THE CANDIDATES AT HOME

Routine of Life and Domestic Surroundings of McKinley and Hobart.

THEIRS ARE TYPICAL AMERICAN HOMES

Blessed Beyond Wealth with Happily Selected Helpmeets—Public Burdens Imposed on the Republican Nominees.

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WASHINGTON, July 10.—Major McKinley's nomination for the presidency has thus far caused few changes in the daily routine which he has followed for months past in his modest but pleasant home at Canton, O. Save for the expected increase in the number of visitors things go on much as they have gone since the beginning of the year. The major has been a hard worker all his life, but he enjoys hard work and seems to thrive upon it. From morning until late at night he is engaged, but no one is turned away, for he is never too busy to receive another caller. He gets up about 7 o'clock and eats sparingly. He smokes a great deal, but never touches liquor. Breakfast over he plunges at once into the labors of the day. His right hand is James B. Boyle, an old-time newspaper worker who was his private secretary while governor, and has since continued in that position. A woman stenographer, a relative of the McKinleys, and Samuel Saxton, the major's bright young nephew, complete the office force. The office opens at the right of the entrance hall to the McKinley residence. It was first devised so that Mrs. McKinley could be within easy access, and pretty portieres were draped between adjoining rooms. But soon the pilgrimage of callers became so large that artistic embellishment was eschewed and the feminine element in politics eliminated. The quiet and suave Boyle got the apartment into business shape soon after his advent, and now the reading of papers, the answering of letters and the reception of visitors is done in a systematic way.

William McKinley's Home.

The constant and growing demands upon his time and good nature aside, the life led by Major McKinley is as simple as it is wholesome. It is difficult to realize, viewing him and his surroundings, his plain, democratic ways and the utter absence of anything like form and ceremony, that the hopes of a great party are centered in him, and that he has been singled out to lead it in a battle for the loftiest position on this earth. His popularity in his own home is unbounded. He knows every man in Canton, and as his neighbors pass he speaks to every one. It is not recorded that he ever refused or neglected to answer a letter of one of his constituents; or to do an act of kindness for one of them when opportunity offered. He has never attempted to play the exclusive or to arrange his appearance with any eye to effect. He seems never to think that taking his place among his fellows in an every-day way is any other than the most natural thing in the world to do. At the same time there is an inherent dignity about the man which preserves him from familiarity. His friends know his clean mind, and, respecting it, regulate their conversation and pick their stories accordingly. But not in the sense or with the feeling of dealing with a prude, for they find him thoroughly companionable on wholesome masculine lines. The charge made by those who do not like him, or who speak from ill-digested hearsay, that Major McKinley is a cold man finds ample refutation in Canton. He is not chummy, but he likes a chat and he tells a story well. He is by no means a man of one idea, nor has his reading been confined to law and politics. He is, on the contrary, a very full man, and he talks on many subjects. Moreover, he loves to talk. He is fond, when opportunity offers, of detaining a favored caller late at night and having some story or argument out with him. Then the villager will show itself in him, and he will walk half way home with his guest, stopping on some corner for a protracted parting word. In fact, it is the villager in Major McKinley that constitutes one of his greatest charms. It keeps him in touch with the plain people and renders him at all times approachable and companionable. No man ever observed a frill about him. No man who ever approached him was frigidly received or curtly turned away, and no one ever hesitates on meeting him to state fully any case he may have sought him to explain.

The home of Major McKinley in Canton is unpretending, yet comfortable. It is in a pleasant yard on a pleasant street, the house a frame of the two-story variety, with a wing and two porches, over which creep vines—a perfect veil of clinging vegetation. There are twelve rooms to the structure. The yard is the home of many a tree and bush, or was until they were trampled under foot by sightseers during the last three weeks. The major has no carriage of his own, but drives out frequently in a livery outfit. The servants are a scullery maid, Mrs. McKinley's attendant and a negro man of general utility. So far as pretensions go, the household life is as democratic as the most modern type of American citizen could wish.

