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Bancroft, in His Washington Home.

HIS HABITS AND HOME LIFE

A Poem by General Logan-"Ouida' at Home-New York Literary Celebrities-Mr. P. G. Hammerton's Methods.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.-[Correspondence of the BEE. |-Washington has no more distinguished citizen than the historian whose name is imperishably connected with that of his country-George Bancroft. And cultivated strangers who go to the capital to meet the eminent people who more and more delight to congregate there in the winter season, seek his presence with an interest telt in no other writer. Mr. Bancroft is to the public an old gentleman, eighty-six being considered a great age for a man to reach. To those who know him socially he is youthful in spirit, happy and cheerful. He canno be said to bear his age gracefully, for he does not seem to be aged. It is difficult to realize that he has seen so many years or passed through the experiences which a life so rich as his must have garnered. Until this winter he kept up his custom of taking a long ride on horseback every morning, and his equestrian accomplishments were commonly commented upon, so remarkable did they appear to those younger than himself. Of late he has given up this exercise, and takes instead a short walk or drive.

His home for the past twelve years has been in Washington, and his house is in H street, between Connecticut avenue and Seventcenth street, within three squares of the white house, and just neross Lafavette square from it. It is a large, double, three-story mansion of brown stone, without internal ornamentation, and is plain looking id e its pretentious neighbors. Not far from Mr. Bancroft's house is that of Washington's other famous and better his home, like Mr. W. W. Corcoran, and his home, like the historian's is large and plain. other famous and beloved citizen, Neither can compare in appearance with the houses of Mr. John Hay or John Adams, near by Mr. Corcoran's; but I doubt if either theirs or any of the numerous elegant residences in Wash-ington attract the attention bestowed upon these two ample, roomy, comfort-able looking houses.

Mr. Bancroft's house is less frequented by strangers than Mr. Corcoran's, for the latter is a Washington citizen whose life has been passed there, whose wealth was made there, and whose latter years-crowned with honors-have been spent there. Mr. Bancroft is not of the local importance that his neighbor is, but he is an acquisition to the city which the publie appreciates, and many seek his pres ence to obtain literary advice, or to socially meet the distinguished man. It is not difficult to see him if one has busi ness with him, or any reasonable excuse

for making his acquaintance. On a pleasant morning of last week I ventured to his front door and asked the polite servant who answered my ring if I could make an appointment to see Bancroft? He was as civil to me as I to him, and said he would see. A man came forward, who proved to be his body ser-yant, a well-mannered German, who invited me into the hall and answered the questions put to him with high good breeding. This man was an interesting character. He said he had lived with his master for twelve years-ever since the latter was minister to Berlin. The servant, was evidently a person who

said he. And he added: "In all that time I have never had a day to myself." "Does age tell upon him more than usual this winter? "No! oh, no! He is as well as in othe

winters, but he is more alone these last two years, and is more quiet. 'What makes him more so-advancing

vears "Mrs. Baneroft died, sir, two years ago, and since then he has lived more quietly than before I apologized for not remembering this,

and asked if he would toil me of his master's habits.

The man sat down near by (the other servant had gone his way and the house seemed perfectly quiet) and slowly an swered me. "Every morning," he said, "I go to my

master at seven, sometimes a little later and awaken him, and when he gets up 1 have his bath ready and propare his clothing for the day. At 8 o'clock his breakfast is served to him in the library, and he eats with relish. He is a very light enter, but he enjoys what he takes, and is apt to remark upon anything that pleases him particularly. He is not hard to satisfy, and thinks very little about food. What is served to him he takes, and seems to forget it at once.

"And how does he pass the day!" "He reads his letters, dictates answer

to his secretary and attends to any business matters, and then writes. After the uncheon hour he either goes out for a ride, as he has done this afternoon, or he receives any friends who call and chats with them.

'Has he any social life at home?" "His two granddaughters live with him; that is, his own and his wife's granddaughter; but the latter is young and Miss Bancroft is fond of society, and is out a great deal especially in the even

"He gives a good many dinners, does e not?

