# ATIN STARS AND STRIPES

ing George's Birthday out and Ash Wednesday in at Tuxedo.

OCKINGS FOR SUPPLICATION

range Keepsakes—Patti's Button—"My Sweetheart's Biscuit"—Touched by Trade—Academy Auction.

EW YORK, Feb. 24.—[Correspondence the BEE.]—Odd things are constantly ng done, accidentally and on purpose, that small section of New York society ich regards itself as all there really is society; but I do believe that the ersion of dancing Washington's birthy out and Ash Wednesday in was abutely new at Tuxedo. The holiday s merged into the holy day with a illon in the casino, out at that insely fashionable resort. The orchestra yed Yankee national airs until five nutes before midnight. Then those ose feet were controlled by religious uples stopped dancing, and retired m the floor—some of them from the ilding altogether; but a considerable rty kept up the sport, and six giddy ls, just at the stroke of twelve, took tiny satin starry and striped flags m their hair and corsages, substitutsmall knots of black ribbon.

LENTEN HOSIERY.

Fashion's rules for Lent are strangely nflicting and inconsistent. The belle ay not dance, but she may go into jolly semblages to play badminton or any er game; dinner parties are forbidden, t theater parties are not; last year's tao becomes this year's fad; and no ologian would escape insanity were to try to reason out the complications fashionable observances of the forty y's period. It is hardly clear, indeed, t a certain Broadway merchant was ose in putting up a placard in his hosiery partment. It was attached to a pile of sort of stockings that are woven cker at the knees than elsewhere, in ler to withstand extra wear at those nts, and the inscription said: "Exune this line of Lenten hosiery."

AWFULLY QUEER KEEPSAKES.

The conversation in a luncheon party ned on the sale of Jockey Fred cher's effects, and after discussing ridiculous prices which his whips and eap chromos brought, we began talkg about the worship of relics in genl. One told of an actor who religisly keeps in a scented box a garter t once belonged to Laura Keene, and ournalist followed with the story of a nky friend who bribed a hotel waiter get him a spoon with which Ellen rry had drank her tea. "That man," went on, "has the most absurd coition of stuff you ever saw. But he izes ever article as if it were worth weight in gold, and for him h does have a wonderful value, cause it once belonged to somely of fame. He has a button from of Patti's dresses and one off Gen l Jackson's pantaloons. In his collecn there is the original manuscript of e of Ella Wheeler's poems, a piece of ke left unfinished on a hotel plate by unt de Lesseps, a lock of Dan Lant's hair from a barber, a piece of a fee cup broken by Oscar Wilde, a leaf ivy from Gad's hill, a bunch of grass m the yard of Longfellow's home, an hat that once belonged to Whittier, l flowers from the graves of almost rybody who was ever heard of ten les from home."

"MY SWEETHEART'S BISCUIT"

A friend of mine," said another memof the party, "whom I always supsed to be a particularly hard-hearted low, surprised me immensely in his ce by unlocking a hidden drawer of desk and taking out an old, shriveled cuit. 'That,' said he, 'is a part of the t meal my only sweetheart and I ever . There are the prints of her teeth . It is fifteen years since she died, d I've always kept this biscuit, for it s the only memento connected with last hours that I could get.' And he it away in the drawer reserved essially for its use, as tenderly as if d been the girl's heart itself."

TOBACCO IN THE CORNER.

Mrs. Paran Stevens, who has been d for damages by Miss Gibbons, a forr tenant, maintains herself sturdily as ociety leader, despite her humble ori and strenuous ways. This is partly e to her wealth, partly to her connecns with the English nobility, and rtly to her own merry wit. She can as many laughable things in an hour most society women do in a year. hen she built the Victoria hotel, just ove Madison square, she had the lower or fitted up for stores. "Pierre Lorilrd jr., the millionaire tobacconist, was ch grieved when he saw these prepations, and meeting Mrs. Stevens one ning he said: "I see, Mrs. Stevens, t there are to be shops under the new el, and I am very sorry. Don't you nk we should try to keep our dear old th avenue free from trade? There are many shops on the avenue already." s. Stevens, with just the suspicion of winkle in her eyes, replied: "Oh, I't think you will object, Mr. Lorild, when you see the building finished. ere will be a tobacco store in the cor."

ELBOWED BY TRADE.

The people who shrunk with sensitives from elbow-touch of trade could y shrink and lament and move away. ey could not oppose the movement any re than King Canute could stop the v of the tides. There were no restricns in the deeds of Fifth avenue propy, and it was too late to form an antide combination of owners, such as se which control some of the cross eets. There are blocks on Murray Hill some away up town in the new dists reserved exclusively for residences, ner by agreement or by dead stipulan, but Fifth avenue owners are not mpered in that way, and the great roughfare of style is doomed. The upation by business has already sed the residences of the Astors and rowding the Vanderbilts' new mans.

