THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1896.

Equestrain Statute of Grant.

CLAY MODELING FROM LIVE HORSES

Sculptor Partridge's New Departure

a Tedious, but Successful, Undertaking-Building the Statue in the Open Air.

SENATORIAL FAVORITE SONS

Gossip and Story About Presidential Aspirants in the Upper House.

BNAP SHOTS FROM THE PRESS GALLERY

Stevenson, Hill, Cullom, Allison, Davis, Elkins, Quay and Gorman -Distinguishing Characteristies of Eight Noted Men.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.) WASHINGTON, April 10 .- Here are some snap shots at the presidential candidates of the United States senate.

I am taking them with a cathode ray comera from the press gallery. Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson sits just below me, the snowy expanse of his bald head shining like ivory and almost tempting me to shake the ink from the end of my pen down upon What a commotion it would create if I

did so, and what a blot it would make on the pats of the leading democratic presidential candidate of the capitol! But let me throw my X ray camera on

Adlait What an immense man he is! He is more than six feet tall and he tips the beam at 200 pounds. You can almost hear the vice presidential chair groan with his weight as he rits upon it. Look at that right arm with which he wields the gavel in calling the senate to order! It is bigger around than the thigh of Senator William E. Chandler, who is hopping about over there on the republican side, trying to get the vice presiier, who is hopping about over chars on the republican side, trying to get the vice presi-dent's attention. Vice President Stevenson has a big chest. He measures two feet across the shoulders, and his blonde head is so massive that you could hardly squeeze it into a peck measure. His face is as fair as that of a newly washed baby, and his eyes are of that clear blue which you find on old English china. Note the dome of his head! It looks much like Bismarck's, and those heavy brows remind you of Webster. How somber he looks! He is dreased in black, his long frock coat buttoped tightly over his big chest, and a standing collar framing his head until it makes you think of that of John the Bapilist, when it was brought in to Herodias on a charger. I wonder how the vice president feels as he sits there, holding the second office of the union! I wonder if he remembers how he worked on a farm in Kentucky, plowing cotn on his father's plantation with a one-

corn on his father's plantation with a one-eyed mule! I wonder if he reviews his career as a school teacher at \$25 a month, and as a struggling young lawyer, when he was glad to get a \$5 fee. Now he is receiving \$8,000 a year, and has his eye on Presi-dent Cleveland and his \$50,000 job.

THE SON OF ILLINOIS.

Let us move the camera! See that fellow standing at the back of the senate chamber under the clock! I mean that tail man with his hands in his pockets. He is dressed in black, and his long coat hangs from his square shoulders as though it were on a wire frame in front of a second-hand citching there. Let us move the camera! hand clothing store. His arms are long, and you can almost see knots at the elbows and shoulders. His thin, bony hands extend out below his cuffs. Now he puts his hands in his pockets, throwing back his coat and making himself look more gaunt and magular than ever. See how his face comes out on the ground glass of the camera! It is strong, but it has a rugged strength, and its fea-tures are almost as angular as those of the high as those of an Indian. He wears no mustache, and stiff, short black hair mixed with gray forms a bristly beard around his angular chin. His eyes are sunken. His forehead is high and full. His nose is large and strong. It is so prominent that he rests His and strong. It is so prominent that he rests his gold cycglasses on the bridge at least an inch below the point used by the spectacles of the ordinary man. As I look one of his fellow senators comes up. The angular man greets him cordially and gives him a pump-handle shake of the hand. The two chat and laugh together, and it is evident that the tall, angular, rough-featured man is telling a story.

a story. That man is Shelby M. Cullom, the United

States senator from Illinois, and the man whom that state will present to the St. Louis convention for the presidency. Cullom is a typical son of Illinois. Born

unbuttoned and hange out somewhat like a he is. skirt. Now the figure turns about face, and we see the form and features of one of the best known men of the great northwest, the ner. H great lawyer of St. Paul, and a man who can make, it is said, from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year at his practice. His name is Cush-mau K. Davis, and though he has withdrawn from the presidential race, his name may yet tom the presidential race, his name may yet be mentioned among those which come up at St. Louis. Cush Davis is a curious-locking man. He is very tail. His shoulders are slightly bent, and his little semi-baid head is fastoned to them by a short neck. He is one of the most studious men of the sense, and one of the best read. He has one of the finest private libraries of the country. He is a great lover of books, and when he wants to rest from his studies he drops what he is at and takes up some work in a different literary line. When he is tired of thinking of politics he translates a lot of Virgil or Horace for a change, and when he finds—as he does sometimes, I venture, for he is a triffe lazy—his ambitions flagging, he boltriffe inzy-his ambitions flagging, he bol-stors himself up by reading the life of Alex-ander the Great or that of Julius Caesar. Napoleon. He was an admirer of Bonaparts long before the present craze concerning him broke out. He has already about 400 Napoleonic books in his library, and he is

always picking up more. A HUSTLER FROM 'WAYBACK

As I compare Davis with Cullom and Allison I think of the three great men who have molded the lives of these presidential candidates. Davis is a worshiper of Napoleou. Allison was brought up on Henry Clay. Cullom modeled his life after that of Abra-ham Lincoln, and over there, so near Cul-lom that he could hit him with a paper wad

if he chose to throw it, is another senator-a young man-of some presidential ambition, who all his life has worshiped at the shrine of James G. Blaine, That man is Stephen B. Elkins, Note how he sits there behind his mahogany desk, perfectly at ease in the senate of the United States! He is one of action of the context states: He is one of the youngest of the prospective candidates and perhaps the richest. He owns miles of railroads, thousands upon thousands of acres of timber and millions of carloads of coal. He has towns and villages on his estate, and his principality in West Virginia is unsurpassed by that of any man east of the Mississippi.

