility and faultless accent. However, Snyder has seldom turned his intellectual gifts to personal advantage, being strangely averse to worldly advancement, and his prospective visit to the gold fields, it is thought by his friends in this city, is wholly uninspired by desire of riches, but is rather urged by an inordinate love of travel and adventure.

"Dictionary Snyder" is not an artist, but for years he has lived among artists in Paris, serving as friend and companion to the older brushes, as monitor and fatherly adviser to the younger men. In everything he is typically bohemian, indifferent to that which the future may bring forth, so long as his small needs in the present are satisfied; and in sentiment and action he is the assured, uncompromising foe to convention. He is as well a master of expediency, and his stoical philosophy has reduced the entire scheme of existence to the first principles of food and shelter. Innumerable have been the examples he has furnished that a man of resources may live practically without money and yet preserve his independence and manhood.

At one time "Dictionary Snyder" occupied a tiny room in the "Quarter" which was a curiosity in the way of illustrating how very many articles common to household economy, usually supposed to be indispensable, one may do without. It was a show place—not openly so, for "Dictionary Snyder" is a proud and sensitive man and would have bitterly resented any frank parade of his domestic eccentricities. The stove that assisted in his culinary achievements was the most important bit of furniture in this room. It was made of a small, circular tin box that had contained shoe blacking, and its fuel was oil and shredded cotton. The cooking utensils, primitive in design and limited in number, were fashioned mainly out of retired fruit tins, and were suspended over the minute fire of the Lilliputian stove by means of an extraordinary frame made of an umbrella wire. It was a common saying among the students that the inhalation of a deep breath in Snydec's miniature apartment meant a responsive collapse of the walls.

So very pronounced is the eccentricity of "Dictionary Snyder" that even the clothing he used to wear partook of the characteristics of his strong personality. His hat was a tile of fearful and wonderful construction. As an infant (for by common report in the Quartier Latin it was once a new one) it had stood tall and erect in the pride of its nap and lustre. But the encroachments of years and ceaseless use broke its haughty spirit, consumed its nap, and banished its brightness, thus demanding the full resources of its owner's ingenuity to restore it to even the semblance of former jauntiness. Still "Dictionary Snyder" proved equal, as usual, to the emergency, and repaired the dissolving ruin with small pieces of cigar box, bits of black cloth, cunningly inserted over worn places, and rejuvenated the whole by copious applications of black varnish, adding these several materials from time to time until the last vestige of the original hat had vanished and become only a shadowy memory.

How long this product of his skill and patience was worn by the odd Snyder is still a matter of speculation, but among the venerated institutions and monuments of antiquity grown dear by association the tile occupies a high place in the affectionate recollections of the older inhabitants of the "Quarter."

Probably "Dictionary Snyder's" greatest achievement in economy as exalted to the plane of high art occurred during the siege of Paris. He went through the siege from beginning to end, and that, too, on fifteen francs—fifteen francs in a time when one might open a restaurant with a single horse in the cuisine and grow rich within a day beyond a dream of avarice, when a solitary quarter of cold boiled dog insured the seller a lifelong competency. But he did it, and came out a trifle reduced in avoirdupois, but nevertheless cheerful and comparatively healthy.

From the first Snyder had wisely surmised that the siege would be protracted, and with the closing of the city's gates set about to buy a quantity of provender of the greatest nutriment and life-sustaining properties. He endeavored to hit upon something that even the most provident of Frenchmen would not think of, and which would therefore be sold far below the exorbitant prices demanded for staple articles of food. But there were few articles of diet, indeed, he discovered, that were not fetching top-of-the-market prices, and most of the necessaries of life were selling for about fifteen francs a bite. At last in a small shop in a neglected district of Paris Snyder found a bargain in the shape of three bottles of olive oil and a quantity of bread. These he mixed with water, making a sort of soup, and on this limited, though nourishing fare, survived until the siege was nearly ended.

The self-gratulation and satisfaction such a triumph in frugality must have inspired in the bosom of a man of Snyder's peculiar traits were not sufficient amends for the inconveniences entailed. Toward the close of the siege his palate craved relief from the monotony of oil and bread served sparingly once a day, and he ached for flesh pots and epicurean delights. The longing fathered a resolution to obtain them at any hazard. By some unknown means he managed to leave the city, skurried away in the direction of the enemy's camp, and walked boldly up to a German picket. He was instantly seized and rapidly explained that he was not a Parisian but an American citizen detained in Paris, and a very hungry one at that. He begged to be allowed to enter the German lines unhampered by arrest. Convinced that Snyder meant no mischief, but was really, as he claimed, an American non-combatant with a ravenous appetite, the Teuton at last consented to become a party to a ruse which the wily supplicant proposed. Snyder was to dash through the lines in the direction of the camp, while the picket fired his gun in the air. The ruse was successful, and he reached the camp in safety, where he was regaled with cheese, beer, and other delicacies to his heart's content and stomach's appeasement.