Major and Mrs. McKinley began their married life twenty-five years ago in the house in which they now live. "We have lived in other houses since," said he the other day, "but we have come back to this again as one of the dearest spots on earth." This chance remark brings to mind the romance in the major's life and the woman who for a quarter of a century has been more his religion than his wife. If the wide world loves a lover, it should love McKinley. He married his wife in 1871. Their two children died long ago and fed and filled their hearts with gloom. For seventeen years she has been nervously stricken, an invalid without hope, a human lily with a broken stem, needing the trellis and support of constant love and care. And these her husband has always given her. He is as attentive as a bridegroom. "There is an element in his devotion to his wife," writes a clever woman who knows them well, "that is easier felt than described, but it is the element that silences the scoffers at marriage, that makes one think better of one's kind, and at the same time carries with it a tinge of romance that delights all young couples. Perhaps because the major pays a thousand little courtesies and attentions to his wife, not with the air of a man doing his duty, but what is his delight; that he sees in his wife still the lovely, girlish bride, the mother of the two fair children who came only to be taken away, the companion of his early struggles and successes, is evident, that he finds now in his proud maturity, in her gentle sympathy, her intense appreciation of his work, her frank delight at the honors paid him, her ever ready response to his beautiful devotion, all the spur and stimulus he needs, there is no doubt."

Mrs. McKinley's ill health dates from the birth and death of her second child. However, in appearance she is anything but the conventional invalid. Her gowns are always fashionably made and trimmed and the beautiful laces, fans and knickknacks which she wears heighten the feeling of disbelief in her invalidism which a first glance causes. A second glance at the face, however, shows that constant and acute suffering has been her portion. Her hair which, since a severe illness in the winter of 1890, in which her life was despaired of, is worn short, is now gradually turning gray. Mrs. McKinley's tastes are those of a home-loving woman. She is an appreciative admirer of fine paintings and statuary. She does not care for music, but is an enthusiastic attendant, so far as her health will permit, of good dramatic performances. Her reading is confined almost exclusively to newspapers, but she is a close student of them and of public opinion as evidenced by them. She is most charitable. Unable to receive the poor who come to her, she intrusts to some member of her family her large almsgiving. Her fingers are rarely idle—the beauty of the needlework she does is the envy and despair of her friends—and whatever of her handiwork that is not sent to adorn the homes of friend or relative finds its way to charitable bazars and fairs, or into the hospitals for distribution among invalids less fortunate than herself.

"A good son makes a good husband," runs the old saying, and it is true of Major McKinley. His father died a few years ago, but his mother still lives at Canton, not far from her son. She is now 87 years of age, but alert and vigorous, mentally and physically. She sees much of her famous son, and he waits on her and walks with her each day he spends in Canton. Even now, while his anxieties should be and are on keenest edge, he visits and walks with his mother every afternoon. They prefer the streets of the quiet suburbs of Canton for these little excursions, and McKinley may be seen escorting the old lady with the profoundest deference and affection, while the conversational interchange between the two never flags.

Like Major McKinley, Garret A. Hobart, the republican candidate for vice president, is very popular in his own town. The writer was in Paterson on the day of his return from the St. Louis convention, and the warmth and enthusiasm of his reception bespoke a man respected and beloved by his neighbors. Like McKinley, too, Mr. Hobart has been a hard worker all his life. He has had his own way to carve in the world—when he arrived in Paterson thirty years ago his entire capital consisted of a new suit of clothes and $1.50 in cash—and the task has kept him busy. He has succeeded, and success has mellowed and softened him. He is the most approachable of men under any and all circumstances. He is apparently interested in the caller's business, no matter how trivial it may be. Appeal to him on behalf of charity and his heart is opened at once. Nor does his helpfulness end with the giving of money. If a man in Paterson gets into trouble and stops to think who can best help him out, the first name that suggests itself is that of Hobart. And he has at one time and another helped so many men that no matter what happens, when others are in trouble, he generally succeeds in his mission of relief, because he must ask the assistance of somebody whom he has himself helped in former times.

Mr. Hobart's daily labors begin early and end late. His mail in these days is immense, but every letter is read by him personally, and an answer dictated or written. If not of special importance, or confidential, the answer is dictated. If the nature of the answer involves something strictly personal and confidential, the answer is written by Mr. Hobart himself. He is a rapid writer and his letters are always terse and to the point. And no matter how busy he may be, he never seems to be in a rush. He can handle half a dozen different subjects at a time and never get them mixed up. His mind can go from one subject to another of an entirely different nature with the rapidity of lightning. He is a director of at least sixty different companies and his memory is so retentive that he can remember the closest details of each. One would imagine that with such a complex system of business as he manages his brain would be all in a whirl, but it is not. When he goes to bed at night he throws away all thoughts of business as he would take off his clothes, and his head is not on his pillow three minutes before he is sleeping like a tired child.

Garret A. Hobart's Home.

