

The Weekly Herald.

R. E. FISK, D. W. FISK, A. J. FISK,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Largest Circulation of any Paper in Montana

Rates of Subscription.

WEEKLY HERALD:
One Year, (in advance) \$3.00
Six Months, (in advance) 1.75
Three Months, (in advance) 1.00
When not paid for in advance the rate will be
Four Dollars per year.

DAILY HERALD:
City Subscribers, delivered by carrier \$1.00 a month
One Year, by mail, (in advance) \$9.00
Six Months, by mail, (in advance) 5.00
Three Months, by mail, (in advance) 2.50

All communications should be addressed to
FISK BROS., Publishers,
Helena, Montana.

SUPERFLUOUS WOMEN.

AS THEY ARE TO BE SEEN IN DIFFERENT CIRCLES IN BOSTON.

The Grinness of the Inevitable—Statistics Substantiated—Intellectual Feasts. How They Become so Great—Literary Buntlines—A Problem for Sociologists.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Aug. 9.—The superfluous woman in Boston is a fact—a grim, realistic, numerical fact, which can neither be ignored nor properly adjusted in the social economy. She is pervasive to a point that ought to interest legislators in her behalf. I don't mean that she is carving through the world at any startling pace, scaring unprotected masculinity into apprehensions of matrimony. On the contrary, she is, for the most part, a modest person and a most worthy person. She pervades solely because of her numerosity. She can't help it. She is everywhere. The atmosphere is dense with femininity. Every time I come to Boston I notice it more and more. Travelers who land here for the first time, find in the midst of the superfluity of women in Massachusetts a newspaper joke, generally half down their flag and surrender at the end of the week. It all means something if we could only read the signs aright. Yesterday a man was telling that his sister's family had just been increased by a pair of twins. "Unfortunately they are girls," he said, and he sighed as he spoke.

A sensible woman spoke up: "Don't you think the Creator knows what he is about? Would he create women, superfluous or otherwise, for any but a wise purpose?" To which the higher nodding replied: "I will say it, an excess of femininity is as bad for society as an excess of masculinity. It is mentally enfeebling to both men and women. In many boarding houses rows of husbandless women, maids and widows, young and old, surround the tables, much to their own disgust. Here and there a consumptive youth or a stinky old man relieves the petticoated monotony and feels his own vanity at the same time. That's the worst of it! What men there are pass for twenty times their worth on account of their scarcity, till they are almost as great as the stars in the sky. They become insufferable to everybody save those who are obliged to endure them. Like the backwoodsman who praised his sweetheart till she wouldn't speak to him—she thought she was so much his superior—most of the superfluous women of Boston get paid for their homages to men in much the same coin. They are lorded over, snubbed, put down and otherwise made to feel their insignificance in the presence of a creature born to pantaloons and command. The creature may be frequently a little in body and mind, narrow of soul and feeble as to brain, and with a face as unattractive as an Aztec god. All the same, he believes he is a most satisfactory piece of the creator's handiwork. He hasn't enough rivals to keep him humble.

"Marry that old man!" said a young lady, when a recent May and December alliance was being discussed. "Why shouldn't she? I would marry anybody—mark you, anybody—to get out of my present environment." The young ladies of this city talk a good deal about their environments. What was her environment? The routine work, the mediocrity even of a home that was only kept together by keeping boards. There industry waged a spirited and rather hopeless battle with poverty in its gutter aspects. Her imagination was active, and by reason of her "environment" rather depressed in tone, and she saw no other way out but to get out. She was virtually imprisoned—for you are truly imprisoned when you know you are in a place which you can only get out of by a miracle. For this reason she drew her conclusions rather strong. Had she been a grade higher in brain and intellect, she would have taken to "scouring" and would have succeeded, too; for the Boston woman of good executive brain knows no such word as fail.

This explanatory interlude threw light on the settled look I had noticed on so many faces that day. It was not a pleased and not half enough interest in living thought. When the orator finished his sixth book with a quotation in Massachusetts Italian, a buzz of admiration burdened the air. He sat down amid his flowers, half drowned in smiles. The ladies greatly pleased with him, but he was still more pleased with himself.

