FAMOUS DEMOCRATS.

Gossip and Story About the Leading Figures of the Coming Convention.

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CHICAGO, July 5.—The biggest Democrats of the country will be in Chicago this week. Who are they? What are they? How do they look, act and talk? A score of them pass before my mind's eye as I write. There comes William C. Whitney, who countermanded his passage to England and stayed at home in order that he might induce this convention to declare for a gold standard. That well-dressed, rosy-cheeked man, with the black mustache, the straight nose and the gold eye-glasses is he. Every one knows him. He was one of the big men of the convention of 1884, which nominated Cleveland the first time. He was Cleveland's secretary of the navy and he could have had the presidency once or twice by the raising of his hand. He could get it now by working for it, but he don't want it, and he would not accept it on a free silver platform. Mr. Whitney is a man of convictions. He does not believe in free trade, and he has always been for sound money. He was disgusted with Cleveland when he came out for free trade, and he told him that his free trade message would lose him the presidency in 1888, as it did. I was a correspondent for the New York World when Cleveland delivered that message, and I called that night at Secretary Whitney's house to get his opinion. He hemmed and hawed and walked up and down the room, and at last begged me not to interview him, as he could not say anything on the subject which would help the administration. Secretary Whitney was at this time the most popular man in Washington. His brilliant wife was then living, and she and Mr. Whitney were the leading social figures of the Cleveland administration. It was Mrs.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

Whitney who coached Mrs. Cleveland when she came to Washington as a bride. She was of great aid to her husband, and when she died, I am told, she left him $3,000,000. Mrs. Whitney was the daughter of ex-Senator Payne, of Cleveland, and it is said that if Whitney ever wants to be president he can command the support of his brother-in-law, Oliver H. Payne, of the Standard Oil company. Oliver Payne is almost as rich as John Rockefeller, and he may be worth $100,000,000. Whitney, I understand, however, does not like to be associated with the Standard Oil company. He had begun to make money before he was married, and he is reported to have gotten a single fee of $150,000 from Jay Gould for some legal work. Of late years he has been making money in business, and I venture to say that he himself accumulated more than he ever received from his wife. He got his political training under Samuel J. Tilden, and he is today one of the shrewdest political managers and organizers of the United States. He will be a power in this fighting convention, and is a striking figure even in the piping times of political peace.

BRICE AND HIS AMBITIONS.

With Whitney I see another distinguished character. The man looks for all the world as though he had just stepped out of the pages of the London Punch of days gone by and was a walking cartoon made by Mr. Leach. His curly, bushy, red hair hangs down over his big forehead like a brush heap. His nose is almost as big as your fist, and his sharp, cold, blue eyes look out from under heavy brows. He is dressed in business clothes, and he stoops a little as he walks. His stoop, however, is not that of humility, but rather that of the fighter who has a chip on his shoulder and is ready for a spring. That man is Senator Cal. Brice. He still lives in New York, but he has a mighty power in the state of Ohio. During the years of his senatorship he has had a select list of every prominent Democratic editor, lawyer and politician of the state, and has sent them week after week seeds and government documents, accompanied by letters stamped with a good imitation of his autographic signature. Brice is for hard money. At any rate, he is not for free silver. He has a big pile of gold laid up, and he wants his money to have the best spending power. Still, he seems to care little for money, and to accomplish his ends he makes it flow like water. His life at Washington has annually cost him ten times his salary. He gave one single dinner upon which he spent more than $12,000, and his wife is, perhaps, one of the most lavish entertainers of the United States. Still, I was told in Lima, from whence Brice came, a year or two ago, that when he was married he had to pawn his watch to pay the expenses of his wedding trip. He was, you know, the son of a Presbyterian parson, and was so poor that when he went from his home to college he walked a part of the distance to save the expenses of a stage. Now he is worth no one knows how many millions, and his nerve is such that it is said he can make or lose a fortune, to use the expression of one of his friends, "without batting an eye." Cal. Brice is a man of much ability. He is more of a developer of properties than a wrecker of them, and though he euchered the Vanderbilts, they say, as to the Nickle Plate railroad, he has built up many good properties. He told me not long ago that Campbell of Ohio would make a good presidential candidate, and said he (Brice) did not want the presidency himself, because he had too much business on hand, and he had noticed that when the White House bee got into a man's hair his business brains usually flew out of his ears.

BOOKWALTER OF OHIO.

