The News-Herald.

HILLSBORO, OHIO.

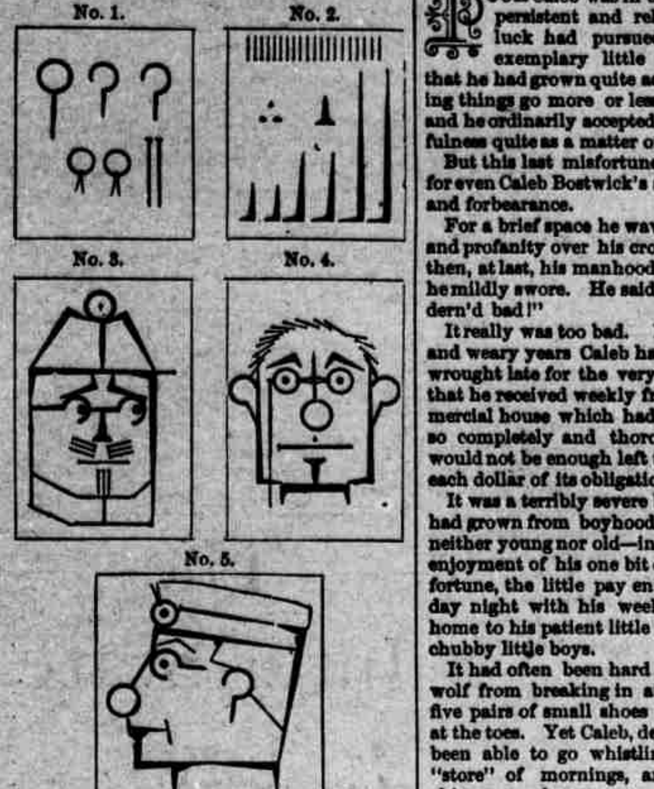
THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1887.

[*All articles not credited to other publications are original articles, written and illustrated for this sheet.*]

OLD SCREW-PIN.

The Portraits Made By Mischievous Johnny Out of a Tool Chest.

Master Johnny played truant one day and his father, a carpenter, locked him up in his shop for punishment. It was not long before Johnny had all the odds and ends of the tool-chest laid out on the bench (Nos. 1 and 2), and his fertile ingenuity wrought out, in no time, what is developed in 3, 4 and 5. His father returned at noon, just as his hopeful had finished the latter, under which he wrote in chalk, "Ole Screw-pin." It happened that this latter was a striking likeness of the sire and a climax ensued. Did he thrash him? Oh no, he only wiped up the shavings with Johnny.



THE ENCOUNTER AT TIOPAR.

Tardy Proceedings in the Matter of the Killing of Captain Crawford.

Mr. Mariscal's letter to the United States legation in Mexico on the killing of Captain Emmet Crawford, of the Fourth Cavalry, may contain all that the Mexican government has to say on the subject, but it cannot be said to furnish a satisfactory explanation.

The communication is tardy, considering the gravity of the charge with which it is concerned. Crawford was killed more than sixteen months ago, on the 11th of January, 1886, in the foothills which run down to the Haros river. The Mexican government began its investigation fourteen months ago, yet only now is the result made known, although in the meantime Crawford's second in command, Lieutenant M. P. Maus, first infantry, has officially reported that "Crawford was assassinated," while Secretary Endicott has also construed the evidence as indicating foul play on the part of the Mexicans. It appeared, however, from Mr. Endicott's last annual report that he had some time before disposed of the subject by turning it over to the State Department, whose inquiries have now elicited this response.

The main difficulty with Mr. Mariscal's communication is that it sheds no new light on the only points about which there was any mystery. The original encounter was no doubt the result of a mistake. Geronimo and his band had passed through the region, and had probably helped themselves to horses, mules, and whatever property they could get at. A force of citizens of Chihuahua pursued them, in order to recover this property, and perhaps also with a view to earning the money reward offered by the authorities for every Indian killed on the warpath. It is probable that since Crawford's party consisted of about eighty Indian scouts and only five or six white men, and the former were also Apaches, it was mistaken at first for Geronimo's band. Crawford's command had been following the trails of the hostiles between Nacori and the rough hills around the Haros and Bavispe rivers, and were not far distant from the fugitives when the sudden attack of the Mexicans occurred.

