GRANT'S EARLY ASSOCIATES

Who They Were, What They Were and What Became of Them.

An Interesting Letter From General Brisbin—The West Point Class of 1843.

FORT MCKINNEY, Wyo., July 1.—To the Editor of the BEE: It is said that a man's companions in early youth often exert a powerful influence over his after life, and if his fortunes be great, are sure to share with him his honors and authority. If this be true we ought, perhaps, in making up our estimate of the character of General Grant to carefully consider who were his early companions, and what kind of men they were. Most of them are now dead, but it will be interesting to note them all, whether living or dead.

The names of the men who graduated with Grant at the Military academy in 1843, and with whom he was most intimately associated, were:

1. William B. Franklin.
2. George Deshon.
3. Thomas Brereton,
4. John H. Greland.
5. W. P. Raynolds.
6. Isaac F. Quimby.
7. Boswell S. Ripley.
8. John J. Peck.
9. John P. Johnstone.
10. Joseph J. Reynolds.
11. James A. Hardie.
12. Henry F. Clarke.
13. W. H. Booker.
14. Samuel G. French.
15. Theodore L. Chadbourne.
16. Christopher C. Auger.
17. Franklin Gardner.
18. George Stevens.
19. Edward B. Hollaway.
20. Louis Neill.
21. Ulyses S. Grant.
22. Joseph H. Potter.
23. Robert Hazlitt.
24. Boyer Wood.
25. William K. Van Bokelen.

The next graduates in Grant's class do not appear in any of the class records I can find, but their names will be reported in the list of what became of Grant's companions further on.

30. Frederick Steele.
32. Henry R. Selden.
32. Rufus Ingalls.
33. Frederick T. Dent.
34. John C. McFerran.
35. Henry M. Judah.
36. Norman Elting.
37. Cave J. Couts.
38. George G. Merchant.
39. George C. McClelland.

What became of all these men?

George Deshon was assistant professor in the military academy for two years, and then resigned in 1851. He was subsequently ordinance officer at Allegheny arsenal, Pennsylvania. He was somewhat noted for having resigned his commission in the regular army to become a Roman Catholic priest.

William B. Franklin entered the Topographical Engineers, fought through Mexico, became major general in the civil war under Grant, and is still living in civil life in Connecticut, in charge of the great Colts Arms works. Brereton remained in the army until 1858, when he resigned as captain and is now dead.

Greland remained in the service until he attained the rank of captain in the Fourth artillery, when he died August 17, 1857.

Raynolds was in the engineer corps, and served through the war. He was with Grant as an additional aide de camp with the rank of colonel, and mustered out of service March 13, 1865. He was retired as colonel of engineers March 17, 1884, and is still living.

Quinby resigned in 1852, and is now dead.

Ripley remained in service until 1853, when he resigned as a first lieutenant and is now dead, I think. He wrote a book to injure General Scott, and at the beginning of the civil war deserted his country as such a man might be expected to do, and joined the rebels.

Peck was the noted General Peck of the union army during our war. He was out of the army for a long time, but reentered in 1861, rose to a major general and fought under Grant in the army of the Potomac as a corps commander. I think he is still living in civil life somewhere.

Johnstone was a gallant officer of the Forty-ninth artillery and fell in Mexico at Contreras August 19, 1847. Reynold's (Joe) resigned in 1857 but re-entered the service in 1861 as colonel of the Tenth Indiana infantry. He was a brigadier and major-general during the war and held high commands. Many a day I served with old Joe and there never was a better officer in our army. At the close of the war he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-sixth infantry in the regular service and for a long time commanded the department of Texas. He served in the west at Fort Russell and other posts as colonel of the Third cavalry was retired as colonel in 1877, and is, I am happy to state, still living, an honor to his country and the delight of his friends. He was a professor before the war and noted for his scientific knowledge. There are few abler men in this country than old Joseph J. Reynolds.

Hardie, the eleventh man in Grant's class is well known. He entered the artillery became assistant adjutant and served in the war department with the great Secretary Stanton. His familiar figure and face in the room next to Stanton will still be remembered by hundreds of your readers. He was retired I think, as a colonel and died a few years ago.

Clarke entered the artillery, served with distinction in the Mexican war, served through the war of the rebellion in the army of the Potomac as commissary, was retired as a colonel of the subsistence department, and died only the other day.

Booker, who stood thirteenth in Grant's class on the list of graduates, died while a lieutenant, at San Antonia, Texas, June 26, 1849.

French, though a native of New Jersey, deserted our army at the war, joined the rebels and became a major general. He is now dead.

Chadbourne was a gallant officer and was killed at Resaca de la Palma, May 1846.

Augur (C. C.) I need not mention, as he is well known to every reader of the BEE. He, for a long time commanded the department of the Platte, and is still living in Washington, D. C., being retired as a brigadier general. He stood seventeenth in the list of graduates in Grant's class.

