

A GRAND OLD MAN.

SENIOR EX-SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES.

James W. Bradbury is Ninety-Seven Years Old—Contemporary with Clay, Webster and Calhoun—Voted for Jackson, but Hated Cleveland.

Maine enjoys the distinction of having among its citizens the oldest living ex-senator of the United States, James W. Bradbury. He is the last of the old school statesmen in the state of Maine, yet today, at the age of 97, his intellectual powers still are unimpaired, and he is as keenly interested in the events of the day as any man in the country. Mr. Bradbury was 18 years old when Maine was admitted into the Union. He remembers when General Lafayette made his second visit to America, and tells many anecdotes of his triumphal tour through the New England states, and especially of the enthusiastic reception which he received in Maine.

He cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson in 1824. He participated as a young man in the celebration of the semi-centennial of the Declaration of American Independence on July 4th,



EX-SENATOR BRADBURY.

1826, and the memory of that day is fixed strongly in his mind because of the remarkable coincidence that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both of whom had been president of the United States, died on that day. He recalls with pride the fact that he has voted for every regular Democratic nominee for the presidency, from Andrew Jackson to Grover Cleveland. He couldn't stand Cleveland and quit voting until Bryan was nominated in 1896.

He says: "I knew Webster, Clay and Calhoun well and my relations with each of them were always friendly. I regarded Calhoun as the superior in intellectual power of every other public man of his time, with the single exception of Webster. In his public addresses he made no attempt at oratorical display, and yet by his intemperance and precision and terse marshalling of facts he never failed to rivet the attention of all who listened to him. I did not always subscribe to his theories, but it may truly be said of him that he himself so thoroughly believed in them that they became his master."

"You ask me about Clay. Ah, there was a wonderfully able and popular leader and a debater of almost unrivaled skill. No one knew better than he how to present a subject, and there is perhaps no instance on record in which he failed to carry his audience with him. I remember well his return to the senate in December, 1849, after his defeat for the presidency by Mr. Polk. He showed his chagrin at having been defeated by a man comparatively so unknown as Mr. Polk, but he controlled himself admirably and retained much of his old prestige as leader of his party."

"Of Webster I cannot speak in terms of praise too great. During the debate on the compromise measures on the slavery question I had opportunity to see a great deal of him and I formed the highest opinion of his disinterested patriotism and ability. He loved the union, and was willing to make any sacrifice to preserve it. To my mind, there was more danger of successful secession then than there has been at any time since. Webster's love for the Union was so strong that he was willing to face the censure of friends and the abuse of enemies to avert any danger that he believed threatened it."

Among other senators then prominent in the public eye and who have since become a historical character, was Jefferson Davis. In the senate he occupied a seat adjoining Mr. Bradbury's, and the two became personal friends. Probably few people remember that Mr. Davis once paid a visit to New England. It was just before the outbreak of the civil war, and Mr. Davis for several days was the guest of Mr. Bradbury in his home in Augusta. Rumors of a coming conflict between the states were rife, and while there was no visible excitement people of all parties looked forward to the future with dread. Mr. Davis was adverse to making a public appearance during his stay in Augusta, but at the personal solicitation of Mr. Bradbury and other prominent citizens he consented to address the people. Mr. Bradbury recalls the fact that he touched upon the condition of the country, but in a manner that could not offend any of his hearers. He admitted that the clouds looked threatening, but expressed his fervent hope that the danger might be avoided. While he spoke as a southern man and did not attempt to disguise his real sentiments, he nevertheless made a favorable impression upon his audience.

ence, even upon many men who were destined to become leaders of the Abolition party. "Perhaps none of us agreed fully with the views set forth by Mr. Davis," says Mr. Bradbury, "but my recollection is that without exception our people gave him a respectful hearing, being convinced that he was honest, though possibly misguided."

Mr. Bradbury was graduated from Bowdoin college in 1825. There were thirty-eight in the class at graduation, of whom he is the only survivor. Among his classmates, all of whom were his intimate friends, were Longfellow, Hawthorne, Jonathan Cilley, and John S. C. Abbott.

DOG CEMETERY.

Regularly Maintained in Hyde Park, London.

