WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

AS HE WAS KNOWN IN BERLIN AND ELSEWHERE IN EUROPE—HIS DIPLOMATIC WORK—SOME PERSONAL TRAITS.

London, June 19.

It seems but the other day that I saw Mr. William Walter Phelps in Berlin, and said something in these columns about his diplomatic work as American Minister to Germany. In truth, it was a year ago, but what is a year? And this morning comes the news that we are never to see him again, in Berlin or elsewhere in that Europe in which, American as he was to the finger tips, he so much delighted and which delighted in him. He is a loss to his country in her relations with Europe, a loss although, had he lived, he might never again have represented her at a European Court. For he was one of that none too numerous band of Americans who have a real insight into the affairs and life of this somewhat older continent.

He had lived abroad long enough to comprehend two or three countries; one of them being his own. I will take the liberty of saying that there are certain particulars in which an American's knowledge of his own country is the better and surer for a residence elsewhere. Whether that will be disputed by the untravelled American I know not. He sometimes disputes propositions on which I should have thought most men of sense were agreed. But Mr. Phelps would not have disputed it. I know what his opinions were. That and many other subjects we have discussed in Berlin, in Homburg, and elsewhere. You know well how strongly he held his opinions and with what tenacity he defended them. It was, I always thought, because they matured slowly in his mind. When he first came abroad he was not quite the same man whom we knew in the later years of his life. He brought with him the usual stock of American prepossessions, and he relinquished his hold on one or another with obvious reluctance. But he had far too much intelligence, and a balance of character much too even, to allow him to remain amid new experiences the victim of old prejudices. His mind opened, perhaps, in a rather leisurely way, but it opened, and the door once ajar the light poured in in floods.

He came early to see that a patriotism based on comparisons of his own country with others was a broader and purer patriotism than that which closed its eyes as if in terror lest a knowledge of other countries might shake one's allegiance to one's own. To shrink from acknowledging a quality because it was not American, or not exclusively American, seemed to him but a poor tribute to the Republic he loved, and a poor evidence of faith in her institutions. He had within him, moreover, a sense of justice and of honor such as forbade him to deny to Germany what was due to Germany.

It may be said of every able and open-minded American who comes to Europe that Europe is to him an education. If he comes as Minister it is perhaps best of all, for as Minister he has constantly to uphold the interests of his own people while he is learning in the quickest and surest way the distinguishing characteristics among the people to whose Government he is accredited. Most interesting was it to watch the process going on in such a mind as Mr. Phelps's. His Americanism was not one whit less pronounced and positive at the end of his European career than at the beginning, but it was more enlightened and far more effectual from the missionary point of view; which was his point of view pretty frequently. I mean that he understood far better after a few years' experience how to appeal to the European mind which he wanted to reach, and which it was his official duty to reach. He was a better Minister as well as a better American.

The truth is so obvious that it may seem needless to insist on it, but it is well, nevertheless, to insist on it and to drive it home. Mr. Phelps himself, in the intensity of his passion for his own people and his loyalty to the ideas which were his and our inheritance, used to dispute this. To dispute it seemed to him a kind of homage he owed to the flag. It served no other important purpose. He never misled his hearers, nor misled himself for more than a moment.

Indeed, I will venture to say that though he had a trained mind, argument was never his strong point, unless confined to those matters of business or matters of law in which he was an expert. His perceptions were keen; and he had a power of absorbing as well as acquiring knowledge. The delicacy of his perception was almost feminine; a word which, with reference to this subject, I use as a superlative. You cannot praise any man's perceptions more highly than by saying they are feminine. He had that intuitive sense of the truth of things which a clever woman has—perhaps the adjective is needless, for who ever knew a woman who was not clever? A love of paradox sometimes goes with these shining qualities of mind, and that also Mr. Phelps had. They are perhaps less frequently accompanied by a logical precision in handling the topics of everyday life, such as politics. Not only the imagination but the emotions affect those strict and strictly intellectual processes which we call logical. Seldom are the two natures combined. The woman may be, for example, a mathematician and a very thorough one. It does not follow that she will apply her mathematics to the affairs of practical life.

So Mr. Phelps, who managed a great property with judgment and success, who was an excellent lawyer, and who went home to take his seat upon the judicial bench to which a Governor of opposite politics had appointed him, used to allow himself in his idler moments the privilege of drawing conclusions for which his premises supplied no logical warrant. He had the most lively sensibilities. Arouse them and argument was thrown away on him. He preferred to be true not only to his convictions but to his feelings; which I for one think a beautiful trait of character.