Gardner (Frank) a native of New York, deserted our army in 1861 to join the rebel army. He became a major general in the rebel army and commanded at Port Hudson, where he was whipped and obliged to surrender to General Banks in 1863. After the war he became a drunkard and died at New Orleans, many years ago. He was in early life a bright young fellow, served in the Seventh infantry as second lieutenant and first lieutenant, and was a captain in the Tenth infantry at the beginning of the war when he deserted to the rebels. He fought in Mexico and was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct at Montery and Cerro Gordo.

Stevens, George, entered the Rifles in 1848, was second lieutenant of the Second dragoons, and was drowned May 18, 1846.

Holloway of Kentucky fought gallantly in the Mexican war and distinguished himself at Contreras and Chumbusco, for which he was brevetted. At the beginning of our war he threw up his commission, joined the south, and is now dead.

Neill, who stood just above Grant in his class, died while in service at Fort Crogham, Texas, January 13, 1850.

Grant was the twenty-first file in the class of 1843, and became the greatest general of his day, far outstripping all competitors for military honors.

Joseph (H. Potter) stood next below Grant. He served through the war and since. It was he who was retired the other day as brigadier general in the regular army.

Hazlitt, who stood twenty-three in the class, was killed at the storming of Monterey, September 21, 1846.

Wood entered service as second lieutenant of the Eighth infantry, and died as captain in 1858. He fought well in the Mexican war, and was twice brevetted for gallant conduct.

Van (not Von) Bokelen, a native of New York, was cashiered for embezzling $225, the property of the United States. He quit the army May 8, 1861, went south, and is now dead.

A St. Armand Crozet, although not shown in the list of graduates, I think was the twenty-sixth graduate in Grant's class. He was a native of New York, appointed at large, and graduated as Alfred Crozet. He entered the Seventh infantry as second lieutenant and was afterwards transferred to the Eighth infantry. He died as first lieutenant of the Eighth infantry April 23, 1855, at the Spencer house in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Howe (Edwin), although not mentioned, was probably the twenty-seventh graduate in Grant's class. He died at Fort Leavenworth in 1855 as second lieutenant of the Sixth infantry.

Hamilton (Charles S.) was probably the twenty-eighth graduate. He resigned in 1853, at which time he was first lieutenant of the Fifth infantry.

James (Charles E.) is put down as the twenty-ninth graduate, but I can't find him. There was a Charles E. James of the army who died in California at Sonoro, June 8, 1849, and he was probably the man who was Grant's classmate in 1843 and stood twenty-ninth on the list.

Steele (Fred). This officer is so well known I need hardly mention him. He was a general during the war under Grant and commanded in Arkansas. He was with Grant at Vicksburg and on the Mississippi. After the war he was appointed colonel of the Twentieth infantry in the regular army. He is now dead.

Selden (Henry R.) entered the First infantry in 1843, rose to the grade of captain in the Fifth infantry, and major Thirteenth infantry 1863. He died February 12, 1865.

Ingalls (Rufus). This man was Grant's intimate associate. At one time he undoubtedly had more influence over Grant than any other man living. He was admitted to the closest intimacy with Grant and the great soldier often asked his advice, which Ingalls was always ready to give. General Ingalls was quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac during the war, and after the war General Grant made him quartermaster general of the United States army. He is now on the retired list, living at Portland, Ore., and engaged in the banking business. He stood No. 33 in Grant's class.

Dent, (Fred). This was Grant's intimate friend at West Point and afterwards his brother-in-law, Grant marrying Julia Dent, the sister of Fred, which which was undoubtedly a very good thing for the Dents, though they did not think so for a long time afterward. Fred D. Grant is called after his uncle, Colonel Fred Dent, who is still living on the retired list of the army.

McFerran (John C.) entered the Third infantry and was a quartermaster during the war. After the war he was a lieutenant colonel and deputy quartermaster general at Washington, D. C., and died April 25, 1872.

Judah (Henry M.) entered the infantry, was a general during the war and commanded a division of the Twenty-third army corps for a time in Kentucky. He was not confirmed by the senate and his appointment expired in 1862. He died January 14, 1866. He stood thirty-fifth in Grant's class.

Elting (Norman) entered the Sixth infantry as second lieutenant 1843. He only stayed in the army three years and resigned as second lieutenant of the Fourth infantry October 29, 1846.

Couts (Cave J.) entered the Rifles as second lieutenant, transferred to the Frist dragoons in 1846 and resigned as first lieutenant in 1851. He is, I believe, now dead. He stood No. 37 in Grant's class of thirty-nine graduates.

Merchant (Charles G.) the thirty-eighth graduate, entered the Third artillery and became first lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel. He retired August 1, 1863, and died in New York about the time Grant died.

McClelland (George C., not George B., as some put it) entered the Third infantry as second lieutenant July, 1843, resigned in 1846, was reappointed to the Eleventh infantry, 1847, and cashiered from the army the same year. He was thirty-ninth on the list of graduates and at the bottom of the list in Grant's class and most unfortunate.

