

Sunday Morning Globe

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1901.

As To Secretary Gage.

A few days ago our attention was called to an advertisement in a newspaper—the name of which we do not remember—accompanying the advertisement was worded out disclosing the well known features of Secretary Gage. Although that gentleman's countenance is becoming as familiar in cheap periodicals as Lydia Pinkham's well known face advertising her vegetable compound, and we don't care to waste much time gazing upon his counterfeit either ill or well executed in print, we confess we did look for a moment to see what he was up to now. Our curiosity was gratified and we read with as much composure of countenance as was possible that the doughty secretary had attempted to enlighten the youth of the land in a child's publication known as the Youths' Companion.

We immediately got our wits to work and began to think. We reflected, and then it dawned on us what a field for the small financier of the Cabinet. He must needs leave the mazy ways of finance, the doings of Wall Street, and teach the young folks of America the way to success in life. We cogitated and then it was suggested to us how we might assist the Secretary. In our younger days we read in the 20th chapter of Exodus one of the commandments, which is something like the following: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Remembering a little of our early teachings and how we were taught to revere and abide by such a command, it occurred to us that Secretary Gage in his capacity of chief financier of a great nation might enlighten young people as to the way he had allowed false testimony to be made for his partisan needs, and when complete how he had acted on it, though he had every reason to believe it false. In other words in a sense guilty of subornation; thus bearing false witness against his neighbor. The Youths' Companion could have no greater object lesson for its young readers than some of the examples Secretary Gage might give if the truth is told on him and he has never denied the charges.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" is another commandment found between the lids of the holy book. Secretary Gage when he assumed the duties of his office took a solemn oath. In that oath he doubtless promised to do and perform the duties of the office of Secretary of the Treasury to the best of his ability. If he did perform those duties honestly he has done well. But if he has acted unjustly, if he has allowed tricks to be played, if he listened to stories he knew were not true, and then violated the civil service rules, he has violated his oath of office. We will allow him to say whether he has broken the above commandment. If he has he ought to tell the readers of the Youths' Companion how he does such things and why it was necessary for him to thus abuse his privileges.

Secretary Gage might tell his young readers all about his conduct after the receipt of the Hepburn letter. How he was in effect approached with a bribe and how he granted what was asked of him. If such conduct is regarded as sound morals, Secretary Gage ought to enlighten his youthful pupils how and what sense he makes such conduct sound morals. He ought to tell the modus operandi of manipulating his conscience. It would be in the language of the late lamented Greeley, "mighty interesting reading."

These are a few specimens to which attention is called. It may be we do the Secretary injustice. But he has never denied any of the accusations made.

The Mirror of this city makes serious charges against him; that he has had Vanderbilt made a vice president of the National City Bank of New York; and a go-between between the bank and the Treasury Department. It may not be true. For common decency's sake it ought not to be true, and if not true it ought to be denied.

As the Secretary has taken it upon himself to teach young people the way to live and show them the true path in life he would do well to carefully read this paper and then in his next paper to the youths' periodical tell whether what is said of him is true, and if true how he graces his conscience.

Sold Out Again!

Secretary John Hay has apparently succeeded in foisting upon this country England's "permission" and "concession" to construct a canal through territory of which England does not own a single foot! Were the conditions reversed how supremely ridiculous England would make this country look before the civilized world did we advance any right to give "permission" or "concession" for the construction of a canal in the Eastern Hemisphere.

Senator Bacon, of Georgia, laid the common sense view of this proposed treaty with Great Britain before his colleagues of the Senate and the entire country. Every American who read his calm, logical assertion that inasmuch as England owned

neither the territory through which the canal is to be dug and that the United States is to pay the bill there are no rights, title, permission or concession lying in England or in any other European power transferable by treaty or otherwise to the United States. It is purely a question of internal interest to the people of the United States and the sovereignty of their country is being impeached when a foreign power assumes the right to grant "permission" or "concession" for the construction of an American enterprise, on the American continent, and through the territory of independent American countries.

