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WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 7, 1891.

SALOONS AND LICENSES.

THE CRITIC is disposed to take the most favorable view of any action by the District Commissioners. We have the utmost respect for the character and the greatest faith in the sincerity of Messrs. DOUGLASS, REES and ROBERT. What they do, after mature deliberation, we are prepared to believe has been done with the purest and most patriotic of motives. But it does not seem clear to us that their course in the matter of the liquor business is wise or that it will be fruitful of good.

The moral condition of Washington is not likely to be improved by merely reducing the number of saloons. Men who want to drink will not lose the desire because a saloon here and there may have disappeared. With them it will be only a question of walking a few steps farther and getting what they want. Take the case of Welcker's restaurant. To what extent will the cause of morality be promoted by suspending the business of that establishment? It is a most excellent and orderly place, a great convenience to the hundreds of business and professional men in the neighborhood, and a most elegant and popular resort for the transient public. Do the Commissioners imagine that their refusal of a license to Mr. FELTER will have any effect other than that of injuring him in business? With the Ebbitt and Willard barrooms just around the corner, and half a dozen others within two minutes' walk how is it supposable that liquor drinking is to be checked by such a policy? The same may be said of SHOOMAKER'S place near the National Theatre. It is perhaps the most respectable and carefully conducted saloon in the whole city—certainly it is second to none in these respects. Why should it be closed and a dozen others within a block left free to run? What good will that do? What useful or worthy purpose will it promote?

We cannot see the drift of the Commissioners' policy. In their views as to a high license tax we heartily concur. We favor the suppression of the innumerable little doggeries which dispense cheap and poisonous compounds to disorderly constituencies. But when it comes to respectable establishments, conducted in an orderly manner by responsible citizens, we fail to perceive the justice or expediency of suppressing one and authorizing another. So long as there are to be any saloons at all, it is not their number but their character that constitutes the question of interest to a civilized community.

THE CRITIC has no desire to go into the temperance controversy. According to our philosophy, Government has no right to say that a man shall not drink any more than it has to say that girls shall not chew gum or that women shall not display their necks and bosoms at dinner parties. There is no more disgusting object than a drunkard wallowing in a gutter, but there is no more pestiferous tyranny than that which leads to laws against drinking. Such a field of legislation, once entered, widens beyond the utmost horizon of the imagination. We have neither the time nor the inclination to participate in the discussion of the prohibition proposition. Nor, as we understand them, do the Commissioners propose to take it up themselves. The matter under consideration is the granting of a license to one first-class saloon and the refusal of a license to another equally deserving and reputable. And it is here that we fail to follow the Commissioners or to see to what good end their policy points.

MR. HENRY CLEWS, a New York banker, remarks in the opening sentence of his circular of January 2:

With the rapid increase of population in this country there are unmistakable signs also that a large number of this great mass of people are idiots.

All the people need do, we suppose, is to take Mr. CLEWS' advice about speculating in stocks. In a very short while they will have acquired wisdom and experience.

WHETHER GOVERNOR HILL will climb the Nation's Capitol Hill is the conundrum now perplexing the New Yorkers.

IN ANOTHER COLUMN of this issue of THE CRITIC we reprint from the *Army and Navy Gazette* of London, England, an excellent and interesting communication about the subalterns in the British navy. Whilst the particulars of complaint are different in some respects, there is the same discontent in the British navy as in ours. There is the same awkward and demoralizing fact that the *personnel* of the service is deteriorating in efficiency and *morale*. The hopelessness of promotion, the retention of men in subordinate positions long after they have passed the age suited to such places and their duties, the consequent death of enthusiasm, and the gradual creation of a perfunctory service founded on despair—these are the elements combining to produce a ferment in England as well as here.

It appears that in both countries the same short-sighted policy prevails. England has the best navy in the world and we, following in her footsteps as regards material, promise ourselves within a few years to rank with England. But why should we also follow England in neglecting the *personnel* of the Navy and permitting the brain, the spirit, the vital principle of the service to fall into a paralysis? This is a question which our Congressmen should ask themselves. And they cannot ask it too soon.

W. A. HEMPHILL, business manager of the *Constitution*, having been made Mayor of Atlanta, the great journal of which he is part owner begins to think well of the Government. The *Journal*, however, continues to be "official organ" of the city.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY is trying hard to save the bacon of the Alliance out in Minnesota.

DR. SHELDON JACKSON, General Agent of Education for Alaska, has submitted a report setting forth the facts as to the destitution prevailing among the inhabitants of that frozen territory. He recommends as the best and most practical remedy for this the introduction of domesticated reindeer into the country and the instruction of the people in their management and care. It appears that Northern Alaska abounds in moss meadows which furnish the reindeer with their favorite food, and thus the increase of the herds will be assured while the people themselves will be civilized and made independent. To these most desirable ends Congress is asked to extend to Alaska the benefits of the acts creating agricultural and mechanical schools in the States and Territories. It seems a measure of the utmost public benefit and we trust it may find favor with our statesmen.

