

MAKING OF A SPEECH.

NOW DR. DEPEW COMPOSED HIS GREAT COLUMBIAN ORATION.

He Wrote It Vainly with the Subject for Days, but Inspiration Finally Came While He Sat in His Church Pew—A Stenographer's Fateful Blunder.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, Oct. 27.—One Monday morning, two or three weeks after his return from Europe, Chauncey M. Depew came to his offices from his country place with such an enthusiastic manner and exuberance of spirits that it was a matter of comment, although he is usu-



DEPEW AND HIS STENOGRAPHER. ally possessed of hearty good nature when he begins the business card of the day. A business friend who stood in the corridor outside the office of the New York Central railroad was approached by Mr. Depew, who threw up his hands with a gesture of delight and said: "I am feeling as happy as a bird today. Come with me and I will tell you all about it," and with gentle pressure Mr. Depew forced his friend into his private office.

The great orator was dressed in that English suit of which so much has been written, and which he purchased not by desire, but through necessity. It was not the suit which changed his appearance, but a new alpine hat, one which he bought in Germany, and which he wore with a dainty and fashionable tilt, so that it made him seem even younger than he usually appears when he returns from his European trips refreshed and rejuvenated. It was at this hat that the business friend glanced; nor did Mr. Depew remove it during the conversation, so that his friend's attention was directed somewhat from the interesting account the railway president gave of the experience which made him feel so joyful that morning.

"I had finished my Columbian oration, and I tell you a great load has been taken off my mind."

"But why," said the friend, "should the completion of an oration give you such relief? Usually you do not mind that sort of task very much."

"But I minded this one, I tell you, and for a time I did not know whether there would be any oration or not. You see, just before I went to Europe in the summer I felt particularly worn out. This brain machine of mine would not work at all well. It was rusty, and the wheels of thought were clogged. When I thought of some of the addresses which I had promised to deliver upon my return, it seemed as though I never could undertake them."

"You must have been tired to have had such feeling," said the friend.

"Yes, I was. Well, the day before I called I called my stenographer, and I dictated twenty letters canceling agreements which I had made to deliver twenty different addresses, and among them was the dedication address of the World's fair at Chicago. I then said to my stenographer, 'Don't send these letters until I am upon the sea, for in that case it will not be possible for any one to send delegations to me begging me to reconsider.'"

"Well, I went to Europe, and I had a splendid time, and when I came home feeling refreshed and ready for my work I also had the relief of knowing that I had no formal addresses to prepare. Last week my stenographer came to me with an expression of despair upon his face and with a frightened look in his eyes, and he said in a trembling



INSPIRATION COMES IN CHURCH. voice that he had made a mistake, and that one of the letters which I dictated to him before I went to Europe had not been sent. By accident it had been overlooked.

"I implored him not to tell me that this letter was the one canceling the engagement for the Chicago oration, but when he said that was the very one I could only say: 'I knew it. I knew that would be the one of all of them.'"

When the narrative had reached this point there was so much of dramatic action in Mr. Depew's description that his business friend no longer regarded the alpine hat, but instead was com-

pletely interested in the orator's speech and manner.

"There I was," said Mr. Depew, with a plaintive gesture and the expression of sorrow upon his face. "I had been congratulating myself that I was out of it, and here, with only two or three weeks to prepare myself in, I found that I had got to deliver that oration, for it would never do to decline it at that late day; I should never be forgiven."

"I canceled a number of invitations to dine, and every evening shut myself up in my library in my country place at Dobbs Ferry. I wrestled with my imagination without avail. I did not have much material in my library bearing on Columbus, and every day that passed brought me nearer to the time when the speech must be delivered. It was to be a great event, and the address I felt ought to be worthy of it, but the inspiration would not come."

Here Mr. Depew removed his alpine hat and laid it upon his desk, and then, the expression of despair passing from his face and one of exultation taking its place, he said: "Yesterday morning I went to church. It was a warm Sunday, and the air was oppressive, though the day was beautiful, and yet as I sat in my pew the idea of the Columbus oration came to me like an inspiration. I saw it all from beginning to the end, except the peroration. After church I had an early dinner, and then shut myself in my library, and my mind was as active as it had been dull in the evenings of the week before. A little before midnight I had finished the Columbian oration, all but the peroration, and that is why I am so happy hearted today. It is done; I shall dismiss it from my mind, and I am sure that the idea of the peroration will occur to me in time to put it in its proper place."