Had he ever an enemy? I know not; but he had opponents who thought it fair politics—and for aught I know it may have been "practical" politics—to find matter for rather feeble pleasantries in what they thought Mr. Phelps's personal peculiarities. He did not cut his hair to suit these critics, and he so far swerved from his fidelity to the principles of the American Constitution as to wear a red necktie. They were not satisfied with his manner. He lacked something of the genial ruffianism of the Bowery barrooms, and never had it occurred to him that refinement was inconsistent with Republicanism. It must be conceded that he had a true refinement of manner, which was but the outward expression of his refinement of nature and of thought. If he was fastidious in dress it was because he was individual; he wore what pleased him, and did not refrain from wearing it because it did not come up to the standard set by a New-York hack-driver. His personal taste departed from some of the conventional standards commonly accepted in Europe, as well as from those of America. But I never heard that in Europe it was matter of comment. The best society of the best European capitals is less exacting than that of New-York; takes more liberties and allows more; and does not deeply concern itself about the color of a man's scarf, or the material of his jackets. Still less would it be likely to infer that freedom of choice in such details implied any want of strength of character.

Mr. Phelps's memory is in no need of testimonies, and I do not mean what I am going to say as a testimony. But I may remark, for more reasons than one, that the Bowery estimate can hardly be correct in the case of a man who early won and retained to the end the regard of Prince Bismarck. He, if anybody, knew a man when he saw him. No small part of the success of his life's work has been due to his knowledge of men. His judgment of them came as near as anybody's to the unerring. If you asked him to-day whether Mr. Phelps's trousers were designed according to the prevailing pattern in Berlin, he certainly could not tell you. But he would tell you that he was a strong man and a capable Minister, with whom he had transacted much business on a basis satisfactory to both parties; who had served his own country and been respected and loved by the people among whom he lived; and by none more than by the Iron Chancellor himself. All this and more is known in Berlin, but I do not take it at second hand. I know on what terms of intimacy Mr. Phelps lived not with Prince Bismarck only but with the whole family. I have seen them in Berlin and in Homburg, where our Minister spent one season while Princess Bismarck was there.

Then, as before and since, Mr. Phelps was an invalid, and it added to the affectionate regard we all bore him to see the courage and sweetness with which he endured the bitter physical trials which beset him. Fortitude is an admirable thing,—most admirable of all in a delicate frame with a supersensitive nervous organization. There were times when his surgeons and physicians gave him little hope; never that I saw or ever heard of did they disturb the cheerful serenity with which he faced pain and exhaustion and the prospect of near death.

I have said much more than I intended about the personal qualities and character of this admirable American, but I let it stand though it obliges me to pass over in a sentence or two the really distinguished diplomatic career by which he has left a name in Europe. That is known; the results of it are known; they are recorded in the archives of the State Department at Washington, and also in Berlin, where the memory of his tact, his mastery of his subjects, his flexibility of method, coupled with an unflinching firmness of purpose, is not confined to the German Ministers and the official world generally, with whom he was so much in contact. It is remembered of him also that when he had an end to gain he sometimes stepped outside of the diplomatic groove. He was adventurous, inventive, ready for emergencies, and capable of dealing with them in unexpected ways. The bureaucrat perhaps shook his head;—he keeps a head in order to shake it, and he is always shocked by a neglect of the conventional. Not so Prince Bismarck or Count Herbert Bismarck, both of whom in their time have done startling things, with but slight deference to humdrum conceptions of etiquette. They liked Mr. Phelps the better for his occasional independence of the artificial restraints by which weaker men allowed themselves to be fettered.

Altogether, he has left his mark in Berlin; in many worlds of that huge, active, multifarious capital toward which all Germany converges. In some respects it is for a Minister or Ambassador one of the most trying of all European posts. To have spent four years there and to leave behind him a reputation for probity, for force of character, for social ascendancy, for the special kind of ability which a diplomatist usually acquires by the long training and traditions which are wanting and must be wanting to an American—this is a high achievement. All this and more is to be said of Mr. Phelps, and when it has been said there remains a tribute of a different and more personal kind which all who knew him would offer still more gladly. It is not permissible to say in print all one would like to say, but I do not conceive how any writer who knew him could suppress altogether the avowal of the deep personal attachment he inspired. Even a journalist may lay his wreath on the grave of a lamented and honored friend.

G. W. S.

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THE WANDERER LOOKS FOR A ROOM.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS OF TROUSERS AND AWED BY THE "PRIVATE BAWTH."

"You have furnished rooms to rent?" said the Wanderer to the plump, red-faced woman who came to the door.

"Yes, sir, I 'ave," answered the woman. "Step right up stairs, sir."

