STOPS BRIDGE CONTRACT.

COMMISSIONERS ENJOINED FROM MAKING AWARD.

Taxpayer Alleges That Terms of the Contract for Approaches of the New East River Bridge Are Illegal—Order Returnable Thursday — Grounds on Which It Was Granted.

An order to show cause why they should not advertise for a new lot of bids for contracts to construct the approaches to the new East River Bridge, and restraining them, temporarily, from awarding the work to any of the seven contractors whose bids have been received was served on the East River Bridge Commissioners and acting Mayor Guggenheimer yesterday. The order was issued by Justice Fitzgerald and is returnable next Thursday. It was obtained by Kellogg & Rose of 120 Broadway, in behalf of a client, Julius Meyers. Mr. Meyers, as a taxpayer, declared in his application for the order that he and all other taxpayers of the city would be injured by the award of the contract under existing conditions, because it was fraudulent and called for a greater expenditure for the work than was necessary.

There are three things complained of. In the first place it is alleged the contract provides that the successful bidder shall comply with the labor law and pay the prevailing rate of wages to his workmen. This is illegal, the complaint says, because it places the contractor at the mercy of the labor unions and prevents him from securing labor in a free market where the price is fixed by supply and demand, and therefore the contractor, to protect himself, must charge the city more for the work than he would if permitted to hire labor without restriction. Mr. Rose, in explaining the application for an injunction, said the question of the constitutionality of the labor law was still pending.

The second point complained of is that in the advertisement for bids it was specified that the steel to be used in the approaches shall contain, not to exceed, .06 of 1 per cent. of phosphorus, .04 of 1 per cent. of sulphur, .30 of 1 per cent. of manganese and .35 of 1 per cent. of silicon. Steel of this quality, it is alleged by the plaintiff, is made by a secret formula and can only be produced by one company, the Carbon Steel Company, so that the contractor who had the work must buy his steel of that company and no other. There are many other grades of steel, it is alleged, which cost less and are equally good for the purpose.

The provision made by the commissioners that no bid will be received from any contractor who has not been engaged in bridge work for at least a year is also objected to as restricting competition.

Assistant Corporation Counsel Hill, to whom the matter was referred by acting Mayor Guggenheimer, said that in his opinion the purpose of the proceeding was to test the legality of the prevailing-rate-of-wages provision of the labor law.

Smith E. Lane, the only member of the East River Bridge Commission who was personally served with a copy of the order yesterday, said that the proceeding had probably been instigated by some disappointed contractor and that Mr. Meyers was only the nominal plaintiff. "The same attempt to block the work was made two years ago," said Commissioner Lane, "when we awarded the contract for the steel towers. In our advertisement for bids for contracts to do that part of the work there was a specification as to the steel to be used exactly similar to that which is now complained of. That was objected to then, but the Court upheld us and said that we had the right to determine the quality of the material to be used in the structure. I don't know who is behind this latest injunction."

Mr. Rose said that the word "fraud" was used merely in its technical legal sense and was not intended to imply that the Bridge Commissioners, individually or as a body, were engaged in any jobbing at the expense of the city.

A member of the firm of Terry & Tench, the contractors who are putting up the bridge towers, said that the allegation that the Carbon Steel Company was the only concern that could furnish the required material was nonsense. "The steel for the tower which my firm is erecting," added the contractor, "is all furnished to us by the New Jersey Steel and Iron Company, but a part of it comes from the Carbon company, part from other companies and part is made by the New Jersey company itself. Some contractor is merely trying to make trouble."

The seven contractors whose bids have been received, with the amounts of their bids for both approaches, are

Bidder	Manhattan approach	Brooklyn approach
John T. Hall	$1,374,000	$926,000
Hydraulic Construction Co.	1,399,000	934,000
King Bridge Co.	1,440,000	960,000
N. J. Steel and Iron Co.	1,490,000	1,000,000
Pennsylvania Steel Co.	1,464,000	947,000
M. J. Dady	1,678,000	1,119,600
American Bridge Co.	1,630,000	1,115,000

LAST OF THE PONKAPOAG INDIANS.

Death of Lemuel D. Burr, for Many Years a Beneficiary of Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—Lemuel D. Burr, the last of the Ponkapoag Indians dependent upon the bounty of the State of Massachusetts, died at his humble home in Cambridgeport on Wednesday of old age. He was the last of a race of natives that once controlled and lived upon immense tracts of land skirting the colonial town of Boston, the headquarters of the tribe being among the Blue Hills near the sheet of water known as Ponkapoag Pond. Mr. Burr was born 91 years ago, when only a dozen or so of the forlorn tribe remained. His mother was a full-blooded Indian known as "Laughing Flood, the Indian Queen," and his father was of mixed Indian and African blood.