These were Grant's early associates, and about an average lot of fellows. No great name appears in Grant's class except his own. Auger, Peck, Reynolds, Steel and ingalls were distinguished men but they cannot be called great. With the exception of Auger and Ingalls Grant seems to have done very little for his classmates. Possibly if he had done more and given them a better chance they might have shown up better. None of them had such opportunities to achieve greatness as Grant had. Grant shared his greatness with none of them not even Rufe Ingalls. Grant was pre-eminently a selfish man and did little for any one beyond his immediate family and a few friends he picked up late in life like Babcock, Porter and Badeau, who did more to injure the old man than help him.

JAMES S. BRISBIN.

Perplexed Saloonkeepers.

New York Mail and Express: "Let me show you one of the new-fashioned places," is a phrase that now very often accompanies an invitation to take a drink in New York.

These new-style places have not invaded the residence districts, but are quite numerous down town. The stylish names for them is "buffets;" a title obtained from the controlling article of furniture with which each place is embellished—in plain English, a sideboard. These take the places of the bars in the old style saloons, and are mere tiers of shelving rising above closets, topped by a broad marble counter, on which there is a central well for water faucets and a water trough. In each place the sideboard is against the wall and the room is all open, with perhaps a table for free lunch opposite the wall, or a few tables and chairs scattered over the carpet. The bartenders, in white starched linen coats (without any display of diamonds, which are now considered vulgar), move up and down in front of the sideboards which are usually towering tiers of polished hard wood, paneled with beveled mirror glass and having the shelves upheld by slender carved or turned pillars. Often these shelves are mere ribbons of wood scalloped so that the glassware can be fitted into them as on shipboard, but whether they are racks or shelves it is the fashion to load them with delicate cut glass, very little of which is ever used, and which cost, in one place on Church street, more than half as much as the ornate buffet itself, or $1,500. These new drinking rooms are of course elaborately fitted in all respects, usually with heavy carpet or marble tiling on the floors, and the most expensive metal surfaced paper on the walls and ceiling.

It is a question whether these buffets are going to be permanent or numerous. The comment of a Yankee friend of mine as he stood in front of one of these palisades of glass is the verbal expression of what occurs to most tipplers:

"I don't think I like it," said he; "a man does not merely want a drink. He wants to hold up the bar—to rest it a little, so to speak."

The bartenders do not like them at all. They feel helpless. They can't protect their wares or feel that mastery of position which they had behind the old fashioned counters. Gorgeous as the new places appear, they do not cost as much as the bar-and-back-bar establishment upon which the Germans led the way a few years ago in a craze for prodigal expenditure. You hear from some of these double drinking counters that cost $7,500, but figures really furnished to the public are always to be taken with a number of grains of allowance whether they represent the cost of putting a new play upon the stage or of procuring the latest freaks—the gentleman who lost his head in the recent Rhode Island accident and gets along finally with a mere stump of his neck. The probability is that no saloonkeeper has spent more than $5,000 on a bar and back bar in this city yet, and that some of the showiest cost only $1,500 to $2,500. The same exaggeration exists with regard to our "art galleries," as we have slangly named the places that copy the Hoffman house bar room by exhibiting costly paintings. Take that noblest exhibition as a representative instance. It is customary to estimate the value of the art treasures in this drinking place at $100,000 to $120,000, and this sum is made up by putting the Correggio canvas (Narcissus) at $50,000, the Gobelin tapestry at $5,000 and certain carvings in wood and marble at $8,000 and $5,000. The fact is that the full list of such figures contains items often nonsensical and often conditional. For instance, it is not proven that the Narcissus is a Correggio. If it is, there is doubt of its worth, but its value until that is proven is conjectural. Some of these ornaments were bought at prices and under conditions that would cause the sale of all at even $75,000 to bring a great profit. No one cost more than one-half the princely sum that the hotel keepers expended in building and fitting the great saloon in which they are exhibited, that is to say $20,000, though Bouguereau's "Nymphs and Satyr" would probably fetch more than that. This is not said to depreciate the collection, but to show how the public has exaggerated the cost of this method of attracting a bar trade. The collection speaks for itself, and many of its parts not only cannot be lessened by a criticism which would have to be ignorant to condemn them, but would bring great prices if sold. Benjamin Constant's great paintings in Mildey's saloon doubtless cost $20,000, but when $25,000 is added by correspondents to cover agents' commission, the custom tax and the mountings of the picture, the calm and philosopoical listener has a right to suspect that the figures are exaggerated or that the owner parted too lightly with his money. When you have passed the really valuable art treasures of the Hoffman house, Wildey's and, perhaps, one other place, and come to coldly investigate the claims of other saloonkeepers who pretend to have galleries or museums valued at from $50,000 to $20,000, it will be with difficulty that you can comprehend that any one could hope to impose on the public with such nonsense. There isn't any greater poppycock talked or written about New York than the tales about these so-called drinking places. There are only six or eight art gallery saloons in all, and certainly half of that number boast collections which are in the main either cheap or fraudulent. Artists of unquestionable knowledge tell me that some of these aggregations are collections of trash, full of "copies" or works by men either unknown or occupying a low rank in their profession. Elegan frames, the presence of two or three real masterpieces of small size and moderate cost, and the surroundings of a beautifully fitted saloon impress the mass of visitors and make them imagine themselves in the presence of Monte Cristan treasures of art. It has been estimated that in the half dozen saloons that we call art galleries there are triumphs of painting or carving worth $350,000, but, if it were proper to do so, I would not feel unwilling to wager money that no expert would value that whole lot at much over $100,000.