EARTHQUAKE SAND FOR SALE.

The craze for collecting manifests itin queer ways. Nearly everybody it in some form more or less acute; re is rarely a man who will not at e time in his travels commit some act vandalism for the sake of getting a venir of a celebrated monument or tle ground. A good many men who to such trouble to obtain a souvenir edily forget all about it or lose it hout regret; but there are those who priously label their bric a brac from quarters of the globe and take pride their collection. It is reasonable ugh when the oddities gathered tother in a cabinet are genuine souvenof travel or events in which collector took part; but what ll be said of the man who buys souvenir of an event that he knows y from the newspapers? Is it not like fisherman who buys his trout at the rket on his way home? Such was the losophical cogitation suggested by ng a placard on a hotel cigar stand t bore this legend: "Earthquake Sand m South Carolina. Twenty-five cents a bottle." The bottles were scattered about among the cigars. They were four and a half inches long and filled with sands of five different colors arranged in layers. It was impossible to tell through the glass what the sands were, though the lightest shade looked like silicon, and there appeared to be common clay there.

"Does this go?" was asked of the clerk.

"Oh, yes," he said; "It don't sell like a standard cigar, but it averages well. There have been one or two days when we didn't sell a bottle, but the average has been just about twenty-five a day."

REVIVALS FOR CHILDREN.

The novelty at a fashionable church has been a revivalist who devotes his efforts to young children. He was the veteran E. P. Hammond. "I bring out vividly before the minds of children," said Mr. Hammond to the writer, "the great fact that Christ died a cruel death on the cross in their stead. I dwell on the sufferings of Christ until the children realize him vividly crucified before them. They must see the crown of thorns upon his brow." Two hundred children, under the charge of Sunday-school teachers, listening to Mr. Hammond, could be seen every afternoon. He read the accounts of the crucifixion from the gospels and supplemented them with vivid descriptions of vicarious atonement. Then he told about the crown of thorns and produced such an article, which he had brought from Jerusalem. Children from four to fourteen years of age listened to the revivalist's stories and exhortations intently, and when he was very graphic in his description and pantomimic illustration of Christ's sufferings, some little ones wept bitterly.

THE ACADEMY SALE.

The auction sale of the Academy of Music is a token of the up-town movement; but more than that it is proof that the borders of "society" have of late been rapidly expanded. There was a time when New York was so small that a single circle of rich, well-bred families could fairly claim to be "our best society." It has long ceased to be so. There are dozens of cliques which are stop, and the Astor one is not higher than the others. It is much easier to-day to get into that particular social section than into some others that could be named. Well, in the old times the Academy of Music, with its proprietary boxes, was big enough to hold the nabobs. But there came a time when, instead of excluding the rest of the fashionable world, they were themselves in danger of exclusion. The Metropolitan opera house was built, with its multiplied number of boxes, and the Academy families had to scramble into the new concern to save themselves. They did it and the old house is abandoned.

ARION MASKERS.

Not a few of the approved box-owners of the Metropolitan were spectators at the great Arion masquerade. There was some measure of comfort in attending this ball, for the crowd of stupid, disgusting spectators in the most ordinary dress is not attracted to it. Everybody goes either in full dress or en masque. I would try to describe the brilliant picture with its salient features if the English language were capable of it. The fact is that such an event cannot be told in English; the proper, perhaps I ought to say improper, words are not in the vocabulary. If I were only writing in French now, how graphic it would be to say that all the world was present, and that moreover the half world came also. The half-world; it conveys no particular shock to the sensibilities and it is possible to describe its doings without violating the proprieties of written discourse. To many of the people who went to the Arion it was a pleasant occasion from which they derived a deal of innocent enjoyment and recreation. If they were conscious of the presence of the half-world they accepted it as a necessary evil attendant upon a big public ball. But I noticed that such people kept their distance from the refreshments rooms and if they hungered and thirsted they either got on without food and drink or slipped nervously into a place near the kitchen,

