TWENTY-THREE PRESIDENTS.

A Chat With the Honorable Richard W. Thompson About Our Chief Executives Whom He Has Known.

Copyrighted, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Jan. 8.—I came to Terre Haute to have a chat with a man who saw Thomas Jefferson, who was dandled on the knees of James Madison, and whose boyish head was patted by Monroe, who saw John Quincy Adams when he was in the White House, and was serving with him in congress when he dropped dead in the hall of representatives. This man was given political advice when he started out in life by Andrew Jackson. He knew Martin Van Buren. He was one of the presidential electors who put William Henry Harrison in the executive mansion, and he refused the mission to Austria when it was offered to him by President Taylor. He had close associations with Fillmore. He was a friend of Frank Pierce and he knew well James Buchanan. He served in congress with Abraham Lincoln, and during the latter's presidency he was his trusted friend. He knew Johnson; was a friend of Grant's, and during the presidency of Hayes he was the secretary of the navy. With the exception of George Washington and John Adams, he has associated with every president of the United States, so that today he forms, as it were, a bridge between the past and the present.

How to Grow Old.

The man I refer to is the Hon. Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana. He is now 88 years of age, but his intellectual faculties are as bright as they were when he managed the navy of the United States, and his soul is as young as when he was admitted to the bar, now more than sixty-four years ago. Tall, straight and fine looking, his blue eyes shine with life, his skin is as fresh as that of a baby, and the chief signs of his age are in his silvery hair and the slightly feeble way in which he moves about from place to place. His voice was strong as he chatted with me, and as I looked at him I could not realize that he had lived more than twice as long as I upon this earth, and I asked him the secret of his wonderful vitality. Mr. Thompson replied:

"I suppose the secret of my good health is largely due to temperance in eating and drinking. I drink very little, and I never eat anything that does not agree with me. I was born, you know, in Culpepper, Va., and when I was approaching manhood the doctors held a consultation over me and decided that I would die of consumption. They said my only salvation was to keep out of doors, and my father made me take a horse and tour over the mountains to Kentucky. I did this, and spent the greater part of two years on horseback, coming home with much more flesh than when I started, and in excellent health. I don't think the doctors knew what they were talking about, but I have no doubt the horseback riding did me good."

"I see that you use tobacco, Mr. Thompson," said I, as I pointed to the cigar which he was smoking.

"Yes; I have smoked all my life, and most of the time to excess. Not long ago I became subject to a sort of fits, and the doctors told me it was due to nicotine poison. They said I was otherwise perfectly healthy, but that my system was saturated with nicotine. I then proposed to stop my smoking, but the doctors advised me to reduce my limit to four cigars a day. I have done this, and am now free from any bad tendencies of any kind."

Henry Clay to a Tobacco Chewer.

"Then the moderate use of tobacco is not so bad for one, after all?"

"I think man would be a great deal better off without it," replied Col. Thompson. "I have used it, but I have a strong constitution, and my temperance in other things has enabled me to withstand its bad effects. I once chewed tobacco to excess, but I have not used it in that way for fifty years."

"How did you come to stop chewing, colonel?"

"There is quite a story in that," was the reply. "You see, almost all young men chewed tobacco fifty years ago. I had a quid in my mouth almost all the time. I was particular as to what brand of tobacco I used, and when a friend of mine from Virginia presented me with a lot of very fine plug tobacco, I took it with me to the house of representatives and laid it away in my desk. I was, you know, then a member of congress. There were a lot of other tobacco chewers sitting near me. Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, was on one side, Garrett Davis was on the other, and there were good fellows all around me. So I passed my titbit around. There was a good lot of tobacco, and I sampled the party. I noted, however, that the plugs seemed to be going faster than was right, and it bothered me. For a short time I suspected the page boys, and accused them of stealing my tobacco. They denied it. At last one morning a page came to me and said: 'Mr. Thompson, I can tell you who is stealing your tobacco. It is Senator Mangum, of North Carolina.' I at once went to the senate and found Henry Clay and Mangum sitting together, both chewing busily. I charged Mangum with the theft. He owned up to it, and told me that he did it for my good. Thereupon Henry Clay broke in, and the two gave me a lecture on the evil effects of tobacco chewing. They told me that I was chewing too much and that I would certainly ruin my nervous system if I did not stop. In short, they made such an impression upon me that after supper that night I did not take my usual chew. My wife noticed the omission, but said nothing. I thought the matter over after I went to bed and decided to stop. I gave away what tobacco I had left, and I have not chewed from that day to this."

