

SAVING THE ORPHANS OF CUBA.

Efforts to Ameliorate the Condition of the Waifs, Who Are Absolutely Helpless.

The Cuban orphan fund, which is now fully started, and doing good work among the orphaned children of the "reconcentrados" of Cuba, is really the outcome of the American commission to Cuba last fall, prior to the raising of the American flag over the island.

The organization is entirely non-sectarian; the children are cared for physically and mentally, entirely irrespective of any religious sect. Their condition is pitiable, and the necessity for bettering it is imperative. The men at the head of the fund are men who have personally come in contact with the misery, poverty and utter destitution of the children of Cuba. These men are intelligent, farseeing, and fully appreciative of the benefit which must eventually accrue to the United States if these orphans are

Miss Gill's last report gives most encouraging news:

"We may now count that the Santa Maria del Rosario work is established. It is, as you know, of a purely settlement character, with headquarters in a house rented from ex-Gov. Mora, in which Miss Levy and Mrs. Barsaga, her Cuban assistant, reside and in which the kindergarten will be held for the present.

"The house has been furnished, and the women are thoroughly installed in their new home. The boys of the town have come in quite large numbers, requesting instruction, and several women have been in to ask if they might be taught to sew and clean and work according to our American methods. The little children simply swarm around the house. The mayor, Gen.

taken from them one of their most eminent men of science, Dr. J. L. Wortman, until recently a curator of the American Museum of Natural History in West Seventy-ninth street, and has put him in charge of the work of collecting and arranging fossils for the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. Dr. Wortman has already begun work in his new place and is busy digging out relics of prehistoric monsters who left their remains in Wyoming subsoil some 5,000,000 years ago. His going is a decided loss to all who were interested in the prosperity of the American Museum of Natural History, which, as Dr. Haecker of Princeton says, gives probably the finest public display of its kind of any museum in the world.

Northey, whose grandmother married the poet's father. Mr. and Mrs. Northey are exceedingly kind to strangers, although they confess, when questioned, that there are disadvantages in having a renowned place for one's dwelling. Through all the long summer they are besieged by visitors, who ask exactly the same questions as those who came before. Sometimes as many as a hundred persons have crossed the smooth green lawn to the well in one day; frequently there is an array of fashionable equipages before the low stone wall that borders the road, and it is sometimes quite perplexing to satisfy such a number of uninvited guests. The poet was born in Scituate, but not on this farm. He lived there from infancy until he was 14, when he entered the family of Rev. Nehemiah Thomas to study. He began to write verses when very young, and always signed them "Sellm," a name that he used throughout his life. He became a printer in Boston, an editor in New Haven, and later lived in Baltimore and New York, where he was associated with George P. Morris in estab-

HARRIS SAD PLIGHT.

MINISTER TO AUSTRIA MUST PAY THE PAPER.

Will Be Required to Support Two Residences—One at Vienna and One at Buda Pest—All on Account of Franz-Josef.

The Hon. Addison C. Harris of Indiana, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Austria-Hungary, is in a sad plight; but the plight would be sadder were it not that Mr. Harris is a wealthy man. Upon a salary of \$10,000 he will soon be compelled to sustain two legations and to support the diplomatic honor of the United States in two countries, both of great and undoubted importance. As every one knows, the kingdom of Francis Joseph consists of the two countries of Austria and Hungary, which are known under the compound name of Austria-Hungary. Hungary was conquered long ago, and for more than two generations it was treated as a slave country. Up to within twenty years ago it had no standing nor representation in the court of Austria, and was given less than half the amount of rights and privileges now granted Ireland by the government of Great Britain. But the new emperor fancied Hungary, and gradually extended privileges to her. He gave her more representatives and allowed her to send envoys to his court. He lightened the taxes of the Hungarians and gave them almost equal advantages with those enjoyed by the Austrians. But few were prepared for his latest move, which is the declaration that Austria and Hungary shall enjoy equal rights; that Vienna and Buda-Pest shall be joint capitals of the Austrian empire, and that the emperor shall maintain court in both cities. During six months of the year the court shall be held in Austria; during the other six months the court will assemble in Hungary. At first glance this would seem little to concern the American minister to Austria-Hungary, but when you learn that Minister Harris must support a legation in both cities, then you get an idea of the expense entailed by the change. The United States has a great number of secretaries and under-officers abroad connected with each legation, and the expense of hiring these comes largely upon the minister, who must provide certain clerks himself. Up to this time the court of Austria has been such an elaborate one

BLAND'S SUCCESSOR.