After a long period of solid gastronomic enjoyment Snyder bade farewell to his new friends and started to return to the beleaguered city. But he had promised the friendly picket to be back within an hour, and, having long the outpost. Again to avoid arrest and detention he explained and pleaded, and again met with acquiescence in his plans. Snyder was allowed to take to his heels and the soldier exploded his gun harmlessly over his head. Others on the outpost, discerning through the gloom of early night the fleeting figure of a man, blazed away at Snyder. It was a perilous moment for him, but onward he fled, fell into and limbed out of the trenches, lost a porking hoss and eggs and cheeses with which his gastric hoss had freighted him, and finally gained his objective point.

Once within the gates the astonished Frenchmen regarded him as a hero of the first magnitude, and for the second time of that eventful day he was refreshed with meat and drink to repletion.

Always in a state of penury, or at least so would his perennial lack of cash be regarded by the ordinary comfort-loving mortal, Snyder was once offered a salary of $3,000 per annum to take charge of the cable business of a New York newspaper, but promptly declined, giving a certain amount of routine, which would surely kill him." He was then living in that princely style which an income equivalent to four cents a day insures.

But, however lost to his own selfish interests, the wealth of "Dictionary Snyder's" natural gifts and developed talents has always been an indigent companion has been assisted out of queering ingenuity. There is a story told illustrative of this which concerns an art student of whom Snyder was particularly fond, and who old friends have gained renown of more or less extent, as it requires genius or talent to appeal to his liking. In the early days of their friendship this student was far from prosperous, and to call upon Snyder's versatile aris to bridge the harassments of impecuniosity. Once he was invited to a dinner held in a restaurant famed in the "quarter" for the excellence and diversity of its provision. The student was particularly anxious to go, but alas, he lacked the one article of apparel preeminently essential to such an occasion—he had no white shirt! A meeting of brother brushes was held, sympathy and consolation were extended, but none of the mourners could extend the shirt. "Dictionary Snyder" was called in, and at once set his inventive genius to work. Had the student a white collar? No, that he hadn't, but thank goodness, his chum had, and would graciously lend it. But another difficulty presented itself. The student found he had no tie suitable to the affair. Again the redoubtable Snyder came to the rescue. He inspected the student's slim wardrobe, and triumphantly fished out a vivid red stocking, which by means of holes cut in the borrowed collar and artistic manipulation was soon twisted into a clever imitation of a becoming necktie. The effect was generally satisfactory, and the student departed in high glee.

Unfortunately for appearances and especially for the sensitive feelings of the poor student, as the dinner progressed he forgot his shirtless condition and the necessity of keeping his coat securely buttoned, and in an absent moment loosened the latter garment and flung the lapels back against his shoulders. The sensation caused by the sight of a broad expanse of naked breast culminating in a stocking-hung collar is as easily imagined as described.

As a parting instance of "Dictionary Snyder's" superiority to unexpected or all exigencies, there is a story of another student who was invited to a social gathering of some importance. This one possessed a dress shirt, but had no studs with which to render the front ornate, as required by the usages of polite society. Snyder was consulted, and, as usual, repaid the tribute to his genius with a ready suggestion. He cut three black buttons from a shoe contributed by a mutual friend and strung them on a thread. The buttons were then pushed through the holes in the shirt front and deftly held in place by the thread at the back of the bosom. They made quite a respectable appearance and the student went boldly to take his place at the social function.

Dancing was the feature of the entertainment and the student was most indefatigable in his graceful exertions. His movements, however, caused the thread to loosen, and soon, wholly unnoticed by him, the buttons were dangling an inch or more from their proper positions. The mirth excited by this revelation of his expediency attracted the young man's attention to the truant "studs," but, nothing daunted, he paused in the midst of the dance, grasped one end of the treacherous thread which protruded slightly above his collar, and brought the buttons back again into good form with a resounding slap against the starchy stiffness of his shirt bosom. He then gravely grasped his fair partner and resumed gyrations.

WAS AT THE ALAMO MASSACRE.