Far more princely is the sum represented by the cost of those drinking places that do not boast of paintings, statues or curios. It is estimated that on the Bowery and the Third and Sixth avenues there are at least 200 bars that cost about $2,500, 400 that cost $1,000 and thirty that cost $4,000 or over. One sees in these reasonable figures, repeated over and over again, on scores of thoroughfares and through the list of 10,000 saloons, what a formidable amount of capital is locked up in the liquor traffic. One perceives how natural it is that dealers should interest themselves in politics in a community like this, where the laws are all aimed toward restricting the business, and one is able to imagine what a force the trade can exert if stirred as at present, when its management is under discussion in the state legislature, under iron restraint by the local officials and threatened by a powerful uprising of the temperance element all over the country.

BLAINE ABROAD.

His Declination of Lord Salisbury's Invitation—The Jubilee.

A foreign correspondent says that James G. Blaine has been the recipient of the most remarkable social attentions ever shown to any unofficial American visitor.

Mr. Blaine was asked by Prime Minister Salisbury to attend a reception given by him during the week at the foreign office in honor of the visiting royalties. Mr. Blaine declined the invitation. It was of a social character and Mr. Blaine's reasons for declining the invitation are not known; but, doubtless, he felt that his presence there after his controversy with Lord Salisbury over the Irish question would have been subject to misconstruction. Lord Salisbury's course in the past shows also that he is anything but a friend of the United States. Under the circumstances various attempts have been made by prominent liberal leaders to get Mr. Blaine to take part in the political complications on this side, but he has steadily refused, and has maintained a discreet reserve.

Mr. Blaine was little disposed to criticise the jubilee performers, as he was occupying the delicate position of a guest in England, but he said that it did seem strange that out of fifty years of progress made by England in the arts and sciences, in the growth of manufactures and industries which has resulted in the increased employment of millions of workingmen, that there should be selected for the street parade representatives of the one institution which had not made a single step in advance for fifty years, viz. royalty. It was therefore in his judgment a door show, on account of its utter lack of the representatiue quality. The parade of a nominal sovereign, with a long escort of petty princes and small rulers, did not, in his judgment, make a pageant of an impressive character. It did not not deserve for one moment to be mentioned in comparison with the Bunker Hill centennial celebration parade in 1875. There every form of human industry and progress during the century had its representation in this splendidly emblematical line.

I asked Mr. Blaine to give me his reasons for declining Lord Salisbury's invitation. He refused to talk on so delicate a subject.

DURING winter the blood gets thick and sluggish; now is the time to purify it, to build up your system and fit yourself for hard work, by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. $1 per bottle.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALVA.

William K. Vanderbilt's Beautiful Yacht Starts on Its Voyage.

A UNIQUE GROUP AT THE RACES

Rehearsing For the Fall of Babel—A Sly Old Gentleman Who Became His Son's Tenant—Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, June 30.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—About the time that this letter is being read the steam yacht Alva will get out of sight of land from the Bay of New York. She is the biggest and costliest private vessel afloat, and she will carry William K. Vanderbilt and his family on a tour clear around the world. The extreme luxury of this yacht could hardly be made comprehensible by a column of description. She is fitted out with everything that the owner and his advisers could think of to render life abroad enjoyable. She is as capricious as the city residence of his family, as completely equipped with servitors, and in all devisable ways an abode of such magnificent extravagance as no monarch of a century ago dreamed of. The journey is to last a year or more, but will be broken by stops at principal cities. Nothing approaching this in the way of luxurious travel has before been achieved. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt is the beauty and dasher of all the Vanderbilts. Her social doings have ever had a vim and style undesired, or at least unattained, by any other lady among them. Her toilets, her equipages, her diversions have been always new and sometimes strange, while the others have seemed to to strive for privacy, seclusion, and quietude. To her is due the conception of this round-the world splendor. The route of the Alva will be first to London, and next to Paris, with the east to follow. Dinners and balls will be given on board, and it is unlikely that Cleopatra in her barge created the stir that the Vanderbilts will make in the old world with the Alva.