What was not explained at that time, and is not explained now, is the failure of the Mexicans to cease firing after the American officers called out to them. These officers had already exposed themselves in full view, and at short range, crying out who they were, before Crawford was killed. Mr. Mariscal's communication says that the Americans wore no uniforms or insignia of any character whatever. This is a question of fact, and the statement thus made is denied in official reports by Lieut. Maus, Lieut. W. E. Shipp, Tenth Cavalry, Mr. Horn, the interpreter, and the hospital steward, who were all present. They all declare that Crawford wore his undress uniform; that Maus was also in uniform; that Shipp wore blue trousers and a canvas coat, and that the hospital steward had the uniform of his grade. Probably these garments were not specially fresh, and the officers may not have been very pallid after a season's campaigning in that latitude. Had the excuse offered been that they were thought to be outlaws in stolen uniforms, it might be more comprehensible. But when it is denied that there were any uniforms visible, we have the exactly contrary testimony of all our officers. The evidence also is that the advance party of Mexicans to whom Mr. Horn called in Spanish was hardly thirty rods distant from him and from Lieutenant Shipp, who stood by. From these two Crawford and Maus were not twenty yards away, yet during the parley either this party or a more distant one of Mexicans opened fire, mortally wounding Crawford and shooting Horn through the arm.

Whether at this late day any further satisfaction can be expected than the meagre one contained in Mr. Mariscal's communication remains to be seen. The Mexican government, which had aided Crawford in his campaign, and whose regular forces were not concerned in the blunder, of course sincerely regrets the affair. But the comrades of Crawford [illegible] to believe that there was [illegible] on the part of [illegible]

TRIOLETS.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Such joy it was with Love to walk—
  The month it was the month of May—
When we with Love began to talk.
Such joy it was with Love to walk,
We did not see Fate's shadow stalk
  Beside us, where flowers hid the way,
Such joy it was with Love to walk—
  The month it was the month of May.

We loved so well, in that old time;
  But we and Love grew old together—
Old age forgets youth's golden prime—
We loved so well in that old time,
But youth and truth it is that rhyme,
  And winter follows summer weather—
We loved so well, in that old time,
  But we and love grew old together.
—*Cottage Hearth.*

CALEB BOSTWICK'S LUCK.

BY H. A. FREEMAN.

POOR Caleb was in despair. The most persistent and relentless sort of ill-luck had pursued this meek and exemplary little man for so long that he had grown quite accustomed to having things go more or less awry with him, and he ordinarily accepted Fate's small spitefulness quite as a matter of course.

But this last misfortune seemed too much for even Caleb Bostwick's admirable patience and forbearance.

For a brief space he wavered between tears and profanity over his crowning ill-fortune; then, at last, his manhood asserted itself and he mildly swore. He said: "Well, it's too dern'd bad!"

It really was too bad. For a score of long and weary years Caleb had risen early and wrought late for the very moderate stipend that he received weekly from the great commercial house which had just failed—failed so completely and thoroughly that there would not be enough left to pay ten cents on each dollar of its obligations.

It was a terribly severe blow to Caleb. He had grown from boyhood into a man—now neither young nor old—in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his one bit of unvarying good fortune, the little pay envelope every Saturday night with his week's wages to take home to his patient little wife and his four chubby little boys.

It had often been hard work to keep the wolf from breaking in at the door, and the five pairs of small shoes from breaking out at the toes. Yet Caleb, despite his trials, had been able to go whistling merrily to the "store" of mornings, and his wife could chirrup a cheery song as she wiped the breakfast dishes in the cozy kitchen that always looked as if its face was newly washed. There had been long weeks of whooping cough, mumps and measles, that had kept the diminutive savings bank account from ever reaching three figures, however, and there was but little to stand between their humble happiness and cruel want.

And now the snow was beginning to make its approach felt in the air, and only that very morning the cherry little woman had said as she kissed him good-bye for the day: "You good little Poppy, you must begin to get rich soon, or else you'll have to have some one die and leave you a new overcoat, and you must bring home the money for the rent to-night."

The new overcoat was a thing that he also felt he ought to have, but the rent was an imperative demand that would not be put off. And now the coat was entirely out of the question, and the savings bank account must dwindle for the landlord's potent sake.

The failure of Bongs, Biggs & Buncombe, though an overwhelming [illegible] to him, was not his only misfortune, for, as he turned from the closed doors to which the

sheriff's deputies held the key he discovered that the small roll of money remaining over from last week's wages after the modest weekly bills had been paid had in some mysterious manner escaped from the snug protection of his waistcoat pockets. Possibly the suave and polite stranger who apologized so gracefully for jostling him at the ferry landing could have told what had become of the money. But this was only surmise. The fact itself was beyond conjecture; the money was gone. True, it was only a few paltry one and two-dollar bills—only "aces and duces," as the defunct firm's dashing traveler, Harry Slimtom, would have said, but its loss was more crushing to poor Caleb, coming upon the heels of the other disaster, than the unsuccessful opening of the richest kind of a jackpot would have been to the gay and brilliant Harry, and Caleb remarked (this time privately and to the inner self), "Well, dash it all any way!" But whatever there was of comfort and relief in these 'scape valve emissions from an overcharged heart, they did not furnish the curative solace of resource or expedient. What to do was the immediate problem. A week before Caleb's uncle had said to him that if he, Caleb, could lay his hand upon twelve or fifteen hundred dollars there was a chance for him and the cash in the old gentleman's factory, together with a sure income of more than double the wages the little man had been receiving. What good, however, was such an offer to Caleb? He was as far from having $1,500 as from the moon.