Could anything be plainer or more honest than this view of the case? Why, even unprejudiced Englishmen like Stead, agrees with this contention. The logging in of England into this matter is purely and solely the work of Secretary of State John Hay to please his kindred and admirers—the Anglo-Maniacs.

Of course as a matter of fact the so-called treaty went amount to the proverbial "tinkers d—!" when the fleets and armies of England and the United States lock horns. Treaty or no treaty the canal is ours when it is dug, the settlements along its banks will be American as the country will be; and, if any European power or combination of European powers dare to plant a hostile foot upon either bank the thunder of our guns will salute the miscreants with the promptness of a gallant and a fighting nation.

What we object to, therefore, in this treaty is not the fear that England or Europe will ever dare to touch it any more than they would dare to touch the Erie canal, but as an American, who carried sixty rounds and a musket, we do object to this base, belly-crawling sycophancy to a power whose soldiers have to be numerically superior, at the ratio of ten to one, to the white foe they are called upon to fight, and whose navy we have repeatedly whipped when we hardly understood the science of naval warfare. Bah! on this rotten and decaying power, let the toothless old lion wag his tail and smack his gumless mouth to the tail end of the American eagle! Who cares?

The Real Issue.

Admiral Schley has been declared by the Naval Court of Inquiry to be in supreme command on July 3, 1898, and "to have won a glorious victory in the total destruction of the Spanish fleet." This settles Sampson and the Bureau of Fabrication. Sampson will now disgorge that prize money which he falsely claimed and was illegally awarded. As to the things the Naval Court says Schley did not do, and the things he ought to have done—bah! who cares? Naval etiquette and discipline may condemn him along these lines until the crack of doom, but that the official declaration of the Court of Inquiry names him the sole commander and laureled victor of Santiago is THE real issue and the triumphant vindication of Admiral Schley by his fellow sailors. He disobeyed orders, well, suppose he did? McMahon won the baton of Marshall of France and the Dukedom of Magenta for the same offense. Schley has been declared "inaccurate," "dilatatory," "misquoted things," etc., etc., but this paragraph obliterates all that and stamps him the idol and the hero of the fighting Americans.

His conduct during the battle of July 3 was self-possessed and he encouraged, in his own person, his subordinate officers and men to fight courageously. And this completes the record: "Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape on the morning of July 3, 1898. He was in absolute command and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

These two paragraphs will stand in history and forever proclaim to the coming generations the victory of Santiago and the illustrious name of the victor, Winfield Scott Schley.

Vale Sampson!

Acquittal of Mrs. Bonine.

The GLOBE predicted some weeks ago the acquittal of Mrs. Bonine. At the time there were but few persons who held similar views and the press was silent. On Monday last the Times joined us in the prediction. The jury reported on Friday evening at 9 o'clock after less than five hours deliberation a verdict of Not Guilty. And the jury could do nothing less from the testimony presented by the Government. The Government's attorneys, Messrs. Gould and Taggart, did their whole duty, and have increased their prestige at the bar by the remarkably able manner in which they handled a very weak case. The counsel for the defense, especially Mr. Douglass, slept and eat, so to speak, with the cause of his client, and never was client so loyally, intelligently and ably served. We congratulate Mrs. Bonine on her triumphant acquittal and the vindication of her fair fame.

The District member of the National Democratic Committee must be visiting Mars. He has not been heard from for several moons. What's up?

The bill to create a National Board of Pardons is a much needed measure both to relieve the President of very onerous duties and in justice to applicants who have meritorious cases.

Inasmuch as the government did not attack the character of Mrs. Bonine, we shall always contend that her counsel made a mistake in not sending the case to the jury when the government closed.

The Panama Canal route has merits and other things that may be worth some Congressional investigation and discuss. It is certainly a practical route and it has made some headway in construction.

The Mrs. Dennis mysterious assault is another evidence that our police force is accustomed to a real, quiet, peaceable city. They are not trained to deal with down right devilment and criminality.