The president, a woman fair to see, thanked him in the most overbearing manner. He rose and bowed his profoundest acknowledgments. He also murmured something about the flowers. He still stood. Another lady arose, and in trembling accents expressed her thanks for the precious privilege of hearing the paper. From her words I gathered that she had had an exceptably happy life, full of joys, blessings and opportunities, and that she was in comparison with the pleasure of hearing the orator of the day on dead poets. In fact, she was well high over the kindness of heaven in being spared to make one of the favored company. Mr. Grindwell took it seriously, as it was meant, and grew more and more in love with himself.

This was the ninth essay read to that club on the same subject within three years. Observe the luminosity and breadth of the clergyman's spectacles. He wears two pairs, which indicates that he looks at things far beneath the surface. My witty western friend whispered that the proberance on his right side was caused by a masked liver pad. One lady near me slept profoundly through a large portion of the reading; but at its close she arose and said never in her life had she heard so able, clear and exhaustive a discourse on poets as this one. Another lady arose and said the same thing. And still another and another. The scene began to take on a startling likeness to "Patience." Buntlines were young, but he was happy. One, two, three, four more ladies arose in turn to pour out their gratitude for the flood of light cast on dead poets. It was touching. The bald Bunthorne still stood. Then the whole club, realizing afresh how much it owed him, united in a solid vote of thanks. This cleared the sky of the excess of gratitude which was fast choking everybody. When Mr. Grindwell had again bowed his thanks another woman sprang up and implored him to tell them "something about the ideal." The reverend gentleman felt nervously in his vest pocket without finding even a scrap of "the ideal" and excused himself.

The meeting was finally broken up, and the intellectual Bunthorne again received the bread of individual thanks, but particularly thick and well buttered. He also received six or eight enormous bouquets, and went away as flower-laden as a young and cultured debutante.

"That's the way we acquire our culture," said my satirical friend.

"Yes; that's the way we exalt each other," she continued. "If anybody jumps over a broomstick here, we all unite in declaring that no one else could do it with such grace, elegance and art, and a day or two later we assert that the same person could jump over 1,000 broomsticks just as easily as over one, and we believe it, too. Take any thought and foster it, and it will have the same effect. That is the kind of meat we feed on to make us great in our own estimation. We exalt each other all the time. It develops self-confidence, and that moves the world. Perhaps you might call this conceit or egotism; but, you see, it keeps us in good humor with ourselves, and in a state of admiration for each other." GEORGE GARRISON.

Mrs. Senator Dolph. It seems to be just dawning on the mind of society that the wife of Senator Joseph N. Dolph, of Oregon, is one of the most beautiful women in Washington. Almost any man who is a millionaire can be a United States senator in these days, but not every senator has a beautiful wife. In the absence of other claims to distinction, this is one not to be despised.

Mrs. Dolph is a native of the Pacific coast, and is a good specimen of what it can do in the line of fair women. Mr. Dolph is a lawyer, like all the rest of the United States senators. He was district attorney for Portland when the lady married him. If professional beauties are to be the fashion in this country, she will be one of the first.

They have six children, said to be very beautiful—all of them. The eldest is a daughter, who made her debut into society at a brilliant ball last winter. Mother and daughter are now traveling in Europe.

This distinguished lady has a kindness and sweetness of nature which are letters even than her beauty. She and her husband keep up a handsome establishment, noted for its hospitality. She presides at dinner and other parties with tact and grace. She is witty and entertaining in conversation. She has a host of friends who are drawn to her by her kindness and good nature.

FOR PUBLIC PRINTER.

Gen. Rogers, of Buffalo, Likely to Succeed S. P. Bennett.

The important one in the government, as he controls about 2,500 employes and expends over \$2,000,000 a year in the work of printing and binding the various government publications. Mr. S. P. Bennett having resigned, his successor is said to be Gen. Rogers, of Buffalo.

BESIDE TILDEN'S GRAVE.

THE PICTURESQUE BURIAL PLOT AT NEW LEBANON, N. Y.

The Great Democrat Sleeps Amid His Ancestors in the Country Burying Ground—A White-Draped Catafalque. His Latest Portrait—Gramercy Park.

At New Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y., the mortal remains of Samuel Jones Tilden were buried, Saturday, Aug. 7. There, in the little country hamlet, his life started, seventy-two years ago. When it had worn out the body and taken its flight to unknown realms the clay mold it had inhabited was given back to the same kindly earth at New Lebanon.

