GOTHAM GAB AND GOSSIP.

The Bullion-Bloated Astors Gaze on a Sea of Upturned Noses.

THE AFFECTATIONS OF SOCIETY.

A Delmonico Waiter Drops Onto a Roll—Amateur Swells on the Stage — Clara Belle's Lively Letter.

NEW YORK, April 16.—[Special Correspondence of the BEE.]—Some of the noses in Fifth avenue are turned up at the Astors. That is astounding news, if not actually important, and it is true. The residences of the senior Astors are on the block between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets. The progress of trade up the avenue has frequently been commented on during the past few years; but it has been said that, of course, the invasion would get a check when it came to the Astor houses. Well, it got to the corner of Thirty-third street with the present year, when a wine importer bought three houses and began to turn them into stores. The contrast is sharp. On the one side of the street is the remodelled building with the big signboard of a restaurant on it, and plentiful labels of "to let." On the other stands in dignified sobriety one of the Astor domiciles. But this week the swells have seen a strange sight. Right across Fifth avenue, directly facing the Astors' homes, is a row of brown stone houses, belonging to the Astor estate, and for a quarter of a century rented to pretentious families. A force of masons and carpenters have taken possession and are rapidly turning the premises into stores. That the Astors should themselves commit the offense of desecrating their own select block, is what tip tilts the nose of those who do not like it.

SOCIETY IS WIDE AWAKE

After the fast asleep period of Lent, and the fun began with foolery on horseback. A masquerade was given by the members of an equestrian class, and for three hours the participants wore character costumes in their saddles. Bold knights and ladies fair abounded, naturally; but several of the male riders impersonated cowboys, Indians and clowns, while one venturesome girl became a circus performer, standing on the padded back of her steed as she cantered around the ring. This curious scene was at Dickel's academy, and the acting hostess was Mrs. J. M. Colton, a matron of potent social influence. The maiden of fancy free enough to enact a circus rider wore a mask, and her identity was not revealed, though good guesses were easy.

THE ESTATE OF A MAN

who shrewdly observed high society's ways turns out to be $200,000 in amount. His name was Emmanuele Solari, and twenty-five years ago he was a common waiter in Delmonico's restaurant. At that time, and long after, Delmonico's was the only really exquisite eating house in town. There are now a dozen as favored, and several that are even higher priced. Solari did the waiting in two or three of the private supper rooms up stairs, and he observed that the guests resented the positive rule of the house that no doors be fastened and that the waiters drop in on every party at intervals of not more than five minutes. It wasn't so much that they were wicked as that they disliked to be watched like school children. Solari thought it all over and over, in his heavy Swiss way, and he decided to open a restaurant where seclusion should be accorded to those who desired to dine or sup in private. He carried out his scheme. Solari's thereafter occupied a unique position in fashionable regard. It was not a big establishment, but its fare was first rate, and after once serving the meal as ordered, the waiter entered the rooms again only in response to the tap of a bell. The price of this kindly inattention was added to the regular charges, though not specifically, and so Solari died worth a vast fortune. His restaurant was reputable, and yet a visit by a not sedulously chaperoned party was in the nature of an adventure, that gave zest to many an innocent but prankish supper indulged in by wealth and fashion.

THE AFFECTATION

of "our best society" are comical, perhaps, but they are nevertheless a part and parcel of social history. You may recall the generally printed prophecy, at the outset of the Cleveland administration, that the appointment of Whitney to the secretaryship of the navy meant much effulgence for Washington life. The Whitneys had for several years been first and foremost among New York entertainers in the Astor clique. Their mansion had held more fine assemblages than any other in town. Mrs. Whitney's tact and enterprise had been phenomenal. It was therefore anticipated that the old prejudice against Washington would be obliterated from the minds of the Astors and their kind, and that for the first time the "exclusives" of the metropolis would go over to mingle with the semi-official people of the capital. It has not proved so. A very few intimate friends of the Whitneys have occasionally visited Washington, but that section of our society which denominates itself all there is of real society has kept up the taboo.