Thus Mr. Depew described the manner of his writing of the Columbian oration. The peroration occurred to him a few days later; it was written out and added to the manuscript, and with peace in his mind and his proof slips in his pocket he started for Chicago three days before the oration was delivered.

E. J. EDWARDS.

A Great Optimist. [Special Correspondence.]

OXFORD FURNACE, N. J., Oct. 27.—While strolling around Oxford Furnace the other day waiting for a train I dropped into an oyster saloon. Presently an old gray haired man came in and took a seat at the same table and began to smile in the most peaceful and serene manner.

"Beautiful day," he said. "I can hardly agree with you," I replied, "as the day is so overcast that I think it will rain before night."

"That's nothing," he went on; "that's nothing. The day is just as bright to me when it's overcast as when it is raining cats and dogs."

"You must be very rich, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he responded, with a laugh, "I am very rich—I am a millionaire."

"How in the world did you ever make it?"

"I never did make it, nor did I inherit it. I have no money at all—I am a millionaire at heart. That is, I am as happy as a millionaire is popularly supposed to be, but I don't think any millionaire is quite so happy as I usually am."

"How did you ever learn to be so contented? Have you learned through suffering to be happy?"

"Yes," he responded, "but not through my own suffering. I have learned to be perfectly happy through observing the suffering of others. Now while I observe you eating against time to catch the train that will not be here for an hour, if it is on time, I feel happy in the knowledge of the fact that I have not got to eat in the same way. Now you see I can appreciate the blessing of being able to eat in peace and take all the time I want."

"I think," I said, "that you are entitled to serious consideration as the father of a new philosophy. I certainly never heard of an optimism just like yours before."

"I have always had it," the old man went on, "and I am very glad of it. I have seen men sold out under the hammer by the sheriff, and while I felt very sorry for them the experience made me happy on the strength of the knowledge that I was not in the same boat with them."

"I quite agree with you," I said, "and yet I cannot see how you can be contented in overalls."

"Why, in my eyes they are not overalls at all—they are the finest broadcloth to be had for money. I have seen people go about in silks and velvets, and finally, owing to their extravagance, have to fly the town to escape their creditors. I learned from them that it is better to eat spot cash muck than snipe on credit, and I eat muck and think they are new, and I'm happy through and through. Now if you think the muck is terra in, isn't it just as good as terrapin?"

"Of course," I said.

"That's what I think," he continued. "Just pass that green turtle stew, will you?"

"It's Irish stew," I replied.

"No, it isn't; it's turtle in my happy eyes, and turtle in reality as far as I am concerned."

Then he jumped up and danced all over the place.

"I saw a man break his leg this morning," he explained, "and I am so happy in my sure footedness and sound limbs that I don't know what to do."

And when I left to catch the train the man who was a millionaire at heart was still dancing. B. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Rapid Railway Work.

Work upon the Mexican International railway extension to Durango is progressing rapidly. The entire stretch from Tucson to Durango is graded, bridged, track laid and ready for service excepting the section from Chorro to Durango, a distance of fifteen miles, which is ready for laying the rails. The road is already in operation to the capital of Durango.

POOR POCAHONTAS.

THE MAIDEN EXISTED, THOUGH SHE NEVER SAVED SMITH.

Captain John Smith Did Not Insect the Pocahontas Episode in His Earlier Histories of His Explorations—His Poetic Fancy Was Vain.

When Mr. Winsor, in his "Critical History of America," put an end to the heroic attitudinizing of the redoubtable Captain John Smith we still had Pocahontas, as we thought, the very flower of wild life in America. But more recently the critics have annihilated Pocahontas. It is a great story of our sex, heretofore for the most part the forte of criticism has been spent on the male sex. Romulus and Remus, Samson, William Tell, even Homer, rank the gantlet. History of this sort looks like the heap of china in the fence corner—all that remains of a dozen sets that were one after another the pride of the house. Our Bridget abstracted from the plates, pitchers and saucers till nothing was left but glittering fragments. But Pocahontas! What supremacy there was in that name! What an idyl to be told of the cradle hour of our people! What a superb tableau to be rehearsed at charity fairs!

It seems that Pocahontas was an afterthought of that slim Falstaff of our early history, the heroic John Smith. The very name was a challenge of our credulity. In a great story of a voyage up the Chickahominy written in 1608, he relates in full a long list of exploits. These ended, as he said, in his being delivered up to Kinz Powhatan, who treated him kindly, giving him guides for his return through the wilderness, who did not leave him till he was safe among the English at Jamestown. But in that later book which he terms "The True History of Virginia," there is not a mention of any Pocahontas. There is no attack on Smith, no rescue, no princess. Up to that time he had not even thought of her.