Great and varied as Mr. Hobart's interests are, the doors of his office are never closed. There is no holy of holies marked "Private." The only thing on the door is the unostentatious name, "Mr. Hobart." And that door is never closed. If a visitor calls he can see the top of a partly bald head sticking over a rolltop desk seven feet long, and if there is some one sitting at the end of the desk it can be seen that he is engaged. Otherwise it is "Walk in" and a cordial greeting and hearty welcome that makes one at ease at once. Moreover, Mr. Hobart is as unassuming as he is democratic. He has horses and carriages galore, but he generally walks from his house to his office. On Sunday afternoons he may be seen in his four-seated surreys, driving through the park or the suburbs of Paterson, but never alone. He is too sociable for that. Sometimes he and Mrs. Hobart may be seen on the road behind a pair of bay horses, Mr. Hobart, who is an expert driver, holding the reins, but generally there is a crowd in the carriage with him, and the carriage he likes best will seat twelve persons. Many prominent men have ridden in that vehicle.

Carroll Hall, Mr. Hobart's home, is on one of the quietest and shadiest streets of Paterson. It is a roomy mansion with many shaded, landscaped and awning-covered windows and with wide piazzas, where easy chairs and hammocks invite siestas. The house has been altered slightly since the picture from which the accompanying sketch is taken was made. An addition on the left has been fitted up as an art gallery, and it already contains a fine collection of paintings. Carroll Hall is the center of the social amenities of Paterson, and there are none who bear a larger part in the local charities and good undertakings than the master and his wife. Mr. Hobart married the daughter of his old preceptor in the law, and the union has proved in every way a happy one. Mrs. Hobart is rather above the medium height for women. With an erect and well developed figure, gracefully carried, a particularly well poised head, blue eyes, in which the occasional gray glints are softened by dark brows and lashes; a soft complexion marked by a few lines which suggest character rather than years, a gentle and dignified bearing and a low-pitched voice which readily adapts itself to every phase of thought and emotion, she is an excellent example of Whittier's "noble woman, nobly planned."

Mrs. Hobart is described by one who knows her as of a merry disposition, bright of wit and ready with an answer on any subject. She is a brilliant conversationalist and a wide reader, but is essentially a home maker and a home lover, and it is as a hostess that she is seen at her best. The hospitality of the Hobarts is well and widely known, and many famous men have gathered around their table. Just at present, however, the shadow of great and sore trouble rests upon the family, and Mrs. Hobart's deep mourning is but faintly indicative of the grief she suffered when, just about a year ago, their only daughter, a cultured and lovely girl of 20, suddenly sickened and died in Italy, and was laid to rest among strangers near the shores of Lake Como. There is a son, a handsome, manly namesake of his father, whom they call "Junior." He has a private tutor at home, is learning to play the violin, and is deeply interested in his father's political career.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The Massachusetts legislature has appropriated $600,000 for good roads.

Sims Reeves, the famous English tenor, is 74 years of age and the father of a baby boy.

Leading electricians claim that the new vacuum tube light will be three times as brilliant as the present light and its cost only one-third as much.

A person by the name of Funderburk, residing in North Carolina, has a mule that sweats blood. Probably this is the only way the animal can express its disapprobation of its owner's name.

There is a cat in Olympia now nursing one kitten and a rabbit. Four of the cat's kittens were drowned, and the maternal instinct was not satisfied with the one left; so the cat, the Olympian says, went to the forest and caught the young rabbit which shares with her offspring share and share alike.

"Jersey justice" had a poser when a New Brunswick citizen was arraigned at the bar for disturbing the quiet of a populous tenement by his terrific and variegated snoring. The testimony of the neighbors established the fact that the offender snored "with prodigious continuity and effect" from the time he went to sleep until he woke in the morning.

An inventor has patented a metal cat, so like the live creature that the most sagacious rat is deceived and runs for dear life. This metal animal is doubly terrible by being coated with phosphorus, so that it shines in the dark, and the natives of rat-land may well believe that they see a ghost or demon or whatever their rodent imaginations deem most frightful.

Rev. Dr. Tupper of Baltimore has just returned from a circuit of the globe, and has brought with him an interesting relic. While in Egypt he secured the mummy of a babe which must have lived fully 4,200 years ago. As the removal of mummies from Egypt is strictly prohibited, the mummy was smuggled out of the country in the doctor's valise, and in this manner it was carried by him during the remainder of the voyage and brought safely to Baltimore.

Miss Maud Davis, who is teaching in Elliotsville, Me., says she has a very nice school house to teach in and some very bright pupils, but the black flies are so thick that she is obliged to build a smudge on the stove and fill the room full of smoke. When it gets too thick they all adjourn to the open air and start a new smudge. She says she has been in the smoke so much that she has taken on a fine color, like that of smoked ham.

