ARTISTS AND ART TOPICS

Mr. McDonald's Beautiful "Dolce far Niente."

MR. MAX WEYL'S EXHIBITION

The Young Women Artists of Washington. What Success They Have Achieved—The Good Work of the Washington Art Students' League.

Bad as the Spring exhibition of the Society of American Artists may be, it is redeemed in part by some very serious and excellent work, and among these the only canvas shown by a Washington artist is one deserving of the highest praise. This is Mr. Harold McDonald's "Dolce far Niente," a portrait study showing at the best his rare power as a draughtsman and colorist. It is hung in the west gallery of the beautiful new home of the allied art societies of New York, and, although it is not on the line as it should have been, its position is one of advantage; certainly it attracts much attention, and admiring groups of spectators pause before it continually.

The figure in "Delce far Niente" is that of a beautiful young woman attired for an evening in society or at the theater and for a moment reclining on a couch, indulging in a moment's revery before the door bell shall ring and her pleasurable thoughts be cut athwart by the evening's engagement. In its settings the picture is wonderfully painted. The background is some rare Indian fabric, while color and texture give an exquisite tone to the upper part of the canvas. The prevailing tone of the picture, however, is controlled by the beautiful bloom of color in the face, neck, and arms of the figure, to which the soft, luscious texture of the yellow china silk gown lends a charming undertone. Your first impression on looking at the picture is that the painting of the figure controls the whole canvas, and no matter how well all accessary parts of the canvas are done they are only true, while the figure is above all itself true. To the Philistines in New York's little insular art world this picture, by an almost unknown Washington artist, must be something new. There is so little that is true in the work of the New York men that when they are confronted with a genuine result it should open their eyes just a little.

The society exhibition this year is rotten. The worst things have been admitted and put out in front. The nudes of Otto Beecher and Denham are more vile than anything Anthony Comstock tore down the other day at the Tenderloin Club. There are twenty of them all bare women—most of them ugly women—out in the sunshine. The nude is beautiful when well painted and with a motive. Neither condition redeems these things in New York. They are simply unclothed females wretchedly painted. The society of which William M. Chase is president gains only disgrace by giving them wall space. But then Mr. Chase has ten canvasses in the exhibition, some of them creditable to him as an artist, and his confreres on the committee are all represented by seven or eight pictures. How can men who bribe themselves so publicly sit in judgment on things so contemptible as the nudes of Mr. Beecher and Mr. Denham?

Max Weyl has given his admirers food for admiration this past week at the Fischer gallery. Fortunately, he has adhered to his theme in the few canvases shown, and they are up to the standard of all he has before done. They are landscapes of the studio, always pleasing, never less than artistic, sometimes poetical, but seldom enough inspired by nature and her moods to convince the spectator beyond all peradventure of their truth.

Mr. R. N. Brooke has sent his "Shepherd and Flock," recently on exhibition at Fischer's, and which was regarded as his best work, to the National Academy exhibition, which opens April 12.

Your money brings 300 pet cent. if you get a thing for a penny that has always cost you three.

How to Live a Century.

First, says the Medical Age, live as much as possible out of doors, never letting a day pass without spending at least three or four hours in the open air.

Second, keep all the powers of mind and body occupied in congenial work. The muscles should be developed and the mind kept active.

Third, avoid excesses of all kinds, whether of food, drink, or of whatever nature they may be. Be moderate in all things.

Fourth, never despair. Be cheerful at all times. Never give way to anger. Never let the trials of one day pass over to the next.

The period from fifty to seventy-five should not be passed in idleness or abandonment of all work. Here is where a great many men fail. They resign all care of interest in worldly affairs, and rest of mind and body begins. They throw up their business and retire to private life, which in too many cases proves a suicidal policy.

During the next period—the period from seventy-five of 100 years, while the powers of life are at their lowest ebb—one cannot be too careful about catching cold. Bronchitis is a most prolific cause of death in the aged. During this last period rest should be in abundance.

Anybody who can follow these directions ought to live to be 100 years old at least. There is always this comfort, however, if we cannot live up to our ideas always, we can at least try our best to do so, and the steady effort will be bringing us constantly nearer them.

To Witness Revolver Practice.

All the officers of the District National Guard and a number of army officers interested in military revolver practice have been invited to visit the armory of Light Battery A Thursday evening, March 22, 1894, after 8 p. m. This is a general invitation to all the officers, and it is expected that many will attend.

A CONVERT OF LAST NIGHT.

How "Bill" Holland Was Rescued from Meanness by the Salvation Army.

