

MEN OF MERIT

COSSIP ABOUT PERSONS WHO ARE WELL KNOWN.

THE LATE "HAT" DULANEY'S KINDNESS

A Story Illustrating "Buck" Kilgore's Characteristic Readiness.

HOW HE HELPED HIS FRIEND JIM JONES.

When You Tell About the Smith Family, Don't Forget John--Huntington's Mammoth Mansion--This

Stanley--Bartlett Riddle.

The popularity of the late "Hat" Dulaney was no limit, says the New York World. In his later days he spent the greater part of his time in Paris and London, but he came back to Virginia to die. He was a man of lovely qualities, and he had a position among men of the world in London and Paris which few Americans have attained.

Constantine Buckley Kilgore, who kicked out one of the doors of the House of Representatives is a character in his way, says the wide-eyed "Man About Town" of the New York Star. He was born in Georgia, and when he was a boy moved down in Texas, settling on the line of what is now the International and Great Northern Railroad, upon which William Walter Phelps, John S. Kennedy, Thomas W. Parsons and other New York capitalists, who built it, located a station and called it after him--the town of Kilgore. No body in Texas knows the Congressman by any other name than "Buck Kilgore."

Lee replied. He said, personally, he should like to see Mr. Wise Governor of Virginia. He lavished compliments upon his opponent in quantity until he was tired of the game. "But I warn him," said Lee, "how he trifles with the name of Smith. He seems to think that because a man's name is Smith he can never be anything. The Smith family speak of me as the greatest of this country." Then Lee began citing the heroic deeds of the Smith family from the commencement. He mentioned each by name and gave an account of each. "There are," he continued, "Matthew Smith, Mark Smith, Luke Smith, Peter Smith, Paul Smith, Timothy Smith and St. John Smith."

"Buck" Kilgore's office, where he proposed "to dispense with justice," had not yet been located permanently, so he established himself in a big tent near Kilgore and prepared to try the case. The boys gathered in, and the Justice took his seat on a soap-box. The evidence about the shooting was, of course, a little one-sided. The dead man hadn't anything to say, and the one who had done the successful shooting had a score of fellows to swear that he was right and just. In one case, his first experience, and the new Justice hardly knew how to decide the matter consistently with the dignity of the position which he held, so he made an exception, even in Texas justice, or at least in its form.

"Gentlemen," said he, getting up from his soap box, "you have all heard the testimony in this case, and know as much about law as I do. Now, I am going to leave the decision of this matter to you. As many as are in favor of letting this young fellow go free will say 'aye.' And the text was filled with an uproar of thundering in response. "Those of you," continued the Justice, "who believe he ought to go to jail for this shooting, say 'no.' There was a clicking of the locks of shotguns, as the prisoner's friends looked around, but not a man in the assembly said 'no.' And the shooter went forth a free man. That was "Buck" Kilgore's first case.

Speaking of "Buck" Kilgore, says the Houston Light, gentleman, much more of another good story, which is one of this time will bear repeating. Jim Jones represented his district at the time "Buck" was nominated for Congress, and Jones occupied a seat in the House next to William Walter Phelps. Jones took quite a liking for the distinguished Jerseyman, and a very warm friendship sprang up between them. One day while, in the course of one of his brilliant speeches, and the French phrase "faux pas," Jones, who was one of the most attentive listeners during the delivery of the speech, thought that was a nice expression, but, being a typical Texan, and never having heard of it before, he asked one of his friends what it meant. "That means," replied his friend, "out of law, 'horny.'"

Now, Jones was one of those wholesome fellows who stood 'way up in the minds of the Texans of his district, and they were perfectly willing to send Jim back to Washington as long as he liked to go. When the end of his term drew near, however, he decided it was about time to return to his home in order to see how matters stood, for he was just as anxious as ever to retain his seat in the House. He reached home in due time, and, of course, a general handshaking was indulged in. But instead of greeting the boys in the old familiar way, "Hello," Jim would say "faux pas" to everybody whom he met. The Texans couldn't make out what was the matter with Jones, and he began to be whispered about that he was being foolish in Washington, and that was the way he would act, so they had better keep him at home.

A STRIKING EXECUTOR.

Senor Valentin, the Cuban taxpayer, demands his back pay.