Not so many this winter as before He likes to have company to dine with him, it is the only meal of the day, and he enjoys to have his friends about him Miss Bancroft comes into the drawin room after dinner and chats with him. drawing

To my inquiry as to his habit of retir-ing the faithful Teuton said: "If master has no company, I interest him so that he shall not go to bed too early, and so pass a wakeful might. sually he has some one to come in and chat with him.

I wanted to learn if age affected his spirits or disposition, but did not know just how to put the question. While hesitating, the man, as if divining my houghts, said: "Master is always pleasant. He never

gets irritable, and no matter how much works he is never impatient." "Does he do a great deal of writing?

"Yes: as much as a young man, and more steadily." He then went on to say that his master

was very methodical and liked everything orderly. "On the fourth of every month," continued Hans, "I go with him to have his beard triumed. One day the arber said he thought the beard ought arber said he thought master said. "No, no, to be cut off, but master said: barber! I will take cold," and the barber never offered to do more than trim it after that.

The earnest, quaint speech of the man was my excuse for staying so long. 1 went to make an appointment for a call and, finding the master out, the servant entertained me. He told me that his master was born in Worcester, Mass. and that last summer he went with him there to make a visit. He accompanied Mr. Bancroft to the house where he was born, and into the room where he first saw the light. The man said the house was built somewhat like Mount Vernon. "It was large and rambling, and the ancient people who lived there treated us

manner and words; he was most entertaining and as quaint as a piece of delf ware of the last century. He told me that fear of taking cold prevented the master from taking any more rides now but in the warm season he would ride again.

"I trust he may and for many a long year," I said, and the man bowed his ac-knowledgments with as polite an air as if I had wished him the compliments of the season. He promised to let me know when his master would see me, and, leaving him my address, I departed.

The next morning a message was re-ceived stating that Mr. Bancroft would ee us the following evening, and at 8 o'clock-the time named-we presented ourselves. The reception room into which we were invited was in keeping with the character of the house, large and elegant without needless ornamen-tation or show. The valet, whose ac-quaintance I had already made, ushered us into the apartment and my friend at once remarked upon his appearance and bearing. Soon he invited us to the pres-ence of his master, and we entered the room where Mr. Bancroft was standing near his chair by the five wait ing to receive us. Mr. Bancrof gave us a cordial grasp of the band Banerof hand: and smilingly pointed to seats. His ap-pearance so astonished me that I could scarcely keep from exclaiming "flow young you look, Mr. Bancraft," but I restrained myself, remembering the remark I once heard a bright woman make, that she knew she was considered far older than she was by people who expressed surprise at her youthful looks, and that it was never a compliment to say 'how young you look.' He chatted politely of the weather, of Washington, asked how long we had been there, if we liked it, and so on, and second as interested in the small talk of the drawing room as any young man. I could not all comparing his appearance with the atriarch I had expected to see. He is as igorous and active as a man of sixty

much more so than many men are at inty, and his figure is as creet as an in-dian's. I complimented him on his ap-parent good health and he said: health is excellent at all seasons, My

though I confine myself to the house more in the cold weather than I would like." "You are engaged upon literary work constantly?

"Oh, yes; a man's best friend is his occupation. If well pursued in early ite it becomes his solace when he no onger needs it as his spuport."

'One loves work better when there is no strain, do you not think?

"Work is pleasant without worry, and, unlike worry, it does not kill. A cheerful, conteated mind has its ficial effect upon the body. Another enemy to health almost as great as worry is the quantity and the quality of the food we eat. People generally eat too often and eat too much. Two meals 1 find as much as I can take, and neither is large. Mainly I cat white wheaten food and drink sparingly of mild, pure wines."