Story of Mme. Candelaria of San Antonio, One of the Oldest Persons in the World.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 9.—Doña Andrea Castanon de Villanueva, familiarly known as Mme. Candelaria, is a notable woman in two respects. She is the sole survivor of the massacre of the Alamo, which occurred in this city on March 6, 1836, and she is one of the oldest persons in the world. Her age, as shown by Spanish records, is 114 years.

Mme. Candelaria lives in a little Mexican hut in the Mexican quarter of the city. She was born at Rio Grande, State of Coahuila, Mexico. Her parents were Don Antonio Castanon, chief tailor to the Mexican Viceroy, and Doña Francisca Martinez. At the age of 15 years she was married to Señor Silvero Flores, and the young couple immediately came to San Antonio. That was just a century ago, and San Antonio has been the home of Mme. Candelaria ever since. In 1815 her husband died, and she was married to Don Candelaria Villanueva.

Although of great age and feeble in body, Mme. Candelaria has a wonderful memory of events of her earlier years. She remembers vividly the storming of the Alamo by the Mexican troops and the massacre that ensued.

"In 1836," she says, "I was living in a little house about five hundred yards east of the Alamo fort. I was well acquainted with Davy Crockett and had nursed him through an illness. It was about the first day of March, 1836, when a messenger came to my house from the Alamo with a note from Crockett asking me to come to the fort and nurse James Bowie, who had been taken ill with typhoid fever. I answered the summons and found Bowie lying on a cot in the little north room of the main building of the fort, which is still standing and is now known as the Alamo proper. Bowie was very ill and I stayed by his side almost day and night. The garrison were greatly excited over the advance of Santa Anna and his army and the brave Americans knew perfectly well that they were all to be killed, but they resolved to die fighting like noble, patriotic men. The days and nights were spent by the Americans in making ready for the coming assault. Bowie was so ill that he could not raise his head, but in the intervals of consciousness he would make feverish inquiries of me as to the situation. At the approach of the Mexican army a number of women and children from the little town near the fort flocked into the Alamo for protection.

"The final assault on the Alamo was made on March 6, and all those inside the fort had resigned themselves to the death which they knew was inevitable. I sat in the little room and held Bowie's head in my lap. He expired while lying there, and the report that he was killed by the soldiers is untrue. I was sitting by his dead body when the door was broken down and the fighting was all around me. Crockett was standing there with a look of determination on his face and fighting with desperation. At every stroke of his sword a Mexican was killed or wounded. He finally fell, and his body was quickly cut to pieces by the enraged soldiers. A Mexican soldier made a rush at Bowie's dead body, and in my efforts to ward the blow I was struck on the cheek with the point of a bayonet and received a wound which made the scar which you still see on my face. The soldiers finally reached Bowie's dead body and threw it into the pile with the other dead Americans."

The only thing that saved Mme. Candelaria's life in the battle was her nationality.

A PEST OF EAGLES.

Lambs and Poultry Stolen from Connecticut Farms by Big, Fierce Birds.

HARTFORD, Feb. 12.—Eagles have become a pest to farmers in Connecticut this winter. The boldness and fierceness with which they have been preying upon farm animals are remarkable. At the same time they are so wary that few of them are shot.

There is a large and particularly ugly bald-headed eagle in the Gardiner's Lake country, in New London county, which has made such a nuisance of itself in the matter of stealing lambs and poultry from the farmers all winter, that a special effort has been made to slay it, but thus far it has succeeded in avoiding the guns of a score of hunters and evaded any number of pole traps which have been set and temptingly baited up in the air for it.

J. C. Newton, foreman of the Fisher's Island farm, killed a big bald eagle on the island on Thursday. It had become exhausted from some unknown reason and fallen in the road. Mr. Newton leaped from his wagon and attacked the eagle with the butt of his whip. The eagle turned on him fiercely, and it was some time before he could kill it. The bird had a spread of wings of feet 4 inches, and was beautifully marked, having a white head, neck and tail, and the rest of its body being of a mixed brown. Fisher's Island is also being haunted by a great golden eagle, attracted there by the large poultry farms.

A fierce fight between a bald eagle and a hen, which, strange to say, did not result in the death of the hen, occurred on Dennis Perigo's farm in Kent. The hen boldly met the eagle, which dropped like a plummet from the upper air. Feathers and blood flew at a lively rate for a moment, and the eagle seemed somewhat nonplused by its reception. Then the hen suddenly fled into the woodshed, leaving her tail feathers in the clutches of the glorious bird. The hen is still in good health.

