

THE LATE MR. BUNNER

THE EDITOR OF PUCK WAS A PROLIFIC WRITER.

Deceased to New York from the West When a Boy and Succeeded as a Newspaper Man—Made an Influential Journal of the Humorous Weekly.



C. BUNNER, editor of Puck, who recently died of consumption, was born in Oswego, New York, Aug. 3, 1855. He went to New York as a boy, and prepared for Columbia. Although, instead of going to college, he entered the employ of Messrs. Amstutz & Co., merchants, he early showed a strong literary bent, and his reading, omnivorous and unhampered, led him over a wide range of subjects and into many little-frequented byways of literature.

Business life, not strangely, proved un congenial, and in 1873 he gave it up and took to writing, contributing to the Arcadian, a weekly periodical which had a brief but exciting existence, and serving as reporter on the World and Sun. When the English Puck was started by Adolf Schwarzmann and Joseph Keppler, in 1877, with Sidney Rosenfeld as editor, Bunner became assistant editor, and very soon succeeded his clever but impractical chief. His output at this time was enormous. The entire paper was written by two or three men, the lion's share of work always falling to Bunner. Editorials, poems, jokes, dialogues, stories, came from his pen in prodigious profusion.

For some time the paper was a doubtful experiment, but Bunner's faith in it never wavered. When, largely through his encouragement and industry, its success was assured, and he was relieved of much of the old-time drudgery, he began to contribute to the magazines the stories and verses through which his permanent reputation as a writer was made. But his loyalty to Puck never faltered. He worked constantly to make it something more than merely a humorous paper. He succeeded. His short, fearless, trenchant editorials were a power on the side of honest government; and latterly many of his most charming short stories have appeared first in the paper which he edited.

Ten years ago Mr. Bunner married Miss Alice Learned, of New London, and soon after they went to live in Nutley, New Jersey. His family consists of two daughters and a son, Laurence, named after his friend, Laurence Hutton. In Nutley, Mr. Bunner learned to love the country as much as he continued to love the city. He surrounded himself with flowers and animals in great variety—a donkey, pigs, rabbits, and birds of various plumage, while no friendless cat or dog was ever turned from his door.

Here he led a happy, healthful life, but the germs of inherited disease were already at work. The sympathetic humanity which characterizes his stories and his essays characterized the man. When he should have saved his strength he gave it lavishly for others. Yet he never missed the humorous side of any situation; and the relief which this capacity afforded him doubtless kept him up long after he had exceeded the limits which nature ordinarily imposes. He was a delightful companion, and a satisfying, helpful friend—the same man in real life that he was

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H. C. BUNNER to those who knew him only in his books.

Stupid Man Outwitted. The proprietor of a large hotel at Atlantic City, noted for the high standard of his hostelry, had a passion for keeping a solid silver cup at the ice cooler in the main office. A great many people cannot resist the temptation to steal a handsome cup and for a long time the hotel man was obliged to buy a new cup every two or three weeks. Still he would not yield up his pad, but three years ago made a compromise. He had made a cup of solid silver in the shape of the ordinary tin cup found attached to fountains in the park. The deception was so cleverly executed that no one ever suspected the true value of the common-looking drinking vessel and it has remained at the cooler now for over three years.—New York Journal.

A PEEP AT PARLIAMENT.

Qualified Women Are to Have the Municipal Vote.