Burr worked almost from his youth as a barber. Over a half century ago the State deeded to the survivors of the Ponkapoags 5000 acres of land in the Blue Hill district, but the land gradually passed from control of the Indians. The State allowed a bounty of $50 a year, and the last of the race were Burr's mother, a maiden aunt and himself. Last year the State allowed Burr a bounty of $150 a year, the resolve being offered by Representative J. A. Montgomery, and was as follows:

"*Resolved*, that there be allowed and paid out of the treasury of the commonwealth to Lemuel Burr of Cambridge, the sum of $150, in consideration of his care of his late mother and aunt, who were members of the Ponkapoag tribe of Indians, and were formerly beneficiaries of the Commonwealth."

FIGHT AGAINST AUTOMOBILES.

Ordinance to Cut Down Speed in Hempstead —Sidney D. Ripley to the Rescue.

Sidney Dillon Ripley is conducting a fight in the village of Hempstead, L. I., in the interest of the owners of automobiles. A number of the city people who are there for the summer brought automobiles with them. The horses belonging to the countrymen do not take kindly to the machines and some have been scared by them. The horse owners protested against the speed at which the automobiles were run and the village trustees of Hempstead have started out to cut it down. They have prepared an ordinance which provides that automobiles and other horseless vehicles must not travel through the village at a greater speed than six miles an hour and, when passing another vehicle, the speed must be reduced to three miles an hour.

Mr. Ripley has addressed a communication to the trustees in which he says this ordinance will effectually banish the horseless vehicles from the village. It is unjust discrimination, he says, as bicycles and horsemen are permitted to go along at a considerably greater speed. Mr. Ripley is being backed up by many of the citizens of Hempstead.

APPEAL IN TALLY-HO CASE.

Long Island Railroad Company Receives Permission to Take It to Court of Appeals.

Chief Justice Parker of the Court of Appeals has granted the application of the Long Island Railroad Company, allowing it to appeal to the Court of Appeals in the action brought by Matilda S. Henn against the company. This is one of the so-called "tally-ho" cases growing out of a collision between a tally-ho coach and a locomotive at Merrick road crossing, Valley Stream, on Decoration Day, 1897.

This case was tried before Justice Dickey and a jury in the Supreme Court, Kings county, in May, 1899, resulting in a verdict for the plaintiff of $7,500. The Appellate Court reduced the verdict to $3,500, but affirmed the judgment below. Defendant moving for leave to appeal to the Court of Appeals, the Appellate Court denied the motion. Subsequently defendant applied to the Court of Appeals, and on the order signed by Chief Justice Parker the appeal will now be heard by that court. The interests of the railroad company are in the hands of William J. Kelly and Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy.

Killed Himself While Cleaning His Gun.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 17.—Horace L. Niles, aged 64, a well-known provision dealer, was killed to-day by the accidental discharge of a shotgun with which he was cleaning. After shooting a sparrow in the back yard he went into the kitchen to clean the gun. He received the full charge in the abdomen and died immediately.

MARRIED BY MAYOR FISKE.

Miss Palston and A. T. Reagan of San Francisco Are Wed in Mount Vernon City Hall.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Mayor Edwin W. Fiske married a couple in the City Hall last night. They said they were Miss Agella Ralston, 20 years old, and Alfred T. Reagan, 22 years old, both of San Francisco. The couple it is said, came from a hotel in New York, where Mrs. Reagan's parents have been stopping since they returned with her from Europe on the Deutschland last Tuesday. She is the daughter of J. B. Ralston, who is a member of the Union Iron Company, of San Francisco, the concern which built the battleship Oregon. Mr. Reagan is a member of a wealthy Catholic family of San Francisco and was recently graduated from Notre Dame University in Indiana.

Mr. Reagan met his wife about two years ago. She is a Protestant and her parents were opposed to the match, it is said, and did everything in their power to persuade their daughter to break the engagement. This she refused to do, and, as a last resort, it is said, they took her to Europe. In some manner Reagan was kept informed of the family's movements, it is said, and when they arrived in New York last Tuesday he was hurrying across the continent to meet his intended bride. Upon his arrival he came to Mount Vernon to see William A. Walsh, who is employed in the office of the Corporation Counsel. Walsh and Reagan had been classmates at Notre Dame.

When Reagan left Mount Vernon yesterday the arrangements had been made for the marriage. Last night Miss Ralston met her fiancé in the parlor of the hotel and they hurried away to the Grand Central station where they took the 7 o'clock train for this city. When they arrived at the City Hall there were several Aldermen sitting around in the Mayor's office smoking cigars, but they retired to another room. Mayor Fiske performed the ceremony in the presence of Mr. Walsh and Assistant-Corporation Counsel Conklin. Shortly afterward the couple returned to New York. It was their plan to go direct to the hotel and break the news of the marriage to Mr. and Mrs. Ralston.

WHY THE SCHOONER WENT DOWN.

Bridge Tender Refused to Open the Draw Because a Train Was Nearly Due.