The Wanderer followed wearily, for he had been up other stairs to see other rooms.

"Now there, sir," said the woman, as she threw open the door of a hall bedroom and wavel her hand as if she was exhibiting Westminster Abbey, "there, sir, is a room for you; a 'all room, to be sure, sir, but a roomy comfortabe room, sir—for a 'all room."

"I'm afraid it is hardly big enough," suggested the Wanderer, making a mental note of the fact that it was the twenty-first hall room which sanguine landladies had tried to foist upon him during the afternoon.

"Iz, sir, not big enough, sir? Why, sir, 'ow could it be any bigger? The 'all is only so wide, sir. The last gentleman that 'ad it, sir, found it big enough, sir. He was very comfortable in it, sir. Of an evening he would sit with his feet on the chest of drawers and sing, he was that 'appy, sir. He's gone to the country or he'd be here yet, 'appy and comfortable, sir."

"But I'm sure a hall room won't do," said the Wanderer in an apologetic tone.

"I'm sorry, sir. I have one other room right here, sir," and she pushed open the door of the adjoining large room. "This is a fine room, sir, and it has, sir, this room has, sir, a—private—bawth!" She threw open the door leading to this institution as if she were wrenching the slab from the tomb of all the Capulets. "You see, sir—a—private—bawth. I am an Englishwoman, sir, and I'm sure you won't care, sir, when I say that we English know what comfort is. I try to make my house comfortable, sir. But," and she turned to the large room, "this is rented to a young gentleman. He has been here some time, but he is going away soon to the country." The Wanderer glanced around. There were four pairs of trousers spread out on the bed with immaculate smoothness, two pairs on the couch and one pair on a table.

"Perhaps," he ventured, "this young gentleman is getting ready to pack up now."

"La, no; he spread 'em out so they won't wrinkle, sir. He's a very particular young gentleman, indeed."

"He seems—er—he appears to be well supplied," went on the Wanderer, unable to take his mind from the remarkable exhibition.

"And these are not all, sir, indeed, no. Seven spread, sir." She pulled open a drawer of the bureau. "Two in here—nine, sir." She went into the closet and opened a wardrobe. "Three 'ere—twelve, sir." She turned and swept her eye around the hooks. "One hanging—thirteen, sir. He's a fine young gentleman, sir, and his father is rich."

"No doubt. Thirteen, you say? But the young gentleman is out, I take it?" said the Wanderer.

"Oh, yes; gone to a wedding."

"Er, then, of course—he's—you see—being out and at a wedding, I mean, of course"——

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly, sir. Fourteen altogether, sir. And perhaps some at the tailor's being pressed—you can't tell, sir."

"Well," said the Wanderer, turning from the wilderness of trousers, "if he goes away let me know and I will see you again about the room. It doesn't require a van to move my trousers; but I think I'd like the room."

"Very pleasant, sir. And cool, sir. And the best of mattresses, sir. And the private bawth, sir. You don't get private bawths everywhere, sir. Good day, sir."

On the steps he met a tailor's boy carrying a box which apparently contained trousers.

THE ONLY BORN KING IN EUROPE.

From The St. James Budget.

Yesterday Alfonso XIII of Spain celebrated his eighth birthday, El Niño having come into the world on the 17th of May, 1886. He is the one sovereign in Europe who is a born king, for his father died six months before his only son saw the light. Moreover, he can claim to be a solitary bachelor among the crowned heads of the Continent. Brief as has been his reign, he has not escaped troubles; for delicate health has more than once threatened to cut short his career, and political anxieties, of which he is happily as yet unconscious, have harassed his devoted mother. The boy, according to all who have come into contact with him, is bright, intelligent and high-spirited. They tell a story of a dance at St. Sebastian where His Majesty took a great fancy to a partner of his own age, and the young lady innocently offered her cheek for a royal salute. Alfonso, however, proudly stepped back, stretched out his hand for her to kiss, and exclaimed, "I am your King."

NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. ASQUITH AS A COLLECTIVIST—THE DECAY OF THE INDIVIDUAL—PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR A MAIL SERVICE—MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT ON LORD COLERIDGE.

London, June 19.

Mr. Asquith's latest supplementary cab decision shows very well the twist which Socialism gives to the mind of a man whose natural bent is toward justice. During the strike, the London Improved Cab Company had taken on four new drivers unconnected with the Union, which had called out all their old staff. When Mr. Arquith gave his original award, one of his stipulations required the unionists to work amicably with the independent drivers, to whom they amiably apply the name "blacklegs"; and that picketing should cease. The men accepted these decisions and pledged themselves to abide by the terms of the award. But the unionist drivers in the employ of this company on finding that its managers stood loyally by the four men who had come to their relief when their own men deserted them, forthwith struck and picketed the yard. The unionists simply refused to resume work till the four non-unionists had been dismissed.