A Healthy Old Man's Habits.

"Tell me something about your habits, colonel."

"I don't know that I have any," was the reply. "While I was secretary of the navy at Washington I did not touch a glass of wine and do not now. I take about three teaspoonsful of whisky a day by my doctor's advice. My best meal is my breakfast, and I enjoy good beefsteak and eat plenty of it. I drink one cup of coffee at this time."

"How about cakes?"

"I like cakes and waffles, and I eat them."

"How about the other meals?"

"I don't care much for them. I eat only plain food and very little of it."

"Do you take much sleep?"

"Yes; I have always slept a great deal, and I sleep late now. When I was in Washington I had to be up as late as 1 or 2 o'clock every night, but I usually remained in bed until late in the morning."

"Do you believe in cold baths?"

"No, I think one should bathe simply to keep clean. This I do. One thing which has done more for my health than anything else is the use of a pair of horsehair mittens. With these I rub my skin until it glows from crown to sole night and morning. This keeps it in excellent condition. I have done this for more than forty years every night and every morning, and I doubt not it has saved me from ill-health. My skin is now as soft and rosy as that of a baby. I perspire easily and the rubbing keeps the pores of the skin open. The pores of the skin are, you know, the sewers of the human system, and I keep my thousands of sewers always open."

Mrs. Hayes and White House Wines.

"You speak of not using wine at Washington, Col. Thompson. Mrs. Hayes, I believe, set the example to the capital by not using wine on her table at her state dinners?"

"Yes, that was the case," replied the ex-secretary of the navy. "But my use of wine at Washington was not confined to the period while I was in the cabinet. I never drank a glass during all my public service, in congress and elsewhere. I felt that I had the need of all my faculties and that I could not afford to impair them by the use of wine. As to Mrs. Hayes, she insisted that no wine should be used at our cabinet and at her private dinners. She did not do so at the state dinners given at the White House to the diplomats. She refused to serve wine at the dinner given to Grand Duke Alexis, although Secretary Evarts asked her to do so. The omission created such a decided sensation that she gave in to the state department thereafter on the basis that the diplomatic dinners were national matters and not a private entertainment over which she had any control."

Mr. Hayes Was President.

"Mrs. Hayes, however, was a very strong-minded woman, was she not? You know it was charged by some that it was she and not her husband who ran the government during the Hayes administration."

"That is not true," replied ex-Secretary Thompson. "Mrs. Hayes was a woman of strong character. She was a lovable woman in every respect, but not an ambitious one in the way some people thought. I don't think she bothered herself at all about the policy of the administration. She liked the social position which came with the presidency. She was fond of being the lady of the White House. She was always present after each cabinet meeting to shake hands with us as we came out of the room, and she seemed to delight in seeing people and making them happy. At one time I remember, we considered the advisability of moving the business offices of the White House to the state, war and navy building, but Mrs. Hayes objected to this, saying she would not then be able to see so much of the cabinet and of the public men whom she so delighted to meet."

"How about Hayes, was he an honest president?"

"I think he was," replied ex-Secretary Thompson. "I will not say he was the purest man I have ever known, but that he was among the purest of men. I think he did what he thought was right, and that this was his sole aim. I don't believe he was much actuated by desire for self-aggrandizement."