SNATCHED A MORSEL

or a drop and hurried away again to the ball-room floor. Not that they were so overpowered by a desire to dance, but that the scenes in the refreshment rooms were a little too pronounced for the equanimity of even a liberal German. It seemed to me that these respectable people must have found entertainment scarce this winter to submit thus to the sacrifice of their proper emotions. Nevertheless they were the most reasonable women present, outside the members of the half-world. For the others, not content with regarding the presence of the doubtful women as a necessary evil felt constrained to defend their own characters apparently by exhibiting an extreme prudery of demeanor at every possible occasion. I saw, for instance, a woman well along in the thirties who was dressed in colors that were as offensive to cultivated taste as could be imagined, and whose shoulders were undisguised tale-bearers of her decaying charms, promenading on the arm of a person who, in every-day life, might have been a gentleman, but who at this ball was a fantastic, ugly harlequin, with a huge stomach and ruffled trousers. A young woman passed this respectable couple and attracted the attention of all beholders by her independent, easy movements and her unconventional attire. Her dress bore somewhat the same relation to her that

THE SKIRTS OF THE BALLET

do to the dancer but they were considerably longer. Her hose were a bright pink, and she wore such high heels that she tiptoed and tilted as he walked. Her shoulders were covered and only a modest bit of neck as big as your hand peeped out at the gas light. She held daintily to the arm of a gay club man. No one looked harder at her than did the companion of the harlequin. She scowled haughtily at the first glimpse of her, recognizing the airy gait that distinguishes the half-world woman; then she took in at a comprehensive glance the cut of her skirts and if she was half honest she admitted that the work had been well done; this she followed by a critical examination of the hose and the shoes, and I must say she seemed as much interested in the young woman's extremities as the men who were in sight; then she shrugged her shoulders violently and shuddered at finding herself so near the impure. Served her right, I thought; what was she there for? She knew just what kind of people would be present and if she did not want to meet them, she should have stayed away, or gone home as soon as felt shocked, as I did. But my shock came from a momentary inspection of the wine room, where drunkenness prevailed to a horrifying degree in both sexes.

CLARA BELLE.

## Married Life a Rocky Road.

Merchant Traveler: "I wish I'd known as much about married life as I do now," grumbled a traveling man whose regular duty was to keep the cradle oscillating.

"Yes, it is too bad that we can't learn in any way except by experience. But don't fret, The course of true love never runs smooth, you know."

"No, I've found that out. It's a rocky old road." And he gave the cradle a jolt that made the stove pipe rattle dismally.

L. Kirchbraun, of San Francisco, a member of the produce commission firm of Kirchbraun & Sons of San Francisco and Omaha, is here, the guest of his brother, who has the management of the Omaha house.

Charlie Cowan, formerly of this city, but more recently of Chicago, where he is engaged in working up the plans for the new packing houses of South Omaha, stopped in the city yesterday while on his way to Lincoln.

# SOME SENATORIAL STOMACHS.

Several Members of Both "Houses" Who Are Champion Eaters.

STALWART SIX-BY-SIX STEAKS.

Signs of War—Solons Approachable—Singular "I Object" Men—Significant Improvements—Society and Grover.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—It begins to look as though England and her province of Canada have had quite enough of their snarl with the United States, and that they would be glad to reach a peaceable readjustment of what threatens to be a breach which will lead to war. It is known that during the past two months steps have been taken to adjust the differences between that country and this by means of a commission and arbitration. The very positive moves made by congress to prepare for war, if necessary, and to be in readiness for defense in any event, has made a very perceptible effect upon our British neighbors.

There is hardly good ground, however, for England to be frightened at the talk in our congress. Such a great difference exists between the two houses of congress on the subject of a navy, coast defences, etc., that there is very little liklihood of anything being done which will prepare us to meet the enemy within a period when this trouble must be culminated. The senate has piled up on the house a number of bills in good faith, but the house does not intend to do anything with them if it can help it, and is meeting the popular demand for action by creating new bills, which cannot be acted upon, instead of passing those which have already received action by the senate. The real objection to an expenditure for a navy and coast defences lies in objection to taking the surplus out of the treasury, and this is based upon a desire to reform the tariff next winter.

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"Well, I have had a whirl of it this winter," said Mrs. Cleveland to some friends this week, referring to the gayeties of society; "but I have had the most charming time of my life."

Surely Mrs. Cleveland has withstood the ordeal imposed upon her better than any lady who has occupied the white house, and surely she has had a busier season of it from the day of her marriage than any of her predecessors. It has been one continual swim on the crest of the wave, and she looks as fresh and sweet as on the day she left her maidenhood and entered the seriousness of the life she now leads. Mrs. McElroy may have had great demands upon her during the last few weeks she presided at the social events for her brother, President Arthur, but they were nothing in comparison with what Mrs. Cleveland has had. The latter has been vexed to cull from the many drafts made upon her time, those which would inure most to her own comfort and the advancement of her husband's official and political situation.