The owners appealed to Mr. Asquith. The picketing was too clearly in violation of the award to be disputed, and he ordered its discontinuance. As to the continued employment of non-unionists he took time to consider. Finally he decided: "That the old drivers are to be reinstated if, and so far as, the number of cabs available allows. In other words, the old drivers are to have a preferential claim of employment over the new-comers."

What has become of Mr. Asquith's sense of justice and of the honorable obligation of the owners to the men who had engaged themselves at much risk and in very difficult circumstances? Mr. Asquith has wrapped up his true meaning in skilful phrases, but his true meaning is that where the number of cabs is only equal to the number of drivers, all the old drivers, the strikers, are to be taken back, and all the new drivers, the non-strikers, are to be turned adrift. Fortunately, the managers of this company took a different view of their responsibilities. They conformed to this extraordinary edict, but bought four new cabs in order to supply their new drivers with the work to which they were entitled. I don't doubt that Mr. Asquith in his private capacity would have done as much, but as arbitrator in a trade difficulty his prepossessions in favor of the men are irresistible. The fallacies of Collectivism have eaten into his mind.

The individual in this country is steadily going under. His rights are diminishing; the regard for such rights as he still retains is diminishing. One of the cab strikers relates that when they went before the Home Secretary, almost the first question he put to them was whether they had a strong organization behind them. Mr. Asquith may have meant no more than that their success depended on organization. But he is a keen politician who likes to be on the winning side, and he may also have considered that a strong organization means a great many votes. And really, without intending the least imputation on Mr. Asquith or anybody else, I should be disposed to say that most questions of policy now turn on votes. Not on justice; not on the true interest of the community as a whole, not in a broad view of the public interest, or even on the once paramount consideration of the safety of the State, but on a calculation of majorities.

You see it in the Socialistic Budget of Sir William Harcourt just as plainly as in Mr. Asquith's attitude to the strikers. The interests of a minority are sacrificed to the interests, not of the majority of the whole people, but of particular classes who are more numerous or better organized, and therefore more potent on election day. The inconsistax payer is and will long remain an example. He is made an example of. He is middle-class, he is in a minority, and he does not organize. Therefore he is victimized. The debates in the House of Commons show the same thing. The right of the individual is trampled on with contempt, though here it is in the interest and for the benefit of the Exchequer. If it is a question of making appeals from unjust assessment or overvaluation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer waxes wroth. He would not have appeals cheapened or simplified; apparently he would have no appeals at all if he could prevent them. If you are an executor you are to be liable to the State personally, not only for the property which comes into your hands personally, but for that which does not,—for that over which you have never had any control. The State must have its pound of flesh out of somebody. If you are a foreigner, you have no rights at all. Sir William pours contempt on them, and on you, and on everybody who dares suggest that a foreigner is not a black beetle. Four times has he declared in his most magnificent manner that he cannot understand why the Opposition should show such interest in protecting the property of the foreigner. That is an appeal, and a vulgar one, to an ancient and vulgar prejudice. The foreigner is "un-English"—down with him, stamp on him, plunder him—he has no rights which the true Briton is bound to respect. Such is the spirit in which Sir William Harcourt, who married an American, and an American with a large fortune, would treat Americans and others. He was prepared to go equal lengths with the Colonists, but the Colonists have a standing, morally speaking, in the High Court of Parliament, and their protest has to be heeded. Nor is it likely that Lord Rosebery, with his large hopes of Imperial Federation, would let his Chancellor of the Exchequer run amuck in Australia and Canada.

I should like to make one more appeal to the Atlantic steamship companies to take a little thought for the public in the matter of mail carrying. To a very great extent it depends on them whether we have good service all the time, or sometimes a good service and sometimes a bad one. There are enough fast ships to make the service continuously excellent; supposing the public avail themselves of their right to address letters by particular vessels. But at present the sailings are not arranged to that end. I will take last week and this week as examples.

Last week, five of the fastest ships on the Atlantic, belonging to five different companies, left English ports for New-York. They were the North German Lloyd Havel, the White Star Teutonic, the Hamburg-American Augusta Victoria, the American Paris, and the Cunard Lucania. The Havel and Teutonic left on Wednesday, and are both due to arrive on the following Wednesday. The Augusta Victoria left on Friday, and will presumably arrive on the following Friday. The Paris and Lucania left on the Saturday and are likely to reach New-York together Friday evening or Saturday morning. The Teutonic and Lucania carry all mails not specially addressed. But as the two Wednesday ships may be expected to arrive together, and the three Friday and Saturday ships nearly together, three out of the five sailings are, for mail-carrying purposes, wasted. The return service from New-York is similar.