Missouri's Eighth Congressional district, so long represented by the late Richard P. Bland, will now be represented by Judge Dorsey W. Shackelford, who has recently defeated his competitor in that district by the majority of 3,500 votes. Judge Shackelford was born at Sweet Springs, Saline county, Mo., on Aug. 27, 1853. His early career was one of hard struggle. He first taught school in order to obtain money enough to study law. Determination and persistency won, and he soon became well known as a lawyer of great ability. Then he drifted into politics. At every stage of his political career he has met with fresh difficulties, but he has repeatedly surmounted them. Though not an orator in the preferred sense of that term, he is not without effectiveness upon the stump and before the jury box. In congress he will no doubt distinguish himself for his vigorous grasp of public issues and for his clean manner of dis-



DORSEY W. SHACKELFORD, crossing them. As an organizer of political forces he has no superior in Missouri.

BRITISH ANTIQUARIAN FINDS.

Undoubted Traces of Roman Architecture in Scotland.

An exceedingly interesting antiquarian "find" has been made at Kirkintilloch. While some workmen were engaged in cleaning the moat at the Peel a number of ancient stones were unearthed. The attention of McGregor Chalmers of Glasgow was directed to them, and he has now made an investigation of them, with the result that he has discovered that some bear undoubted traces of Roman architecture. They are distinctly marked by diagonal lines and other markings peculiar to Roman artisans, and had been used, it is believed, in the construction of a fort in the Antonine wall. Other stones bear markings, etc., which show them to be of the mediaeval period, and are believed to belong to Comyn's castle, which was demolished by King Robert the Bruce. The burgh commissioners of Kirkintilloch have resolved to raise private subscriptions in order to defray the expense of a complete and thorough investigation by experts. The chalk diggers at Bazley, White & Co.'s works at Swanscombe, Kent, found a human skeleton imbedded in the limestone. It was that of a short, very thick-set man, and the men in the laboratory, who have some experience of these finds, think he was probably a Roman. A careful search was made for coins or weapons or anything that could give a clue to the period or nationality of the skeleton, but nothing was found except some flints, rudely shaped, with some kind of splitting or chipping implement. The skeleton must have been where it was found for many hundreds of years. It was in the heart of a chalk hill which had never been excavated before.—Pall Mall Gazette.

MARQUIS DE CASTEJA DEAD.

The death in Paris several days ago of the marquis de Casteja at the extreme old age of 94 removes from France the last link between the republic and the ancient house of Bourbon. The marquis was born while Louis was in exile in England. He entered the college of pages at Versailles, and after the restoration, when Louis came back to France in 1814, he



CASTEJA, graduated as first page to the new king. He served in the army under the empire as commander of a battalion, and during the Franco-Prussian war was in charge of recruiting in Paris. During the siege of Paris he gave up his house to be used as an asylum for the wounded soldiers. He was the last surviving page of Louis XVIII.

Fuzzed. From the Chicago Tribune: "I can't quite make out that English neighbor of mine," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "He was at church the other Sunday, and joined lustily in singing when the preacher gave out 'America,' but I noticed that the words he sung were 'God Save the Queen.' I don't know whether he did it to give the effect of an Anglo-American alliance or whether it was just a piece of his English bull-headedness."