Through obedience to orders by a drawbridge tender of the Long Island Railroad Thursday the fine three-masted schooner Harry W. Shepherd, Capt. Noah Creamer, from Barnegat, N. J., lies at the bottom of Flushing Creek, near Jones's dock, Flushing.

The Shepherd, in tow of the tug C. F. Roe, was coming up the creek on a strong flood tide and had passed safely through the draw of the Broadway bridge when the tug captain blew his whistle for the Bridge street draw of the railroad. Bridge Tender John T. Powers, who has been on duty there for only a week, knowing that a train was nearly due, glanced at his watch and found that only six minutes remained before the train would be on the bridge. A strict rule of the company says that the drawbridge must not be opened within ten minutes of the arrival of any train.

Powers decided to obey rules. Meanwhile, the two boats came on rapidly. Capt. Creamer of the schooner stood on a pile of lumber on the forward deck of the schooner and seeing that the draw would not be opened ordered the starboard anchor to be dropped. The order was obeyed, but the anchor failed to hold in the soft mud and the tug and schooner drifted rapidly down upon the railroad trestle.

The channel is protected by a series of short piles and the tug was forced up against the piles, while the long bowsprit of the schooner projected clear across the railroad track. The train about due was just leaving the Bridge street station when the bridge tender threw the danger signal, which stopped the train within a few feet of the draw.

One of the fender piles pierced the schooner's bottom and she began to fill. The schooner was backed off far enough to allow the train to proceed, after which the draw was opened and the tug towed the sinking schooner up to Jones's pier, where she sank. She carries a cargo of yellow pine lumber, the damage to which will not amount to more than a few hundred dollars.

FOUND OLD COIN IN A VAULT.

Workmen Discover Stacked Up Money While Excavating for a Schoolhouse.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—Workmen who are excavating for a new public school building at the corners of Pearl, Bartlett and School streets, Charlestown, unearthed an old brick vault many feet below the surface yesterday and found a lot of corroded American and unidentified coin stacked up in little piles. Most of the money was American silver dollars of an unknown date. The workmen have been selling them for $5 each and are believed to have reaped quite a little profit as the result of the discovery. The vault was struck six feet below the surface, and the foreman ordered his men to pick holes through the sides so that the derrick might hoist it out bodily. In doing this the coins were discovered stacked up after the manner cashiers have a way of doing where change is to be made quickly. Most of the coins could not be identified at first on account of thick corrosion, but a few in the middle of the piles were clean enough to show the dates. The workmen quickly took possession of them, and as there were a great many employed there, it is impossible to say just how many were found, but the foreman can account for seventy silver dollars.

The contractor took one of the coins to a bank and was told by the cashier that it was undoubtedly a genuine dollar. Some of the dollars were dated 1822, but most of them bore a date that looked like 1799. These resemble Mexican dollars more than they do good American coin, but the 1822 money is clearly American. The vault which was constructed of bricks was about five feet square and was so strongly built that it did not break apart when lifted by the derrick from its bed. An old dwelling house, supposed to have been built before the Revolution, had stood above the vault and was torn down to make room for the new schoolhouse.

MRS. SCHWARTZ THE BURGLAR.

Detectives Make Her Confess That She Robbed Her Own Home.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 17.—A few days ago William P. Schwartz, a butcher, reported to the police that his house had been robbed. A gold watch and chain and a wedding ring belonging to Mrs. Schwartz was taken, with a shotbag containing $88. Detectives visited the house and were shown the marks of the burglars' entrance by Mrs. Schwartz, who said she was not sleeping with her husband on the night of the burglary on account of the illness of her little boy. The detectives then called on Mr. Schwartz at his place of business and noted that in his story of the robbery he said that his wife slept with him on the night in question. The detectives went back and charged Mrs. Schwartz with being the robber herself. She denied it indignantly at first, but finally confessed and produced the missing money. The detectives had already recovered the watch and ring from a pawnshop, where they had been sold. The husband says that during the past ten years he has been robbed of fully $10,000, but never succeeded in tracing the thief. He had never doubted his wife anything and can assign no reason for her behavior.

SOCIAL EVENTS AT NEWPORT.

Luncheons of the Afternoon—Dinner Dance at "Wayside," Villa of Elisha Dyer, Jr.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 17.—There was quite a gathering of fashionables at the tennis tournament to-day, but other than that there was little going on socially. This afternoon luncheons were given by Mrs. E. Livingston Ludlow, Mrs. J. J. Wysong and Mr. Lispenard Stewart. This evening "Wayside," the new villa of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., was the scene of a dinner dance given in honor of Miss Laura Swan. The interior decorations of the villa are very elaborate and in consequence there were few flowers needed. After the dinner a large number of the cottagers came in for the dance. The cotillion was led by Mr. Harry Lehr, and the favors were handsome. At midnight supper was served on twenty small tables set on the verandas.