A good natured, intelligent dog is something that all of us can't help but like. It is doubtful, however, if any of us would advocate having a regular dog cemetery or carefully kept public burying ground for even our own favorite dogs. But this is just what they have in Hyde Park, London, England. The English people, and particularly the lords and ladies, are probably more fond of dogs, and pay far more attention to them than do the men and women of any other country in the world. They make a great deal out of them in the way of hunting companions and pets generally. Perhaps it is not so very remarkable, then, that these wealthy lovers of dogs should provide a cemetery for these great pets of theirs. Anyhow, they do so, and right in a very prominent part of their big city of London, too. In this dogs' cemetery in Hyde Park, London, one may see rows and rows of handsome tombstones erected by sorrowing masters and mistresses in loving memory of their departed canine pets. There, close to the iron railing in the rear of one of the keepers' houses, repose the bodies of deceased St. Bernards, pugs, Irish terriers, fox hounds and nearly every other kind of dogs. It is a very aristocratic cemetery, for only those dogs that had the good fortune to have wealthy masters are ever buried here. A peculiar feature of this cemetery is that no one ever knows who the owners of the dogs were, the keeper of the burial ground being the guardian of that. Most of the graves are visited regularly and kept in perfect condition by the admirers of the departed doggie. Over them flowers are planted, and on the grave stones tender epitaphs are engraved.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Judge Monroe L. Hayward, senator-elect from Nebraska, is a republican, and has won his recent fight on the regular party ticket. Like most of the men who have come to the front in western life of late years, Judge Hayward came originally from the east. Born in Wellsboro, N. Y., December 22, 1840, he was 21 years old when the war broke out. He enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Infantry, and was afterward transferred to the Fifth cavalry. He was discharged in December, 1862, owing to disability arising from sickness. On returning home he entered Fort Edwards College institute, where he completed his education. His father had removed to Wisconsin, and young Hayward followed. He studied law at Whitewater and came to Nebraska City, where he has since resided. He never held any office except that of member of the state constitutional convention in 1873, and a short term on the bench in 1885, when he filled out the remainder of a term by appointment from the governor. He has a wife, one daughter and two sons, one of whom, Edwin P., is a surgeon in the United States army. The other, William H., is a lawyer, and was a captain in the Second Nebraska regiment against the Whitney program.



JUDGE MONROE.

ment during the late senator has accumulated a comfortable fortune.

Peeked Chickens.

A party of visitors to the country were very much interested last summer by the remarks of some Cincinnati children, sent out by the Fremont Air Fund for a week or two in the country. There was quite a number of them playing about a pretty farm house one day when some passers-by stopped and began to talk to them. "Did you ever see any chickens before?" asked one lady as a flock of fowls came strutting down the lawn. "Oh, yes," said one of the eldest, wisely, with a knowing shake of his head, "we've always seen 'em—lots—only generally it was after they were peeled."

A Skeeter for Puck.

Tired Treadwell—Ah, that was too bad! You asked for bread and dey gives you a stone. Santerling Sim-Naw; git it right. Git it right! I asked dem for bread and dey gives me a hunk of coal in de neck.—Chicago News.

SENATOR J. K. JONES.

PERSONALITY OF A GREAT POLITICAL GENERAL.

His Recent Illness Has Caused Deep Anxiety in All Sections—How He Defeated W. C. Whitney in the Early Part of 1896.

Senator James K. Jones, chairman of the Democratic national committee, whose recent illness in Washington caused widespread anxiety throughout the nation, is one of the most sagacious political generals of the century. The people generally know of the over-throw of Clevelandism in the Democratic party, which found its best expression in the Chicago platform of 1896. While it is on every hand admitted that the revolt came from the rank and file, the movement needed the guiding hand of some great leader, and early in the year 1895 the work of organizing the forces fell to the Arkansas statesman. Pitted against him was W. C. Whitney, the financial pillar of Clevelandism. Whitney had millions at his beck and call. Jones had little money, but great ability. Besides a great principle was involved. Such battles are invariably fought in secret. Emissaries in every state preparing for the struggle at the great Chicago convention. Mr. Whitney poured money into Nebraska, Illinois, Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. Jones poured literature and saw that the country papers were supplied with matter. Whitney chose young men as his representatives. Jones selected as his advisors tried Democrats of the old school. For five months the duel proceeded. Suddenly W. C. Whitney found that he had been beaten. Not a single state west of the Alleghenies but had de-



SENATOR JAMES K. JONES.