"I have been told," said Mrs. Cleveland, "that there has been quite as much doing in the society of our house and the cabinet and our friends as there was in those of our predecessors. If we have been a credit to ourselves I am pleased, for it has been my ambition to show that we are not selfish and that we want to do what is proper. I never had better health in my life, and feel quite as young as the day I entered the white house. As for Mr. Cleveland, I don't know," shrugging her shoulders, "what he thinks about it. He just works right ahead on his official business like a mechanic at his bench. He was a good deal opposed to the social acts imposed upon him at first, but he seems to wade through it now as though it was duty, and I sometimes think he really enjoys and would miss it if it were at an end."

The ladies who frequent Mrs. Cleveland's parlors and talk to her in a more or less confidential way say that the artlessness which characterized her entry to the white house has taken the form of diplomatic cunning, and that if the president does not receive a good deal of sensible advice from his wife about politics and matters of state they will be greatly disappointed. They say she is the best absorber of public opinion of any lady in the circle of the cabinet. She sees everything, hears everything, and if she is like most women she reports to her husband all that will be of advantage to him. Undoubtedly Mrs. Cleveland is playing an important part in the events which are making up the future of the president, and which will lead him to success or defeat next year. She is young and inexperienced, but those who know her best say she has good discernment and is the most apt pupil in political economy and matters of state they have ever seen.

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Very rapid progress has been made in the external improvements about the capitol during the past winter, and these are being pushed with a vigor commendable for government contractors. For years there has been a great demand for committee rooms in both the house and senate. In some rooms three or four committees meet, while others secure quarters outside of the capito The improvements which have been going on for two years, consist of an above-ground basement on the north and west end of the senate wings, and the south and west ends of the capitol. It is about eighty feet wide, and has ceilings probably twelve feet high. As the capitol sits upon a hill the elevation for this basement amounted to a simple shaving off the hillside adjoining the main building. The material used on the outside is of the same colored marble as the main building, while the partitions are of brick and have the same ornamentation, tile flooring and wainscotting that the first floor of the capitol building has. Almost a hundred committee rooms are now fairly under way of completion. They are covered with illuminated tiling and the "rooling" resembles a sunny walk with no surroundings other than those naturally about the capitol. When this first story or basement is completed there will be gas and electric light posts stationed on top of it, and it will be the finest promenade about the main building. The receding hill on every hand, and especially abrupt on the west, is to be terraced and improved with marble steps and magnificent marble statues and ornaments. In the far future or near future, if needed, an additional story can be laid on top of this basement. The foundation was prepared with this in view. It is estimated by those who have been about the capitol much during the last half century that the capacity of the capitol must be increased at least one-fourth every twenty-five years, in order to meet the natural growth of congress and the accumulating documents. One hundred years hence this large basement or one-story structure just being finished for committee rooms will doubtless stand four or five stories in height and be one of the most magnificently unfished sections of this gigantic building. The work is exceedingly handsome and expensive and is being done for the benefit of many generations to come as well as those existing.

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"I am exceedingly sorry," said an eastern senator, this morning, "that our good Fair of Nevada, will leave us on the 4th of March. He retires from the senate and returns to his silver mines and luxuriant home in the far west; but he will not be forgotten by the colleagues he leaves behind him. Senator Fair is the liberal minded man in the capitol. He believes in liberality in everything and I do not blame him because he can afford it, and his very makeup leads him to have liberal ideas as to what the government should do. But that which impresses his goodness most upon the senator is his idea of enjoyment in the senate restaurant. Senator Fair is the most sumptuous diner we have and he never eats alone, but has about him a crowd of merry making statesmen whenever he goes to the table The fine soups, venison steaks, bear steaks, roast wild turkey stuffed with chestnuts, broiled grouse, quail and prairie chickens on toast, and the other luscious things he orders are enough to make a man's mouth water. He never thinks of cost or trouble, and has a way of impressing his guests with the necessiting of eating and drinking, which makes one enjoy himself."

It was only the other day that my attention was called to the fact that ex-Speaker Randall never dines in the restaurant of the house. He always lunches in the committee on appropriations, of which he is chairman. About 1 o'clock each afternoon a sable messenger from Mr. Randall's house enters the consultation room immediately opposite that of the committee on appropriations. He carries a little basket on his arm, such as school children take their lunches in. The basket contains some food prepared by the hands of Mrs. Randall, and her brainy and stern and strong husband devours it with a rush. Speaker Carlisle always takes his lunch between 1:30 and 2 o'clock in a little room down next to that occupied by the official reporters. He orders it a la carte and it is the best the restaurant can produce. The speaker likes a hot cup of coffee, a large beefsteak, and vegetables, making such a meal as a laboring man would eat at mid-day. No one is permitted to see the speaker under any circumstances while he is at lunch, as this is the only time he is free from harassment.