But some time between 1608 and 1624 Pocahontas seems to have been born in Smith's fertile brain. At the latter date this wonderful captain, who had the whole New World in which to adventure and only himself to tell his glory, wrote what he called a "General History of Virginia," in which he related papers written by others, or rather written in his own. In this book appeared the charming episode of Pocahontas—a story good enough to be true, and it has probably done enough good to excuse us for trying to believe it still. Smith's story tells how he was seized and condemned to death. The Indians already stood about him with raised clubs—see our old fashioned reading books—but just at the critical moment the ideal Indian maiden burst out of the thicket with a wild cry, ran to Smith, lifted her head tenderly to the block, placed her own over his and pleaded for his life. Powhatan, who seems to have been a genuine king, quite after the European style, was overcome by his beautiful daughter's entreaty and spared "the late governor of Virginia."

But it is an historical fact that there was a Pocahontas; that she did marry an Englishman named Rolfe, and did go to England with him, where she was received by the court and was held in high esteem and love even by the English people, but died shortly from the change of climate, but more from the white people's methods of eating and sleeping, to which she was compelled to conform. What can we make, then, of Smith's idyl? Did Pocahontas really befriend him in some manner? Certainly when she was rescued by Smith she recommended her to the court. It is most likely that his Munchausen imagination, finding her an object of great interest in England, undertook to glorify himself by a picturesque scene that never took place—allying her to himself—the extent of her interest in him being kindly acts when he was a guest of her father. The temptation was certainly very great—seeing that the man Smith was a nobody who had made himself up for the public out of fustian and pretended adventures, for the most part no more real than the encounters of Falstaff.

The story of Pocahontas may find some illumination from other parts of his writings. The original description of his capture by the tribe ruled by Powhatan is to the effect that he expected at once to be put to death, but having fired his pistol freely at them and wounded several, he was agreeably surprised by the taking him into high favor. For supper he had a quarter of venison and ten pounds of bread, and each morning thereafter three women placed before him "three great platters of fine bread and more venison than ten men could devour." They guarded him, to be sure, but let him have his comfort, and the "better affection" grew day by day.

On the whole it seems probable that we shall have to give up the Pocahontas story as a marginal illumination, written into history after Mr. John Smith had found that his stories pleased the people better than facts.

To understand Mr. Smith's habit of spinning fancy tales for veritable history we must know that he was a poet. His descriptions all show this. Pocahontas was simply a poem. His picture of Virginia is altogether idyllic. "Here are mountains, hills, plains, valleys, rivers, brooks, all running most pleasantly into a fair bay, compassed but for the month with fruitful and delightful land. In the bay and rivers are many tales, both great and small. The mountains are of divers natures, for at the head of the bay the rocks are of composition like mill stone, some of them marble. And many pieces like crystal we found, as thrown down from water. These waters wash from the rocks such glittering tinctures that the ground in some places is gilded, the rocks and the earth being so splendid to behold that better judgments than ours might have been persuaded that they contained more than probabilities." Clearly such a scene needed a Pocahontas, and if Mr. Smith finally invented her we should be grateful. Nor can we forget that we have had the charming maiden, quite as good as real, for over 200 years.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Thomas Hardy's "Tess." Mr. Thomas Hardy in speaking of the history of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" admits Mrs. Hardy's share in the making of the novel, through suggestions of situations and study of the quaint people of Dorsetshire, where the plot is laid. The family selected by Mr. Hardy from among the many houses of decayed glory but ancient lineage common to that region trace their line back to the conquest through Woolbridge manor house, once one of their country seats and now but a farmhouse. It is easy to divine that it was Mrs. Hardy who suggested the trying on of the jewels by Tess. It was she, too, who heard neighbor boasting that a certain vault was full of the "skebington" of his family—Exchange.

THE TOUGH'S SOLOQUY.

