MINNEAPOLIS NEWS.

OFFICE—No. 6 Washington Avenue, opposite Nicollet house. Office hours from 6 a. m. to 10 o'clock p. m.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBELETS.

Try Paul's business lunch between 10 and 1 o'clock.

Trains will begin making Sunday trips as of last summer, day after to-morrow.

Fifty real estate contracts were filed yesterday with the register of deeds, amounting to $80,180.

Joseph Prow, who discharged his pop in the city, paid a nominal fine in $1 yesterday for the diversion.

Brand & Reichard, the plumbers, have made an assignment to Jas. M. Williams for the benefit of their creditors.

The first number of Dimond's *Tourist* for 1884, is published. It is neatly gotten up and handsomely illustrated.

Democratic caucuses will be held in the First, Second, Third, Sixth and Seventh wards this evening at the usual places.

An application has been received at the G. A. R. headquarters for a post at Linwood. The application was signed by fifteen veterans.

A social ball is to be given in the Windom hall this evening, for a charitable purpose, the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of an unfortunate citizen.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday: Anton Gretch and Johannah Schuller, Chas. Peterson and Jennie Johnson, Albert Quade and Ida Ast.

It is not Mayor Pillsbury, as mentioned in yesterday's GLOBE, who has put his name down as a patron of the lacrosse club, but C. A. Pillsbury. What! Mayor Pillsbury a patron of manly sports? The mistake must have been obvious.

At a meeting of company I, Wednesday evening, general orders from Cok Bend were read releasing C. D. Leeds and returning him to his command, dissolving the court marrial and directing that the orders shall be posted for thirty days.

The legal war upon the saloon keepers continues. Yesterday John Gallagher, Thos. Asbyonson, Henry Melstrote and Andrew Berg were arraigned in the municipal court, charged with selling liquor with out a license. Their cases were continued until May 27.

The tax receipts at the treasurer's office yesterday aggregated upward of $37,000. The taxes yet due in the county and city amount to about $1,040,000. This would indicate that there will be a large number of delinquent tax payers on the first of June who will be subjected to a penalty of 5 per cent.

The Levi Butler post, No. 73, G. A. R. held a rousing meeting Wednesday night in Hunt's hall. There were seven new members admitted, making a total membership of sixty. The post voted to accept the invitation of Rev. J. M. Ball and attend the Foss M. E. church next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock to listen to a memorial sermon.

On March 5th W. H. Bryant was arrested at the instance of H. G. Harris on & Co., his employers, upon a charge of larceny of certain goods. The county attorney has entered a *nolle prosequi* because Mr. Bryant was obviously innocent of any criminality, he simply having sold goods according to authority vested in him.

A dog is sometimes an expensive luxury. In October, 1882, a canine belonging to Henry Ober, severely bit Uriah C. Rieves. A law suit resulted in which the plaintiff claimed $3,000, including doctors' bills, six months's wages while he was unable to work, injury to feelings, etc. The case came up before Judge Lochren yesterday in the district court, and the jury fixed the amount of damages at $375.

Birdie Smith, a *nymph du pave* of a Second avenue south bardell, was arrested yesterday at the instance of a sister demi monde, Willie Gibson. The complaining witness charges the defendant with assaulting her with some unknown weapon while in a hack over a week ago. Gibson was pretty severely injured. The case will be given a hearing to-day.

PERSONALS.

F. U. Burnham, a leading builder and contractor of Fergus Falls, is in the city.

J. N. Hill, Turtle Lake; J. F. Green, Watertown; D. Plab, Cannon Falls; W. J. Spencer, G. Finch, Alexandria; J. H. Hosford, Fargo, were among the arrivals at the Clark house yesterday.

J. K. Moore, St. Peter; A. Tanner, Little Falls; J. W. Sullivan, Grand Forks; D. E. Priest, Waseca; Will Hinde, Shakopee; O. E. Sawyer, Crookston, were at the Nicollet yesterday.

C. R. Kimball, the ticket agent, yesterday returned from the National convention of ticket brokers, at Louisville.

J. R. Berry, the tourist and excursion agent of the Northern Pacific railroad is in the city.

Assistant General Manager C. H. Prior, of the Milwaukee, St. Paul & Minneapolis railroad, left yesterday in his private car for Chicago.

W. A. Wilson, Bismarck; O. R. Mather, Mankato; W. M. Chapman, Morrhead; H. L. Moran, Bird Island; A. Dr Countryman, Appleton; Gust Stenwall, Caryer, were at the St. James yesterday.

The Robbers.