Stories of Lincoln.

"When did you first meet Lincoln?" I asked.

"Lincoln and I grew up together about the same time," replied Col. Thompson. "He was on one side of the Wabash river, in Illinois, and I was on the other side, in Indiana. We had known about each other for years before we came together. I knew, of course, of his election, and when at the first of the session I saw a tall, ungainly man coming across the hall of the house of representatives, with a smile on his face, I knew that it must be he. He apparently knew me in the same way, for as he reached me he held out his hand, saying, 'How are you, Dick?'

"'How are you, Abe?' I replied, as I took it, and then began a friendship which lasted until Lincoln died.

"I was very fond of Lincoln," Mr. Thompson went on. "We were much together during his first term in congress, and I believe he made his first entrance into fashionable society with me. A most accomplished lady from Virginia, a friend of mine, gave a reception early in the season. About fifty distinguished men were invited, but Lincoln was not among the number. I concluded he should go and I went to my friend and told her that I wanted an invitation for him, as I was anxious that she should meet him. She gave me the invitation. I remember how Lincoln looked as he sat among the company that night. He was, you know, tall, angular and awkward. Some time after his presentation he became engaged in conversation with my lady friend, taking a seat on a very low rocking chair at her feet. As he grew interested in talking he kept edging closer and closer to his hostess. He was so low that his knees almost came to his chin, and to get rid of his legs he wrapped them one around the other. As he grew more interested he came so close that his knees touched the lady's dress, and as I looked I thought he must finally end in her lap. The next day I met my lady friend and asked her what she thought of Lincoln. She replied at once: 'That man has the elements of greatness in him. Of all those at my house last night I think he has the best chance of being president of the United States.' This was about ten years before he was thought of as a presidential candidate.

Lincoln and the Boston Man.

The conversation here turned to Lincoln as a story-teller, when Mr. Thompson said:

"President Lincoln did not originate the best of his stories. He had a very receptive memory and stored away every anecdote he heard. His mind was such that he was able to use such things in the way of illustration. His favorite way of conveying an idea was by a story. For instance, take an incident which occurred one night when I was at the White House. I had been spending the evening there with President Lincoln. I was lying upon my back upon a lounge. Lincoln was sitting in a chair with his feet propped up beside me. We had chatted for an hour or so, when the clock struck 10:30. I then got up and said that I must go home. I told the president that he must be tired and that he ought to go to bed and get the rest which he needed to fortify him for the worries and troubles of the morrow.

"'No,' replied President Lincoln, 'don't go yet. Stay a half-hour longer. I have an appointment at 11 o'clock with a man from Boston who has a claim of something like $200,000 against the government. I have told him he could bring his papers here at 11, and he will surely call on the minute.'

"'All right,' said I; 'I will stay.'

"Well, the man was announced as the clock struck 11. As he came in President Lincoln took his papers and said: 'I can't look over this matter now, but if you will leave the papers I will attend to it as soon as I can 2nd time.'

"There were a number of parties opposing the claim, and I could see that the man wanted to get some idea as to what his chances were before he left. He volunteered a question, hoping to draw the president out. Lincoln appreciated his feeling and told the following:

"'You make me think of a lawyer out in Illinois who wanted to turn merchant. He had not succeeded at the law, and he decided to close his office and open a store. He wrote to New York for a stock of goods and offered his fellow-attorneys as references. The wholesale house wrote to one of these as to the responsibility of the would-be storekeeper, whom we will call Tom Jones. The reply which was received was about as follows:

"'I think Tom Jones is good. I know he is rich. His assets, I should say, amount to at least $200,000. He has, in the first place, a wife, a beautiful, dark-haired brunette, who is worth to him or to any man $100,000. I am sure he would not sell her for that. I know I should not if she belonged to me. He has also two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is perfectly sound. He is eleven years old, and is bright, energetic and smart. I don't think he could be bought at any price. I know Jones would not sell him for $50,000. I think that $19,950 would be a low estimate for the girl, as she has the making of a good woman in her. In addition to these items, Jones has a table in his office worth $2, two chairs worth 50 cents each, an inkstand worth 15 cents and a double-bladed Barlow knife, which I put at a dime, and, besides, there is in his office a great big rat hole, which is worth looking into. And so,' concluded the president, 'although I don't know much about your claim, I think there may be a great big rat hole there which may be worth looking into, and I will look into it.' The man laughed and went away well pleased."