A bald-headed eagle was shot while hanging over James Way's farm in Lyme last week. An appetite for turkey led this specimen of the king of birds into trouble. While it was swooping down upon the turkey roost Mr. Way poured the contents of an old musket into it, breaking one wing. It fell into the yard, flopping and biting at everything within reach with its wicked-looking beak. This bird was one of the largest ever shot in Connecticut. It measured 7 feet 10 inches from tip to tip of wings, and had for several months been a pest to the farmers of Lyme.

On Goose Island in Long Island Sound James Monteith, a duck hunter, shot a large bald eagle and brought it to the ground. As he stepped forward to pick it up, thinking it was dead, he was attacked by the bird and badly scratched. Before he finally killed it his clothing was torn into shreds. This eagle measured 6½ feet across the wings.

REED LEARNED TO KNOW HIM.

How Senator Mason Gained Recognition When He Was in the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Senator Mason was elected to the lower house in Mr. Reed's first term as Speaker, and in vain did he strive for recognition. One day a special bill was introduced for the relief of one of the Speaker's constituents. Unanimous consent was asked for its consideration, but Mason objected. On successive mornings objection was offered, and, finally, Reed sent a friend to inquire why Mason opposed his measure, and Mason said:

"I have been duly elected to Congress, but the Speaker evidently thinks otherwise. He will not recognize me and I can get the floor only by entering an objection to his bill."

The friend returned to Reed and the following morning when unanimous consent was asked, Mason again objected. During the day Reed saw Mason, and, in great seriousness, never mentioning the bill, said:

"Mr. Mason, I believe that if you were to rise and address the Chair the Chair would know who you are."

Mason replied:

"Mr. Speaker, I have been giving that bill of yours a great deal of attention, as it is a very important one, and I have decided that it ought to pass."

The next morning unanimous consent was asked and given, and an expansive smile exchanged. As soon as the bill was passed Mason arose and addressed the Chair and the Chair responded: "The gentleman from Illinois."

A STATE CAPITOL HUNT.

EXPERIENCE OF A MAN WHO WANTED TO GET PHOTOGRAPHS.

Some State Secretaries Who Had State Pride and Helped Him and Others Who Had None—Experiences in an Enterprise in Which Patriotism Was to Reward All Hands.

"What's the matter with the Secretaries of State of the various States and the State pride of the same?" inquired a Washington newspaper man at an uptown hotel last night.

"What's the matter with you?" responded a reporter who knew him well enough to be fresh with him.

"Listen and I'll tell you. In December last I proposed to a newspaper in my town that it would be a good idea as a compliment to the representatives of all the States of the Union resident in Washington, and we have them there from all over, to publish the pictures of all the State Capitols in the paper at the rate of one a week. The newspaper liked the suggestion and told me to go ahead with it, the principal part of the emolument to all concerned being complimentary, State patriotism and that sort. On the 27th and 28th of December I sent away forty-five letters, each to a Secretary of State, taking it for granted that he was the proper man to take care of his State in such an exhibition of Capitols at the national capital.

"My letter to each was short and to the point, stating that we wished to make an exhibition of State Capitols for the pleasure of the State's people at the national capital and asking for a photograph from which a half-tone picture could be made and, in addition, a short description, or data for one. I closed by saying that it was State pride business and we would have to take it out in that material. So far so good. The first reply received came from the Massachusetts Secretray, saying that my letter had been referred to the Capitol Commission with a request to look after it. The next, a postal card, was from the Secretary of your own State of New York, saying that my letter had been referred to the custodian of the Capitol with request to furnish what was asked for. Then came Ohio, a most noble State, I do assure you, for her Secretary, Mr. Charles Kinney, had done just what I asked and sent a cabinet photograph with about 200 words of description. That was all there was to it, and the State Capitol of Ohio was the first to appear in print. So much for a Secretary who saw what there was to do and did it. Following came Vermont with just what was asked for, and she appeared second in the paper, and then Maine in the same prompt and businesslike manner came third. Kentucky's Secretary wrote saying there were not any photographs of the Capitol and no means of securing one, and I had begun to wonder if the Republicans so new in office had used up all the money, when behold along came a photograph taken by an amateur and with it an interesting description in the Secretary's own handwriting. Then all was forgiven and Kentucky came fourth in the list, not at all slow for Kentucky.