Moodily he turned toward the bank to draw the sum necessary to pay the rent, and, passing in, after a tedious wait for the doors to open, he saw the little savings that stood between him and dire distress shrink into still more alarming insignificance.

He left the bank with a heavy heart, and, fearful lest he might again become the victim of cruel fortune, he kept the limpsey little book, with its modest fringe of ends of bank notes, tightly clasped in his hand. Turning the corner of the nearest "short cut," he found himself among a throng of men [illegible]

ferry landing for jostling Caleb and who might have taken the roll of money. Hoping against despair, Caleb pressed forward through the crowd, and, bank book in hand, waved a frantic signal toward the stranger.

"Ah, yes! thank you, sir," chattered on the dapper auctioneer. "Thirty-one did you say? Going at thirty-one, 'rty-one 'rty-one; will no one say thirty-two? Last call; gentlemen! Going, going, gone! This gentleman gets it $31,000, and mighty cheap, too. Name, please?" and he smiled blandly at Caleb.

The poor little man was utterly confounded. He saw that he had unwittingly bid off some valuable piece of property, and a feeling of horror came over him as he felt that he must publicly disavow his intention and explain that he only wanted to arrest the attention of a well-dressed gentleman whom he suspected of being a thief. He stammered out: "My name is Bostwick!" and as the crowd parted to enable him to advance he felt that it would be a merciful dispensation to be permitted to sink through the earth to—even China. Clutching his bank book more firmly, he sought to make a whispered explanation to the auctioneer who stood in bland and smiling expectation. At this critical moment, a hand on his shoulder—the bank book shoulder—caused him to turn and face the intruder who hindered the culmination of his day's misery. "One moment, Mr. Bostwick," said a voice in his ear, "don't settle yet, if you please. Will you take a thousand for your bargain?" "No, sir," stammered poor Caleb, anxious to explain. "I don't want"— "Fifteen hundred then, say fifteen hundred and I'll give you a check right here." "Really," gasped Caleb— "I'll tell you what I'll do," persisted the stranger. "I'll give you $2,000 to turn the bargain over to me. My old man wants the house, but I'm blessed if I'll give a penny over $33,000 for it. Will you take it? Yes or no! Quick!"

Caleb's eyes began to bulge. He realized that he was being offered $2,000 to back out of his blunder. With one supreme effort he refrained from falling dead at the feet of his persistent stranger, and with strange procrastination asked:

"But why didn't you bid it off yourself?"

"Didn't get here till after you'd got your work in; I thought the old duffer wouldn't begin the sale so early. Is it a trade?" "It is," gasped Caleb, as he saw the stranger draw out from his wallet a handful of certified checks and select two of $1,000 each from the goodly fellowship of the greater ones.

The stranger drew a fountain pen from its case and fitted it to its holder. "You see," he remarked, as he indorsed the checks, "I like to get things all settled up tight and fast while I am about it, so there won't be any backing out." "So do I," said Caleb simply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Editorial Rill of Wisdom for Those Who Want to Know.

DETROIT, May 4.

DEAR SIR:—What are the prohibitions of the interstate commerce bill? INQUIRER.

The interstate commerce bill is a very comprehensive measure. It prohibits fishing on Sunday; wearing high hats at theatres; going out between acts to see a man; it forbids loud-mouthed people from airing their views unless they hire a long or short hall; it forbids smoking cigarettes or poor cigars; singing "Sweet Violets;" practicing on the cornet within four miles of a human habitation; humming airs from the "Mikado;" retailing chestnuts; telling fish stories without producing documentary evidence to support them; predicting earthquakes; writing jubilee odes; it forbids railways from keeping fires in car-stoves in summer; and forbids Niagara hackmen from charging more than $97 15 per trip. It is also supposed to prohibit the issue of free passes, but it doesn't.

CHICAGO, May 12.

DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly inform me the name of a very large and brilliant star visible here every night last week, between 8 and 10 o'clock? COMET.

We have lost our file of the Chicago papers for last week, and are unable to recall the theatre programmes. Probably the star was Lydia Thompson.

CLINTON, MD., May 16.

