

THE TRAMPS' LYCEUM.

The Happy-Go-Lucky Waifs of the World Organize a Debating Society for the Winter.

Gazewell Ferret, Who is Elected President, Delivers an Eloquent Inaugural Address.

He Sneers at Wealth and Arouses the Disgust of Razoov Bilks, Who is Ejected.

Tireum Mose Appointed Sergeant-at-Arms and Pensive Pete Secretary--The Program.

The night was cold and the tramp room at the police station was full of human wanderers. The single gas jet that lit the



THE REGISTRY

apartment flickered in a nervous way checking the walls with shifting, unshapely shadows.

The tall, big-bellied stove stood identified and stoical in the center of the room. Its brilliant sides radiated with an ardent glow of the coals. In easy and peculiar postures around it lay the ragged exiles from society, perfectly satisfied with their sorry lot, discussing in interesting vein the topics of the day and relating incidents of their life.

Seated on a nail keg in the outer edge of the chaotic circle was a man with full round face, shaggy eyebrows, short wiry hair and a broad mouth. One leg was hanging over the other, while his elbow rested on his knee as his hand carried a short, stubby clay pipe, well colored, too, and from his thick lips, from between which ever and anon heavy clouds of rank, black smoke rolled, emanated his big round head. He was gazing abstractedly into the coals, the light of which shone on his puffy cheeks and lit them up with a feverish glow.

"Boyes," said he suddenly rising and placing one foot on the nail keg, while he leaned over and rested his arm on his knee, "aying the point of his index finger in the center of his hand.

"I'm no dude, my parents were human. I was reared in the lap of luxury, fed on the pap of indulgence, and went to pieces on the reef of impracticability. But I wander, I diverge from the subject, as it were. The tramp is a whole-souled fellow, providing the word soul is spelled a certain way, but his sole is always capable of improvement. No matter how it is spelled, and there is no reason why we shouldn't make this society of great benefit to ourselves by cultivating our intellect. You ask why we will be benefited by cultivating our intellect? I will tell you. A good game of talk goes further toward getting a man a square meal than carrying a ton of coal up stairs or sawing a cord of hard wood. I know it and what I know I'm sure of. [Murmurs of admiration.]

"We have no reason to find fault because we are poor. Life to us is like a pleasant dream. We lie around and watch the world go by with its load of trouble and sorrow and care, and we smile at them. The man of wealth grows old and wrinkled and gray under his load of responsibilities. We have none. We are free and untrammelled and there are two periods in life--theory when we are just getting started as the creature man in the world--at the polls and the grave. We do not hunger, we do not thirst, we have clothes to wear and we've got the earth: what more do we want? My dear fellows, I would not give a minute of my life to have half the wealth of the world."

At this point

"Boyes, it's er goin' ter be er cold, tuff winter fur us, an' as we are deprived ur their privilege uv movin' in tony society, attendin' balls, ther o'era an' ther likes er that, I think it would be er good idee fur us ter make sum arrangements ter entertain ourself's here durin' ther cold night, that we er liable ter hold down the floor ur this room. It's no reason because we can't go ter college that we shud erlow our education ter depreciate in enormity; we can improve ourself's intellectually werry much by formin' a debat' society an' conductin' in 'em in regular parliamentary style accordin' ter Markis or Queensbury rules." It was Windgall Blatz who had spoken, and his scheme met the immediate approval of every man in the room. "Good," they cried. "A bully idee." "A bully idee," "You bet yer boots." "That's er dandy," "Let's organize."

"Uv course," continued Windgall, "we must hev er president. It is er necessary article in er bizin' er this kind. Who will 'e be?" "Blatz," "Blatz," "Windgall," "Blatz," came the reply.

"Oxuse me, boyes," he said drawing himself proudly up. "I appreciate yer kind ness, but as I shud want ter take er hand in ther discussions, I'm compelled with tear in my eyes ter decline ther honor. But ther is er man here who wud fill ther responsible situation with er good deal of credit ter himself."

"Who is he?" "What's his name?" came the eager inquiry from the interested crowd. "Gazewell Ferret," he replied, "ther man from Nory Skoshka; he probly ain't no more er barrel er book teachin', but he's ther shrewdest individual, this side er the Atlantic ocean, and knows how ter persuade er body ov men an' ager fur ther lyceum. I denominated Gazewell Ferret ur president of our Tramps' Lyceum. All ov them who be in favor of ther candy flat, say so."

"So! So!" howled the crowd as in one voice. "Good," ejaculated Windgall, "yer hev made er bang uv choice, an' I take great pleasure in calling Mr. Ferret to ther presidential nail keg er this society."