Capts. Proctor and Divers, of the Salvation Army, assisted by two Canadian female lieutenants, who arrived in Washington last Monday, yesterday succeeded in converting Bill Holland, a notorious character, who has made the wharf his home for some years.

Yesterday morning the army had a meeting at the corner of Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue. There was a good crowd in attendance. One of the Canadian soldiers was talking in a pleading and pathetic way to the sinners. She graphically pictured the inevitable fate of all those who violate the commandments of the Lord, and poetically pointed out the joys and bliss that attend those who walk in the narrow path and keep off the devil's grass. About that time Bill came along. He had a companion, whom he familiarly addressed as Tom. They were fairly well "loaded;" that is to say, they could not have walked a straight line a hundred yards at a dollar a yard. When Bill first saw the congregation he thought there was a row of some sort going on, and Bill was never known to miss a row if he could help himself. So they halted. The sermon lasted for some time. It was noticed that Bill was affected. His eyes followed the speaker as though he was hypnotized. Then Capt. Proctor desired to know how many were present who wanted the prayers of the "Army." A dozen hands went up. Bill looked at Tom as good as to say, "Well, I'm a mind to try this thing myself." The captain repeated the invitation, and when he had finished Bill spoke up and said:

"Here's my hand. See? I ain't prayed nor had nobody to pray for me since I left Kansas before the war. Come on, Tom, and go me halvers on this thing. 'Old up your hand."

But Tom wouldn't do anything of the kind. This caused a couple of negroes present to laugh. Bill then forgot his religion and addressed them as black —— —— —— and various other things that would look out of place in the columns of this daily.

Then Capt. Proctor invited Bill inside the ring to kneel. Some one in the crowd said that Bill would want another drink pretty soon, and he wanted to stay on the outside. Bill answered this with a cuss word that made the two females turn their heads. He then got down on his knees, and while Capt. Proctor prayed Bill interjected the supplication with "amens." Tom was evidently largely disgusted at Bill. He said "Oh, ——, and walked away. After the services Bill went to headquarters, where he was initiated as a soldier of the cross. He says that he has quit his meanness.

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IT MAY BE VETOED.

Continued Uncertainty Regarding the President's Action on the Bland Bill.

Although the general opinion at the Capitol yesterday was that the Bland bill will become law, either with or without the signature of the President, there is a later rumor to the contrary effect in a quarter close to the administration. It is said that while the President would be very glad to have some sort of reconciliation with the silver men, and especially the Southern Democrats among them, whose co-operation he needs, he is strongly imbued with the fact that the bill is vicious in principle and should not be sanctioned. The certainty that the bill could not be passed over the veto throws a direct responsibility on the President if he signs the bill.

There is another view current that the President will let the bill become law, because he fears otherwise the Senate would defeat his pet idea of tariff reform. It is thought he might be willing to sacrifice his feelings on the Bland bill, inasmuch as it only concerned the coinage of silver now purchased.

This suggestion, however, is ridiculed by the source in question, which declared that the bill will almost certainly be vetoed.

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Attractive Windows.

The merchants of Washington are noted for their handsome window exhibits, but by far the most attractive window display ever shown here is the one now on exhibition at the well-known clothing and furnishing store of Messrs. Robinson, Chery & Co., corner Twelfth and F streets. In one of their immense show windows is a display of men's neckties and silk suspenders, arranged in a very artistic and attractive manner, while in the opposite window is a typical park scene—flower beds, flowing fountains, green lawn, graveled walks, rustic benches, all true to nature, even the well-known sign "Keep off the grass," while standing about and sitting upon the benches are figures of men and boy's dressed in the fashionable garments so characteristic of this firm.

Agitating for Good Roads.

The Agricultural Department has issued a circular to be sent to all railroad presidents in the United States offering suggestions for their co-operation in the good roads movement. Many of the railway companies have made concessions in transporting road materials, ranging from half rates to free carriage. Others have offered to carry the freight at the bare cost of hauling whenever a general improvement is undertaken. It is suggested that the latter plan be generally adopted. The method of computing the cost, it is cited, could be defined and a board constituted for adjusting the rates to be granted, in accordance with local conditions.

THE TIMES believes that the best news is the kind of matter that interests the most people the most.

KNEW MANY NOTED MEN.

William H. Mack's Interesting Reminiscences of Some Early Washingtonians.