Goslings Sharpe's bank in Fleet street one of the oldest private banks in the city of London, has been amalgamated, together with half a dozen less known firms, with Barclay, Bevan & Co. The exact date of the bank's foundation is unknown, but it was in existence in 1650, as a goldsmith's shop, with the sign of "The Three Squirrels." The firm has all its ledgers since 1715, and can show the bank accounts of Warren Hastings and Lord Clive, of Bishop Percy, Alexander Pope, Richardson, the novelist, Tonson the publisher, lord chancellors and lord chief justices like Camden, Campbell, Ellenborough and Denman. They were the bankers of the Times and of the societies for the propagation of the gospel and for promoting Christian knowledge. The title of the firm had remained unchanged for 100 years.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

California has 18,000 miners.

The manufacture of paper teeth is the newest.

A Michigan toothpick mill turns out 7,500,000 of the slivers daily.

The average wages paid in the Swiss cotton mills is between 20 and 50 cents a day.

A cashmere shawl weaver in Persia earns, by the hardest labor, about 40 cents a day.

In Vienna laundry women work seventeen hours a day for $2.50 a week and their meals.

All the laborers in the employ of the city of Springfield, Mass., are to be uniformed after the style inaugurated by Colonel Waring in New York some time ago.

The convict made pedestal for the General Grant monument at San Francisco has finally been rejected for one made by union labor.

Coarse threads, of which large quantities used to be sent from England to Japan, are now made in the latter country, except the finest quality. The imports of raw cotton from America, China and India have nearly doubled in the past three years.

The bicycle has called into existence a vast amount of new business, which gives employment to not less than 150,000 persons and furnishes work and wages indirectly to a much larger number beside.

An effort is on foot to secure four or five Mergenthaler typesetting machines for Typographical union No. 3 of Cincinnati, the object being to give all unemployed members who are not operators an opportunity to learn. The matter has been placed in the hands of a committee of the union, with instructions to report at the next meeting.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

Novel Use of Lace.

A rather novel use of lace seen on some of the latest gowns is a plaiting of straight-edged insertion set on around the bottom of the dress skirt underneath the ruffles, which are also finished on the edge with the same plaiting, and it is said to be very effective, as it serves to stiffen the ruffles and make them stand out prettily.

DEPTHS OF THE FIRMAMENT

Penetrated by Photography and the Telescope and Rendered More Intelligible.

STRUCTURE OF THE SIDEREAL SYSTEM

Achievements of Astronomers by the Aid of Modern Instruments—Rays of Light 9000 Years Old—The Milky Way.

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In the recent progress which has been made in the study of the heavens, the photographic plate has played a most important part. Indeed, the facilities which the resources of photography have placed at the disposal of the astronomer are every day increasing. The older methods of observation are in many cases gradually being displaced by the more accurate and far more comprehensive methods which the camera offers. It has been asserted, and I do not think that the truth of the assertion will be questioned, that the advance in the astronomer's art which is due to the introduction of the photographic plate into the observatory, is not less far reaching in its effects than the advance which was inaugurated when Galileo first turned his newly made telescope to the sky, and thus wonderfully augmented the space penetrating power of human vision.

Almost the first feature which will strike the observer who is examining a good photograph of the sidereal depths, is that though there may be hardly any part of the area presented which is quite free from stars, yet that they are distributed with very great irregularity. In some regions the stars are aggregated in countless myriads, indeed in many parts of the heavens they lie so closely packed that the individual points can hardly be distinguished separately. Ordinary observation, even with the unaided eye, prepares us in a measure for this striking irregularity in stellar distribution.

Who has not often dwelt with admiration on that glorious stellar girdle which we know as the Milky Way. It is a mighty zone of stars surrounding our solar system. Indeed a just estimate of the relation of the sun to other bodies in the scheme of the universe would regard our great luminary merely as one of similar stars aggregated in countless myriads to form the Milky Way. From the peculiar nature of the stars in the galaxy, as this system is often called, it is quite obvious that these wonderful starry clusters have some bond of connection between their component parts, due probably to a common origin. To realize the splendor of the Milky Way we have to remember that minute as the stars of which it is composed may seem from where we are situated, yet each one of those stars is in truth shining with the independent brilliance of asun. It might have been thought that it would be quite impossible for an object so vast and so bright as our sun to display no greater splendor than that feeble twinkle which is all that reaches us from one of the stars in the Milky Way. Here, however, the question of distance is of paramount importance.