A. C. HARRIS.

that it has taxed the resources of the American minister to the utmost. Even Bartlett Tripp, one of the richest men in the United States, felt the burden of Austrian entertainment, and Colonel Fred Grant openly declared himself unable to keep the pace of a dignified tenure of the post.

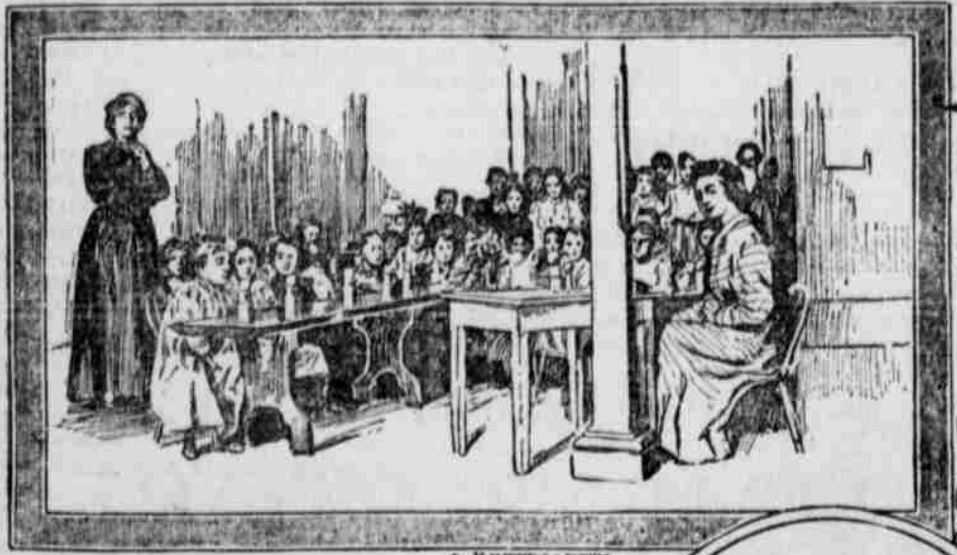
If the minister to Austria-Hungary is raised to the rank of ambassador, his salary will probably be raised also; so that he will receive \$12,000 instead of the \$10,000 which he now enjoys. Possibly he may be given \$17,000, like the ambassadors to France, Germany and Great Britain, but it is more than likely that he will receive the \$12,000 accorded to Ambassador Draper in Italy. The sum of \$10,000 a year in Vienna is more than \$10,000 a year would be in England, for the Germans are more economical and labor is rated lower; but, even so, \$10,000 no more than pays the house rent and the servants' hire of a mansion, let alone the cost of the dinners and the enormous personal expenses, such as carriage hire, decorations and clothing, which are at least \$10,000 more. Then there is a great sum required for the necessary "courtesy giving," as they call it in Hungary; for the gifts and the thousand and one small things which are absolutely required from a person who leads society and represents his country abroad.

It is all very well for Hungary, and not bad for Austria; but how is it for Minister Addison C. Harris of Indiana, who is compelled to maintain two magnificent legations in the finest of style all upon a paltry \$10,000?

Some day the people of the United States will elect a congress that will summarily cut off all kinds of ambassadors and ministers and will hire plain, every-day diplomatic agents to transact necessary business.

Photograph Time. A careful observer of photographic lights and shadows has discovered that the most striking time to photograph an outdoor view is during the half hour or so just before sunrise. The prettiest landscape looks broad and noble, and there is an unusual atmospheric stillness. The light is steel gray, and while longer exposure will be necessitated the effect with a careful worker would more than repay one for the few hours of sleep which have been lost.

Up in a Balloon. The occupants of a balloon a mile high command a radius of ninety-six miles.