Washington, like other cities in the United States, has among its people a German element who have had much to do with its business interests and progress for the past fifty years. Among those sturdy, thrifty and successful Teutons is Mr. William N. H. Mack, a resident of South Washington and a retired brewer. Mr. Mack has seen that portion of the District of Columbia change from old sand hills into lots upon, which rows of buildings have been erected, and from cow paths to graded streets, over which pass the rapid transit cable cars. He has been a resident of the District since December, 1843.

It was in October, 1843, that Mr. Mack arrived in New York from Hamburg on the brig Franklin, Capt. Siobaum, after a passage of fifty-eight days. He was twenty-one years old, and secured a position as steward at Coleman's American Hotel. In December of the same year he came to Washington with Mr. Samuel Coleman, who had become proprietor of the National Hotel. Mr. Mack was employed at the hotel from 1843 to 1847 as steward and night clerk. During that time he became intimately acquainted with such American statesman as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass and others.

"I had the honor," said Mr. Mack, "to escort Mr. Polk to his room at the National upon his arrival in the city to be inaugurated President of the United States.

Speaking of Mr. Clay, whose home was at the National, Mr. Mack said: "He was a lively, social, kind-hearted gentleman and very fond of a friendly game of cards. He and his friends would play for refreshments, and I think the game was whist. Mr. Clay rarely ever "tipped" the employes about the hotel, but Mr. Webster was in that respect very liberal. Mr. Webster would always greet me good naturedly in the morning and say: "How are you, and how did you sleep last night?" On one occasion, after having answered Mr. Webster that I felt well and slept well, he replied: "How far happier you are than I am; I did not sleep at all last night." The steward could sleep well, but the thinking, tired brain of the greatest of statesmen could not find rest.

"It was at Cobb's tavern," continued Mr. Mack, "that I frequently saw Mr. Webster. It was on the site where the old Canterbury theater was erected. Cobb had fitted up his place with six bowling alleys, sulphur and vapor bath rooms, and had handsomely furnished the house throughout. It was a popular resort for men well known in public and private life during the year of 1848. Mr. Webster at that time occupied his residence on D street, near the present police court. He would drop around to Cobb's in the morning and take his usual mint julep. Senator Thomas H. Benton, who resided on C street, was also a frequent visitor to Cobb's, and I have also seen there Commodore Stockton, Minister to Germany Donaldson, ex-Postmaster Jones and others whose names I do not now remember. It was in the shooting gallery at Cobb's that Dr. Wickam, of Virginia, committed suicide. The Doctor stood with pistol in hand, and while Mr. Cobb was at the other end of the gallery marking the target blew out his brains. He had been disappointed about a remittance of money and in not securing an appointment in the army. It was about 10:30 in the morning, and that very day a letter arrived with the money which he had been expecting."

"Minister Donaldson wanted me to go to Germany with him as his steward, but being liable to army duty I declined his offer. I never sought but one government position, and that was doorkeeper at the Capitol. Both Clay and Webster interested themselves in my behalf, but there was such a long delay that I got tired. They told me that the position had been given to some old war veteran. My uncle, Carlo Balch, who resided in Fairfax county, Va., had fought and was wounded in the battle at North Point, September 12, 1814. Gen. Cass, who could speak German, and Gen. Cullom both told him that he was entitled to a pension, but he was an independent sort of a fellow and never made any effort to secure the bounty. He was a stonecutter by trade, and worked upon the Capitol building."

In the Spring of 1854 Mr. Mack opened his bottling and brewing establishment at the corner of Four-and-a-half and N streets southwest, upon which he expended for buildings and machinery $75,000. It was the the second brewing establishment that had been started in the District up to that time. The cellars of the brewery were flooded with water, and it was otherwise much damaged during the improvements made to the city by Gov. Shepherd, in 1872. He consulted counsel in regard to bringing suit against the city, but nothing ever came out of it. The old brewery passed from Mr. Mack's possession, and upon the ground where was once the brewery yard has been erected Dr. Maeder's Baptist church and a residence occupied by Mrs. Horace Johnson.

Although Mr. Mack has passed the seventieth milestone of life, he is still active, hale and hearty. He thinks that a little circle or square at the foot of Sixth street should be provided by the Commissioners with seats. It would be a good resting place, he said, for persons waiting in summer time for the departure of the Seventh street wharf boats. Mr. Mack is an ex-president of the Brewers' Association.

It is good before breakfast, it is good at the office, it is good all day, THE TIMES is.

Testing the Great Rifle.

