

A CONTINUOUS LAUGH

Mark Twain Again Proves His Greatness as a Humorist.

FLOWING STREAM OF DROLLERY

He Fulfills All His Promises—A Fake Interview Exposed—Lecturers and the Money They Made.

There is but one Mark Twain. He is not classic, and he is just as far from being conventional, but people like him and listen to him all the more because he is himself. Last night at the Seattle theater a crowded audience heard him for an hour and a half with unwearying enjoyment as he gave one of those strange medleys of humor and philosophy which have so much the sound of a great literary improvisation.

The thread on which the great humorist strung the many anecdotes and jests that made up the body of the evening's entertainment was a pretended moral lecture, which he said he had in mind to work out at his lecture. Thus he would tell them of a droll story and draw therefrom some far-fetched moral, which found its chief pith and merit in being far-fetched. The following will serve as a poor sample of a dozen of its kind:

"When I was a boy, my father lived in a little Missouri village on the Mississippi river. The place was so small that it was necessary to hold several such offices as coroner, mayor, postmaster, in order to maintain the dignity of each. My father was the incumbent of all these offices, and he was a very busy man. He had a small office built where his numerous functions were discharged. It was not often that he got to act as coroner, but now and then the coroner's duty furnished a corpse. In the office was a sofa, which was to be used for the purpose of furnishing a corpse. We boys were told not to go fishing. For that reason, on one of these excursions, I did not care to go at once into the home circle. I preferred letting the home atmosphere cool down till next morning. I decided to take my soap into the office and use that as a bed.

"One day there had been a fight in the village while I was out fishing. One man had killed another with a bowie knife. The corpse had been stripped to the waist and laid out on the floor of the little office ready for the next morning. Late at night I came in, ignorant of what had occurred. I crept to the sofa and was just sinking into the deep, sweet sleep which is the reward of honest toil, when a strange feeling came over me. I thought I saw some meanly object on the floor. I first refused to feel it, but concluded I would wait. Just beyond it were some squares of moonlight on the floor and I decided to see what the moonlight crept along to where the thing lay. Only those who have waited for the moon at midnight know how slow it is. At last there came a pale beam of light in the ghostly light. I tried to turn over and count a thousand till the moon should reveal what I knew now was there, but I got no further than five. After what seemed an interminable time, the white, muscular arm, then the right, set face, then the body with the knife wound on the left breast, came slowly away from me. I do not mean to imply that I left hurriedly. I simply went. I went through the window. I took the soap along with me, and I was careful to see that the soap, but under the circumstances it was easier to take it than it was to leave it.

"Now, in planning my great lecture on morals, I mean to introduce this story to illustrate the principle that early in life a young man should carefully gauge his intentions. He should know just exactly how brave he is, how far he can rely on his courage before he is compelled to begin to use his discretion."

"In similar terms the lecturer gave the story of the bucking horse from his 'Roughing It,' which he said he proposed to use in his great lecture 'to show that we should be careful how we make the acquaintance of strangers.' Then he shot off at a merry tangent to say that Mount Rainier had been pursuing this policy toward his daughter, 'Yes, I would like to illustrate the moral that conclusions must not be drawn hastily, he gave the story of the preacher's long baptismal harangue even what he supposed to be a boy baby, till the name of Mary Ann was pronounced. In much the same tone followed the story of grandfather and the ram, and of Jim and Huckleberry Finn, when those two worthies were running away, and of 'My first theft.'"

"Leaving this hypothetical lecture on morals, Mr. Clemens proceeded to give the substance of his famous oration on the German language, when a rough voice from the gallery cried out: 'Haf you seen to Heidelberg?' 'Yes,' replied the lecturer, with ready wit; 'I studied German there, and I learned many other things there also, among them how to drink beer.' The questioner subsided. As a conclusion, Mr. Clemens gave his famous ghost story. It was the strongest piece given by him, or rather, he gave it most strongly, and when the unexpected denouement was reached there was many a sudden jump among those who had been betrayed into breathless expectancy through the weird magic of the well-told dialect story.

"As a mark of honor Mr. Clemens was called before the curtain, and in response he gave 'The Stammerer' in mirth-provoking style.

"Among those who occupied boxes were the members of the Torbett Concert company, who appear at the Seattle theater on Saturday night. Major Pond speaks in the highest terms of this company. Miss Torbett being, in fact, a protégée of his, his first acquaintance with her dating from her membership in Beecher's church.

TWAIN BRANDS A FAKE. But It Does Not Irritate Him—Talk of Cable and Lecturing.