IT IS REMARKABLE,

if not surprising, how effective declamation is upon the stage. The whole current of a drama is stopped for several minutes to allow one of the actors to narrate some episode foreign to the story, and only interesting as it is made so by his declamatory powers. It occurs again and again in modern plays: in "Monte Cristo," in "The Shaugraun," in "London Assurance," and in many other less famous; and it rarely fails to bring down the house. An instance of the kind was seen in a play produced for the first time in this city this week. Mrs. Rankin, as "The Heroine," a typical hoyden, has been fishing for trout. She comes upon the scene with a pole over her shoulder and a large fish, that might be a Spanish mackerel for all that a city audience knows, attached to a birch switch in her hand, her shoes wet and her gown soiled with mud. Her fishing expedition has nothing whatever to do with the story, but it becomes necessary for her to account for her condition to an elder brother, and that give s the cue for a spirited declamation. With many a laugh and giggle, intended to put her brother in good humor, she tells how she went to the brook, cast in her line, and sat for hours without a bite. She was about to give it up and return home, when she saw a big trout jump at some distance from her. Then, with an exaggerated stride across the stage, she shows how she approached the spot and threw her line upon the water. Her long pole swings around in imminent danger of scraping the orchestra leader's bald head. The swaying of her body waves her skirts just enough to

DISPLAY THE COLOR OF HER HOSE

Above her dilapidated shoes. Her eyes open wide with that fictitious excitement of the narration, and an imaginative spectator would aver that the color on her rouged cheeks was heightened from the same cause. The trout jumped for the fly, caught it and ran, and the actress unwound the reel vigorously to show how the whole length of the line was carried away. She had even to follow the fish into the water, because he ran so far, and the exaggerated stride was repeated to indicate how she stepped into the tide. Further and further went the escaping trout, and deeper and deeper waded the fisher maiden, until the water was up to her waist; and as this is told the actress raises her pole above her head to show that she had to keep her arms out of the wa[illegible] as she "just played and pl-a-ayed with that fish," until she got upon th bank again, and after many manœuvres, during which the pole fans the air and the reel is wound up again, she landed her victim, and the declamation is at an end. It took at least five minutes, and yet the audience hung in rapt attention all through it and broke into enthusiastic applause at its conclusion. If there had been in dramatic performance, as there is in operatic, the habit of encoring, she would certainly have had to repeat the story. In fact, such a feature of drama can be compared only to a popular air interloped in a musical drama—an air that though admittedly out of place, and ridiculous to the prevailing sentiment, is yet received with more pleasure than any other individual number of the performance.

AN ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY

of middle age, in company with her daughter, procured permits from an uptown agency to view several first-class French apartments. They soon reached a building in Sixty-third street that has a stunning amount of fine gilt metal work and bulls-eye glass in the Queen Ann vestibule and Louis XIV decorations. They entered the elevator and arose to inspect the fourth flat, which for $1,800 a year could be enjoyed with all the privileges. House hunting begins here in February though no one moves till May. The party I am telling you about were the wife and daughter of a solid Wall street man, not wholly unconnected with the slaughtering interests of Chicago.

They presented their permit at the door of the fourth suite and were admitted. They inspected the closet like rooms and had got as far as the parlor when the French maid who was escorting them round went to see if her mistress was out of bed.

The ladies surveyed the elegantly furnished slice of drawing room through the half open door. Suddenly, the elder grasped the younger's arm, and whispered hoarsely:

"Look on that easel."

The girl did so, and beheld a large crayon head of her respected old father.

"It's pa!" she exclaimed.

In a moment more they had a nearer view of the fatal picture, as the French maid took them into the private suite of the occupant.

SHE WAS A BLEACHED BLONDE

of a very loud type. She begged that that the disorder might be excused, as she always slept late. The butts of cigars and half-burned cigarettes lay on rich books, and empty wine bottles hobnobbed with elegant articles of ornament. Mrs. House Hunter had eyes for only one thing—the picture on the easel; but it was the daughter who put on the thumb screws, with: "The apartment is small for a family with children."

Madam had none; so it was big enough for her; but she was going to Europe in June, and would vacate the place in May.

"Your father is very like Henry Ward Beecher," said the girl, motioning toward the easel.

"That's my husband, but he's old enough to be my father," returned the flattered madam.

Then Mrs. Hunter got away in an excited state, and took counsel in a neighboring street.

"When did pa go west?"

"Saturday night."

"This is Monday afternoon. I think it would be well to come back here at five," suggested the ready-witted daughter.

"So do I. I'll go round to Dr. Coldcream at once. I'm in such a state of mind."