Dinners were given to-night by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, Miss Anna Leary, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer and Atherton Blight.

POLICE PATROL WAGON IN A SMASH.

Hit by a Trolley Car in the Tenderloin—Its Driver Thrown Out and Hurt.

While the patrol wagon from the Tenderloin station was taking two prisoners to the Jefferson Market police court yesterday morning it was struck by an uptown Sixth avenue trolley car at Nineteenth street. Policeman James Gilday who was driving, was thrown out and bruised about the legs and his wrist was sprained. The horses broke the pole of the wagon and being thus released ran away. They were stopped at Fifteenth street by Frank Harris of 203 East Eighty-ninth street. Several shoppers had narrow escapes. Gilday was taken to the New York Hospital, but afterward went home on sick leave.

JOHNNY CORBETT IS BAD.

SISTER MAY TAKES HIM TO COURT TO SAY SO AND HE NODS AND GRINS.

Bright Spot in the Dingy Court Room Is Sister May—She Has to Take Mother's Place Because Mother's Paralyzed—Catholic Protectory in View for Wicked Johnny.

Down the broad aisle between the seats in the West Side police court, with their crowd of unkempt and dingy loungers, yesterday came a pretty little girl with a pleasant smile. There were red poppies in the straw hat that topped her bright face and light muslin dress. In one hand she held a big blue umbrella and by the other she led a neatly dressed boy who was just a bit taller than the umbrella. She wasn't timid a bit, but walked right up to the gate of the enclosure in front of the bench. Magistrate Cornell stopped frowning over a troublesome case and the countenance of Policeman Rheinhardt, the big bluecoat at the gate, lit up with a smile that transfigured him so that some of the folks who pass him there mighn't have recognized him.

"Well, my little girl," he said, "what is it you want?"

"Please, Mister," said the little girl, smiling back at him, "I want to commit my brother here. He's a bad boy—aren't you, Johnny?"

The little boy nodded. Then he grinned. "Mommer says I am," he ventured.

"Well, I'll be blessed," ejaculated the policeman.

"Johnny's bad," his small sponsor went on to explain, "an' you see mamma can't tend to him, so we decided he'd better be committed. Johnny wants to go to the Catholic Protectory. It's nice there—isn't it, Johnny?"

Johnny nodded again and the little girl smiled again. Everybody in the court room had seen the pair by this time. Two sturdy Irish women, who had been shouting at each other and at the Magistrate up on the bridge, stopped short. Magistrate Cornell stood up to take a good look at Johnny and his sister. Then he told a policeman to put the little ones in vacant chairs at the reporters' table. The girl sat down, still holding on tight to Johnny's hand and the blue umbrella. Agent Barclay of the Gerry society happened to be in court and he went over to the table to see what the trouble was.

"Tell me all about it, dear," he said, and the little girl told. She was May Corbett, 11 years old, she said, and Johnny was 10. They lived with their mother at 220 West Sixty-first street and they wanted Johnny "looked after better."

"Can't your mamma take care of him?" asked Agent Barclay.

"No," said the little girl. "He don't obey her. He goes out on the street and plays with the boys."

"But why can't she come here to tell us this?" asked the Gerry agent.

"She's got paralysis," said the child.

"Where's your father?" asked Barclay.

"He's dead."

Her mother, May said, had been in bed seven months, and her big sister died three months ago. "Brother Bob" worked at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in West Fifty-ninth street. She explained that she had been to the Gerry society rooms and from there had been sent to the court. She produced a letter instructing Agent Kuhn, the society's representative at the court, to investigate the case thoroughly and to do what he could for the children. At this point Kuhn came in.

"Don't talk to 'em rough," said Policeman Rheinhardt to the agent. "Ain't they a nice little pair of children, though?"

Kuhn's voice is usually rougher than he means it to be, but he didn't need any warning when he saw May's smile. He took May and Johnny upstairs to his room and the Magistrate and the court officials watched the pair and the big blue umbrella go out of the door, and then returned to business. The agent is likely to report the result of his inquiries to-day.

WONT MEET THE MINE WORKERS.

Anthracite Coal Operators Say They Are Willing to Confer With Their Own Men.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Aug. 17.—The general superintendent of one of the largest coal companies in the region said to-day, although he refused to have his name mentioned, that the coal operators would positively refuse to meet the United Mine Workers in joint convention at Hazleton on Aug. 26. He said:

"We refused to meet them at Scranton and at Pittston and for the same reason will not meet them at Hazleton. We are willing to treat with our own employees, but refuse to have anything to do with outsiders. The grievances of the men are not so great as they would like people to believe. The operators believe, with many who are not engaged in mining coal, that the anthracite mining and miners are governed by Western men who are working for the West instead of the men employed in the East in the anthracite field.