clared against the Whitney program. The latter had one more card to play. He could buy the Chicago convention. By that time certain influences were a little tired of putting up money. "Get it in England," they said to Whitney. To England he fled himself. In June he returned well loaded with funds. He went to Chicago a week previous to the convention. As soon as the delegations began to arrive they were met by his emissaries. He believed that they would be easy prey. But he learned a lesson in generalship. Instead of the kind of men that made up the past two national conventions he found old war horses like Harris of Tennessee, Altgeld of Illinois, Thurman of Ohio, Campau of Michigan, Turpie of Indiana. Very soon Whitney found that he had not the slightest show to win, that he had really come to attend the funeral of Clevelandism. And such it proved to be. Of the 900 delegates, few were found to raise their voice in favor of the principles advocated by President Cleveland. The constructive genius had won against money. From the tumult and uproar of the convention arose a majestic figure, a master hand in politics, and withal a statesman of the very highest order. Senator Jones endeared himself to the rank and file of his party. Even at ward and precinct conventions his name is often heard, and scarcely ever has the chairman of the national committee been acknowledged with such marked reverence. Perhaps it will be many years before the southland will name a president. Then Senator Jones will be too old.

In personal appearance Senator Jones is typical of the southern planter as we knew him in ante-bellum days. He is tall, straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered and equally well proportioned—a perfect man physically. It is said of him that he has never used liquor nor tobacco in any way. Nor has any one ever heard him use a profane word.

It is not generally known that Senator Jones was educated for the ministry, and that he devoted several years of his life to preaching the gospel. He is a Methodist and attends the same church in Washington that

does President McKinley. This brings to mind the fact that though Senator Jones and the President are somewhat radically opposed to each other in politics, otherwise they are good friends. J. H. WADE.

A FRENCH STATESMAN.

Clement Armand Fallieres, the recently elected president of the French senate, has been one of the prominent political factors in France for more than twenty years past. Born in France in 1841, he began the practice of law some twenty years later, and



soon distinguished himself by reason of his marked forensic abilities. In 1875 he was elected mayor of Nérac, the little metropolis in which he is located on being admitted to the bar, and in 1876 he was elected one of the republican members of the chamber of deputies. On account of the distinguished record which he made in the chamber of deputies he was subsequently re-elected to membership in that body. In 1898 he was appointed under secretary of state, but he subsequently gave up that position to enter the house of deputies again. In 1882 he was again called into the cab-

PIE NOT SO POPULAR.

SUCCULENT DISH OUT OF FASHION.

Pie Founding a Lost Art—The People Say That the Bakers Don't Make Them as Good as They Used To—Big Slump in Two Years.

The horseless carriage and the cowless butter have come. Automobiles and oleomargarine are said to be rapidly supplanting the best efforts of the horse and cow. Scarcely has an appliance or an animal been rendered innocuous and obsolete by modern improvements that we find ourselves wondering why we cling to the old methods of working, eating, riding and dressing so long. We invariably find a substitute that is better than the original in some way. The pie is becoming obsolete. Thus far no adequate substitute has been found. If we are honest we will not deny that there was something incomparably good in those succulent disks of luscious fruit and flaky crust that trothier used to make. Is pie building a lost art? Or is the falling off in pie consumption due to a change in the tastes of the American people? There are less than half as many pies devoured in this country nowadays than were required to satisfy less population five years ago. Time was when the pie wagon shared the honors with the brewery wagon and the fire department in racing through the streets. The doctors were inveighing against pies in those days, but the more they inveighed the more pies were consumed. It must be over 100 years since Cowstetter's Almanac got off that famous joke about the husband who was always quarrelling with his wife because she didn't construct pies like "mother used to make."