And still Elkins began his life as a poor boy. He went across the plains in a canvascovered wagon to New Mexico, studying Spanish on the way. He settled in Santa Fe as a lawyer, and made money out of both the Mexicans and the Spaniards. One of his first good jobs was in connection with the Maxwell grant. Maxwell paid him a salary of \$7,000 a year for defending his interests, and at one time he got \$10,000 from Maxwell for a single hour's work. He first came to congress as a delegate from New Mexico, and after leaving the house of representatives he made \$50,000 a year here at Washington practicing law. From Washington he took the dollars he had saved to New York, and they there bred for him more dollars, increasing their yield almost as fast as Aus-tralian rabbits, which are said to be the fastest breeders of the world. The result was that he soon had a big fortune, and by joining this with that of his father-in-law,

ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, he became sessed of his wonderful estate in West Virginia.

Senator Elkins is not lying awake at night walting for the presidency. He told me once that if it came his way, and got near enough to him so that he could put his hands on it, he would take it, but he added that he did not think his chances were very good. Ho is a healthy looking man, and does not lose sleep over his political am-biticos. He is a good organizer,[‡] and knows all about practical politics. He is, however, a more cultured man than many suppose. He is well educated and has the frequently and reads Greek, Latka and He-brew in the original. He is great walker, and keeps his system in good order by ex-ercise. He dresses in business clothes, but his linen is always of the whitest. His skin is as rosy as that of a country girl's after she has taken a scouring at the pump, and his short, white teeth are strong, sharp and exceeding clean.

THE SILENT QUAY.

As I look, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts waddles up to Elkins and whispers in his ear. Hoar is a dry joker, and he is prob-ably making one of his sarcastic remarks, for Elkins bursts into a laugh. Hear sits down, and the two chat together, smiling like school boys, rather than sedate United States senators.

whom that state will present to the St. Louis convention for the presidency. Cullom is a typical son of Illinois. Born in Kentucky, hauled in a canvas-covered stumps of Illinois when he was still a baby stumps of Illinois when he was still a baby hungry look of Shakespeare's thinker. He is, however, a plotter, and he is one of the strongest of our political managers. His name is Matthew Stanley Quay. He is the man who carries Pennsylvania in his pocket and who has been chosen by that state as its candidate for the presidency. Quay is a natural fighter. He would rather fight a natural fighter. He would rather fight than eat. When he was in the army, you remember, he was slok, and he insisted on going to the battlefield. The surgeons and his superiors told him he was a fool for making the attempt, and he replied: "I would rather die a fool than live a coward." Quay is now in his prime. He is tall, well rounded and healthw.looking. He kener the rounded and healthy-looking. He keeps him-self in trim by taking fishing excursions. His chief exercise at Washington is in political work. He goes but little in society. You never see him about the hotels, and there is nothing of the hail-fellow-well-met about his character. Still, I am told he is a man of more than ordinary culture. He is well educated, has literary tastes, and his house at Beaver, Pa., is packed with books. "I AM A DEMOCRAT." On the other side of the senate chamber there is a democratic candidate who is much like Quay in character. This is David B. Hill. Look at him as he sits there, with one hand in his pockets, leaning back in his chair, with his glasses on his eyes. Note how his jaws are fastened together! They are as tight as a sprung rat trap. See the determination in his countenance. How he grip's the arms of his chair with his hands. He is evidently planning out some political echeme, and you can almost see the light darting out of his eyes from under his heavy brows as he sits there, like a sphinx, and thinks, and thinks, and thinks. As you look at him now he seems to be almost look at him now he seems to be almost statuesque. You would hardly imagine he had life. Stir him up, however, and you will eve. He is a natural fighter. He goes about with a chip on his shoulder, and he is ready for a quarrel at the drop of a hat. Let us get a better focus. What a queer-looking man Hill is. His head is as hald at the top as a new drum head, and quite as white. A heavy black moustache covers his mouth, and at the lower edge of his forehead there are heavy dark eyebrows. Now he looks up at the things very casily, he is one of the hardest workers in the senate. He does not look to be 65 years of age, and his digestion is probably perfect.
Now he writes a letter. He holds his pen like that of a school boy, and he pens his years of age, and his digestion is probably perfect.
Now he writes a letter. He holds his pen like that of a school boy, and he pens his years of age, and his digestion is probable words in true Spencerian style, making every curve of the proper shape. As he writes a long-bearded man, with a head not much bigger than a base ball, comes up and the school boy is and there in no one. He has many around his digestion the puts his hand on Allison's shoulder, and Allison turns around. He greets the long-bearded man cordially and chats with him, placing his hands on the man's knees, as though be tween these two men. That little man with the base ball head and long board is Peffer, and I venture that away down in his soul Allison despises him; but Allison is a diportant, and there is no need of showing it.
There are some curious things about Allison man and Cullom. Both worked on a farm, both got their schooling in log school houses and both were educated in second-class college. Allison was born in Wayne county, Ohio; Cullom was born in Wayne county, Kentucky, Allison was onen in Wayne county, Kentucky, Allison, his college at meadering at the later are laid down on the farm, both solide at the spellers of Wayne county, Kentucky, Allison was onen in Wayne county, Kentucky, Allison, was onen in Wayne county, Kentucky, Allison, was onen in Wayne county, Kentucky, and he knows how to conomize the back and long an academy stithe fittle town of Hudson, near Cleveland He can be still keeps the environ about to Ashiand, O., a town of the backy tile and unfolds it deliberately, reach went to Allison has college ducation at the schelen the little town of Hudson, near Cleveland, He then went to Ashland, O., a town of about 3,000 people, and there studied law. He was deputy county clerk at the same time Judge Stewart, John Sherman's father-in-law, was judge. CUSHMAN DAVIS But who is that old woman whose figure shows out through the lens between us and Allison? It is merely a silhouette on the ground glass and we need a new focus. As we turn the screw the old woman's father. THE SMOOTHEST OF ALL.

