

MUSIC AT THE CAPITAL

Bischoff, the Blind Organist, Who Has Attained Distinction in the Face of Great Obstacles.

His Cheery Disposition and Methods of Work—Miss Eva Mills, the Original Josephine.

The Charming Music Rendered at the White House Grounds by the Marine Band.

An Institution Which is a Credit to the City and to its Talented Leader.

The Marine Band.

Special Correspondence of the Globe. WASHINGTON, June 11.—The renewal of the Marine band concerts on the White House grounds, with an attendance of thousands of people every Saturday, suggests some remarks about both the band and the people who go to hear it, also about other remarkable musical people in this city.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE to the White House grounds every Saturday afternoon. Take this Marine band, for instance. It is composed of some forty of the best musicians to be found in this part of the country. Mr. J. P. Sousa has not more than one or two there can be said to surpass him. Indeed it is generally believed by those who make a study of this subject that only one military band of the country, Gilmore's, can compare with it.

He has a clerk who is familiar with his music, and who reads to him the musical productions which he desires to commit to memory and reproduce in sound. He simply reads them over to him as one would read the words of a book or newspaper, and they are indelibly fixed in his memory.

ALL THE IMPORTANT WORKS published for the blind, most of which he obtains from the printing house for the blind at Louisville, and besides these many important works printed in the ordinary manner to which he refers with the aid of his clerk, who reads to him from these and from the current literature of the day, on which he is well posted. He walks through the city, and visits his room, his piano, organ, library and desk at will, selecting without hesitation from the various documents therein, reaches the whole city and surrounding country through the telephone just above his desk, and walks unaided back and forth between his blind at Louisville and his room here.

as under the present management. Its members are of all nationalities, about one-third being Americans. The director, Mr. Sousa, is a native of this city, but of Spanish descent. He is a handsome man, with full black hair, keen black eyes, and a military figure, and is extremely popular in Washington. The members of the band wear a brilliant and very handsome uniform of scarlet coat, dark pants and military hat. The faces of the members of the band are very familiar in Washington,

besides playing as a band at many public events, its members are permitted to fill positions in the orchestras at the theaters of the city, for which service they are eagerly sought, some of the members being considered the finest in their particular line that the country affords.

Another prominent figure in the musical world of Washington is Dr. J. W. Bischoff, the wonderful blind organist, composer and teacher of music. For ten years he has been here, organist of the First Congregational church, and an engaged teacher of music. He has as an office a teaching room a suite of rooms in the basement of the church, and there he sings and plays and gives instruction, and reads and writes and walks about unaided, and receives his friends in such a cheerful, natural way that you almost forget that he has not the use of his eyes.

WORK OF DETECTIVES.

How a Jealous Wife or Husband May Secure a Record of an Erring Partner's Misdoings.

The Laughable Termination of a Suspicious Woman's Inquiries—Shadowing a Sweetheart.

Espionage Exercised Through the Agencies by Business Men on Truusted Employes.

Ins and Outs of the Profession of Shadowing—An "Honorable," Lucrative Business.

Secret Service.

CHICAGO, June 12.—If Gabriel had written his famous Monsieur Leocoez stories in Chicago instead of Paris, I do not believe he would have vested his clever detective with the attributes that made the quick-witted officer almost infallible. After all, it is a matter of doubt whether the author penned actual occurrences (as he claimed) or drew largely upon his imagination in his scribbling the ever-successful exploits of his hero. But be it as it may, if the Parisian detective is not superior to his Chicago brother in those ferret-like qualities that go to make the superior detective, then Paris is in need of a change of officers in that department of her police force.

There is no city in the world that is busier in the manufacture of blue-blooded people than Minneapolis. It is doing this by the pure process of evolution, and is taking common stock from the cities of the East and by an elevating, refining and purifying process that must cover one generation and may cover two or three, is turning out a cultured, cultivated race of men and women—men of that rare quality so distasteful to the old, as the new nobility of France was the ridicule of the old—but a race that is not a pensioner on the dead and that will rise on its merits. Here is the plan:

It is only within a comparatively short time that Minneapolis began to show a community of wealth. Few indeed were those who came here possessed of any considerable amount of this world's goods, and those who can now count six figures to their assets worked it out of the improvement of real estate and of the grain and stock trade, out of the gold mine represented by the irresistible power of the Falls of St. Anthony, or out of one of these turned into the avenue of legitimate trade.