A VERY INTERESTING little publication has just been added to the list of Washington periodicals. It is called "Rank and File," and essays to be, what its name indicates, the enlisted man's journal. The editor is HIRAM J. PENROD, himself a private soldier of twenty-five years' experience. We are glad to see that the journal is finding favor and encouragement, not only among the enlisted men themselves, but among the officers. The editor evidently did not expect this from the officers, for he says:

We must confess to one disappointment, indeed—a pleasant one to be sure—the interest taken in the enlisted man's journal by prominent officers of the Army, many of whose names we have had the pleasure of placing on our books as subscribers. This is an encouraging sign of the times, and the "Rank and File" is gratified at such evidence of progress.

THE CRITIC offers to this new fellow-worker its cordial welcome and its sincere good will.

JERRY SIMPSON says we have had too many educated men in office. The trouble with them appears to be that they usually wear socks.

HARPER'S WEEKLY artist, FREDERICK REMINGTON, was captured by hostile Sioux. They took his weapons, which consisted solely of tobacco and his sketch-book, from him and turned him loose with the advice that he go home. He went.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JONES of New York doesn't want a third term. He is willing, however, to pay the freight on the gubernatorial chair for a couple of terms.

THESE ARE questionable times. There's the Indian question, the Behring Sea question, the previous question and the cloture question, besides a gross or two of assorted political questions.

PERSONAL.

Ambroise Thomas, the immortal composer of "Mignon," is setting "Tasso" to music, the libretto of which has been written by Jules Barbier.

William Archer's criticism on Mrs. Langtry's *Cleopatra* is everywhere pronounced to be the most severe on record. Here it is: "Purple patches of Shakespeare swimming in a prismatic scintillant medium of spectacle."

Mary Anderson refused to see Henry E. Abbey when he called on her at Turnbridge Wells lately. She says she will never appear on the stage again, and wishes nothing to do with theatrical people.

The Duchess of Northumberland has just been buried in Westminster Abbey, as a Percy, the only family in England retaining the prescriptive right to the honor of interment there.

Jessie Benton Fremont's Christmas gift was the cottage at Los Angeles where she has long lived, now presented her, with receipts for old debts, by the women of California.

Mr. Gladstone has sent to Andrew Carnegie the original MS. of his article on the Carnegie pamphlet, entitled "The Gospel of Wealth." The entire manuscript is in Mr. Gladstone's handwriting.

Odetta Tyler, the actress, who is Bessie Kirkland at her home in Nashville, is considered a beauty on or off the stage. General Kirkland, her father, is a West Point graduate, and made a fine record in the Confederate Army. Miss Kirkland is a niece of General Hardee, author of the famous work on military tactics.

German musical papers say that Dr. Hans Von Bulow has decided to give up his public piano recitals. It is said that the state of the great pianist's health will not allow him to do more than attend to the direction of the Philharmonic Society of Berlin.

Gustav Freitag, the famous German novelist, is dangerously ill. His physicians have ordered his removal to a resort for invalids in the southern part of Europe.

In the Nicolayevsk Asylum for Aged Officers is a veteran of 1812, Peter Tchoodinoff by name. He is now 110 years old, can read without eyeglasses and enjoys perfect health. He participated in the battle of Borodinsk, where the army of Napoleon I. was routed, and has the Georgieff cross bestowed on him by Kootozoff for bravery displayed in that battle. He served in the army up to 1830, participated in many battles, and was promoted to the grade of *cotoniste* on the staff of the Nizhegorod Dragoons.

Ed. Howe, the Kansas newspaper man and novelist, has been offered $100 for the original manuscript of the "Story of a Country Town," the novel that made him famous. And yet, according to the Kansas City *Times*, "there were lots of nights while Ed was writing the story that he would have taken fifty cents for the whole business and thrown up the job."

Miss Mildred Fuller, daughter of the Chief Justice, who became Mrs. Wallace Monday evening, is a dainty little woman. She is slender and a perfect blonde, with short, curly hair worn in ringlets on her shapely head and in a soft coil at the nape of the neck. She is undeniably pretty, and her manners are gentle and graceful.

Count Von Moltke, in spite of his ninety years, often walks the long distance from the Reichstag building to the General Staff Office. As he quietly walks along, with his tall figure only slightly bent, his simple cap and his hands in his pockets, except when saluting the passers-by who bow to him, Von Moltke would not be taken for more than 70 years of age. He conscientiously fulfills his duties in Parliament, being one of the most persistent listeners to the often long and fatiguing debates and one of the first to rise and vote when called upon by the President.