CENSOR MADDEN

Draws An Open Letter to President Roosevelt.

REMOVED TO CANADA

The Publisher of Wilshire Magazine Forced to Leave New York by Madden's Rulings or Be Ruined—The Magazine Now Published in Toronto. A Spley and Sarcastic Letter to the President on Little Caesar Madden.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, publisher of the Wilshire Magazine, has been compelled to move his plant and publication house from New York City to Toronto, Canada, by the autocratic rulings of Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden. Yesterday one of the New York street and elevated cars Mr. Wilshire had printed cards bearing the startling announcement:

"SUPPRESSED"

By order of the United States Post-office for Advertising Ideas.

BANISHED TO CANADA.

The large handsome cards also contained the name of the magazine, date and place of publication, Toronto, and they created much interest and talk among the tens of thousands patronizing the cars.

For all this we are indebted to Mr. Madden, our Third Assistant Postmaster-General, who has unwarrantably and unlawfully assumed a censorship of the periodical publications of the United States, more expediting and sweeping than that exercised by his Russian prototype.

Mr. Wilshire addresses the following "open letter to the President":

Dear Mr. President: I do not wish to embarrass the administration, but I really feel it is imperative both in justice to myself and for the good of the nation that I insist upon your transferring Mr. Madden from the post-office to some other department where his duties will be either largely ornamental or entirely perfunctory.

I don't ask for his dismissal from the service, for I know that when a man is taken from the ranks of labor and placed in a fat political position, as Mr. Madden was, there has always been a fat political debt incurred by the party that must in honor be fully liquidated. I do not ask you to repudiate by the dismissal of Mr. Madden. Simply transfer him to some other job where the pay is the same. You ask me where to put him? Well, the only thing he ever made a good record at was firing a locomotive. It is said that this is going to be a hard winter. The White House is a drafty old barn, a dangerous place for your children if not kept properly warmed and at an even temperature. What's the matter with appointing Mr. Madden your janitor with special charge of the White House furnace? If he fired a locomotive he certainly can fire a furnace. By making this transfer you not only provide for the comfort of your family, but you at the same time remove a Third Assistant Postmaster-General who will always be making a fool of your whole administration. As the New York Evening Post says regarding your control over appointees: "Mr. Roosevelt enjoys tremendous advantages in dealing with this problem. In the first place, he is entirely free from those restrictions which constrained Mr. McKinley to sign the commissions of odious characters to whom his manager, Hanna, had promised office."

Why endanger your political future by trying your fortunes on such a man? Just think. What greater blunder could Mr. Madden have committed your administration than that of suppressing the freedom of the press?

Of course I know perfectly well that you know nothing about it and that the matter had never been referred to you that such an amazing blunder would never have occurred but this only goes so much the further to show that you must have subordinates upon whose judgment you can rely to prevent the recurrence of such mortifying episodes. It will be urged to excuse Mr. Madden that he did it simply in order to please you. Such an excuse is worse than none at all. In the first place it will intimate that you yourself favor the suppression of the free press, which you do not. In the next place it would mean that the post-office is run not for the public service but as if it were a kind of mechanical toy, a toy locomotive, to amuse the occupant of the Presidential chair.

Then, too, the absurdly bald subterfuge Mr. Madden uses in saying that he is not suppressing my journal owing to his views, but because it "advertises" those views, is such a dangerous precedent. On this plea he would stop a man making a speech on the ground that the meeting had been "advertised."

Mr. Madden has another plea for his action. I used my journal primarily to advertise my speeches.