Mr. Bancroft surprised us with this remark, in view of his reputation as a rare host and the fame of his dinners. 1 said as much and he quietly replied: "I am abstemious in eating and drinking." His eyes are blue-gray, his hair silver white and his checks rosy. He is some-thing over five feet and a half in neight. and rather spare. Tea was brought in, and he cordially urged us to take a cup. Several other persons came in while we were taking it, and he observed those who had not taken sugar or cream, as the case might be, and said to my friend,

to my regret, but I had opportunity to ask him about the visit to his birthplace, hoping he would give us some particulars, but he evidently did not care to speak of it, for he said: "The house where I was born is now in the hands of a farmer who sells his produce at the market." Could anything be more suggestively indifferent than that reply:

A gentleman standing near me said that his Washington home would be a meeca for all time for Americans. The grand old gentleman shook his

head and smilingly said he should wel-come the return of spring in Washington and the coming of the flowers. He is passionately fond of flowers, and, in reply to someone's question as to his favorites, said: "The rose and the hya-cinth," In the warm weather he chiovs working in his garden and having the flowers come to growth under his eye and care. As he moved about the room one could hear his taugh, which is hearty and as spontaneous as a boy's. He is i simple and unaffected in manner as one would expect, and enjoys himself with remarkable freshness and zest of spirits. One of his old acquaintances in the room told me that when his wife died there was much fear on the part of his friends for his health, but he had not changed in the least. She died one year ago in Murch. Mrs. Baneroft was a Mrs. Bliss before her marriage to the historian, and he was her second husband. Her granddaughter, Miss Bliss, resides with him, but neither she nor Miss Baneroft were present in the drawing room on the occasion of our call. The attentive valet, wearing a bright bouttonnier, was in and out of the room attending to bi master's guests when required, and dis appeared when not wanted. I under stood trom a friend of Mr. Banerolt' present, that between him and his ser-vant there was the kindlicst relation ship, and that the latter was invaluable and indispensible to his comfort. Some one said to Mr. Bancroft that he was missed on the road this winter.

"Come to Newport next summer and see me ride, then i will enjoy it," he re-His physicians fear to have him risk

taking cold at this season of the year, taking cold at this season of the year, and so he has given up the exercise he best loves, and one which the broad streets and roads in and about Washing-ton afford so much opportunity for pleasantly enjoying. The work upon which Mr. Banerofi is surnised to be en-gaged is a singly of the historical ance dotse of Shakamera but he does not lotes of Shukespeare, but he does not ell his friends of his occupations, and what is known is gathered from his special collections of books about him and occasional questions regarding cor-tain data to close friends.

The drawing room had a number of persons in it when we left, and as we ap-proached to say our adjeux he was jokproceed to say our actions he was par-ingly commenting on some one's admis-sion to him that a dull dinner party had driven them to his house. He has a pleasant way with his familiar friends, and is altogether a most delightful and entertaining man. Kind, graelous, entertaining man. "Kind, gracious, brilliant and unselfish," were the words of my talkative companion as we scended the steps and made our way down the handsome street.

If the tast that the late General John A Logan had a decided liking for poetry, and that he himself at intervals indulged in writing impromptu verses never be-came public knowledge it was not a secret among his most intimate friends. The ustances related are several when, in an idle moment, he would take an odd scrap of paper and carclessly write thereon

pieces of verse. The lines printed below were written in honor of a new bound in which the owner appeared on a certain occasion before General Logan at his house. It is related that Logan was sitting at his desk when his friend entered. Turning to greet her he im-mediately observed the new head-gear, and, wheeling around in his chair he hurriedly indicted the following lines. The verse was written by General Logan with the alteration of but one word:

public one of General Logan's hun

TO MRS. SMITH'S BONNET. e muses attend, Ye muses attend, Inspire ve my sonnet While I speak of the beauty Or Mrs. Smith's bonnet, Shades of the night, Gather ye and remain. And bless that dear bonnet Which from Paris came, Of, don't I well remember In times that have some by In times that have gone by How just such another bonnet Caught the Washing of my eye; That bonnet was the magic Which drew from me a sigh, Which drew from the a sign, As the little beauty in it. Went tripping lightly by. The same dark lace, With streaks of red, And "thingmebobs" perchad On the top of her head. The same heavies dre too The same launty air, too, As she went up the lane, My dear Mrs. Smith Brings to me again. O, bonnet from Paris You are welcome of the more From the land of Napoicon To Columbia's shore, And when you are klocked Out of fashion and mind, Fill sit myself down A nd forever regime. And forever repine.