"There is an appreciable difference in the conditions of bituminous and anthracite miners, but always in the former's favor. There is a reason for this, of course, but the operators in the anthracite field are not responsible. There is a greater demand for soft coal, and in consequence the miner engaged in the West works a greater number of days a year and gets a higher wage. Can any one suppose for a moment that we do not earnestly wish for an increased demand for anthracite? And there has been legislation in the interest of the bituminous coal operator. Don't you think we desire legislation in our interest? For example, would it not be a card in our favor to have the Government use anthracite on all its vessels instead of soft coal? Such a rule could be applied in all departments. We feel that anthracite is the better coal, but the fact remains it is not in demand, and perhaps because it is considered a luxury it is used only when it becomes an actual necessity."

WONT REAPPOINT MISS LOCKWOOD.

School Board of Sound Beach Disregards the Public Meeting in Her Favor.

SOUND BEACH, Conn., Aug. 17.—Gilbert H. Foys, chairman of the District School, to-day addressed a letter to Miss F. Ida Lockwood, for six years primary teacher in the public school here, declining to reappoint her notwithstanding that a special meeting of the school district was held on the evening of Aug. 14, at which time a resolution was passed requesting the committee to reinstate her as teacher. In a letter of July 3 the committee told Miss Lockwood that her appointment was under consideration, owing to her indiscretion in airing her grievances, and warned her that any insubordination or attempt by word or act to mar the usefulness of the principal would be cause for asking for her resignation. Miss Lockwood secured nearly 200 signatures to a petition asking for her reappointment, and the voters took no part at the meeting referred to. The committee, consisting of G. H. Ferris, W. J. Worrell and Charles Palmer, exercised their legal rights and did as they desired, refusing to appoint Miss Lockwood. They say that Miss Lockwood was rather untidy and not a graduate of a normal school, and lastly talked too much about the principal and the committee, one of whom she said, promised her reappointment if she worked for his reelection.

SAYS HE WAS ROBBED OF $1,150.

Adventure in New York of a Riding Master Who Had Just Arrived From Wales.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Aug. 17.—Among some vagrants arrested last night by Officer Grady of the New York Central police for stealing rides on freight trains was a man who gave his name as Percy Evenson and his address as 26 West Twenty-seventh street, New York. He is 38 years old and gave his occupation as a riding master.

He told Recorder Morschauser that he came from Wales, arriving in New York on the Campania about two weeks ago. He had a draft for $1,219, he said, which he got cashed at Brown Brothers, 59 Wall street. Then he went out to see the city and fell in with a colored woman, who took him to a room where they had drinks. Knockout drops were given to him and when he recovered consciousness he found that he had been robbed of $1,150, all the money he had left. He said he was trying to work his way to Saratoga, where he thought he could find employment as a riding teacher. He was discharged.

GETS $19.50; MUST PAY $13 TO WIFE.

Husband Ordered to Turn Over Two-thirds of His Wages Pending Separation Suit.

Application was made to Supreme Court Justice Lambert in Brooklyn yesterday for alimony and counsel fee in the suit of Mary Dwyer against James A. Dwyer for a separation on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment. The plaintiff averred that her husband struck her on the head with a shoe and that he frequently struck her in the presence of her children and others. She said she had to leave him three weeks ago and find shelter with her parents. Dwyer denied her statements. He said he had always tried to do what was right by his family. He said it was a case of too much mother-in-law and that he was only too willing to support his family.

Justice Lambert learned that he was earning $19.50 a week. He ordered Dwyer to pay $50 counsel fee and to give his wife two-thirds of his wages for the support of herself and her three children.

NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

In "George Washington," by Woodrow Wilson (Harper & Brothers), we have an account made up of a series of views and impressions. The English colonies in America were very tranquil in 1732, the year in which Washington was born. They were securely established, and matters were going well with them. Virginia, the oldest, was least of any to be distinguished from rural communities in England. Her population had come to her almost without selection at every stage of quick change and troubled fortune that England had seen since James Stuart became King, and Englishmen in Virginia kept the English character as they had received it until they came to seem like elder Englishmen. "England changed, but Virginia did not. There landed estates spread themselves with an ample acreage along the margins of the streams that everywhere threaded the virgin woodland; and the planter drew about him a body of dependents who knew no other master; to whom came, in their seclusion, none of that quick air of change that had so stirred in England throughout all her century of revolution. Some were his slaves, bound to him in perpetual subjection. Others were his tenants and looked upon him as a sort of patron. In Maryland, where similar broad estates lay upon every shore, the law dubbed a great property here and there a manor, and suffered it to boast its separate court baron and private jurisdiction. Virginian gentlemen enjoyed independence and authority without need of formal title."