Another Ohio millionaire who will strut across the Chicago stage is John W. Bookwalter, of Springfield. Bookwalter has amassed a big pile in manufacturing and inventing. He makes farm implements, and he is, I am told, worth his millions. He came from Indiana, where he was brought up on a farm. At twenty-three he struck out for himself, and now having made his fortune, he amuses his leisure by playing at farming on a large scale. Among other properties he has a sixty-thousand-acre tract of land in Nebraska. Of this, forty thousand acres are under cultivation, and in good years Bookwalter produces as much as 150,000 bushels of wheat at a single season. HE farms his land through lessees, each of whom has 160 acres, and it is his idea eventually to build a town in the center of this big farm and to manage it on the French plan, making a model country town of it. Bookwalter is something of a presidential candidate and he is one of those men concerning whom it is not safe to prophesy. He is in his fifties and is still in the very prime of life. I don't think he has ever held any public office, but he has had more experience than the average politician. He is a man of broad gauge ideas and is one of the most cultured and traveled men of the Democratic party. He has been all over Europe, has taken a trip around the world, and knows the United States like a book. He is conservative on the money question, and his strength in Ohio is such that he would make an available candidate.

TWO CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

There will be a big contingent here from the south. Some of the most striking figures on the political stage are Southern Democrats. Let me show you one of them. Imagine a man of six feet dressed in black broadcloth. Let him have a face bearing all the classical lines of Edwin Booth and let his long hair be as black as was that of John Wilkes Booth when he jumped out of the President's box in Ford's Theater at Washington. Let the man's face be florid, but let every line be full of culture. Put him on crutches and let him move about with dignity from one place to another and you have Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia, the silver-tongued orator of the south, the opponent of President Cleveland, and the great advocate of free silver. He is one of the brainiest and bravest, as well as one of the kindest of our public men, and did you know him well he might tell you as he did me the other day, how he got the wounds which so crippled him. He went into the Southern army as a boy and had risen, I think, to be adjutant general at the time he was so badly shot. He was riding his horse and a cannon ball took away a portion of his thigh. He fell and lay for some time in the midst of the battle until one of his own soldiers who was also wounded, dragged him behind a log. There the two lay together for more than half an hour with the bullets flying, the shells bursting and the battle going on all about them. When the fight was finished Daniel was carried to the hospital. The surgeon said he would die, but a section of his thigh bone was cut away and his youthful vitality was such that he recovered. He has today six inches of bone out of one of his legs and still he manages to do good work, though he is in constant pain. He told me that he thought his wound had been a good thing for him in that it was during his six months in the hospital that he acquired his taste for reading and there began the studies the continuation of which have developed him into the famous man that he is. Daniel made a reputation as a lawyer before he got into politics. He has written two good law books and one of these has already paid him more than $20,000 in royalties.

JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN.

GEN. GORDON'S NERVE.

Coolness on the battlefield is somewhat similar to coolness in a great convention. This fight of the Democrats will be a bitter one, and it will require nerve for the men here to say what they think. Among the nerviest of the lot is Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and he may make one of the big speeches of the convention. Senator Gordon is now realizing a fortune out of his lectures, and he has gotten much fame as an orator. He is tall, straight and gray-haired. Socially, he is impulsive and full of feeling, but in action he is the coolest of the cool, and whatever be the troubles here he will not lose his head. A remarkable instance of his nerve occurred at the battle of Sharpsburg, at which he was wounded. He was shot by a bullet in the head, knocked from his horse and thrown in a half-conscious state on the battlefield. As he lay there he reasoned with himself, and not long ago he described his sensations at the time as follows. He said:

"I can remember the operations of my mind. It seemed to me I was soliloquizing and that I said to myself:

"'Now my head feels as though a six-pound cannon ball had struck it. If that is so, it has carried away my head; therefore I must be dead. And still I am thinking, and how can a man think with his head shot off? And if I am thinking I cannot be dead! Still a man might have consciousness after he is dead, but his body could not have action? Now, I will see! If I can lift my legs then I must be alive. Can I? Yes, I can. I see it rising. I cannot be dead after all.' And with that," concluded Gen. Gordon, "I woke up and found my head still on, but also that I had been reasoning as philosophically and logically over the loss of it as though I had been in my office and not lying wounded on the battlefield."

THE ILLINOIS BOSS.