Mr. Mitchell of Connecticut, has gained the reputation of being the most liberal diner in the house since Nicholas Muller of New York, has by illness incapacitated his gastric ability. Up to the time Mr. Muller was ill, last winter, his entrance to the restaurant was the signal for broad smiles from all the waiters. He always had a crowd with him, spread the most sumptuous repasts, and invariably paid corkage for his wines, and it went right down into the pockets of the waiter. Mr. Muller is fond of game and oysters, and by the process suggested by him in their preparation he has induced many to consume these articles regularly. Whenever he was seen to approach the restaurant there was a flurry among the waiters to secure him. He always paid his bills through the waiter, who retained the change when it was the fraction of a dollar. Mr. Mitchell has many of the traits of Mr. Muller, and is never so well pleased as when the crowd of guests about him is largest. His lunches are extensive, and include wines, etc. Mr. Mitchell is very wealthy, and has his means largely invested in manufactories and banks. He is one of the best business men in all New England. Is small of stature, medium-sized middle-aged, and is one of the very few who has refused a continuance in public life because he preferred to do better outside of it. Like Mr. Muller, he is very good nature. Mr. Muller is fifty-one years old, weighs 240 pounds, and is one of those thoroughbred Dutchman everybody likes.

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Senator Allison, of Iowa, who is very frequently and favorably mentioned as the republican presidential candidate next year, has been referred to by his colleagues of late as one who has aged considerably during the past two or three years. The observation has been made through misapprehension. Senator Allison will be fifty-eight years old on the 14th of next month, and is probably the best preserved man of his age in all congress. He is about five feet ten in height, weighs probably 195 pounds, wears a beard that is full, excepting on the lip which is shaven, and although it is closely cropped there is but little of the white in it. His hair is lightly sprinkled with silver, and his only dissipation is in smoking cigars. He is temperate in habits, but does not make temperance a hobby, so that he is popular with all moderate-drinking people, as well as the most strict in creed.

There is no man in all the senate who does more business than Mr. Allison, not excepting Mr. Sherman, who is president pro tempore. Mr. Allison is chairman of the committee on appropriations, which has the greatest amount of routine as well as general work of any kind of the committees. All of the work has his personal supervision, and it would not be strange if the cares which devolve upon him caused him to wrinkle his brow and look a little aged at times. Of all the men in congress I am compelled to visit daily for information and official favor none is found who maintains his good nature so uniformly as Mr. Allison. He is never impatient or impetuous, and the members of his committee are never known to engage him in wrangles or disputes. One of them, in discussing the probability of Mr. Allison being the president nominee said:

"Although I am a democrat, I don't know any man I would rather approach in the white house than Mr. Allison. He maintains a better equipoise than any man I ever saw in public life. He never loses his head, no matter how exciting his work may be or how great his haste. He steadily maintains that composure and ability to think coolly under all circumstances, and I have yet to see him do an uncivil act."

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It has frequently been remarked of late that Senator Mahone, the famous readjuster of Virginia, has aged very greatly and become attenuated during the past two years. Senator Mahone is scarcely more than five feet and a half in height, and at best but tilts the beam at 100, yet it is stated that he has come under that weight since his labors in the last campaign in the "Old Dominion." His hair, which is heavy, usually has thinned considerably on the crown of his head and whitened a great deal, while his long, full beard, has grown three-quarters gray.

Few men before the public have had more thrilling lives than this game little senator. His whole connection during the war, when he so gallantly led the confederates to conquest, and contributed so largely of money and time and peril to the success of a cause he has since devoted himself to eradicate, is intensely thrilling. His political campaigns have been fully as exciting as those he conducting during the war. Although he was defeated at the polls in the last two fights he left he is not yet conquered, and declares he will come to the front again and return to the senate. A few years ago Senator Mahone was pretty harsh to those who came in contact with him, but his increasing age seems to have dealt with his temper quite as telling with his personal appearance. He has grown mild-mannered, universally courteous and consequently is more popular.