While Oxford is rejecting the demand of women for admission to degrees, and Cambridge hesitating to grant it, the house of commons continues to make progress in the direction of recognizing the political equality of men and women, says the New York Recorder. The remarkable success of the bill enabling women to act as poor-law guardians in Ireland has already been recorded. Another Irish bill gave the house of commons the other day an opportunity of again expressing its opinion that women are entitled to the fullest share in municipal government. The bill was a private bill, promoted by the corporation of Londonderry, for the enlargement of the borough boundaries and various other local improvements. It was opposed by the nationalists on the ground that the catholicists of the borough were, by reason of the high franchise, excluded from their fair share of representation on the town council. After some hesitation the promoters of the bill offered, as a compromise, to accept for municipal purposes, the ordinary parliamentary franchise. While accepting this offer, Mr. Tim Healy pointed out that the parliamentary franchise did not include women rate-payers, and it would be a pity if the present opportunity of extending the municipal franchise to the women of Londonderry were lost. Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg, an ardent protestant, agreed with Mr. Healy, arguing that women had secured the vote in Belfast and that there was no possible reason against their having it in Londonderry. No one dissenting, a formal resolution was passed, expressing the opinion of the house that the bill should be so framed as to enable qualified women to have the municipal vote.

A Fair Poetess.

In a recent article Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox states that she "plunged into literature at the age of eight," and she has kept at it continuously ever since.



MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, literature at the age of eight," and she has kept at it continuously ever since. She expects to publish three new books during the present year. One of these is a novel, and the others are books of poems one for children and the other a long, dramatic story in verse, "which she is striving to make better than anything she has ever written." She acknowledges that her methods of composing have undergone a great change since she was a girl. "I consider ten lines," she says, "a good day's work now, and there are days when I do not write more than two. On the other hand, I have written as many as forty, but only when I feel inspiration, and am in the best possible condition."

Dante's Sanity Attack.

Lovers of literature will no doubt be sorry to hear that, following in the footsteps of a learned Frenchman, an equally erudite Italian has now practically proclaimed to the world that Alighieri Dante was a lunatic. Dr. Darand Fardel is the Frenchman responsible for this assertion, which was made a long time ago. It has been revived, with variations and additions, by no less a person than Prof. Lombroso, who has abandoned the study of criminals of the present in order to diagnose the mental condition of great men of the past. It was said long since by a father of the church that there is no genius untinted with an admixture of madness but, according to Prof. Lombroso, Dante was subject to epileptic fits; and Dr. Darand Fardel sees in the visions of hell, heaven and purgatory the result of a maniac's dreams. Prof. Lombroso furthermore expatiates on the irascibility, the inordinate vanity and the violent character of the Florentine poet; and, according to a French writer who has broached the subject here, it is "henceforward evident to everybody that Dante was fit for the straight waistcoat." All this, however, will not rob the genius who was supposed to have seen hell of his immortality.—Paris Letter to London Telegraph.

Arctic Exploration.

The Windward of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition will leave again for the arctic seas early in June. The Windward will carry a budget of letters for Dr. Nansen, on the chance of falling in with him north of Franz Josef land. More members will be sent out to recruit the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition. The Windward will call at Archangel. The organizers of the expedition are in communication with Mr. Andree, the projector of the balloon voyage toward the pole, who, in view of the possibility of his balloon drifting in a southeasterly direction, is receiving full particulars of the depots which have been established by Mr. Jackson.—London Times.

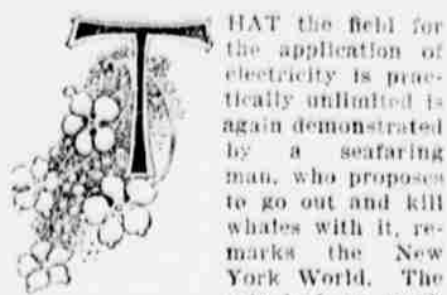
Science.

The popular antipathy toward and dread of science is due to ignorance of what science really is. People are scared by the words "science" and "philosophy," and consoled by the word "religion," yet the first two are absolutely necessary if the third is to be solid and enduring in its foundations.

IS DEATH TO WHALES.

ELECTRIC HARPOONS FOR THE WHALING SHIPS.

Capt. Hershell of the Halifax Means to Capture the Leviathans by Means of the Electric Current—Ten-Thousand Votes Will Do It.