The GLOBE yesterday morning mentioned the robbery of Reuben Estey at his place, 119 North Washington, by thugs. Yesterday Officer Tumlan, who is detailed for special detective work, arrested Thomas O'Neill, Thomas Callahan, Thomas Locy, Albert McGee, James Flynn and frank Wilson, and they were positively identified by Estes as the guilty parties. They were arraigned in the municipal court yesterday afternoon, and their examinations were set for May 27 at 9 a. m. The bonds were fixed at $1,000 each, but in default of bail they were incorcerated in the county jail.

Milling Globelets.

[Northwestern Miller.]

There is some agitation in Canada over the growth of the trade in American flour. It seems to be the belief of some people over the line, that the Canadians must eat Canadian hour, whether it be good, bad or indifferent, to the exclusion of all other kinds. Early last winter some of the leading papers over there made the broad assertion that the "frozen wheat scare," was a device of Minnesota millers to secure cheap wheat, and that Manitoba frozen wheat made high grade flour. The Minneaota millers found that to use even five per cent of frozen wheat made heavy, sticky flour; and they eschewed frozen wheat. Canada took large quantities of Manitoba's frosted stuff, her own wheat crop was light and not of good quality, and now her people are censured for preferring good American flour to an at best doubtful home product. Meanwhile our millers are gaining a strong foothold and can keep a heavy Canadian trade so long as they meet local prices, giving the same or better grades of flour.

Our St. Louis correspondent says: "Our millers have not of late realized sufficiently on their sales to invest a surplus in stocks. The panic among eastern speculators has had a tendency to affect their sales, and the markets have become dead dull. The firm stand taken by holders some time since was maintained at the commencement of the week, making buyers slow to take hold. But on receipt of news of the flurry in New York, buyers became very cautious and almost withdrew from the market. This causes the tables to be turned, as it were, and concessions had to be made in order to affect sales. There is no export demand, and no indication of there being any for some time to come. The operative condition of our mills remains practically unchanged, the production figures continuing small. The daily output last week was 9,200 barrels, against 8,800 the preceding week."

It is said that Washburn, Crosby & Co. stand ready to give $500 toward the monument fund of the Minneapolis Head Millers' association.

The Minnetonka mill is shut down, and will probably not be started up for two weeks at least.

COOPER'S SHAVINGS.

Matters seem to be pretty thoroughly stirred up in Minneapolis cooper circles this week, and a good sized row before long is not improbable. Barrels are being offered by shops fierce for business at extremely low prices, and millers are not averse to taking advantage of them. These low prices can hardly result otherwise than in another cut in labor, and such a turn is not unlooked for by the working cooper.

To illustrate the unprofitableness of the cooper business in this city for some time back, we may state that it is authoritatively reported that at least one large shop in the city has lost $2,000 in six months, and others must have fared equally as bad.

The Phœnix Barrel company has its new storage building completed and in use. It is a frame structure, 20x80 feet and two stories high.

The Hennepin Barrel company is to erect two large buildings, as an addition to its already extensive shops.

The new co-operative shop—the Minnesota—has its shop building well advanced in construction.

THE SPORTS.

The Keefe-Mellin Mill.

As mentioned in yesterday's GLOBE the articles of agreement for a hard glove fight between Patsy Mellin, the London boxer, and Jack Keefe, the Boston pugilist, have been signed. The latter portion of the articles read as follows:

The aforesaid John Keefe and Patsy Mellin do hereby agree to spar with hard gloves to a finish, upon the following conditions: Marquis of Queensbury rules to govern; the winner to receive a purse of $500; the contest to be decided according to the merits of the men; the place of the contest to be decided hereafter and to be agreed upon by the contestants; the fight to take place Wednesday, June 11, 1884.

JOHN KEEFE.
P. MELLIN.

The fight will not take place in Minneapolis, and will be "all on the quiet." Both men went into active training yesterday, and will be in fine condition, and it will be a desperate contest. There is a little bad blood between the men growing out of the Market hall unpleasantness. Bets are being made quite freely and large sums will hinge on the results. As a rule, Keefe is the favorite and odds are offered on him.

BUTLER AND MONTGOMERY.

The following which appears in a New York paper satisfactorily answers certain insinuations of an unpleasant nature:

In your issue of May 3 there appeared a card from W. W. Montgomery, of Fennacook, N. H., in which he states that he defeated me on two different occasions. Allow me to state that we wrestled an exhibition, in which I secured the first fall, Montgomery the second, and the third was undecided, the referee having left the hall before a third fall was scored. If Mr. Montgomery means business let him post money to wrestle me at 135 pounds, and I will cover it, the match to take place in Minneapolis, Minn. Yours respectfully,

ADON BUTLER,

Minneapolis, Minn., May 14, 1884.

Detroit *Free Press:* Carruthers, of Minneapolis, continues to merit the name, "Lucky Bob," given him last year. His pitching is always batted hard in every game; although the score always gets very high, Bob wins. It isn't ability to pitch that pulls him through, but smiling fortune.