All der world's a prize ring. All der men and women only sluggers. Dey has der counters an der spectators. An one nite in his time knocks many out. An gits der belt, der champion. Fast thing, der baby. Bawlin an scraggin in der nurse's arms; Den der kicken school kid, like a dray mule. Dat don't know wher's his feet; an den der lover. Singin show songs, sich as "She's my Annie. I'm her Joe," 'bout his best girl. Den a slugger. Full o' stale beer an smellin like der keg. Spillin for scraps, ready to do anybody. What's der gall ter stand afore him. For he's a crack-a-jack, and when he gits in His right dere's somethin's got ter tumble, see! Wid bulldoz mug an jawbone of der Jack. He fights his last battle. Der last bell rings. An he's a knocked out, sore ex-champion. Wid bruises on der nose an pains inside; Der right han glove he used, a size too small. For his swelled duke, and his hoarse slugger voice. Change to what kin no more skeer der old gang. A knock down blow itself. Ex-champion! So ends his bulling, bloody history— A busted crack-a-jack, a reminiscence, Sans youth, sans bluff, sans sand, sans all but booze. —New York Sun.

"Raising the Wind."

It was in 1851, a few months before the first appearance of "La Dame aux Camellias." Dumas junior met on the boulevards the famous critic, Fiorentino.

"Old boy, come and lunch with me tomorrow!"

"Willingly, my dear Dumas."

"Tomorrow at 11, in front of the Varieties."

"All right."

Next day, on the stroke of 11, the two friends met at the place appointed.

"Bravo, Fiorentino, you are to the minute!"

"Punctuality is the politeness of four nationalists."

"Where shall we lunch?"

"Wherever you please."

"We must have something out of the common."

"I don't object in the least."

"How much money have you in your pocket?"

"I don't have a farthing!" said Fiorentino, laughing. "You invited me, and I confess that, having no change in the house, I forgot to get some."

"Hang it!" Dumas exclaimed. "I've got only ten francs. But, happy thought! My father doesn't live far off. I'll run and get him to lend me two louis. Come! I shall be down in a trice. You can wait for me in the street."

Dumas junior ran up the paternal stairs, four steps at a time. A moment afterward he re-appeared, crestfallen and down in the mouth.

"Well, how about the two louis?" inquired Fiorentino in a slightly bantering tone.

"Alas!" groaned young Dumas. "I have only five francs left. My father borrowed the other five!"—Annales Politiques et Littéraires.

That Lawn Mower.

A Belfast (Me.) woman got indignant the other day at the shabby appearance of the lawn about her house. After moving down her husband with wrath, she was soon on the lawn herself with the lawn mower. Back and forth she pushed the machine, while the sun beamed soft and melting on the downtrodden woman and everything else.

From a shady nook her husband timidly watched her determined display. For an hour, in which she must have traveled a dozen miles, she worked, but, sad to relate, not a blade of grass bowed to her indignant endeavors.

Finally her husband picked up courage enough to address her:

"Hadin't you better turn the machine over, my dear?"

She did turn the machine over—into the gutter—and swept into the house with a look that kept her husband at a distance for several days.—Lewiston Journal.

Swearing Him In.



Overheard at the Hotel.

Teddy Vanclump—"That young fellow to whom you took off your hat just now is engaged to Miss Daisy Goldberg. Are you acquainted with him?"

Bill Uppercrest—"I don't know him at all. Then how did you come to bow to him?"

"Because we are in the same line of business, so to speak. I, too, am engaged to Miss Daisy Goldberg."—Texas Sittings.

Easy in His Mind.

"Are you not afraid of being buried alive? After all, you know, our medical science is still groping in the dark."

"To tell the truth, I have not the slightest apprehension on that score. My doctor is a man who can be depended upon; if any of his patients die they are dead and no mistake."—Deutsche Warte.

Not at All.

Man with Cigarette—Any objections to lending me your cigar a minute? Man with Cigar—Not at all, sir. (Lighting his cigar with it and returning it) "Much obliged."

(Throwing the cigar away) "Not at all, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Not His Fault.

"What do you mean," said the landlord, indignantly "by pounding a hole in my floor?"

"I'm just as much surprised as you are," replied the guest. "I did it trying to break that soap you gave me to wash with."—Washington Star.

Autumn.

"The autumn now. With muscles strained Unto the closet shelf we cling With anxious eye, and loudly cry: 'Oh where's that hat I wore last spring!'"

Across the mountain and the plain The wind an autumn favor blows, And as we shiver we exclaim, "Where are my last year's underclothes?"

We gaze upon the yellow leaf, And then the robin's farewell note, And then we ask ourselves in haste "Where is my ancient overcoat?"

And as we walk along the street We whisper softly to ourselves, "Where is that autumn girl of mine?" —Clothes and Furnisher.

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