The most striking man from Illinois at this convention is to be John P. Altgeld, the governor of the state, the pardoner of the anarchists and the man who stands out in his state as the head of the free coinage movement. Gov. Altgeld is a singed cat. He is a little sawed-off man of about 5 feet 6. He has a brown beard and brown hair, and to look at him you would never imagine him to be one of the strongest men of the state. He was born in Prussia and has been in this country about forty years. He is, I judge, now about fifty. There are no signs of the German about him, and it is hard to realize from whence his great strength comes. He was a poor boy and spent the earlier part of his life in Richland county, Ohio, studying law, I think, at Mansfield. He began his practice in Chicago and made money out of the law and real estate. He had a fortune before he went into politics, and is, I understand, entirely independent of official salaries.

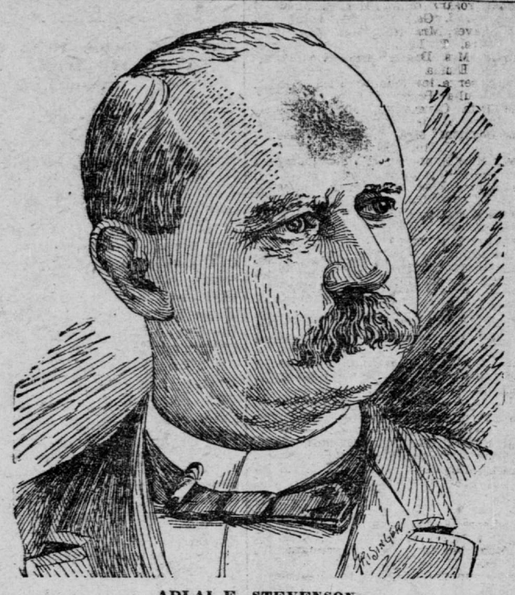
SILVER-DOLLAR BLAND.

Altgeld is said to favor Bland, of Missouri, as a presidential candidate. Bland's candidacy may keep him away from Chicago. I have seen much of him in congress at Washington, and his appearance reminds me of the remark of the old country woman who visited the circus, and for the first time got a look at a hippopotamus. She gazed at the animal for some time in breathless astonishment, and then drew back with the remark: "Oh, my! Ain't he plain!"

Well, the great silver agitator is plain looking. He has a plain sallow face, with a square forehead running into a baldish expanse surrounded by blonde hair. He has a rough, brown beard, slightly touched with gray, cut in the plainest way, and the hoarse voice which comes out over it has a sort of a twang to it which carries out the plainness of its owner. Bland dresses plainly, and he prides himself on being one of the plain people. He lives in a plain house in a plain little town known as Lebanon, Mo., and leads the life of a farmer during the recesses of congress. He is one of the few congressmen who make farming pay. I am told that he has one of the largest apple orchards in the country, and that he has for some years been making more out of his apples than his congressional salary.

FARMER BOIES.

Bland will have a strong competitor along his own lines in this convention with Gov. Boies, of Iowa. Boies can also appeal to the farming population by being one of them. He has 2,600 acres at Waterloo, Ia. He has 1,000 acres of grazing land in another county, and I am told that he has 500 head of cattle in one place. Gov. Boies also pretends to be plain, but in appearance he looks more like an aristocrat. He is tall, broad-shouldered and fine looking. He has a big body, big limbs and a big round head, covered with hair of silver white. He dresses in a black diagonal frock coat, loose trousers and white shirt, with a turn-over collar. He wears gold spectacles and buttoned shoes, while Bland comes out with iron-rimmed glasses and top boots. Gov. Boies is a rich man. He was born in a log cabin in New York state, and went West to make his fortune. He earned his first money as a ditch digger at $10 a month; did better after he settled in Iowa, and finally got so far ahead that he was able to study law. He was a Republican until Cleveland first ran for president in 1884, when he voted the Democratic ticket, and he has been a Democrat ever since. He is now nearly seventy, but his physical condition is such that any life insurance company would give him a ten years' policy at low rates.



ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

JOHN G. CARLISLE.

I understand Secretary John G. Carlisle is to come to the convention. If so, there will be no more striking man in Chicago. Carlisle's face is of the old colonial type, barrin the fatness. He has the malarious complexion which you find among men who have been brought up along the Ohio river, and his sallowness has been added to by the miasmatic vapors of the Potomac. Carlisle's face is a cross between that of John C. Calhoun's and Daniel Webster's. It is classical and somber, and attached to his six feet of muscular flesh it forms a part of a personality which attracts attention everywhere. Carlisle is now slightly stooped, but he is the same tall, thin, dignified, gray-eyed man that he was when he came to Washington something like twenty years ago. He does not seem to have been worried by the treasury. He is not a hard worker, and he does not let things trouble him. He grasps knowledge by intuition, and his mind is so clear that he can use every bit of brains he has. His son once told me that he played solitaire for his amusement, and that he often thought out the knottiest problems while carrying on a game of this kind. He will come here to support Cleveland's gold ideas. They are his own ideas, notwithstanding many Democrats deny this. I had an interview with him some time before he went into the treasury, and long before the free silver movement had assumed its present proportions. He said to me:

"I want to take care of the dollars of the people. The capitalist can take care of himself, but the money in which the wages of laborers are to be paid should be of the best."