To the fashionable physician went the pair; and, leaving ma under treatment for nerves, Hannah Maria went to the dressmakers to see about her Easter finery. She told ma so; but she flew in a cab down to Pine street at a fearful pace, sought her father's partner and said: "I suppose pa is in Chicago?"

"Yes, my dear; left Saturday night."

"Ma has discovered all; if I don't see him I can't say what will happen."

THERE WAS A SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENT

behind a glass door, a fat and florid head was stuck in, and a choking voice said: "Come here, at once, Hannah Maria."

The father and daughter were closeted together for an hour. Then Hannah rejoined ma and the pair went up to Sixty-third street and asked a druggist to let them wait for friends. Till darkness fell on the street, poor deluded ma kept her weather eye on the Queen Ann vestibule across the way, and Hannah studied labels on on bottles and jars, and yawned. Then they went home disheartened and discouraged. About 9 o'clock Mr. Corker, the partner of Mr. Hunter, made a call. He was tired to death. He had been hunting up a swindling woman who had variously represented herself as Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Corker, and imposed on tradespeople. Bills had been sent to the office. He had wired Hunter in Chicago to come directly on. People had been to the home, and seen Crocker's features on her wall. What a coincidence? Ma had struck that very woman that afternoon, and her husband's picture had been on a gilded easel. Then they laid a beautiful plan to go next day and interview this bleached blanzabella, and they did. They found the janitor cleaning up the premises. Every article, pa's picture and all, had been carted out at daybreak. Hannah Maria's wardrobe will astonish folks at Saratoga and Long Branch next summer. She has the dead wood on the old man. CLARA BELLE.

CONNUBIALITIES.

At a Chicago wedding they used a catapult to throw the slipper after the bride.

John Bach McMaster, the historian, will be married next Thursday to Miss Mary Gertrude Stevenson, of Morristown, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett, of Gilroy, Cal., are supposed to be the oldest married couple in that state. Their ages are ninty-nine and ninty-seven respectively, and they have been married seventy-nine years.

Richard Nixon, formerly of Shelbyville, Tennessee, and at present the Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, will be united in marriage next month to Miss Agnes Dolph, daughter of Senator Dolph of Oregon.

It is now stated that there is a coldness existing between Mrs. Jim Brown Potter and her husband, who was bitterly opposed to her going on the stage. Her husband's family are in hope that her London failure will so discourage her that she will realize that she was not cut out for an actress.

The report that Theodore Tilton is coming back from Europe seems to be well founded. He has lived in Paris for eight or ten years. It is said that there is a woman in the case. She is Mrs. Louise Curtis Bullard, who inherited a fourth interest in the famous proprietary medicine known as Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup. She was an extremely fascinating woman of high position in New York city society, with whom Mr. Tilton became infatuated, and whom he followed abroad where she has been living for years. It is said that he has been so poor at times on account of his Bohemianism that he has been obliged to draw upon Mrs. Bullard's purse for subsistence, and now that she has returned to New York he is coming back in her train.

Atlanta Constitution: Dr. F. L. Constantine who resides at 55 Wheat street, is a remarkable man in many respects. He is 84 years old and has been married sixty years. He is a native of France. He married his wife, Miss Hamlett, in Green county, Ala., in 1827. They have had eleven children, six of whom are now living. They have twenty-four grandchildren. Ten years ago they celebrated their golden wedding in Birmingham, where they then resided. The affair was the social sensation of the day, and attracted widespread attention. Many readers will recollect the doctor as the founder of the city of L'Orient, near Blount Springs, Ala., but for some years past he has been a resident of this city. He is still erect, and walks with an elastic step. His countenance indicates vigorous health, and the fact that he is able to read without glasses speaks for itself. It is to be hoped that the doctor and his wife may have many pleasant years before them yet.

A singular marriage took place April 12 at St. Vincent's church, Louisville. The contracting parties were Mr. Peter Nichter and Miss Lizzie Dunhow. Mr. Nichter is seventy-two years of age, a widower, and has nine grown children. He has been married three times and all his wives are dead. He now lives at No. 718 Camp street, between Clay and Shelby, on which street he owns five houses. Miss Dunhow is thirty-one years of age, very pretty and lives with her parents on Twenty-sixth and Portland avenues. Their engagement was a very romantic one. About two weeks ago Miss Dunhow, who, by the way, had never seen Mr. Nichter before, went up to his house to collect a bill. While there they became pretty well acquainted, and when Mr. Nichter asked if he could call upon her she told him he might. He called the very next day, proposed and was accepted. Both seem to be very much in love with each other, and their friends think the union will be a happy one.