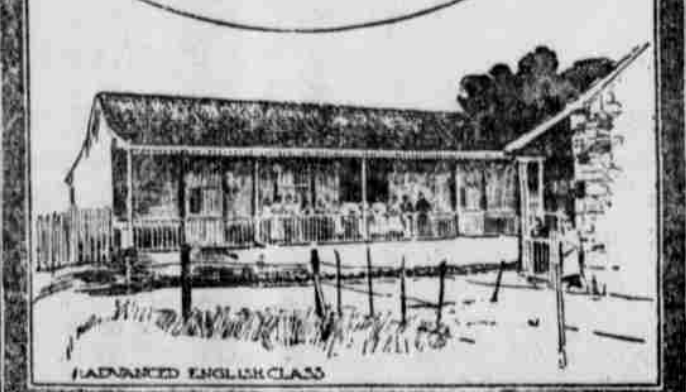
A. F. HARRIS.



DR. J. L. WORTMAN.



MISS LEVY.



ADVANCED ENGLISH CLASS.

SAVING THE ORPHANS OF CUBA.

properly educated and trained. There is to be no attempt made to proselyte them, beyond teaching them to be moral and honest. To better understand the terrible condition of the peasants of Cuba, who are the ones now being benefited, a few quotations from the report of one of the American commission sets the facts more plainly before the public. He says:

"Cuba was not suffering from a commercial or financial panic. It was in a state of utter prostration and collapse. Business and agricultural life had long ceased. The whole island was dead.

"Even now the result of Weyler's order of reconcentration is not understood or appreciated in this country. Should the commanding general in the American army issue an order, the result of which would be that one could travel from New York to Rochester and not see one cow, not one chicken, not one farmhouse, not one man working in the fields, it would be something similar to the result of Gen. Weyler's reconcentration order in Cuba.

"The whole rural life of three great provinces—Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara—was absolutely blotted out. Occasionally a clump of banana trees, whose roots had escaped the fire, or a scarlet creeper, would show where a farmhouse had stood; but the tropical growth quickly covered the ruins. It was inconceivable that in the midst of this teeming vegetation the country should be a desert, for no signs of human life appeared.

"On the contrary, every town and city visited was thronged with beggars, many of them emaciated and gaunt; women, children, cripples, and a few broken-spirited men; and the dreadful odor of every place occupied by Spanish soldiers. There was no decency, there was no sanitation; in our sense of the word, indeed, there was no discipline. It was a wanton and profligate devastation in the time of peace."

Amid all this misery, and herding together like cattle, were the little children, the future citizens of Cuba, whether as a republic or as a part of the United States. And it was for the up-bringing and development of the future generation of the island that the Cuban orphan relief fund was started.

Mr. Charles W. Gould, who is very prominently connected with the fund, made a remark a few days ago which corroborates a statement made by a Catholic priest, who had just returned from Havana, as to the patriarchal system in Cuba. Mr. Gould said:

"I never saw anything to equal the love and sacrifice of the Cuban parents. The men died first, the women followed and it is the children who are left."

These remarks give an idea of what the Cuban orphan fund started out to do. Miss Laura D. Gill was selected as best fitted to represent the trustees of the fund in Cuba. She has two assistants, Miss Levy and Miss Wilson, and these three brave women, to use the words of one of the prominent members of the fund, "are doing as true missionary work as any Jesuit ever did."

Miss Gill writes: "In Sancti Spiritus we found a condition of suffering which is much more serious than anything which we have seen before. There are over four hundred children who need to be taken care of right away, and the town has only been able to provide for twenty-five little girls, who were selected because they were physically worse off than anybody else in town. Although they have now been cared for nearly six weeks, they are still mere little skeletons, and almost make one doubt whether it was any kindness to help them to live a few years longer."

Boze, of the Cuban army, will have a tract of municipal land plowed up for them with the town oxen, and Miss Levy is going to give them seeds and simple little tools and arrange for a man to advise them about simple crops, hoping that in this way she may come to influence their diet and, to a certain extent, their housekeeping ideas.

The men who have been most indefatigable in this work are Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson, Thomas B. Adams, Cornelius N. Bliss, Gen. F. V. Greene, H. K. Porter of Pittsburg, who is accredited with having collected more money than any other member of the board; Charles W. Gould, secretary, and M. Bacon, the treasurer of the fund.