Herr Xaver Scharwenka, the distinguished composer and pianist, who arrived in New York Sunday, will give his first concert at the Metropolitan Opera-House, in New York, the evening of January 24. On the preceding afternoon he will give a public rehearsal. He will appear in conjunction with the Seidl Orchestra, and in addition to classical selections will give some of his own compositions and scenes from his orchestra, "Mataswintha." The latter will be given in costume with the Metropolitan Opera-House chorus and certain vocal soloists not yet selected. After his New York appearance Herr Scharwenka will make a concert tour of the United States. Herr Scharwenka is a splendid-looking man. He is nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and well proportioned. He is accompanied by Senor Carlos Hucke of Valparaiso, Chili. Senor Hucke is a favorite pupil of Herr Scharwenka.

Colonel James M. Williams, who is seeking restoration to the Army and appointment on the retired list as captain in the Seventh Cavalry, is known in Army circles as the "colonel of the first nigger, sir," from the fact that he was the original commander of the first regiment of Western colored troops. He is well known from the Missouri to the Apache country, and was desperately wounded by the Indians in the Arizona campaign.

Kidder, Peabody & Co., bankers of New York, made their usual Christmas distribution among their clerks. The amount of money thus given by the firm exceeded $40,000.

Thomas Watson, one of the survivors of the famous "six hundred," who, at the battle of Balaklava, rode "into the jaws of death," is now in San Francisco. He is in straitened circumstances and is looking for work.

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

Why does a woman make her dress in such a funny way
She cannot find her pocket short of nearly half a day?
Why, can't you see that, while she searches for it everywhere,
She sixty sticks her partner for her street car fare?

And then her partner says, "Aha! I see her little game,
And straightway I'll proceed to show her two can play the same."
And then she puts her pocket where, when for it she must seek,
She knows she'll never find it until way next week.

—*Chicago Herald.*

IN THE SWIM.

The President and Mrs. Harrison gave the first of the series of state dinners last night, entertaining the Cabinet. There were forty-six covers laid and the usual abundance of tropical plants and floral decoration. The inevitable Marine Band was a time-honored feature of the entertainment. The festivities at the White House are said to be "heavy." There is an abundant display of culinary, millinery, and decorative skill, but not much "feast of reason and flow of soul." The table is never "set in a roar." Conversation is conventional and belitting the awful official gravity of the occasion, and the business of it is gone through with in a degree of decorum unfavorable to social "sweetness and light."

Mrs. John W. Foster has issued cards for a reception on Monday, January 12, from 4 to 7 p. m., to meet the Misses Orr. Mrs. Foster's house has long been recognized as one of the most delightful in Washington. As the wife of the former Minister to Russia, Spain and Mexico, she presided with great dignity and suavity over the social life of the Legation in St. Petersburg, Madrid and the city of Mexico. Her home is filled with rare and beautiful works of art and curios collected during a long residence abroad. Her acquaintance with many of the most distinguished people of the countries to which General Foster was accredited as Minister gives her an inexhaustible fund of reminiscence and anecdote about life abroad and makes her receptions attractive to foreigners and Americans alike.

Mrs. Benet will receive on Thursday.

Mrs. Thomas Riggs gives a tea this afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Riggs.

The dances at the British Legation, given now and then, form one of the pleasantest features of the season. The Misses Pauncefote have formed for themselves a charming circle of friends among our American girls and have been indefatigable in making the drawing rooms of the Legation as attractive as possible in every way to society.

The first grand reception of the season at the Mexican Legation took place yesterday afternoon. The house was crowded for three hours. The ball-room, which is lined on all sides with mirrors, was thrown open and a fine orchestra was playing the most entrancing dance music. Mr. and Madame Romero received their guests most graciously, Mrs. Warner poured tea, Miss Thompson offered chocolate, and a pretty bevy of young ladies assisted in dispensing punch. The tea was served from a magnificent gold set that quite cast in the shade even the gorgeous silver set and candelabrum on the table, which was banked with rare roses and loaded with dainty refreshments.

This is the day the ladies of the Cabinet receive.

Among the teas given yesterday afternoon was one by the Misses Merrick and another by Mrs. William H. Clagett, both extremely pleasant affairs.

Admiral and Mrs. Greer keep up the old-fashioned and hearty custom of having a few friends to dine with them quite informally on Sunday night. During his recent cruise in European waters, the Admiral collected a number of beautiful and rare vases, china and other things, which are very valuable from a *bric-a-brac* point of view.

"A roaring, ranting, young blade," who was at a great "cake-walk," as he irreverently styles the average reception, the other evening muttered the terrific shibboleth "C-a-s-h" when the host passed beyond ear shot, and then crept into his fur-lined overcoat and, arm-in-arm with two of the "dead boys," picked his way gingerly out beneath the stars. That he was instigated by the devil, and that he uttered the cruel words "with malice prepense and aforethought," there can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent and reflective person.