He replied affably that that was the line of business he was in, and unfolded to me the manner and cost of such work. First, a description of the man who is desired, and then he would send the victim and get a good look at his face so that the shadowing process could be properly carried out. Once seen by the detective, they agree to never lose sight of him day or night. The charge for this service is \$100 a day, and expenses are included. Admission to places of amusement, car fare, or whatever may be requisite to quiet the suspicions of the man under surveillance. I was obliged to hire two men, as that avoids possibility of his slipping out of view—a man who will somewhat resemble the man desired, and will divide another house by one door and go out at another. Of course he wanted \$20 a day for this double service. For this sum the police detective agreed to keep strict watch on my victim, reporting to me every night the minutest details of his movements in writing of his every move and agreeing to send me word by telegraph or messenger, if desired, on locating him in any place where I might choose to confront him and obtain positive proof of his perfidy. The man also agreed to furnish me with any name and address to prevent his detective being employed for blackmailing purposes, adding that if I disliked to state my case fully to him he would send in a female attendant who would relate the facts to him afterward. When I suggested that the woman should be no one but myself, the way of putting a check on the detective if he desired to make use of my case for blackmail, the manager assured me that he and all

HIS MEN WERE HONORABLE and would not ever think of doing anything so reprehensible. Then I demurred on account of the high price, and he seemed so anxious to take my case that he agreed to furnish me with \$5 a day. I had difficulty in getting away, but, assuring him that I would call again, he allowed me to depart.

Later in the day I met a member of the city detective force, who has been in the service for years, and is regarded as one of the best men in his business in the country. I called his attention to this private agency, and he replied that the business of most places of that character was conducted legitimately—if such a term can be used in connection with a messenger to a detective. And then, laughing, "I can tell you a story that will serve to illustrate some of the cases that are conducted by these private agencies. Not long ago a finely dressed lady of middle age consulted the manager of a private agency, asking him for her husband's movements reported to her. He is a prominent board of trade man, rather frisky for a man of 45, but his quiet enjoyment of change seldom verged beyond a quiet bottle with some male friends over a game of draughts. His efforts were not so regular as they should be in a middle-aged man, but his transgressions were not serious, though his wife was confident that he was doing worse things than you would care to print. Quietly, but without that efficiency that constitutes good faithful work, the detective was shadowing the man, and their daily report to the suspicious wife almost invariably contained a note stating that from noon until 2 o'clock the merchant was closely

in a certain block near the board of trade building. All things considered, the nature of his occupation while in that room were unavailing. Finally one day the detective saw a young lady enter the room shortly in advance of the merchant. Without waiting to make further investigation the detective saw her enter a messenger to a wife, relating what he had seen. She, furious with rage, ordered the detective to secure an unoccupied room adjoining the suspicious apartment, where her husband made such regular calls, and in a few days later she put in an appearance in company with her faithful detective at the room where she was to watch for her delinquent spouse. Here impatience got the better of discretion, and as the husband came up the elevator a few moments later he caught a glimpse of his wife and the detective as they hastily retreated into their room. Without entering the apartment that he usually visited, the husband went directly to the agency that had supplied his wife with a shadow, and secured the services of another official to watch his wife. The manager, of course, knew that the wife was not to be given an opportunity of making an extra fee for easy service was too good to be lost, and he

GLIDING ON THE RIVER.

A Large Part of the Attention of Washington Society Turned to the Stately Potomac.

On the Smooth Surface of Which Society Young Men Shull Their Light Shells.

Scenes of Mirth and Beauty at the Elegant Club Houses on the Bank.

Many Society People Off for the Seashore—All Anxious to Leave Washington.

