

MADAME LAURIER.

THE WIFE OF THE PREMIER OF THE DOMINION.

A Gentle and Accomplished Woman of Aristocratic Antecedents — Broad-minded and Sympathetic and a Source of Great Strength to Her Husband.



Mme. Laurier, wife of Wilfrid Laurier, the new premier of Canada, is an admirable example of the best type of French-Canadian gentlewoman. For many years she has not only led in French society at the capital during parliamentary sessions, but has fulfilled with gentle dignity all those other manifold social offices which fall to the lot of the wife of him who leads his party. Somewhat younger than her distinguished husband, Mme. Laurier is a handsome woman of about 45, with that type of good looks which is ill portrayed by photograph. Delicate features, clear blue eyes, silvery hair, a fresh, girlish complexion in youthful contrast to the graying tresses, a quick French smile, with flashing impression of white teeth and sudden dimples—that is Mme. Laurier as no camera ever can do her justice.

As Mme. Zoe Lafontaine, of Montreal, she who has become the wife of a premier was a noted beauty. As Mme. Wilfrid Laurier she is a noted chateleine and sweet helpmeet—one as able as she is quiet and tasteful. The



MADAME LAURIER.

Laurier home is at Arthabas Raville, a small Quebec town, a quaint old house set in eight acres of land, where the statesman has quiet for taking his rest, and Mme. Laurier opportunity for cultivating the plants and flowers which comprise one of her chief joys. There are no children in the Laurier household other than small guests who come, sure of a welcome from the kindly two, who love all things young and beautiful and good.

When the Lauriers remove to the capital, as they will, it needs must be almost like going home. Every session they have appeared there in company, and have grown as beloved as they are admired of the people. With Mme. Laurier there is the same unaffected friendliness, refinement of manner and native courtesy that mark her husband. It seems almost as though these two, after a quarter of a century of married life, had grown to be one in all such external ways. But, in spite of Mme. Laurier's gentleness and forgetfulness of self, there is a purpose and a spirit in her make-up which impresses those whom she meets, and makes them feel that here is a woman who could suffer and be strong in any great crisis of life. Mme. Laurier is a devout Roman Catholic, but broad-minded and sympathetic to all. Whatever burden of care and responsibility comes to the first minister of the crown in Canada, he is sure of near sympathy, and a wife to encourage, stimulate and strengthen him. Lesser virtue, perhaps, but one which appeals to the mind feminine, is that Mme. Laurier knows how to dress becomingly and well.

Buried a Bird in Central Park.

Detectives McGinty and Savage, of the park police, saw a woman bury something under a large elm tree near the west drive in Central Park Saturday. They thought she was burying stolen treasures or jewels taken from some actress, so when she had finished Savage followed her, while McGinty went to disinter what she had buried. She had erected a little mound over it and put a twig in the mound to mark the spot. When McGinty had removed the sod and soil a long box tied with ribbons was revealed.

"It's a jewel box, sure," said McGinty. When he opened the box he found a dead canary. Replacing the dead bird in its grave, he headed off Savage before his side partner had arrested the canary's owner as a jewel thief.—New York Sun.

Do They Search in Philadelphia.

"Scorchers" are taken very seriously in Philadelphia, Magistrate Jermon of that city having recently stated in the case of two such offenders brought before him: "It is perhaps fortunate that no person was injured or property destroyed as a result of their careless riding, or they would have been subject to the act of March 31, 1893, against furious riding and driving, the penalty for which is a fine not exceeding \$500 and imprisonment not exceeding five years." The men were held in \$200 bail for trial.

THE ZEROGRAF.

A Combined Telegraphic and Type Writing Apparatus.