McCormick, the pitcher, has been dismissed.

The Minneapolis Gun club will shoot tomorrow.

The forthcoming mill between Keefe and Mullin is a popular theme of conversation among local sports.

At Grand Rapids yesterday the Minneapolis "dudes" did handsome work although they failed to defeat the champions of the league. The score stood, Grand Rapids 4; Minneapolis 3.

The base ball fever is on a picked nine from the store of Wyman, McMullen & VanDyke, will play a nine from Shotwell, Clerihew & Latham's store, will play a game on Saturday.

Grand Rapids *Times*: Between eight and nine hundred people witnessed the game, the first tilt with the Minneapolis boys, and the contest was a close and exciting one. For the Minneapolis team, Carruthers, formerly of the Grand Rapids club, was in the box. His pitching, rather throwing, was effective, and comparatively few hits were made off him. Carruthers is an even, clean cut little ball player, and the Minneapolis club has a prize in him. Several of the other players show good points, and upon the whole Manager Tuthill's team is the strongest that has yet crossed hats with the champions.

THE COURTS.

District Court.

[Before Judge Young.]

In re habeas corpus, Herman Helops; defendant remanded to jail. Defendant was committed to jail for sixty days by a justice of the peace at Eden Prairie for the larceny of chickens, and attempt to get him out upon a writ of habeas corpus which was based upon alleged irregularity of the proceedings.

State vs. W. F. Thompson for defendant; ordered to appear June 2.

State vs. John E. Plaff, for the bastardy of Sarah Ann, a child. The jury to which this case was given Wednesday after being out six hours failed to agree. Yesterday another jury was empaneled and the case was tried over again. The jury found the defendant guilty. A stay of proceedings was asked for and denied, after which the court ordered that defendant shall pay $2.50 per week for the maintaining of the child, and shall give $400 bonds for the faithful performance of the order.

[Before Judge Lochren.]

Geo. S. Jewell vs. Mississippi & Rum River Boom company. Dismissed.

Daniel Griffin et al. vs. Geo. W. Farrier & Co. Verdict for plaintiff for $170.

Urial C. Reeves vs. Henry Ober, et al.; verdict for plaintiff for $475.

119—J. Frank Collom vs J. H. Clough; settled.

246—Chas. O. Fleeth, vs. Frank N. Shaw; judgment for Plaintiff on pleadings.

[Before Judge Koon.]

218—Joseph L. Blair vs. Benjamin H. Hellen; continued.

38—A. B. Sessions vs. C. P. Jones; tried and dismissed.

264—H. M. Dye vs. L. F. Menage and Plummer Bros.; argued and submitted.

NEW CASES.

C. E. Conant vs. F. Ricker, et al.
A. M. Kibby vs. A. O. Nordquist.
Tharison & Bruche vs. S. A. Nordenskold.
Journal Printing Co. vs Rodgers & Jones.

Probate Court.

[Before Judge Ueland.]

In the estate of Axel H. D. Anderson, petition for letters filed; hearing June 16.

In the estate of Chas. H. Hobert; same.

In the estate of Christine Anderson, letters issued to Chas. A. Anderson and order limiting time to pay debts made.

In the estate of Geo. A. Lamb; decree of distribution made.

Municipal Court.

[Before Judge Bailey.]

William Ward and Dora Brown, drunkenness; sentence suspended.

John Swanson and Terril Rixter, drunkenness; committed for five days each.

Colin Dugan, disorderly conduct; discharged for want of prosecution.

John Gallagher, Thomas Asbyouson, Henry Melstrole, Andrew Berg, selling liquor without a license; continued until May 27. Each recognized in $100 bonds.

Joseph Grow, discharging fire arms in the city; paid a fine in $10.

Thomas Miller and Charles Ward, larceny; examination continued until May 27 at 9 a. m. In default of bonds in bail in $1,000 defendants remanded to custody.

Andrew Heffner, drunkenness, paid a fine in $5.50.

Birdie Smith, assault and battery upon Wille Gibson; set for trial this afternoon.

Thomas O'Neil, Thomas Callaghan, Thomas Lacy, Albert McGee, James Flynn and Frank Wilson, larceny from the person of Reuben Estey; examination set for May 27, at 8 a. m.; committed in default of bonds in $1,000 each.

Democratic Primaries.

At the Fourth ward caucus held last evening the following delegates were elected to attend the county convention on Saturday: F. L. Morse, A. R. Brandt, E. M. Wilson, P. M. Babcock, Luke Kinney, Segrave Smith, J. G. McFarlane, J. E. Ward, A. T. Ankenny, Frank Horan, Rogers Vail, John C. Oswald, Ed. Clement.