If the sun which shines in our skies were to be withdrawn from our neighborhood into the depth of space, if it were to be carried to a distance as remote as is that of many of the stars which we see around us, our great luminary would have lost all its pre-eminent splendor, and would have dwindled to the relative insignificance of a small star, not nearly so bright as many of those stars which shine over our heads every night. I do not indeed say that each and every one of the stars in the Milky Way is as large as our sun; no one who understood the evidence would have the hardihood to affirm so gigantic a proposition. At the same time I should add that I do not know any grounds on which such a statement could be certainly contradicted if any one did affirm it. The probability seems to be that, though many of the stars in the Milky Way may resemble our sun in luster or dimensions, yet there are in that marvelous group suns lesser and greater in nearly as many grades of magnitudes as there are objects in the galaxy itself.

The problem of determining the distance of a star from the earth is one which taxes the highest resources of the observing astronomer. Of all the millions of the celestial host there are hardly 100 stars whose distances have been measured with accuracy by those surveying operations by which alone this problem can be accurately solved. We are, however, not quite destitute of methods by which we can in some degree estimate the remoteness of other stars, even though their distances may be so great as to elude entirely all the more direct methods of measurement. Suppose that a star were just bright enough to be visible to the unaided eye, and then suppose that particular star were to be withdrawn to a distance ten times as great. It would still remain visible to the unaided eye, and then suppose that particular star were to be withdrawn to a distance ten times as great. It would still remain visible to us by the help of a small telescope. If the star were withdrawn to a distance 100 times as great it would still generally remain within the ken of a large telescope. When, therefore, our large telescopes reveal millions of stars, which seem just on the verge of visibility, it is plain that those stars, assuming that they are intrinsically as bright as the stars which can just be seen with the unaided eye, must be at least 100 times as remote.

It should also be observed that a star as bright as Sirius would still be visible to the unaided eye, though of course only as a very small point, if it were translated to a distance ten times as great as that at which it is now situated; if Sirius were at a distance a hundred fold greater than that at which it now lies, it would still be found within the range of a telescope of moderate power. Indeed, if Sirius were at a distance 1,000 times as great as that by which it is at present separated from us, it would still not have passed beyond the ken of our mightiest telescopes. We have thus sound reasons for our belief that some of the stars which we can see through our great telescopes are at least 1,000 times as remote from the earth as Sirius.

Recent researches made by Dr. Gill and Dr. Elkin at the Cape of Good Hope have demonstrated what the distance of Sirius amounts to. It has been shown that the rays from Sirius, traveling as they do with the stupendous speed of light, namely, at the rate of 189,000 miles each second, would nevertheless require not less than nine years to traverse the distance between that star and our system. In other words, when we are looking at Sirius tonight, we do not see that star as it is at present, but we see it as it was nine years ago. The light which reaches our eyes tonight must in fact have left the star nine years before. We have already shown that there is good reason for the belief that there are stars which are still visible in our great telescopes, notwithstanding that they are 1,000 times further from us than the brilliant Sirius. It follows by a line of reasoning which it seems impossible to question that the light from such a star must have occupied a period of not less than 2,000 years in its journey to the earth. The consequences of such a calculation are indeed momentous. It is plain that we do not see such stars tonight as they are tonight, but as they were when our earth was 9,000 years younger. The light from such stars which is now entering our eyes at the close of its unparalleled journey has occupied all that long interval in crossing the abyss which intervenes between the solar system and the awful stellar depths. This vast time has been required for the journey, notwithstanding the fact that the light speeds on its way with a velocity which would carry it seven times round the earth in a second. Indeed, the stars might have totally ceased to exist for the past 9,000 years and we should still find them shining in their places. Not until all the light which was on its way to earth at the time of the star's extinction had entered our eyes would the tidings of that extinction have become known to us. We are looking at such stars as they existed long before the earliest period to which any records of human history extend.

We can illustrate the same subject in another way. Suppose that there were astronomers in these remote stars and that they were equipped with telescopes enormously more powerful than any telescopes which we have ever constructed. Suppose that notwithstanding the vast distance at which they lie they had the means of scrutinizing carefully the features of this earth. In what condition would our globe be presented from their point of view. These distant observers would not see any traces of the cities and the nations that now exist. Britain would appear to them as a forest inhabited by a few savages and North America would be the home of the bison and the red man. They would look down on an Egypt in which the Pyramids had not yet been built, and they might survey the sites of Babylon and Nineveh long ere those famous cities had been reared.