He is the smoothest man in the United States senate. He has smooth clothes, a smooth face, and a smooth manner. His face is that of a statue are steel blue. They smile, but they are scheming and calculating. His complexion is simost rosy, but his well-chaven face is cold-oh, so cold! That man hopes to be president some day. Probably not in 1836, but nevertheless some day. His name i Arthur P. Gorman, and he has until lately been the supreme boss of Maryland, and ons of the strongest thinkers of the demo-cratic party. His whole life he has spent in the school of politics, and he is now one of the best organizers of the United States He began his political studies when he was a page in the United States senate. He continued them year after year, and in office after office, until he became a United States senator, and now, in his 50s, he is one of the ablest of his kind. He has educated himself during the intervals of his political work. He makes a good speech, and he is a man of more than or-dinary ability. He has made a fortune as

> stone's throw of the white house. Frank G. Carpenter

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

General Sir Horatio Kitchener, sirdar of the Egyptian army, is Irish by birth, having been born at Crotto House, near Tralee, County Kerry. Then he was employed by Lord Salisbury on topographical work in Cyprus. After that he found himself in Egypt and went up the Nile several months in advance of General Wolseley's expedition of 1884. He commanded the garrison at Suakim and at the battle of Toski a bullet fired by the enemy entered his mouth. As a picturesque finale to the story it is said that he immediately swallowed the bullet and never felt the worse for it.

The Cincinnati Enquirer thus describes August Schrader, the "divine healer," now in Cincinnati: "Clad in a robe of black that Cincinnati: "Clad in a robe of black that reached from neck to feet, with a broad band of some red material hanging from his shoulder and across his breast, Mr. Schra-der's appearance, and more particularly the gentle voice in which he greeted his visitor, was sufficient to startle any one. Around his neck hung a small brass crucifix, and on his head he wore a veritable crown of thoms. The face, too, was a strange one, and the re-membrane to the mediaeval concention of the emblance to the mediaeval conception of the features of the carpenter's non was striking reddish brown beard covers the face and the hair is dark and heavy and parted in the middle. Across his breast he wore a broad ribbon inscribed, 'Divine Healer Schrader.'"

Leon Victor Auguste Bourgeois, who suc ceeds M. Berthelot as minister of foreign affairs in the French cabinet, has had a long experience in numerous official positions positions with the administration and control of communal and departmental affairs. At various times he has been under secretary of the interior, minister of the interior, minister of public instruction and minister of justice One of the most dramatic scenes in the French Chamber took place in connection with the Panama scandals, when M. Bour-geois vindicated his bonor against the charge leveled at him by Mme. Cottu. Bourgeois is a native Parisian, born in 1851. In 1885 he was secretary general of the pre the Seine; he has been prefect of Haute Garonne, director of communal affairs in the ministry of the interior and prefect of po-lice. 1888 he was returned a member of the Ince. 1885 he was returned a memory of the first time by a Chamber of Deputies for the first time by a by-election. He was under secretary of state when Floquet was minister, re-elected to the Chamber in 1889, minister of public instruc-tion in 1892 and minister of justice under the cabinet of Ribot. M. Bourgeois has a forte for everything pertaining to superior ducation

W. J. H. Nourse of Boston, who was a member of the Nile expedition of 1885, under General Wolseley, thinks that General Kitchener is the greatest living fighter of Arabs He knows their language and their customs, religious and social, and is able to go among them in disguise with impunity. During the Welseley campaign Mr. Nourse and his beat comrades were proceeding up the river close to the bank, when they passed an Arab pro-pelling an irrigation wheel. He warned them to keep to the other shore, but the voyages He knows their language and their customs,