Much interest has been excited in this country by the detailed accounts of the success in England of the new office instrument called the zerograph. This device is virtually a typewriter combined with a telegraphic apparatus. It is, in fact, a telegraphic instrument that, instead of printing dots and dashes on a strip of paper, typewrites a message on a sheet of letter paper at both ends of the wire simultaneously. The two machines are identical in every respect, and each can be used either as a transmitter or a receiver. The operator depresses the keys, as in ordinary typewriting, and this causes a current from a local battery to disengage a balanced pendulum in both machines. There are various automatic devices for moving the paper, adjusting the alignment, inking the letters, etc. The fundamental principle of the machine is that the record is printed at both ends of the line at practically the same moment. It differs further from other telegraph printing machines in that it prints on an ordinary sheet of paper in lines and paragraphs. It does not require an experienced telegraph operator, but can be used by any one who typewrites. It can be adopted in private offices, like the telephone, and worked at all times of the day or night without the intervention of telegraph officials. It is automatic in its action, and delivers its messages whether there is or is not some one at the receiving end. It dispenses entirely with clock work. It can be worked on the exchange system. It combines, in fact, the functions of typewriter, telegraph and telephone. Its speed is greatly in its favor. Instead of the ordinary speed of 25 to 30 words a minute, 40 words is to be the normal speed of the zerograph. If the machine comes anywhere near justifying the claims made for it, it will work a revolution in telegraphy, and it will not be long before every business office is provided with its zerograph in addition to its telephone and typewriters.

A Fair Astronomer.

Another signal honor has been conferred on Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the young California astronomer, in the invitation given her to accompany the British expedition to Norway to observe the eclipse of the sun on August 9. Miss Klumpke is only a year or two past thirty, yet her fame as an astronomer is even greater than that which the celebrated Maria Mitchell had achieved in maturer years. She was born in San Francisco and educated in Goettingen, though not at the university, and later in Switzerland. She is a very pretty woman with charming manners. Even as a girl she attracted attention for the thoroughness of her astronomical studies, and she was but a few years out of her teens when she gained a prize of five thousand francs offered by the Paris observatory for a treatise on comets.

An Artist's Bride-to-Be.

Miss Elizabeth Gardner, who is soon to become the wife of the celebrated French artist, Bouguereau, has herself attained considerable celebrity as an artist, both in this country and in France. It is nearly twenty-five years since she sent her first painting to the Paris Salon, and she was the first American woman to gain, as she did in 1887, the Salon medal. Miss Gardner is a native of New Hampshire and a woman of attractive personality. As an art student in Paris she was one of Bouguereau's pupils and an intimate friend of his family. The artist-bridegroom is now about seventy-two years old.

A Beauty Departed.

Mrs. Pauline Reitel, young, pretty and vivacious, left her husband in Geneva, Switzerland, and came to America to meet the man she really loved. The Ellis Island bureau of immigration detained her and she has been returned to Europe. This is shattered one of the prettiest romances of the year.



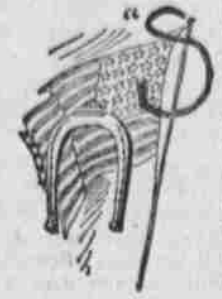
MRS. REITEL.

Mrs. Reitel and her husband could not agree, and so they signed an agreement to live free and independent of one another. Mrs. Reitel had a friend in America—M. Didoldo Girard, son of a wealthy French distiller. She had met M. Girard in Geneva and the young people had fallen in love at once. Now that she had left her husband forever, she reasoned, why should she not fly to M. Girard? And so she boarded the steamer, came to America, and almost within calling distance of the young man, was arrested and detained under the immigration laws. M. Girard came to the board office to plead for the woman he loves. She entreated the board most pitifully for her liberty, but the officials were obdurate.

ABOUT MRS. BRYAN.

WIFE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE.

She is an Up to Date Woman in Every Respect—A Deep Thinker, but Nevertheless Greatly Attached to the Home Circle.



HE is one who will be the most popular person in the United States and the next mistress of the White House. That is how the chairman of the Salem celebration ceremonies introduced Mrs. William Jennings Bryan to the residents of Mr. Bryan's birthplace the other evening. Of course he only meant it as a sort of a compliment, he being a republican addressing a non-partisan meeting.