Don't set Mrs Willie Vanderbilt down for a creature too light hearted to feel for less fortunate fellow women. She does a great deal in charitable and helpful ways and I happen to know that her last act of benevolence was to give fifty dollars to a poor sewing girl who had been swindled. Not only that, but she referred the subject to a lawyer with instructions to use all the money and time necessary to prevent other women from being victimized. The sufferer in this case received a printed circular from the Aid Supply company, 43 Eliot street, Boston. It said that she could get plenty of easy, light needlework to do at home by sending a dollar, as security for the materials which would be forwarded by mail. She mailed the dollar, believing the glowing assurances that the Aid company was rich and benevolent. If the swindle had consisted of merely stealing the dollar it would not have been as bad as it was. Instead, she promptly received some pieces of stamped plush with the materials to embroider them. She went at it elatedly, and in three days had earned, according to the promise of the circular, about $4. She returned the work, and never afterward could get a word from the rascals. Investigation has shown that thousands of women throughout the country have been fooled in the same manner, being led to contribute not only $1 apiece but the labor, by means of which some scoundrelly dealer in fancy goods has obtained a stock without cost. Anything more ingeniously devilish can hardly be imagined, and Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt made up her mind to stop it.

It is a mistake to accuse women of indulging in all the follies of fashion that are provided for them. Inventive men devise things which they imagine will be eagerly accepted by women, but which for a fact never get into use at all. Of that order, no doubt, is the contrivance on exhibition in a certain New York shop for toilet goods. It consists of an India rubber neck and bust, and is exhibited adjusted to an oldish woman employe. It comes up close about the neck and has a velvet ribbon that conceals the meeting, with ends of velvet depending in the rear to hide the opening where it is buttoned or stuck together. These ends of velvet are scarcely fastened so they will not flop, and as the boys say, "Give the whole snap away." It is painted in flesh color, and has every blue vein carefully mapped out on it, and the wearer, who was painfully thin, made up her figure head to match it as nearly as possible. But there was a ghastly composure about this mask for the torse that was unnatural. And how she must have been with that clinging rubber over her neck and shoulders. I studied her after I was told what she had on, and it nearly stifled me to contemplate her slowly frying in her own fat. It is safe to say that no sale of the apparatus will ever be made; but it serves to advertise the shop, because its sets the women to talking about it.

One of the most unique groups I ever saw was at the races. It consisted of five persons in a box at the front of the grandstand and now and then one or two others who stood on the turf in front. In the front row was a colored woman and two young Irish women. Back of them were a husband and wife of middle age, neither of them Irish or colored. All were intent upon the races and had come down to bet. A young Irishman was the messenger and head of the party. He remained on the turf in front, except when he went to the betting pavilion to learn about the odds or to place money. They were all quiet and unobtrusive, and for this reason probably escaped my notice until after the first race. Then a tall, powerfully built negro passed along the turf from the pavilion, and as he went before the box he looked up at the group, and in a tone which was at once politely familiar and business like, said: "Well, did you make a good thing?" It was one of the Irish girls who replied: "Yes, five for one:" And the colored woman added: "I got there, too." Their tones indicated satifaction, but it was of the kind in which enthusiasm was suppressed, in which long experience had driven out excitement. It was as clear as the hot sunlight that they were regular attendants—that betting partook with them of a business character. They were typical New Yorkers in dress, but there was none of that flash that would lead to a suspicion of irregularity. The negro went his way, but during the afternoon frequently returned and engaged the girls in conversation. I never saw a blacker man anywhere. His grave face was lighted only by the red of his lips and the whites of his eyes, and when he smiled by a deep dimple, in which the sunbeams played and lost themselves. He wore a narrow rimmed brown derby on the side of his head, a dark green diagonal coat, mixed trousers, a white spotted vest, a large blue tie, and he carried an umbrella in his hand.

I have said that this party gambled as a matter of business; I should make one exception. One of the Irish girls in the front row shrunk back into her chair and never said a word during the entire afternoon. And nobody addressed a word to her. She watched the young man who did the placing of the money, and when the negro was present she watched him, and during the race she looked shyly at the flying racers; but she hardly moved from her chair and never smiled. Her companions were not so lucky on the next two races as they had been on the first. The horses were started opposite the grand stand, and when the starter dropped his flag and Mr. J. B. Haggin's "Firenzi" went off more than a length ahead of the rest, the party in the box joined vigorously in the hissing and groaning that went up in criticism of the manifest bad judgment of the official. They looked bitterly sour, for they had not backed Firenzi, and when that horse crossed the line a winner they shut their teeth together and declared that they had not been given a chance for their money. Then they consulted their programmes and the young man went off to find how the odds were on the third race. There were eight starters and at least four favorites. When the young man returned all the racers were on the track taking their preliminary exercise. He reported that he could get a bet fifteen to one against Belinda, one of the August Belmont horses. The betting was nearly even on the favorites. The party looked at the track.

"I think it had better be Belinda," said the white girl.

"She's a good one," acquiesced the colored girl.