A SCULPTOR'S NEW METHOD for the ones taken from dead flesh. Every tendon, every small line, almost Severy hair was thus brought out with abso-inte distinctiveness and fidelity to life, not Artist Realism Displayed in Brooklyns' death

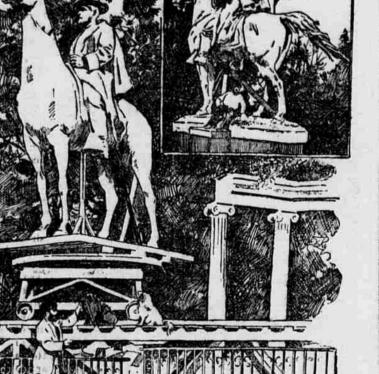
Nor did Mr. Partridge limit himself to studies made from Dante; he used other horses loaned to him by his friends, Halcol among the rest, an Arab steed grown to ideal proportions in the descri under the shadow of some shelk's tent and present in America after a series of tragic happenings that would make a story in itself. Mr. Part-, ridge does not favor the idea of making an equestrian statue from a single model, how-over fine it may be, but gets his reachts by blending the parts of many horsee, putting each where it will be most effective when the statue is seen on its pedestal.

MR. PARTRIDGE'S UNIQUE RAILROAD

(Copyright, 1996, by S. S. McClure, Limited.) He knew that if the statue was to be a Few of the multitude, that will gather in Few of the multitude, that will gather in Brooklyn on April 27 to cheer and admire the equestrian statue of General Grant, to be unvelled that day, and just completed by but in the place they are destined to occupy well as fame, and he now owns a big farm, in Maryland, not far from Washington, and has a magnificent home here within a to be a big farm. it has cost in time, in study and in life it has cost in time, in study and in life sides, and not downward only from a cunforce to produce this crystallized memory and interpretation of a great man. It has sculptors have made statues for the studio been my pleasure, in several talks with Mr. and not for the public street or square, and Partridge, to learn something of the infinite such have generally been disappointed. In pains that were taken in making the horse deed, it is most difficult for an artist rightly to judge his work with only the walls of a little room about it, and none of the towering alone, of castings taken from the living animal, of horses brought into the studio and mal, of horses brought into the studio and taught to pose there, of a special railroad later dwarf it and greatly modify its effect constructed to carry the statue back and A bit of plaster that seems colossal in a be forth from the studio, in short of new methchamber may easily become insignificant when removed to a public park.

ods in the art of sculpture. When he received his commission Mr. Partridge was in Paris finishing his Shake-speare statue for Chicago. At once he began to put in practice plans he had long had to put in practice plans he had long had in mind for doing an equestrian statue on lines of artistic realism never before at-tempted. Getting permission from the min-ister of war and from the military governor of Paris, he made many visits to the bar-racks of the famous French Cuirassiers, and day after day he watched and studied them in and out of the saddle, until the various poses and movements of horse and rider were perfectly familiar to him. Then, having in mind his general concep-tion of the statue of Grant and his charger, the chief effects he wished to produce, the sculptor began working on a small four-foot

the chief effects he wished to produce, the sculptor began working on a small four-foot model. This preliminary but essential part of his work occupied many weeks. In doing it he made casts from dead horses, some-times flayed, sometimes with the hide on,





1416 Douglas Street.

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con-	REMINISCENCES OF THE MESSENGER
1	Some of the Events of the Fat Night of April 15, 1865, in White

He Participated - Rousing Members of the Family.

(Convright, 1896, by S. S. McClure, Limited.) NEW YORK, April 9 .- Thirty years ago, on the evening of the 14th of April, in the city of Washington, Abraham Lincoln was shot by Wilkes Booth.

The man who a short time before had freed three millions of slaves, on that evening sought recreation in the delights of the drama. Before the night was over he lay dying at a little boarding house on Tenth street, and, by one of those coincidences common enough in fiction, but exceedingly rare in reality, he lay in the same room where the man who fired the fatal shot had often slept.

The writer of this article, by an accident, that night met with an adventure, the memory of which, after thirty years, comes to him like that of some far-away, yet vivid dream. I was a member of the United States Christian commission from Clinton,

N. Y., serving my second term as a dele-gate, and was stationed at the commission's headquarters on Tenth street, about two squares from Ford's theater.