Wives of presidential nominees are not usually presented to audiences gathered to hear the nominee speak. But this wasn't a purely political meeting. It was a town doing honor to an ex-townsmen whose name will be on every tongue for four months, perhaps a future president. Every one wanted to see the woman whom that man delights to honor. The situation might have embarrassed any woman. Mrs. Bryan rose from the seat beside her husband and took a step forward. As she turned to the right she bowed to the friends grouped behind her on the platform. With a slight motion she faced the big crowd that covered the green common. As a cheer traveled over the crowd the young woman's eyes smiled a bit. Her face whitened a shade from intensity of feeling, and with another bow to the chairman Mrs. Bryan sank into her seat again. Of course Mrs. Bryan is young. They were engaged when she was nineteen and he twenty. It was not, however,



MRS. W. J. BRYAN.

until four years later that they were married. Then there was a little house ready for them in an Illinois town, and for this first home of their married life the Bryans have a great affection. A deep attachment to whatever spot has been called "home" seems to be a Bryan characteristic.

Their Lincoln (Neb.) household consists of Mrs. Bryan's father, who has suffered a great affliction in the loss of his sight. The three children, Ruth, Grace and William J., are all wide-awake school children. Grace attends a kindergarten. Mrs. Bryan believes in the system, and, indeed, is an advocate of all practical education. If she had sufficient time, her inclinations are such that practical educational movements would receive her active support.

Outside of school, the mother keeps an eye on the children's studies. A while ago one of the children hadn't received the desired percentage in one study, and Mrs. Bryan ruled that until the necessary rating was reached the girl should not be allowed out.

The home life of the Bryans is not at all complex. There is always one servant, sometimes two. Mrs. Bryan has assistance with the family sewing and the making of the children's dresses. She is the head of a well-ordered household, in which she takes pride and which she intends at all times shall be the most attractive spot in the world to her husband and children.

The Bryans enjoy music. Since her marriage Mrs. Bryan has not kept up her music, and now depends on others to play while she listens, either to the piano in her own home or to the players that visit Lincoln.

In addition to political and sociological matters, Mrs. Bryan is thoroughly posted on all current events. She reads from preference those magazines handling timely topics and events, both foreign and domestic; things that make history and would interest Mr. Bryan. What she reads is thoroughly digested. Besides this she finds time to read what critics place as "the

works of fiction of the year. It is an American, Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose delicacy, accuracy of expression and every characteristic most appeal to her.

Mrs. Bryan doesn't care for fads, such as hypnotism, palm reading and theosophy. But she does find out what each means, and has taken an especial interest in studying the different religions and creeds of the world.

If there is one thing absent from Mrs. Bryan's composition it is egotism. It may be hard for eastern people to understand Mrs. Bryan's ideas. It isn't what is coming to her in the event of the success of the free-silver ticket, it is what the people, the great multitude, will gain by it that is in her mind.

It is impossible to know the Bryans and not realize this. Even women who don't agree with the ideas on which Mr. Bryan stands admit that Mrs. Bryan believes entirely in them and their justice. That is one thing that can't be gainsaid. As for all the glory turning her head, she is precisely the same level-headed woman she always has been. Those who would naturally criticize her hardest are first to confess it.

COL. MCMICHAEL.

The Distinguished Editor of the Philadelphia North American.

Colonel Clayton McMichael, is the proprietor of the Philadelphia North American, and one of the leading journalists in the country. His career has been that of a soldier and newspaper man. When only 17 he enlisted and was soon promoted a lieutenant of the United States infantry. After a brief service on the frontier he was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and bore a part in all its engagements as aid on the staff of General Birney, and later with General Hancock. He was twice wounded in battle, and was brevetted for personal bravery. He has been in charge of the North American since 1865. President Grant in 1872 tendered him the assistant secretaryship of the interior, which he declined. Colonel McMichael went to Vienna as



EDITOR MCMICHAEL.

delphia and straight forward republican at all times.

