

FISMAN'S FAIR FEMALES.

Billion Beauties Who Box, Bowl and Fence Like the Profesh. PRESERVED IN A PHONOGRAPH. Beecher's Voice Battled for Future Use—His One Regret—A Great Tea Party—Souvenirs of Prominence.

New York, March 10.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—"I feel just as if I was an angel wading chin deep in a nerf-mud cloud." That is a remark by the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart, reported to me by Madam Cororo, who used to have charge of a department in the Stewart store. The occasion was Mrs. Stewart's first wearing of women silk undergarments, which were then new luxuries, even to the richest. Madam Cororo was reminiscence because she was talking about the semi-private sale of Mrs. Stewart's wardrobe, which contains the finest possible assortments of costly undergarments. The exhibition of the Stewart pictures is accessible to anybody with half a dollar, but the sight of the deceased lady's clothes is restricted to a comparatively few invited persons.

Henry Ward Beecher leaves some things, the more glimpse of which would make women's eyes sparkle. He had a pint of precious stones of many kinds, though neither he nor Mrs. Beecher ever wore any of them, and few were set into jewelry. They came from eastern countries, principally, and were gifts, in most instances, from friends who knew of his singular fad, and who picked them up while traveling in the orient. The great preacher had many feminine tastes and fancies, and was notably urbane and polite in his treatment of women. Few pastors have ever commanded a nicer balance between dignity and urbanity in social intercourse with the auditory sisters of their congregations. One of the last occasions of specializing of Plymouth's pet was a charity fair. Beecher was there every evening, as in duty bound, and his devout courtesy in receiving donations, and his glowing demonstrations of admiration, and getting through the ordeal in comfort to himself and the spectators, was worth a study.

Female Pistiana. "Once upon a time it was called the 'maize' of self-defense," but it is no longer entitled to that masculine adjective, for the girl of the period boxes. At least, she boxes in the morning, and soon be able to knock out with her little fists whoever refuses to succumb to her smiles and glances. She has learned to dance, and to bow and to bet on horse races, and to wear the evening and the more masculine words to conquer. As boxing was about the only one she didn't think herself mistress of already, she concluded she would take that with a rush. As the quickest way of accomplishing the desire she is taking lessons of Billy Edwards and expects to be an expert pugilist in a week or two. He does not take them in boxes, but separately at the residence of each pupil. "I will take just one lesson in good trim myself," he said in answer to a question as to how many he has, "and I don't want any more than will give me exercise enough to keep me in good order. I will box one lesson a day, although I sometimes give two. I've just now come from giving a lesson to a little girl ten or twelve years old. She is the daughter of wealthy parents and she has a very good opinion of herself on account of her health."

How Girls Put Up Their Dukes. "Is that the motive that inspires most of your pupils?" I asked. "No, it is not," he replied, "many different motives. Those from the wealthy, leisure classes—and I have a number of these—learn to box for the sake of the exercise, or because they want to know how to take care of themselves, and ladies who go into it as a matter of business. They learn to box because it will make them more graceful, and because as a matter of business it will be profitable."

What do you think of boxing as a means of self-defense? "Unquestionably it is the very best that a man or woman either can take. A great deal better than fencing because it develops only the right side of the body, while fencing is a two-sided every muscle from the toes to the brain; you have to keep on the alert, with your eyes on your opponent, and your thoughts concentrated so that your brain is as quick as lightning. It is a constant practice that makes perfect."

Of course, you use soft gloves with your pupils? "No, for the most part we don't use any gloves, but I don't mind to hit them hard, but just barely touch them. And if they do get a little tap on the cheek, it just hardens the flesh."

SOME STEWARD "SKELETONS"

Adam Dabban Uses His Reminiscence Scapulo on a Family History. MILLIONS AND MAUSOLEUMS. The First Store and First Partner—Woful Wife and Wealthy Widow—Secretary of the Treasury—Their Old "Clo's."

New York, March 9.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—"The Lord shows what He thinks of wealth by the people he gives it to," says an Italian proverb. But some times the people earn it themselves, and even then, don't know what to do with it. The "History of a Fortune" would be a good name for a novel, of which A. T. Stewart should be the hero, and his wife, or widow, rather the heroine; and Balzac never had characters more worthy of his scapulo or dissecting table. Since both are past all earthly feeling, and nothing remains of what was either, but their memories—not even these—then the reality may, perhaps, be laid bare.

I can remember when the Washington hotel in New York was burned down on the Fourth of July, forty odd years ago. It stood on the site of what was afterward Stewart's famous "Store," on the corner of Broadway and Chambers streets, and when the ruins were removed the already prosperous merchant erected the marble palace of trade, the prototype and foundation of that other palace he put up more than a quarter of a century later, in the Fifth avenue. It is needless to tell of the lowly origin and small beginnings of the Scotch Irish immigrant; or of the apple woman whom he looked upon as a domestic, and whose status he elevated to his own, crossing Broadway with him, and remained for years undisturbed on the pavement in front of his great establishment, where wealth and fortune descended from the carriages to dissipate fortunes and time. When I was a young man, I was intimate with the son of STEWARD'S PARTNER.