DEAR SIR:—A man has $100 to buy fowls, wishing 100 in all. He paid $1 each for hens, $10 a piece for roosters, and $2 a dozen for chicks. How many of each did he buy? CONSTANT READER.

Address your query to Col. R. B. Hayes, Fremont, O., who can give you the required information.

BOSTON, May 14.

DEAR SIR:—What is a "bon-bon" party? EULALIA.

A bon-bon party, Eulalia, dear, is the man who sells them. If you wish any further information please let us know.

NEW YORK, May 12.

DEAR SIR:—What is the Kit Kat Club? I see it mentioned sometimes in the papers. JULIE.

A bootjack, Julie.

A GIANT TURTLE.

A Salt Water Monster Captured in Fish Nets in Chesapeake Bay.

Senner Brothers, commission merchants, 116 Hollingsworth street, received yesterday by the York river steamer Danville one of the largest if not the largest turtle ever shipped to this city. It is of the trunk back species, and weighs about 500 pounds. It was caught Tuesday by S. Hogg and son at Gloucester Point, York river. The turtle became entangled in some nets running out from the shore and could not free itself. It was hauled in by ropes. About a dozen men were needed yesterday to put it in a wagon. The Messrs. Senner had it turned over on its back yesterday on the lower floor of their store, where it was viewed by many people.

It is said this turtle is the third of its kind ever seen here. It measures nearly seven feet from the head to the tip of the tail. The shell, which is smooth and shaped like a trunk, and not so hard that it will not yield to pressure by the hand, at the broadest part is about three feet wide. The color on the back is black; under the belly it is spotted with white. The two immense fin-like appendages growing out on either side near the head, when stretched out, measure across nearly seven feet. The fins at the tail are smaller, and the tail is short. The head is very large, and the eyes in keeping with the proportions of the other parts. At the thickest part the head is probably nine inches in diameter. The back resembles black leather or hard rubber.

A pure loggerhead turtle is white, but a trunk-head is black. If he is not disposed of soon a tank will be made for the curiosity, where he can have salt water, and enjoy a square meal of fish or other food, if he will eat.—*Baltimore American.*

The "Intelligent Compositor" Again.

[illegible]

LISCOMB'S FIGHT.

AN INDIAN TRADER WHO WHIPPED FOURTEEN TETON SIOUX.

His Horse Killed to Serve Him as a Rampart—His Skull Broken by a Bullet Just as He Brought Down His Last Assailant, But He Recovers and Starts Out Again.

To illustrate the courage and determination characteristic of the Northern traders, I tell an incident in the life of George Liscomb, a trader whom I knew. In 1870 the Teton Sioux, who held the Yellowstone valley, were on the warpath, as they generally were. They were a fierce-tempered race, at war with all men excepting Indians of Sioux or Cheyenne blood. Liscomb, knowing that these Indians must be out of cartridges for their Winchester rifles, resolved to load two pack animals with ammunition and drive them into the Yellowstone valley, and there find the hostile Sioux and make a trade which would be highly profitable to him. He loaded his horses at Bozeman and crossed the Belt mountains. Below him lay the almost unknown valley of the Yellowstone. He rode down it, and while passing through the low country he met an old trading comrade, who persuaded him to leave his cargo at his house until he had found the Sioux and arranged for a trade. He stopped with this comrade one night.

FRANK WILKESON.

Next morning early he saddled his horse and rode down the valley. Presently a Sioux warrior rode out of a thicket and approached him. This brave was unarmed. He carried a whip, the handle of which was the heavy oak spoke of a freight wagon wheel. Side by side they rode talking pleasantly, Liscomb being ever watchful of his visitor. When they were about five miles from his friend's house, the Indian pointed to some dark objects lying on a hillside about half a mile distant, and said sweetly, as he pointed with outstretched arm: "Look at the antelope." As he spoke he slightly checked his horse. Liscomb looked in the indicated direction, saw that he had got ahead of his visitor, and instantly realized his mistake. He threw himself forward in his saddle, jammed his spurs into his horse's flanks and heard the heavy club-like whip whiz by his head and strike his horse. By this time he had his revolver in his hand and he turned in his saddle and shot the Indian dead.

The antelope lying on the hillside sprang up. They were thirteen Sioux warriors. Their horses rose out of the grass. They mounted and charged on Liscomb. He was directly on the river bank. He instantly saw that he could not escape. He placed his revolver to his horse's head and blew out his brains. Then lying down behind the quivering body he opened fire on his enemies with a Winchester rifle. He was a dead shot and a quick one, and he was fighting for his life. He told me that he was never cooler. He emptied saddle after saddle as the Indians approached him. He broke the direct charge and forced the warriors to ride in a circle, firing as they galloped. Presently a rifle ball crashed through the lower bones of his right leg. He gritted his teeth and continued to fire. Soon but three warriors were left to fight. They were crazy with rage and mortification. They jumped from their horses and sank into the grass, which then grew tall in the Yellowstone valley, and tried to crawl on Liscomb, firing steadily as they approached. A ball crashed through his left fore arm, splintering the bones.