Carlisle lives at Covington, Ky. Joe Blackburn once said to him:

"Carlisle, you live three hundred yards too far south of the Ohio river to ever be president of the United States."

Think what a difference it would have made had Carlisle lived in Cincinnati instead of Covington, which is, you know, just across the river. In that case he would today be the greatest Democrat of the state of Ohio. He would be McKinley's opponent, and would undoubtedly now be the head of the Democratic ticket.

ADLAI AND THE MULE.

It is wonderful how many big men there are among these Democrats. I mean men big in body as well as in brain. Boies, of Iowa, weighs more than 200. Carlisle must touch the 200 mark. Bland is short, but heavy. Gen. John M. Palmer is a six-footer, and Adlai E. Stevenson, who is something of a candidate for the presidency, stands 74 inches tall in his stockings and weighs 219½ pounds. Carlisle is a big brunette. Stevenson is a big blonde. You might almost call him a strawberry blonde, for there is a reddish tinge to what is left of his hair, and there is a glint of gold among the silvery threads of his heavy mustache. Stevenson, like Carlisle, was born in Kentucky, and, like Carlisle, he was a poor boy. His first reading was done during the intervals of work upon his father's farm. He had to fight for his time for reading, and I heard the other day a story of how he got in some of it unknown to his father. It was in corn plowing time, and the farmers of Kentucky worked from daylight until dark. Adlai Stevenson had got his first taste of Robinson Crusoe, and he carried the book with him to the fields, going out with his father's one eyed mule, ostensibly to plow corn. His father was in another part of the plantation, and during the old man's absence Adlai rested and read. Adlai's father, however, knew something of the boy's tricks, and in order to be sure that he was at work he fastened a bell around the mule's neck, and told Adlai he should know that when that bell stopped ringing he had stopped work. For some days, however, he noted that the bell rang continuously, but that there was little plowing done. He could not understand it, and he slipped quietly around to the corn field, the bell keeping up its ringing as he came. When he reached the fence he looked in vain for Adlai or the mule. But the bell still rang. He followed its sound, and there in the thicket at the side of the field sat the bare-footed future vice president deep in the mysteries of Robinson Crusoe, while his foot moved regularly to and fro pulling at a string, one end of which was attached to his big toe and the other to the bell, which he had hung up on a bush a few yards away. It is needless to say that Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were laid away for that day at least. Soon after this Adlai's father moved to Illinois, but the boy came back to Center College, Ky., to get his education.

THE SWAN-LIKE BLACKBURN.

It was at Center college that Joe Blackburn was educated, and Adlai and he were there at the same time.

Senator Blackburn will cut a big figure here at Chicago. He will probably have a complimentary vote from Kentucky for president, and he may make one of his great speeches in the convention. Blackburn is a famous word painter. His mouth can grind out eloquent expressions faster than forty-seven graphophones run by electricity, and at his home he is known as the silver-tongued Blackburn. His speeches, however, are more noted for their beauty than for their depth of thought, and this reminds me of how Blackburn was once taken down in Kentucky. Candidates for office in that state, you know, debate with one another before an audience of both parties as to the questions of the day. They go about their districts to show off their parts to their constituents. One night Senator Blackburn made the first speech. He had captured the audience, and as he sat down his friends looked about in triumph. His opponent then rose and turned the tide of popularity with a single sentence. In this he likened Senator Blackburn to the swan, saying:

"He is like that beautiful bird which glides along, the perfection of grace, and dips and curves in lines of beauty—but only draws an inch or so of water."

No one expects Blackburn to get the nomination. Still he will be one of the ornamental features of the convention, and if he speaks he will bring down the house.

—Frank G. Carpenter.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

is an OLD and WELL-TRIED REMEDY, and for over FIFTY YEARS has been used by millions of mothers for their CHILDREN while CUTTING TEETH with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays all pain, cures wind colic, is very pleasant to the taste, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind, as mothers will find it the Best Medicine to use during the teething period.