Besides those sidereal objects of which we have spoken there are of course others seemingly as numerous as the sands on the seashore. No spectacle which the heavens display is more impressive to the beholder than that of a globular cluster, in which thousands of stars are beheld packed closely together within the limits of his field of view. Each of those stars is itself a sun, the whole forming a dense group of associated suns. Indescribable indeed must be the glory which would shine upon a planet which was situated in such a system. It seems, however, impossible that planets in association with thousands of suns, such as are found in a globular cluster, could possess climatic conditions of sufficient constancy to meet the requirements of organic life. For the development of life practical stability of climate would seem to be essential. Such conditions could, so far as we know, only be secured in a system like our own, which is controlled by a single sun, around which the several planets revolve. In such a case there would be no disturbances to the regular motion of each planet, except those trifling ones which arise from the attraction of the other planets equally beholden to the central luminary. But a planet primarily attached to one of the suns belonging to a globular cluster would be so much disturbed in its revolution by the attractions of the other surrounding suns that the movement of the body would in all probability be too irregular to be compatible with any stable climatic conditions. The vicissitudes of climate with which we dwellers on the earth are familiar would seem as nothing in comparison with the vicissitudes of climate in a planet belonging to a system of several suns. It would seem that occasionally the planet must come so near to one or other of the attracting suns that if any life had existed on such a planet it would necessarily be scorched to destruction.

Besides these globular clusters, the heavens contain many other associations of stars arranged in striking groups. We may mention, for instance, the famous cluster in Perseus, an object of indescribable beauty, which fortunately lies within the reach of telescopes of comparatively moderate power. There are also many clusters so distant that the stars are hardly to be discerned separately, in which case the object looks like a nebula and the resolution of the nebula, as it is called, that is, the perception of the isolated stars of which the nebulous looking object is formed, becomes a problem which can only be solved by the very highest telescope power. It has been conjectured that these dim and distant clusters may be associations of stars very like that Milky Way which is relatively quite close to the solar system. It may indeed be the case that a sidereal group like the Milky Way would, if transferred to an extremely remote part of the universe, present much the same appearance in our telescopes as that which one of these nebulous clusters does at present.

Magnificent as are the sidereal systems displayed to our observation we ought still to remember that there is a limit to our vision. Even the largest and most brilliant of suns might be so remote as to be entirely beyond the ken of the greatest of telescopes and the most sensitive of photographic plates. Doubtless stars exist in profusion elsewhere than in those parts of space which alone come within range of our instruments. As space is boundless it follows that the regions through which our telescopes have hitherto conveyed our vision must be as nothing in comparison with the realms whose contents must ever remain utterly unknown. Innumerable as may seem the stars whose existence is already manifest there is every reason to believe that they do not amount to one-millionth part of the stars which occupy the impenetrable depths of the firmament. SIR ROBERT BALL.

CITY COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Put in the Forenoon Discussing City Jail Propositions.

The city council was in session most of the forenoon yesterday and transacted a considerable amount of routine business.

The invitation of the Thurston Republican club to the council and heads of departments to participate in the reception which will be given to Hon. J. H. MacColl at the city hall next Thursday evening was accepted.

The mayor's appointment of H. T. Leavitt, Frank L. Haller and T. K. Sudborough as members of the public library board was referred to the committee on judiciary.

A resolution which provided for the payment of a small damage claim out of the general fund brought out a long informal discussion on the financial condition of the city, after which the council went into committee of the whole to consider the city jail propositions.

W. B. Taylor was given an opportunity to explain his proposition to erect a jail at Sixteenth and Leavenworth streets. He submitted a proposition for a larger building than was contemplated in his original plan. He offered to build a two-story brick building, 66x88 feet and lease it to the city for a rental of $3,200 for the first year and $3,800 per year for the four succeeding years. Or he would make the building 66x132 feet and claim a rental of $3,600 for the first year and $4,200 per year for the next four years. In each case the city to have the option of extending the lease for an additional five years at the highest figure named.

George Barker urged his proposition, to convert the Garfield block on Howard street into a jail building and rent it at $300 a month.

The merits of the propositions were discussed at length, more particular attention being paid to the proposition presented by Mr. Taylor. Hascall wanted to accept this proposition, but Benawa took the ground that the expense was unnecessary at this time. The city was not financially able to enter into the contract and the matter should be laid over for at least another year.

Christie took the same view. It would cost the city at least $2,500 to put the building in shape, as contemplated in the proposition. Then a fireman and a laborer would have to be employed for the steam plant, and the total cost to the city for the first year would be not less than $9,000, which, added to the $4,200 rental for the second year, would be equal to what it would cost the city to erect a building on one of its own lots. The result would be that the city would pay an amount for a jail in two years that would furnish it with a building of its own that would last for many years to come.