It is rumored that a *bal poudre* is to be given toward the last of the month by one of the notables in society. Already there is a flutter of excitement over the mere idea. There is no costume or toilet so calculated to heighten the beauty of woman as one in which she wears her hair powdered. The men, on the contrary, generally come to grief in the powdering of their hair or in the wigs bought or hired. A grand *minuet de la cour* ought to form a feature of the ball, as it is more in keeping with the era of the costumes, and gives a wide scope for the display of the grace and dignity of "the olden time," as seen in that stately dance.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Glover gave a buds' theatre party last evening at the National to see Sothern in the "Maister of Woodbarrow." The buds were Miss Parke, Miss Ernst, Miss Wilson, Miss Karr, Miss Carlisle and her friend, Miss Gildersleeve of New York, and others.

THE FUNERAL OF THE FORCE BILL.

Now that the Senate has put aside the Force bill in behalf of other matters, the best thing it can do is to leave it aside.—*New York World.*

Levi P. Morton seems to be disposed to be Vice-President with all that the name and the office imply or require.—*New York World.*

Mr. Hoar had a taste of force when eight Republican Senators joined the Democrats in forcing the Force bill to give way to business.—*New York World.*

It was a great surprise to Mr. Hoar yesterday when, on the very eve of the caucus called to arrange for the passage of the Force bill, that bill was calmly voted out of the way and the Finance bill was taken up in its place. This was the result of a suddenly developed, but probably well-matured, coalition between the Democrats and the silver Republicans, and it was accomplished with a touch of theatrical effect. The change in the situation is as important as it is sudden, and the country will watch, not without anxiety, the further action of the new combination.—*New York Times.*

The spectacle presented in the Senate yesterday afternoon is not one that Republicans generally can view or speak of with patience. Eight members of the majority united with the Democrats in voting to remove the Election bill from the favorable place which it has occupied on the calendar from the opening of the session and to give precedence to the financial matters which in the eyes of some Senators are more important. The names of the eight are: Teller and Wolcott of Colorado; Stewart and Jones of Nevada, Sheup and McConnell of Idaho; Stanford of California, and Washburn of Minnesota. These names are not likely to be forgotten. A combine of this kind can only end in disaster to the Republicans who engage in it.—*New York Tribune.*

The Hon. George Frisbie Hoar received a shock yesterday which his system, enervated by overindulgence in a strictly codfish diet, is ill fitted to sustain. Under the leadership of Mr. Stewart eight Silver Republicans united with the Democrats to switch off the Force bill and put the Financial bill in its place. Such an alliance was sure to be formed, and, if necessary, more Republicans would have joined it.

It is not to be expected that the revolutionists will accept their defeat meekly or abandon their efforts, but none the less has the Force bill taken its quietus. From the time of its introduction a large section of the Republican party has been either opposed to it or doubtful of its expediency. The November elections have increased the opposition and increased the doubt. Many Republican Senators were known to disbelieve in it, and others were indifferent about it. The Western Republicans are deeply interested in silver legislation, and not interested in the least in the Force bill. They gave Mr. Hoar plenty of opportunity, but they finally sickened at his ineffectual and impotent, blundering management of the bill, and they have now jumped upon it and him.—*New York Sun.*

Of course, the question, what will be done with the surplus wives in Utah, is still to be settled, one suggestion having been that of a Church divorce and maintenance. But there is ground for believing that the last of avowedly polygamous marriages in Utah has already occurred. Civilization has conquered.—*New York Sun.*

AMUSEMENTS.

"A Midnight Bell" at the National.

Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell" will be produced at the New National Theatre next week, with the same great cast and realistic scenery which characterized its pronounced success when presented in this city last season. Fred. Wright, business manager of the company, in speaking of Mr. Hoyt as a playwright, said: "I think Mr. Hoyt may be justifiably called the 'Razzle-Dazzler' of the American stage. He has evolved more dazzling humor from his mental process of threshing scenes and characters into dramatic form than any modern playwright. He has made more actual cash from his farcical skits than more pretentious playwrights ever dreamed of making. As Gilbert is the quaint genius of the English modern opera, so I suppose Hoyt stands in like relation to the American theatre."

There is a distinct vein of caricature and satirical intent in all Mr. Hoyt's plays that have elevated him to the rank of a genius in play-writing. He is a practical playwright. He studies the public before he consults his own inclination of thought and then applies his study to description. He is by temperament one of the American people. He understands his own country, the fun and wit of his own people, and, in spite of his celebrity and personal success everywhere, he remains the same natural, absorbed, unaffected man to-day that he was in the good old hustling hours of his early journalistic days. He was born in New Hampshire, that famous locality for raw New England humor and dry satiric wit. The very farm vegetable of this State grows into such shape and form that they appear a comic satire on their serious counterparts in other soil. There is something about a New England potato, with its melancholy outline and protruding bunions, that makes you smile. In a higher sense this very same grotesque quality of thought and simple character comes out in the personality of New England people, and it is the most original and cultivated type of this humor that Mr. Hoyt unconsciously bubbles over with in his plays. There must, as a matter of course, naturally exist a great deal of an author's personality in his labor, and in Mr. Hoyt's play, "A Midnight Bell," there is a great deal of Hoyt himself. Sale of seats will open to-morrow morning.