Mrs. Eleanor Stillwell Clapp, the venerable mother of Russell P. Clapp, secretary of the People's Line, and of Rev. Wm. S. Clapp, of Carmel, N. Y., died at her home in Ballston Spa, N. Y., Saturday afternoon of diseases incident to extreme old age. She was the daughter of Hon. William Stillwell, one of the pioneers of Saratoga county, who filled among other offices that of judge of common pleas and county clerk, in the the early years of the century in the "Freehold Settlement," now the town of Charlton, and moved in her father's household when but six years old, to the Stillwell homestead, in the town of Ballston, just south of the village, that was her home as child, maiden and wife for over eighty-one years, until it was destroyed by fire late in the autumn of 1885. She was married March 31, 1817, to Chester Clapp, and the period of their happy wedlock lacked but twelve days of having existed for the almost unprecedented term of seventy years. Her husband survives her in his ninty-fourth year, having been born July 29, 1793. They were the oldest members of the Baptist church in Ballston Spa, in which they were baptised on the same day, in 1819. She is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. Dr. C. T. Harris, of Syracuse, and three sons, Russell P. and Rev. William S. Clapp, above named, and Edward Clapp, of Manistique, Mich.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS' TALK.

General Ord in Richmond on the Murky James River.

CONCERNING THE CONFEDRATES

Lincoln's Assassination—Plots and Plans—Robert E. and Fitzhugh Lee —Interesting After the War—Gossip.

NEW YORK, April 14.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Twenty-two years ago the 12th of this month, I accompanied General Ord, when he entered Richmond, after the fall of Lee. It was Ord's troops hat had first occupied the captured capital, and nine days afterward he took tcommand there in person, when the final campaign of the war had closed. He was in full accord with the magnanimous policy of Grant, and shared the belief that everything possible should be do ne to induce the south to return, not only submissively, but loyally and cordially to the union. He had heard me express a similar sentiment, and asked General Grant to detail me for awhile, to assist him in creating a good feeling in Richmond. The order was made, and on the 12th day of April, 1865, I stood by Ord's side when he sailed up the James in front of the silent batteries, and landed with him at the confederate capital.

The fires that had destroyed so large a portion of the city on the night before its capture, were still smouldering here and there; the rooms which the confederate government had occupied for offices were strewn with public and historical documents left ungathered in the hasty flight; the paroled soldiers from Appomatox had not returned, and the conquered city was garrisoned with negro troops, colored sentinels pacing the streets to guard the public buildings, or the headquarters of union generals. Ord took up his quarters at the house that had been occupied by the fallen president of the southern confederacy, and as he invited me to join his mess, I also had my rooms in the Jefferson Davis mansion.

As it was my object to make myself acceptable to the southerners whom I was instructed to induce to be loyal, or at least submissive, I asked to be allowed to supervise this duty of distributing food, and the charge was committed to me. No inhabitant of Richmond, black or white, soldier or civilian, would be fed from army stores except on presentation at the commissary's office of a ticket signed by me. The labor thus entailed was great, for many thousands of rations were issued daily, but it brought me into direct contact with every class of the population.

THE WEALTHIEST FAMILIES

of other times, were obliged to send for the alms of the government, and the great functionaries of the fallen state who had remained or returned, were thus fed from the northern stores. When General Lee arrived from Appomattox, I had already learned the condition of the city, and sent at once to inquire if I could furnish him and his staff with supplies. He replied through an aide de camp that he was greatly obliged, and did not know what he should have done had the offer not been made; for he found of course, nothing in his house to eat. There was one way in which I could carry out the intention. Printed tickets were prescribed by law on the presentation of which the food would be supplied. The ration was plain and course, hardly equal to the private soldiers' fare; it was the same we furnished to the freed slave who escaped to our armies from the plantation or the swamp, and when I asked the number in the household of the captive general, and then wrote on the shabby little ticket, the commissary will supply

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

with so many destitute rations, I could not but remember that this modern Belisarius had commanded armies, and stood in the way for years of the nation whose clemency and whose bread, fate compelled him to receive.

