

A CLEVER BUSINESS WOMAN.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's Energy and Entorprise.

DR. HAMMOND'S PECULIARITIES.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt—A Stage Struck Beauty—The Art of Dancing—A New Whim—Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Perhaps I shall get Mrs. Frank Leslie assassinated but never mind. It may be noted, by the way, that she is now a trademark—simply Frank Leslie, without preface, according to her legalized signature. This cleverest of New York business women discussed to me some points of her recent sojourn in Europe with a freedom which might shock many of her sisters. She met there all sorts of people, under all sorts of circumstances. She happened to mention the fact that she was brought in contact with a number of women who devote their lives to the struggle for woman suffrage in England, and I asked her how this tribe of females compare with their sisters in the United States. Her reply is not calculated to make her beloved among America's strong-minded daughters. Said she: "They are quite as earnest and indomitable and fire away at parliament as regularly as our women do at the legislatures. The only points of difference which I observed were these: The woman suffrage champions whom I met in England were ladies, charming in manner and fair to look upon, and, strange as it may seem—ladies who took considerable interest in gentlemen and their society. Here you may have observed, they are not always charming, are seldom comely, and, as a rule, abhor the society of men, except such as openly espouse their theories."

DR. WILLIAM HAMMOND.

The description of his image of Buddha, which is the gracious halo of his beautiful residence on West Fifty-fourth street, has been spread far and wide. He is a believer in the religion of Buddha. His frequent appearance before the public in his special line, as an authority upon all cases in which the brain is a prominent feature, has served not less to win for him fame. His personal appearance has been thoroughly discussed, and his prominent physical characteristics have been frequently described. He is a study, however, as he receives his patients, that his appearance is the most impressive. Seated in his high-backed chair of carved walnut, he bears at times a striking and most awful resemblance to the grim figure that has for many years been started from its pedestal in the corridor. Indeed, there is an almost laughable likeness between him and the image of his deity. Imposing, majestic and grand, he looks like an oracle. One feature of an authority upon all cases of public notice; that is, the manner in which he receives his fees. To understand this thoroughly the reader must have some idea of the position in which he sits and that occupied by the patient. Imagine a large room with a high ceiling, beautifully furnished, decorated in dark and impressive colors. A large desk, covered with papers and pamphlets and books that look chock full of wisdom, and the doctor in his study, who sits close to the desk. Immediately behind the desk stands a high screen, which adds to the wizard-like appearance of the room. The patient sits at one corner of the desk, facing the doctor. Only the corner of the doctor's eye is visible, and his advice. Among all the things in the room and scattered over the desk, that which at once rivets the attention of the visitor and which his eye cannot, however small it will, escape, is a small, black weight resting upon three carefully arranged bank notes. The lower note rests in a diagonal position, the one above it crosses it diagonally, and resting upon this too, in such a manner as to hide their denominations, is a crisp note. It stares at one from the wall. It seems to say, "Don't dare to presume to hand out less than me."

Even as the doctor talks, pouring out words of wisdom to his suffering patient, or perhaps the patient's friend, his eyes cannot be torn away from the bank notes. There is evidently a sympathetic feeling between the bank note and its owner. I know its effect upon me when I had occasion to visit the doctor some time ago was that which I have described above. They are not to keep my eyes away, they would always revert back there, until I became so nervous that much of what I wanted to learn and much of what I wanted to say, were forgotten. Reluctantly, remorselessly, they held my soul within their grasp. When the time came for leaving I dared not ask the amount of the fee, but tremblingly drew forth a note of similar denomination.

Mrs. CORNELIUS J. VANDERBILT passed me in Fifth avenue this morning and I mention it because she illustrated the new fact that the outline of the New York women of fashion, when on dress-parade, is undergoing steadily a positive change. This is not to be observed in the front view, but is located in that section of outfit denominated the bustle. This is steadily dropping from the waist line, and is apparently endeavoring to reach the knees as an ultimate destination. The extreme slope from the waist to the points of the bustle in the case of Mrs. Vanderbilt was about forty-five degrees.