THAT the field for the application of electricity is practically unlimited is again demonstrated by a seafaring man, who proposes to go out and kill whales with it, remarks the New York World. The salt had so much faith in his scheme that he engaged an electrician to build a dynamo that would generate an alternating current of 10,000 volts. That dynamo he will have rigged up in his ship, and then he will sail away to the north to capture the whale in a fin-de-siecle manner. Capt. Charles W. Hershell, of Halifax, who is owner and commander of the whaling ship Rosalie, is the man who intends to wipe out the customs and traditions of the whaling industry with a small wire and a large dynamo. So, the captain said, when he came to New York this time it was with the determination that he would consult an electrician and get the opinion of an expert on the feasibility of the scheme he had in mind. Capt. Hershell thought of interviewing Tesla, but could not find that gentleman. He did find an elec-

CATCHING SHARKS.

Some Exciting Fishing That Was Enjoyed Near Hawaii.

Lieut. Cayne and some fifteen members of company E started out on a steam launch a little after 10 a. m. Sunday for the purpose of doing what they could with a certain family of sharks reported to have been seen outside the harbor, says the Pacific Commercial Advertiser. They stocked the launch well, preparatory to an all-day's hunt.

Just outside the harbor unmistakable signs in the shape of several fins were noticed projecting above the surface of the water, and they made the soldiers' hair bristle with excitement. A hook baited with a large piece of pork and attached to a heavy line was thrown overboard. There was a bite and a pull, and before long a good-sized shark was hauled along and filled with rifle and revolver bullets. This was excitement enough, but when, after the line had been thrown over again, another shark was captured in the same manner, the men in the launch could hardly remain in their places.

The line was cast overboard once more, and soon there was a tug that caused a very burning sensation to pass over the hands of the four men who held it. The launch was pulled here and there by what seemed to be a monster twice the size of the others. This seemed to be proved when the shark stuck its fin above water. At this seven or eight bullets pierced the head of the monster, and after a hard fight, during which the launch was in imminent danger of being capsized, the prize was brought alongside and towed with the other two to the Aloha bathhouse, where it was found to be

WOOD-CHOPPER AND SPRINTER.



"Lola, the Chippewa girl," is the greatest woman sprinter of the age, and it is doubtful if more than one or two men are her equals.

Her history is interesting. She has been brought up and trained by Pierre Crowl, a Canadian backwoodsman, who has carried out for her benefit some long-cherished theories of his own. "Ze mare outrun de horse, ze doe outrun ze stag, yv shall not ze laidee outrun ze man?" he used to say. "I will see it prove some day."

From the time of her adoption by Crowl the girl was practically training.

She was given regular and systematic exercise in running, wrestling and other athletic accomplishments, and by the time she was twelve years old became noted in the neighborhood for her feats of endurance. At sixteen she could outrun any man, and could distance any skater in the region famous for its skating. She could fell a giant hemlock as quickly and skillfully as any man in the country, and it is a common saying in the neighborhood that she can "lek her weight in wild cats."

She is now nineteen years old, weighs 147 pounds and is as lithe and active as a panther. She dresses in a combination of male and female attire, consisting of a man flannel shirt and

ENGLISH PLANT NAMES.

They Recall One Rather Curious Habit of Our Ancestors.

Our ancestors had a curious habit of connecting the names of plants with those of various well-known animals, says Notes and Queries. Our present habits are so different that many moderns are wholly unable to understand this. To them, such names as foxglove and harebell seem entirely senseless, and many efforts, more ingenious than well directed, have been made to evade the evidence. Yet it is easily understood. The names are simply childish and such as children would be pleased with. A child only wants a pretty name, and is glad to connect a plant with a more or less familiar animal. This explains the whole matter, and it is the reverse of scientific to deny a fact merely because we dislike or contempt it. This is not the way to understand the workings of the human mind, on which true etymology often throws much unexpected light. It will be understood that I can produce my evidence, but it is tedious from its quantity. I therefore refer readers to the glossary in the third volume of Cockayne's "Anglo-Saxon Leechdoms," where the plant names and references are given in full. Cockayne includes some names, such as crane's bill, which are not found in Anglo-Saxon or middle English but appear in early printed herbals. These I pass over and mention only such as are actually found in Anglo-Saxon or early English. The following are examples: briddes nest, bird's nest, wild carrot; briddes-tunge, stellaria holostea; kattes-minte, cat-mint; eleena mete, chicken meat, chick-weed; cockes fot, cock's foot, columbine; cockes helys,

PICTURESQUE ECONOMY.