"Before this the replies had begun to come in with every mail, but no photographs. Rhode Island's Secretary reported that there weren't any photographs of the Capitols as far as he had seen, and he didn't know where one could be found. The State was to have a new Capitol, however, and I could find out about it by writing to Mr. Somebody who had it in charge. Then I wrote to Mr. Secretary, asking why he didn't pass my letter over to the gentleman and let it go at that. I don't know what he did but in time I received a pamphlet with a cut of the new building in it. Connecticut's Secretary sent me a book of the Capitol, with a woodcut picture from which to make a half-tone. You chaps who know anything about printing know what kind of a half-tone we'll get from that. I tried to get something better, but I guess the mail facilities up that way are poor, for I haven't heard further. New Hampshire has so far preserved a discreet silence. I wonder if the Granite State has a Capitol. Do any of you know? Not having heard from New York in the mean time I wrote a fly postal, and presently there came by express in elaborate, real, New York style a photograph about as big as a door. It was a beauty, though, and is all right though they are still shy on descriptive matter, which is promised. New Jersey responded early with word to the effect that the custodian of the Capitol would look out for me. Which he did not until I wrote again, and then I received a book with a picture in it. No photographs in the State, I guess. Pennsylvania was a bit slow by reason of changing plans for her fine new building, but it came at last. And there was California. You ought to see the photograph she sent. The furthest away and the fifth to get there. Delaware so far has failed to show up in any shape, and one of her people in Washington tells me it is either because the State is ashamed of the kind of a Capitol she keeps, or the Secretary doesn't want to have a photograph taken at his own expense, and nobody has ever taken one. That's a funny kind of a Commonwealth, isn't it? Maryland balked a couple of times, but got there at last with a handsome print.

"The one thing that bothered me in the business was asking for these things and not offering pay, but as it could not cost more than half a dollar or a dollar at the extreme, I hardly liked to offer that amount to a distinguished State official, and I am loathe to begin it now, but I'll have to do it if it can't be done otherwise. I am reminded of this by the plaintive plea from Iowa's Secretary, who promptly informed me the Captain of the Capitol Police would send me a photograph and description of the building for 35 cents. Think of it! But I rose to the occasion and told him to try and see if the State wouldn't authorize an appropriation for the amount, but in the meantime send it on, and I would pay for it. It has not yet come. Virginia, the Old Dominion, went Iowa 15 cents better and told me the price would be 50 cents. I wrote that I had pride enough in the Mother of Presidents to blow a half on her picture, but I never got it. That is, not from the Secretary. Congressman Otey came to the rescue, and I now have a photograph.

"Of all heard from Virginia and Iowa are the only ones to suggest that somebody else pay the bill. North Carolina had a hard time finding a photograph, but I held on and finally got a little pocket kodak one by an amateur, and I suppose the only one in existence. Would you think every State would have photographs of its Capitol? Alabama's Secretary could only send me the print on his letter head and give me the name of a department clerk in Washington who could describe the building. That's rather odd, too, isn't it, for a State official? I finally got the photograph, and a nice big one, too, from Editor Burkham of the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, who knows how to boom his State. Georgia, the Cracker empire, never peeped, and, after a moving appeal, Clark Howell of the *Atlanta Constitution* came to the front with a print and a pamphlet. It was nice of Clark, but it wasn't a photograph, and the million-dollar Capitol they have there won't look much like it in a half-tone from that one. South Carolina's Secretary facetiously reported that Sherman's army hadn't left much of her Capitol, but what there was I was welcome to, and sent a print and a fine platinum photograph, the true Southern hospitality style. Florida is yet unable to help me out, and I am unable to make the officials understand what I want. Even the *Times-Union* fails to catch on, and editors as a rule are up on this sort of thing. Arkansas hasn't a Capitol picture to her name and no inclination to have one taken, for me or for anybody else. Nebraska's Secretary sends in a pretty print, and asks to give his State a send-off, but the newspaper says a word whether his Capitol is built out of Bryan blocks or gold bricks.

"Indiana came around after awhile with a print, even two, but they were not equal to one photograph for my purpose. Michigan sent me half a dozen prints, but didn't know of any photographs. All the photographers were probably busy taking photographs of Governor Pingree's prize potatoes. Wisconsin sent in a print and pamphlet and called it a photograph, as, in fact, did a number of the Secretaries, who evidently confuse photograph with any kind of picture. Not having heard from Boston, I wrote again to the Secretary, who, by the way, was quite a newspaper man, and he wrote back to say that having once called the attention of the Capitol Commission to my request, he did not feel at liberty to suggest that they attend to it, so I have not yet seen anything of a photograph with a golden dome rampant and a codfish couchant as leading features in the composition. Minnesota fails to photograph, but her public printer sends me a good print which may answer the purpose. Texas, with the biggest pebble on the beach, hasn't a photograph to spare, but sends a print and a description.