The front row of dudes overheard the pertinent question, and laughed so loudly that Annie's "Hush" was silenced to the rest of the audience. "Nearly everyone among the amusement-loving public has witnessed the starting exhibitions given in shows of border life. They have given with admiration on the young woman from Texas or any one of the territories, attired like a female cowboy and gifted with a nerve and an eye which enable her to perform the most difficult feats in marksmanship with pistol or rifle, at a distance of fifty to one hundred feet. This young lady from the great and rolling west is also a familiar figure on the variety stage.

Texas Charley's little shooting gallery on Bleeker street. Charley is a little down on his luck temporarily, and picks up a dime in the conventional Bowery way. He entered a young woman attired cheaply but shrewdly, stood with a light rifle at her shoulder, aimed at the most conspicuous bull's eye while Charley was explaining to her the position of marksmanship, including the point of sight. Besides the young woman stood a slender young man of offensive mein and colorless complexion. He looked dully on while she shot wide of the mark, and for every failure criticized the gun or her instructor. For fully five minutes, she was firing, and Charley, who allowed her to have her own way. Finally the pair left and Charley gave way to his feelings. Said he: "That makes me very tired. She wants to go on the stage as a star, but she'll never learn if she keeps on this way. There's plenty more just like her, too."

"A Wild West shooter?" "Yes, don't you know that game yet? Well, nearly all these women who figure as Texas Jennie, or Wyoming Liz, or some such name, hail from New York or Chicago. Why, I've taught a dozen of them myself—but it's hard work, for they always want to talk more than half the time. However, they're out several who can cut out a picture with a pistol, or spit a card with a rifle. They're all New Yorkers. Yes, it pays fairly well to teach them."

"Who is that young man who was here just now?" "That's the girl's husband. He's a clerk in a big dry goods store uptown." "Pistol and rifle shooting, by the way, continue to be a fad among the solid swells of the metropolis, and more than one of them took his first lesson in a town thoroughfare. The genus dude is not proficient in the art. Perhaps he is afraid of a gun, or he may consume more cigarettes than are good for his nerves. But such solid men about town as Peter Lorillard, Frank Hamilton, Oelrichs and others of that class, as a rule preferring pistol practice. European duellists cannot challenge such New Yorkers with the impunity of a few years ago.

A dozen or fifteen young society men from Murray hill confess that they strayed far down town in their cars, the other night, and halted at the notorious dance-house which is known as Billy McGlothy's. After waiting an hour and being refused admittance, they were driven away in disgust. The public schools of Massachusetts are well managed. The Lexington schools, drawing their children and sending them to private schools. The failure of the trustees of Union college to elect a president at their meeting on Jan. 17, 1887, resulted in a lively display of indignation on the part of the students.

Richard F. Kemble of the class of 1878 of Columbia college, died at Cold Spring-on-Hudson on Monday, Jan. 17, 1887, at the age of eighty. He was the oldest living graduate of the college.

John Tallon, Texas state treasurer under Governor Hamilton, died at Galveston, Monday, aged sixty-two years. He bequeathed his fortune, \$150,000, to the city of Galveston, for the establishment of an industrial school. Girard college now contains 1,000 pupils. The total capital amounting to \$31,720, of which nearly eight million dollars is productive. The net revenue is nearly half a million dollars, and the college is credited with a little more than four hundred thousand dollars.

Calvin Fairbank, the abolitionist who received \$150,000 in the hands of southern agents, is still living in New York, N. Y. A movement has been started to raise a fund of \$3,150, or \$1 for each of his stripes, to honor a Calvin Fairbank college for the education of negroes.

H. J. Furber, jr., is a young man not yet twenty who is preparing to found a great university at Chicago after that of Heidelberg. He will also give a large sum in aid of other citizens to join in the movement. He is a graduate of the late Chicago university and is now in Berlin studying.