At these words a peculiar shape raised itself from among the reclining forms, and pulling down his vest he worked his way through the crowded ranks and approached Gazewell, who, placing his hand on his shoulder, said: "Gentlemen, allow me ter introduce ter you Mr. Gazewell Ferret, for

which he is under unexpiring obligations ter your humble servant."

"Speech!" "Speech!" "Speech!" they yelled and with a satisfied smile and a large chew of tobacco Gazewell mounted the nail keg and faced the group. There, with flushed face and strong breath, looking around upon his fellows he formed a picture at once striking and impressive. He was a small man in gait and stature, slender limbs, long and crooked. A hump-backed nose divided his thin, wan face and hung over a pair of thin lips that showed determination. A narrow forehead receded and lost itself in a tangled mass of curly red hair and a pair of deep-set eyes, scintillated and glittered in their sockets like the eyes of a snake. His physiognomy proved him to be a man of wonderful natural shrewdness. After the roar of applause that greeted him had subsided, he expectorated on the stove, quickly threw one hip out of joint, tossing his head proudly in the air, began:

"Fellow Soil Measurers: You have called me; I am here and I can prove it. I am not here by proxy, I am here by gosh. You have unanimously--with a few exceptions--elected me your president, and by so doing you have conferred upon yourselves a lasting honor. I'm no slouch, I've paralyzed free lunches and promised to saw wood for my breakfast, from the Occidental sands of California to the thunderous margins of the Atlantic, and was never yet guilty of keeping my promise. It is to my strict adherence to this principle that I attribute my success in life. [Applause.] "It is a big thing to be a president, but it is a still bigger thing to be a man who is wanted by a president to hold his job. I want your hearty co-operation in carrying out the duties of this office, and if I get it I'll chew hay if I don't allow you to make me a credit to this society. I'm one of you. No man can say that I ever went back on him--while his money lasted."

Tireless energy, such as the patriot's, sturdily rolling the chapel bell. Tireless--will the death-ruckle--and what a death-ruckle is, who can tell?

Lines, and Rhymes, and Verses, and Stanzas--all old forms that have been on earth; All old new hack-writer's devices run out again: what are they all of them worth?

What the facility, what the rapidity, what the fertility misuderstood? What the true and the meaningless, much that is rubbish, and little that is good?

What is it all, if they all of them only want something that poetry might have been; Scribbled with Fastness, lost in Dulness, drowned in the deeps of a cheap magazine?

What but a screeching of asses that bray, and of apes that gibber, and snobs that bawl? Peace, let them both there are fish in the sea, and that is the principal thing, after all.

Desultory Reading. Lord Idlesleigh in London Times.

We are not to confound desultory work with idleness. It is useful to look to the origin of words. The word desultory is of Latin parentage, and it was applied by the Romans to describe the equestrian jumping actively from one steed to another in the circus, or even, as was the case with the Numidians, in the midst of battle. That certainly was no idle idling.

The lover and the student may be offered to us. We may be told that though we have no time to read the books themselves, we have always the means of becoming acquainted with their contents by the aid of abstracts, abridgments and other convenient instruments--the close packing of information. Nobody is more ready than I am to acknowledge the utility of these pieces of intellectual mechanism. They are most valuable for reference, and we offer them as a saving time.

But to regard them as equivalent to the work as a decent substitute for the books themselves would be a fatal error. I never read so many novels in succession as during the months that I was working my degree at the rate of ten or twelve hours a day, and in the week which I was actually under examination I read through the Arabian Nights in the evenings. I forgot who the great judge was, who being asked as to his reading, answered that he read nothing but law and novels. But there is plenty of literature besides novels and the Arabian Nights which will be good for the relaxation of the mind after severe study; and I venture to think that the more miscellaneous our selection is the more agreeable, as well as more profitable it will be. So much for the consideration of one's own mental health. But beyond that I think it is evident that a certain amount of miscellaneous reading is of great importance to the student in relation to his main study itself.

Books Reviewed. Much has been said concerning the Greeley expedition, and necessarily much has been said unsaid, which will only be made public in the Greeley Expedition, which the expedition is published. But any addition to the literature of the heroic but fruitless expeditions to the Arctic regions and concerning the brave fellows who bore the hardships of the world might be benefited, is not only a public gain. For this reason not only will the friends of the late Lieut. Lockwood particularly welcome Mr. Charles Lanman's book, "Farthest North," but the general reading public cannot fail to find it of interest.