When Mark Twain was shown what purported to be an interview with him published in the Washington City Post, he sat quietly for a minute yesterday afternoon, smoking a cigar, and then said: 'Well, a fellow ought to be too reverent on a man that as hard up for an interview as that. If he wants to palm that sort of stuff on me, it's all right. I can bear it. He ought to have made his story a little more plausible, however. In the first place he represents me as collecting while city editor of the Morning Call of San Francisco, which was just thirty years ago, whereas which were not

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in existence until that time, and most of which were simply manufactured for him on the occasion. In the next place, he represents the interview as having taken place in Hartford, when in point of fact I have not been in Hartford for four years."

Having thus disposed of the tombstone poetry that has been floating about the country with his name attached to a sort of seraphic epigram on the seraphim contained in the verses, Mr. Clemens sank back on the sofa and meditated. He had come in on the Flyer from Tacoma, where he lectured Monday night, having, as he said, a delightful audience. Reaching Seattle at 2:45, he was taking a short rest before going aboard the United States steamship Mohican, where he was to dine at the invitation of Lieutenant Commander Wadhams, an old acquaintance of his. Resting, he talked, or to put it according to his own logic, talking, he rested. It is easy enough to do what he said, but not to reproduce his way of saying it. Talking seems to come as easy to him as breathing. He goes through all moods in five minutes. 'From easy to grave, from lively to severe,' and it is safe to say that many of his private conversations are more pretentious efforts on the stage.

"I have a fellow-feeling for newspaper men," he said, "because of my own experience. I have not only written a great deal as correspondent and contributor, but I was at one time city editor of the Territorial Enterprise, of Virginia City, and afterwards of the San Francisco Morning Call."

"My lecture tour thus far has been remarkably successful. I had thought before setting out that everybody in the cities would be taking a vacation; but there has been enough to give us large audiences everywhere."

Then very delicately, almost as if speaking of the disaster that had befallen several of his speakers, he spoke of the reverses that have come upon him, and his listener was reminded of the story told by Thackeray of the great French comical actor, who was a physician, who, observing his manhood and not knowing who he was, advised him to go and hear himself and laugh away his fit of blues.

"I cannot hope to build up another fortune now," he said, "I am getting too fat for that; I shall be more than satisfied if within the next five years I can pay off my creditors. I believe that I can do it, too."

"It is a little remarkable that Scott was just my age, 58, when the great publishing house of Ballantyne Brown, with which he had been connected for many years, similar to the one in which I was engaged in Hartford, failed. In his successful effort to pay off the vast debt of \$500,000 he killed himself by overwork. No other author could have accomplished such a feat, even at the sacrifice of his own life. Dickens would have come nearer being able to do it than any other, but he could not. Scott's book, originating in the return of nearly half a million dollars within seven months, was an exceptional production and does not afford a precedent in the realm of authorship."

"Now, if I have to pay my debts by writing books as Scott had to write them, I might easily kill myself in five years as he did. But I have the advantage of his lecture bureau system, which has grown to such enormous proportions. Instead of killing me, it builds me up physically. The fatigue of travel by easy stages is not great, and the constant change of air and scenery is beneficial. My health is a hundred per cent. better already than when I started out from home in July."

Just then a small boy happened to enter the hall, and Mr. Clemens, who was approached by Mr. Clemens' kindly helper, approached him and said, 'Say, mister, can you tell me where the place is as food for talk for some time afterward.' Directing the lad with as much care as if he were guiding a caravan to an oasis, Mr. Clemens said: 'It is here, although that expensive 'say' is so commonly used throughout the West and South, only once have I heard it for many years. I was standing in the hall of the George Hotel in New Orleans, when we heard a man shout to another, 'Say, where have you been at?' and the old form of speech gave us the word for some time afterward."

DEALER IN OTHERS' BRAINS. Maj. Pond Tells of Lecturers He Has Managed and Their Success.

Maj. J. B. Pond, who accompanies Mark Twain in the capacity of business manager, is one of the oldest and probably the ablest men in his line of business. 'I ought to know something about it,' he said yesterday, 'for I have reached my majority here, I have been at it just twenty-one years. During that time I have acted as manager for nearly all the lecturers and women who have figured on the American platform. 'The old race of giants has passed away,' he continued, meditatively. 'We have no such women now as Anna Dickerson. We have no such reformers as Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Beecher and Douglas. I name Frederick Douglass in the list, because he had been white, but would be as respected as any one of them all. We have no more such fiery eloquence as that which poured from the lips of John P. Hale.'

"I know of only three men who as lecturers kept an unwavering popularity from first to last. They were Gough, Beecher and Phillips. Others have come suddenly to the front, become famous for a time, succeeded as lecturers, and then for some reason quit the platform. Thomas Nast, the first of the cartoonists, is a good example. When he was related to lecturing, but when he consented he made \$40,000 in his first year and then quit, leaving me to his \$20,000 worth of engagements for which I had already asked him, insisting on paying the commission, however, even on these canceled appointments."