In the first place this is not true and in the second place even if it were true it would be a new and dubious reason for suppressing a paper. On this ground it would be easy to suppress Mr. Bryan's paper. Mr. Bryan really comes more under the ban than I do, for he gets paid for his speeches, while mine are free. I showed Mr. Madden that I had been publishing my journal since December, 1900, and that for the first six months I had made no mention of any speech-making. I made no speeches. I explained to him that I was in the first place essentially a business man and had no time for any great amount of speech-making. That I was the owner of several orange and walnut ranches in California and also had other businesses, and being in addition a director in a National Bank as well as of several other corporations. That editing my paper and handling my private business affairs was quite sufficient to keep me busy without my becoming a professional lecturer. I also pointed out that he was passing judgment upon a journal which had been regularly published for thirty-seven issues by an examination of a single issue. That because this one had in it a list of my lectures he had formed the erroneous impression that all the other issues had contained such a schedule, whereas as a matter of fact I could not remember of any such schedule ever having been so published before.

I also pointed out that the schedule was in no manner an advertisement of my lectures, as the paper containing it was issued after I had finished my tour. Challenge is palpably an impossible medium anyway to advertise a lecture. The only paper that can advertise a lecture is a local paper published in the place where the lecture is to take place. The schedule Mr. Madden objected to took up less than one column of a sixteen page paper.

This certainly does not look like I was conducting Challenge as an advance program of my lecturing tour. The most singular point of all this is that after I actually convinced Mr. Madden himself of the absurdity of his first ruling that Challenge was merely a lecture program, that he then went off on a new tack altogether and argued on entirely new grounds that it was a paper designed "primarily for advertising purposes." He said it was manifestly designed to sell my "ideas." That inasmuch as my stock in trade was admittedly and ostensibly "ideas" and that Challenge was admittedly the medium through which I offered my goods for sale that the logical conclusion was that Challenge was primarily designed for "advertising purposes."

Now, really, Mr. President, what answer can one make to a man advancing such an absurd argument? Of course the unconvincing humor of it is as fine as anything in the English language. I appreciate that side of it well enough, but nevertheless I don't feel like paying a thousand dollars a month for even the very finest joke in the language.

That is just what Mr. Madden's bit of humor means to me if I continued publishing Challenge as a weekly. I may say in justice to the gentleman, that after my talk he did agree to allow me to apply for a re-entry for Challenge, as you will see by his letter on the next page.

However, this permission did nothing more than to give me another try at editing a paper without advertising my ideas.

It not only promised nothing for the future, but it conveyed no information that I would get my deposit money that I had put up on the back numbers. It was such an indefinite sort of a program for me to try to follow that I simply chucked up the sponge on trying to publish a weekly and decided to make Challenge a monthly magazine.

Again, Mr. President, I must remind you that the making of a good janitor was lost when Mr. Madden was made Third Assistant Postmaster-General. It is not too late to correct the error.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

Mr. Wilshire accompanies his sarcastic letter with the following copy of a missive received from Mr. Madden, Censor of Periodical Literature, see Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE THIRD ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, CLASSIFICATION DIVISION, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 3, 1901.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Publisher of The Challenge, 225 Fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

SIR: Referring to your call at the department with reference to the classification of The Challenge, you are informed that the postmaster at New York has been authorized to receive a new application for entry of the paper to the second-class of mail matter, with conditional deposit of postage at the third-class rate.

This authority was given with the understanding that the features which caused the recent denial of the second-class rates to the publication will be eliminated therefrom. Respectfully yours,

EDWIN C. MADDEN, Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

The tone and subject matter of this letter are as offensively autocratic as they are un-American. The idea of a public servant assuming such prerogatives as to absolutely dictate to a publisher what his magazine shall contain, and even indicating what shall be eliminated, is too much. Is President Roosevelt prepared to bring down upon his administration, through the insufferable ignorance and presumption of this sub-official Madden, the condemnation of the entire periodical press of the United States? There is a wide difference between "fake" publications, which are rightfully excluded from the privileges of second-class postage, and legitimate enterprises such as the American Printer, Wilshire's Magazine and kindred publications.

Mr. Madden must be either called down or disposed of, as Mr. Wilshire ironically suggests, as the only way to bring down against this extraordinary and un-American censorship.