And the young man evidently had a tip on Belinda, for he also favored placing the money on her. Such was the result. When the start was made Belinda went off a good third, and there was much excitement in the party at the prospect of getting seventy-five dollars for every five they had wagered. But lack-a-day! before an eighth of a mile had been run Belinda dropped to within hailing distance of the rear. Then the excitement was turned to disappointment, and the young white girl exclaimed: "There's my Belinda, and she can't get through!" which mixture of feminine and horse talk meant that Belinda was doing well, but that the horses in front of her were in the way and so prevented her from getting the lead. They lost, but consolation was ready in the fact that Belinda had done well, and had it not been that she did not have time to get around the competitors, she might have won. Then something occurred to the white girl. Hastily she leaned over the rail of the box and looked down at her feet. A shade of annoyance crossed her face, and she settled back and smoothed out her skirts and shook them down, after which she leaned carefully over again to see what the effect of her action had been. Not all the girls in the grandstand were so thoughtful.

I went into a theatre when a detachment of the enormous ballet now performing in the outdoor spectacle on Staten island were practicing. One of the younger Kiralfy's led them. They were training for grasshoppers, I believe. The agile Kiralfy would anathematize them in French, German, Polish and Italian, and so his opinion was not lost on one of them. Then he would go to the second entrance and come down the stage with as many legs in the air and if he had been a centipede. A windmill in a blizzard couldn't have more aerial action. Up would rush the whole gang and try to reproduce that flying entrance. Then the eagle eyed Kiralfy would select a particularly stiff and tall girl, and a fat girl who bounced, and put the pair through their paces. Then altogether; and the shouting and tramping, the tittering and whispering, in more languages than the hod carriers of Babel used. A carpenter with a voice like a resonant steam eagle conversed with a painter in the flies. A violinist scraped at a signal from Kiralfy. In one wing two men fought a combat under the supervision of a third, who knocked a lager beer mug on the bottom of his chair. "Two down—thrust—up one," and the perspiring combatants clashed. A woman looked on and never ceased her work. With one hand she held to the flat, as she squatted suddenly until she was a bow-legged dwarf three feet high, and then sprang back to her full height and flung her right leg into the air, until her pointed toe was even with her nose. She squatted, rose, and and kicked her left leg in like manner, and this she did continuously for an hour, while a dozen more girls in short calico skirts did the same thing. But the elderly woman in the wing was the premiere danseuse limbering up for her pas. Her "grand pas" they call it on the bill, though her grandpa perished in the battle of Bunker Hill.

The builders of apartment houses are certainly aware of the number of dudes with long purses who inhabit this island. There a quantity of shammily built houses with pretty names, such as the Oleander, the Gladiola and the Esmeralda. These places are reared for transitory birds of passage, like the comic opera choristers or the ballet corypees, for a dude is not really a full fledged dude unless he has a latch key in his pocket that admits the lessee to a flat occupied by some stage fairy. She usually has stunning feet, big hands, bleached hair, and utter inability to capture the letter H on its own ground, along with an overpowering partiality for its presence in improper places. Little Tommy Littlewit, jr., took a first floor of the Orleanna, and substituted wood carved mantles for the cheap marble, put in stained windows and an old English fireplace, and decorated the ceilings with winged cherubs and gilded stars. In this blissful retreat, Little Tommy passed weeks of delightful retirement with Natilie Race, a coryphee; but, fast as our Tommy was, he found the Race was not always to the swift, and at the end of a few months Tommy was deserted, and he took his troubled heart to Newport, to look after his yachting interest. But before he went he put his gorgeous flat in the hands of an agent, and for certain reasons, (having used his middle name with his landlord), he called himself Thomas Weakand.

"I will find you a tenant in no time, Mr. Weakand," said the agent; "I have a host of applications for such premises."

Tommy left the city, and was gone until June, when he accidently met the real estate man.

"I've such a good tenant for you, Mr. Weakand," said he; "an elderly gentleman and his niece have taken the flat for the summer. I have his check for a quarter's rent in my pocket now."

The agent pulled out the document, and the heart of Thomas Littlewit, jr., bounded in his bosom to the edge of his collar as he saw the revered name of Thomas Littlewit, senior, at the bottom. His own dad, his revered governor, was in the son's premises with a niece. There was a caucus in Madison avenue that night. The father upbraided the son for idiotic extravagance. Tommy brought counter charges, darkly hinted about his ma, and the tide was very high. However, the father having been very much such a youth as Tommy, knew how to manage him. There was a check book brought in to act as meditator. Confidence was restored. But Tommy was heard in his club yesterday to howl out as he read an advertisement: "All the splendid furniture of the elegantly decorated flat in the Oricanna, lately occupied by Md'lle. Fauxpas, will be sold at a sacrifice, in consequence of the departure of the distinguished danseuse for Paris." The old man is ahead of his son; but, just wait.

CLARA BELLE.

Brought Out the Books.