A Poem by John Quincy Adams.

"You knew John Quincy Adams quite well, did you not, Mr. Thompson?"

"Yes, I sat beside him in the house of representatives for several years. He was a pleasant man but a very dignified one. Life was a serious matter with him, and he spent little time in frivolity. Still, he was kind and gentle, and fond of children."

"Yes," said Miss Thompson, who was in the library at the time I had this conversation with Col. Thompson. "Mr. Adams was very kind. I was with my father during his stay in Washington, and when I was four years old he took me to the house one day with him. I had an album with me, and father sent me with this to John Quincy Adams, asking him to write a sentiment for me in my book. Mr. Adams took me on his lap, and holding me with one hand, he wrote a poem for me with the other. It was a very pretty poem, too."

"Have you a copy of it, Miss Thompson?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have the original, and Secretary Thompson's daughter thereupon fetched a faded yellow book from among her treasures and showed me a page covered with verses in a crabbed, trembling, but legible hand. It was the handwriting of John Quincy Adams. Later on Miss Thompson kindly allowed me to have the poem photographed. The words are as follows:

To Miss Mary Gardiner Thompson.

Oh! had I, lovely maiden, but the power
  Here—on this page, thy destiny to write!
  With lavish hand, what blessings would I shower
  To fill thy future days with keen delight.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter, each in turn,
  To thee the tribute of his joys should bring;
  For thee stern winter's social fires should burn;
  For thee resound the minstrelsy of spring.

For thee should Flora shed her soft perfume;
  For thee her luscious fruits should summer yield;
  For thee should autumn's waving harvest loom;
  For thee Pomona's vintage crown the field.

And all the rolling seasons should be thine—
  And think they shall be, for thy soul is pure—
  And virtue shields, with energy divine,
  From all the ills, that mortals must endure.

Thus, as through life thy fickle fortunes fly,
  Should winter's frosts with pain thy bosom wring,
  Turn thou to virtue's sunshine in the sky,
  And bloom afresh in never-fading spring.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Washington, 24 August, 1842.

Jackson's Advice to a Politician.

The conversation here turned to Jackson and Col. Thompson described for me his inauguration in 1829, speaking of the solemnity with which he kissed the Bible and giving a vivid picture of the scene. Said he:

"I was 19 years old at that time and I came to see the inauguration with my father. Father was a strong Jackson man, and he had a personal acquaintance with the president. I did not agree with father as to his political sentiments, and I told him that I should never vote for a man like Jackson. A day or so after the inauguration father took me with him and went to call upon the president. He and Jackson chatted together for some time, and then, just as he was about to leave, father horrified me by saying: 'Mr. President, I want to ask you to give some advice to my son. He does not hold the same views concerning you as I do, and I wish you could say something to keep him in the traces of the party.'

"I expected a reproof from Jackson, for he had, you know, the reputation of being rather severe and dictatorial. On the contrary, he looked at me with a smile, which in a few seconds faded into seriousness, and then said: 'My boy, if I could give you any advice it would be to think for yourself on political matters and to always act upon what you honestly believe to be right.' President Jackson was, indeed, so kind that day that I have never allowed myself to say a word against him. He was not the man whom the world knows as 'Old Hickory.' He was very gentlemanly and was not rough in manner or bearing. He was a man of ability and the stories of his not having written his own inaugural are untrue. I have letters in my possession from President Jackson himself, Andrew Jackson Donelson and others which show this to be the fact."

Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

I asked Col. Thompson some questions about Jefferson. He then told me his reminiscences of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. He met Jefferson at Monticello, Jefferson's home was near the town, and it was in a country store that little Dick Thompson first saw him. He had heard of the great ex-president, and learning that he was in the store, he entered and went around behind the counter so that he could look Jefferson in the face, watching him as he bought goods for his farm. Monroe and Madison were friends of Mr. Thompson's father and his memory of them is very good. Mr. Thompson is, in fact, now engaged in writing the last volume of his "Recollections of the Presidents." He showed me a great mass of manuscript and papers upon which he is working, and told me that if he lived until spring he would be able to complete the work. He has already written two volumes, bringing his recollections down to Lincoln, and the third, "From Lincoln to McKinley," upon which he is now writing, promises to be the most interesting of the set.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ELEGANT offices for rent low. Sullivan building.

CUTICURA FOR THE HAIR

Luxuriant Lustrous Hair

With clean, wholesome Scalp, free from itching, bleeding, and scaly eruptions, is produced by warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, and frequent dressings with CUTICURA, greatest of emollients and purest of skin cures. This treatment clears the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated and itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, nourishes the roots and makes the hair thick, soft, and glossy.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. "How to Produce Luxuriant Hair," post free

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS.

Mr. Modee, the wealthy stove manufacturer of Stockholm, is at the head of a party of gold seekers who left Sweden last month bound for the Klondike.

Arthur Thiel has been appointed Swedish commissioner at the World's fair which takes place in Paris in 1900, and is about to take up his residence in the French capital.

Adelina Patti, the American prima donna, will appear at the Industrial palace in Stockholm in April.

Mrs. Rosa Wall, the widow of the millionaire editor, Rudolph Wall, died last month in Stockholm after a lingering illness. Her late husband died in 1893, and in conformity with his will she managed his estate during her life time without the intervention of court. The estate at his death was valued at 1,863,078 crowns, consisting chiefly of shares in the Dagilg Nyheter, the Harparanda Printing Company and the Southern Marine Insurance Association of Sweden. At the widow's death the estate had increased about 33 per cent. in value. The inventory of the estate shows that Wall was a very accommodating man to intimate friends, as he appears as surety on a note for 240,000 crowns, issued by a friend, who owed him besides the neat little sum of 240,000 crowns. During his life time the late editor had caused the transfer of stock in the Dagilg Nyheter Publishing Company to several of his older journalistic co-laborers and had also donated liberally to the relief fund for old printers who had worked on the newspaper. The fortune will now fall to his four daughters who are married to officers in the army.