Scratching his head for a moment upon he completion of the poem, General Logan again took up his pen and wrote at the bottom, of the verses the word 'Sykes,'' as a signature.

I was talking yesterday with a friend who had just returned from a European tour, in the course of which she stopped Plorence, Italy, and had called upon Ouida in her home. From her I learned the following facts regarding the famous novelist: "It is a common belief that Ouida, or Madame de la Ramee, as she is known and called by her friends and nationary of the set on observer of what is snown and called by her friends and neighbors is not an observer of what are called the proprieties of life. This is an erroneous impression. Her manners and deportment are lady-like, and 1 heard nothing but praise about her habits of life from those of her neighbors who knew her best. She is proud, and prides herself upon her bine blood, which she inherits from her father, who was an she inherits from her father, who was an Italian aristocrat, one of the old noblesse. Her mother is an English woman and an entertaining hostess Ouida is a warm personal friend of the Queen of Italy, and she frequently spends hours in the palace taiking with her majesty, and is on the closest terms with her. Her mother resides with her. She lives in a beautiful home in Florence, and her tastes and those of her mother are reflected in the works of art that conbellah every room. She told me that all her literary work was done in the early morning. She rises every day at 5 o'clock, and goes straight to her library, where she works three or four hours before partaling of any breakfast. Before she begins her literary work she makes herself up into a

sort of literary trance. Her enthusiasm in whatever she attempts in a hierary way is very great, and her pen moves like lightning over the sheets before her She writes very quickly in a large band, and when thoroughly enthused some-times covers a sheet of foolscap paper with only two or three bass of five word-She expressed to me her great of each.

cond in order. 1. 10

In Boston, we are told by a recent writer, a famous author cannot walk along a prominent thoroughfare but he is followed by scores and sometimes hun-dreds of curious eyes. In New York this is different. We allow our best au-thors the unalloyed freedom of our prom-enades, and no head is turned to look after them; not that the appreciation of our literary lights is less than in Boston, but distinguished people are encountered so much on Broadway, for example, that

one might be continually following with their eyes some luminary in art, literature, statesmanship, finance, or the other Lowell was in town, some month or six weeks ago, to attend the Greek play at the Academy of Music, that I followed hun down Broadway for nearly a half dozen blocks, and not a head was turned although he was recognized by many. mage, a casual look, perhaps, was all that the poet received. Mr. Stedman lits through the down town streets, and in and out of Wall street; R. H. Stoddard saunters quietly up Brondway from his literary "den" at the Mail and Express office to his home in Fifteenth street, George Wil-liam Curtis unobservedly walks from the Staten Island ferry to the Harpers' estab-lishment, Julian Hawthorne and his brother-in-law, George Parsons Latiron, often walk arm in arm uptown, Dr. Ham-mond threads his way in his splendid open barouche and prancing team through the trucks and vehicles on Brondway; Mark Twain, with slow stops and bent head, lessurely saunters through the park on Union square, and for not one of these eminent molders of literary thought has

the New Yorker a crane of the neck or a turn of the head. And the New York author understands it, and who can tell out that he is the better pleased by it. It is not pleasant to be stared at and followed by a battery of eyes, and our New York author is by far too modest to seek ouspleuity of any kind when he cau

avoid it. 1.1

What methods do you employ in your erary work?" is a question often asked author who rises to fame, and the ublic is always curious for the answer. nancing not long since to have occasion o write Mr. Philip G. Hamerton, I emadied in my letter the above question The answer which it elicited is interest-

"I think," writes Mr. Hamerton, "that ere are two main qualities to be kept in view in literary composition-fresh-ness and finish. The best way, in my opinion of attaining both is to aim at reshness in the rough draft, with little regard to perfection of expression; the inish can be given by copious subsequent correction , even to the extent of writing all over again when there is time. Whenover possible, I would assimilate literary to pictorial execution by treating the rough draft as a rapid and vigorous sketch without any regard to delivacy of workmanship, then I would write from this a second work retaining as much as possible the freshness of the list, but correcting those oversights and errors which are due to rapidity. MA ast work, not yet published. 'The Saone, Summer Voyage, was written first in he form of a private diary, then very ough and rapid manuscript, with a lead sencel, and from this manuscript it was atirely rewritten for the press, especi ally with a view to concentration. For one volume of "Wenderholme" 1 used morthand, and found that, although asy to write it could not be read or glanced over with sufficient case for hter-ary purposes. "The Intellectual Life" was begun in quite a different form (not position to having any stories by her published in serial form, and it is evident from the warmth of her manner that she