At the Fifth ward caucus the following were elected as delegates: A. A. Ames, J. M. Eustis, Orville Rinehart, Geo. G. Jacoby, S. J. Barlow, Henry Hanschild, Wm. Buckendorf, Robt. L. Kelly, A. Bockdahl, A. J. Rosander.

Democratic County Convention.

A convention of the Democratic voters of Hennepin county is hereby called to meet at Turner hall, in the city of Minneapolis, on Saturday, the 24th day of May, A. D. 1884, at two o'clock p.m., to select nineteen delegates to represent said county in the Democratic State convention, to be held May 29, 1884.

The respective wards and towns are entitled to representatives as follows, viz.:

First Ward—16 delegates.
Second Ward—5 delegates.
Third Ward—14 delegates.
Fourth Ward—13 delegates.
Fifth Ward—10 delegates.
Sixth Ward—19 delegates.
Seventh Ward—4 delegates.
Eighth Ward—2 delegates.
Bloomington, Champlin, Eden Prairie, Greenwood, Independence, Minneapolis, Osseo, St. Anthony and Wayzata, one delegate each.
Brooklyn, Crystal Lake, Dayton, Excelsior, Hassan, Maple Grove, Minnetonka, Minnetrista, Plymouth and Richfield, two each.
Corcoran and Medina, three each.

Dated Minneapolis, May 15, 1884.

O. C. MERRIAM,
Chairman Democratic County Committee.
JAMES W. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

Cause of Failure.

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of to-day. A. B. Wilkes, B. and E. Zimmermann and E. Stierle, the druggists, are not liable to fail for want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup. He gives away a bottle free to all who are suffering with coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, and all affections of the throat and lungs.

WISCONSIN.

Elroy has raised its saloon license from $150 to $320.

The Cliff house at Devil's lake will be opened June 1.

Judge J. W. Lusk of Reedsburg, is to remove to St. Paul.

The next meeting of the State Board of Pharmacy will be held in Fon du Lac the 18th of June.

The Reedsburg woolen mills, in which E. F. Seaver fell, have been shut down and will be sold.

A. Butler, of Mayville, Dodge county, a man 85 years of age, is still vigorous to work in the woods "for exercise."

The *Press* reports twice the amount of of building in Ashland this year that there was last year at this time.

More than 1,200 dog licenses and 500 liquor licenses have been issued in Milwaukee.

The Watchman claims four Shell Lake citizens and all of one family, whose combined weight is 982½ pounds.

The town, Spooner, Washburn county was nearly destroyed by fire, on the 8th inst. Loss $16,000. Insurance $2,500.

Mrs. W. H. Whitney, of Monroe, is of the number of ladies who made $1,000 subscriptions for the endowment of the Lombard university, at Galesville, Ill.

The corner stone for an addition to the hospital of the Alexian brothers, in Oshkosh, will be laid with great ceremony on the 25th inst.

It is thought that the change of gauge on the railway between Fond du Lac and Iron Ridge will be accomplished on or about the 18th inst.

Water-line cement is being manufactured at Ripon. It is said that there is an abundance of the rock near the western limits of that city.

James Golden, a St. Paul railway brakeman, stepped into a cattle guard at Milton, and had both legs somewhat crushed.

The commencement exercises of Beloit college will begin on the 29th of June and continue to and through the following Wednesday.

The application of the town of Butternut, Ashland county, for a loan of $2,000 for school building purposes has been granted by the commissioners of public lands.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold a three-days' meeting in Omro, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of June. Among the speakers already engaged are Judge Holbrook, of Chicago, and Mr. L. M. Spencer, of Milwaukee.

The Danish citizens of Racine, Oshkosh, Fort Howard and Neenah will join their countrymen of the Danish Home society, at Waupaca, in a public parade and picnic on on the 5th of next month. The assembly is to be in Wright's grove, at Waupaca, on the banks of Mirror and Shadow lakes.

Two ladies while out riding came to a toll bridge in Polk county. On being applied to for toll one of them asked the toll keeper, "How much is it?" The reply was, "For a man and horse it is fifty cents." "Well, get up Jennie, we are two 'gals' and a mare."

The Universalists of the state will meet in Monroe on the 7th of June.

Richard Downs, a young man working in the Stating Lumber Company's mill at Thorpe, was struck by a belt and fatally injured. He lived sixteen hours, in an unconscious state.

A man by the name of Ole Johnson was arrested at Chippewa Falls, and lodged in jail for the killing of Louis Diamond. Johnson in a fit of anger, threw a stone, hitting Diamond on the head, killing him instantly.

The Hamilton house at West Salem, was totally destroyed by fire. About two thirds of the furniture was saved. The building was valued at $3,000; insured for $1,500. The furniture was valued at $1,500; insured for $1,000.