Squares from Ford's theater. My duties had enabled me, after a six weeks' stay at Washington, to become thor-oughly acquainted with the city and su-burbs, as I was detailed to carry supplies to It is seven many of the hospitals then so numerous in and around that city. It was after a day of unusual toil that

worn out by my labors, I lay on my cot, coat and shoes off, reading and resting. One of our drivers came in and made a hurried announcement that President Lin coln had just been shot at Ford's theater. You can imagine what an 18-year-old boy would do on hearing such news. Snatching the first coat I caw, putting on my shoe in hot haste, and not waiting to the them, and taking a cap that belonged to some on

and ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S DEATH trips to take, demanded of me \$30. As I had heither the money nor the disposi-tion to pay so outrageous a price I re-fused. I told him who I was, and that he could come with me to our quarters and find out if I had told the truth. He went with me, and we arranged that I should go with him the next moraling to the white house, which we did, and Mr. Lincoln's pri-vate secretary, after explanations, paid him, not \$20, but \$15 for his work of the night before. before. So ended an adventure that always upor

13

the eve of the 14th of April has brought back to me memories almost weird and unback to me memories almost weird and un-real, despite their vividness. I have a small piece of drapery which hung from the box where the president sat, and upon which Booth caught his spur so that he fell and broke his leg as he leaped upon the stage, with dagger in hand. I have also a sprig from the green with which Mr. Lincoln's coffin was decorated. Also a letter from Mr. Robert Lincoln, vouching for the facts (in part) above narrated and as souvenirs the auto-

graphs of his father and mother, cut from letters sent to him by them. Some three years ago, in company with my wife, I visited the white house at Wash-ington, and in the same room where I told he usher what I had come for on that event. ful night more than a quarter of a century before, I recited this story to her and the usher. The usher was a man past middle life, and I saw his face light up as he lis-tened. At the end he said:

"Yes, sir, and I am the man who took you to Robert Lincoln's room that night." The usher's card I have lost, and his name I have forgotten. But he was the oldest usher in the shift have he was the oldest usher in the white house, and had remained since his appointment by Mr. Lincoln, over thirty years ago. C. C. BANGS

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The Soar family of Ambaston, Derbyshire, England, has a curlous heirloom in the shape of a loaf of bread which is now over 600

The largest cak tree now standing in Great Britain is that known as the "Cowthorpie, It is seventy-eight feet in circumference at the ground and about 146 feet high.

A hypothetical question in a New York will case contained 12,000 words and its reading consumed an hour and a half. The reply of the witness is not given.

William Blackford of Lisbon, Me., is but 17 years old, and is still growing. There's nothing extraord'mary in all this but the fact

that he already stands six feet eight and corehalf inches in his stockings. The pavement in front of the William H.

ilt reside over \$40,000. The single stone lying di-

Smoking out an obstinate juror is a new

way of arriving at a verdict which was suc-

cessfully tried by eleven good men and true in Hartford, Conn., a few days ago, accord-

ing to the Times. The obstinate juror stood out for a long time, and his will was only

conquered when he became physically pres-trated by the volumes of smoke that filled the jury room from the cigars, pipes and

conquered when he became physically

cabin and got his schooling at a coun-chool. His early dife was much like try school. His early dife was much like that of Lincoln's—who, by the way, he strikingly resembles. Working on the farm, he shot up tall and slender—an angular boy, who later on developed into an angu-lar man. His education was meager. He went to school at a little seminary, and by burning the midnight oll within a couple of years found himself at the edge of the grave. He had, I think, a hemorrhage or try school. grave. He had, I think, a hemorrhage or two, and for a time thought that a farmer's career was the only one that would keep him alive. He went back to his father and min alive. He went back to he have feet un-til the life-breathing properties of the soil and the pure air gave him the muscle which enabled him to go back to his studies. After a hard struggle with his health, he succeeded at the law, got into politics, became governor of the state, was elected to congress, then to the senate, and is now one of the candidates for the nomination of the republican party as president. IOWA'S FAVORITE.

In front of Senator Cullom sits another presidential candidate. He is not as tall as Cullom, but he weighs, I venture, twice as much. He has a square-shaped head, bright, twinkling brown eyes, a complexion as fair as that of a girl, and a collar as white as the marble statues in the rotunda of the capitol. This collar is of the old fashioned kind. It is the biggest collar worn in the United States senate, and if you could turn it down you would find on its back written the name of its owner, W. B. Allison. Senator Allison is so near Senator Cul-iom that Collum could lean over and stick tom that Collum could lean over and silek a wisp of straw into Allison's ear, where-upon Allison would jump, but would look about and laugh. He is a remarkably even tempered man. He never gets excited and

losses his head. Now he gits up and moves across the chamber. Notice how quictly he goes, and still there is an air about him that shows you he means to get there. Allison always does get there, and though he looks lazy and seems to take things very casily, he is one of the hardest workers in the senate. He does not look to be 68 years of age, and his digestion is prob-

the little town of Hudson, near Cleveland. He then went to Ashiand, O., a town of about 3,000 people, and there studied law.

But who is that old woman whose figure shows out through the lens between us and Allison? It is merely a silhouette on the ground glass and we need a new focus. As we turn the screw the old woman's figure changes into that of a man. We can see its bald head and we note that its eyes droop, as did these of Ben Butler. It is dressed in black, and its double-breasted frock coat is

Just one more anap shot! Note that clean-cut man to the left of Hill. His features are classic, and his head is that of a statesman. How well groomed

Arab was Kitchener, then a British captain Arab was Kitchener, then a British captain and an Egyptian major, disguised to get into the secrets of the dervishes. Moreover, Mr. Nourse says, no living man can handle troops and their trains in that country as Kitchener can. He knows how to break up the Arabs, to prevent their con-centrating. He will divide up his columns to draw the energy to various points. to draw the enemy to various points.