The great thirteen-inch naval rifle, the first gun of its kind and size made in the United States, has been safely carried from the navy yard here to the proving grounds at Indian Head and mounted. The trial of the gun will take place next Wednesday. The Secretary of the Navy is expected to be present, and invitations have been extended to the naval committees of Congress and a number of other persons. The party will be conveyed to and from the proving ground on the U. S. S. Dolphin and the Trianna.

ALONG NEWSPAPER ROW.

There aren't many professional photographers who are in it with E. B. Wight when it comes to shooting the camera. They say that Walter Wellman got caught in the nozzle of Wight's kodak the day before he started for the Arctic circle, and that when the proof came out it made Wellman look exactly as though he had the North Pole in his eye, the gaze was so far away and expectant.

Archie Butt is making a great record as one of the moguls of the Press Club. He is chock full of bright suggestions.

Billy McBride has been having a hard tussle with George Alfred Townsend's copy in the Breckinridge-Pollard trial, and he has added several new words to his vocabulary. But it takes a good deal to phase William.

It is rumored that Majah Stofer is going to sue "Billy" Lampton for infringement of copyright on some of his dialect stories. The Majah says he gives Lampton two-thirds of his brightest ideas, and has never yet got any credit out of them.

Albert Halstead never makes much of a fuss, but he always gets there.

Willie Annin has been stirring up the statehood issue out in Salt Lake and they say he has got the Mormons by the ears on account of the cleverness with which he has shown up the reasons of the Democratic leaders' delay in passing the statehood bills. Annin's dispatches in the Tribune have so strong an ex-cathedra tone that his envious rivals invariably refer to him as "the personal pronoun of our esteemed contemporary."

Everybody has been reading the New York Recorder's stories of the Breckinridge trial. "Jimmie" Reynolds is doing them, and they are as neat specimens of picturesque reporting as have ever gone out of Washington. Now Bob Larner ought to publish some of his interviews with the regenerative Kentuckian. But, of course, he won't.

That is a great combination which covers the Baltimore American, the New York Press and the Cincinnati Tribune. Nobody outside the syndicate knows exactly how the work is divided, but in one way and another Louis Garthe, "Eddie" Howland and "Bob" Wynne manage to get onto about everything that goes. They are all brilliant writers, too, which makes the arrangement all the more effective.

"Ed" Barrett and "Archie" Butt are the handsomest pair in the Southern contingent.

That story of "Joe" Blackburn's conversion, which was printed in the Recorder and the Sun, stirred up more talk at the Capitol.

Perry Heath ought to make a brilliant success out of the old Commercial Gazette. There's the making of a great newspaper publisher in Perry. He's business all over.

W. B. Shaw is sending dead inside news to the Boston Transcript.

Frank Hosford, the tally clerk of the House, has been dodging the Dockery Commission for two months.

John Shriver is everywhere at once, and has a wire tapped from every source of information in Washington. The way he hustles live news over to the Mail and Express day after day is a caution.

Coolidge and Reynolds expect now to have "the show at Washington" on the book stands to-morrow. The book won't gather fly specks in shop windows; that's certain. It's as bright and attractive outside as in, which is saying a great deal, and the design on the cover is something entirely novel. The publishers say that the advance sale of the book has been altogether unprecedented in their experience.

John G. Slater, treasurer of the Evening News, probably chews more gum and chews it harder and longer than any other journalist in Washington.

Judge Noah, where did you get that hat?

Walter Adams narrowly escaped being called as a witness in the Pollard case. He lived at the same swell boarding house with the plaintiff while much of this naughty business was going on, and it is said that his testimony would have been even more entertaining than that of Claude de la Roche Fawncis.

George Apperson is hitting her up in good shape for the Chicago Herald.

Mr. J. W. Meacham, an all-round newspaper man, well known in Washington and throughout the South, has recently accepted the position of private secretary to a rich manufacturer of Frederick, Md.

TROLLEY CAR JUGGERNAUT.

Little Perry Tyler Meets Death on the Rock Creek Road Track.

Perry Tyler, a little colored boy of about three years, was struck by a Rock Creek electric car yesterday afternoon about 12:30 and instantly killed. The car was bound west, and had rounded the Eighteenth street corner, when, with a clear track before him, Motorman Stacey put on a speed of twelve miles an hour. At the Seventeenth-street crossing he saw two little children run from behind the other car and get on the track. He rang his gong furiously, but the clanging seemed to confuse the little ones, for instead of retreating they advanced. As Perry reached the track the car struck him and the fender caught his body and dragged it about twenty feet. The mangled corpse was carefully lifted from the track and borne into No. 9 engine house. Georgie Bland, his playmate, ran to Perry's house, No. 1634 Florida avenue, where the boy lived with his aunt, and told the sad news.