Canvas-back, celluloid, gutta percha, ostrich outrage, hidden horrors and several other terms of reproach were directed at the pie by doctors and wits for the express purpose of running the pie out of business. Societies for the suppression of dyspepsia made continual war upon the pie. Specialists wrote and even read papers tending to show that pie-eating was responsible for the prevalence of suicide and the overproduction of red-haired babies. But all to no purpose. The pie habit grew until the reformers themselves fell into the maelstrom and gorged themselves with pie. With the disappearance of all organized opposition, however, the piety of the American people began to flag. Three years ago there was a sudden slump in the trade. Men and even messenger boys in the downtown lunchrooms began to call for milk toast, sandwiches, hot tamales, wieners, spaghetti, everything and anything but pie. Since, the pie-eating daily performances of the people of St. Louis have depreciated steadily. Time was when 50,000 pies found way into the popular abdomen here in a single day. But now the consumption of 15,000 is said to be a banner day's business. In the old palmy days of the commercial pie no shop would care to face a customer with less than nine kinds of pie. Apple, peach, lemon, custard, gooseberry, cranberry, mince and pumpkin were the favorites, and enterprising confectioners and restaurateurs kept grape, cocoonut, blueberry, blackberry, strawberry, plum, pineapple and even orange pies. The most capacious epicure could tell one from the other by the initial cut into the lid, and the exacting customer "with a mouth for pie" did not deign to pause and consider whether his particular brand of pie was in season. This unreasoning demand for "filling" which was out of season probably had more to do with the downfall of the pie than the doctors and the wits combined. Enterprising pie founders began to flavor their product just as the spy attendant at the soda fountains flavor the soda. The use of different "fruit syrups" gave the factories a "full line" of pies at all seasons of the year, and the stenciling of the proper letter in the upper crust of the baked article completed both the illusion and the identification. Even the more conscientious confectioners began to use canned fruit for their pies. They were driven to this by the unreasonable demand for fruits that were not to be had in the market. Good canned fruit was followed by a cheaper grade known as "pie fruit," and the once estimable pie began to fall rapidly into ill repute. The finding of collar buttons, hairpins and other little articles of no dietary value hidden away in the secret recesses of pies has a tendency to weaken the confidence of even a messenger boy. And so it came to pass that the pie has lost its grip. High-class hotels and restaurants no longer think of putting forward anything but pies of their own make, and even these are not popular unless they are of rare workmanship and replenished with the most satisfying interior works. The pie-eating class is not as large as it was, but it is just as exacting and far more discriminating than of old. For instance, no pie connoisseur will attempt to nibble a pie in which cabalistic signs are stenciled in the lid. He must see what "there is in it," and therefore roofless custards, pumpkin and cocoonut pies are now most popular. A restaurant will sell ten cuts of lemon meringue to one cut of covered fruit pie, for the reason that the latter is always a doubtful proposition. In time the pudding may take the place of the effete pie, but as yet the pudding industry is only in its infancy. Statistics do not show that dyspepsia has decreased with the drop in pie consumption. On the contrary, we are told that

this peculiarly American malady is more prevalent than ever, and thus the pie is vindicated even in its decline.

OUR CLUB WOMEN IN LONDON.

American Organization Lately Started in English Capital.

A woman's club has lately been organized in London by Americans. The American club woman is not to be subdued merely because she happens to be somewhat far from the land of her birth. The latest development of the woman's club is the organization founded by the women from this country who live in London. The club has been as carefully organized as if it were in an American city, and rooms have been engaged in one of the leading London hotels. In order that the women may see one another frequently and not have time to lose interest, an arrangement has been adopted by which during nine months of every year the club members will be certain to meet once every four weeks. Then a luncheon will be given. During the late summer and at other times when the members are not likely to be in London the regular plan of meeting will be abandoned. The object of the club is to provide for American women in London a place of meeting similar to those which exist there now for English women. The American residents of London have enjoyed the privileges of the women's clubs, but they have come to feel that they would probably enjoy themselves much more in a club that would be American as well as limited exclusively to the use of women. So the club's quarters were engaged in one of the largest London hotels, and the extensive club life of London has received another addition. The women's clubs of New York have never been so popular with the sex or so generally successful as those of London. The only effort made to establish one of these organizations on an elaborate basis failed. The club as an institution, however, is far less necessary here than it is abroad, whatever the particular character of the organization may be. That is shown by the greater number of London's clubs. They may not be so elaborate or luxurious as New York's organizations of the same kind, but they are more numerous and are less frequently in financial embarrassment.

Hide and Seek.

The pursuit of Cervara's fleet is not without its parallels in history. The search for Sir John Franklin was a great deal like trying to find a needle in a haystack. His expedition was last spoken in July, 1845, and thereafter disappeared without trace into the then unknown maze of sounds and islands between Baffinland and British North America, comprising sixty degrees of longitude and nearly twenty-five of latitude, hidden in Arctic darkness, bound in ice and covered with snow for the greater part of every year. More than twenty expeditions searched that immense area, first for the explorers, and then for documents telling of their fate, but it was not until 1859 that Sir Francis McClintock, in command of Lady Franklin's forlorn hope, the little Fox, succeeded where so many had failed. Nelson's celebrated quest after the French fleet, previous to the battle of the Nile, throughout the Mediterranean, and to the West Indies, is another notable historical example of hunting for a man who had just left.

Arab Music.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

A Vitiated Taste.

"I suppose," she said, "you are a close student of literature?" "No," answered the young man with black-rimmed glasses, "I'm a student of ill-literate. I like dialect stories."—Washington Star.