Joseph Jefferson, the greatest of living American actors, was the guest of honor of the Lotus club of New York last Saturday night, when many prominent men, day night, when many promon Howard, A. cluding Mayor Strong, Bronson Howard, A. M Palmer, Cornelius N. Bliss and Stewart M. Palmer, Cornelius N. Bliss and Stewart L. Woodward paid him homage. In his own inimitable way, born of simplicity, the vet-eran actor indulged in reminiscence. He said: "You will be surprised when I tell you that my first theatrical performance in this city was given some solution wave in this city was given some sixty yes sixty years the leg of a live horse." ago. In irreland y history of the scale -find a record of the fact that 'one Master Joseph Jefferson appeared at a benefit given to one Master Titus.' I was 8 years old and Master Titus 10, and 1 distinctly remember that in the performance I imperson-ated a Spanish pirate, while Master Titus was an American sallor. I assure you that I have no political opinions on this mat-ter. We were to engage in a broadsword ter. We were to engage in a broadsword combat and naturally 1 was to be overcome by my antagonist after a desperate fight. When I finally rolled over on my back he may stamped his foot on my chest and the cur-tain went down as he waved the star spangled banner in my face. I was informed afterward by witnesses that I was entirely too vigorous during the contest and that I came very near cutting off the big toe of my beneficiary." De-scribing an incident in New Orleans, he said: "It was Washington's birthday, and the manager, half patriotic, half commerciai, the manager, half patriotic, half commercial, made the whole company sing "The Star Spangled Banner." I led the choruses in this company—I don't know where I led them to—and I was deputed to sing the first verse. I was blind with nervousness, though I knew the words backward—I think I sang them backward, too; and when I are found the mass of human faces I could lived in the studio, a stall for him being built at one side of the large room, with only a plank to keep him in his place, and the plank was dropped about half the time. confronted the mass of human faces I could get no further than "Oh! say can you-" I was finally hissed off the stage. I am a leaving the horse free to wander about a patriotic man. I love my country, but on that occasion I cursed our national anthem

with all my heart." Osman Digna, the great leader of the dervishes against whom the Egyptian army is now marching up the Nile, is one of those mysterious adventurers thrown up every lew years by wonderful and romantic Africa. All sorts of stories are told of his origin. It is said he was born at Suakim, that his grandfather was a Turkish slave dealer, and he himself, like his two preceding ancestors, is a dealer in slaves. Another story has it that he was born in France in 1836, and christened at the Cathedral of Rouen under the name of George. His father was a Jo-seph Nishet, who failed in business and went to Egypt with his wife and child. He died there, and the widow married Osman Digna, a slave trader, who gave his name and for-tune to the French child. Whichever story is the true one, it is certain that Osman All, or Digna, (meaning "he of the beard") was a powerful and rich merchant in 1882, when the insurrection broke out, under Arabi Pasha, and that he espoused the cause of the latter. So great was Osman's power that the mahdi and his successor were compelled to treat the "French Arab" with great con-sideration and to defer to his power. Osman sideration and to defer to his power. Osman is of hcrculean stature, with eyes of piercing blackness, shaggy eyebrows and an immense beard: He has lost his left arm in battle and contents himself with as few as three wives, who, however, are the daughters of the chiefs of the most important and powerful Arab tribes of the Soudan. He is a splendid with the south of the south of the south of the Arab tribes of the Soutan. He is a splendid soldier and an expert in the construction of intrenchments and fortifications, which are fully equal to the best products of the Brit-ish royal engineers. Osman is withal a very interesting person, and his engineer-ing skill has long been regarded as the proof of hiz European intellect. GRANT STATUE AND RAILROAD.

and in this he followed the best methods of the great animal sculptors of Paris. As he worked this thought came to him many times: "What a pity always to make casts from

loaded with ten tons of clay (the weight of the complete statue) Mr. Partilige could turn it smoothly with a movement of his hand, whereas by the old methods the strength of three or four more would here be a strength of dead animals and to get our guiding sug-gestions from stiffened, distorted muscles. Would it not be a fine thing to take casts three or four men would have been refrom the living horse?" But such a thing had never been atquired.