The senator is quite as picturesque in dress as ever, but there is something about his manner which is more striking to those who see him daily, and those who have watched him closely for a series of years. He is a veritable skeleton. His eyes have become more deep-seated, his character is shown in every lineament of his face, and he seems to have lost sight of himself and become engrossed in public affairs. No one on the floor of the senate takes a more deep interest in the work, and none understand more thoroughly the measures pending and passed than he. Senator Mahone will retire from the senate in a few days, and John W. Daniel, now a member of the house, will take his seat. General Mahone has a capacious and handsome home in Petersburg, Va., which is as hospitable under his care as any in the "Old Dominion." It has been stated that he would live in this city after he retired from public life and conduct his railroad and real estate interests, but I am told that he will live the greater part of the time at his old home in Petersburg, and that he will augment rather than relinquish his hold upon politics. He is greatly encouraged over the outlook in his state by the changes in his favor at the polls last fall, and believes that he will be able to succeed his colleague, Senator Riddleberger. General Mahone is chairman of the senate committee on public buildings and grounds, and by his liberality, intelligence of action and difidence has so greatly increased his friendships in the senate during the past two years that the republicans on the floor will assist him in his efforts to be returned.

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"I object," were the words, faintly uttered in the house the other day during an uproar growing out of demands for the consideration of bills.

"Who objects?" exclaimed an old member, turning himself nervously about and looking over the entire floor, as if to challenge the one who had spoken.

"I object," repeated the voice, and instantly a little member from a middle state district arose to his full height and looked hard over toward the one who had demanded the source of the impediment.

Scarcely a day passes in the house of representatives when this scene is not repeated, and on some days it is presented twenty times. The member who objected was quickly approached by the one who wanted consideration of the measure, and when asked if he knew what was to be taken up and what he had objected to he replied in the negative. Then he was informed that it was one of his own bills, and that he was more interested in its success than any member on the floor. As quick as he could he sprang to his feet. But it was too late. Another member had obtained the floor, another measure was being considered, and the bill which had been objected to by its author went over, never to be taken up.

There are forty members in the house who have no distinguishing traits of character and no influence except in the exercise of their little "I object." They have very little ability to do anything, and those who look upon them daily and study them wonder why they were ever sent here. They have no means of impressing on any one the fact that they have a voice on the floor of the house and in committe except in impeding work. It is not one time in ten that these members object intelligently to the consideration of measures, and there is so much disgust at the exercise of this one-man power in the reckless manner in which it is so frequently exercised that the next house, if it retains the sentiment of the present one, will undoubtedly so amend the rules as to require at least two objections to defeat consideration of any thing at any time. This will undoubtedly put a stop to foolhardiness, as it is a remarkable coincidence when two of these hobbies and do-nothings agree to exercise this function.

It is a fact which has elicited many comments of late that the indiscriminate objections to meritorious measures have put a check upon the originator of the use of this power. I mean Mr. Holman of Indiana. He has not objected half so much in this congress as he did in previous ones. For awhile he thought it was retaliation, and directed toward him, but when he studied the character of men who were following his example and looked into the sense of their proceeding he saw the injustice of it, and felt it so keenly that he resolved to be more moderate. Now he is silenced, like a spiked gun.

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There is a cat doctor who runs a drug store in southwest Washington who, it is said, is doing the most thriving practice of any alleviator of the ills of the feline and canine races of any man in his profession in the whole country. This physician has the highest class of callers of any professional man in the city, as only the most aristocratic can afford to have an expert wait upon their pets. At times as many as three or four carriages, owned by the most refined and wealthy people at the national capital are drawn up in front of the drug store and office, and his business is so large that customers with their patients have to wait their turn, like men in barber shops. It is seldom that a man enters the drug store or office for the purpose of receiving a professional call from the doctor. They are almost invariably women.

People who frequent this place through curiosity, report some very ludicrous scenes. For instance the female head of one of the leading households of this city called upon the doctor the other day to get a prescription for a cat which had eaten a box of pills, and was in the throes of death. It took the woman half an hour to describe the condition of the patient, and required a personal call from the doctor. She showed the greatest distress and nervous excitement, and elicited not a little sympathy from those who saw and heard her. It is doubtful whether the woman would have been more troubled had her husband been on his dying couch. Another woman was greatly embarrassed in describing the pains she found her pets in, and in asking for something to make them want to stay indoors.

The doctor was philosophizing yesterday to some gentlemen on the general ails of cats and dogs, during which he stated that more trouble came from a lack of fresh air and exercise than anything else. He especially deprecated the fact that these household pets were guarded so closely in the house and were not allowed to romp around like children.