"I brought Carson Kinsley, the noted Enchanted Circle lecturer, to Seattle in 1874, and great crowds went to hear him, though he was not a good lecturer. Matthew Arnold, whom I also brought to Seattle, was a very good lecturer, but he went to hear him, but nobody heard him. His voice had not volume enough to fill a parlor, and yet we could not keep people away from the doors, and Arnold took back \$20,000 to England for standing before his audience and whispering while they sat and admired."

"With Chas. Farrar, now dean of Westminster, I was even more successful. The proceeds from his lectures for a single season amounted to more than \$3,000. 'But the greatest of all my important lectures,' said Maj. Pond, speaking of a string of lectures in a strictly professional way, 'was Henry M. Stanley, whom I brought over during the season of 1887. Stanley delivered 119 lectures in America, and the average receipts for each one was exactly \$2.78, or a total of more than \$329,000. As he had to pay him only \$1,000 a night, I made more out of the trip than he."

"Maj. Pond spoke of some of the more recent lecturers, including the lecturer in form, among them Hamilton W. Mabie, John Fox, Jr., and Thomas Nelson Page. 'Mark Twain is now the most attractive

lecturer and reader before the American people. He has a certain charm that could have started out at this season of the year and drawn such houses. Our success on this trip has already surpassed our largest season in Cleveland, where 4,200 tickets were sold at the door, we had had audiences everywhere limited only by the capacity of the house. By the way, it may interest you to know that the 'bug' circuit is better than any of the interior circuits in the East, such as Buffalo and Syracuse."

Besides being a manager for others, Maj. Pond has done some lecturing himself. He has one lecture which has the rather striking title, 'Twenty Years a Dealer in Other Men's Brains.' In which he gives reminiscences of the various great men and women who have been under his management.

AMUSEMENTS. Torbett Concert Company.

The Torbett sextette, with the Torbett Concert company, sings with the accompaniment of any instrument. The six vocalists accented with a surprising security, and the melody of their voices is lessening the effect of their being in Milan, according to Il Secolo, the singers were the warmest applause, and scores were numerous. Miss Ollie Torbett, a soprano, sang with feeling, while Mr. Rudolf von Scarpa, pianist, is a musician who has been accorded the highest praise. The company appeared at the Seattle theater Saturday evening.

Free Exhibition at Leschi Park. At Leschi park Mlle. Salva, the female Sampaon, is drawing immense crowds. She pulls against some of the strongest and best teams in Seattle tonight. She will pull against the crack pulling team of the town, and there is over \$1,000 wagered on the result, in connection with the free exhibition. The First Regiment band will give an entire change of programme, and the performance in the amphitheater will be new throughout. Over 2,500 attended the performance last night, and the conversation from every one commended the performance.

Dr. Griffith's Lecture on "Thought." Dr. Allen Griffith, at the hall of the Theosophical society last evening, delivered a lecture upon "Thought." He discussed the subject in its superficial and subconscious. The former rules the ordinary man, pertaining to the earth and things real and of a perishable nature. These are of the brain, conscious and purely intellectual, dealing with the surface only and arriving at judgments. Man can govern by physical exertion what he thinks and does not do. He is in the grip of the brain, but impulse and aspirations come direct from the heart and every organ performs its functions accordingly. The soul is superior to the organs and the body. The lecturer concluded by stating that the law of analogy confirms health and other teachers of Theosophy. At the meeting written questions given by the audience.

VAN WATERS IN JAIL. Strong Case of Stealing a Trunk and Selling It at Everett.

The police have at last secured evidence which warranted them in arresting William Van Waters, the Populist leader, on the charge of stealing a trunk from the railroad depot and he is now in the city jail awaiting a hearing, which will take place as soon as the state's witnesses are on the ground. The specific charge on which the arrest was made is the stealing of a trunk worth \$100, belonging to W. B. McGarry, of 120 Bailey block, from the Northern Pacific depot. The trunk was taken from the depot on August 2 and was sold at the Commercial hotel in Everett next day by a man answering Van Waters' description. Charles Underhill, the proprietor of the hotel, reported and Van Waters is thought to be only one of a number who are making a business of committing this kind of theft.

DOGGING AN ANGRY MOTHER. Albert Mack and His Lovely Bride Accused of Deception.