While John Coffee, a farmer near Chippewa Falls, was building a fence with the assistance of his son, the sledgehammer which the son was wielding flew from the handle and struck the father in the pit of the stomach. Mr. Coffee remained senseless for two days and then expired.

Straightforward.

Argansaw Traveller.

"What is the charge against this man?" asked the police judge as an old negro was arraigned at the bar.

"Drunkenness", replied a policeman.

"Old man, you took more than one drink didn't you?"

"Took fifty, sah."

"You were not drugged?"

"No, sah."

"Do you think that the officer had a right to arrest you?"

"Yas, sah."

"Are you a preacher?"

"No, sah."

"Did you ever steal a shanghai rooster?"

"Many a one, sah."

"You don't claim to be honest?"

"No, sah."

"You have sold your vote haven't you?"

"Yas, and fur a powerful little money."

"Are you going to get drunk again?"

"Yas, sah."

"This is a very remarkable man," said the police judge. "Here, old fellow, is a ten dollar bill. Such straightforwardness should be rewarded."

Why She Left.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"Why did you leave your last place?" the woman who wanted the cook asked the lady who said she wanted a place.

"Because," replied the lady, "the family was intoirely too large."

"How many were in the family?" inquired the woman.

"They wur two of thim, jist," replied the lady, "an' I cud get along well enough wid him, but they wur no livin' wid hur, an' so I kem away. I'm willin' to wurk hard, but I can't cook for a hotel full of people, an' ye may as well know it."

The woman went home without a "cuke."

Fashions in flowers.

London World.

Fair Parisiennes, with whom money is no object, and who aspire to everything that is *pschutt*, diversify the flowers they wear according to the time of day. In the morning from 9 to 11 or 12, violets are the correct blossoms; from 2 o'clock till 5 mimosa is all the rage; hyacinths or primroses are considered dinner wear, and at dances, soirees or, in fact, anywhere after 11 o'clock at night, gardenias, Cape heaths, white lilac or roses are permissible.

IRVING'S BOOK.

Mr. Hatton's Report of Irving's Impressions of America.

The Great Actor's Boswell Dispenses Sweet-Voiced Flattery and Plenty of It. Our Reporters, Trotting-Horses Table-Talkers and Rev. Mr. Beecher All Get Their Share.

Reviewed by the New York World.

The books and writings of recent years have not wholly tended to strengthen the kindly social feeling between England and America. There have been crimination and recrimination. One regrets to say it, too, but it must be confessed that this is more especially true with regard to books and letters written the other side of the Atlantic. When, therefore, an English book about America does not speak of us in a way to cement that kindly feeling it is a volume to be welcomed. Such a work is emphatically Mr. Hatton's "Irving's Impressions of America." In good Yankee *argot* its resources in the line of "taffy" are inexhaustible. Of course it is easy to look cross-eyed on this kindliness. Nothing is easier than to say: "Mr. Irving is coming back to America; therefore he naturally says pleasant things of us."

But we prefer not to take this courteous, generous work in that way. We prefer to take it just as it is, without any ill-natured suspicions.

The book is an account of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry's tour of America from New York, westward and backward again. Mr. Irving writes in the preface:

"This book is the outcome of a desire to chronicle in a lasting form some of the event s of a tour which your kindness has made a delight to Ellen Terry and myself. Before leaving London I ventured upon a prophecy that in journeying to America we were going amongst friends. The prophecy has been fulfilled. * * * I can but trust that I have not erred in expressing for publication some passing thoughts about a country which has excited my profound admiration and which has the highest claims upon my gratitude."

Mr. Hatton is Dr. Busch to the Bismarck of the occasion. The book cannot better be described than that. There are whole paragraphs that sound as though they had caught their very tone from "Our Chancellor." It is odd, this accidental resemblance. One thing is assured however,—the reader will gather from these pages a higher gentler estimate of Irving and Miss Terry as human beings than he had before. As artists they need nothing more. We know them already. Of their kindliness, their cheerfulness in trying situations, of their thoughtful care of members of their troupe, however, we catch constant glimpses ever and anon throughout this book.

Of the author's inimitable way of saying flattering things' may be given as illustration a clipping from the account of the Lotos Club dinner to Mr. Irving.

What could be more adroitly flattering than this:

As it was generally admitted that the speaking of this night had never been exceeded in wit and humor, and for its cordiality towards a famous Englishman at any of the Lotos dinners, I make no apology for printing portions of the addresses.