The Broxrik drama is drawing to an end, and the mystery surrounding the death of Chamberlain Taube is solved. Miss Helga Fagerskjold, who caused the arrest of Mrs. Taube for poisoning her husband, as previously stated in these columns, is now under arrest, while Mrs. Taube has been released. When the case was called for trial the court received a letter from Miss Fagerskjold, in which she confessed that she was the murderess of the late chamberlain. Simultaneously the public prosecutor received a telegram from the chief of police of Stockholm, stating that Miss Fagerskjold the previous evening had been murderously assaulted in one of the suburbs of Stockholm, barely escaping with her life, having been followed by detectives to whom she had shown an anonymous letter from some person who desired to meet her at an appointed hour in said suburb. This anonymous person stated in his letter that he had important news to impart to her which would clear up the Broxrik drama and fasten the crime upon the guilty party. The alleged confession Miss Fagerskjold declared to be a forgery. It now develops that the alleged confession was really written by Miss Fagerskjold. She was also the writer of the anonymous letter which she had mailed to herself. Arriving at the place of meeting designated in the letter, Miss Fagerskjold had inflicted several severe wounds upon her own persons, and was found in a fainting condition by the detectives who followed her at her own request. Miss Fagerskjold has influential relatives, who very likely will see to it that the only punishment meted out to her will be confinement in an insane asylum. Meanwhile the motives for her crimes lie close. She was engaged to Evert Taube, a son of the late chamberlain, who, in his will, had named his wife as sole executrix and manager of his estate. Miss Fagerskjold knew of the provisions contained in the testament and knew also of the mother's partial fondness for her younger son, whose future had been provided for in the will, while nothing had been said about the inheritance of the elder brother, to whom Miss Fagerskjold was engaged. Actuated by a desire for social position and wealth, Miss Fagerskjold conceived the devilish plan of poisoning the chamberlain and fastening the crime upon the widow, thus depriving her of the right to act as executrix of the chamberlain's last will and testament. She executed her plans to the minutest details with cold-blooded ingenuity, and appeared very unconcerned when arrested and accused. When placed behind the bars she broke down and confessed everything except the murder, insisting that she had not administered poison to the late chamberlain. This crime, if she committed it, cannot be fastened upon her, and this modern Medici will escape punishment for murder. The doctors who conducted the post-mortem examination found arsenic in the stomach of the corpse, but there is nothing to prove that the chamberlain died from the effects of the arsenic. Neither can it be proved, if such were the case, that the arsenic was administered by Miss Fagerskjold.

Rich placer diggings have been discovered in Swedish Lappmarken. The finds have caused considerable excitement, and a great rush will undoubtedly take place in the spring for the new gold fields, which are located in the upper Torneaa regions.

A new railroad will be built next spring from Enkoping to Enanger. The Eastern Central Railway Company will also construct a railway at an expense of 3,200,000 crowns from Linkoping to Vimmerby.

C. S. Hollbeck, the Swedish-American artist and newspaper illustrator, died recently at Everett, Mass. The deceased was born in 1826 in Gothenburg, and emigrated to America in 1888.

At the last distribution of traveling stipends to authors Mr. Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian decadent author, who once resided or eked out an existence in Minneapolis, Minn., was among the unfortunate number of applicants who did not succeed in getting one of the national plums. The Norwegian Authors' Society has officially protested against the action of the storthing, claiming that the storthing has acted unjustly in refusing a stipend to one of the brightest literary lights of Norway. At home Mr. Hamsun first acquired some notoriety or fame immediately upon his return from the United States by writing a book entitled "The Spiritual Life of Modern America." This work caused quite a stir in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where the masses of the people know as little about American literature and conditions as the average American knows about Scandinavian literature, art and affairs. The book was a money-maker and started Mr. Hamsun in life, so to speak, and laid the corner-stone to his present fame as an author. That the book is unknown outside of the Scandinavian countries, except among Norsemen and Scandinavian-Americans who have read it from curiosity, is not to any one's credit, as the book is a product so untruthful, bizarre and diabolically inspired as to deserve but passing attention. The protest of the Norwegian Authors' Society against the action of the storthing in its alleged unjust treatment of Hamsun has caused Chr. Collin, the eminent Norwegian critic, to take the society to task for its resolution in a critical review of Hamsun's writings, published in the Christiania Dagbladet. Mr. Collin reviews "The Spiritual Life of Modern America" very elaborately. Collin admits that Hamsun is a talented man, but claims that authors' stipends are not merely intended to give young promising writers a schooling in the rudimentary elements of literature. If such were the case, there are other young authors who stand more in need of that kind of schooling than Hamsun. Besides, one journey abroad would not suffice for Mr. Hamsun, whose sojourn in America does not seem to have improved him ethically. "To be sure," says Collin, "he seems to have entertained some regard for Emerson, America's greatest ethical enunciator. What he found good and useful in Emerson, however, was that author's 'happy faculty to say things and invent interesting possibilities,' while he was repulsed by Emerson's passion for the ethically beautiful. Hamsun speaks of this greatest quality of Emerson's as a deaf man would of music. 'Emerson is surcharged with moral feelings. Morals were instinctive with him and born in him.' A terrible inheritance! And that is undoubtedly, Mr. Hamsun, the reason why Mr. Emerson didn't amount to anything, in spite of his 'happy faculty to say things.' We must remember," continues Mr. Collin, "that Hamsun while in the United States studied the art of saying 'interesting impossibilities,' and that he in all likelihood wrote his book about modern spiritual life in America for the Copenhageners, Georg Brandes' Copenhageners. It was Dr. Brandes who had the pleasure of introducing the book to the Norwegian public. Hamsun is not only witty, but surprisingly funny. The book shows that he has lived and suffered—bodily and mentally. The book about America is a revenge. * * *