Name Series 'Marmome was taken up again and finished. The earlier part of this novel was written three times. rave sometimes, instead of rewriting, sent a corrected rough draft to a type-writer. There is an economy of time in this, and the work can be recorrected in the type-writer's copy, but on the whole, for very carefully finished work, I think

the old plan of rewriting the whole man-useript is superior." WILLIAM J. BOK. EDUCATIONAL.

A Catholic priest at Johnstown, Pa., has refused the communion to any child attend-ing the public schools.

Co-education is becoming increasingly successful and satisfactory in the Ohio Wes levan university. By the will of E. Price Greenleaf, of Bos

ton, who died recently. Harvard college will receive a bequest of nearly \$500,000. Most of t is to be used to assist needy undergraduates

The late Richard Perkins, of Boston, left by his will \$257,000 to charitable institutions of that city, including \$100,000 to the Institute of Technology and \$50,000 to the Museum of fine Arts. It is interesting news that Princeton col-

It is interesting news that Frinceton col-lege proposes to adopt a system of student co-operation in college government much like that in vogne at Autherst. In a modified form the plan has worked well at Harvard, and its adourable working and increasing popularity is one of the strongest vidences of the change that has come over the spirit of college life in a segmention. college life in a generation.

President Eliot, of Harvard, who has been President Eliot, of Harvard, who has been alling for some time, is to spend nearly a year in traveling abroad, mostly in England. He will start early in the new year, and dur-ing his absence Clement L. Smith, dean of the faculty, will have direction of the college. The degrees at the next commencement will be conterfed by a member of the corporation, probably by Francis Parkman, the senior fel-tors.

Ex-President White has endowed the Cornell university school, of history and polit-ical science with his fine historical library, containing about 40,000 volumes and pam-phiets, and valued at over \$100,000. The tructees have voted to name the new school the President White school of his Jaw and political science, and professorships of history and political and municipal institu-tions, and of political economy, funnee and social science are to be established at an early day.

In spite of some of its objectionable features the Harvard annex for women leatures the Harvard annex for women seems to floarish. The last report shows that there were seventy-three students in attend-ance, against fifty-live during the previous year. Twenty-two of these were enrolled in the undergraduate classes and the remainder were social students. The report contains this significant sentence: "The health of our students has been satisfactory during the rear, and, in fact, our experience thus far groves that there is no danger for a woman

proves that there is no danger for a woman on a collegiate course of instruction, pro-vided it is not combined with fate hours in the parlor and ballroom." The new cata locue of Yale university pre-sents clearly and fully the scope of study of-fered there, and enables one to make a com-parison with that at Harvard. The requirements for admossion do not greatly different far as classics and mathematics go, except that Harvard presents an option be-except that Harvard presents an option beexcept that Harvard presents an option be-tween one of the ancient fanguages and a ratter severe equivalent in physical science and a choice of modern history in place of ancient. But Harvard also requires a considerable amount of English and of objectable amount of English and of objectable amount of English and of objectable amount of English used at all, before the second or third year in college. All the studies of the first demand at all, before the second or third year in college. All the studies of the first two years at Yale are preserbed, and consist wholly of classics, mathematics and one modern fanguage in the Kreshman year, and the same in the Socionrove year, with the addition of English. The elective system applies to eight news a work out of infleen, Junior year, and tweive nours out of infleen. Sector year, in class room exercises, the rest being preserbed, and consisting mainly of physical science and philosophy. The elec-tive courses from which choice may be made are injectively in number, arranged in seven tive courses from when endoes hay be made are ninely-two in number, arranged in seven departments-mental and moral science, po-literal science and haw history, modern lan-grages, ancient inspuaces and inguistics, natural history and physical science, and