The coroner was immediately notified and an inquest was held, which exonerated the motorman. The child's mother, Mrs. Mary Holland, is now in New York city.

Better Air for Congressmen.

The question of ventilation of the House side of the Capitol was considered yesterday at a meeting of the House Committee on Ventilation and Acoustics. Dr. Kenyon, of the Marine Hospital service, and Mr. Charles Adams, of the Supervising Architect's Office of the Treasury Department, two of the experts designated some time ago to investigate the question, made their report, which condemned the present arrangements and declared the atmosphere detrimental to health. A written report to the committee shortly to be prepared by these gentlemen will probably recommend constant vibration of the air fans instead of during the session only, as at present, and a more frequent cleaning out of the air ducts used for ventilation.

HOPEFUL BUILDING OUTLOOK

Senor Mendonca, the Brazilian Minister, to Have a New Home.

ANOTHER THEATRE IN SIGHT.

Senator Quay's Coming Residence on K Street. Possibly Another Big Hotel—The Press Club May Soar Up Ten Stories—Methodist Hospital Now Under Way—No Danger of the Trolley System Stealing Into the City.

A more hopeful feeling is pervading contractors and builders and appearances look toward a revival of building as soon as the season fairly opens. The most hopeful do not look for such extensive operations as marked the last three or four years, but they all say the outlook is much better than it was six weeks or two months ago.

Among the hundreds of foreigners who greatly admire Washington, Senor Mendonca, the Brazilian minister, is one of the most enthusiastic. He regards it as one of the most delightful cities in the world to live in and has long contemplated erecting here a magnificent residence for himself. It is not the design at present to erect it for the Brazilian government, but it may in the future be adopted by Brazil as a home for its legation, and it will be built in such a manner as to be readily adapted to that purpose should the Brazilian government conclude to purchase it. The ground for the building has already been selected and the final transfer and the beginning of the work has only been delayed by the uncertalaties engendered by the rebellion. As soon as that affair is permanently settled it is understood Senor Mendonca will perfect his arrangements. This new home will be in the northwest and will be one of the handsomest of the aristocratic residences in that section. The senor is one of the most popular of the foreign representatives here and the residents of Washington will be glad to see him settled in a new home of his own, and the city can be congratulated in advance upon the proposed addition to its beautiful structures.

Work will soon be commenced on Senator Quay's new residence on K street. It will be a handsome structure of select red brick, with red stone trimmings, but will be modest in design and size compared with some of the residences in that locality. It is rapidly becoming almost a necessity for Senators and those occupying high places under the government here to own their own residences. The prevailing style of official receptions and entertainments calls for large houses, and at the present rate of rentals for such property it is cheaper to own than rent, especially as such property is always saleable when the official life of the owner is ended.

The Commissioners are agitating a change in the building regulations, which, if made, will result in the erection of a fine theatre building on H street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, and it is said if the theatre is built it will be followed at once by several other costly structures, among them being a new hotel, all to be erected by the capitalists interested in the theatre enterprise. It is said by those who claim to know that the permission to erect the theatre will be followed during the season by an outlay of $1,500,000 in new buildings.

The scheme of erecting a home for the Press Club is also being agitated. The scheme as outlined includes the erection of a ten-story building, fifty or sixty feet wide, on one of the business streets of the city, G street most likely, so arranged that the lower story can be used for business purposes, and the others devoted to the rooms necessary for the club, including an elegant cafe and reception hall, and for offices. The design is to collect, if possible, all the Washington correspondents of foreign papers in the proposed structure, together with the general operating rooms of the Western Union and Postal telegraphs. It is said the scheme is now being favorably considered by several capitalists.

Some two months ago Mr. Joseph Sibley gave $10,000 to the Methodists of the city to be used in erecting a hospital in connection with the Methodist Home. The plans for the structure have been prepared and the work of building commenced. The outside walls will be of selected red brick, set in red mortar with Hummelstown brown stone sills and base together with terra cotta and copper cornice and ornamental work. The Romanesque style will prevail and the first floor will have a large entrance hall, staircase hall, examining room, with a lying-in room in the rear, dining room, waiting room, and dispensary, physician and surgeons' rooms with space for heater and coal. The second floor will have a large ward in front for white patients, a large ward at the side and rear for colored patients, lavatory, bath rooms, and dark room for examing eyes of patients. The third floor will have a large operating room in front, private wards, lavatory and baths, kitchen and laundry. The building will be heated by hot water and will contain the latest plumbing fixtures, porcelain-lined bath tubs, tiled bath room floors, and will have a dumb waiter running from the first floor to the third.