Why the Landlady's Son Wore a Cowboy's Outfit.

There was a wild scramble to get out of the way of a forbidding figure that was pushing along the thoroughfare, says the Detroit Free Press. A big-brimmed hat, a cartridge belt and the flowing leathern garments of the cowboy proclaimed danger to the community. It is true that the occupant of the garments was not imposing of stature, but it is an axiom that a gun shoots just as quick in the hands of a little man as elsewhere, and the peaceful citizens were not disposed to pause and discuss the fit of his clothes with the object of their apprehension. One man had sufficient presence of mind to hunt up a policeman, who waited behind a tree box and jumped out to stop the formidable stranger at such close quarters that he would not have time to draw his weapon.

"What in the mischief do you mean by parading around here in a terrifying town in this fashion?" asked the policeman as he got a firm coat-collar grip with one hand and shook his club menacingly with the other.

A whimper arose from under the big hat.

"Lemme lone," said a juvenile voice, "I ain't doin' nothin', only jes' goin' ter school. I'll have trouble enough with the boys when I get there without your gettin' me up before the principal for bein' late."

The policeman's hold upon the coat collar relaxed and his club dropped to the pavement as the sombrero dropped off and showed the tear-stained face of an indignant urchin.

"What in the name of common sense are you doin' with them clothes on?" he asked.

"Mother made me wear 'em, I ain't had no clothes of my own since I can remember."

"These are your father's, are they?"

"No, I wear father's old clothes out faster'n he gets through with 'em. We keep a boarding-house and a company of barn-storming actor folks stopped with us and went away without payin' their bills. Mother held their trunks an' found this suit in one of 'em."

"And she gave it to you, did she?"

"She said I had ter take these or go without. And I'm scared to death for fear you tore 'em, too, when you grabbed me."

"I s'pose ye think they're so fine that they've got to be handled with extra care?"

"No, I don't think they're fine. It's all right to play 'cowboy' at recess, but it's hard to look like this when you get up and do sums on the black-board; but it might be worse."

"I don't see how."

"That's because you don't know as much about it as I do. One of the other trunks has a 'Romeo' suit in it, with tights to it. An' when mother brings that out and tells me I've got to wear it I'm going to run away from home and be an outlaw sure enough."

Lonely Old Man Dies.

It is reported that Reavis, the "Hermit of the Superstition Mountains," is dead. His body was found by the roadside, five miles from his cabin. Reavis was a peculiar character, and for a quarter of a century had lived alone in the mountains, with no companion save his rifle and his dogs. Indians had a dread of his unerring aim, and Apaches considered the old man a spirit that could not be killed. He left his wife and children, who lived near the old mission at Los Angeles, some 30 years ago. Those who knew him then said that in a fit of anger Reavis walked through the side of his residence that was planked up and down, and from that date he never was seen by his family.

When the Silver King mine was being worked the old man used to supply the camp with vegetables, carrying the same with a train of burros. Twice a year he came to Florence for supplies. His home was a stone cabin and his bed a pile of deer and bear skins. He farmed about five acres of land in the mountain dell.—Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette.

POINTS AND DECISIONS.

Justice Pipe of Colorado has rendered a decision that the recent state law prohibiting gambling is unconstitutional, and the devil is laughing a great loud ha ha!

The Supreme court of the United States decides that a negro is fairly tried by a "jury of his peers," even if all the members of the jury are white, the color constituting no issue. Judge Cable of the New Haven city court the other day put his foot down hard on the practice of refunding to pawnbrokers the money advanced on stolen goods. He said the custom was a direct encouragement of crime.