This week, on the other hand, there is no good mail till Friday. The North German Trave and the White Star Britannic sail Wednesday, neither of them fast. The Hamburg-American Normannia, sailing Friday, will probably deliver her mail in New-York nearly as soon as her two predecessors on Wednesday. The Cunard Umbria, sailing Saturday, may deliver letters in New-York late the following Saturday, but not in time for the outgoing mail to Europe. The American Chester sailing the same day need not be mentioned. She will arrive two or three days later.

Now it is obvious that this arrangement squanders the existing mail-carrying power of the different lines. Why should two slow ships, the Trave and Britannic, monopolize the mail service from Saturday to Friday! When the White Star Company runs a slow ship, why should not the North German Lloyd, sailing the same day, send a fast one, and vice-versa? When the Chester sails from Southampton, why should not the Lucania or Campania be appointed to leave Liverpool? What is gained by having two slow ships on one day and two fast ships on another? If there is any reason why the companies should not agree among themselves to remedy this fault, the public is not aware of it. The public pays at a very high rate for letter-carrying and it might not be amiss that its interests should be considered.

There is another point; the hour of sailing from New-York. We used to be told that the tides regulated this, but it is now announced that the Paris and New-York, two of the deepest-draught steamers, will leave regularly at 11 in the morning. If they can, others can. But the Campania sailed last Saturday at 5 p. m., and afternoon sailings are frequent. They usually mean a delay of a whole day in the delivery of mails in London; in the case of a Saturday ship, a delay of two days,—Monday instead of Saturday. Nor is 11 o'clock early enough. It should be 9, or even 7 o'clock—otherwise, the delivery is doubtful. The late sailings are probably meant for the convenience of passengers. If the objection of a few hundred passengers to early rising be a sufficient reason for retarding the correspondence of two hundred millions of people from one to two or three days, there is no more to be said. But if that be the true reason, I think it ought to be stated; as the reason for the other arrangement of all slow or all fast ships, ought to be stated. Then we shall know whether the public have any rights, or whether the convenience of a few and the private interests of shipowners,—or perhaps only their carelessness—are to prevail.

Mr. Justice Wright, a very cool-headed man, has been telling the Grand Jury at Exeter a story of Lord Coleridge. Very early in life he defended a prisoner charged with murder. So powerful was his speech that the judge adjourned the court for a quarter of an hour to give the jury time to recover from the effect of this eloquence. The result is not stated. One journal speaks of this incident as unique and the compliment as unique; the adjournment asked for after Sheridan's speech in the Warren Hastings trial being cited as the only precedent. It may be doubted whether the incident be so rare as that, or the compliment equal to that which Mr. Bright paid Lord Coleridge. Mr. Bright said to me that the most "beautiful" speech he had ever heard was from Lord Coleridge. He evidently chose his adjective with care; as was his habit.

I spoke of Mr. Justice Wright as cool but there is no denying that on this occasion he spoke with warmth. His eulogy upon the late Lord Chief Justice goes beyond any other which I have seen. He did not hesitate to describe him as one of the two or three most distinguished of all the personalities in England. In plain words, he was to be put beside Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury,—those being the two names which this learned Judge mentioned. "Morally and intellectually, as well as physically, no one was his superior." As the report is abbreviated, the real sense may be extended, as often happens. If Mr. Justice Wright be accurately reported, he will not carry public opinion with him in this estimate. It is for the profession to say whether they agree that Lord Coleridge was worthily the gold chain bequeathed by Lord Coke, and whether they would say that, though inferior "perhaps" to Lord Coke as a lawyer, he was greater as Chief Justice. I imagine the general verdict of the Bar would be that Lord Coleridge's twenty-one years on the Bench were not devoted as they should have been to the work of the Bench; that had he chosen to apply his mind exclusively or mainly to judicial work, and to mastering the learning of the law, he might have been a great judge; but that, on the whole, he was not a great judge. "Nisi imperasset" might be his epitaph.

G. W. S.

HOW TO TAKE STRIPED BASS.

A CHANCE FOR THE CITY MAN TO USE ROD AND REEL—FISHING FROM WHARVES IS NOT BAD.