Wheeler advocated the acceptance of the proposition on the ground that the approach of the exposition made it necessary that some plan should be adopted at once.

Kennard offered a resolution by which the proposition was accepted and the city attorney was instructed to draw a contract in accordance with the proposition for the larger building.

The committee voted to recommend this resolution to the council for adoption, and on returning to regular session, the whole matter was laid over until the next regular meeting.

Bids for the restoration of the gratings in the basement windows of the city hall were submitted and referred. The Nebraska Stone company offered to put in stone gratings for $102. The bids of the Paxton & Vierling Iron works for iron gratings ranged from $185 to $325, according to the style adopted.

A resolution was introduced by Saunders and adopted, by which an invitation was extended to the national convention of Building and Loan associations to meet in Omaha in 1898. The 1896 convention will meet in Philadelphia July 22.

An ordinance was passed establishing sewer district No. 214. This contemplates about 1,000 feet of sewer, extending south on Twenty-seventh street, from its intersection with Hickory street.

Councilman Burkley was granted a thirty days' leave of absence.

The Board of Public Works was directed to continue the sidewalk repair gang.

A communication from the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, asking the city to provide at once for the street illuminations during the state fair festivities, was referred to the finance committee.

The ordinance, levying an annual license of $40 on coal dealers, was passed.

WILL REMAIN A GRADE CROSSING.

Courts Deny the Injunction Asked for by the Burlington.

Judge Keysor yesterday morning denied an injunction asked for by the Burlington railroad to restrain the county commissioners from grading a road across the tracks of the railway south of Seymour park. The commissioners had let the contract for making a grade crossing at the point in controversy, the road being on a section line and having been declared a public road some time ago, but never having been opened for travel. The Burlington sought to have the commissioners put in an overhead crossing instead of a grade crossing, and also raised the point that the road had not been properly opened for the reason that appraisers had never been appointed to assess the damages to the owners of the property taken in opening the road.

Before the Burlington people took the matter into court they asked the commissioners to make an overhead crossing and all the members of the Board of County Commissioners went to the spot in company with several railway officials to view the situation. It was decided that an overhead crossing would necessitate a heavy fill and dirt would have to be carted a long distance, making the cost of the approaches very heavy. The commissioners therefore refused to change the arrangements already made and the railway people thereupon secured a restraining order from Judge Fawcett, who set the case for hearing before Judge Keysor. The latter, after hearing the case, refused to grant an injunction and held, regarding the point of irregularity in the opening of the road, that the road was on a section line, and the statutes provided that all section lines were public roads, subject to certain conditions, and that the procedure required in the opening of roads under ordinary conditions did not apply to the opening of roads along section lines.

The road in question is one running south from Seymour park and is the only road in that vicinity which accommodates the travel desiring to come north from that part of the county.

Some time ago the one-year old child of Mr. M. E. Lindsley, of Franklin Forks, Pa., had a very severe attack of colic. She suffered great pain. Mr. Lindsley gave her a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in ten minutes her distress was gone. This is the best medicine in the world for children when troubled with colic or diarrhoea. It never fails to effect a prompt cure. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant for them to take. It should be kept in every home, espically during the summer months. For sale by all druggists.

The Early Days of The Bee.

Recollections of Its Founding and Its Founder.

BY HARRY GERALDE, THE BEE'S FIRST EDITOR.

I can, I fear, hardly add anything of interest to the stirring story already printed in these columns of the genesis of The Bee. Yet, as one closely associated with Edward Rosewater in the early days of the journal, a few words from the present writer—pour servir a l'histoire, possibly—may not be out of place.

"We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," was the motto originally chosen by the founders of the Edinburgh Review. Something similar might have been said of The Bee at the outset of its career. Its origin, like that of the New York Herald and the London Daily Telegraph, was lowly; nor was its birthplace, known as Redfield's, at all suggestive, in spite of its ruby red aspect and roseate associations, in more senses than one, of the Field of Cloth of Gold emblazoned in French annals.

Revolutions, we are told, are not made out of rosewater. The fact, however, remains that, under Edward Rosewater's fostering fatherhood, the baby Bee speedily waxed fat and strong, too, if it didn't kick, while it fairly revolutionized the fourth estate in Nebraska.

The Bee was aggressive from the start. After a fashion worthy of the medieval agitation of Florence it smashed many an idol in the Pantheon of partisan politics. Mr. Rosewater had already given a taste of his fearless quality as a member of the state legislature that impeached Governor Butler. His subsequent victories won by sheer force of character and tenacity of purpose, are too well known in his own state to need recapitulation at my hands. Against bribery and corruption in politics his voice and pen have always been lifted.