The portrait in the illustration is from a photograph taken only a few weeks before Mr. Tilden died. For the past ten months he had been gaining in flesh and strength, and there was reason to believe that he had years of life before him yet. There was even talk of nominating him for the presidency in 1888, with or without his consent. Rival candidates will undoubtedly breathe more freely now, and all admiring the sage of Greystone.

He was the shrewdest political organizer of his time. Rumor had the distinguished old man betrothed to more women than was the luck of any other bachelor of his time, yet he lived and died single. There is not even the record of an early love disappointment, such as invested President Buchanan with romantic interest, to give Tilden's blunt unvarnished bachelorhood. He appears to have remained single because he liked it best that way. Had he chosen he might have been a bachelor president. There is every reason to believe that he might have died president had he accepted the Democratic nomination in 1884. He could have had it also in 1880. As it was, he was a president maker, and perhaps that was as much consolation to him as having the office for himself. At any rate, it was far less bitter. His letter of declination in 1884 gave the nomination to Mr. Cleveland.

The president attended Mr. Tilden's funeral and stood with bowed head beside the coffin of the great master Democrat. Several members of the cabinet also came over from Washington to Greystone to be present.

A striking and pleasing feature of the scene as the body lay in state at Greystone was the absence of heavy black drapery about the center as is usual at such funerals. The body lay in state in his own room looking out over the Hudson, was covered with snow white hangings. It was beautiful and unique.

Many famous men have "died like a tree at the top first," as Dean Swift said of himself. Mr. Tilden was spared that most sorrowful kind of decay. For some years his body has been practically dead. He was so paralyzed that it is hard to see how he kept in the flesh so long. His vocal chords ceased to act several years ago, and he could only speak in a whisper, so low that the listener had to bend his head close to Mr. Tilden's lips to hear. His left hand was useless; his right hand shook so that if he wished to extend it in greeting to a friend it had to be shot forward with a sudden impulse to make it move at all.

When he walked it was with a slow, shuffling step, painful to see. His hearing was the only sense that remained to him. Yet his mind was strong, and crystal clear to the last. He was so helpless that for some years he has had to be fed like a child; yet within a few months he dictated and issued a document so vigorous and statesmanlike that it waked up the whole country. The document was his letter to Senator Hawley on our need of coast defenses and fortifications. It commanded itself to members of both political parties.

THE PRESIDENT'S COUNTRY HOME.

How His Cottage Has Been Enlarged and Beautified.

On the estate of twenty-seven acres purchased by President Cleveland on Georgetown Heights was a double two-story stone cottage having fine large rooms. Shortly after the purchase Mrs. Cleveland had it made to resemble the White House, under the supervision of Messrs. William M. Poinsett & Co., of Washington, the duty of preparing plans for completely remodeling and extending the cottage.

HERBERT SPENCER. Evolutionist, Philosopher and Author of the "Principles of Sociology."

One of the great minds of England is passing away from among men. Herbert Spencer has been troubled for years with persistent insomnia and nervousness. When he visited America in 1882 he carried a hop pillow with him everywhere to produce sleep. But the obstinate trouble seems to be getting the better of him at last. Herbert Spencer is not a very old man, as we count age now. He was born in Derby, England, in 1820. He is not as old as Gladstone by eleven years, nor has his life been passed amid anything like the wear and tear through which the great premier has lightly carried his 76 years.

Mr. Spencer was educated by his father, who was a teacher in Derby. He early showed great fondness for mathematics and natural history. He was intended for a civil engineer, and began at that profession at first. But so many other young men crowded into it that the field was overstocked. Young Spencer abandoned it to try literature. If he had had his beginning in our time he would have found the journalistic and literary field crowded to such a degree that the civil engineer's profession would be emptiness in comparison.

Next to Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer has had influence on the scientific thought of his time. The two minds were similar, except that Darwin's ran rather to the field of active experiment and research among animals and things, Spencer's more to developing philosophical thought in the study and library. Spencer was as ardent an evolutionist as Darwin, but he was more interested in evolution as applied to government and society. When only 23 years old he published a series of papers on the proper sphere of government. He took the humane and enlightened ground that too much government was worse than none at all.