"Oregon sends a print and forgets that we in the East don't know what kind of a building it is. Colorado's Secretary sent me a print and a pamphlet, but I wanted a photograph, and got the photograph from Senator Wolcott's private secretary. Montana's Secretary makes the brief announcement that Montana hasn't any State Capitol and therefore no picture of same. Utah makes the same report. Washington's Secretary says he can send me a picture of the Capitol that he promised, but that the Legislature is mighty uncertain he is most afraid to do it. I am pleading with him to take a chance on it. They have no photographs in North Dakota, and the Secretary sends me a letter head. A camera is needed in that country.

"Mississippi, Louisiana, Missouri, South Dakota, Wyoming, Tennessee, New Hampshire, Kansas, Delaware, Idaho are the States utterly ignoring me so far, though Georgia did the same except through the *Constitution*. Illinois is the only State so far as heard from which has a Secretary who is curt to discourtesy. He writes a line and a half: 'I have no photographs of the State Capitol.' The rest of it is 'Yours received' and 'Yours truly.' I fancy he must be a Chicago man, and probably rich, or he couldn't afford to be so bad-mannered.

"And still the good work goes on, and I am learning more about the arduous duties of the State Secretaries and less about why every State doesn't have photographs of its State Capitol on draft for exhibition and advertising purposes. The Secretaries seem to me to be lacking in State pride, for this is the first time the effort has ever been made to print the pictures of the State Capitols, and I should think every official would be only too glad to give his Capitol a little boom on the side. It doesn't cost anything, and it is a rule when anybody can get anything for nothing he is mighty glad to get it. I may say in conclusion that of all the States heard from only three or four have Secretaries who enter into the spirit of the thing at all and seem to care a darn whether they get into the procession or not. Now, if anybody will tell me why I'll let him set up the drinks."

But nobody ventured an opinion, and the Washington man rapped significantly on the table himself.

NOTES OF LEGAL EVENTS.

In addition to the bills which we have already mentioned providing for the appointment of additional Circuit Judges of the United States in several of the Federal circuits into which the Union is divided for judicial purposes, there is a proposition before Congress to organize a tenth circuit, which shall have three new Circuit Judges and a Circuit Court of Appeals of its own. Four States will constitute the new circuit, Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming being taken out of the existing eighth circuit and Montana out of the existing ninth. Salt Lake City is specified in the bill as the place at which the Circuit Court of Appeals for the tenth circuit must sit, but the Judges are empowered to hold the court elsewhere also, if they deem it proper to do so. The bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. William H. King, the member from Utah. No doubt the eighth circuit as now made up is too large for the judicial force assigned to it, comprising as it does ten States and three Territories, and it can well spare three of the States to help in making up the proposed tenth circuit. The transfer of Montana would probably be agreeable to the people of that State, for it would be more convenient to them to have their Federal appeals heard at Salt Lake City than at San Francisco, where they now have to be taken under the present organization of the circuits.

By the death of Judge Jasper W. Gilbert Brooklyn has lost a prominent figure in the life of that city. After a long and distinguished career on the bench of the Supreme Court he retired on account of having attained the constitutional limit of age sixteen years ago. Whatever may be said in support of the provision of our State Constitution which enforces the retirement of Judges at the age of 70, no argument to sustain its wisdom can be found in the case of Judge Gilbert. From the day of his retirement to the day of his death he remained the same able lawyer in whom time in no wise lessened his capacity to discharge the duties of the judicial office. Indeed, there was one respect in which perhaps his fitness for the bench became more manifest as the years passed on. The kindly side of his nature shone out in his demeanor and in his cheery intercourse with his numerous friends, so that the sunny qualities of his character had long since done away with the impression which once prevailed that Judge Gilbert was a man of natural severity at heart. His judicial opinions were written in an excellent style, and afford good examples to the Judges of the present day, not only on account of their clear and expressive English, but by reason of their sensible length. Judge Gilbert dealt with the cases before him adequately, but without any such appalling waste of words as we find in too many Appellate Division opinions in these times.