His horse was now stiff, and he gritted his teeth tighter as he rested his rifle barrel on his wounded arm, which lay on his dead horse, so as to get sufficient height to see his enemies. He killed two of them. He was faint and almost gone when he saw a painted and fierce-visaged savage in the grass, and distant forty yards. Liscomb remembered to have seen the painted face, and gaunt body, and the elevated feet of the Indian. He nerved himself for his last shot. He covered the crawling figure dimly, as though he were shooting in a dream. He saw the Indian's rifle come to his shoulder. He pulled his trigger, saw the right foot of the Indian jerk, knew that he had hit him and fainted. The Indian's bullet, fired at the same instant, struck Liscomb above the left eye glancingly and smashed a hole in his outer skull. That was what put him to sleep. He lay unconscious until dark.

He awoke to find himself physically a wreck. He crawled to the river to drink before he died. The water revived him wonderfully. He lay on the bank thinking of the fight and his wounds, gaining strength and courage every minute. Finally he sat up and examined his broken leg and arm, and felt with inquiring fingers of his head, and then he said. "I am worth a thousand dead men. I came to trade with the Teton Sioux and I am going to trade with them. Here is for a crawl to my friend's house." He again drank of the cold water, and supported on one sound leg and one arm, he crawled through cactus [illegible]

Bozeman. Then, when the snow was deep in the Yellowstone valley, he packed his animals, mounted his saddle horse and rode down the Yellowstone to complete the trade he had started to make the previous fall. And he made it and it was highly profitable.

One of the first Indians Liscomb saw in the great winter camp of the Teton Sioux was lame in his right foot and his face was disfigured by a fresh scar. He looked at the Indian closely and recognized his face as the ghastly mask he had last seen moving through the thick grass on the banks of the Yellowstone river. One day, while engaged in trading, the wounded Indian told him that he was the only one of a war party of fourteen who returned to the Teton camp the previous fall; and he told Liscomb of a white devil, of a fighting spirit, whom they had mistakenly attacked, and who had killed all his comrades.

CAT AND SNAKES.

Pussy Charms Them by Her Purr and They Fall Easy Victims.

The ruins of the old Weh barn, at the end of West Walnut street, which was set on fire by the Brimmer gang of fire bugs and burned down about five years ago, offers excellent harborage for snakes, and the place now is literally overrun with them. Mr. Kautz, who now lives on the place, has killed a number, some of them being black and copperheads. A cat belonging to Mr. Jacob Pontz, just across the road, has brought several into his yard and deposited them in front of his door, when they were soon dispatched by Mr. Pontz. One snake, measuring over three feet, which was brought over by the cat, was found by a young son of Mr. Pontz, who took a stick to kill it, but on his approach the snake at once showed fight, and the boy concluded to call his father. Immediately on his retiring the cat commenced to purr, and the snake thrust its head between the folds of the coil and seemed to enjoy the cat's purring. The slightest advance, however, of Mr. Pontz would arouse the snake and cause it to assume a hostile attitude.

The snake was finally killed, and since then it has been observed that the cat exerts the same power over those that have since been captured by it. The snakes make no effort whatever to escape from the cat, and Mr. Pontz says he can't understand how the cat manages to draw such big snakes across the road. It is remarkable that no one has been bitten, as the place is a general resort for the children in the neighborhood. A party of boys who crossed the place on Sunday found and killed four large snakes all within a few feet of each other.—*Lancaster Examiner.*

THE OLD LADY SORRY.

She Gave the Good Young Man who had Met the Gang a Dollar to go Home.

A very young man with a bang, and a light derby hat slightly tilted on the back of his head, stood at the corner of Worth street and Broadway to-day and wept bitterly. A motherly-looking old lady pushed her way through the crowd surrounding him and asked what his trouble was. Between his sobs he exclaimed:

"I'm lost! I'm lost!"

"Well, get a policeman and be taken home."

"I'm not lost that way. I'm lost morally. I came to town yesterday and some strange young man took me out to paint the town—so they said—and I shall never be able to face my Sunday-school scholars again. And besides I squandered $2 75 collected last Sunday at church for the missionaries in South Africa."

"Have you got any money to go home with?"

"Not a cent. I spent all the $4 I brought from Orange with me with those bad men, and I can never, never forgive myself."