Albert Mack, the young man who married Eva McCaskey, the "charming little widow" who has been the subject of the July 27, did so without his mamma's consent, and is now keeping out of the way of the maternal wrath that is likely to fall upon his shoulders should they chance to meet. The mother, Mrs. John M. Falkner, ever watchful of her son's prosperity, is very much opposed to the union and does not think much of the daughter-in-law. She does not hesitate to say that the marriage was illegal, as the young swain is not yet of age. Mrs. Falkner says that both the bride and groom were acting as witnesses to the union performed themselves when they swore that Mack was 21, as he is only 19. According to Mrs. Falkner's story, Mrs. Mack, that now is, has a child, the son of a former husband and thus if she is now only 19 as stated in the marriage license, she will have become a mother at the early age of 17.

The couple left the city soon after the marriage and are said to be traveling about enjoying conjugal bliss on a snug little sum possessed by the bride. Should they return they will be "warmly" received by the mother.

A New Pleasure Craft. The sloop-yacht Dolphin, of Fletcher Bros., which has just been finished at Blakey, was in port Monday, but has returned to that place, and is expected especially for a pleasure craft, is 25 feet long, 8 1/2 feet beam, draws 2 1/2 feet of water and has a centerboard. She is fitted up very tastily.

Salmon for the Million. Myers' salmon cannery received about 200 fish yesterday. The place presented the same lively appearance and the catch is beginning to arrive from the fishermen in quantities to show that the season has fairly begun.

Cigarette Smokers. Who like a mild, pleasant smoke, should try the Old Dominion.

Any parties contemplating a trip to the Eastern states, can, if they so desire, make their trip through the Yellowstone Park with Dr. Grant and party, leaving here September 2, availing themselves of the special privileges that this party has obtained. For full particulars in regard to this excursion, apply to Dr. Grant, at Nadeau, general agent, Vesler avenue and Front street.

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First Regiment Band concert, Leschi Park, tonight.

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FROM THE ICY YUKON. Rev. Father Francis, for Five Years in the Arctic.

A STORY OF THE FROZEN NORTH Catholic Priest Tells of Missions for Indian and Eskimo—A Lecture Tomorrow Evening.

Rev. Father Francis Barnum, S. J., who for the last five years has had charge of one of the northernmost Alaskan Catholic missions on the Yukon, now in the city on his way East for a year's rest before returning north to his arduous field of labor. While here he has preached first night at a lecture at Corday's theater tomorrow evening on matters appertaining to Alaska that came under his personal observation while sledding across the coast of Siberia, or boating down the famous Yukon river for almost 2,000 miles.

Alaska's Catholic Missions. Father Barnum was seen last evening at the home of the Jesuit Fathers and furnished much interesting information touching the frozen north. The Catholic missions in Alaska were founded in 1886 by Archbishop Seghers. In 1892 the archbishop first visited that country and perfected his plans for the following year, at which time, accompanied by Fathers Tossy and Robeart, he started on his mission. Unfortunately, the archbishop did not live to return to civilization, for during the same year, 1886, he was murdered by Francis Fuller, his man servant. The other two were started the succeeding years, and their several localities and work was given by Father Barnum as follows:

Forty-Mile station is some 1,500 miles up the Yukon and the furthest one north. This is in charge of Rev. Francis Monroe, S. J., and is run principally by the Eskimos, all white, of whom there are at least 1,500. Forty-Mile is the name given the river there that flows into the Yukon. The mission is about 100 miles from the distance from Fort Reliance, and many gold finds having been made in the vicinity, it has become known as Forty-Mile, and I suppose it will so remain.

The next mission is the Nulato, which means place of the Nulato, and was near the place of Archbishop Seghers was murdered. The mission is in charge of Father Ragaru, S. J., and is for the Koyukuk and the Kalkan Indians of the West and all the other tribes, are pure blooded, but are fairly civilized and live by hunting and fishing. Nulato mission is 1,900 miles below Forty-Mile.

The Peaceful Shageluk. "Shageluk station is on the river of the same name, which is a tributary of the Yukon. This mission is in charge of Father Judge, S. J., and is about 150 miles from Nulato. The Shageluk Indians, like all the other tribes, are pure blooded, but are fairly civilized and live by hunting and fishing. Nulato mission is 1,900 miles below Forty-Mile.

The body is now at Bonney & Stewart's, where it is being embalmed preparatory to being taken back to Chicago for burial. A handsome chancelor casket, draped, has been selected, in which the body will rest on the sad homeward journey, which will be commenced tomorrow. The young man's father is well known on the Sound, having paid several visits here. He is president of the Spaulding Lumber Company and a director of the Commercial National Bank. He was collector of the port of Chicago during the archbishop's administration and a government director of the United States by appointment of President Harrison.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

First Regiment Band concert, Leschi Park, tonight.

A huge iron beam fell from the top of the Coliseum, in course of erection at Sixty-third street, near Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, Tuesday afternoon, killing a man named Karney and R. M. Neal.

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