"I could name," said he, "families in this city who guard as closely their pet cats and dogs as they do their children. Large numbers of them have cribs and cradles and lounges made for their pets, and cushioned in the most comfortable manner possible. At one place I visited recently I found a fine old Maltese reclining on a pillow of down. When I asked for it for the purpose of making an examination the lady of the house lifted it as carefully as if it had been a tiny babe. She had delicate spoons and forceps and a douche, to inject medicine in the poor thing's ears. There was a swab of silk and cotton to cleanse its throat, as it had had something like diptheria and when I spoke of a severe medicine as the only hope for recovery she threw up her hands in that same horror mothers do when extreme measures are to be resorted to to save their infants."

PERRY S. HEATH.

## CONNUBIALITIES.

Modern marriage notice: "No cards, no cake, no flowers, no thanks, no regrets, nobody's business."

All the young ladies are wondering why Mr. Stanley doesn't marry. He would be a good deal away from home, to be sure, but then he's so nice.

Eleanor B. Calhoun, the actress, has arrived in New York on professional business. She announces her engagement to young Mr. Hearst of San Francisco, but says the marriage will not take place for some time.

Mary Anderson says she will not marry until she leaves the stage, and she won't leave the stage until old age compels her to. The chances of her becoming somebody's grandmother are not particularly hopeful.

The reduction of the marriage license fee in Maryland to $1 brought about a remarkable marriage at Snow Hill the other day. The bride and groom-elect had been living together for twenty-seven years, and were the parents of seventeen children. The groom claimed to have been honest in his intentions to get married when he was able, but never felt so until a few days ago, when told that the marriage license fee had been reduced.

Martin Turner, aged fifty and a widower, who, until Thursday last, called Lowell, Ind., his home, but now is a resident of South Chicago, is credited with the quickest courtship on record in that town. On Friday morning upon leaving his house he met and was introduced to a Mrs. Vandervort, aged forty, a widow. They were mutually smitten, and in the afternoon Mr. Turner called, offered himself and was accepted, and on Saturday afternoon they were married. The fact was not generally known until to-day.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Arditi can get nearer the stage than any of the bald-heads.

The sale of the New York Academy of Music, recalls many grand old amusement memories.

The public seem to be still attached to Haverly, and unfortunately so are some of his creditors.

Haverly never was a performer, still he succeeded as a manager. Strange that no good actors ever were able to run the "biz" end of a company.

Billy Emerson made the biggest hit of his life when he got married. A cool $500,000 is no joke even to a minstrel.

Fay Templeton, who has made so many western men daft, is gaining an unenviable reputation in England.

Jean Clara Walters, once the leading lady in Omaha at the academy of music, is now performing in San Francisco.

Emerson is a Washington boy, and made his first success as a song and dance artist on the boards of the "Old Canterbury."

Maggie Mitchell had her first toboggan slide at St. Paul the other day, and was presented with a floral toboggan four feet long.

Verdi has received $10,000 from "Otello," with any amount of royalties to come. In the language of the minstrel burlesque, "Dars-de-money."

Maud Banks, daughter of General N. P. Banks, since she took to barn-storming in Pennsylvania, is recognized as a regular member of the profession.

The largest theater in the world is the new opera house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground; its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet; it cost about one hundred million francs.

If the ladies would only remember how considerate the anti-high hat folks are, they would never murmur. It does not cost half as much to fix the hair as to buy an opera bonnet.

Mrs. Kendal appeared on the boards at such an early period in her life that she might almost be said to have learned to walk on the stage. Tradition has not preserved the date of her debut.

When Mrs. Scott-Siddons made her debut she was so very infantile in her appearance that the public refused to take her seriously at first, but were astounded at her precocity before the week was over.

Last year the visits of 1,700 English clergymen to the Lyceum theater were recorded. They were of all denominations. Those from other countries and those who went incognito would easily raise the number to 2,000.

Lawrence Barrett has in his employ a king, a duke, a prince and a monk, as follows: Frank King, stage carpenter; George W. Duke, his assistant; Mme. Prince, costumer, and Miss Minnie Monk, an actress in his company.

The widely gitted Mme. Gelstinger, who at fifty looks like a woman of thirty, and who appears on successive nights in heavy tragedy, broad farce and light opera, will return to this country in April, and will play at the Thalia, New York.

Rose Cozhlan's Irish jig in "Masks and Faces" astonished the Gothamites. The Mail and Express declares it "is one of the most delightful and wholesome things on the stage. It is a real Irish jig, 'hurroo' and all, and for grace, vivacity, genuine animal spirits and the art of footing fealty it is unrivaled and probably inimitable in the New York theatres."

At a meeting of the London Anthropological institute recently, among some interesting papers on the aborigines of Australia were "Notes on Song and Song-Makers of Some Australian Tribes," by Mr. A. M. Howitt, and "The Music of the Australian Tribes," by Dr. G. W. Torrance. The native music seems to be composed chiefly of war-songs, ritual chants and lullabies with ballads by the tribal bards.