The nice old lady gave the young man $1, telling him to go home at once. With thanks profuse he started around the corner, but he only got half way down the block when he passed through a swinging door and called for whiskey with a little absinthe.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Alligators Plenty.

On Wednesday of last week, while one of Mr. R. T. Mills' sons was plowing in a field about a mile from this place, he discovered an alligator about five feet long crossing the field and going in the direction of a pond near by. Thinking he would have some sport by stopping and teasing it he left his plow and started for it, and was surprised to find that it did not halt upon his approach, whereupon he gave chase, but was left behind in the race. The alligator jumped into a large ditch and disappeared for a few minutes. After waiting a short time the young man discovered that the ditch was alive with reptiles. Mr. R. T. Mills happened along just then with his rifle and killed twenty, from one and a half to six feet in length, and says he couldn't miss them out of the number he saw in the ditch.—*Sylvania (Ga.) Telephone.*

A False Laugh and Perjured Smile.

"There is a young man in the parlor wishes to see you, miss," remarked the hall door attendant at a downtown residence.

"Did he bring anything with him—any box or parcel?"

"Only a cane, miss."

"Did his coat tail rattle when he walked, as if there was a package of candy in the pocket?"

"Nothing of the sort, miss."

"Then tell him I've gone to visit a sick friend and won't be home for a week," replied the fair girl, falling back into a horizontal position and reading "Truth Stranger Than Fiction; or, The Liar Unmasked."—*Clinton Herald.*

Items of Interest.

Brandied for life—the old toper's nose.

An act to amend—sewing on buttons.

Bad weather prophets—made on the sale of umbrellas.

A poor tailor makes a poor coat, and a [illegible]

THE CARICATURISTS.

SKETCHES OF THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUNNY PICTURES.

An Art That Has Come Down to Us From Antiquity—How Cartoons are Made—Artists, of Celebrity in This Line—Jos. Keppler, Bernhard Gillam and C. J. Taylor.

Caricature is an art that can be traced back until it is lost in antiquity. Upon circumstantial evidence it is safe, I think, to say that it was coeval with the first appearance of man on this earth; for, as an appreciation of the ludicrous side of life is inherent in a person, so, also, is the faculty of portraying it in some way or other. When the walls of Pompeii were unearthed forty years ago colored frescoes of ludicrous figures, animals, etc., were found, and among the Chinese are still extant comic figures known to be over 1,000 years old. Indeed, among sculptures of the Egyptians of 4,000 years ago are some of the most humorous conceptions and caricatures.

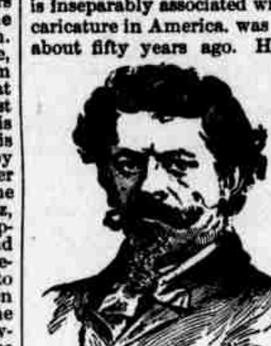
But caricature as a power never reached its height until the last quarter of a century, when its influence grew so great that, as you know, Bismarck forbids the sale of several humorous papers in Germany (the London *Punch* among others) for fear of the popular effect of some caricatures of himself; and it is a matter of recent history that Mr. Blaine threatened to sue *Puck* during the campaign of 1884 for publishing Gillam's "Tattooed Man" cartoon. Boss Tweed is said to have offered to pay $100,000 if the Harpers would discontinue their attacks upon him. "I don't mind the newspaper editorials," said he, "but d—n those pictures! The poor man does not read papers much, but everybody can understand those cartoons."

The present style of cartooning in color was originated in France, and first appeared in this country in San Francisco. A paper was published there called *The Wasp*, which was printed in black with one tint; it is now printed in colors. Mr. Keppler started the German *Puck* in St. Louis, in 1870, which came to an untimely death within a few months. In 1876 he revived it in New York, and soon afterward *Judge* was published. The English *Puck* was started in March, 1877. There have been a host of colored cartoon papers started in America in the last twenty years, but these two are the only ones that have secured a permanent footing. Among those which are now only a memory may be mentioned *Wild Oats, Fifth Avenue, Phunny Phellow, Yankee Notions, Mrs. Grundy, Vanity Fair, Rambler* and *Punchinello* as printing black and white pictures, and *Whip, Jingo, Chic, Freaks, Sam, Straws, Laterne* and one or two others which published colored cartoons.

It may be of interest to some readers to know how cartoons are produced. In the first place, after finding his subject, the artist proceeds to make his composition roughly upon paper, after which it is drawn upon a very fine grained stone, made especially for lithographic work. It requires at least two days to produce a double-page cartoon and the smaller pictures in proportion; the coloring takes another day. From this it can be seen that the cartoonist must be a very industrious worker, for a day is set apart for each branch of his business, and the cartoons are thus ground out with the regularity of clockwork.

JOSEPH KEPPLER.