From now on until the end of September the striped bass season is at its best, the fish becoming larger and heavier every month. Scores of fishermen visit the Staten Island and Jersey shores and both banks of the North and East rivers every fine day. The bass are plenty, of good size, bite freely when the tide and wind are right, and are the gamest fish in New-York waters. From Seventy-second-st. up the whole length of the island and beyond Spuyten Duyvil the Hudson offers good sport. One of the best places of all is a low, rocky point at Fort Washington, around which the tide sets sharply, making a big eddy.

The outfit required is simple and inexpensive, and of no solid a kind as to last several seasons. The favorite rod is a short, heavy, two-jointed lancewood or bamboo, about eight feet in length, fitted with large eyelets, close together, and an extra tip in the hollow butt. The cost of this will not exceed $5, and may be had for even less at some shops. The line is a common braided linen, size E, costing about 30 cents a hundred feet, and of this you will require 200 feet. A big reel, treble-strand gut leader of six feet in length, and a bunch of sproat hooks, size 3-0, snelled to the best four-strand flawless gut, and a sinker of weight to be decided by the force of current where you fish, complete the required apparatus. You may or may not care to take along a basket. It is a convenience of course to keep bait and lunch in and your fish—if you get any.

Bait is of many sorts, but for New-York waters nothing is so taking or so easily procured as the red or white sandworms. These you may buy of dealers near the river front or of boys on the docks at 20 cents a dozen. They are frightful-looking creatures and very repulsive, and it is better to handle them with gloves, for though not dangerous, they often give a hard nip when being put on the hook.

It is easy to learn to make a long cast, on account of the heavy lead sinker, and when you can send the bait whirling out sixty feet from the shore you will do well. The sinker, it may be well to add, is always below the hooks at the end of the leader. The hooks, two in number, are fastened a foot apart, at the upper end of the leader, where it joins the line. Always choose for a spot to fish one where the water is about three fathoms deep, very clear and where the tide runs swiftly.

From the moment the seigrass and rockweed on the ledges begin to turn shoreward, and you know the tide is rising, is the time to fish. All of the young flood tide is the golden opportunity, and when the tide is three hours up the best of the fishing is over. The feeding of the bass seems to be altogether on the first of the incoming tide. They pursue the "killies" and menhaden and silversides up the rivers and bays, driving them in from sea, and their hunger seems always to be satisfied after three hours or so of the chase.

When a bass strikes it is necessary to give him plenty of slack for the instant. This gives him time to gorge the bait, which at first he only seizes lightly. When he runs and has carried out six or eight fathoms of line, smash him, and by a long, firm, easy pull you will hook him fast and hard. Never try to force a fish ashore, particularly if a weighty one, for he will part or smash your tackle. Let him run, keeping a taut, even line, and whenever he turns toward shore be on the alert to wind up the slack. If he comes in fast and gets a big long behind him he will shake the hook free. This is why you need a long line. A 20-pound bass will often take nearly or quite all your reel, holding in his long dashes for freedom. It is vastly preferable to be in a boat just off shore, for then you can handle your catch with ease, but if you fish from shore, carefulness and quickness must be your only aids. A cloudy day or a light mist is desirable, and after a heavy rain, when the water is murky, the best fishing is had. No other kind of fishing offers to the city man so many advantages. It is cheap, it is nearby, it is exciting and the fish are in great numbers.

REFEREED TO THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT.

From The Washington Post.

Representative Grady, of North Carolina, is a gentleman of correct habits and great dignity. He is also an ardent student of history and literature. Not long ago he walked into the House library, and, accosting one of the young men who are appointed to wait on members, he requested him to get a copy of the book containing the famous order of General Dix to shoot any man on the spot who attempts to haul down the American flag.

The clerk began to search for the book, running over shelves of historical volumes, groping in dusty corners, and turning over pages of war histories that would be likely to contain a copy of the order. Finally, after spending half an hour in unavailing search, he said to Mr. Grady:

"I can't find it. There is but one place where I know you can find it."

"Where is that?" asked Grady.

"In Blank's saloon, on Pennsylvania-ave., I've seen the original order there, in a frame hung up for the inspection of the public."

"In Blank's saloon, eh?" echoed Mr. Grady, fixing his eyes sharply on the young man. "Well, sir, I never go into a saloon. It strikes me, young man, that you know more about high-grade whiskey than you do about literature."

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TOPICS IN PARIS.

A GENERAL'S CRITICISMS OF HIS FELLOWS.

THEY RAISE A STORM IN THE CHAMBER—FASHION IN CHURCHES—GOOD FEELING TOWARD DE LESSEPS.

Paris, June 20.