The rooms that I occupied officially were thronged with applicants, where those who were ignorant came to obtain the requisite information, or others to perform the prescribed formalities. Ladies of refinement and gentlemen of distinction sometimes had lost their servants, or were unwilling to trust them, and came in person on the painful errand; and many a curious conversation I had over these tickets, many a discussion about the causes of the war and the principles of the participants; many a statement was made of the past or present feeling of soldiers and civilians on either side; many an inquiry exchanged for the fate of former friends.

For I had visited Richmond before the troubles, and had not a few friends among those who had suffered all the horrors of the siege. On the day of my arrival I went to look for

MRS. EDWARD MAYO,

the stepdaughter of James Brooks, the well-known member of congress and editor, and one of the most prominent leaders of the democratic party during the war. Mrs. Brooks was a Virginian, and her daughter, Miss Kate Randolph, was at one time very popular in New York society, but had married and returned to Richmond. I had been intimate with the family, and was anxious to know how Mrs. Mayo had endured the miseries of the capture. I found her living with her husband's sister, Mrs. Archibald Gracie, whom I had known as Miss Josephine Mayo. Mrs. Gracie was in deep mourning for her husband, General Gracie, of the confederate army, who had been killed only a fortnight before. Mrs. Mayo did not know where her husband was: he had marched off with the troops on the night that Richmond fell.

The ladies received me as an old friend, and without a shade of bitterness; they were glad, indeed, of such protection as an officer of the conquering army could afford. There was a negro guard over the house which they had applied for, and they told me that the colored troops had behaved with respect and almost kindness; they had nothing they said to complain of personally. But I inquired how they were off for food, and then they confessed their anxiety. I offered to send them the 'destitute ration' which they gratefully accepted. I could tell them of their northern relatives, and we had an interesting interview, at the close of which

THEY ASKED ME TO DINNER,

off of the supplies, they said, which I was to furnish. I fortunately thought to inquire if they had fuel; they admitted they had none, and unless this also had been supplied the rations would have been useless, so I sent some wood and went to the dinner. There were black beans, which had remained in the house from the siege, rice, coffee and a piece of veal; all served on rare china and ancient silver. The children of Mrs. Mayo, four or five years old, were not permitted to come to table, but they remained in the room, and when they saw that meat was served they cried for it. Their mother told me they had seen none for months; the meat in Richmond went to the soldiers. These same children of the petted heiress I had known, were barefooted; they had not known a shoe for a year; there were none to be bought.

While we sat at table, Mrs. Allen, a neighbor, and one of the most important personages of the high society of Richmond, who had learned that her friends were entertaining a "federal officer," sent in a contribution to the menu—a dish of apple fritters, cooked in not very delectable style. It was the best she could offer, and she did not wish that Richmond hostesses, even then, should fail in hospitality—as touching a bit of southern and gentle pride as I witnessed during the war. Indeed, no costly entertainment that these same ladies had ever offered when I had visited Richmond in other times seemed more significant of breeding or of dignity than this, made of the bitter bread of their conquerors. But the scanty feast had a peculiar savor to me, for it indicated that the harshness which might have naturally lingered in those who had lost so much was about to be dispelled; that war and disaster and defeat had not crushed out all the old kindly feeling, and it seemed to me that if one Union soldier met with such a reception, others would do the same, and the work of reconciliation might go on.

The men in Richmond at this time were for the most part very sensible. They felt that all had been lost, and some I doubt not, had long been wishing for the inevitable end. I often met Judge Campbell, once of the United States supreme court, but afterward in the confederate government; the mayor of the city, Mr. Mayo; Mr. Lyons, the eminent lawyer, whom all who knew Richmond twenty-five or thirty years ago will remember; and others quite as eminent, and I was able to report their sentiments and opinions to General Ord, or by letter to General Grant, as they frequently desired. After a while the confederate soldiers began to come in, most of them footsore, from Appomattox, all of course unarmed, yet paroled. Some indeed who had not been captured made haste to surrender and avail themselves of the conditions granted at the famous court house.