J. K. Emmet at Albaugh's.

The sale of seats will open to-morrow morning for the engagement of J. K. Emmet. There is a large niche in the public heart for Emmet. This is Mr. Emmet's first season in "Uncle Joe," which is a laughable comedy of the Emmet school, with opportunities which are generously taken advantage of by Mr. Emmet to introduce his new, taking and popular songs. His lullaby is world-famous and it will be presented with new and taking variations. All of Emmet's songs are good and are always loudly applauded. His best song, though, is "Laughing Jack," which is a twin of his celebrated and inimitable cuckoo song, "Uncle Joe" is a success all through.

The principal scenes take place in a mad-house, and the situations are both laughable and comical. Mr. Emmet has surrounded himself with a good company. There will be only one matinee, that on Saturday.

"On the Frontier," at Harris'.

Hardy & Von Leer will present their novelty success, "On the Frontier," at Harris' Bijou Theatre next week. Besides being a sensational production and a faithful picture of rugged Western life, it introduces various interesting features of a minor character. One of the unique accompaniments of the show is a genuine Indian brass band. The Indians also introduce a realistic war dance. James M. Hardie plays the part of a border hero in a manner that has been universally approved, and Miss Von Leer is always a favorite with her audiences. Besides being far in advance of the average sensational play in dramatic interest, "On the Frontier" promises a fund of refreshing comedy and catchy songs and dances. The play will be mounted with care and completeness, and the company has been indorsed elsewhere as meeting all requirements. An unusual number of people are employed in the cast, and the stage groupings and tableaux will be something out of the ordinary. Seats are now on sale.

Weber and Fields' Own Company.

Weber and Fields' Own Company, a new specialty show, which has proved one of the best organized this season, will appear at Kernan's Theatre next week. Weber and Fields, the famous Dutch comedians, the acknowledged originators of German comedy, head the list of talent. Among the cards is Frank Bush, the world-renowned mimic and character vocalist. Prawee, the phenomenal exponent of thaumaturgical exercise, is calculated to create a sensation, while John Whitman, in his feats of tooth-lifting, will be sure to astonish everybody. Among others are Wilson and Cameron, Richmond and Glenroy, Ranza and Arno, the Fremonts and Rosina. Seats now on sale.

Matt Morgan's Parisian Art, which the City Club is presenting this week, has proved one of the most artistic productions. "Studies in Black," the first part, is a rich conception. Ladies' matinee to-morrow.

HIT OR MISS.

Edison is perfecting an appliance to supply the place of the "hello" girl. Manufacturers of gum should protest.—*Chicago Times.*

A London soothsayer announces that the Duke of Clarence "has the moon at his birthday anniversary in the place of Mars at his birth," and warns that gloss of fashion and mold of form to avoid danger. If the Duke is sensible, in view of this awful prediction, he will reef his collars and cuffs at the first sign of a storm.—*Chicago Times.*

Richard Henry Stoddard says of a new novel by Amelia Rives-Chanler submitted to him in manuscript that it needs pruning. The poet-critic appears to be whetting a knife on his teething.—*Chicago Times.*

Amy (with a broken engagement, to Mary, about to be married)—My dear girl, do not make the mistake that I did with my Charlie. Don't ask George to eat any of your cooking until after you are married.—*New York Herald.*

Inclined to Embonpoint.

Maude—There goes Kitty Plompen. Why does she always walk so fast?

Mabel—Oh, "haste makes waist," don't you know.

"Yes, we've quarreled. I think this parting from my Amelia will kill me."

"I should think you would feel it."

"Feel it? Why, great Scott, it's torture. She had $200,000 in her own right."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The musician is the only mortal who is able to beat time, and he does not always do it fairly.—*Belfast News.*

A 3-year-old New Jersey girl misunderstood the church. She thought it sang "Lord have mercy on us miserable singers."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Adam and Eve had the earth at one time. Their experience should be a warning to those people who want it to-day.—*Rochester Post.*

Disappointment first comes in life to the baby who has been given to him for a present, and then finds he hasn't wind enough to blow it.—*Somerville Post.*

Bo—Darling, this engagement ring is worth $250.

She—The last one I had cost $400.

Bo—You are older now.—*New York Herald.*

Excited Lady (at Atlantic City)—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some one go out?

Life-saver (hurriedly)—We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum.