Washington Critic: A curious musical instrument at the Aztec fair is made of wood and brass, and resembles a clarionet in some respects. It was used in the old church at Santiago, the first Catholic house of worship erected by the Spanish in Mexico after the conquest, in 1529. Its peculiar feature is that two persons are needed to successfully play it. The horn can be easily controlled if one can reach both mouth-piece and finger-holes at the same time, but there lies the secret which was buried with its maker and player.

Something not down on the bills occurred recently at a performance of Lady Audley's Secret" in Richmond, Va. Louise Pomeroy, who was Lady Audley, was kicked by an actor named Field as she was in the act of jamming him into the well in the murder-scene. He had already given offense by attaching the box-office receipts. Miss Pomeroy followed up the stage murder by taking the handle from the well and slapping him over the head so that he fell a gory heap to the bottom—about two feet down—and began suit for damages next morning. She is certainly a chip of the old "Brick."

## RELIGIOUS.

There are 1,071 Young Men's Christian associations in the United States.

The Church of England has nine mission stations along the Panama canal.

A golden throne, presented by the people of Naples, has been sent to Rome as a jubilee gift by the pope.

Lady Dufferin is now paying the expenses of several persons studying in America for mission work in India.

One-fifth of the whole population of England and Wales are in Sunday schools, there being 600,000 teachers and 5,300,000 scholars.

Archbishop Elder has refused his endorsement to the theatrical company which proposes to raise money to pay the Cincinnati Catholic debt.

At a recent Sunday morning service in Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn tabernacle 342 new members were received, making the present membership over 3,700.

Holstein, Iowa, on the Galva charge, has but one family who are church members, and yet projects a $2,000 church building, $700 of which has already been secured.

The Rev. Dr. B. B. Warfield, of the Allegheny seminary, has been elected as Dr. Hodge's successor in the chair of didactics and polemic theology at Princeton.

There has just been completed in Chester cathedral a series of works in marble mosaic which exceed in importance of aim and extent of area any similar work of modern times.

A tank-offering of a penny from every Sunday school scholar for the benefit of Fanny Crosby, the well-known hymn writer, author of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," etc., has been suggested.

An offer of $10,000 has been made to the New York Methodist Hospital fund, provided an additional $50,000 be raised within ninety days. Mr. George P. Mains says that if the church will get him $25,000 he will undertake the other $25,000.

According to the Roman Catholic Directory, recently published, there are 415 priests in the diocese of New York, 312 in Boston, 287 in Baltimore, 282 in Chicago, 270 in Philadelphia, 258 in St. Louis, 227 in Milwaukee and 219 in Cincinnati.

Mgr. Marinelli, bishop of Ferrero, and sacristan of Leo XIII., died a few days ago. He was a member of the Order of St. Augustine, confessor of Pius IX., and was the prelate who administered the last sacrament to that pontiff before death.

The wife of an English clergyman has established in London a place for the distribution of clothing, which she denominates "The Clothieries." During the last year no less than 30,000 garments have been received and distributed among the worthy poor.

Among the members of the next congress will be two clergymen, the Rev. L. K. McKinney, pastor of the Universalist church in Manchester, N. H., and the Rev. Myron W. Reed, pastor of a Congregational church in Denver, formerly of Indianapolis, Ind.

The new Roman Catholic bishop of Providence, R. I., the Rev. Matthew Harkins, was born in Boston and educated in the schools of that city, and like two of his predecessors in the See of Providence, he has been pastor of St. James church, Boston.

During the last 100 years more than 100 missionary societies have been formed, and 3,000 missionaries are at work in the field, while 3,000,000 converts have been gathered in. The work accomplished must not be estimated, however, by the number of converts; it has been largely of a preparatory kind.

A table of statistics published in Catholic Missions shows that there are in the various provinces of China, 488,463 Catholic Christians, 341 European missionaries, 261 native priests, 2,445 churches and chapels, of which 667 are in Nanking, 1,739 edifices and schools, with 25,210 scholars, and 38 seminaries, and 654 seminarists.

One of the strangest of religious sects is that which calls itself the New and Latter House of Israel. It headquarters is in Chatham, England, in which town its devotees are building an immense temple which will cost $250,000. They believe that they will not die, and that they are the remnant of true Israelites who will reign with Christ for a thousand years. Their founder was a man named Jezzief, who is now dead. His death was a great shock to the believers, but his wife claimed that it was an accident, and declared herself to be his successor.


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