Praises the President.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 12, 1901. Editor Sunday Globe:

Your honest and fearless paper has done more in the interests of Civil Service reform in the short time it has been here than the combined press of Washington could accomplish in ten years. While Frederick Siddons and other men who saw the evils as they existed have put in some pretty strong blows in the right direction, yet it needed just such handling as you have given.

You have handled familism and all kinds of department favoritism without gloves, and have fought these evils fearlessly and honestly. While certain papers throughout the country have fought more or less along the same lines, yet you are the pioneer in the good work, and have fought the evils while located in their midst.

How well I remember the uproar the first copies of your sheet caused in certain department circles. Cheap prophets were going around prophesying that you would get hurt, and that your paper should not be allowed within this department city. Yes, indeed! all because you were not toad-faced and happened to have the temerity and nerve to cleanly and honestly show up the evils as they existed.

I always found, however, that the honest sons of toil, as well as the thinking portion of our population, were for the GLOBE and heartily wished for its prosperity.

I cannot but contrast the conduct of the small-souled government pets with those sturdy boys who had won the government blue (and some of whom wore the Spanish War buttons) whom I met in the Keystone State. "Yes, they knew the SUNDAY GLOBE and while it was red-hot it was all right, and was just what was needed."

I am glad to see that Theodore Roosevelt, Civil Service man and soldier's friend, has put a quietus upon the influence evil, and has shown that he has both the time and disposition to attend to such matters. Such men are worth voting and fighting for.

CLARK BRADIN.

And still the frisky advertising solicitor, only materializes once a week to write a letter or cross-examine the editor. There will be a wake followed by a funeral one of these days and the advertising solicitor will furnish the corpse.

BEAUTY AND BOOTY

The Stakes For Which Van Buren and Parish Played.

VOLUPTUOUS AND FRAIL MARIE

Watches the Game and Surrenders Her Person to the Victor—The Romantic Career of Madam Marie Vespucci, the Siren, at Whose Feet Webster, Clay and Calhoun Laid Their Hearts as Did the Duke of Orleans and President Van Buren.

An echo of the vividly adventurous career of Mme. Marie Vespucci, the "Tuscan beauty," famous throughout the New World three-quarters of a century ago, has just been sounded by the discovery, in the attic of the old brick hotel at Evans Mills, Jefferson county, New York, of an antique mahogany table, scarred, stained and dust-covered.

Over this very table there was played on a wild winter's night in 1841 a game of cards in which the Tuscan beauty was herself the stake, and which resulted in a turn of her fortunes that imprisoned her in the obscure region for nearly all the rest of her life.

Curiously, the table, battered as it is, has lasted longer than Mme. Vespucci's fame. The career of beautiful and unscrupulous Mme. Marie Vespucci, the interest which President Martin Van Buren openly displayed in her, her subsequent social downfall, and finally the singular contest between "Prince" John Van Buren and George Parish, later Baron Leftonburg, as rivals for her affections—all this might have remained forgotten except for the recollection excited by the table on which a game of cards was played that changed her fate.

It was to press her claim to the grant of land by the nation in consideration for its debt to her distinguished ancestor, the Florentine astronomer and navigator, that Mme. Marie Helen Amerigo Vespucci came in 1839 to the Washington of Van Buren, Clay, Webster and Calhoun. These and their contemporaries appear to have been impressionable gentlemen, for the sensation which the "fair Italian" made was quite disproportionate to the importance of her position at the Capital.

She was young, extremely beautiful, with all the charms of birth, breeding and the glamour of association with foreign courts. She was accorded a private interview with Van Buren, the bachelor President, and in a short time gossip was busy arranging a wedding between the President and the "fair Florentine," while, "by her wily witching freedoms," it was said, "she made Clay dizzy and Webster silly." She was courted, feted, admired and honored until certain of her unconventionalities aroused the suspicion of one of the graver matrons at Washington.

Then returning visitors from the French capital reported that she had borne an unenviable reputation both there and in Florence, and had been induced for a consideration by the royal family of France to break off an intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, and leave the country.