All speculation as to what course General the Marquis de Gallifet would adopt with regard to the savage onslaughts that have been made upon his character in the Chamber and in the press has been set at rest since his return to the metropolis by his announcement that he will take no notice whatsoever of any of the abuse levelled at his head, contenting himself with calling upon the Minister of War to thank him, as an old comrade, for having so warmly defended him in the legislature. The Minister deserves a good deal of credit for so doing; for although Gallifet is very popular with the bourgeoisie and the fashionable world he is cordially disliked by his fellow generals, who not only accuse him of having made free use of the press in times past for his own glory and their detriment, but also bitterly resent the manner in which he stigmatized most of them as incompetent, mentally and physically, in the confidential letters which he was wont to address to Gambetta when the latter was in power, as President of the Budget Committee, as President of the Chamber, and as Prime Minister. Some enemy of the Marquis got hold of these secret reports from among Gambetta's papers, and was unkind enough to publish them in fac-simile, so that De Gallifet was unable to deny having sought to poison the mind of the authorities against his fellow generals, of whom the present Minister of War was one. The scandal in which he has now become involved is somewhat similar. Certain articles have recently been published by the "Figaro" on the question of disarmament, and in these a general who answers to Gallifet's description was cited as having given a very bad account of the condition of the French army, especially as regards the manner in which it was officered in general. There is so much analogy between these remarks and those contained in Gallifet's reports to Gambetta that no one can doubt for an instant that they are by the same person, and indeed the fact has not been denied. Of course the matter was brought up for discussion in the Chamber, the General's alleged remarks being characterized as "unpatriotic, traitorous and subversive of all military discipline," by Pascal Grousset, who was one of the leaders of the Commune and the Insurgent Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1869 he was one of the associates of Rochefort on the "Marseillaise," and it was he whose seconds, sent to arrange for a duel with Prince Pierre Bonaparte, were so badly received by the latter. One of them, Victor Noir, was shot dead by the Prince, and his subsequent trial for manslaughter was one of the things that contributed more than anything else to injure the prestige of the Empire and to bring about its fall, two months later. Grousset was condemned to death for his participation in the Commune, but had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life in New-Caledonia, whence he managed to escape with Rochefort. Taking up his residence in England he became a professor of French at King's College, in London, and published a number of books—several of them now standard works—about England, under the pen-name of "Philip Daryl." Since his return to France he has been one of the principal editors of the "Temps," and is a warm personal friend of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with whom he is seen every time that they pass through Paris. It is a great pity that these two men, Grousset and Gallifet, should be so diametrically opposed to each other in politics, since they are each in his way leaders of the movement for the physical improvement of their countrymen. Pascal Grousset is the president and prime mover of the association for the adoption of athletic sports and gymnastics by the scholastic youth, on the same lines as in the great public schools of England and Germany; while if there is one general more than any other who preaches by both precept and example the necessity for soldiers to keep their body in perfect trim, and who encourages feats of endurance, of horsemanship, and of strength, it is certainly that most brilliant of all French cavalry generals, the Marquis de Gallifet, whose career has been one long series of acts of daredevil courage, gallantry and recklessness.

A very smart and elegantly dressed congregation, consisting mainly of ladies belonging to "la haute finance" and "la grande industrie," as they are called here, assembled at the Church of the Madeleine yesterday on the occasion of the induction of the new rector, the Abbé Herzog, a middle-aged man of aristocratic appearance, who succeeds the late curé, the Vicomte de Rebours. The vicissitudes of this well-known metropolitan monument have been very strange. A church of the Madeleine existed on its present site as far back as the thirteenth century, but the present edifice dates from the reign of King Louis XV. During the revolution of 1793 it was used as the storing place of the scenery of the Théâtre Francaise. Later on it became a temple of the Goddess of Reason, and, during the Empire, a "Temple of Glory," being only reconsecrated as a church after the Restoration. Two of its rectors have met violent death. One was massacred during the great revolution a hundred years ago, while the other was shot by the Communists in 1871, together with the Archbishop of Paris. The late rector died from shock brought on by the recent dynamite outrage perpetrated by an Anarchist at the entrance of the church. In point of wealth the Madeleine is only third or fourth in rank among the Parisian churches, the richest undoubtedly being the Church of St. Augustin, which shares with the Madeleine the attendance of the leaders of the industrial and financial world here. The old aristocracy worships for the most part in the Church of Clotilde, which can boast of the most blue-blooded congregation of any church in France, but which lacks the material prosperity of the above-mentioned places of worship, its financial condition being on a par with that of the inhabitants of the noble Faubourg. It will doubtless astonish many people to learn that the smallest and the poorest parish of the entire metropolis is that of the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. As a general rule it is deserted, the only time of the year when I have seen it in any way crowded being during Lent, when the immense throngs that gather to hear the principal pulpit orators of the day would convey the impression that it is the parish church of all the parishes of Paris.