Wall Street News: The agent of a Cincinnati grocery house who went over to a Kentucky town to inquire into the failure of a grocer asked to see the books. The grocer raised his voice and called to a negro in the back end of the store:

"Hi! you boy, bring out them books. Get those two lives of Daniel Boone, and if there's a bible around bring that. This chap wants to see our books, and we want him to know that our books are allus to be sawn."

SICK headache is the bane of many lives. To cure and prevent this annoying complaint use Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. They are agreeable to take and gentle in their action. 25 cents a vial.

IN THE ELECTRIC FIELD.

The Many Achievements of Nature's Majestic Wonder.

SUMNER'S PLEASING PROPHECY

Battles by Electric Lights—Letters by the Wire—Improved Railway Car-Lighting—Electric Matches—Flashes.

Electric Lights for War Ships.

Electric lights have become a part of the outfit of a war ship, and it will be curious to observe the part they play in naval engagements. With their aid night may be almost turned into day in the vicinity of a vessel, so that fighting may be carried on in the darkest night. The glare of one of these lights thrown against a hostile ship will bring her sides, her ports, her rigging and even her crew into plain view, so that broadsides may be aimed at her as accurately as in midday. There is one difficulty, however. Both vessels will have these lights, and the glare on the eyes of gunners might lead to mutual bewilderment and confusion. A half-dozen big war ships on a side banging away at one another in a dark night in the blaze of a constellation of electric lamps would be a ghostly sort of spectacle.

Electric Matches.

Buffalo Express: The subject of gas-lighting by electricity was well handled by Mr. Frank Kitton of the Western Union before the Electrical society last evening.

It was, he said, one of considerable interest and importance as illustrating a most useful and convenient application of the electric current to methods of lighting and extinguishing gas jets from a distance. The principle involved in electric gas-lighting consists simply in making and breaking an electric circuit, either mechanically or electrically, in the immediate neighborhood of the escaping gas, which was ignited by the spark which followed the breaking of contact. The spark was the result of an extra current set up at the moment of breaking the circuit, the latter of which included the burner with two electrodes, a spark coil, and two or three open circuit coils. The spark coil was best constructed of a bundle of iron wires to serve as a core around which a few layers of thick insulated wire should be wrapped. Mr. Kitton described and fully illustrated by experiments the several systems in ordinary use for domestic purposes, including the pendent rachet, and automatic burners, as also the systems employed for lighting theatres large halls, etc., which were usually furnished with the necessary power by means of the induction coil or fractional machine.

Tuning an Organ by Telephone.

Electrician: A Birmingham paper says that a novel experiment was tried there last week with the telephone. A letter was received by Messrs. Rogers & Priestly, musical caterers in that town, asking them to suit a pianaforte to a room at Moseley, where a concert was to take place that night. The firm was totally at a loss to know the precise tone of the piano, and consequently despaired of being able to comply with the demand in time. However, much to their surprise, they found that they could communicate with the people at Moseley through the telephone. Forthwith the firm asked that one of the notes of the piano should be struck. When this was done the sound could be heard in Colmore row, and by reducing the pitch pipe the tones of both instruments were made to correspond.

Electric Lights for Cars.

The new vestibule Pullman palace cars recently put on between Chicago and New York city are brilliantly lighted by electricity from a current supplied by storage batteries. The light permits the finest type to be read, and is, therefore, a great boon to travelers, and there is an entire absence of heat and unpleasant odors. A fully charged battery is capable of lighting a single car for fifteen hours with twenty-two sixteen candle power lamps. This is the first positively accomplished feat in lighting railroad trains by storage batteries in this country. Among its recognized and great advantages is the immunity it furnishes from fire in case of accident.

Letters by Electricity.

In one of his speeches on the subject of a postal telegraph, Hon. Charles A. Sumner, ex-congressman-at-large for the state of California, prophesied that before many years telegraphic wires would do most of the carrying of the people's letters, and that even in the present state of electrical development, messages could be sent throughout the length and breadth of this country for a penny a word with profit.

Mr. Sumner is a practical telegraph operator, and has studied the elements of cost in telegraphic correspondence perhaps as closely as any man in the country. His statement is not mere wild assertion, but is the result of an intimate knowledge of the cost of constructing and operating telegraph lines.

The Postal Telegraph bill introduced by him contemplated the construction of a telegraph system with the proceeds of a government loan, which would be repaid from the earnings of the telegraph, and at the same time give the public much lower rates than are charged by existing telegraph lines Thus at the end of, say twenty years, the people would have a complete telegraph system connecting every postoffice of the country, with every other postoffice and built practically without cost to the public, for without this the money would go to pay dividends on the watered stock of the Western Union and other telegraph companies.