Aquatic Attractions.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Water has been the principal topic in society this week. It is rather an unusual one for Washington society, too. In the social season water cuts a pretty small figure in society matters. It is almost an unknown quantity. That seductive compound known as punch takes its place in the winter gatherings, and though there is not quite as much of it as there is of the article under consideration, there is quite enough to make some young men and women who would not admit that they had never heard of it. But the subject this week is water. There are several reasons for it. The weather has been extremely hot; the young men who row on the Potomac have been extremely fastidious; the water has been very agreeable, and the summer resorts along the sea coast have been both alluring and fashionable. So there is no good reason, provided the society maiden or matron has been made up, that her attention should not be turned to the water.

There is no city in the world that is busier in the manufacture of blue-blooded people than Minneapolis. It is doing this by the pure process of evolution, and is taking common stock from the cities of the East and by an elevating, refining and purifying process that must cover one generation and may cover two or three, is turning out a cultured, cultivated race of men and women—men of that rare quality so distasteful to the old, as the new nobility of France was the ridicule of the old—but a race that is not a pensioner on the dead and that will rise on its merits. Here is the plan:

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FLOUR CITY CULTURE.

It is Beginning to Blossom and Grow Like Lebanon's Cedars.

Classic Boston in Danger of Losing Some of Her Laurels.

Excursions Down the River.

Excursions on the Potomac.

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THE SENSATIONAL IGLEHART-TEVIS SCANDAL.

Revived by the Former's Desire to Reconcile with the Latter's Wife.

The Encounter of a Bell-Tower Dynamite Conductor with "Holy Joe" O'Neil.

They Sought Oblivion.

Correspondence of the Globe.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—Mrs. Martha Diegl, a very pretty little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, green-eyed woman, living in South St. Louis, has developed a new rascal named Iglehart. By the way, isn't it queer that all the ladies who get into scrapes should be uniformly beautiful? There was an old city editor of mine, who induced me into the craft, who used to insist upon making all of the ladies in all the scandals ravishingly lovely, with pouting clinging drapery. Mrs. Diegl would have just suited him. She rejoices in a sea-shell complexion, a very small but very perfect figure, and dreamy, swimming eyes. She has a husband who is a very prosaic man, who of the tear of sensibility trembles almost in her eye. She also has a friend, Sophie Bonnekamp, and this friend has a husband, although she is not provided with one. Mrs. Diegl took in Sophie and her child to live with her. Mrs. Diegl obtained a divorce, but neither was keeping an asylum nor was he running an eavesdropping institute. He fired Sophie. Mrs. Diegl then went and consoled with her ejected friend and the two concluded that the only thing for them to do was to cast themselves into the turbid waters of the Mississippi. That conclusion was not arrived at for some time, however. Mrs. Diegl urged her friend to kill herself as a proper rebuke to her husband's parsimony. Miss Bonnekamp thought that Mrs. Diegl was a little too harsh, the rebuke would be much more crushing. This point was argued, it appears, at much length, and finally Sophie would only agree to drown herself on condition that Martha should also take the fatal plunge. The matter was agreed upon, and the two women, dressed in white, went to a ferry boat, where they were discovered by a policeman just as they were bidding each other a romantic farewell and led off to the station, where the two passed through the hands of Fredrick Parsons, who both penitent and fearful, Martha has gone back to her husband and Sophie has taken a situation as housemaid in the house of a Good Samaritan who, rumor says, is a very fond of playing the role of Good Samaritan. After Mrs. Diegl was taken to the female sex who would meet with misfortune.