I recollect a visit I paid to General Pickett, as well as interviews with other confederate officers. All were humble then; all recognized that the war was ended; all wondered whether they would be allowed to hold property again. They were grateful indeed for their liberty, and their lives; none dreamed that they could ever be eligible to office, and if any had predicted that

FITZ HUGH LEE

would be governor of Virginia, under the union, and Mahone United States senator, he would have been thought a madman. But they were manly, not maudlin; they behaved like men who had staked all and lost; and were ready to pay the debt of honor. As for me I was as anxious then as they, that they should be restored to their old position, and the brothersh aving quarrelled and been reconciled, should live together as of old. I had, of course, no authority to speak for my superiors, and could not predict their action, but I hoped for a speedy restoration of that condition of the country under which I had been born. This, of course, made them feel amiable toward me, and I was always welcome among them. They had saved —how I cannot imagine—some very good whisky and made excellent juleps at Mayor Mayo's house, and we talked of the old times at the White Sulphur springs, and at Saratoga, when southerners and northerners were part of one union, and hoped for them again.

In the midst of all this came the news of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

It was a terrible shock, and at first could hardly be believed. I was first told of it by Colonel Forney, who was visiting Richmond at the time. He came into my office, having just left General Ord, who had at that moment received the news. Of course I went at once to Ord's headquarters, for what this might presage no one could tell. It might mean a widespread conspiracy; it might require extraordinary measures of suppression or even reprisal, and certainly of caution. It put aside, of course, for days, any further amicable conferences, for each side at once suspected the other. The southerners, however, expressed so much horror and concern, disclaiming so earnestly any connivance or connection with the act; it was so plain that it was they who must suffer from the murderous attack, that in time we who were with them threw aside our first indignant, though not unnatural suspicions; but of course the effect lingered at the north; and even in Richmond we were obliged to be more on our guard. What had happened in one instance might occur in another; if even the president, the great friend and protector of the south, was murdered by a supporter of the, not only lesser individuals might be in danger, but

PLOTS AND PLANS

that involved the safety of a city or an army were possible. It was too soon after a tremendous civil war for the catastrophe not to leave terrible traces. I doubt if the feeling toward the part of the army that was retained at Richmond and the population, made up as it was more and more every day of return ed confederate soldiers, was ever so genial after this act of Booth, while any union troops remained.

One day I heard a noise in the streets, and as every disturbance at that time might have a meaning, I sent to inquire the cause. An orderly brought word that General Lee and his staff were returning to their homes, and I went out to the street to see. The great chief of the fallen cause, who had ridden triumphantly through these streets after so many battles, who had so often repelled the union army from the earthen walls of Richmond, was indeed re-entering the captured capital, himself a paroled prisoner, going to his home by permission of his enemies: his armies all disbanded at the bidding of his conqueror, not allowed to carry flags or arms; he himself wore his sword and rode his horse because his captor had allowed. He was not in a prison, because the terms he received were generous. But he had not lost the love of those for whom he had fought. As he rode up the hill and approached his own door the crowds that had followed him clung closer; the cheers were not vociferous, for they were the expression of sympathy, not of victory, but the people touched his horse and his hand to assure him that in disaster and submission he was

THEIR CHIEF STILL.

He suppressed their demonstrations lest they should provoke the wrath of the successful, for he was loyal to his parole as he had been to the cause which was lost. He dismounted, turned and took off his confederate cap, bade them good bye, and Robert E. Lee had entered his own house a prisoner.

I called on him there on some official errand, and he received me with dignity and courtesy, though my presence must have reminded him of the final scene of the war, when he gave up his armies to Grant; for there too I had been present. But his room was filled with fresh and fragrant flowers, evidently the gifts of those who still revered him; and at this interview he desired me to request of General Grant for those of his soldiers who had been captured before the end, the same terms which had been accorded at Appomatox. In his captivity and his humiliation his anxieties were still for his soldiers. ADAM BADEAU.

The fact often noticed, that one disaster is often followed by another of like character, has new proof in the report from Montreal that a girl of 12 has just been choked to death by a toy "squawker" that she had in her mouth. This follows close upon the death of the little boy in Newark from the same cause.

A woman seventy-five years old is living in Wallingford, Conn., who has raised a family of fifteen children, and had six husbands, three of her weddings having occurred after she had passed her 60th birthday. She now lives alone at South Plains, having provided herself with a coffin and a complete burial outfit, which is kept in the house ready for use.