Of course it is understood that the life But such a thing had never been at-tempted, and, therefore, was pronounced im-possible. "Nevertheless, I shall try it some day," said Mr. Partridge, and the following year when he returned to Amer-ica with his finiahed and accepted model he proceeded to carry out the idea. castings taken from Dante and other horses were only used by Mr. Partridge as studies and adjuncts, in no way taking the place of and adjuncts, in no way taking the place of that feeling for form and line which is the sculptor's gift, and without which all else would be valueless. Similar life castings were taken from men models and were used in perfecting the general's pose; but it TAKING CASTS OF LIVE HORSES. "You will get your brains kicked out," said an artist friend, "if you try to cast was not by the use of these alone that the But with his devoted helper, Glovanni Repetli, who is at once plaster maker, from years of labor, and was realized only Repetli, who is at once plaster maker, skilled caster and cheery philosopher, with Italy's sunshine in heart and face, Mr. Part-ridge withdrew to his studio among the elms One morning after Mr. Partridge had

of Milton, Mass. There live rich men with great estates and scores, sometimes bun-dreds, of horses in their stables. Here finished, there came one of those miefortunes that tear the sculptor's heart. In the silence be seen the peerless Sunol, Nancy Hanks and other animals of price, owned of the night, while Partridge and his men by the sculptor's neighbor friends and read-ily placed at his disposal. and his horses and his dogs were sleeping, there came a noise like a thunder clap and Work was begun with Dante, a coal black saddle horse of perfect lines, almost an ideal charger, that Mr. Partridge had bought in Kentucky for a model. "He's just like Grant's Cincinnatus," was General Horace Porter's comment when he General Horace Porter's comment when he first volume of the "French Revolution" was destroyed. The work had to be done over again, at least the shattered portion, saw Dante. The gentlest, most intelligent

of horses he was, and fortunately so, it might have fared ill with Giovanni and and months passed before the statue was his sculptor employer. For weeks they worked at the horse with again near completion. In all more than three years elapsed between the time Mr. Partridge received the commission for the the wet plaster, and many were their dis-couragements at the start. Dante literally statue and its final completion.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT. EX-CONSUL WALLER ARRIVES.

Late Consul to Tamatave in His Own he pleased among the busts and easels. He

Country Now. NEW YORK, April 11.-John L. Waller, grew so accustomed to this constant posing that he rarely made trovble, only occasion-ally, in mischlevous mood, going up to some cast and licking it, as if to show his appre-clation of art. For weeks and months Dante late consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, was at second-class passenger per American line steamer New York, which arrived today from and Giovanni and the sculptor passed both days and nights together in the combination Southampton. He stated to a reporter at Quarantine that he was released from prison studio and stable, and many times Mr. Part. in France on February 20, exactly eleven ridge, weary after a long stretch of work, would doze in his easy chair with Dante before him in his stall, his head reaching out into the studio, dozing also. months from the time he was sentenced at Madagascar. He declined to discuss his case at length, but said that he felt confident of the ultimate justification of his actions. He inquired anxiously as to the health of his A TASK REQUIRING GREAT PATIENCE. wife and family, who have been at Baltimo

Whoever attempts to make plaster casts from a living horse will find that it is a work requiring almost infinite patience. It is hardly necessary to say that the animal must for the past two months. Mr. Waller said that while on the guard-ships at Madagascar and during the passage hardly necessary to say that the animal must be trained to stand perfectly still or every-thing is spolled. Many were the devices Mr. Partridge had to employ: many were the in-genious schemes invested by Glovanni to keep Dante from growing restless as the plaster hardened about one part or the other of his body. When the left leg was being molded, for instance, Glovanni would hold up the right foreleg while his master took the impression, the result being that Dante, find-ing himself poised on three legs, could scarcely move his single front one that supported his weight. But finding even this plan insuffi-cient to prevent little nervous movements, such as twitching or shivering of the skin, Mr. Partridge hit upon a ruse for eccupying Dante's attention, which worked admirably. He had Giovanni hammer upon the hoof he was supporting as if he were a blacksmith nutting on show for super back to France his treatment was simply inhuman but that at the prisons in France, his lo was no worse than that of the ordinary pris oners. The food served lacked nourishment and he was obliged to purchase supplies outside a concession granted by the prison authorities and for which he was very grateful.

Pummeled a Labor Editor.

KANSAS CITY, April 11.-The Star's Carthage, Mo., special says: Ex-Sheriff James F. Purcell this morning walked into list, that he retract charges made in his have the set of the se He had Giovanni hammer upon the hoof he was supporting as if he were a blacksmith putting on a shoe. Of course, Dante had grown accustomed to this operation, and the hammering on his uplifted foot kept him from thinking about the leg that was being molded. The sculptor and Giovanni went fram one part of the horse to another, meet-ing new difficulties as they advanced and overcoming them by novel means and abund-ant patience, until finally they had sectional castings of the whole horse. And wonder-

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

ed to Ford's vhere the deed had been done. Owing to the lateness of the hour, there was not so large a crowd as I had expected. Mr. Lincoln had just been carried across the street to Mrs. Peterrectly in front is the largest known pavic stone, and cost, transportation and all, \$9,000. There was a time when the Brahmans punson's boarding house, where in the shed men with death if they offered to take red-headed women as their wives. Finding that the men persisted in running away with stood a little group composed of officers and gentlemen who were in the theater when

gentlemen who were in the development of and marrying blondes in spite of the that all decree was passed which directed that all decree was passed which directed that all method up the steps, and at the open door nized as Mrs. Lincoln. She wanted some ne to go to the white house for her son Robert.