Frank Warden, a literary amateur who wrote plays and translated French novels, but lived off of the liberal allowance made him by his father. The elder Warden was the member of Stewart's firm, who resided in Paris, and ordered French silks and French gloves for the Great Store in Chambers street. He could wear any gloves but Alexander's, and Stewart had a monopoly of their sale in America. Warden had another son, who was a fashionable and successful in time achieved an entrance into the most exclusive circles in New York; but his father first put him behind the counter in Stewart's establishment, where the future fortune teller, except for the occasional day he was afterwards destined to dance with. His sister has since married into a noble family in England, and may one day become a peeress, for the English think that wealth quite loses every taint of trade, if it is amalgamated into the nobility.

Young Warden was in society long before A. T. Stewart dreamed of becoming fashionable. When the wealthiest legitimate merchant of our time decided to build his stately structure on the corner of Thirty-fourth street, he removed into the large mansion opposite, while the other was in progress; and I can remember a woman of fashion telling me that every day in her splendid parlor, expecting the exclusives of the neighborhood to call on her, but they never came. New York society never "took up" Stewart's arts, though hundreds with no better pretensions, and scores with far less claim, have succeeded in that mysterious sphere. Stewart, himself, I fancy, never cared to be a member of the "club," except for the temporary resting place. The cathedral was finished, but whether he in whose memory it was built is placed beneath—whether the shrine is a sepulchre or a cenotaph—only God or two or three ever know. All the gold of California did not preserve the ashes of the dead from desecration, and his very wealth made him lie less undisturbed in that last home, where the poorest and humblest of our race are laid to rest.

Then came the story of the estate. Judge Hilton had been Stewart's most intimate friend for twenty years, the companion of his daily life, the confident of his private affairs, and the most important position on the bench to devote his life and labor to that intimacy. He was the man whom Stewart, in the prime of his days and the vigor of his intellect, had chosen to be his executor, and the lawyer and the friend who made the sacrifice. Upon Stewart's death the remuneration came. Not only a million dollars, but the entire fortune of a vast estate was bequeathed to him, and no one who had known the connection of the men for a generation could have been surprised. Mrs. Stewart saw that the fortune which her husband bequeathed to her was not to be divided between them, but that between them and her legal friend.

THE POOR OLD LADY, emancipated from the parsimony of her husband, lived in the quietude of her home, and as age still left possible, she had few friends; she could not, after seventy years of comparative simplicity, begin a life of fashionable frivolity, but a strange fate befell her. Her husband's fortune was greater than even the ordinary vanity of woman; a love of dress, which had been starved or stifled so long for lack of food or fuel, now burst out with a vengeance. The table, of course, was furnished, when suddenly provided with profession. Living in the midst of almost unexampled wealth, she had yet been prohibited from expending it as she pleased, and she indulged her feminine fancy for fine clothes. Her diamonds were of incredible size and price; her wardrobe rivalled that of queens in the East, and she was not content with lace and laces were her ordinary wear. She said to have decked her ancient frame in all the glazes of the jeweler and milliner and hairdresser, and staid alone along the corridors in that empty house where her husband had been afraid to live, and to which he had only come to die. Thus she lingered a few years, unable to spend a tithe of her income, and devoting her last days to the study of fashionable attire, and the art of the toilet, neither of which could give her charm or elegance to age which even youth had hardly enjoyed.

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forget the power and position they once had held; they seemed always to feel that they were favored because of their privileges and relations they had enjoyed before. When this proved impracticable, their feelings were apt to change, and their friendship cooled. Something like this occurred in the case of Stewart.

I went out of the country in May, 1869, and returned in the next September. On arriving at New York, I went to Mr. Stewart's great store, as I had been used to do before. Stewart was president, and spent an hour with him in private talk. I was amazed at the tone of his conversation; he did not expect, he said, to enjoy the influence he had once anticipated, but he felt that he was disappointed, and he had been withheld. The personal friends he had expected to advance were overlooked or their claims belittled, if not ignored.

JUDGE HILTON, his life-long associate and intimate, he had hoped would be appointed collector of New York, and a relative of his wife he wanted made consul at Havre. The collectorship was gone irrevocably to another, and that of Havre his relative was offered Bordeaux. He wanted me to represent this to the government. But the government was made up; the carriage was full; the train had started, and those who had not succeeded in entering could hardly expect to be treated like regular passengers. Stewart was out in the cold. He saw the president occasionally after this, and entertained him when he came to New York; but their intimacy was at an end.