Excited Lady—Or all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?—*New York World.*

What a proud world this would be, if every man lived up to his little son's estimate of him. There is a small boy in this city, in whose eyes his unworthy father is the greatest man in all the world. His mother, who is a great student of history, whose admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte is almost equal to her son's admiration for his father, delights in telling the boy the wonderful stories of the great Emperor's achievements. There was a great scowl on the child's face when he heard the story of Moscow, and his eyes suffused with tears as he said: "Wasn't it too bad, mamma! Oh, if papa had only been there!"—*New York Sun.*

A recent wedding in England was so interrupted that the friends of the worldly pair found special reason to congratulate them when the ceremony was at last over. All went merrily until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding ring. In vain he felt in his trousers pocket for the indispensable trifle. Nothing could be found, except a hole through which the ring had evidently fallen into the high boot, which is affected by young men of that district. What was he to do? "Pull your boot off," said the parson. The suggestion and silence were painful. The organist, at the priest's bidding, struck up a "voluntary." The young man removed his boot, the ring was found, also a hole in the stocking, and the worthy minister remarked, evidently with more than the delay of the ceremony in mind: "Young man, it is time you were married."

PERSONNEL OF THE NAVY.

The Same Trouble in the English as in the United States Navy.

From the British Army and Navy Gazette.

SIR: I think that the thanks of the lieutenants of the Royal Navy are due to the *Army and Navy Gazette* for the extremely able article upon their position which appeared in its columns on December 13. At last I may say that the right note has been struck, and that the most potent causes of discontent have been exposed to the light of day. It is *not*, as your article puts it, the question of pay, neither is it the question of want of promotion, which has caused, and is causing daily and hourly, the growth of the alarming spirit you notice among the lieutenants. But it is the question of position and the question of duties.

With regard to the former. Not very many years ago the lieutenant's position stood infinitely higher than it does at present, and the causes are not far to seek, as they are entirely due to the second question, that of duties. What the lieutenants, and particularly the senior lieutenants, feel so bitterly, is the way in which they are, as your article says, put to do the same duties as sub-lieutenants, midshipmen and warrant officers.

It should be borne in mind that, relatively, the senior lieutenants rank with majors in the Army; but look at the difference in position. A senior watch-keeping lieutenant is a "handy billy," to do any job from that of commanding officer of his particular ship to taking turns of watch-keeping with junior warrant officers. When the senior lieutenant reflects that his brother, the major in the Army, *is* a senior officer, and one who, by virtue of his position as such, is spared much of the drudgery of service, which he has passed through and done with, naturally, the senior lieutenant feels himself a much aggrieved man. He says to himself: "I don't see my brother, the major, taking turns of duty with the sergeant-major of his regiment, and I do see him with an assured position of a senior officer, respected and consulted as such—while I, who have also borne the burden and heat of the day for twenty years and more, am exactly in the same position now as I was as a midshipman or young sub-lieutenant.

Sweep away harbor watch-keeping and you would remove one-half of the discontent among the lieutenants. Every one knows that it is an unnecessary relic of barbarism, and I would appeal to the captains of her Majesty's ships to show more consideration for the comfort and dignity of their lieutenants. Can they not see that, in reducing to one level the lieutenant, the midshipman and the warrant officer, the position of the former receives a deadly blow? And do they not know what bitter, festering discontent this sort of general "mix-up" causes? Surely they must, and might try and remedy it, for in their hands is the power.

If I may be permitted to say so, the one mistake in your article is in representing the "child-like faith" of the lieutenant in the authorities to do "something" for him. He is under no such delusion, believe me, and hopelessness of any improvement in his condition fosters the discontent which exists. I have written strongly, but I feel—and I know that the lieutenants as a body will feel—not one whit too strongly.

In conclusion, I say that if the authorities at the Admiralty wish the Navy to remain an efficient service, and for its officers to be animated by the spirit which animated their predecessors, who made England what it is, then let them take measures, and that quickly, to remove the canker of discontent which is slowly and surely eating out the heart of the lieutenants.—I am, &c.

A.

THE FATED SEVENTH CAVALRY.

Indians Think They Must Wipe Out the Men of That Regiment.

From the Chicago News, Dec. 31.

The Hon. George W. Steele, governor of Oklahoma, who was an army officer for sixteen years, during which time he was located at Fort Laramie, and other places in the heart of the Indian country, remarked, as he was preparing to leave the Grand Pacific this morning, that he was personally acquainted with Chief Big Foot, the Ogallala Indian who led his 150 bucks against 500 cavalrymen of the Seventh Regiment in the Bad Lands. "I can't imagine," continued the Governor, "why Colonel Forsyth placed so much confidence in the Indians. Those Ogallalas are the most warlike of the Sioux tribes. An Ogallala prizes his gun more than his family or tepee, and I can easily see how they felt when ordered to disarm themselves. Big Foot had the whole scheme cut and dried. They expected to kill at least twenty soldiers at the first fire and then all could escape with but few killed in their ranks. The question might be asked: 'Why did Big Foote choose to surrender to the Seventh Cavalry?'