The State Colorado university is in a flourishing condition; there is a much larger attendance than ever before; the boarding colleges are full. The new building, under a considerably modified, and in such a way as to afford greater opportunity for the study of science. A normal course, covering four years, has been provided, and the normal department will be qualified to teach in any public school of the state of whatever grade.

A \$100,000 cathedral will be built by the Catholics in Lincoln, Neb. The international scientific congress of Roman Catholics will meet in Paris next April, and has for its object the promotion and development of science for the defence of the Catholic faith. The Protestant Episcopal church of the United States reports for 1887 a total of 67,785 communicants, an increase of 100,000. There is an increase of ninety clergymen, the total being 8,335. It is only fifty-six years since the first Catholic church was built in New Jersey. The builder was the well known Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, who was before conversion to Roman Catholicism an Episcopal minister. General Booth of the Salvation army has pushed his forces into the holy city of Judah. Instead of "David's harp of solemn sound" the modern Jew will hear the rattle and the ring of the tambourine and the rattle of the drum. But the forces will not stop here long, as they are en route for Zululand. The British Bible society has been operating in Belgium for the past two years, during which period it has put in circulation 709,625 copies of the scriptures in a country where the bible was so completely forgotten that many of the people do not know that such a book was in existence. The special correspondent of the Baltimore Sun at Rome writes that important changes in connection with the Catholic church in the United States are contemplated. Though nothing has been formulated yet, it is agreed upon in ecclesiastical circles that Archbishop Wood's resignation will be made a cardinal at a consistory in March. The Congregational church, which has had an increase in the number of churches of 4,377 churches, 4,000 ministers and 430,379 communicants. The net gain during the last four years has been 341 churches, 367 ministers and 18,700 communicants. Increasing activity, especially in the west, promises still greater results in the four years to come. A table showing the percentage of college students who enter the ministry, prepared by Professor G. P. Morris, shows the following decrease: At Harvard, from 55 per cent in 1850 to 1 per cent in 1875; at Yale, from 74 per cent in 1850 to 18 per cent in 1875; at Williams, from 25 per cent in 1850 to 1 per cent in 1875; at Amherst, from 64 per cent in 1825 to 143 per cent in 1880. Wesleyan still shows 30 per cent of ministers among her graduates. The Universalist Register for 1888 reports a total of 98,887 churches, 30,538 families, 739 day schools, 16,626 members, 103,000 Sunday schools, 796 church edifices, and a valuation of church property amounting to \$7,561,530. Reports are given from twelve academies, colleges, seminaries and divinity schools, having in all 110 professors and 1,284 students. The estimated value of the same is \$1,100,000. A young preacher picked up Bishop Pierce's hat, and put it on his own head, and it was exactly a fit. "Why, Bishop," said he, "your head and mine are exactly the same size." "Yes," replied the bishop, "on the outside."

SINGULARITIES.

A white raven has been caught by a hunter at Paris, Mo. Fred Gibson, living four miles from Carrollton, Mo., killed a large eagle near his house. It was so loaded down with sleet that it could not fly.

A man in Avon, Penn., has just cut a squash which weighed 140 pounds. It was one of a family of thirteen, all of which grew on a single vine, and the smallest of which weighed 70 pounds.

Shirley Smith, of Swartzwick, N. J., got up in his sleep and walked three miles through the snow barefooted. When found he was still asleep and badly frozen, the thermometer being below zero.

A Salina, Kas., man walked a quarter of a mile to get a gun to kill a rabbit which was in a field. He carried a heavy charge at it and found that the rabbit was already frozen to death.

A dog was seen in Akron, O., coasting on a sled with a party of young people, and he seemed to enjoy the ride very much. The sled was pulled by a team of dogs, and there was a good deal of snarling and such confusion that before the affair was over, the ladies had each to take her own dog and hold him in her lap to prevent canine misunderstandings taking place upon the parlor floor.