The volume is a complete history of Lieut. Lockwood's part in the ill-fated expedition. It gives a brief but interesting account of his early life and military services, and follows his career to its untimely end on the 14th of April, 1884, at Cape Sabine. The story is told in a more complete by the access which the writer had to Lieut. Lockwood's private journal, which was faithfully kept up to the day before the brave officer's death. The volume being essentially narrative, the author makes no pretensions to literary excellence, and is nevertheless, concise in his statements and devoid of all attempt at fine writing. The story is told with a simplicity and directness which adds much to its value as a feeling tribute to a courageous, faithful and heroic officer, who bore America's flag to the farthest point north yet reached by man.

FARTHEST NORTH: or the Life and Explorations of Lieut. James Booth Lockwood, of the Greeley Arctic Expedition, by Charles Lanman. New York: D. Appleton.

The pitiful condition in Russia of the Hebrews whose very existence, and that of the world, is in danger. The respect of humanity to be dearer than life, the honor of their wives and daughters, has long been dependent upon the mere caprice of a depraved and tyrannical officialism, has touched a responsive chord of sympathy in every liberty-loving American heart. Especially has this been the case since the recent pitiless persecutions, during which countless families have been ruthlessly broken up and turned adrift to live as best they might, fortunate even if they secured a few dollars out of their remaining days in some far-off Russian penal colony, in view of this universal sympathy for the most oppressed of Russia's down-trodden classes, the Russo-Jewish romance by Stuart Cumberland, entitled "The Rabbi's Wife," is timely. The author evidently wrote with feeling, and while the plot of the tale is simple, he tells it with an earnest directness which commands interest. The social conditions which obtain in Russia give him an opportunity to very neatly portray the death of a woman's devotion when she loves is in danger.

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THE LITERARY WORLD. Life place him in a conspicuous position, where whatever he says is heard and commented on, and because his preaching is so vigorous and unique in style that his idealistic men as new in fact, when they are not in the country over as being a believer in the Evolutionary philosophy, and has been widely discredited by many religious papers and men on that account; while there is no man so disposed to criticize men like Dr. McCook of Princeton, Prof. Dana of Yale, Prof. Gray of Harvard, and in England, the Duke of Argyll, the Bishop of London and others, who accept the new view and teach it, but, for various reasons, are not in so good a way held to account for it.

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THE LITERARY WORLD.

What a Contemporary Poet Thinks of the Latest Alleged Poem by England's Laureate.

Another Contribution to the Literature Concerning the Unfortunate Greeley Expedition.

A Tale of the Oppression of Hebrews in Russia and of a Woman's Devotion.

A Quintet of Excellent Works--Current Gossip in the World of Letters.

The Saturday Review keeps a poet, and here is what the poet of the Saturday Review thinks of Lord Tennyson's lately printed poem, "The Death-Ruckle," which much to choose between the verse of the laureate and his humble follower:

Many a poet, in those bad times, is robbed of his life's most cherished joys. Many a poet is bullied, and worried, and harassed by printers' boys.

Raving editors, never at rest, and never letting contributors be-- What is it all but a clamor for millions of billions of trillions of rhymes from me?

Rhymes to this word, rhymes to that word, poems enough to fill the Times. Thousands of publishers, clamoring to me for a popular torrent of rhymes upon rhymes.

States that will scan, lines that won't scan, racial tendencies, far-reaching scope.

Life is a hurry and bustle for poets exactly as if they were commonplace men; Truly whenever they publish nonsense they're sure to be called on to do it again!

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The disposition for decorating and adorning the home has taken such a strong hold of the people of this country that a paper or magazine devoted exclusively to the subject cannot fail to succeed, especially where the articles and designs in the magazine have been prepared by the hands of almost every person. This may account for the remarkable success of The Decorator and Furnisher, which comes to us monthly, filled with the very best hints concerning the home.

The November number, which has just reached us, has the beginning of a series on furnishing of city houses, finely illustrated: some Japanese stencils; an article on sanitary house furnishing, with illustration of a cellar, which is to be followed with all the rooms in the house; an account of the recent races, with pictures of all the cups; sketches at South Kensington museum; stained glass; studio interior; an economical mantle; oil cloth designs; economical furnishings; and a variety of other matter. The magazine is published at 30 and 32 East Fourteenth street, New York City.