There was only one social centre in Virginia. In Williamsburg, the village capital, the Governor had his "palace," and here, too, stood the colonial college. There were taverns and "town" houses belonging to some of the planters. There was gay company and formal ceremonial in the season, but Williamsburg satisfied the town instincts of the Virginians, and it had no duplicate. There was no great market to which all the trade of the colony was drawn. Ships came and went upon each broad river, taking and discharging freight at the private wharves of the several plantations. Every planter was his own merchant, shipping his tobacco to England and importing thence clothes, tools, housefurnishings, and divers luxuries. The dwellings of his dependents grouped themselves like a village about his own square, broad-gabled house with its airy hall and comfortable living rooms. He may have had good plate on his sideboard and table, old wine in his cellar, and family portraits on his walls, but there was not much luxury in his life; plain comfort and a homely abundance sufficed him. Among the admirable pictures with which Mr. Howard Pyle had illustrated the book is one showing a ship taking on its cargo at a Virginia plantation wharf, and another showing a Virginia gentleman reading. The Virginia gentleman has a bottle at his elbow and he smokes a pipe as he reads. He has his feet up, and looks extremely comfortable. But the book tells us that he "read only upon occasion, when the weather darkened."

When Gen. Braddock and his soldiers came to Virginia to fight the French the British officers were not at pains to make themselves agreeable to the colonists, but they took no liberties with Col. Washington. The transports passed Mount Vernon to put the troops ashore eight miles further up the river. "Washington had left off being soldier for Gov. Dinwiddie, but he had resigned only to avoid an intolerable indignity, not to shun service, and he made no pretence of indifference when he saw the redcoats come to camp at Alexandria. Again and again was he early in the saddle to see the stir and order of the troops, make the acquaintance of the officers, and learn, if he might, what it was that fitted his Majesty's regulars for their stern business. The self-confident gentlemen who wore his Majesty's uniform and carried his Majesty's commissions in their pockets had scant regard, most of them, for the raw folk of the colony, who had never been in London or seen the set array of battle. They were not a little impatient that they must recruit among such a people. The transports had brought but a thousand men—two half-regiments of 500 each, whose colonels had instructions to add 200 men apiece to their force in the colony. Six companies of 'rangers,' too, the colonists were to furnish, and one company of light horse, besides carpenters and teamsters. By all these Gen. Braddock's officers set small store, deeming it likely they must depend not upon the provincials, but upon themselves for success. They were at small pains to conceal their hearty contempt for the people they had come to help. But with Washington it was a different matter. There was that in his proud eyes and gentleman's bearing that marked him a man to be made friends with and respected. A good comrade he proved, without pretence or bravado, but an ill man to scorn, as he went his way among them, lithe and alert, full six feet in his boots, with that strong gait as of a backswoodsman and that haughty carriage as of a man born to have his will. He won their liking, and even their admiration, as a fellow of their own pride and purpose. Gen. Braddock, knowing he desired to make the campaign if he might do so without sacrifice of self-respect, promptly invited him to go as a member of his staff, where there could be no question of rank, asking him, besides, to name any young gentlemen of his acquaintance he chose for several vacant ensignecies in the two regiments. The letter of invitation, written by Capt. Orme, aide-de-camp, was couched in terms of unaffected cordiality. Washington very gladly accepted, in a letter that had just a touch of the young provincial in it, so elaborate and over-long was its explanation of its writer's delicate position and self-respecting motives, but with so much more of the proud gentleman and resolute man that the smile with which Capt. Orme must have read it could have nothing of disrelish in it. The young aide-de-camp and all the other members of the General's military family found its author, at any rate, a man after their own hearts when it came to terms of intimacy among them."

After the disaster to Braddock, early in 1756, Washington made a journey to Boston to see Gov. Shirley, then acting as commander-in-chief in the colonies, and the young Colonel went in such circumstance as he believed to be fitting to him. "He went very bravely dight in proper uniform of buff and blue, a white and scarlet cloak upon his shoulders, the sword at his side knotted with red and gold, his horse's fittings engraved with the Washington arms and trimmed in the best style of the London saddlers. With him rode two aides in their uniforms, and two servants in their white-and-scarlet livery. Curious folk who looked upon the celebrated young officer upon the road saw him fare upon his way with all the pride of a Virginian gentleman, a handsome man, and an admirable horseman—a very gallant figure, no one could deny. Everywhere he was fêted as he went; everywhere he showed himself the earnest, high-strung, achieving youth he was. In New York he fell into a new ambush, from which he did not come off without a wound. His friend Beverly Robinson must needs have Miss Mary Philipse at his house there, a beauty and an heiress, and Washington came away from her with a sharp rigor at his heart. But he could not leave that desolate frontier at home unprotected to stay for a siege upon a lady's heart; he had recovered from such wounds before, had before that left pleasure for duty; and in proper season was back at his post, with papers from Shirley which left no doubt who should command in Virginia."

Once in a while Mr. Wilson's language becomes just a little exuberant, and we wish that he had not said of Washington that there was "a blithe light in his blue eyes." But the book is interesting.