A strange freak of nature was noticed recently in Gainesville, Fla. An orange tree with dead and decayed limbs, from which the leaves had fallen months ago, suddenly put forth new leaves and buds. The buds were found to be completely turned to stone.

A man in Milton, Ga., owns a mule which is a wasp and a bear combined. The proprietor of the mule has discovered, however, that a handful of sand or cottonseed thrown at the animal makes it very nervous and irate. He keeps a bag of both in his wagon.

A singular accident happened to a horse that was standing near the planing mill at Ocala, Fla. The horse was struck by a knot in a beam, causing it not to fly like a bullet through the wall and into the side of the horse, where it imbedded itself in the flesh of the animal's neck.

A Scotch terrier, owned by C. Graeme of Waterton, Wis., can at a glance detect a bogus silver dollar from a genuine one. A few days ago he was taken to a bank, and a number of gold coins were placed in a pile on the table. The dog jumped on the table, scattered the money with his snout, and picked out all the good dollars. The bad ones he would not touch.

Abner Marsh, a farmer, residing about seven miles from Dallas, Tex., reports that while he was engaged in cutting up himself at his house, three rattlesnakes glided out of a hollow log which had been placed on the fire and began moving around the room. The snakes were very tame, and a baby, over the lap of which one of the snakes crawled harmlessly. The snakes, the largest of which measured five feet, were dispatched with a pitchfork.

George Morgan butchered a cow the following day and took out her stomach the following articles, which have been examined by a physician: One brass button, one copper cent, three pieces of wax, one one-cent piece, one four-cent piece, one other one-cent piece, one three-cent piece, one piece of oyster shell, four pieces of brass, one piece of iron, one piece of wood, one piece of brass and a piece of hoop skirt. If anybody can kill a cow with more articles inside of her than this we would like to try her out.

At Albany, Ga., a short time since, Mrs. Dowdell, wife of the presiding elder of the American Methodist Episcopal church, stepped into her yard and saw her pet mated to a very large snake. She was so shocked that she died.

My brethren, said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—viz., of birth, of riches, and of talent. I shall not speak of the last, as none of you is liable to that abominable vice."

The man who goes fishing and sits in a tramp-vanishing posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve and calls it the snare, will never see a fish.

A congressman who heard Rouse's version of the Psalms sung and was assured that it was a new version, he said, "I don't understand what was before a mystery—why Saul tried to kill him."

A Louisiana divorcee second-hand sermons, already had 123, 2 shillings per hour, and was being sold at 100 per cent on her hundred weight; had picked, splendid weight, durable, 12 shillings per hundred weight.

Will S. Hayes, the lyric poet of the Ohio valley, has written a new hymn for Mr. Sankey. Mr. Hayes can write better hymns and guess the age of whisky more accurately than any other man between Cincinnati and Paduch.

A party of "Japs" and Americans recently sang "Here's a How Do's Do" and other scraps from the Mikado. The Japanese were awed by the song, and thought it was offered as an invocation to Buddha.

"Do you intend to hear the new minister to-morrow?" inquired a member of the church. "No, I don't. I'm not going to hear any more of his sermons, and I don't think about it." "But you ought to see your own judgment." "I never work on Sunday."

IN THE FUNNY MAN'S DOMAIN.

The Maid Across the Way—The Walk Didn't Grow.

THE BLOATED BUMBLE BEE

The Organ Grinder—An Easy Divorce—A Poor Offer—Fate—The Boss Linguist—Out of Order—He Made a Report.

The Maid Across the Way. From the Earth. There is no street. In form and face extremely neat, With raven locks and tiny feet; I see her every day. And I think most fondly of me, And care not for my misery; A cold and haughty maid is she, The maid across the way.

No smile upon her face appears, No glance of love or heart-cheers, Though I be bathed in sorrow's tears, And for affection pray. No light of love gleams in her eyes; I've never seen her laugh or cry, Though often I may pass her by, The maid across the way.