The pictures here presented were all taken on the spot, and show the practical good which is being done by the representatives of the fund. The promoters of the movement are anxious to secure funds for extending their field of operations.

Mr. Carnegie Takes Dr. Wortman Away

One part of Andrew Carnegie's scheme to get "philanthropically rid" of his millions does not appear philanthropic to New Yorkers. He has

NOT THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

One Now in the Well of the Poet Has a Silver Plate on It.

In a shady corner of as beautiful a New England garden as one could wish to see, "the old oaken bucket" still "hangs in the well." The memory of his country home, stirring a poet's fancy in a far-off city, made possible the tender, simple verses that appeal so strongly to the heart. That was nearly a century ago, but such poems live, and that is the reason the feet of many pilgrims turn toward this pretty place summer after summer. Greenbush is a small section set off from Scituate, and it does not belittle the quiet, restful hamlet to say that its chief attraction is the farm where Samuel Woodworth once lived. Young and old come to visit it from far and near, and every one looks for "the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood." Many changes have been made since the poet found "the source of an exquisite pleasure" in the clear waters of the well, but "the wide-spreading pond," the mill and the dairy house are still to be seen. The original house was destroyed long ago. The thrifty farm is now the property of Henry

lishing the New York Mirror. His life was full of interest and every page of his printed poems speaks of a refined, cultured nature. Mrs. Northey treasures a portrait of Woodworth, also a book he owned, "The Life of John Howard, Esq.," in which his name is written in remarkably beautiful characters. The family also has the original copy of the verses that have become so celebrated, and which, it is believed, were written in 1817. The bucket is not the original one. The one that now comes "dripping with coolness" to satisfy the thirst of interested visitors was presented to the farm by the Richmond Cedar Works of Virginia. It bears a silver plate, suitably inscribed.—Boston Transcript.

SKIPPER'S MISSIONARY HEN.

Brought Her from Koo-Koo, China, and She Laid Eggs for the Heathens.

Form the Boston Herald: Some ten years ago Capt. J. Clifford Entwisle, now city clerk of Salem, then master of a New York vessel sailing to China and Japan, brought home from China a little hen. He named the bird Koo-Koo, for the town whence she came. He presented the hen to his wife, and the bird gradually became a pet of the house. She wanted to lay her eggs in the house. Capt. and Mrs. Entwisle were interested in church and missionary work. So Mrs. Entwisle conceived the idea of devoting the proceeds of the eggs and chickens of Koo-Koo to the missionary cause, and for the seven years little Koo-Koo lived all her earnings went to convert Chinese heathens, and a good many dollars went that way. The hen became as much a pet, as a cat or dog. She would lay her egg, and then go out into the kitchen and cluck until some one went and found the egg; then she would fly up on the window sill and peck at the window as a sign that she wished to go out doors. Finally, little Koo-Koo died, and was stuffed and used as an ornament. Mrs. Entwisle wrote a very pretty little story, founded on the history of Koo-Koo, and sent it out to be read to the children in the far-away land, whence came the hen. There it took so well that it was translated into Chinese and read to the little Chinese children in their own language. It was the story of a little hen called Koo-Koo, which undertook to support one little Chinese girl that she might be educated. It contained an account of the meeting of the children of Koo-Koo, quite a numerous tribe of various ages. After hearing that story read, a Chinese boy painted a picture of the meeting of Koo-Koo and her descendants to represent a scene described by Mrs. Entwisle. It represents the old hen and three younger ones, with eight or ten very small chicks. The picture is made on a sheet of brown paper, and the hens are almost lifesize for Chinese hens. It was sent to the missionary headquarters in Boston first, and yesterday was sent down to Mrs. Entwisle, by whom it is highly prized.

SURE DEATH



Lulu—"The wretch! He said if I refused him he would take a dose of poison then and there. I refused him."
Mabel—"Ah! And what did he do?" Lulu—"Lit a cigarette."