It is truly characteristic of the warm-hearted and forgiving nature of the average Frenchman that not a word of protest should have been raised anywhere against the grant by the Suez Canal Company of an annual allowance of about $24,000 to the De Lesseps family, even those whose entire fortunes had been swallowed up in the disastrous Panama enterprise expressing their satisfaction at the measures thus adopted to preserve their illustrious compatriot from want. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, the De Lessepses had actually been reduced to penury, and their situation was most precarious. Not only all the shares which Ferdinand de Lesseps possessed in the Suez Canal Company, but even his fees as director, the annuity assigned to him personally by the company, and all the money that he had been able to lay aside, were attached by the liquidators of the Panama bankruptcy. The only resources that remained at the disposal of the Countess were the house which she owned in the Avenue Montaigne, and the Chateau de la Chesnaye, both of which were more a source of expense than of economy, and were mortgaged up to the very hilt besides. With the object of averting all danger of seizure by the creditors of the Count, the allowance just granted by the Suez Company has been made in favor of the Countess and of the thirteen children of the Count. The eldest two of these are Charles and Victor, who are the sons of his first wife. Of the eleven children of the present Countess de Lesseps, three are serving in the army, one is married to that Count de Gontaut-Biron whose financial difficulties were a theme of much discussion in the Parisian press two years ago, and the remainder are still dependent on their father and mother for care and maintenance. Meanwhile the Grand Old Frenchman, now in his eighty-eighth year, passes his existence in a sort of semi-somnolent condition, in the armchair which he only leaves for his bed. He can no longer walk, he has become stone deaf, and when he is not gazing in silence at his children he reads newspapers, care being taken to select those which contain no uncomplimentary references to his name. Having lost all notion of time, those placed before him are mostly of dates four and five years ago, when he was still in the heyday of his glory, and when the press—still richly subsidized by the Panama managers—was never weary of referring to him as "the greatest and most illustrious of all Frenchmen." To this day no one, not even the Countess, can say with any degree of certitude whether he has any knowledge or even inkling of the misfortunes that have overtaken himself and his son Charles. At any rate, he has given no evidence thereof, and there is a general disposition to hope that his once grand intellect passed into its present somnolent state in such a manner as to have spared him any such sorrow.

Mention of M. de Lesseps recalls the fact that Prince Halim, who has just died at Constantinople, was at one time of his life a very popular and well-known figure of Parisian life, having received his entire education here, served in the French army, and graduated from the staff college. He was the youngest son of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, his mother having been a Bedouin Arab, from whom he doubtless inherited all his skill and passionate fondness for athletic and sporting pastimes of every kind. According to the Koranic laws of succession, he should have succeeded Ismail as Khedive, in lieu of the late Tewfik Pacha, but he was set aside by the Sultan in return for immense bribes paid by Ismail to the authorities at Constantinople. No one hated Ismail more than he, and he was wont to accuse him of having plotted to destroy his life in that peculiar railroad accident which led to the death of Achmed Pacha, placing the latter's younger brother, Ismail, within reach of succession to the throne. Halim only escaped from the train, which had been precipitated into the Nile through an open drawbridge, by smashing the windows of the carriage with his fist, and to the last day of his life he was fond of showing the scar of the terrible cut inflicted by the broken glass on that occasion.

IN THE EMBRACE OF AN OCTOPUS.

From The Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Only one who has ever experienced the embrace of an octopus can have any idea of them," said L. P. Harkins, at the Burnet. "I was bathing at one time off the Florida reefs, when suddenly I felt something cold and slimy touch my leg and begin to encircle it. The sensation was not one of pain but similar to that experienced when you are falling under the influences of a powerful opiate. Then a long arm reached up and grabbed me by the shoulder. For the first time I realized my danger. I was but a short distance from the shore, and within hailing distance of several friends. I called to them for help and started to make a desperate effort to pull the sea monster out to the sands. I succeeded in fighting off the arms that sought to encircle my body, but my lower limbs were securely fastened. My friends responded at once, or I would have lived but a few minutes longer, as my strength was nearly gone. The water was not deep and they could see the octopus plainly. A few strokes of a cutlass and I was free. The creature was captured and measured seven feet from the centre of his body to the end of his longest tentacles."

DEPENDS ON THE AMOUNT.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

Youngsport—Do you think it is lucky to touch a humpback?

Oldsport—For how much?

EVIDENCE OF FAITH.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

"Gumford died a true Christian, didn't he?"

"His relatives seemed to think so, at least. They buried him with a celluloid collar on."

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