Then again, afterwards, Mr. Busch asks the actor where now, really, has he enjoyed the most agreeable, social hospitality in the United States. He answers:

"It is difficult to select, is it not? It is bewildering to try to select the incident. The Lotos dinner—that was glorious, eh! How well Whitelaw Reid spoke! and Mr. Depew, Dr. Macdonald, Gen. Porter, Mr. Oakey Hall, everybody, in fact. A great gift to be able to express your thoughts well standing up in the presence of others! Then the Lambs Club. I felt their reception as a very pleasant thing, because there were so many actors present. I think I got well out of the speech-making there by adopting Florence's written oration. That amused me greatly, and I think Florence enjoyed it as much as the others. Well, those are two of the New York events. I am endeavoring to think of them in their order, categorically. The breakfast which Mr. Joseph Harper gave me at the University Club, what a rare lot of men! Mr. George William Curtis struck me as one who might be very eloquent as a speaker."

"He is."

"So I should have thought, and he talks of the stage with the unsophistication of one who knows nothing about it mechanically, but is full of the romantic and poetic spirit of it."

"Miss Terry is pressed into service and made to say how charmed she is with us too. After her journey to Boston.

"Said Miss Terry, the next morning, when I saw her at the Tremont house: "Oh, yes, I like the traveling. It did not tire me. Then we had such lovely cars. But how different the stations are compared with ours! No platforms! You get down really upon the line. And how unfinished it all looks, except the cars, and they are perfect. Oh, yes! the parlor-car beats our first class carriage. I shall like Boston very much, though I never expect to like any place as well as New York."

But even an actor who is winning gold and golden triumphs in a country must draw the line somewhere in his enthusiasm. Miss Terry drew it on our heated rooms. She said she didn't object to the climate if we would only let it alone. But when there was a cold snap, that she enjoyed and went out in an open carriage, "New York ladies would be muffed up in close broughams." And when she went back to the hotel again:

"An English hot house, where they grow pineapples, that is the only comparison I can think of. And their private houses! How the dear people can stand the overwhelming heat of them I don't know."

If this sweet, sparkling woman were to pass a few winters here she would undoubtedly find out. That stinging cold which pierces to the marrow-bones is different from British cold. But the company grumbled throughout in a goodnatured way at the heated rooms and railway cars, which on one occasion drew from an American at a railway station the remark that if an Englishman were to go to the North Pole he he would complain of the heat.

Here is a bit of dignified, innocent English which is too good to be omitted:

The habit of letting out walls and buildings, roofs of barns and sides of houses for the black and white advertisements of quack medicine venders and others is a disfigurement of the land which every English visitors notices with regret, and lovers of the picturesque, Americans and English, grow positively angry over the disfigurement of the Hudson by these money-making Goths and Vandals.

It's odd, but that very thought has occured to persons this side of the Atlantic.

An amusing part of the book is the actors' experience with newspaper interviewers. They are everywhere and anywhere at once—"Monsieur Tonson" himself. John T. Raymond, that veracious representative of his country abroad, had painted to Mr. Irving the Yankee reporters as a wild beast going abroad with bowie-knife, six-shooter and war paint and dinning off the bodies of his victims when he had otherwise ended with them. "And the bowie-knife of a Texan critic never weighs less than fourteen pounds."

"And I don't think he believes a word I have said," concluded Mr. Raymond, plaintively.

This saying of the eloquent Col. Sellers forms the opening sentence of the book. Then follows conversations in London, and arguments pro and con about the contemplated trip to the United States. Incidentally, in this opening chapter, Mr. Irving's English home is described, with the ways and familiar belongings of its master. His Busch faithfully and affectionately recounts the actor's conversations, art methods and criticisms, and gives numerous pleasant anecdotes. The reader gets the keynote of the whole work from this fiast chapter. It is par excellence a pleasant book. Many of Mr. Irving's criticisms and opinions, even the simple stories he tells, at times throw valuable light upon his srt. Of his personal appearance at home the author says:

"It is a frank smile that greets us as the actor enters and extends his long thin hand. I know no one whose hand is so suggestive of nervous energy and artistic capacity as Irving's. It is in perfect harmony with the long, expressive face, the notably æsthetic figure!

Again he says: "Genius is rarely withou a sense of humor. Mr. Irving has a broad appreciation of fun, though his own humor is subtle and deep down."

There is an admirable description of Mr. Irving's suppers in the rare old Beefsteak Club room in London. Upon the dining-room wall is still this precious inscription:

Let no one bear beyond this threshold hence,
Words uttered here in friendly confidence.

But the gem of the first chapter is undoubtedly Mr. Irving's speech to my Lord Chief Justice and my lords and gentlemen at the banquet given him before he left London. The constantly interjected "(laughter)," "(cheers)," "(long and continued cheers," have a suspiciously Parliamentary smack. Busch is not sparing of his patron and friend's after-dinner speeches at any time. They appear in luxurious abundance throughout the volume.