"Hamsun has not been able to digest American poetry, because it 'trifles with virtue and Boston morality.' He seems to have suffered from climatic fever in the moral climate of America. One gets the impression that he does not feel well whenever he sniffs the air of morality, like certain persons who are uneasy if a cat is in the vicinity.

"What is the story of American immigration, according to Hamsun? First there came a few 'good people,' industrial slaves, muscular animals. Then there came a stray coffee-house keeper who had failed. * * * Time passed; a bark anchored in Portsmouth harbor; it carried 'hundreds of slaves, thousands of pounds of prieses, half a dozen murderers, fourteen forgers and twenty thieves, people of all races and tongues, bankrupt merchants and criminals, adventurers and insane persons, priests and negroes.' Then follows in a line by itself: 'And no noble souls!' Good heavens! After Hamsun's return there is not in great America a single noble-minded disciple of the great Copenhagen doctor in modern aristocratic culture.

"The book was disgusting and irritating. One could not help but feel for the gifted and giftless author who snapped his fingers at the greatest names and works of the world-culture. * * *

"Hamsun is a born humorist, but not a great author. He lacks ethical education and gifts. He stands on a rudimentary step in ethical respects and is unable to depict the workings of the human soul and human life. Time will show that even such an eminent art critic as Dr. Georg Brandes unknowingly has hurt Norwegian and Danish literature by overlooking the author's ethical education."

Society ladies in Christiania recently gave a fair for the benefit of the servant girls' union, which netted 22,000 crowns.

The Danish brig Claus, of Nordby, Capt. Hansen, stranded recently off Fano. The crew was drowned.

Privy Councillor Astrup and Consul Thames have left for Paris to make the necessary arrangements for the participation of Norway in the international exposition in 1900.

Edvard Grieg and wife were recently the guests of Queen Victoria at Windsor castle. The queen expressed herself as being a great admirer of Grieg's music. Mrs. Grieg sang several of her husband's compositions. When the artist couple left the queen presented Mrs. Grieg with a diamond cluster breastpin and the composer a jubilee medal.

Prof. Unger died recently in Christiania, 80 years old. Unger was appointed professor at the Royal university in 1862 and had gained European fame as a historian.

"She wore her hair so beautifully." One often hear this said at parties, balls, the theaters or elsewhere. It is true that there is nothing so striking as a woman's hair artistically dressed. This is our specialty. We assure you that we can please you. J. J. Wittwer, 620 Second Av.

Leather Cases For All Instruments.

We have now in stock a magnificent line of leather cases at prices ranging from $4 upwards.

We have seal and alligator-covered violin cases, in black and maroon colors. Sole leather guitar and mandolin cases in black and orange colors. Leather cases for banjos, cornets, clarinets, all of the best make, and with nickel-plated trimmings and patent clasps. We also carry a nice assortment of canvas cases for guitars, mandolins, banjos and violins.

Winter & Harper,
903 Second Ave., Seattle, Wash.

PHOTO SUPPLIES.

We keep Kodaks and other Cameras. No charge for showing you how to use them.

Washington Dental and Photographic Supply Co.
211 Columbia St., Opposite Post Office.