A careful and persistent search fails to show any ground for the scare that has lately been attempted over a supposed conspiracy upon the part of some very wicked and designing individuals, to smuggle through Congress a bill permitting the aforesaid wicked persons to take possession of and occupy the streets of the city with street railway lines using the overhead trolly. The District Commissioners do not know of any such design; those interested in the street railways now in operation, or in those suggested, are equally ignorant, while congressmen have no information on the subject other than rumors that have been floating around. In response to a request for information on the subject, one of those who would know if such a thing is in contemplation said: "I have heard it charged that such a scheme was on foot, but looked upon it as one of those things which periodically emanate from the newspapers with nothing more solid than guess work for a foundation. Some men are not happy unless they see skulls and cross-bones on every side. It is well known that certain parties are preparing to build an electric road between Baltimore and Washington, and without being told every man of ordinary sense knows that they would like to run from the centor of Baltimore to the center of Washington, and it is also surmised, as a natural consequence, that on a road of that length the overhead trolly will be used, for the cost of the underground system puts it out of the question. From these facts that are apparent to everyone the conclusion is jumped at that the overhead trolly is to be used inside the city limits, and that conclusion has caused a sort of nightmare to seize upon the imagination of some people that a conspiracy exists to get the right to use such a system by some underhanded means. Congress alone has the right to grant the use of any system in the district, and it is not probable a bill can be slipped through that body so quietly that the people who are so much interested in the matter will not hear of it in ample time to make their objections known."

COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEYS.

Prof. Mendenhall Thinks that their Division is Not Advisable.

In regard to the proposed division of the Coast and Geodetic Survey Prof. T. C. Mendenhall yesterday said:

"Such a division or transfer is by no means advisable. No advantages could accrue from such action. The disadvantages are so numerous and so great that it is impossible to consider them in a few sentences.

"In brief, it may be said that such an arrangement could not fail to make the work much more expensive and greatly inferior in quality. This conclusion has always been reached by those who have given the subject an exhaustive and unprejudiced examination.

"Those who have urged the change have never familiarized themselves with the working of the bureau, and are in the main, moved by some motive other than a consideration of the best interests of the public service."

Coaching the Yale Crew.

NEW HAVEN, March 17.—Bob Cook, the celebrated coacher, took a run up from Philadelphia for the purpose of looking the Yale crew over. He went down to the harbor early yesterday with the crew and watched the men from the float as they rowed up and down in front of him in the working barge, made up as follows:

Rogers, stroke; Treadway, 7; Cross, 6; Dater, 5; Longacre, 4; Messler, 3; Holcomb, 2; Armstrong, bow.

After they had worked for a while Rogers left the boat and Capt. Johnson took his place as stroke. They worked for about an hour, and Cook made several suggestions which would better the crew. Returning to Philadelphia last night he will come back about Easter to coach the men for several days.

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Oranges by a Woman.

Mrs. Ellen L. Platt, wife of Hon. T. C. Platt, owns and manages one of the show orange groves of Florida. She sells her crop herself and purchases at the North all the plantation supplies. She does not advise women to take up orange growing for money, or with less than $20,000 or $25,000 capital, but says there are no details of orange culture that a woman cannot master, and if she gets the right kind of property to start with and has the business head for details she cannot only make it profitable, but a solid delight.

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The Post Office Department will advertise in a few months for proposals for performing star steamboat, railway, and mail messenger service in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. There are between 5,000 and 6,000 contracts to be awarded. It is expected that the number of bids for the various routes before the end of this year will aggregate 90,000 or 95,000. The contracts will be in force four years, commencing February 1, 1895.

Watch for THE TIMES to-morrow. It costs but a cent, a hard times price, but it will contain every scrap of news and everything else of present interest besides.

The Story of a Lost Mine.

Last July, when the days were long and the sun blazed down into the valleys until even the lizards hunted the shadows of the rocks, I was driving down to the railway with a party from Ballena. The dust was suffocating, and our journey was by no means one of pleasure. The sun was near the meridian when it was suggested that we stop to water the team and take a bite of lunch. A halt was made beneath a grove of live oaks, and we were about to discuss the contents of our hamper when a pedestrian came in sight.