His first important work was published in 1850, when he was 30 years old. It was "Social Statics; or the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified, and the First of Them Developed." It is a striking fact in the career of this great thinker that that first book of his has never been excelled, if indeed, it has been equaled, by anything he wrote later.

Little is known of his private life; at least it seems as if there was little to know. He is a quiet, elderly bachelor, and has dwelt in a London lodging house time out of mind.

SOLICITOR GENERAL JENKS. The Senate Confirms John Goode's Successor Without Debate.

When the senate refused to confirm Mr. Goode, of Virginia, after he had held the important position of solicitor general for a year, it was supposed there would be some difficulty in securing an incumbent for the position that would meet with their approval, but on receiving the nomination of George A. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, the senate paid him the high compliment of confirming his nomination immediately.

THE REMODELLED HOUSE.

The improvement in the house has been secured through the addition of a roomy attic story and two-story piazzas on two sides of the building, facing south and west. A new addition has been made to the extension, also to be constructed of stone, which will contain the kitchen, with servants' rooms overhead. The interior of the building has been arranged to suit the wants and tastes of Mrs. Cleveland, whose interest in her suburban home is not less than that of the president. Nearly every afternoon since the workmen began operations Mrs. Cleveland has found it a pleasure to watch the progress of their labors, while the president also finds a new diversion from the cares of state in seeing the homely cottage transformed into a beautiful dwelling.

Of course all the modern improvements, conveniences and appliances for household comfort will be put in. When completed there will be a dining room, reception room, two parlors, one of which the president intends to occupy as his study, on the lower floor, besides the pantries and large kitchen. On the second floor will be three chambers and dressing rooms, bath rooms, closets and servants' rooms. The attic story will contain four commodious chambers. From the roadside the view will be very picturesque, with a good setting of trees and an extensive sloping lawn on all sides. The grounds have been very much improved during the president's possession of the property, and landscape gardeners have been engaged to further adorn the grounds and lay out new approaches from the main road to the building.

The president expects to take possession of the house about the 1st of October, and during Mrs. Cleveland's visit, north next month arrangements will be made for furnishing her suburban home according to her own taste.

THE AMERICAN EDITOR WHOSE DETENTION HAS RAISED SUCH A HUBBUB.

The arrest and detention of Editor Cutting by the Mexican authorities has attracted the attention of the whole continent, and illustrates the bitter feeling that exists between neighbors on the banks of the Rio Grande. The animosity comes from the long series of deprivations which the lawless bands on both sides of the river have practiced on one another for years.

The facts in the present rupture are about as follows: Mr. Cutting, while an American citizen, lives in the Mexican town El Paso del Norte and edits and publishes a newspaper called El Centinela. In this journal, which is printed in the Spanish language, he attacked a rival named Medina, who had issued a prospectus for a newspaper to be published in the same town. Mr. Cutting's return to Mexico soil he was arrested a second time on Mexican soil and kept in jail a month, when he was offered by the Mexican court of Chihuahua his freedom upon bail. This he is reported to have refused, on the ground that he had appealed to the United States government for redress, which seems to be slow about coming, and in the meantime the whole border becomes flamed. It is safe to say that this affair will be diplomatically healed between the governments, but that the hostility which has engendered will cool without some blood spilling is not so certain.

"IN OUR MIST" IS GOOD.

Now that watermelons are in our midst again it is said that the price of Jamaica ginger has advanced. Thus an old principle of political economy is again vindicated. The demand regulates the price. When watermelons go down the price of ginger goes up.—Chicago Herald.

The Poverty of Business. Affectionate wife to husband—You say you can't take me to Saratoga this summer Why, there's Ditchette—he's going to take my wife for a whole season. Husband—Yes; but, my dear, Ditchette has just failed. I have not.—The Judge.

UPON THE HILLS.