Chapter II. brings the company to New York. Mr. Hatton, who is here already, goes down the bay at 4 o'clock in the morning to meet them. Here the blooming Yankee reporter bursts upon John Bull in full flower.

"This way," he says. We follow him, to be ushered straightway into the presence of those active scouts and skirmishers of the Ameridan press—the interviewers. Here they are, a veritable army of them, on board Mr. Starin's well-known river steamer, the Blackbird, the ir wits and their pencils duly sharpened for their prey. Youth and age both dedicate themselves to this lively branch of American journalism. I tell a London friend who is here to "mind his eye," or they may practise upon him, and that if he refuses to satisfy their inquiries they may sacrifice him to their spleen; for some of them are shivering with cold and complaining that they have had no rest. Finding an English artist here from the *Illustrated London News* I conduct him secretly to the "ladies' cabin." It is occupied by a number of mysterious forms, lying about in every conceivable posture, some on the floor, some on the sofas, their faces partially disguised under slouch hats, their figures enveloped in cloaks and coats. They are asleep. The cabin is dimly lighted and there is an odor of tobacco in the oily atmosphere. "Who are they?" asks my friend in a whisper. "Interviewers.'" I reply, as we slip back to the stove in the saloon. "What a picture Dore would have made of the ladies' cabin!" says the English artist.

But after they get waked up, Mr. Hatton is really astonished to find there is no rowdyism among the newspaper men. The innocent! If he only knew it, there are no more refined and courteous, generous men alive than newspaper men of the best class. Though we say it that shouldn't say it, they are the salt of the earth. And as to being interesting, witty company, bless you, the re isn't the like of them anywhere for that. Such is the fact, and one feels bound to state it.

Mr Hatton evidently found the press fiend not so black as he had been painted. He evidently bestows on reporters the highest praise within his capabilities when he says they look as "harmless and sociable as any company of English journalists." He says:

These gentlemen of the press who are going out to meet Irving are reporters. Socially they occupy the lowest station of journalism, though their work is of primary importance. Intellectually they are capable men, and the best of them write graphically and with an artistic sense of the picturesque. They should, and no doubt do, develop into accomplished and powerful journalists, for theirs is the best of education. They study mankind; they come in contact with the most prominent of American statesmen; they talk with all great foreigners who visit the United States; they are admitted into close intercourse with the leading spirits of the age; they are travellers, and, of necessity, observers.

The reporters meet Irving and Miss Terry on shipboard. Then one young man, metaphorically speaking, puts his foot in it. He wishes to think of something nice to say to Miss Terry, This is what he hits on:

"If you had a message to send home to your friends, Miss Terry, what would it be?" asks Reporter No. 1—a more than usually bashful young man.

The question is a trifle unfortunate.

"Tell them I never loved home so well as now," she answers, in her frank, impulsive way.

She turns her head away to hide her tears.

Tableau.

Presently the lady gets over it, however, and to questions whether she would like to go starring on her own account, replies:

"There is no chance of my ever desiring to change. I am devoted to the Lyceum, and to Mr. Irving. No one admires him more than I do; no one knows better, I think, how much he has done for our art; no one dreams of how much more he will yet do if he is spared. I used to think, when I was with Charles Kean—I served my apprenticeship, you know, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean—that his performances and mountings of plays were perfect in their way. But look at Mr. Irving's work; look at what he has done and what he does. I am sure you will be delighted with him.

The variety of form in which honeyed flattery is here administered is ingenious. Our hotels duly get their share of sweetness. It is very possible, indeed, one remembers to have heard a hint somewhere that the company's experiences at American inns were not all sweetness and light, but if so, nothing of it appears in these pages—not a line. There are only good words for the houses of entertainment of "the most hotel-keeping nation in the world." The Brevoort House gets its sugar-plum. Then:

"It is not like my original idea of it, so far," said Irving, the next morning, "this city of New York. The hotel, the Fifth avenue, the people—everything is a little diffent to one's anticipations, and yet it seems to me that I have seen it all before. It is London and Paris combined. I have been 'round to call on Miss Terry. She is at what she calls 'The Hotel ahem!' the Hotel Dam, in Union Square. Dam is the proprietor. It is a handsome house, a fine square. The buildings are very tall. The cars running along the streets, their many bells, the curious wire-drawn look of the wheels of private carriages all a little odd. Fifth avenue is splendid. And what a glorious sky!"

"Several interviewers in there," he said, pointing to the folding-doors that shut us out from the other apartment.

He calls our carriages "wire-drawn." No wonder, after those lumbering ox-wagons of London!