Cause for Gratitude.

"Times are getting harder and harder. I find it more difficult every day to support my family," said a seedy looking man to Hostetter McGinnis on a Dallas street car.

"What is your business?"

"I am a tailor."

"You ought to be thankful that times are as good as they are, and that we are not living back in the days of Adam and Eve."

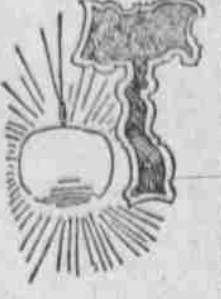
She is a Busy Woman.

Mrs. Elizabeth Seward is the proprietor and editor of the Stillwater (Mich.) Messenger. She is also a billposter, and is said to be the only woman in the country who follows that occupation

BISHOP ABE GRANT.

THE NEGRO PHILOSOPHER AND HIS WORK.

His Remarkable Views Concerning the Settlement of the Race Problem—Born a Slave, Self-taught and Self-made.



HE recent session of the New York Conference of the African M. E. church introduced Bishop Abraham Grant to the eastern states as an active worker in the solution of the race problem. His opinions are remarkable as coming from a negro.

"The black man," he said in the conference, "started, thirty years ago, two hundred and forty-six years behind the white man. Through with opportunity and with education he is gaining, he has no right to claim intellectual equality with the white man; he has no right to say that his opinions are as well-founded and that his thoughts are as valuable as those of the men who were his owners thirty years ago. The negro is boisterous, noisy, and impulsive in action, like a child. It is because he is as yet but a child of civilization. Children proud in the consciousness of new and growing ideas are not always discreet and modest."

"The thing for us to do is not to make a great outcry over what we are going to do and over our rights as we see them, but to make a cold-blooded estimate of our actual progress in the last three decades. Make it as small as you can, it is still a tremendous



BISHOP ABRAHAM GRANT, D. D. thing. Where forty years ago there was the morality only of the animal with habits of life but little better, there are now Christian homes. Homes where the floors are scoured as clean and the tins on the wall are as bright and the house is as white as in any home in the country. Those are the things that count! Let us take our stand on that. Education, little as we may have had, has done this for us. Let us get more of it. And after 245 years we will be able to talk with the white man at our own valuation."

Bishop Grant has the personality necessary for the support of views so much at variance with the general sentiment in his race. The audience before which he advances these ideas is made up of men and women acutely sensitive to every point of their inferiority in public opinion and public treatment. Yet when the bishop rises before them, six feet tall and over, massively built, and with a voice pitched for open air camp meetings in the southern pine woods; they cannot resist him. There is a muttered murmur of "Amen" and "Right, thank God" before he reaches his tenth sentence. After he has been talking fifteen minutes his every climax starts an uproar of vociferous approbation. When this applause falls him, after some unusually frank admission or demand, the bishop leans forward over his desk, strikes it a mighty blow with his fist and shouts, "Am I right? Do you hear me?" And the approbation comes. Sometimes he uses this oratorical trick in the middle of a burst of applause. His cry rings out above everything, and excites the congregation to uncontrollable enthusiasm.

He entered the ministry in Jacksonville, served four years there, and then persuaded Gov. Drew to build a church for him in Tallahassee. Both in Florida and Texas, where he went later, Mr. Grant had the full confidence and co-operation of the civil authorities. Gov. Ireland of Texas at many times utilized the bishop's influence to quiet race disturbances. At one time Bishop Grant came between a regiment of militia and a mob of negroes on the very verge of a conflict and persuaded his people to disperse in peace. His power as a public speaker was shown during the prohibition campaign in Texas. Bishop Grant attracted tremendous crowds of people from both races, irrespective of their views on the subject of prohibition.

In 1888 he was elected bishop, and was assigned to the district comprising Texas, Louisiana, California, Washington, and Oregon. In 1892 he was transferred to Georgia and Alabama, and two years later added Florida to his field. The work broke down his health, and last summer the church sent him on a vacation trip to Europe. He preached in Wesley's church in London, and addressed many meetings in Europe and on the continent.