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Furnishing a home comfortably is an easy task. It is unnecessary for most families to deny themselves the pleasures that come from Pretty Carpets, Easy Rocking Chairs, Beautiful Bed Room Suites and Exquisite Parlor Furniture. It is unnecessary for them to do without the dozen other articles that make a home pleasant, for the reason that our

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We are just as liberal in our dealings as any credit house can be. We have no desire to make your debt a burden. We do not demand impossibilities. Come and see us when you need furniture. All the time you are paying for the things you will be enjoying them. We offer cash and credit buyers more value for their money than any other house in St. Paul. There can't be a bit of doubt on that point.

Smith & Farwell Company,

Complete House Furnishers,

Send for New Catalogue of New House Furnishings. **Sixth and Minnesota Streets.**

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

INTERESTING PERFORMANCE TO BE GIVEN AT THE GRAND NEXT WEEK.

IT WILL BE A TRIPLE BILL.

BEN JOHNSON AND WALTER HALE WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE PERFORMANCE.

DULL OUTLOOK FOR NEXT SEASON.

In Consequence of the Presidential Campaign—Gossip of the Theatrical World.

Great interest is already being taken in the special performance at the Grand on Friday, July 17th. It will be under the personal direction of Ben Johnson and Walter Hale, who have not appeared together here for some years. They have taken great care in the selection of the plays and in properly casting them, to secure the best results. A performance of this kind should afford a pleasant change from the routine of bicycle rides, yacht races and hops which help to make the hot summer endurable, and there is little doubt but that society will assist in making the evening a memorable one.

The opening one-act play will be "In Honor Bound," a dramatic gem in its way, by Sydney Grundy, whose right to a niche in the temple of Fame was secured when he produced "Sowing the Wind," probably the greatest piece of dramatic writing this country has seen in twenty years. Mr. Hale will be seen as Sir George Carlyon, Q. C., M. P., a part he played for a season in the East, and in which he is said to have made a distinct success. The papers in Baltimore spoke of his performauce as comparing favorably with that of Mr. Kendal. Miss Katherine Everts, whose readings have made her very popular, will appear as Lay Carlyon, an emotional role which will suit her admirably. Philip and Rose, two young lovers, will be played by Mr. Herschel Mayall and Miss Adah Hawkins.

The second number on the programme will be "The Bicyclers," a satirical comedy by John Kendrick Bangs, played now for the first time in St. Paul. The characters all appear in bicycling costumes and the author cleverly hits off the ruling craze in a number of well constructed and ludicrous scenes. The play made a great hit in Boston last fall, where it was produced by E. M. and Joseph Holland as a curtain raiser to "The Social Highwayman."

The performance will wind up with a famous old English farce, in which Ben Johnson will play a part similar in character to Marcus Brutus Snap in "A Night Off," in which he made such a splendid impression last winter. Among the others who will appear in the triple bill are Miss Sophie Borup, Mr. John Miller and Mr. Robert Hale. Manager Kingsbury will provide special scenery and the music and costumes will be artistic and correct.

* * *

How about the local theatrical season of 1896-97? What are the plans? inquires the New York Herald. Are we going to have an interesting winter? Anything particularly novel or especially attractive in sight? Will the season be dull, stale and unprofitable, or so dazzlingly brilliant that it won't be safe to look at the stage except through a smoked glass?

Well, between the bicycle and the presidential campaign, the managers are rather dubious about the outlook. Since early spring pretty nearly everybody has been off on the roads wheeling, and the managers say that they couldn't drag them off their bicycles into the theaters. If it were not a presidential year they might be expected to come straggling back by September or October, "but when they're through bicycling," said one manager yesterday, "I suppose they'll take to carrying a banner or swinging a torch in a political procession, and go tramping around until the election is over. I don't look for much of a theatrical season till the great fight is over."

* * *

A presidential year is always a bad one for the theaters, and in this age of expensive stage productions, high priced actors and overnumerous theaters the managers are not inclined to make costly ventures in the face of the dull preliminary months of the season. The general inclination is to move cautiously till after November, and to keep back the best productions until the theatrical times are better, until the election excitement is over, until the frost and snow have sent the bicyclists indoors again, until, in short, the theatrical business has revived.

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A Milan journal states that Eleanora Duse intends to completely change her repertory, devoting herself hereafter to the classic, and that she will appear next winter in New York as Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona and Lady Macbeth.