That the United States should ever permit the most improved method of conveying intelligence to get into private hands is one of the greatest shames in the world. The people paid the entire cost of constructing the first line of telegraph for Prof. Morse, between Baltimore and Washington; and this great agency for the transmission of intelligence should not have been allowed to pass into the hands of corporations and made a machinery for taxation, as it has been. However, no time should be lost in retrieving this false step. Existing companies have had no charter or other guarantee against government competition. They have so shamefully abused their powers by watering their stocks and forcing excessive tariffs of charges that they have forfeited every moral right to protection. Mr. Sumner estimates that a system of lines could be constructed of equal capacity with the Western Union for twelve millions of dollars, as against the hundred millions at which the Western Union and 'affiliated' lines are capitalized.

Fifty Years of Science.

Fortnightly Review: Fifty years ago science was still inchoate. Much had already been done by the early pioneers. The ground had been cleared, the building materials had been in part provided; the foundations had been duly and ably laid; but the superstructure as yet had hardly been raised a poor foot or two above the original level. The work of the last half century has been twofold. On one side it has been accumulative merely: new stocks of organizable material—the raw bricks of science—have been laid up, as before, ready to the call of the master mason, but in greater profusion than by any previous age. On the other side it has been directive and architectonic; the endless stores of fact and inference, thus dug out and shaped to the hand by the brick-makers of knowledge in a thousand fields, have been assiduously built up by a compact body of higher and broader intelligences into a single grand harmonious whole. This last task forms indeed the great scientific triumph of our epoch. Ours has been an age of firm grasp and of wide vision. It has seen the downfall of the anthropocentric fallacy. Cosmos has taken the place of chaos. Isolated facts have been fitted and dovetailed into their proper niche in the vast mosaic. The particular has slowly merged into the general, the general into still higher and deeper cosmical concepts. We live in an epoch of unification, simplification, correlation, and universality. When after ages look back upon our own, they will recognize that in science its key-note has been the idea of unity.

In 1837, the science of man and the sciences that gather round the personality of man, had scarcely begun to be dreamt of. But evolutionism and geological investigation have revolutionized our conception of our own species and of the place which it holds in the hierarchy of the universe. At the very beginning of our fifty years, Boucher de Perthes was already enthusiastically engaged in grubbing among the drift of Abbeville for those rudely chipped masses of raw flint which we know as paleolithic hatchets. Lyell and others meanwhile were gradually extending their ideas of our race on earth; and accumulations of evidence, from bone-caves and loess, were forcing upon the minds of both antiquaries and geologists the fact that man, instead of dating back a mere trifle of 6,000 years or so, was really contemporary with the mammoth, the cave-bearer, and other extinct quaternary animals. The mass of proofs thus slowly gathered together in all parts of the world culminated at last in Lyell's epoch-making "Antiquity of Man," published three years after "Darwin's Origin of Species." Colenso's once famous work on the Pentateuch had already dealt a serious blow from the critical side at the authenticity and literal truth of the Mosaic cosmogony. It was the task of Lyell and his coadjutors, like Evans, Keller, and Christy and Lartet, to throw back the origin of our race from the narrow limits once assigned it into a dim past of immeasurable antiquity. Boyd Dawkins, James Geikie, Huxley, Lubbock. De Mortillett, and Bourgeois have added in elucidating, confirming and extending this view, which now ranks as a proved truth of paleontological and his historical science.

Darwin's "Descent of Man," published some years later, was an equally epoch-making book. Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," sent forth in 1865, and "Origin of Civilization" in 1870, had familiarized men's minds with the idea that man, instead of being "an arch-angel ruined" had really started from the savage condition, and had gradually raised himself to the higher levels of art and learning. Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," followed a little later by his still more important work on "Primitive Culture," struck the first note of the new revolution as applied to the genesis of religious concepts. McLennan's "Primitive Marriage" directed tention to the early nature and relations of the tribe and family. Wallace's essay on the "Origin of Human Races" and Huxley's valuable work on "Man's Place in Nature" helped forward this tide of naturalistic explanation. And by the time that Darwin published his judicial summing up on the entire question of man's origin, the jury of scientific opinion throughout the world had pretty well considered its verdict on all the chief questions at issue.

The impetus thus given to the sciences which specially deals with man, has been simply incalculable. Philology has been revolutionized. Language has told us a new story. Words, like fossils, have been made to yield up their implicit secrets. Prehistoric archæology has assumed a fresh and unexpected importance. The history of our race, ever since tertiary times, and throughout the long secul ar winters of the glacial epoch, has been reconstructed for us from drift and bone-cave, from barrow and picture-writing, with singular ingenuity. Anthropology and sociology have acquired the rank of distinct sciences. The study of institutions has reached a sudden development under the hands of Spencer, Taylor, McLennan, Maine, Freeman, Lang and Bagehot. Comparative mythology and folk-lore have asserted their right to a full hearing. Evolutionism has penetrated all the studies which bear upon the divisions of human life. Language, ethnography, history, law, ethics, and politics, have all felt the widening wave of its influence. The idea of development and affiliation has been applied to speech, to writing, to arts, to literature, nay, even to such a detail as numismatics. Our entire view of man and his nature has been reversed, and a