A case of considerable interest and importance to medical men in England was decided in January by his Honor, John E. W. Addison, one of the County Court Judges for Cambridgeshire. A doctor sued a laborer to recover fifteen shillings for professional services rendered in pursuance of an engagement to attend the laborer's wife during her confinement. Before the child was born, the wife engaged another medical man. The County Court Judge was of the opinion that the doctor who was originally engaged had no legal claim to compensation, inasmuch as he was not called upon actually to attend the mother when she was confined. This view has provoked much adverse criticism in British medical circles; and it is not easy to defend the doctrine of the decision on any ground of good morals. As is pointed out by the *Lancet*, an obstetric engagement restricts the liberty of the practitioner more than almost any other kind of case, as he is compelled by the very nature of his undertaking to be constantly in readiness to attend the patient at a time which cannot be fixed definitely. To engage a doctor and thus impose upon him restrictions that may affect his movements for many days, and then employ another physician when there has been no fault or suggestion of fault in respect to the conduct of the first one, is a course of proceeding which certainly ought to render the employer chargeable with the fair and reasonable value of the first doctor's services in holding himself ready to respond to the summons, come when it might, which should call him to the bedside of the patient.

A letter recently written to the San Francisco *Examiner* by the Hon. F. A. Kelley, a Judge of the Superior Court in Lassen county, Cal., reveals a queer picture of the relations between the bench and the bar in that part of the Golden State. It seems that the Judge had been treated with great disrespect in court by a lawyer named E. V. Spencer, and finally imposed a fine upon the attorney for his misconduct. The Judge thought that the published account of the proceedings was incorrect and not fair to him; hence his communication to the newspaper. In this letter he makes no attempt to conceal his own infirmity of temper, but frankly avows that he, the Judge on the bench, was so much angered by the insults addressed to him that he actually struck the lawyer by whom the offensive language was uttered. "It is true," writes Judge Kelley, "that he called me a liar and a ——— ———, without occasion therefor, and, that as a consequence, I struck him. I admit that such conduct on the part of the attorney so incensed me that for a short time I lost my self-control." It is not possible to justify what the Judge did; but his letter as a whole indicates that he had behaved with fairness and moderation in the matter up to the time when he resented the insult by the blow. It would seem that such a controversy must end either by excusing the Judge and disbarring the lawyer or by excusing the lawyer and compelling the Judge to leave the bench.

In the township of Martinsburg, Lewis county, there is a stream called Roaring Brook. In 1896 the Legislature passed a local act declaring this stream to be a "public highway for the purpose of floating logs, timber, and lumber down said stream." The enactment deprived the riparian owners of their rights, for the benefit of the public; and the statute provided a method by which the damages suffered by them in consequence of the taking of their property should be ascertained and paid. An order was made appointing commissioners to assess such damages. This order was set aside by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the Fourth Department, on the ground that the statute by which the Legislature attempted to acquire Roaring Brook was unconstitutional. The Constitution prohibits the Legislature from passing a private or local bill "laying out, opening, altering, working, or discontinuing roads, highways, or alleys." Here was clearly a local bill, and by its very terms it assumed to make that a highway which was not a highway before. This was deemed an opening, and the Appellate Division pronounced the statute invalid. The Court of Appeals, however, has reversed the decision to that effect, and upholds the law. It declares that the highways which are forbidden to be opened under local bills are highways in the ordinary and popular sense of the term, such as the country roads under the control of county and town authorities; but that the prohibition has no application to the broader class of highways embracing canals, rivers, and even railroads. In this view, expressed in a clear and well-reasoned opinion by Judge Denis O'Brien, all the members of the court concur except Judge Gray, who insists that the act is in conflict with the Constitution.

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MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.... 6 57 | Sun sets.. 5 33 | Moon rises. 12 27

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook. 11 12 | Gov. Isl'd. 11 44 | Hell Gate.. 1 37

ARRIVED—SATURDAY, Feb. 12.

Ss Etruria, Ferguson, Liverpool Feb. 5 and Queenstown 6th.
Ss St. Louis, Randle, Southampton Feb. 5.
Ss Colorado, Forth, Hull.
Ss Strathclyde, Campbell, Hamburg.
Ss State of Nebraska, Park, Glasgow.
Ss Cedardene, Balls, Barry.
Ss Garrick, Eden, Bahia.
Ss Evelyn, Hutchinson, Philadelphia.
Ss Salamanca, Reynolds, Philadelphia.
Ship Lynchburg, Beatty, Calcutta.
Bark St. James, Banfield, San Francisco.
[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Nomadic, from New York, at Liverpool.
Ss Francisco, from New York, at Hull.
Ss Wells City, from New York, at Bristol.
Ss Panama, from New York, at Bordeaux.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss New York, from Southampton for New York.
Ss Campania, from Liverpool for New York.
Ss Friedrich der Grosse, from Bremen for New York.
Ss Noordland, from Antwerp for New York.
Ss Pretoria, from Hamburg for New York.
Ss La Champagne, from Havre for New York.
Ss Furnessia, from Moville for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss San Marcos, from Galveston for New York.
Ss El Monte, from New Orleans for New York.
Ss Rio Grande, from Brunswick for New York.
Ss Kansas City, from Savannah for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail Tuesday, Feb. 15.