Frank Iglehart tried to kill himself yesterday in Chicago. The news of his attempt has created a profound sensation in St. Louis. Iglehart was a man who was utterly penniless; he had spent his last nickel for a glass of beer on his way to the lake to cast himself into the water. This revives one of the most painful scandals in St. Louis society. Some two years ago Frank Iglehart was connected with the banking house of Bartholomew, Lewis & Co. He was a favorite in society and had the entire into the most exclusive houses in St. Louis. He met Mrs. Rush Tevis, who was a niece of Gen. W. T. Sherman, who was in society here, and his wife was connected with the household of the late Mrs. Tevis. The two red-haired, blue-eyed women who seem to be born for the purpose of driving men to desperation. A most passionate and unholily love sprung up between the wife and the husband's friend. One summer afternoon, just as Mrs. Tevis was about to had come out of a fashionable house of ill-repute, they were met by Mr. Tevis and a private detective, who had been shadowing them, and Tevis shot Iglehart. He fell and Tevis was dragged away by Fredrick Parsons, who the wounded man and supported him to a street car and to his home, her work probably saving his life. Of course the Tevis family was broken up. She went home to her father, who is a brigadier general in the army, and very quiet in Philadelphia for some time. Iglehart recovered from his wounds, but no one would have anything to do with him. It was felt that he had abused Tevis' confidence, whose bread and salt he had eaten. Tevis got a divorce and then went to Pennsylvania and married his wife over again, bringing her back to St. Louis, where he has always had an excellent business. Iglehart went to the dogs as rapidly as he could, and few in St. Louis knew what had become of him till the story of his attempt to cast himself into the Mississippi over the country. Rush Tevis lived with his forgiven wife until the end of last winter when he came home one evening and, after kissing her and his child very calmly, produced a pistol with which he killed himself. It was a very fine pistol, and the story, too, has disappeared, although there are stories that go to establish the fact that she has thrown off all disguise and has openly joined the half world. She is most attractive, not pretty, but beautifully moulded. It is said that in the present of rage Hannibal Hamlin threw half a muckle-pie at a man who was playing on a bapine under his dining-room window. The man was no doubt the pied piper of Hamlin. Rats! —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"See here, husband. The poet says 'What is the Sunday of man? What do you think of that?' 'Pretty good for the poet. He's only one day off. If he had said either Monday, wash-day, or Saturday—pay-day—he'd been nearer right.'—Chicago Herald.

A Tennessee editor keeps two large makes in a glass case in his editorial room. The probabilities are that he swore off on the 1st of January, and has taken this precaution to keep the reptiles out of his boots. A "snake in the glass" is more harmful than two snakes under a glass.—Norristown Herald.

"Are you papa's boy?" "Yes, sir." "And are you mamma's boy?" "Yes, sir." "But how can you be papa's boy and mamma's at the same time?" (After a pause) "Can't a nice carriage have two horses?"—Chicago Sun.

"Who's that?" inquired an old man at the theater as a woman with a train longer than a stage wait came striding out before the footlights. "Why, that's the star," replied his son. "The star?" "Yes." "Why, good gosh, Billy, she looks more like the comet."—Chicago Ledger.

"Whar'd yer git dat mule, Zeb?" said a colored man to a friend the other day. "Bought 'im." "Why don't yer feed 'im? Dat mule's so po' he won't huck." "Can't 'ford ter feed dis mule. I bought 'im on credit. Ef I eber gits 'im paid fur I'es gwine ter git 'im er bankit dat'll open his eyes. He's got two markers now, an' I don't know which 'er marker he's gwine ter stick his gwine ter feel mighty lonesome."—Winston Sentinel.

THE PURE, THE BRIGHT, THE BEAUTIFUL.

That stirred our hearts in youth. The impulses of a world's prayer.

The dream of a world's prayer.

The longing after something lost. The spirit's yearning cry.

The striving after better hopes—These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid The brother in his need.

Gen. MacAdams, who was at one time believed to be the "No. 1" of the dynamite conspiracy in Ireland, is now a quiet, law-abiding citizen of St. Louis. Not so quiet as he might be, for he on Thursday morning violently punched the nose of Hon. Joseph O'Neil, the president of the Citizens' Savings bank, also known as "Holy Joe O'Neil" from his great piety. The dispute was about some property, and "Holy Joe" so forgot his reputation for sanctity as to punch the nose of the saintly man. The result might have been expected.

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THE TIMID HAND STRETCHED FORTH TO AID THE BROTHER IN HIS NEED.

After a pause "Can't a nice carriage have two horses?"

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"Can't 'ford ter feed dis mule. I bought 'im on credit. Ef I eber gits 'im paid fur I'es gwine ter git 'im er bankit dat'll open his eyes. He's got two markers now, an' I don't know which 'er marker he's gwine ter stick his gwine ter feel mighty lonesome."—Winston Sentinel.

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