MEANWHILE his great house went on building. But he had his superstitions, and I was told he dreaded entering the mansion he had begun, because of the fact that the first to enter it was to enter it. So the house was finished years before he could prevail on himself to take possession. It was furnished elaborately, but stood awaiting its occupant who looked upon it from his dwelling on the opposite side of the street, anxious, yet unwilling to inhabit the stately structure that so resembled a tomb.

It was a strange lot, that of this modern Croesus, rolling in wealth, that he could not enjoy; unlit by his simply habits and education to relish the sumptuous style of his new life; with no children to inherit his colossal fortune, or perhaps to begeth it, and to begeth it, attractive in person of later years; afflicted with deafness, and unable to call about her the society which her station seemed to demand; the two living—solitary, in one great house, and starting at the other, still grander, and the rolling hills, still they were old people where they trod their floors as inmates.

Mrs. Stewart never seemed to have much interest with her husband. She did not do anything to improve her children, she had borne him all died years before his married life was free from scandal, it seemed to those who were in the midst of their magnificence, Stewart it was said.

NEVER ALLOWED HIS WIFE the command of money; and, surrounded by her splendor, she was often unable to buy for awhile soiled garments, and means. She had a few line jewels, with which she decorated her plain person, and helped proclaim her husband's millions; but her own tastes and desires were in the distribution of her income, or her allowance.

At last they established themselves in the marble monument, and within two years Mr. Stewart died. He left one great legacy of millions to his friend and associate in the great affairs of the world, and several immense bequests for special objects—the cathedral at Garden City, the hotel for shop women, etc., but the bulk of his property, of probably

the largest fortune in personal estate that had ever been bequeathed in America—he willed to his wife; the woman who had been sinned in her expenditures for the last few years, and the mockery began. A splendid mausoleum was erected for the millionnaire's remains, more magnificent than any other on the continent; but before it was completed the widow, who had been in the temporary resting place. The cathedral was finished, but whether he in whose memory it was built is placed beneath—whether the shrine is a sepulchre or a cenotaph—only God or two or three ever know. All the gold of California did not preserve the ashes of the dead from desecration, and his very wealth made him lie less undisturbed in that last home, where the poorest and humblest of our race are laid to rest.

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world. The very wigs and underwear of an old woman are to be hawked in the halls that were built to glorify her husband, and those other sacred things of sentiment and feeling, and private history flung broadcast in the marketplace. This is a time when wealth is worshipped more madly, they say, than ever before in history, but the little that wealth can accomplish or secure was never more notably manifest.

ADAM BADEAU. SINGULARITIES.

A Georgia hen distinguished herself the other day by laying two eggs at one time. Over three hundred pounds of wild honey were lately found in a hollow tree near Utica, Pa. In an orange grove near Apopka, Fla., a few days ago was found a pipe of beaten gold. A colt born near Ward, Ark., a few days ago came into the world without any forelegs. Otherwise it is perfect.

A cross-eyed cat, one of the few known to be in existence, is owned by Mrs. George Hebard of Hartford. The cat has a large bushy tail and double paws. He has never been able to catch a rat, but is fond of appropriating the victuals of other cats. The farmers of Alameda county, California, are trying to keep their crops from being totally destroyed by the ducks and geese by burning them, and these candles, which was protected from the wind by sacks. It is said the device works satisfactorily.

Jim Arbuckle, of Missouri City, Mo., thinks a great deal of Tommy's pet cat, who is able to talk a little and to run "swifter" in perfect time and tune. He can pronounce the words "yes" and "no" so as to be understood in comprehension of ordinary questions that are addressed to him. Forty-nine years ago the father of Harrison Gilbert, of Chili, Ill., bought a two-year-old pony from the Indians. When the war of the rebellion began the pony was twenty-five years old, but Mr. Gilbert rode him all through the war, and neither was hurt. The old fellow still lives, tenderly cared for, and hasn't a tooth in his head, lives on corn and bran, and is probably the oldest horse in America.

Mr. J. K. Ritchie, who lives at Sheffield's mill, Blakely, Ga., heard his dog barking a short distance from his house last evening, and he paid his attention to it. The next day the dog went to the same place and commenced to bark again, when Mr. Ritchie went to see what was the matter. On reaching the spot he found a very large black snake wrapped firmly around a large hawk. They were both alive, but with a good stick Mr. R. soon laid both out. It is supposed that the hawk struck at the snake and failed to carry it off, it being so large.