* * *

The latest invention of the electrician is a device yclept the "cinematographe," which is a longer name than has been given to any of the other life-pictures produced in the same way. The cinematographe is an exhibition of the nature of the kinetoscope, the eidoloscope and the vitascope. It is the invention of a French Edison named Lumiere, and was first seen in this country at the Union Square theater, New York, last Monday night.

The cinematographe is the marvelous instantaneous photograph reproducing machine that has for the past six months almost startled the European capitals by its wonderful accuracy. It is at present running in London, and at no fewer than twenty-two places of amusement in Paris. The views will be ten in number, and they will represent scenes of actual life in Paris and London, such as the arrival and departure of an English mail train, the equestrian path at Hyde Park, London; the bathing pier at Nice, the parade of a French regiment, and other similar views. Views of American life quickly follow. It is claimed for the cinematographe that it takes precedence over any invention of this character, having been first exhibited as early as January of this year. One of the views is of boys jumping and diving in the water, and a fat man hesitating and finally making the plunge. The mail train picture shows a line of English railway carriages arriving in a station, the guards dismounting and opening the compartments and the passengers alighting and moving away along the platform. The military scenes include the embarkment of troops at a sailing port.

* * *

Mr. Augustin Daly's plans for the coming season are not yet completed, and will not be until after his return from London in August. It is likely, however, that he will open his New York theater in the autumn for a preliminary season with a production of "The Geisha," the Japanese musical comedy, which has been running for some time with great success at Daly's theater in London. He proposes to open his regular season with Miss Rehan and his stock company much earlier than usual this year, but the exact date will depend largely on the success of "The Geisha." His annual Shakespearean revival will be "Henry IV.," which he has ready now for production, and which will be one of the most elaborate presentations he has ever given. He will also have new comedies by Von Schoenthan and other well known dramatists.

Mr. Daly's company closed its tour which has been remarkably successful, in Chicago a week ago last night.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appear to be very well fitted, according to all accounts, in the principal characters of "The Greatest of These ——" Mr. Grundy's new play, in which they are acting in the London Garrick, but the pieces itself is said to be altogether too "preachy," while by no means so strong in respect of mortality as it affects to be. The fact that a husband is a sanctimonious prig does not justify the frailty of his wife.

* * *

Clement Scott, the famous London dramatic critic, has gained his power and also his unpopularity by what he calls "picturesque reporting in connection with the drama." It may come hard for some of us to acknowledge it, but that is the correct definition of the most interesting modern newspaper criticism, says Hillary Bell in the New York Press. The dramatic essayist has fallen out of fashion. He still "obtains," to use an appalling phrase of his own, in the magazines. The monthlies print him and pay high prices for him, happy in ignorance of the obsoleteness of him. He is generally dyspeptic and with a plentiful lack of wit, but he does no harm, for long before his glossy articles are printed the dramas about which they argue are either approved or condemned by popular verdict.

During the last ten years we do not remember any instance in which the magazines exercised the slightest influence on the fate of a play. William Dean Howells and his followers are absolutely useless in determining the conduct of the theatre or guiding the tastes of its audiences. After his first performance of "Ghosts" Courtenay Thorpe met Mr. Howells in the street. "Sir," said the novelist-dramatic essayist, "will you permit me the honor of shaking hands with you?" With his usual affability the actor consented to this proposition. "Sir," continued Mr. Howells after the ceremony was ended, "you do not know me. I am William Dean Howells of Harper's and Altruria and the censorship of the drama." "God bless me!" cried Courtenay Thorpe; "allow me to shake hands with you again." Which they did, and tears swelled up in their eyes. "Sir," said Mr. Howells, "I embrace you as the most notable player of the age. Yesterday morning I believed you to be a great actor. Now I know that you are a great genius." Although it was in the public street, the two gentlemen retired into a shady place and embraced each other with fine emotion. That affecting incident happened two years ago and Courtenay Thorpe is still disengaged. W. D. Howells is an Altrurian critic.

Prominent among the new attractions announced for the coming season promises to be the initial starring tour of Messrs. Mathews & Bulger, under the direction of A. M. Miller, Jr., and Fred Peel, for some years members of Jacob Litt's business staff. Mathews & Bulger have become well known in the vaudevilles through their clever parodies and clean comedy, and will be seen in a comic play specially written for the display of their talents.

J. F. M'GOVERN, OF WABASHA,

Delegate to the Chicago Convention from the First District.

A Handsome Complexion

is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER gives it.