Cuba's public executioners are on a strike. Pending the payment of a bill of \$170, being a balance due from the Government for putting an end to the existence of violators of the law, Senor Valentin stubbornly refuses to accept any more orders. He has informed the representative, King Alfonso's Government that \$17 a piece is a pretty cheap figure for garrotting people, and he doesn't propose to be kept out of even this small sum. Among his brigands who are awaiting their doom, this decision of Senor Valentin has met with the most cordial approval. In other quarters, however, it is hoped that the error may be made to see the error of their ways, or failing which, the Government may agree to issue bonds to meet the executioner's demands.

Senor Valentin has, however, another ground of complaint against the Government in addition to non-payment of his bill. His sphere of usefulness has lately been growing smaller and smaller, and so thoroughly disgusted has he become, according to a fellow from Havana, that he is unable to throw up his job, pay or no pay. His contention is that if proper judicial methods prevailed in the Pearl of the Antilles his services would be in demand for a long time. How much did the fellow make? Then he tells his story as it goes out, leaving the boys as poor as ever.

It is a fact that the To-Kalon wines are the purest and cheapest wines sold in the city, 614 Fourteenth street northwest.

As Senor Valentin is a particularly talented gentleman in his particular line of business, and as it is no easy matter to replace him, it is more than likely that the Cuban authorities will make every effort to comply with the demands of "El Verdugo," as the Senor's calling is termed in Spanish.

Then, too, Senor Valentin has many peculiar customs that have endeared him to the hearts of the Cuban people, and his most characteristic traits was that he always insisted upon receiving his "fee" from the hands of the criminal who was executed by his tender mercies. After diligently adjusting the scales after his victim's neck, Senor Valentin would stretch out his hand coaxingly for the \$17. Lately on account of the government's failure to supply the necessary \$17, the Senor has had no opportunity of indulging himself in this pleasant manner. He bears no ill-feeling on this account against the perpetrators of his wrong, but he does think that the government should be more prompt in meeting its obligations.

On account of his past attentions to a large number of deceased brigands, Senor Valentin does not like to walk about in Havana unattended. Relatives of the deceased have frequently made threats to assassinate him, and in consequence the Government furnishes him two soldiers to act as a body guard. The soldiers are armed with revolvers, and his claim for the \$17 agree with his subjects. In turn, however, for these guardsmen, the Government uses the executor as an advertising medium to wear down the evil doer, and from the good green Senor Valentin wears a short cloak, on the back of which is emboldered in red a ladder, intended to remind brigands and other felons that there is a straight and narrow path to the scaffold. To further emphasize his indignation the executor has refused to wear this garment until his \$170 are paid.

FEARED YANKEE INGENUITY.

An Instance of Englishmen's Distrust for American Methods. The distrust of things American which obtained in England until not so very long ago was well illustrated in a recent speech by E. H. Johnson, says a London letter. He was describing an exhibition of the Edison electric light, which was about to take place at the Crystal Palace, London, and for which he had made great preparations. "A large party of prominent people were invited to see the exhibition as it was going to be in London, and the section to arrive was going to run on 1,200 lamps, and as the Britishers."

"Finally everything was ready, and the switch was turned, but no light. I had to look at the engine room to see what the trouble was and found that a plug had blown out of the boiler, which, of course, stopped everything."

"They don't do things in as great a hurry over here as we do at home, and the English engineer said repairs could not be made before next morning."

"But I insisted on repairs at once, and the result was that in a short time my efforts were successful and the lights gave forth their brilliancy."

"But," concluded Mr. Johnson, "there wasn't a man in all England that didn't believe that it was a Yankee trick."

FORTUNES QUICKLY MADE.

But the boys in the Newspaper Office Stay Poor as Ever. A man came into the editorial room of the Harbinger Telegraph and broke everybody up with this story: Several years ago a paymaster in the United States Army invested \$500 in a piece of ground in Spokane Falls. The other day he sold it for \$3,000. The excitement that greeted this story had scarcely died away, and the boys in the room were fanning each other and cutting each other's hair to cool their skulls, when another man came in and told this story: In 1852 a Pennsylvania man went to Denver and when he landed he had enough to buy a test and a few mining tools.

He went prospecting, made a little money and then went back to Denver and bought real estate. To-day he is worth \$40,000. The only sound that greeted this story was a succession of dull thuds as men dropped to the floor. There was an instant of half an hour, when as another man came in and said he had just heard of a young man in one of the mushroom towns of Virginia who had invested a little money in real estate right after breakfast, and when he sat down to dinner had cleaned up \$1,000 on his purchase. There are three half crazy men in this office. Whenever a man comes into the editorial room he is asked before he gets away: "How much did the fellow make?" Then he tells his story as it goes out, leaving the boys as poor as ever.

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FOR RENT--ROOMS.

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