Mr. Irving's universal disposition to praise us is a new kind of philosopher's stone that turns everything to gold. He hears New York is a strict Sunday-keeping city, and he is glad of it, because Sunday is the actor's only day of rest. He finds the "great actors" of America speak English very much as he does; our trotting-horses he cannot sufficiently admire. For charming simplicity and sweetness this bit is delicious:

"Have you no trotting-horses in England?"

"Nothing like yours, and no light vehicles such as yours. I could only think of the old chariot races as I watched the teams of magnificent trotters that rushed by me like the wind. I hear you have a fine race-course at Chicago. Our friend Hatton told me long ago about seeing the famous Maud S. make her great time there."

"What renders this is all the more touching is that Mr. Irving is talking to a ''Chicago journalist" when he says it. Mr. Hatton is sure, moreover, a little later on, when he goes West, that

"In the journalistic literature of modern criticism there is nothing better than some of the essays on Irving and his art that appeared in the papers of Chicago and the West. In this connection it is worth while pointing out that the absence of an international copy right between England and American forces native writers, who otherwise would be writing, into the press.

But the most absolutely inimitable scene in the book is the visit of Irving and Mr. Terry to Rev. Mr. Henry Ward and Mrs. Beecher. They went to hear the Plymouth pastor preach, then they took Sunday dinner with him. Here are some notes of that dinner:

"Mr. Beecher is a great comedian. After the service Mr. Beecher came to us and offered his arm to Miss Terry, She took one arm, his wife the other. I followed with his son and several other relations. A few members of the congregation joined the little procession. Following Mr. Beecher with the ladies, we walked down the aisle, and into the street to his house. Mrs. Beecher is seventy-one years of age—a perfect gentlewoman, Quaker-like in her dress and manners, gentle of speech, but with a suggestion of firmness of purpose. Beecher struck me as a strong-robust, genial, human man—a broad, big fellow. We had dinner—the early dinner that was in vogue when I was a boy. It was I should say, a regular solid New England meal—rich soup, plenty of fish, a joint of beef, and some generous port was on the table. The host was most pleasant and simple; the hostess most unsophisticated and kindly. She took greatly to Miss Terry, who also took greatly to her."

Mr. Beecher fairly beamed and gushed. He gave Miss Terry an aqua marina ring. Miss Terry asked Mme. B. if she might accept it. Mme. B. said: "Yes, my dear, take it." Then the chronicler adds:

"And she did."

It was, perhaps, not surprising that Mr. Beecher loved Miss Terry, but that Mrs. Beecher was mainly led on to experience the same pleasing emotion, speaks magic power of magnetism in Miss Terry. Here is how these two dear women loved each other.

"It was quite touching to see the two women together, so different in their stations-their years, their occupations. Miss Terry was the first actress Mrs. Beecher had ever known. To begin with she was very courteous; her greeting was hospitable, but not cordial. The suggestion of coldness in her demeanor gradually thawed, and at the close of the visit she took Miss Terry into her arms, and the two women cried."

Now, what did they cry for!

The preacher begged Irving to come and stay a week in the country with him, and Irving should give Beecher a bit of acting, while Beecher should give the other "a bit of a sermon now and then," thus doing a little swapping. But, come to think would it be that after all? What does Irving say? "Mr. Beecher is a great comedian."

The form of the narrative is largely conversations between the dramatic Bismarck and his Busch. What, for instance, could be more Bismarck-Busch like than this:

"Just so," said Mr' Irving, laughing in his silent, interior, Leatherstocking manner, &c.

Many extracts are made from newspaper reports. On the whole, the book will give rise to its share of sensation and will sell abundantly. Mr. Hatton, if one catches his meaninga marvellous eye for distance, however:

"It is a long way from Baltimore to Brooklyn—five or six hundred miles—still from Brooklyn to Chicago is over a thousahd; yet the journeys that followed each other. The company as you already know travelled from Boston to Baltimore, close upon a thousand miles; from Baltimore it went to Brooklyn.

* * * * * * *

"And the longest journey comes to an end," said Irving.

She Had Shown Off.

Detroit Free Press.

She stood on the corner waiting for the car. She had French-heeled shoes, and was laced to break her ribs, and she had two plumes on her hat, and looked sweet enough to eat. When the car came along she danced up and down on her toes, gyrated her parasol at the driver and brought him to a dead halt. Then she toe-toed out to the car. Then she toe-toed up the steps, danced around for a moment and sat down. It was a success. She exulted over it for a moment and then drew out her portemonnaie, took from it a $20 bill and danced up to the front door and handed it to the driver.

"No change for anything above $2," he said, as he turned to his horse.

Then she danced half way down the aisle rang the bell at the front end and at the back, and as both ends came to a standstill she toe-toed-out, nipped and tucked down the steps and danced to the curbstone. She had shown off. She was happy.

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