Nor is it too much to say that with the publication of The Bee a new soul passed into the journalism and politics of Nebraska. The ancients of the local press, as well as of politics, regarded the new paper as an impudent interloper. They might well regard it as an architect of ruin to their vile and sordid interests. The spirit that animated Mr. Rosewater's action as a member of the legislature glowed fiercely in columns of his paper. Yet his career as a reformer was never characterized by cruelty to his enemies. He realized the golden rule of Roman statesmanship, "Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos"—to spare the fallen and to crush the insolent spoilsmen. On a larger stage he might have rivaled Disraeli and emulated the philanthropy of Hirsch and Montefiore. What Horace Greeley achieved in the Empire state Mr. Rosewater has achieved in Nebraska, and it is to his immortal honor that, like the illustrious founder of the New York Tribune, he has never countenanced the intrusion of sectarianism into party councils.

It was said of the famous architect of St. Paul's cathedral in London, "Si quaeris monumentum, circumspice" (Should you seek his monument, look around.) The stately Bee building is doubtless a splendid memorial of spirited enterprise and creative energy; but a still nobler monument—more durable than bronze or marble—is the great organ of public opinion, which Mr. Rosewater has, amid formidable difficulties and in spite of implicable foes, consecrated to the genius of good government.

And here it may, at the risk of a dubious pun, be affirmed that there have been no A. P. A.'s in the Omaha apiary. The Bee has always been the outspoken champion of civil and religious liberty, and has never aped the mean ways of know-nothingism. The descendant of a race long subjected to the worst evils of bad government in the old world, Mr. Rosewater has always vindicated the rights of religious freedom in the new.

Although a fearless fighter he has at all times been fair and considerate to unscrupulous opponents. His nature is broad and generous, as becomes the founder and proprietor of The Bee. There is, in fact, a good deal of what one of the most accomplished of English critics, Matthew Arnold, calls "sweetness and light" in his makeup. When I first met him some twenty-five years ago his conversation fairly sparkled with lively sallies of wit and humor, and there was a sub-acidity that imparted a charm and pleasant flavor to his breezy talk. Socially and intellectually he was at once semi-Semitic and semi-Salavonian. His hospitality was boundless. By his friends and associates at least—among whom may be numbered the present writer—it may with truth be said of Edward Rosewater, "Extinctus amabitur idem."

HARRY GERALDE.

THE IDEAL.

Donohoe's Magazine.

We are unsatisfied, and know not why;
We seek for the ideal of our dreams,
And strive to reach it guided by the beams
Of truth and faith. Setting our standard high,
We struggle on; but when the prize is nigh
We find that it eludes us, and it seems
To beckon onward, mocking with its gleams
Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky.
With eyes blind to the glory here below,
Our thoughts forever turned away from earth,
We see no beauty around us and the worth
Hidden in humble things we never know.
We grope and pass unheeding on the way
The good that we are seeking day by day.

Ex-Senator Bradbury of Augusta, Me., with his 91 years resting lightly upon him, attended the meeting of the trustees of Bowdoin college last week, and had as good a time as a '95 alumnus at the dance on the green.

WOMEN AND WOMEN ONLY are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily. To cleanse, purify, and beautify the skin, to allay itching and irritation, to heal chafings, excoriations, and ulcerative weaknesses, nothing so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, followed, when necessary, by mild applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

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Greatest Arenic Feats,
2 Greatest Herds of Elephants,
Great Trained Sea Lions,
Great Educated Seals,
2 Great Hippopotamuses,
Great Sumatra Rhinoceros,

Greatest Races, Greatest Charioteers, Greatest Jockeys, Greatest Thoroughbreds, Greatest Course, Greatest Track Successes, Great Circus Maximus,

4 Great Rings,
2 Great Stages,

GREAT AERIAL TRIUMPHS,

300 Star Artists,
100 Great Acts,

2 GREAT PARADES UNITED!

At 10 A. M. Wednesday, July 15.

Greatest Performing Beasts.

Two performances only, at 2 and 8 p. m. Doors open an hour earlier.

12 waterproof tents. Seating capacity, 15,000. 25 uniformed ushers. Numbered, actually reserved seats, on sale at KUHN & CO.'S drug store, corner 15th and Douglas streets. Admission, 50 cents; children under 9 years, 25 cents.

OMAHA Wednesday JULY 15

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Tuesday, July 14.
LINCOLN, Thursday, July 16.
BEATRICE, Friday, July 17.