At this juncture the Duke's younger brother, the Prince de Joinville, came to Washington and refused to recognize Mme. Vespucci, which virtually excluded her from society. Her numerous and magnificent jewels and many of her costly and exquisite gowns went to the pawnbroker, and in New York, whither she shortly fled from Washington, she came to the verge of actual want.

In these straits, tradition says, she accepted the protection of "Prince" John Van Buren, of Albany, and for a while created something of a sensation on the streets of the state capital, where she drove the lawyer's spanking team of bays.

The romantic story of the manner in which she came to transfer her companionship from "Prince" John Van Buren to the heir of the title of Baron Von Leftonburg has been handed down from father to son in the hamlet of Evans Mills as follows:

Just at nightfall of a stormy January day, in 1841, the great sleigh of George Parish, gentleman, of Ogdensburg, pulled up at the old stone hostelry at Evans Mills, kept by Landlord John Hoover.

The host announced that he expected Lawyer John Van Buren, of Albany, to arrive and transact business with him. Soon the famous Albany attorney arrived, accompanied by a handsome and stately woman, who was clad from head to foot in the richest furs, and who wore a profusion of jewelry. She was introduced by "Prince" John as Mme. Vespucci, and it was noticeable, even to the bartender who served the hot toddy and flip, that George Parish, gentleman, was more interested in the fair companion of the Albany attorney than in the legal business, and that the interest was mutual.

All the next day the Ogdensburg landowner and his agent were busy with the signing of legal papers which Van Buren drew up.

As night came on the mahogany table which was last week discovered in the attic was brought out to play its part in this strange story. A game of cards had been proposed. Parish, who was alert and shrewd, played well. Van Buren, dulled by a long day of drink, lost steadily. Before 10 o'clock in the evening he had, however, in spite of his dulled vision, seen two things clearly. First, \$5,000 of his gold had been passed over the table to Parish, and second, glances of disturbing significance had been exchanged between Parish and his fair companion.

As 10 o'clock sounded Van Buren threw down his cards and declared bitterly: "I've had enough of gaming. My luck has turned against me, both in cards and in love. You observe, Marie, my last gold piece has gone into yonder shrewd fellow's hands. You, if you like, may follow it."

"No, madame was rather shamed by this. But John," she protested quietly, "you have been good to me when I needed it. So, in spite of this gentleman's adroit flattery, I will not leave you, now that your gold is spent. That is," she added, "unless you bid me."

"Since the lady is so gentle," interrupted Parish, "it remains for us to settle the matter between ourselves. Take this \$5,000 I have just won from you. I will put up as much more against it. We will play until one of us has won all. Will madame abide by the outcome of the play?"

Madame agreed, the coins were deposited in her lap, and the two men, with a woman as the stake, played until 2 o'clock in the morning. By this time Parish had again

won the lawyer's \$5,000, which he returned, announcing that he preferred to claim the forfeit agreed upon. Van Buren, however, who was noted for his pride, refused the money and threw it into Marie's lap as he left the room and drove away through the wintry night.

And immediately after George Parish and Marie Vespucci started on their journey to Ogdensburg, where the Parishes owned large estates.

The mansion to which the Tuscan beauty was taken to live was for many years known as the "Red Villa." Mr. Parish and madame led most secluded lives, surrounded by a retinue of liveried servants, and with a stable filled with blooded horses and a cellar of rare old wines. Madame, it is related, could lose off glass after glass of champagne with impunity, and always remained at the table for an after-dinner smoke.

A small silver match-box engraved with the crest and armorial bearings of the Vespucci family is among the keepsakes still preserved by an Ogdensburg family who were intimate with her.

By degrees madame emerged from her retirement and shopped at the village stores or took the early morning ferry to Prescott. She enjoyed a bit of gossip with the farmers' wives, who brought her news of butter, fresh eggs and cream. She had, however, the temper belonging to her race, and could terrorize the household when the thought occasion required. She was deft with the needle, and all about the house was to be seen the work of her facile hands.