Along their heights on peaks of stone
The bird of prey alights;
He hears his young and dwells alone
Along their heights on peaks of stone
A sentinel whose soul invites
The bird clouds that skirt and groom
With frenzy on tempestuous nights.
O come! O come! for years have shown
The storm but only smites
The walls that create freedom's throne
Along their heights.
Upon these walls doth ocean beat
With clamor that appals
There's swains for all who sigh,
Upon these walls:
Then writhes with pain, and back ward falls
And moans, and whines, and late retreat
Until again some cyclone calls.
O, come from the city's heat,
From where dreary contrails,
For rain cannot plant his feet
Upon these walls.
On crest so high, mid rocks and bars
There's swains for all who sigh,
No fife fever seathes and seas,
On crest so high,
The calm and cool and open sky,
With all its hosts and changeless stars,
Seems spread so very close and nigh!
O, come above the cloud that wars
Where tranquil glories lie!
No strife from sorrow's lowland jar
On crest so high.
The spirit fills with joy sublime
On these enduring hills;
With shen from heaven's unclouded clime
The spirit fills:
The breath like balm of living lips
From fountains flowing through all time
Into the suffering, and the dead
O, come out from the ruffal grime
Which soon corrodes and kills:
The hills sing and their deathless chime
The spirit fills!

LITTLE BOYS TAKE WARNING.

Two little boys, named Jack and Jim,
In a hot water pail,
No matter what the racket was
Most always were together.
But one day Jack went to the stream
To take a little water,
He got a cramp, which laid him out,
And here's the last of him:
Jim tackled the green apple crop
And twenty-four he ate;
He got a cramp, which laid him so
They couldn't jerk him straight.

SHE DEMANDED AN ENCORE.

He sat on a bicycle as straight as an icicle, and she on a bicycle as round as a wheel, and he talked like a jolly top and naught could his jolly top, with all kinds of jolly pop enlivening the ride.
At last incidentally, more instinctively than mentally, he grew sentimentally saccharine sweet.
And he told with intensity of love's strong propensity, its force and immensity, its fervor and ardor.
Just then over some hummocks he sprang out kerthunkum, and she thought what a hummock to tumble just then!
But he climbed to his station, while she said with elation: "Renew your narrative; say it over again."—Life.

THE CATCHER CAUGHT.

Here lies a man of many lies,
His name was Catfish Jim;
He used to dig all day for worms—
The worms now dig for him.

Senator Kenna's Queens.

The little sketch going the rounds to the effect that Senator Kenna, with two pairs of the queen in his hand, gave the pot to Senator Dolph, who held three aces, on the principle that three of a kind beat two pairs, has provoked the soul of the senator from West Virginia to its profoundest depths. Yesterday, during the executive session, a brother senator approached him cautiously and by easy stages on the subject.

A Heart For Any Fate.

"Erastus," said a citizen to a colored man on the market, "you live out on Prospect street, don't you?"
"Yes, sah."
"I've rented that five-acre field this side of the railroad tracks, and I did think of planting it out to watermelons."
"Yes, sah. Dat'd be 'de best' groun' in de hull state fur watermelons. Bein I lib cibus by I'll watch de field fur you."
"While I did think of planting it to melons, as I said, I've concluded to use it all for potatoes. I hope you are not disappointed, Erastus?"
"Oh, no, no, sah. I've allus bin about equally divided 'tween taters an' melions."—Detroit Free Press.



A SUPERFLUOUS GIRL AND HER SISTER.

Here is one of Boston's 20,000 girls in excess of the pantalon gender. This is her picture in the early spring of her youth, when she neither realizes nor fears her superfluity. Observe her mocking smile at the elder sister before her, who was once as young and hopeful as she, but who now sees the husband she hoped for vanishing to a point in the whithermost of the west. Woman in Boston is frequently a hopeless and unattached fact at 30. Not only are marriageable men scarce here, but opportunities of financial independence for women are, it seems to me, fewer than elsewhere. The hopeful old maid and the old maid who has lost hope may be distinguished by the one from the other, anywhere. The latter is settled and bookish looking; has the air of having renounced the world—otherwise wise men—and taken up philosophy. The former looks as though she still intended to "cast an anchor to windward" if she should find a chance.

I was invited to a club meeting, and it was upon the woman the music, sure enough. "Patience" was without the music, of course; but the meeting was an open one—open to both sexes—so the news went round with a joyful sound. It was greatly talked up. The impression was given me that the meeting would be an occasion of extraordinary interest; an affair which, if I were to miss, I should spend the remainder of my life in regrets over. Holders of invitations were made to feel that they had been favored of the gods. The Rev. Mr. Grindwell would read a paper on dead poets. That of itself, I knew not why, seemed to impart a mysterious excitement to everyone who contemplated being present. All were made to feel that a light would be thrown on the rhythmic dead such as had never been on sea or land, and which it would be well to see. I made up my mind that Mr. Grindwell was an obelisk of learning who opened his mouth but seldom, but when he did he electrified his hearers.