"What importance do you attach to that question?" Mr. Steele was asked.

"It reminds me of the story of a trooper who was relating his experiences to a crowd in Guthrie not long ago. He said he had served in the Seventh Cavalry, but had heard so much talk about the Messiah and his warnings to his people, in regard to the historically numbered regiment, that he concluded that it would be best to get out of it. According to the trooper's story, he heard an Indian, who claims kinship with Spotted Tail, remark that the Indian Messiah had warned the redskins that if they did not follow up the work of their brothers—nearly completed when a portion of the Seventh was annihilated at the time of the Custer massacre—the palefaces would eventually wipe out the redskins. Perhaps it was because of this that Big Foot resolved to surrender a la Indian to the officers of the Seventh, and then ambush the unsuspecting soldiers. The trooper's story is related for what it is worth."

General Steele thinks the only possible solution of the Indian troubles is to transfer the Government wards to the custody of the War Department. The Department of the Interior has demonstrated its inefficiency.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Metropolitan—James T. Ross, Atlanta; S. H. Hawkins, Americus, Ga.; A. C. Sterner, New York; John Anderson, Ormond, Fla.; H. F. Wheeler, Boston; W. M. Pennell, Brunswick, Me.

National—C. C. Tompkins, Salem, Va.; O. N. Dana, New York; George L. Remington, Philadelphia; John H. Buckles, West Virginia; C. C. Greenleaf, Wausau, Ohio; George Hodge, Chicago; R. D. Beascher, J. Stein, New York.

St. James—J. B. Payne, jr., Norfolk, Va.; D. M. Shannon, New York; A. Kerngood, Baltimore.

Willard's—John J. Belsholt, Alton, Ill.; A. B. Perry, Springfield, Ohio; W. P. Hubbard, Wheeling; R. D. Greene, New York; William E. Ash, Leighton, Pa.

Riggs—Hon. George R. Davis, Chicago; Hon. M. A. Smith, Arizona; L. Blodget, Philadelphia; Representative J. M. Rife, Harrisburg, Pa.; Hon. W. O. Arnold and wife, Rhode Island; Hon. F. W. Rockwell, Philadelphia.

Wickes'—J. B. Kremer, Carlisle, Pa.; C. A. Broadwater, Montana; Mrs. N. Kremer, Philadelphia.

Arlington—Bishop Leonard, Cleveland, O.; Benjamin Blanco, T. Leoni and Julie G. Leoni, Bolivia; William Scott and D. N. Watson, Pittsburg; Melchor Barris and John O'Brien and wife, New York; Charles W. Hogan, New York.

Barnsley's—H. E. Tremain, Charles Cate and O. P. Ketchum, New York; Wm. N. Dykman, Brooklyn; J. N. Bakewell, Pittsburg; W. H. Emerson, Boston.

Normandie—E. Alvord, New York; Charles V. Henry, Philadelphia; W. J. Sewell, New Jersey.

Hotel Johnson—H. T. Lincoln, Boston; M. T. Love, New York; H. C. Hoffman, Chicago; H. Stodeker, Rochester; J. A. Pulliam, Lunsburg, N. C.

Ebbitt—W. F. Shustuff, Norristown, Pa.; William St. John, Theodore E. Allen and George W. B. Corliss, New York; V. B. Grover, Virginia; G. D. Joffard, W. P. Goff, Clarksburg, W. Va.; A. W. Biles, Saginaw, Mich.

THE GIRL ON A BICYCLE.

'Twas called a "safety," and when Belle
Rode forth to conquer hearts upon it,
He was enchanted by her spell.
She looked a poet's dream—a sonnet.
She proudly showed him how to turn
A figure eight, and wrote her name;
He walked beside, but naught could learn—
Her sparkling eyes deserved the blame.
Quite overcome, he had to toil
A mile he never found words to say;
And poor, distracted, blushing Belle
Twisted the handle the wrong way.

* * * * * * *

They gathered up each gory part
Of him who'd vowed his heart was cracked;
But the doctors said that self same heart
Was his only fragment left intact!

—*New York Herald.*

CONNECTICUT'S CRISIS.

The Election of State Officers by the Assembly Much Muddled.

HARTFORD, CONN., Jan. 7.—The complicated gubernatorial situation in Connecticut, which has been the subject of so much discussion during the past two months, is soon to be solved. The General Assembly chosen on November 4 will meet to-day, and its first duty will be to decide who shall be the State officers for the next two years. According to the laws of Connecticut a candidate for a State office must receive a majority of the votes cast for that office in order to be elected by the people. In case no candidate receives a majority the election is thrown into the General Assembly and must be decided by both houses in joint convention. Immediately, therefore, after the two houses of the General Assembly have notified each other that their respective organizations have been completed a committee on canvass of votes for State officers will be formed, consisting of one Senator appointed by the presiding officer of the Senate and eight Representatives appointed by the Speaker of the House.