Joseph Keppler, the great cartoonist who is inseparably associated with the growth of caricature in America, was born in Vienna about fifty years ago. His father was a fancy baker, and the boy fostered a love of art from ornamenting wedding and and birthday cakes with quaint and curious designs. He then made copies of fine costume-plates, which he offered for sale, and subsequently drew for the comic German papers. Finding this did not pay, he joined a dramatic troupe and assumed at will the role of tragedian and comedian. The company foundered, and he became a prestidigitateur, doing the accomplice and assistant act. About 1869, feeling that the country was too small for him, he came to America, settling in St. Louis. There he began to work in earnest. Most of his time was spent in making designs for lithographers, but he was too ambitious for that work and induced some friends to aid him in establishing the German *Puck*. St. Louis was a poor city for such a paper, and the venture lived only a few months. Thwarted, but not discouraged, Keppler came to New York in 1872. His genius was at once recognized, and he and Matt Morgan drew cartoons on *Leslie's* in opposition to Nast on *Harper's*. He remained with Leslie until 1876, when, in company with A. Schwartzmann, he revived the German *Puck*, the English edition of which appeared the following March. Keppler was not mistaken, and the paper was an assured success almost from the start. He has always been quick in appreciating young genius, and there was never anything in the country too good or too expensive for *Puck*, which has been a father to the whole younger generation of cartoonists and a fortune to its owners.



Personally, Mr. Keppler impresses one as a dashing, brilliant man. He is five feet ten inches in height, of military bearing, with large mustache and goatee. Great masses of hair seem to float on the top of his head. His temperament is quick and nervous, but his disposition is very genial. His home is in Inwood-on-the-Hudson, where he has a beautiful house, surrounded with all the comforts that success and the fulfillment of long-deferred hopes can afford.

BERNHARD GILLAM.

Bernhard Gillam, a prince of cartoonists, was born in Bambury, Oxford, England, October 28, 1856, and is still a young man, considering the reputation he has won. He came to New York fifteen years ago and entered a lawyer's office, but following the natural bent of his mind he covered more foolscap pages with character sketches than with legal notes, and after a couple of years the lawyer found that he could dispense with young Gillam's services. Mr. Gillam conceived the idea that he could draw cartoons. He spent four days on a drawing for *Wild Oats*, and was rewarded by receiving the munificent sum of $1 for the idea, the drawing being declined. This experience lessened his enthusiasm, and for the next six years he became a sort of artistic tramp, being by turns an engraver, portrait painter and designer for show cards, etc. In 1879 he accepted an engagement as cartoonist on *Frank Leslie's Weekly*. Mr. Leslie dying soon afterward, and the policy of the paper being changed, Mr. Gillam went upon the *Graphic*, for which paper he drew for some time. During the Garfield-Hancock campaign he was upon the staff of *Harper's Weekly*, drawing in conjunction with Nast. In 1881 the owners of *Puck* sent for Mr. Gillam and engaged him at a high salary. Preceding the campaign of 1884 he invented the "Tattooed Man" which created such a sensation at the

time. In January, 1886, he, in company with W. J. Arkell, took hold of *The Judge*, convinced that there was ample room for two papers of the kind. The policy of *The Judge* being straightout Republican, and *Puck* having a Democratic leaning, the conflict between these two journals is very interesting.

Mr. Gillam comes of an artistic stock. His father was an artist, and three out of his father's four sons have followed in his footsteps. Personally, Mr. Gillam is very attractive. His manners are excellent and his voice is low and musical. He is five feet and a half inches in height; has a wealth of black hair, which he combs in the Pompadour style, and a fine brown mustache. Put a frock coat on him and he would be easily taken for a minister. True to the instincts of a Bohemian, he has remained a bachelor.

So much has been written about Gillam as an artist and his work is so generally well known that there is little left to be said. He and Keppler are so much in advance of their contemporaries that I can't think of one who is deserving to be ranked even second to them. Perhaps Keppler is more original, easy and natural, and even Opper may possess more real fun; but Gillam excels them all in strength, execution and color. He is the Titian of the cartoonists, and his warm, sunny nature is always to be found wrapped up in his best work.