"I'll go, madam," I said. "And who are you?" came from the lips of an officer whose rank I zaw to be that of colonel by the eagles on his shoulder straps. "A member of the Christian commission replied, and hastily throwing back my coat I replied, and more the lapel of my vest one of showed him on the lapel of my vest one of the silver badges worn by the Christian commission delegates, and so well known and favorably regarded by all army officers. "Well, Christian Commission, do you know the way to the white house?" "Yes, sir, and anywhere else in Washing-

"Yes, sir, and anywhere else in Washing-ton," was the answer. "Well, fire away, then." Hastily starting I ran down the street and turning went to Willard's hotel, in front of which I knew

minute or two before the porker can be persuaded to pursue its promenade. were always carriages, night and day. I walked by soveral and selected the one A remarkable funeral took place in Potta that seemed to me to have the best horses. I told the driver to go as quickly as possible vatomie county, Kansas, on March 29, when the body of Samuel Cooper, aged 82, was fol-lowed to a country graveyard by ninety-nine to the white house. Such an order was not at all uncommon in those times, particularly from Willard's hotel. I remembered that descendants, besides husbands of his female descendants, besides husbands of his female descendants, and one hundred or more neigh-bors. One son, William, of Los An-geles, Cal., and his wife and their descend-ants, twenty persons in all, were not present. Including daughters-in-law and grand-daughters in law and sense and send Baker's detectives (In citizen's clothes) and a detail from the invalid corps, were on guard at the white house. After getting out of ear shot of the other hackmen, I told the driver what I was going for. I told him, daughters-in-law and sons-in-law and grandwhen we got to the executive mansion, to turn around, so that when we came out we could pass through the lower gateway, the same one we entered.

same one we entered. I met several gentlemen in the first room. They had not yet heard of the event at Ford's theater. Taking aside one of the ushers I quickly made known my errand. He at once took me to Robert Lincoln's room. He was partially undressed, quickly made ready and came with me to room below. The usher in the interval had, in not a single instance was one of the par-told the people below, and they were of thes concerned Irish. I would not have taken course excited, or rather stunned by the note of this fact were it not that almost every nationality except the Irish has been news. At Mr. Robert Lincoln's request Senator Charles Sumner, who was one of those pres-ent, entered the carriage and we were quickly

driven to Tenth street. The street had been cleared and a guard at each end of the block

kept back the constantly increasing crowd. When the occupants of the carriage were recognized it was allowed to pass, and soon both Robert Lincoln and Senator Sumner were at the president's bedside. I shall never forget the questions

give.

were put to me during that brief ride by both Sumner and Robert Lincoln to from my meager knowledge the facts of the hooting, which of course I was unable

The same colonel whom 1 had seen before was with some general when we reached Mrs Peterson's house, and I was asked to go with a young lieutenant, who did not know the way to General Auger's headquarters, to de-liver, as I learned, an order that put a guard

around the entire city. It was thought that the assausin, Booth, might be in hiding within the limits. Upon my second return, at Mrs. Lincoln's request, I went to Capitol Hill for some senator's wife who was a great the Labor Tribune office and demanded of friend of Mrs. Lincoln. The street number after some search, was found, and after sove eral ringings of the bell a head appeared at the window, and its owner demanded our errand. Then a servant was sent to the house of some other sonator across the street and upon his appearance he and the lady entered

ST. LOUIS, April 11 .- A man whose name the carriage. When I also attempted to enter I was met with, "Hadn't you better ride outis thought to be Robert Bell, and who is supposed to be one of the robbers who held up the 'Frisco train at Sicepy Hill, Mo., April 1, has been arrested at Litchfield, III. He was taken after a desperate struggle with a posse of officers, during which he was shot in the arm. Two men who were with him The driver then, as there were no more escaped.

d. Judge Pryor of the New York supreme court has noted an interesting fact. "It is a sin-but gular thing," said he, "that of more than o the forty-five divorce cases I have tried this term represented on one side or the other in these cases. There must be some controlling in

fluence." TESTIMONIALS.

From Citizens of Pennsylvania Who Have Been Cured. Mr. W. W. Spillen, drug clerk, with J. W. McConnell, Parnassus, Pa., says: "I was out

all one night last winter and contracted a severe cold. I was so hoarse for a week I could hardly speak. Knowing how well cus-tomers of our store spoke of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I concluded to try it. One-half of a bothe cured me entirely." S. D. Newhart, Saylorsburg, Pa., says:

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excel-lent medicine. I have used it for coughs and colds with fine effect. I have sold it at my store for over two years, and my custom-ers have all been pleased with it." J. A. Van Valzab, Hughesville, Pa., says:

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven so valuable that I do not hesitate to recommend it to any one."

mend it to any one." Dr. F. Winger, Ephrata, Pa., says: "Mr. J. D. Cline, a cigarmaker of this place, re-ports a complete cure of his cough with a 50-cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy after he had tried others ,which had failed." For sale at 25c and 50c a bottle by druggists.

Arrested for Train Robbery.

sons-in-law, the deceased is survived by nearly 150 descendants. He was born in Winchester, Va., and was a faithful Methodist. He died shouting and singing Methodist hymns. In closing the divorce work of the month