THE READER AS HE APPEARED BEFORE THE CLUB.

The orator, or reader, arrived next. He was hustled in by a heavy woman in front and also in the rear. He carried the signs of dyspepsia, melancholy, malaria and three or four other foes to the flesh in his face, and wore next to no hair at all. This is a picture of him after he got well along in his reading.

The vigorous Boston climate and too much homage to the fetich Culture had done their fatal work. I could not but think that he ought to be very careful what he said about dead poets, since in all human probability he would be called to account by some of them before a great while. He was armed with a stack of manuscript books, each an inch thick, and read them conscientiously through. His essay was an "able compilation," in which poets of the past were set on tolerably high pedestals—such of them as he fancied. God bless the other, he dismissed as "old fellows" of no particular importance; but Dante got his most flowery eulogies.

A young lady of western origin, now a resident of this city, accompanied me. While the able orator cleared his throat at the end of the fifth book, preparatory to beginning on the sixth, she whispered:

"Boston dearly loves dead people. The dealer they are the more it adores them. It assumes that there are no living people worth talking or writing about. We live in an atmosphere of dead thoughts. Indeed, I might be truthfully said that although we take our meals in Boston, we really live in ancient Athens. I often feel as if I was 2,000 or 3,000 years old."

This explanatory interlude threw light on the settled look I had noticed on so many faces that day. It was not a pleased and not half enough interest in living thought. When the orator finished his sixth book with a quotation in Massachusetts Italian, a buzz of admiration burdened the air. He sat down amid his flowers, half drowned in smiles. The ladies greatly pleased with him, but he was still more pleased with himself.

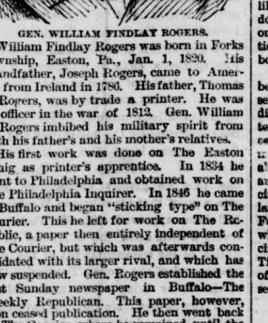


MRS. DOLPH.

Mrs. Dolph is a native of the Pacific coast, and is a good specimen of what it can do in the line of fair women. Mr. Dolph is a lawyer, like all the rest of the United States senators. He was district attorney for Portland when the lady married him. If professional beauties are to be the fashion in this country, she will be one of the first.

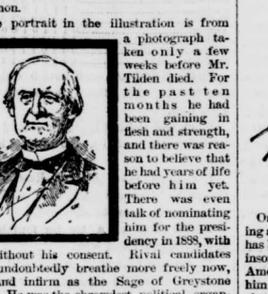
They have six children, said to be very beautiful—all of them. The eldest is a daughter, who made her debut into society at a brilliant ball last winter. Mother and daughter are now traveling in Europe.

This distinguished lady has a kindness and sweetness of nature which are letters even than her beauty. She and her husband keep up a handsome establishment, noted for its hospitality. She presides at dinner and other parties with tact and grace. She is witty and entertaining in conversation. She has a host of friends who are drawn to her by her kindness and good nature.



GEN. ROGERS.

Gen. Rogers, of Buffalo, Likely to Succeed S. P. Bennett. The important one in the government, as he controls about 2,500 employes and expends over \$2,000,000 a year in the work of printing and binding the various government publications. Mr. S. P. Bennett having resigned, his successor is said to be Gen. Rogers, of Buffalo.



HERBERT SPENCER.

One of the great minds of England is passing away from among men. Herbert Spencer has been troubled for years with persistent insomnia and nervousness. When he visited America in 1882 he carried a hop pillow with him everywhere to produce sleep. But the obstinate trouble seems to be getting the better of him at last. Herbert Spencer is not a very old man, as we count age now. He was born in Derby, England, in 1820. He is not as old as Gladstone by eleven years, nor has his life been passed amid anything like the wear and tear through which the great premier has lightly carried his 76 years.

Mr. Spencer was educated by his father, who was a teacher in Derby. He early showed great fondness for mathematics and natural history. He was intended for a civil engineer, and began at that profession at first. But so many other young men crowded into it that the field was overstocked. Young Spencer abandoned it to try literature. If he had had his beginning in our time he would have found the journalistic and literary field crowded to such a degree that the civil engineer's profession would be emptiness in comparison.