While Mr. W. J. Wilbur and his men were pressing hay at Mr. Case's barn, south of Troy, N. Y., they found a live hen down about the middle of the new nest to the side of the barn. She must have been confined there over a year, as there was no chance for her to get in or out of the place where she was found, and she was covered up when the hay was put in the mow—over a year before it was taken out for pressing. The hen had tramped down a place large enough to turn round and stand up in, and eighteen eggs were found in the hole with her. She was very weak and poor and died soon after, but with a good stick Mr. R. soon laid both out. It is supposed that the hawk struck at the snake and failed to carry it off, it being so large.

RELIGIOUS. German evangelist dignitaries are forming a league against the increasing power of Rome. Fifty thousand dollars has been given toward establishing a missionary hospital in Fiji. Canon Farrar says that in India the English "have made 100 drunkards for one Christian." At San Paulo a Brazilian recently made a gift of \$5,000 towards erecting a boy's training school. The agents of the Bible society in Tokio, Japan, have been unable to meet the demand for the bible in that city.

The Chinese branch of the Evangelical alliance has issued a call for special prayer for the young emperor of China. Canon Basil Wilberforce has been censured by the bishop of Winchester for preaching in a Congregational church. Berlin has lost another of its celebrities in the person of Dr. Gustave Lisso, a famous protestant preacher and theologian, who

sought to reconcile the doctrines of modern science with dogmas of Christianity. Professor Creighton has completed two more (making four) of the eight volumes he has projected of his "History of the Papacy During the Period of the Reformation," which have been issued from the press of Longmans, Green & Co., London. At the beginning of the year 1886, there were 2,795 ordained foreign missionaries in the world; 732 lay missionaries; 2,420 women missionaries; 5,041 ordained native preachers; 50,649 unordained native helpers; and 82,025 native Christians. The year's income of missionary societies was \$10,371,702. An old church in Utica, N. Y., which is soon to be torn down, belongs to a society which was organized by the reformed Dutch in 1628, and chartered as a congregation by the Dutch in 1652. The present building was erected in 1839, and during its erection a riot arose because a marble was cut by Sing Sing convicts.

The present southern part of Rev. John Hall and a similar tower to be made presently by the Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, are remarked by the Atlanta Constitution to be in the interior of the city. The northern part of the southern branches of the Presbyterian church, to effect which an attempt will be made by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, is in the interior of the city. The idea of a theological seminary at Ann Arbor, Mich., long mooted by several denominations, has at last taken form, and the Presbyterians are making active preparations for its establishment. A society has been organized to that end, and a wealthy woman has decided them one of the best locations in Michigan for a site. The northern part of the seminary will be a fine house and lot adjoining. Fifty thousand dollars is to be raised in the state, of which \$10,000 will be used for a building. Cardinal Jacobini's gifts as a politician rival his qualities as a churchman. He served the Holy See as faithfully, if not as brilliantly, as he served the world. He was a delicate diplomatic negotiator, and during the pontificate of Pius IX. to his address and talents the present pope is largely indebted for the success of some of his most delicate diplomatic negotiations. Cardinal Jacobini had not completed his fifty-seventh year, in person he was between the ages of thirty and forty, and he was exceedingly lively, and in humor he was a match for Leo XIII himself.

EDUCATIONAL. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been appropriated to the Alaska school fund by a bill which passed the senate last week. Dr. Waldstein is giving at Harvard a series of lectures on the "Evolution of the Intellect Affecting the Development of Greek Art." Russia and Bulgaria are represented by one student each in the post-graduate department of the University of Chicago. There are eighty-eight Catholic colleges in the United States, and no two of them have the same names. Attending those are the same attainments from their graduates. A careful statistical reports that there are in America 1,201 institutions devoted to higher education. Attending those are 185,750 male and 30,587 female students. The meeting of the National Educational association, of Chicago, next July, promises to be the largest educational gathering ever held. It is expected that 15,000 teachers will be in attendance. Miss Mary Horton, a graduate of the Boston high school, has been appointed and sworn in as recording clerk of the Ohio state senate. It is the first time that a woman has been chosen for that position. In the Sandwich Islands all children between the ages of six and fifteen are obliged to attend school. An inspector-general is at the head of the school system, and no child under six is eligible to fill the office. The Journal of Education, London, thinks it would be a puzzle to name twenty-three Englishmen who know enough of the history of education to give any valuable advice in reference to a list of books teachers ought to read. A substantial souvenir of the exercises at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard university is soon to be issued by the Harvard university, and it will be the largest educational gathering ever held in the way of a 250th anniversary edition of Moses King's "Harvard and its Surroundings." Professor Matthew Brown Riddle, D. D., of the Hartford Theological seminary, has been elected to the chair of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in the Allegheny Theological seminary, in place of Professor Wardlaw, who has gone to Princeton. The Yale News contains statistics as to the occupation of the fathers of the freshmen. It was found that merchants, lawyers, physicians and laborers send the greater part of their sons to the academic department, while general business men, manufacturers, bankers,