She—for it was a woman—came trudging along the road, half hid in the cloud of dust raised by her feet. As she drew near, we saw that she was poorly clad. Her face was reddened by the sun where the perspiration had washed away the gray dust with which she was otherwise covered. She was by no means old, and, despite the grime and sunburn, showed traces of beauty. Her evident weariness and dragging movements could not hide her grace.

On reaching our halting-place she laid down the little bundle she was carrying and inquired if she was on the Campo road. On being told that she was not, and that she was increasing her distance from that settlement, her eyes filled with tears and she sank down upon the withered grass by the roadside, sobbing bitterly. Of course every effort was made to console her. At length she regained control of her emotions and told us her story and the object of her lonely tramp.

She and her husband had lived, content and happy, in a little mining town in the North, but the bad times came and he was thrown out of employment. Then the council of two planned for the future, but, alas! the planning was in vain, and the little board for the rainy day rapidly waned. The rain was not a passing summer shower, but a pouring season. There were dark misgivings for the twain, but they had the light of youth and hope to help them. One day they read in a city paper a wild, fabulous tale of the lost Peg-Leg Mine of the Colorado desert. To be sure, it told of drouth and death, but the pockets of the dead men were always found filled with gold. Then came a lusting for the treasure at the end of the rainbow and the self-assertion which told the young man that he could do that in which others had failed. The resolution was taken, followed by a parting, with bright hope shining through the tears and kisses.

Thus the young husband left the bonnie wife and started on his mad errand. She had heard from him once from the little village on the edge of the sandy waste. Since then days had come and gone, months had followed each other, nearly a year had passed, and now, weary of waiting, the woman sought for him. "He is out there," she said, "and living. I dream of him. I can see him waiting for me. My heart even tells me how he looks." Here her face was illuminated with her confidence. We dared not tell her what our knowledge and experience taught; that his bleached bones were lying where a blessed death had relieved his direful agony. What was the use? She was evidently half mad. We did what we thought best—told her "if he was alive he would soon come to her. That to attempt to find him without a guide was certain death." At last we persuaded her to return with us to the coast, but only after promising that we would aid her in her search. On our return to the city she was placed with a charitable organization under mild restraint.

The summer had passed away; the autumn rains had come, and with them the presumption that the desert was as endurable as it ever becomes, when one of my clients came to me with a story of a wonderful mine lying out in the arid waste. He had a sketch-map, showing bearings by which it could be found. The map, with some marvelously rich specimens of quartz, had been found by an Indian upon the body of a dead man out upon the desert. I laughed at the story and ridiculed my friend for entertaining it; but he insisted that every fact pointed to riches, and that the lost Peg-Leg only waited for us to locate it. Well, I am somewhat of a fool myself at times, so I allowed him to persuade me to undertake the journey. The consideration is not material; but it was to be satisfactory to me in any event.

Our point of departure was Campo, a small settlement near the western edge of the dread and dismal sands. Our party consisted of my client, an Indian guide, and myself. We were well equipped for our search, being provided with a good wagon and team, provisions, bedding, tools and instruments, and a cask of water.

Soon we were out of the trackless waste, where we found much to interest us, but nothing to inspire a desire to visit such a region again. Great dunes of sand rose before us like gigantic billows of gray; now and again these gave place to bare rocks. Far away there seemed to be lakes, from which the sun's rays glinted as from a mirror. These, when we reached them, proved to be beds of gypsum or of salt. At times the horses dragged their weary way through deep, white sand, and we alighted and walked to ease their load. Again we rolled over bare rock or hard clay, where great crevices open gaping and seemed to have no bottom. Out of these occasionally writhed a snake to raise its hissing head and then disappear in the depths below. Now and then black and green eruptive rocks thrust themselves up in forbidding reefs, weird and uncanny. Vegetable life there was none; its remains were here and there represented by a withered cholla cactus, the aftermath of some unusually wet year. The only animals were the snakes, lizards and horned toads which lay in the shadows of the rocks. High up in the clear sky now and then a buzzard or a hawk could be seen—the latter intent upon small prey; the former listlessly hovering as though anticipating the death of something larger.

The air was thick with the heat, and hot currents were plainly discernible as they rushed to the cooler strata above. There were breezes, but they felt as if the furnace gates of hell had been opened for a moment to take in a damned soul.

The plan of our journey was to reach the first night a water-hole a score of miles from the edge of the desert. In view of the possibility of its being dry the cask of water had been provided. From this point we were to drive on the morrow to another well five miles distant, where water was known to be unfailing. This was to be our camp and base of operations. In fact, it was a station laid down in the sketch-map in my client's possession.