Her hair is like the raven's wing, She cannot play, or dance, or sing; But in her nose she wears a ring. And is dressed in raiment gay. Yet she is wooden to the core, This Indian maid that stands before The door of the tobacco store. That's just across the way.

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"Very likely it does on you, Miss Allibone, but it does not on me; I'm not a mossback." This remark shortened their walk about three hours.

English as She is Wrote. The teacher, a lesson he taught, The preacher, a sermon he brought, The stealer, he stole; The healer, he holed, And the lawbreaker, he lawfully sought. The long-winded speaker, he spoke; The poor office seeker, he soke; The runner, he ran; The duffer, he dan; And the lawbreaker, he lawfully shroke. The flyer, to Canada flew; The buyer, on credit he bew; The fisher, he did; And the miser, he miserly shroke. And the liar (a doper) he liv. The writer, this nonsense he wrote; The fighter (an editor) he fote; The swimmer, he swam; And the sinner, he sinned. The singer was hungry and bote.

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"And what time was I born?" asked Jack. "Not until 8 o'clock."

"Ah," cried Janet, "my birthday's longer than yours."

"Well," said Jack, "what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"

Protection vs. Free Trade. They sat together on the lounge; A bushy bearded face As he trotted forth his many arms Stole in a tight embrace.

"Is it quite proper, John," she said, "That you should hug me so?" "It's my dear," he promptly replied, "The warmth of love is so."

"Free trade in kisses we have had— You never did object; And now that you should disapprove I scarcely did expect."

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Don't you boss him, don't you cross him. When the flowers are in bloom; For he'll be sure to sting you, With respect and lots of room. Don't attend him, don't offend him. On the fragrant flow'ry clumps; For he'll be sure to sting you, And give you curd the bumps. One caution in conclusion To the weapon you should fear; Only one, a needle as now used, Which he'll be sure to pierce the rear. If you engage him and engage him In a battle with his foes, Friends will wonder why in thunder You've got the bottom on your nose. In conclusion, in confusion, Just break the rails and run From this yeoman, dauntless Roman, With his hypocritical gun.

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"Very likely it does on you, Miss Allibone, but it does not on me; I'm not a mossback." This remark shortened their walk about three hours.

English as She is Wrote. The teacher, a lesson he taught, The preacher, a sermon he brought, The stealer, he stole; The healer, he holed, And the lawbreaker, he lawfully sought. The long-winded speaker, he spoke; The poor office seeker, he soke; The runner, he ran; The duffer, he dan; And the lawbreaker, he lawfully shroke. The flyer, to Canada flew; The buyer, on credit he bew; The fisher, he did; And the miser, he miserly shroke. And the liar (a doper) he liv. The writer, this nonsense he wrote; The fighter (an editor) he fote; The swimmer, he swam; And the sinner, he sinned. The singer was hungry and bote.

The Best Time to Be Born. "Mamma, dear," said Janet, "at what time in the day was I born?" "At 2 o'clock in the morning."

"And what time was I born?" asked Jack. "Not until 8 o'clock."

"Ah," cried Janet, "my birthday's longer than yours."

"Well," said Jack, "what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"

Protection vs. Free Trade. They sat together on the lounge; A bushy bearded face As he trotted forth his many arms Stole in a tight embrace.

"Is it quite proper, John," she said, "That you should hug me so?" "It's my dear," he promptly replied, "The warmth of love is so."

"Free trade in kisses we have had— You never did object; And now that you should disapprove I scarcely did expect."

"Besides, my arm a symbol is, To show my future wife The duty of protection which I owe to her, and which she owes to me. In low tone she archly said: "Perhaps you may, dear John, If that's the view you take of it, Just keep the duty on."

An Easy Divorce. "If your husband makes life so unpleasant for you, Mary Jane, why don't you get a divorce?" "I have thought of