Mr. Finley Acker of Philadelphia thinks highly of travel as a recreation, and in his "Pen Sketches," published apparently by the author at Philadelphia, he brings together the philosophic reflections which he kindly consented to print for a surprising number of Philadelphia newspapers about several places of interest he has visited, Cairo and Jerusalem and Damascus and Venice and Rome and Pompeii. No two of the half dozen articles he reprints appeared in the same newspaper, from which we surmise that Mr. Acker was anxious to show no partiality for one Philadelphia newspaper above the other, which might have aroused distressing jealousy, and so tactfully spread his information over them all. Before taking us across the Atlantic he begins by telling us that "every man has, or should have, his 'hobby'—in recreation. I think mine is travel — particularly foreign travel. It seems to me there is no quicker or more effective means than travel in foreign countries for dispelling the selfish, narrow and bigoted ideas which are frequently the outgrowth of local environment. And there is no better means for widening and deepening our interest and sympathy with our fellow man than to discover in all parts of the world the same elements of human nature, the same human love and passions, and to find the sun shining, the rain falling and the laws of Providence operating with impartial beneficence upon all races of men, regardless of inherited creed, ignorance or bigotry." Despite this broad and charitable view of foreigners, however, the traveller is likely to return "more keenly alive to the fact that the one country in the world which, by reason of its boundless natural resources and the intellectual and moral stamina of its people, is best qualified to assume the leadership of all other nations is his own country of America." His trip will be made doubly enjoyable, Mr. Acker thoughtfully adds, "should he be fortunate enough to be accompanied by a thoroughly companionable 'better half,' " and it is "to one of the most endearing, vivacious and unselfish of these" that he dedicates his book.

Cairo agreeably surprised Mr. Acker by not being all like the Midway at the World's Fair at Chicago, though "the Streets of Cairo" were among the most popular features of the Midway." The traveller in the city of Cairo of to-day may see "many evidences of cosmopolitanism. If he drives through the extensive and ornate gardens of the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, he may imagine himself suddenly transported to Hotel del Monte at Monterey, California. If he strolls through the drawing room of the Savoy or Shepheard's he may conclude he is in Saratoga. If he spends an evening at the Khedivial Opera House he may imagine himself in Philadelphia or London. If he rides donkey back through the narrow streets of old Cairo he may feel that an impassable gulf separates him from European civilization." Mr. Acker nevertheless sees all the sights, the bazaars and the museum and the mosques and the university. The Nile turns his thoughts homeward. "The River Nile of to-day has a practical lesson to teach the far-away Philadelphians who boast of their superior civilization, but who nevertheless have posted up in their kitchens the ominous warning from their Board of Health *not to drink their city water unless boiled!* The water of the Nile is more murky than either the Schuylkill or the Delaware, but when it appears as drinking water upon the table it is clear as crystal, and the wonderful transformation from offensive muddiness into crystalline purity is due to the simple process of filtration." The Pyramids were at first sight disappointing to Mr. Acker. "The sight is, of course, impressive, because of their colossal proportions; but as one looks at the massive pile of rough stone, occupying at its base probably as much ground space as our City Hall, and stretching diagonally upward to a point almost as high as the base of Penn's statue, he is strongly tempted to forget the ingenious theories of their astronomical and mathematical significance and exclaim: 'What consummate idiocy!' " He admits, however, that while Cheops finished his monument in twenty years, it may take Philadelphia five thousand to complete her City Hall. This leads him to apologize. "Perhaps, after all, our hasty judgement of Cheops as a builder was fallacious." While in the interior of the Pyramid he produced a weird impression on himself by reciting an eight-stanza poem, we infer of Philadelphia authorship, the first stanza of which runs:

I think I lie by the lingering Nile;
I think I am one that have lain long while,
With my lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

While the last funereal stanza ran as follows:

And I lie with the Pyramid over my head;
I am lying dead, lying long, long dead;
With my works all done and my words all said,
And the deeds of my days written over my head.
Dead! Dead! Dead!

The Sphinx, however, cheered him up. He does not mention what Philadelphia worthy it reminded him of, but its face haunted him. "This fascinating face of stone may be viewed in the bright sunlight, or at sunrise, at sunset, by moonlight, or even in the night by the aid of an artificial magnesium light, but the face never wearies, never disappoints." He wonders what it may have said to various persons, from Joseph and Moses down to Saladin and Napoleon.