She occasionally accompanied Mr. Parish on his trips to New York, Quebec or Montreal, which he made by coach or sledge, with driver and relays of horses, but during his frequent and lengthy absences her life must have been a lonely one. Occasionally she had her physician or rector at the house to dine, but gayer society she had abandoned altogether. A famous chef, was employed in the establishment, who afterward went back to New York and became a caterer of renown.

But as time went on Marie Vespucci's beauty faded and vanished. The bitterness of this to the woman who had once been a kind of queen, was that George Parish's love for her had died at the same time. And when it happened that the daughter of the previous holder of the title made Parish Baron Von Leftonburg, he left Ogdensburg and the "Tuscan beauty," of whom he had once been so passionately enamored, without a word.

Nor did he ever return. She learned from her attorney that she was discredited with an annuity, and that everything had been put into the hands of agents to sell as soon as possible. By the terms of the settlement she was not even allowed to remain in Ogdensburg, but must live in Paris, where none were left who knew her before the glory of her youth had departed.

She went during the early summer of 1858, but before going she threw the mansion open and gave a garden party to 20 or 30 little boys and girls of the city, sitting among her young guests on the lawn and giving her personal attention to their entertainment. When they went to take leave of their hostess she took from a small table beside her a pretty gift for each one, telling the guest to keep it as a souvenir of the "fete champetre."

She died in Paris a few years later. The Baron von Leftonburg lived on his estates in Germany until his death a few years ago.

THE STREET FAKIR.

He Comes With the Cold and Tells of His Pards and Their Little "Grafts."

Some have for weeks back been seen in town, even making a pitch in desultory sort of way, but the first real influx from cold weather country pulled in yesterday—the street fakir.

He of the push who made the lone pitch worked knife sharpeners, with shoe polish as a side line.

During a lull he said he expected to meet warmer weather in Washington space, and few articles for street graft were colder than his.

You could tell he was an old hand at the street game, even though he was working the knife sharpeners, which have been worked to a limit in the West and North.

Yes, if he'd considered, he would have held down Philly or Pitts for the holidays. Philly is, around Christmastide, ever a kind town to the street men of America. But several weeks is a long wait, after a lay-off from following the fairs.

He might hit the Charleston fair later on, but they were asking \$500 for any kind of a space now.

Big Foot Wallace? Yes, knew him. Who didn't that was in the game, know the greatest of all taking street men—the big fellow who worked a dollar or a five dollar pitch, and who got your money as sure as you listened to him?

Then there was "Doc" C—, who head-quartered in Philly—warm-hearted "Doc"—the best speller in the biz, although not the greatest money-getter. "Doc" died in Buffalo during the Pan show. There was a street man for you—a figure of romance amongst men who are possessive of many ironing, advertising, interesting pasts. Right well the man with the sharpeners knew Doc—the college man with the grand diction, the ways of a gentleman, and who died one, even though he sold slump jewelry from the street pitches and worked the fairs. A picture of Doc he could bring up before him—the slender man of 33, say, the romantic features and dark beard, white forehead.

Yes, he knew "Irish Jerry" and Dutch Fritz, who invented street grafts. Both were holding down Philly for X-mas. Jerry has a new one on going to kill the boys dead with this year. In the dark as yet, as is Fritz's. Remember how they both worked old Billy Penn's town last year? How Jerry brought up about steen thousands of second bottles that had done one life's work, and during the holidays, had the town's thoroughfares covered with push cart loads of "Parisian cologne," with the scent on the bottles' outside. O, yes, the street game is all a great graft, but no one gets done badly.

Fritz is in for for toys again this year—the kind that looks like other toys. His, however, refuse to work.

Yes, Schmitt was still in Pittsburg. But the "Diamond" is no more, for a great building is going up there.

Street game isn't what it once was, still, there's a piece of money left for a man in the game."

Now while Congress is at it suppose an appropriation is made to erect a municipal temple of justice. The present buildings would disgrace a Southern city in the era of reconstruction. They are a disgrace to the Capital of the Nation.