The Supreme judicial court of Maine decides that a newspaper has the right to criticize the manner of construction of a city hall, and that no action for damages can be brought by the builders in consequence of such criticism.

The Iowa Supreme court notifies attorneys that the court must not be loaded with shorthand notes and that cases must be abstracted when presented to the court. It would be well if testimony taking and jury choosing could be abstracted too.

The Supreme court of Illinois, in the case of an ex-slave who had married a new wife after gaining his freedom, decided that a former marriage with a slave woman could be repudiated. The children of the second wife inherit.

The famous quintuplet babies of Paducah, Ky., are mixed up in a lawsuit. A doctor had arranged to make a ghastly exhibit of the five little bodies, but the undertaker, who wanted to exhibit them himself, refused to let them be taken away until a bill of \$500 was paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reports, from various parts of the state, speak very highly of the beneficial effects of the Ohio anti-cigarette law, so efficiently introduced and carried.

The British, French and Russian embassies at Constantinople have each received checks for 110,000 as an indemnity for the outrages at Jiddah in May last.

Earnest attempts are being made to elect President Daniel Gilman, of Johns Hopkins university, as superintendent of the Greater New York city school system.

The annual general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church in the United States, was held in Memphis, Tenn., in the same church where the assembly was held thirty years ago.

Important steps have been taken toward a permanent union between the American Federation of Labor and the Knights of Labor, which together control about 2,000,000 organized workmen.

Statistics show that crime is increasing, and a vast amount of it can be traced to the cruelty of man to animals, and in turn to his fellow man. God has given us the animals to treat kindly, and one day He will require an account of our stewardship.—R. v. H. G. Coddington.

What substitute would you suggest?

"Say, 'Let a rogue go on shocking society and he will get shocked himself.'"—New York Weekly.

Almost Overpowered.

A wild-eyed man, with his mouth out of joint, was found leaning against a lamp post on Fulton street.

"What's the matter with him?" yelled the crowd, as it ran up.

"Give him air," replied the policeman; "he's a stranger, and he tried to say Thoupoulous street."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Deception.

"I cannot deceive you," faltered the man accused of killing his wife and children; "I am innocent."

He sobbed aloud, while the sweet young girl with the violets passed to the next cell where was confined the confessed murderer of his great-grandmother.—Detroit Tribune.

trician, however, who not only thought the plan of electrocuting whales feasible, but built the dynamo and outlined a plan by which it may be done. As to the method of application, the cap'n explained it as follows: "I am going to place the dynamo on the whaler and not put it in operation until the whaling grounds are reached. On board I will have a big reel of heavily insulated wire. The reel will be placed in the smaller boat, in which we go out to meet the whale. We shall have several thousand feet of wire on the reel. One end will be connected with the dynamo. At the other end, which will be in the smaller boat, will be a hard rubber stick about four feet in length. The wire will run through this stick, so that it may be handled easily and safely. At the end of the stick will be attached a piece of metal 2 1/2 inches long and 1/2 inch in diameter. The point of that needle will be sharp, so as to penetrate the flesh of the whale easily. The hard rubber stick and the big needle will be used just as we use the harpoon today. We'll sight a whale and lower the boat. The reel will be swung into the boat and the dynamo started. The small boat will go out to the whale, the harpoon-thrower in his usual position in the bow. When near the big fish—as near as we get in the old way—the harpooner will throw the electric barb. At the time there will be a current of 10,000 volts running through the wire. When the point of the needle strikes the whale a current connection will be formed with the dynamo, and the whale will get the full shock of the high voltage and be dead in the fraction of a second."

Where Bailey Prefers Them.

Congressman Bailey, so the dispatches say, had a flush on his face when Mr. Barrett was in the chair the other day. But Mr. Bailey will doubtless admit a flush in the hand is worth a dozen on the face.—Galveston News.

Since March 1 the Spanish army in Cuba has lost 3,150 men from yellow fever. The loss from desertions also has been unusually heavy.