As the Senate is strongly Democratic the Senator appointed will presumably be a Democrat. The representatives of the lower house, which is Republican by a still larger majority, will probably consist of five Republicans and three Democrats. The action of this committee will develop the crisis. On the face of the returns as officially canvassed Mr. Morris, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has a majority of 27 votes. The official report signed by the Secretary of State, the Treasurer, and the Comptroller, calls attention, however, to the fact that "in certain voting districts a number of ballots were cast which were not counted" for various reasons, and that "no return of the names of the persons for whom these ballots were cast has been made."

The only way in which the Republicans can secure the election of their candidate for Governor is by going back of the returns. It is probable, therefore, that there will be two reports by the committee to the General Assembly—a majority one declaring in favor of an investigation into the irregularities referred to by the official canvassers in their report, and a minority one declaring Mr. Morris elected by the people. The former will be accepted by the Republican House of Representatives, and the latter by the Democratic Senate. If the Democratic members of the committee take the other alternative, instead of making a minority report simply retire, refusing to agree to an investigation, the result will be practically the same. The Democratic Senate will then merely refuse to accept the report of the committee. That the Democrats will refuse to agree to an investigation is a prevalent opinion, and one warranted by the attitude of Democratic journals throughout the State since the result of last November's election first became known.

The law requires that the election of State officers shall take place on the second legislative day or not at all. This, too, is a disputed point, but even if it be the case the Republican House can go around it and can gain time for conducting an investigation by taking a recess. In fact, it will be able, by continuing to take recesses, carefully abstaining from adjournments, to postpone "the second legislative day" as long as it chooses. Such action would result in the present officers, who are Republicans, continuing in office.

The situation is still further complicated by the fact that a Governor must be declared elected before the election of any other State officers can come under consideration. Possibly this may influence the Democrats toward consenting to an investigation in order to elect their candidates for other offices, all of whom have on the face of the returns much larger majorities than Mr. Morris has.

On the other hand, the former element in the Republican party is strongly antagonistic to Governor Bulkley on account of his attitude in the oleomargarine question. Rather than have him continue in office two years longer the Republican farmers may prefer to assist in the election of Mr. Morris.

It is impossible to predict with any degree of accuracy the action of the General Assembly. All opinion, in fact, is purely speculative, for the influences which may possibly have considerable effect in forming the result are so many and so varied that it is impossible to equalize their effects.

That the result of the November election will be a change in the ballot law, in some particulars at least, seems to be the concensus of opinion in both parties. It is, indeed, the only point in regard to the election on which both Democrats and Republicans agree.

DISSIPATING HIS FORTUNE.

William H. Blakeney Sued for Divorce by His Wife.

NYACK, N. Y., Jan. 7.—After nearly twenty-five years' married life Mrs. Harriet Blakeney has sued for absolute divorce from her husband, William H. Blakeney, on statutory grounds. The complaint covers a period of two years, and names but one correspondent, a woman with whom Mr. Blakeney is alleged to be now living in a hotel at Haverstraw. Blakeney has put in no defense.

Judge Dykman, at White Plains, last Saturday, adjourned the hearing on a motion by Mrs. Blakeney's counsel for alimony and counsel fees. Blakeney's lawyer averred he could not find his client.

Blakeney is the only brother of the peerless beauty, Mme. Mazard, the favorite of the late King of Holland. All old New York residents will remember the story of her adventurous life. When she died about twelve years ago the princely fortune which she accumulated came into the possession of her parents. They were plain, hard-working people, living at Tappan, N. Y. From them the money descended to the defendant in these proceedings and to Mrs. Charles Pike of First Place, Brooklyn.

Ordinary thrift would have made William worth half a million dollars to-day, but his career has been one of the wildest dissipation. He is a typical sport in manner and dress, talks "horse," bets freely and never learned the value of money. Two years ago the courts decided he was unfit to have control of his property, adjudged him an habitual drunkard and appointed a trustee to care for his estate.

Later this order was rescinded and he has since been more than ever reckless with his funds. Mrs. Blakeney is a quiet, intelligent and refined woman, who lives in semi-retirement in a handsome home, the former residence of Broker Allyn, in Nyack. She has a son and daughter, both married.

A few months ago she caused her husband's arrest for stealing her watch and some silk dresses and presenting them to other women. Blakeney was then on one of his most hilarious spees, and smashed things generally in their beautiful home. The property was recovered and proceedings against him dropped.

Counsellor C. P. Hoffman of Nyack has been retained by Mrs. Blakeney.

A Charitable Bequest.

The will of the late Elizabeth Bowie was filed to-day in the office of the Register of Wills. She bequeaths $400 to the Rev. Jacob Walter of St. Patrick's Church of this city, or, in event of his death, to his successor. The remainder of her property is left to Father Walter, to be expended by him in such charities as may be