Mr. Acker attended a Bedouin wedding festival and was naturally astounded that no backsheesh was demanded of him. After greeting the bridegroom he expressed his desire to pay his respects to the bride. The men were astonished at the request, but the bridegroom agreed to it on Mr. Acker's promising to give a silver wedding gift. On entering the women's room he shook hands cordially with the lady and wished her happiness through an interpreter. "I also expressed the hope that her life would be as long as her face was beautiful, and this little compliment was greeted with hilarious delight by her many friends as well as herself." A happy commingling of Western with Oriental courtesy. At the wedding Mr. Acker saw an Egyptian woman dancer from Cairo dance, and over her he becomes lyrical. "As she glided over the platform and danced in the Oriental style to which the Egyptians have been accustomed for thousands of years some of her movements might have been considered sufficiently graceful to be classed with the Delsarte physical culture exercises." It is only through the artist's indiscretion that the reader will discover that Mr. Acker is describing the *danse du ventre*. But we must hasten over Mr. Acker's other experiences. At Jerusalem he noticed the subdivision of trades. "But Jerusalem ites apparently don't favor the department store idea. Each little shop has its separate proprietor, and the value of the entire stock of the average store would not equal in amount a single good-sized sale in many American retail stores. The Oriental method of trading is unique. I would enjoy seeing it tried in Wanamaker's, Darlington's or Caldwell's." In Damascus Mr. Acker took a Turkish bath for local color, but it did not come up to his expectations. "In order to gratify the curiosity it may pay to take a single Damascene Turkish bath, but for thoroughness, cleanliness and genuine comfort, and the enjoyment of all the paraphernalia with which American ingenuity has improved the crude methods of the Orientals, I would recommend the European or American Turkish bath establishments—a most excellent specimen of which may be found at Kelsey's model establishment in our own city." He draws a curious contrast between the Eastern workingman and his standards of comfort and the American, naturally to the disadvantage of the former. Mr. Acker makes sage observations as well about the other places he visited and casts the glamour of Philadelphia over them all. He suggests a delightful way to see Pompeii without too much trouble. "It may not be convenient for all to cross the Atlantic and enter the beautiful Bay of Naples, and from there make the interesting trip to the unearthed city of Pompeii; but, if I mistake not, models of a number of these ruins and excavations and restorations were presented to Philadelphia by the late Hon. John Welsh. If the reader is sufficiently interested and will just breathe the atmosphere of ancient Pompeii by reading Bulwer Lytton's old work, 'Last Days of Pompeii,' he may be able to visit Pompeii in Philadelphia." Philadelphia is a great place, and it has interesting inhabitants. Mr. Acker's book is illustrated by many little pen and ink sketches printed in red.

The effect of Sir Sherston Baker's labors as the first English editor of Gen. Halleck's "International Law," is everywhere apparent in his "First Steps in International Law" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). In the preface Sir Sherston explains that the lectures which compose his book were due to and inspired by our war with Spain; and decisions of British courts in matters of international law are closely followed by those of our own courts. It is a fact, due to Great Britain's interests being largely opposed to the development of rules of international law, that our writers on that law outnumber and hold higher rank as authorities than British writers on the same subject. It was to Great Britain's interest to act first, and let the laws get themselves enforced or not, according as her opponent was strong at sea or not. This state of things did not conduce to produce strong international lawyers, except in a few instances. Sir Sherston Baker's book is well intentioned; but like most English text books or books of reference it might be improved. Even its large reliance on American cases does not place it beyond that reproach. Its treatment of the subject is preeminently "popular," such as one looks for in "predigested" educational systems or in the series of text books recommended by *Mr. Spriggins* in "Ici On Parle Français," of which "French Before Breakfast" was a sample. It has its value, of course, but there are better American books on the subject. It is up to date, having appeared late last year; its digest of some of the more important cases, seemingly suggested by Snow's "Cases in International Law" is especially valuable, though of course it cannot pretend to take the place of Snow's work. Many of these cases, by the way, are from American decisions; in fact, Sir Sherston evidently appreciates as much as any American the place our lawyers and Judges have taken in the development of international law. It may be noted that the book is set up and printed in this country for the British market, the dreaded "American spelling" being conspicuous by its absence.

Two more volumes of "The Novels and Stories of Frank R. Stockton," being 2 and 3 of the "Stories" and 16 and 17 of the whole series, are issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. They comprise some of the best work that Mr. Stockton has done, that on which many of his admirers believe his future fame will rest. It must be all of twenty years since some of these tales first appeared in the magazines, but they lose nothing on a second or on a twentieth reading. The delicacy and fancy and absurdity of "A Story of Assisted Fate," or "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke" or "Our Fire Screen," can be enjoyed fully as well by the present generation of readers as by that which first laughed over them. Then there are photographs of types of American character as in "Asaph" and "An Unhistoric Page." One of the volumes contains several of the stories in which the poetic side of Mr. Stockton's fancy shows itself best, the stories for children, which are yet most appreciated by their elders. There is "Old Pipes and the Dryad" and "The Bee-Man of Orn" and "Christmas Before Last," and plenty more, all charming, and all thoroughly in touch with the children. The series is a long one. It is a monument to the industry with which Mr. Stockton has striven to entertain and amuse us year in and year out for a quarter of a century.

"Prehistoric Implements" (The Robert Clarke Company), by Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, is a description of the ornaments, utensils and implements of pre-Columbian man in America.