A compact and clear statement of the Afghan problem, showing the advance of the two great European powers toward the land of the Ameer, the history of Russian and British aggrandizement in the west of the Oxus, and the great political and commercial questions involved and the strategic value of various points in Afghanistan, is given in a volume published which will be read with interest. It is the initial number of what promises to be a very interesting series.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA, No. 1 of the Timely Topic series; 1 vol., 16mo., with maps. Price 50 cents. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Certainly it is a curious and interesting idea to suggest that in her novel, "Hypersthesia"--which might be called "Superstiveness"--although it is based on the ancient and simple notion of counter-irritation. To induce a nervous and suffering child to stop fretting by means of attending its attention to something else, and itself and its ills is as old as the existence of nurseries; but the way in which Miss Cruger sets out with the difficulty, that all of her characters with whom the reader finds himself in sympathy are in some way afflicted with some kind of nervousness (either of body, or mind, or what for lack of a better word might be called morale), and the mode in which she offsets the needs of each by some corresponding element that the others have the wit or the luck to apply, thus bringing about a happy and blissful hygiene of happiness, is very apt, and shows a keen knowledge of human nature--perhaps especially of woman nature.

The summer hotel, which affords the scene of the story, is supplied with the usual types of guests that summer travelers will recognize and be amused to see reproduced. The complications of the plot, and its blind mysteries, are very ingeniously worked out; and the finale of the ghost shows one of the most striking and humorous in the book, though its beginning is creepy-crawly enough to satisfy the most exacting appetite.

HYPERSTHESIA. A novel. By Mary Cruger. 400 pp., cloth, \$1. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

An enumeration of Bryant's literary friends would be but suggesting some of the materials of interest gathered into a particularly handsome and booky little volume of Gen. Wilson's, entitled Bryant and His Friends. The author has given full biographical notes of the chief writers who, in the present career of letters in what was known as the "Knickerbocker" period of literary work in New York--that is, about the first fifty years of this century--were pioneers of American literature at large.

William Cullen Bryant is taken as the central figure of the other writers, not because he was among the very earliest, and became and remained the most eminent of the brilliant circle. The more complete sketches are of Bryant, Paulding, Irvine, Dana, Cooper, Halleck, Drake, Willis, Poe, and Bayard Taylor, who is the most prominent figure of the latter portion of the time covered; and then follows a chapter, entitled The Knickerbocker Literature, which, after paying its respects to those already treated of, proceeds to give brief notices of about a score of other writers, but of lesser importance, such as: Woodworth, Pierpont, Verplanck, Dr. Francis, Payne, Leggett, George P. Morris, Hoffmann, Cozzens and so on.

BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS: Some reminiscences on Bryant and his contemporaries, illustrated, 44 pp., 16mo., cloth, beveled boards, gilt top, \$2. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

An interesting Quintette. The following quintette of volumes would furnish reading of absorbing interest to the most exacting of literary connoisseurs. Admiral Porter's book has already taken rank as a standard work, necessary in any well-ordered library to complete the series to which noted military authors have contributed. Not Hammond has proved himself to be as excellent in the field of fiction as he is famous in that of medicine. Grant Allen has produced a work that can be unqualifiedly commended. Mr. Springer's Kansas is also a valuable contribution to the war literature of the country. The Money Makers, generally attributed to Henry Keenan, a New York journalist, is in many respects the strongest novel treating of social questions that has ever been produced by an American. It is replete with interest from cover to cover.

THE MONEY MAKERS. A social parable. D. Appleton & Co., New York publishers.

Literary Leaves. Although Hon. W. W. Astor's forthcoming romance, Valentino, has been announced but a few weeks, it is so well known that the publishers have already received a large number of advance orders for the book, which may be taken as an indication of the large sale the novel will enjoy. The book is now going through the presses of the publisher, and will be ready for appearance about Dec. 15. It will be octavo in size, and consist of some 350 pages.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued their annual portrait catalogue, and it may be had of them for the mere asking. The catalogue is tastefully gotten up, has an artistic cover, and the value of the value of a little index, by which any book sought after may be found by a single reference. The portraits number some twenty-five, including new ones of Miss Murfree and the late Richard Grant White.

What is said to be the last article ever written by General McClellan has been announced by General McClellan has been

ured by the Messrs. Harpers for early publication in their magazine. The paper is on The Militia and the Army. Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, amid his editorial labors, has found sufficient time to write an article, which will be published in the forthcoming number of the North American Review. The paper will be entitled A Disfranchised People, or in other words, a glance at the government of the state of Delaware. Col. Fred Grant will appear as a contributor in the same number of the Review of a paper concerning Gen. Halleck's "unjustice" to his father. There will also be other papers on Gen. Grant by Gen. Fry and Rosecrans.