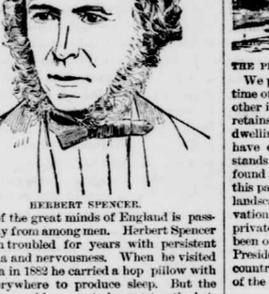
Next to Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer has had influence on the scientific thought of his time. The two minds were similar, except that Darwin's ran rather to the field of active experiment and research among animals and things, Spencer's more to developing philosophical thought in the study and library. Spencer was as ardent an evolutionist as Darwin, but he was more interested in evolution as applied to government and society. When only 23 years old he published a series of papers on the proper sphere of government. He took the humane and enlightened ground that too much government was worse than none at all.

His first important work was published in 1850, when he was 30 years old. It was "Social Statics; or the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified, and the First of Them Developed." It is a striking fact in the career of this great thinker that that first book of his has never been excelled, if indeed, it has been equaled, by anything he wrote later.

Little is known of his private life; at least it seems as if there was little to know. He is a quiet, elderly bachelor, and has dwelt in a London lodging house time out of mind.

SOLICITOR GENERAL JENKS. The Senate Confirms John Goode's Successor Without Debate.

When the senate refused to confirm Mr. Goode, of Virginia, after he had held the important position of solicitor general for a year, it was supposed there would be some difficulty in securing an incumbent for the position that would meet with their approval, but on receiving the nomination of George A. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, the senate paid him the high compliment of confirming his nomination immediately.



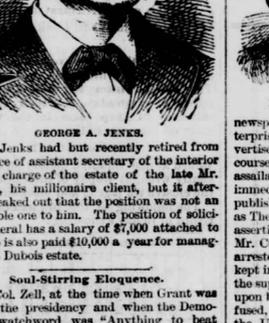
THE PRESIDENT'S COUNTRY HOME.

On the estate of twenty-seven acres purchased by President Cleveland on Georgetown Heights was a double two-story stone cottage having fine large rooms. Shortly after the purchase Mrs. Cleveland had it made to resemble the White House, under the supervision of Messrs. William M. Poinsett & Co., of Washington, the duty of preparing plans for completely remodeling and extending the cottage.

The improvement in the house has been secured through the addition of a roomy attic story and two-story piazzas on two sides of the building, facing south and west. A new addition has been made to the extension, also to be constructed of stone, which will contain the kitchen, with servants' rooms overhead. The interior of the building has been arranged to suit the wants and tastes of Mrs. Cleveland, whose interest in her suburban home is not less than that of the president. Nearly every afternoon since the workmen began operations Mrs. Cleveland has found it a pleasure to watch the progress of their labors, while the president also finds a new diversion from the cares of state in seeing the homely cottage transformed into a beautiful dwelling.

Of course all the modern improvements, conveniences and appliances for household comfort will be put in. When completed there will be a dining room, reception room, two parlors, one of which the president intends to occupy as his study, on the lower floor, besides the pantries and large kitchen. On the second floor will be three chambers and dressing rooms, bath rooms, closets and servants' rooms. The attic story will contain four commodious chambers. From the roadside the view will be very picturesque, with a good setting of trees and an extensive sloping lawn on all sides. The grounds have been very much improved during the president's possession of the property, and landscape gardeners have been engaged to further adorn the grounds and lay out new approaches from the main road to the building.

The president expects to take possession of the house about the 1st of October, and during Mrs. Cleveland's visit, north next month arrangements will be made for furnishing her suburban home according to her own taste.



JOHN GOODE.

When the senate refused to confirm Mr. Goode, of Virginia, after he had held the important position of solicitor general for a year, it was supposed there would be some difficulty in securing an incumbent for the position that would meet with their approval, but on receiving the nomination of George A. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, the senate paid him the high compliment of confirming his nomination immediately.

When the senate refused to confirm Mr. Goode, of Virginia, after he had held the important position of solicitor general for a year, it was supposed there would be some difficulty in securing an incumbent for the position that would meet with their approval, but on receiving the nomination of George A. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, the senate paid him the high compliment of confirming his nomination immediately.