Last March, while at the Florida conference, Bishop Grant was visited by his former master, Lieut. Raulerson was bent and broken, and very poor. He had to borrow money from the bishop until his Mexican war pension money came. The pension, incidentally, had been ob-

tained with the aid of the former slave. The old master refused the bishop's offer of support during the rest of his life, but begged with tears in his eyes that when the end came that the bishop should preach his funeral sermon.

He Didn't Pay.

A young man got on a Broadway cable car the other day and modestly took a seat near the front door. He was dressed well in a light suit of very small check and wore a silk four-in-hand to match. By one of those remarkable coincidences nobody will attempt to explain a lady of mature age and soot visage got on at the next corner and took a seat next to the young man, and her clothes were of the same piece. Everybody except the woman seemed to think it a funny thing; she looked as mad as a wet hen. When the conductor came along and asked the young man if he paid for two, glancing at the lady, the young man blushed and said he didn't, while everybody else laughed. Whereupon the woman jumped up in wrath that the conductor tried in vain to fathom, and shouted:

"Stop the car! I won't stay here and be insulted!" The young man stood the merriment for a block, and then he quit.—New York Correspondent in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Put Out a Fire with Milk.

Police and firemen have been perplexed for six weeks by the fires that have frequently occurred in letter boxes in the vestibules of apartment houses. There was another such fire early one morning this week in a six-story apartment house wherein twenty-three families live. A milkman was entering the vestibule when a flame shot out of a letter box. It is no reflection on the milk to say it will put out a fire, just as water will. Without a moment's hesitation this milkman raised the can he carried and emptied the milk into the burning letter box. Then he alarmed the janitor and set in a fire alarm. The firemen found a stream of warm milk trickling from the vestibule, but the fire had been checked. A few bucketsful of water extinguished it. The damage was but \$60, but police and firemen are extremely anxious to learn who imperiled all those lives.—New York World.

Vocabulary of One Word.

"I shall never forget my first visit to Madrid," said a woman to the New York Sun man. "I was the only member of our party who knew any Spanish, and I knew but one word, that one being 'leche'—milk—but by means of gestures we managed to get along until breakfast was served. Then, as luck would have it, the maid brought my coffee without any milk, and also as luck would have it, I promptly forgot the one word of Spanish that I knew, and which of all words was the one most wanted at that moment. This time neither gesture nor yelling were of any avail, so at last, in desperation, I seized a piece of paper and a pencil and drew a picture of a cow. Whereupon the maid tripped off and came back with three tickets to the bull fight."

Is This Marriage Legal?

An odd case has come up in San Francisco with regard to the legality of a certain marriage. Two Californians, an uncle and a niece, wishing to marry found that the state law forbade it within such relationship. Therefore, after consulting lawyers they went aboard a tug which carried them out to sea beyond the jurisdiction of the state, and there they were made man and wife. According to California law the legality of a marriage depends upon the law of the place where the marriage is contracted. It now remains to be determined whether any statute of the United States covers the case, since, if the vessel was of American register, the marriage took place within the jurisdiction of the United States.

To the Pole by Balloon.

The Swedish arctic explorer, Dr. S. A. Andree, is about to essay a trip to



DR. ANDREE.

the north pole by balloon. He will start from Spitzbergen in the peculiar balloon built by a Mr. Eckholm. It is directed by a sail adjustable so that its shifting action bears upon several retarding points below, which are provided by ropes to which are attached weights or ballast which drag upon the ice or is managed by the aid of boats if the sea is crossed. The working of this elaborate apparatus is an important feat, as it is likely to become deranged through gales or heavy snow. The balloon was built in Paris and will carry three passengers with provisions and stores for four months. At this season of the year there will be no darkness to be encountered and the intrepid voyagers will have a free and uninterrupted view of all points passed over.