The December Century will contain an anonymous sketch of the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, with a frontispiece and a group of seven poems, hitherto unpublished, and written during the later days of her life, the last verses being only four days previous to the author's decease. The same issue will contain Captain John Ericson's description of the construction and work of the monitors of his invention, and a graphic picture of The Loss of the Monitor.

The publication of the Christmas double number of the Youth's Companion has been postponed until Dec. 17, owing to the difficulty of preparing and carefully mailing so great an edition following closely upon the Thanksgiving issue. The interesting information is given by the publishers that the weight of these two editions combined is eighty tons or, 160,000 pounds, figured upon an actual circulation of 375,000 copies of each number.

G. B. Putnam's Sons have in press the Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States, for December, containing Gen. Grant's autobiographical notes, in fact a complete history of the military career of his countrymen, prepared at Mt. McGregor, June 31, 1885. The MS., consisting of four pages of yellow paper, has been reproduced without reduction, and is a valuable souvenir of the great captain.

The Library Magazine for November, published by J. B. Alden, New York, fully carries out its promise to furnish a repository of the best periodical writing of the current month or two. This number contains about half a score of the most carefully-conceived and best-written papers in the English literature.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's new work on the Triumph of Democracy will not be published until next spring. The book is an account of the growth of our country during the past half century, and a striking contrast will be made to the progress of other countries, notably of Great Britain, during the same period.

STILLWATER NEWS. New Telephone Line--Several Damage Suits. Where Church Service Will be Held To-Day--Notes. A Miraculous Escape.

About 4 o'clock to-day Mathew Hollen, a well-digger, while working at a well over at Hudson, came to a bad end, being killed. He was lifting a load to his shoulders, when he staggered and fell headfirst in the well, ninety feet deep. When about half way down his right foot caught on a projection and held himself there, while he was rescued by several fellow laborers. Had his foot not caught he would have dashed headlong to the bottom and been killed. The escape was miraculous.

The polo match at the roller rink between the West St. Paul and Stillwater clubs was one of the best yet seen, not getting a single goal. From the start it was plainly seen that the home club were their superiors. However, they played well. The first goal was made in four minutes, the second and third in eleven minutes. The rink was well filled.

Church Services. At the Presbyterian this morning the pastor, Rev. Dr. Carroll, will preach on the Religious Claims of our Country on her National Day. In the evening, Dr. McCurdy, president of the Macalester college will fill the pulpit.

The Manifested Christ will be Dr. Dunn's subject in the M. E. church this morning and Liberalism this evening.

Notes About Town. The entire week has been spent in trying to raise the Evansville, but practically little progress has been made. The pumping-out process was tried first, and abandoned. Barrels were then placed on either side of her and filled with water and pumped out. The Bun Hersey, the city fire engine, and two portable fire engines being pressed into service, which made a very little impression. This was also abandoned, and yesterday a force of men were put to work with jack screws, which raised her about a foot. By this process it is believed that she can be raised all right.

The district court, which adjourned on Friday, will convene to-morrow, at which time the case of William Wessinger against the city of St. Paul will be argued. It will be remembered that his wife was thrown from a buggy on South Main street and killed, some time ago, for which he entered suit against the city. The verdict in the case of Freeman Bros. vs. Rhodes Bros. for a debt of \$1,200, which was brought in sealed, will also be made known.

Thus far five excellent attractions are booked for the Grand opera house for December. Levitt's Novelty company will play "The Admless Eden" on the 5th, Haverly's minstrels on the 14th, Milton Nelson in "Love and Loyalty" on the 17th, Gene's War on the 26th and Henderson, Dixon & Harrington's minstrels on the 28th. The only attraction last week was "The Ivy Leaf" on Monday night.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Stuck took place from St. Michael's church yesterday morning at 10 o'clock and was well attended. Rev. Father O'Connell officiated. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Robert Malloy, Dan Rice, Pat Barrett, Jerry Donovan, Alex Simpson and Richard Welsh.

Yesterday Judge McCluer in chambers read the testimony of the plaintiff and her daughter in the case of Ellen C. Fliske vs. Francis W. Fliske, a suit for divorce on the grounds of force and inhuman treatment. Fayette Marsh appeared for the plaintiff and the judge reserved his decision.

Yesterday the case against the Muennerchor for selling liquor without a license the night of their concert before Judge Nethaway and continued till Monday morning at 9 o'clock. The society will meet to-night and decide whether they will stand trial or plead guilty.

The report of W. S. Brown, receiver of the car company, for the month of November shows that the sum of \$1,046,492.43 was received, including the balance from the previous report, and \$129,065.58 disbursed, leaving in his hands or deposited in banks \$16,996.48.

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