	Mails Close.	Vessel Sails.
Grenada, Grenada	.....	.....
Iroquois, Charleston	.....	8 00 P M
El Sud, New Orleans	.....	3 00 P M

Sail Wednesday, Feb. 16.

St. Paul, Southampton	7 00 A M	10 00 A M
Britannic, Liverpool	9 00 A M	12 00 M
Westernland, Antwerp	10 00 A M	1 00 P M
Yucatan, Havana	1 00 P M	3 00 P M
Comal, Galveston	.....	3 00 P M

Sail Thursday, Feb. 17.

State of Nebraska, Glasgow	.....	.....

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-Day.

Capua	Hamburg	Jan 26
Arabia	Hamburg	Jan 29
Oscar II	Hamburg	Jan 27
Island	Shields	Jan 29
Arno	Swansea	Jan 29
Russian Prince	Shields	Jan 20
La Normandie	Havre	Feb 5
Croft	Dundee	Jan 30
El Rio	Swansea	Feb 8
Prins Maurits	Port au Prince	Feb 7

Due Monday, Feb. 14.

Berlin	Antwerp	Feb 5
Tauric	Liverpool	Feb 4
Marengo	Newcastle	Jan 31
Saratoga	Nassau	Feb 10
Orizaba	Havana	Feb 10
Santo Domingo	Havana	Feb 9
Louisiana	New Orleans	Feb 9
Tallahassee	Savannah	Feb 11

Due Tuesday, Feb. 15.

Aras	Shields	Feb 1
Caribbee	St. Croix	Feb 9
Allegheny	Port Limon	Feb 8
Menemsha	Galveston	Feb 9
Lampasas	Galveston	Feb 9
Philadelphia	La Guayra	Feb 9
El Mar	New Orleans	Feb 10
Comanche	Jacksonville	Feb 12
Kansas City	Savannah	Feb 12

Due Wednesday, Feb. 16.

Majestic	Liverpool	Feb 9
Calda	Gibraltar	Feb 7
Chateau Lafitte	Bordeaux	Feb 2
Seneca	Havana	Feb 12
Trinidad	Bermuda	Feb 14
Andes	Jamaica	Feb 12
Normandie	Paris	Feb 4
Amalfi	St. Lucia	Feb 7
Rio Grande	Brunswick	Feb 11

Due Thursday, Feb. 17.

Lahn	Bremen	Feb 8
Prussia	Hamburg	Feb 5
Kaiserin	Bremen	Feb 5
Chicago City	Swansea	Feb 3
Hispania	Havre	Feb 6
Hexham	Gibraltar	Feb 2
Paraense	Ceara	Feb 5
El Monte	New Orleans	Feb 12

Due Friday, Feb. 18.

Campania	Liverpool	Feb 12
Noble	London	Feb 6
Londonian	London	Feb 5
Mohican	Swansea	Feb 4
Peruvian	Glasgow	Feb 5
St. Leonards	Antwerp	Feb 4
Schiedam	Gibraltar	Feb 2
San Marcos	Galveston	Feb 12

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PARIS THEATRE RECEIPTS.

The Average Much Greater Than Those of New York Theatres.

Statistics of the earnings of Paris theatres for 1897 recently appeared in one of the French papers and showed that Paris, though not so large as London and now not so large as New York, expends more for theatrical amusements in a year than any other city in the world. The prices at Paris theatres are, as a rule, lower than those which prevail in London.

The Théâtre Français took in last year from performances, exclusive of fees, 2,134,000 francs, or, approximately, $400,000, which is at the rate of more than $1,000 a day all the year round, and may be described as the steady business of that historic establishment, for the total receipts in 1896 were 2,160,000 francs. The receipts of the Vaudeville Theatre last year were, approximately, $200,000; of the Renaissance the same, of the Châtelet a trifle more, of the Palais Royal $100,000, of the Ambigu $150,000, of the Gaité $190,000, of the Odéon $125,000, and of the Folies Bergères nearly $300,000. These receipts were exceeded by the two Paris theatres at which operatic performances are given—the Opéra Comique, with total receipts in excess of $300,000, and the Grand Opéra, with receipts in excess of $600,000.

Taking the chief Paris theatres, it may be said that the total receipts of each house average about $175,000 a year, or an equivalent of $500 a day, making no allowance for periods during which the theatres are closed. There are in New York city