C. J. TAYLOR.

C. J. Taylor, who has been doing so much work on *Puck* during the past year, was born in New York city August 11, 1851. In 1869 he went to Harper's as an apprentice. At the end of nine months the firm, of which Fletcher Harper was at that time the guiding spirit, wished to make a contract with him for three years. Before Mr. Taylor went to Harper's he took lessons from Emanuel Leutze, who painted 'Washington crossing the Delaware.' He was admitted to the Academy of Design in the fall of 1869. After studying there about three years, he began to paint figures in still life, which he tried to sell at auction, but found that sort of life precarious. While engaged in his Bohemian work he took lessons from Eastman Johnson, the painter of "The Old Kentucky Home." At that time, Mr. Taylor says, he was too poor to pursue his art education; but, having a studio in the University building, where Mr. Johnson was established, the latter kindly took an interest in him and instructed him in colors and painting, as well as criticising his work. During this period Mr. Taylor painted hundreds of landscape pictures in oil, which he sold to dealers and at auction. When the *Graphic* was established in 1873 he joined its staff and began to draw cartoons and do general work. His first cartoon was a picture of a paper building, with small outline pictures, explanatory of the subject, and figures of the directors of the Industrial Exhibition scheme throwing dust in the people's eyes. He thought cartooning would be an immense success, and deemed it a good plan to acquire a store of varied knowledge and to discipline his mind; so, in 1873, he entered Columbia Law School. During the first year he continued to draw for the *Graphic*; but as the strain was too severe and he wished to obtain a degree, he resigned from that paper and devoted the whole of 1874 to the study of law. He received his diploma in May, 1874, and, at the first alumni meeting, a few weeks later, he was elected secretary. Wm. Walter Phelps was chosen alumni orator at the same time. Mr. Taylor had as classmates at Columbia Law School Robert Ray Hamilton, a member of the New York Assembly for three terms; Hugh Reily, now district attorney of Albany, N. Y.; Wm. C. Gulliver, one of the directors of the new Madison-square Garden scheme, and a brother of Theodore Roosevelt, the latter being then in the junior class, as was also Wm. Waldorf Astor, ex-minister to Italy. After leaving the law school Mr. Taylor formed a legal firm, in company with Edward Nicoll and Adam E. Schatz; but he withdrew after six months and returned to the *Graphic*, where he remained until 1882, when he took a studio and did general work, which he exhibited at the exhibitions. After leaving the *Graphic* Mr. Taylor was elected a member of the Salmagundi Club and American Black and White Society. He continued to work for himself until April, 1886, when he joined the staff of *Puck*. Last summer, in company with Julian Ralph, he "did" the fashionable seaside resorts for the Sunday *Sun*. The full-page accounts were very exhaustive, and three days were devoted to each place. While the sketches were rough and hurriedly executed, Mr. Taylor says they were true to life. In appearance Taylor is the beau-ideal of an artist. He is six feet in height; has a large head and a very long one, which is covered with bushy hair, slightly tinged with gray. His nose is large and rather pointed, and he wears a medium mustache and side-whiskers. He is married and has two children. His home is in East Orange, N. J., where he has resided in his own house for five years. He is a steady worker, and even works five nights out of the seven.

SHOCKS HIS FRIENDS.

A Man Struck by Lightning Develops Into a Powerful Human Battery.

Reimhold Passier, one of the men struck by lightning during the electric storm, has developed into a human battery. He was paralyzed by the shock, but the paralysis and pain passed away in a few days, and it was thought he would speedily get well. Soon after he was seized with a spasm, and those who touched him were shocked by a current as if from a battery.

He now has the spasms at regular intervals, and says he feels the current of electricity coursing through his body from head to feet. His hair bristles up during the attack. The case is attracting the attention of many of the physicians here.—*St. Louis Special.*

THE LOVE THAT IS OURS.

A grave old man and a maiden fair
  Walked together at early morn;
The thrushes up in the clear cool air
  Sang to the farmer planting his corn.
And O! how sweet was the fresh turned
  mold!
  And O! how fair were the budding trees!
For daisy's silver and daffodil's gold
  Were full of the happy honey bees.

"Ah look! there's an empty nest," she said;
  "And I wonder where sing the last year's
  birds?
Then the old man quickly raised his head,
  Though scarcely he noted her musing
  words;
He tore the nest from the swaying tree,
  He flung to the winds its moss and hay,
And said: "When an empty nest you see,
  Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked with a sorrowing
  face—
  "Why may not the pretty home abide?"
"Because," he answered, "'twill be a place
  In which the worm and the slug will hide.
Last year 'twas fair enough in its way,
  It was full of love and merry with song;
But days that are gone must not spoil to-day,
  Nor dead joys do the living joys wrong."

The maiden heard with a thoughtful face—
  Her first false love had gone far away—
And she thought: Is my heart become a
  place
  For anger, and grief, and hate to stay?
Down, heart, with thy sad, forsaken nest!
  Fling far thy selfish and idle pain.
The love that is ours is always the best;
  And she went with a smile to her work
  again. —*Harper's Magazine.*

It is Coming That Way.

Judging from what one reads, it will not be long before there will be an army of cranks who will want to stop other people from drinking tea or coffee. [illegible]