Retribution.

Mrs. Bronxborough—I heard today that our janitor is going to get married. Mr. Bronxborough—it serves him right. Now he will find out how it feels to be tyrannized.

Queen's Traveling Expenses.

The queen's annual coming and goings to and from Scotland alone cost her close on \$25,000 a year.

FACTS OF REAL INTEREST.

There are 17 metals more valuable than gold.

Out of every three persons struck by lightning two recover.

In Italy there are 600,000 people engaged in silkworm rearing.

The right hand, which is more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive to the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

Pistols were first used by the British cavalry in the middle of the sixteenth century, the first revolving-chambered pistol being invented 300 years later.

The work performed by the human body in a day, in circulating the blood, breathing, and other involuntary processes, is equal to that of 22 horsepower for one minute.

The title "admiral" originally came from the Arabic phrase "amir al-bahr," meaning "ruler of the sea." When the last word was dropped and a "d" was added, it became "admiral."

IN THE GREAT STORM.

The great storm of February 13th last, had many tragic incidents, but few more thrilling than one that befell two boys and a man of East Marion, Long Island. These were Edwin Tuthill and Daniel Brown, sons of residents of East Marion, and Herman Kuehne, gardener at the place of a Brooklyn gentleman near East Marion. They went out on the 13th to shoot ducks, which gather in great numbers along the shore of Long Island Sound, and having killed some, they put off after them in two small boats, of the kind locally known as "sharbies."

Mr. Kuehne reminds us that the very oldest inhabitants were pearl-hunters. The mound-builders possessed pearls literally bushels of them. At a mound in the Little Miami Valley, Professor Putnam and Doctor Metz unearthed more than sixty thousand—all, of course, decayed or altered so as to be of no commercial value. The Indians, succeeding the mound-builders, likewise sought and treasured them.

A Detective Umbrella.

Customer—Look here! The first time I used this cheap umbrella I bought of you the black dye all soaked out and dripped all over me. Dealer—Mein freundt, dat vos von new batn defective umprel. You see it ish von self-detecter. If anyvans dake him you can del him py his clodings.—Ohio State Journal.

Daylight of the 14th showed that they were off Montauk Point and drifting seaward. There was open water about them, and they resolved to leave the raft. They launched the boats and tried to row to the nearest shore, but the thick masses of drifting ice prevented them from doing so. Giving up hope in this direction, they turned northward and rowed toward Fisher's Island, and arrived there in mid-afternoon of the 14th. They tried for miles to effect a landing, but could not.

Bacteria in Hailstones.

Several varieties of bacteria have been discovered in freshly-fallen hailstones. Two of them appear to be new, according to their discoverer, Mr. F. C. Harrison of Guelph, Ontario, while others are manifestly of terrestrial origin, and must have been carried up into the clouds by wind, or ascending air-currents.

"Dreadful! That young man and his wife who seemed so much in love have been arrested as swindlers." "That proves their devotion, you see. They were taken up with each other."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

YANCO & Mississippi Valley

Railroad maintainance

Unsurpassed : Daily : Service

between

NEW ORLEANS & MEMPHIS

connecting at Memphis with trains of the Illinois Central Railroad for

Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville,

making direct connections with through trains for all points

NORTH, EAST AND WEST,

including Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Hot Springs, Ark., and Denver. Close connection at Chicago with Central Mississippi Valley Route, Solid Fast Vestibuled Daily Trains for

DUQUETTE, SIOUX FALLS, SIOUX CITY, and the West. Particulars of agents of the Y. & M. V. and connecting lines

Wm. MURRAY, Div. Pass. Agt., New Orleans.

Jno. A. SCOTT, Div. Pass. Agt., Memphis.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.

W. A. KELZORD, A. G. P. A., Louisville.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, THE GREAT TRUNK LINE

Between the

North and South.

Only direct route to

Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City

and all points

NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

Only direct route to

Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans

and all points in Texas and the South west.

Double Daily Trains

Fast Time

Close Connections.

Through Pullman Palace Sleepers between New Orleans and Memphis, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago without change, making direct connections with first-class lines to all points.

The great steel bridge spanning the Ohio river at Cairo completed, and all trains (freight and passenger) now running regularly over it, thus avoiding the delays and annoyances formerly experienced by ferry boat.

A. H. HANSON, Gen. Agt., Chicago.

Jno. A. SCOTT, D. P. A., Memphis.