At last the first day's destination was reached. The team was worn and jaded with the hot, hard work; the men in not much better condition. We all hurried to the little basin to draw some water for the team. The bucket struck the hard, dry bottom with a hollow thud. There was no water there. The disappointment was sickening, even though we had provided against it. The only thing to be done, however, was to pitch camp, deal out the water sparingly from the cask, and to push on in the cool of the dawn to the unfailing well beyond.

We were going about our preparations, when a loud exclamation from one of my companions drew us all three to the wagon, to stare in dismay at the empty cask. By some dire mischance the bung had worked loose, and the precious fluid had been wasted on the thirsty sands. There had been less than half of it left when we had last quenched our thirst and given our poor beasts a bucketfu between them.

The accident was demoralizing and foreshadowed hardship for the night, if not actual danger for the morrow. However, we made the best of it, and with dry throats and parched lips we finally dropped off to sleep despite the winneying of our thirsty animals. At the first glimpse of dawn we were up and away—one driving, the others walking—in the direction of the other well. Under the conditions, it was a question of hours—not miles. It seemed as if flesh and blood could never bear it. With faces burned and blistered, feet galled, legs weary, throats drawn, lips cracked, and tongues swollen we dragged ourselves along. The poor, panting horses, with drooping ears, would stop every few minutes to rest until they were goaded on. What reproaches can be read in a dumb brute's eye—reproaches that can never be answered.

At last, with the sun high up and blazing upon us, we saw a few maguey plants in the distance. As we approached we could see that they were but dead stalks—ominous indications of drought. We drew nearer, and at last reached the hole from which we were to draw water—stale, flat and hot, but water, after all. Alas! No! The well was dry. Good God! Bereft of reason, we threw ourselves down upon the rocks. How long the stupor of despair lasted I do not know. I remember looking up to the sky—perhaps to pray—again, I do not know—and there I saw a hovering buzzard. This, then, was to be the end! The awful suggestiveness of the presence of the carrion bird frightened me back from the apathy which had taken possession of my soul. I looked about me. My companions sat with their heads sunk upon their knees; the poor horses had lain down in their harness, still attached to the wagon.

The thought, "May not instinct be stronger than reason?" came to me like an inspiration. I walked over to the beasts, loosened the traces, took off the neck-yoke and tied the lines to their collars. Instantly they both arose and started slowly off toward a reef of rocks three or four miles away. I looked at my crouching comrades; I spoke to them, but they did not reply. I snatched up a bucket and a canteen from the wagon and started after the horses.

My recollection fails me here. I only know what I did from the result. I indistinctly remember seeing the horses disappear behind the rocks and wishing that I could reach their shade—there to lie down and die. With this object in view I must have staggered on. Then came oblivion. My recollection of my return to consciousness begins with an impression of great comfort and of water—pure, clear water, and plenty of it, my face and hair dripping with it, my clothing drenched with it. What luxury! What delight! I remember opening my eyes and looking about.

The first object I saw was a goblin, a vile and horrid figure, a semblance of a man, with long, tangled white hair and beard, a brown and wrinkled visage and frightful eyes, the nails of feet and hands grown into long claws. Scattered about him were the skeletons of rats and snakes. This creature gesticulated and gibbered hideously at me.

"What delirium is this?" I thought. Then glancing skyward I saw the buzzard still hovering overhead. I remembered him, and then, as I grew more into myself again, I saw the horses standing near by; my bucket, filled with water, stood beside me. It was no dream; it was a verity; my life was saved.

I sprang to my feet. As I did so my hideous companion also arose and began a wild dance of joy about me.

"She sent you! She sent you!" he screamed. "Where is she?"

"Yes," I answered, for I now saw that I was dealing with a madman. "She sent me; we will go to her."

I went over to the horses, which were standing by a pool in the rock; it was evident that they had drunk their fill. I replenished the canteen which had been slung over my shoulder, jumped upon the back of one of the horses and bade my strange companion mount the other.

"Let us hurry," said I.

"To her?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered. "Come, hurry!"

We started on the back trail as raddly as the heavy sand would permit. Fortunately, there had been no wind to obliterate the tracks; for had there been I should have had great difficulty in retracing my steps.

After traveling perhaps three miles, the wagon could be seen in the distance. What was the fate of my companions? Were they still alive? Were they still where I had left them? Or had they wandered off as men do in that hellish place when urged by the crace of thirst?

It was not long before I could see them. Their bodies lay prone upon the rocks. We reached them. Praise be to God, they were still alive, but unconscious. A little water was poured between