STORIES OF THE "BLACK ART"

Amusing Experiences and Tricks Played by Herrmann the Great.

HOW HE SOAKED THE SULTAN'S WATCH

The Famous Shooting Trick Successfully Worked on Murderous Arabs—A Batch of Interesting Reminiscences.

The public stock of harmless pleasure has been impoverished by the death of the famous necromancer, Alexander Herrmann. The English-speaking world knew and admired him, and lavished fortunes upon him for the enjoyment he gave. A prince of entertainers, socially as well as on the stage, he was beloved by thousands young and old, who had been at various times charmed and mystified by his art.

Among his intimates, Herrmann was no less entertaining than on the stage. The innumerable tricks with which he mystified the public were often played upon his friends. They served the dual purpose of perpetrating a practical joke and intensifying public interest in his mystic business. Countless stories are related of his experiences, some of which were contributed by the wizard himself.

Herrmann was a terror to waiters. A favorite pleasantry was to keep the waiter running after salt or pepper. He would draw the waiter's attention to the fact that was no salt on the table. The cellar would be brought and Herrmann would pick it up and shake out the pepper, look angry and insist on salt. Before the waiter was through he would have the table covered with pepper boxes that had held salt when the waiter brought them.

He moved in a mysterious way to perform his liberal acts. Of a Christmas eve he delighted to walk through the poor quarters, pulling dressed turkeys from his vest pocket and giving them to poor women. He has disposed of piles of stuff in a short walk, getting it from pockets that had not bulged, but that apparently had no bottom.

It is related that once Herrmann was a guest on board a ship at a South American port. He scared the Chinese waiters nearly to death by pulling bottles, glasses and gold pieces out of the mouth of one of them. Finally he picked the waiter up and shook him. There was a rattle as of thousands of gold pieces. Some time afterward the Chinaman was killed and cut open by his companions, who had hoped to enrich themselves.

In the New York Stock exchange he took eggs out of the brokers' pockets and changed them into live pigeons and chickens. He transformed bags of wheat and corn into coal and grew a banana tree in his silk hat from which the men picked ripe bananas. Sometimes his tricks were very pleasant. He bought some oranges from a woman on a Cincinnati street, cut them open and found gold pieces, which he honestly insisted upon giving to their owner. But the woman could not be prevailed on to sell any more of her fruit and cut them all open in the hope of finding some more gold pieces. In Chinatown, San Francisco, he performed a similar trick with eggs bought of a Mongolian. The latter seeing gold drop from the broken eggs took the balance of his stock indoors and prospected for gold on his own account.

TRICKS AT WHITECHAPEL.

Once, about three years ago, the wizard was a guest at the Whitechapel club of Chicago, that rendezvous for Chicago bohemians so well remembered for its strange doings. On the night in question a venerable Japanese archbishop was also present. In the course of the evening Herrmann picked up a deck of cards and asked some one to select one of the pasteboards. This was done and proved to be the seven spot of clubs. This was shown to the spectators, but not to the magician. The card was replaced in the deck, which was shuffled, and then scattered about the room.

"Now, gentlemen," said Herrmann, "if one of you will kindly unlace the archbishop's shoe you will find there the card which was drawn from the pack."

After a brief protest by the kind-faced and gentle old man he unlaced the shoe and there, to the amazement of all, was found the seven spot of clubs. The look of wonder on the face of the old Japanese prelate afforded the wizard much pleasure.

On another occasion, during a visit to this same club, Herrmann took two packs of cards, and, putting them together, announced that he intended throwing one of them in such an accurate manner that it would stick under the woodwork lining the upper ceiling. The space into which the thin card must be thrown was almost invisible, and the distance from where Herrmann stood was perhaps twenty feet. After exhausting every card in the two packs but one he glanced slyly about him, and then, by a quick, deft movement, lodged the card in the little crack, where it remained until the club went out of existence.

One of his favorite and most difficult tricks was the palming of billiard balls. Oftentimes when visiting his newspaper friends he would scoop up three or four of the ivory balls, and by a cluck of the tongue cause them to disappear. This trick, done with coins or small articles, was very common, but when done with billiard balls amazed all who saw it. Such tricks as pulling live chickens, rabbits and guinea pigs out of the pockets of his friends were of common occurrence with him. So, too, was the one of picking $20 gold pieces from the hat bands and shoe tops of his acquaintances, even while chatting socially on the streets.

A MEAL FOR A FRIEND.

Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist, was an intimate friend of Herrmann, and the latter often had much good-natured fun at the expense of the celebrated fiddler. At St. Paul Herrmann dropped in on Remenyi just as the latter was about to partake of his midnight lunch of limburger cheese, pumpernickel and apollinaris water.

"Had your luncheon yet?" asked the magician of his friend.

"No, just going to order it."

"Well, never mind doing so. I've got everything all ready for you," and without more ado the magician pulled a large and odorous cheese from the coat-tail pocket of the violinist, a chunk of pumpernickel bread from Remenyi's breast pocket and a bottle of apollinaris from beneath his chair. Remenyi fell to and was heartily enjoying the joke, as well as the repast, when he was visited by the proprietor of the restaurant, who stated that the other guests objected to the herculean odor emitted by the cheese.

"Oh, well, we can fix that all right," said Herrmann, and by a quick movement he abstracted from the tail pocket of the proprietor's cutaway coat a large bottle of cologne, which he uncorked, and placed on the table. The room was as fragrant as a flower garden within a few moments.

Once, in the City of Mexico, he came upon a friend drinking a decoction of sherry and egg.

"Here, take the mother of that egg along with the drink," said the magician, who procured from some unknown region a live chicken, which perched on the drinker's shoulder.

"How do you do those things?" was asked by a witness of the trick. "Do you carry those chickens around with you?"

"I do not carry them about me, as you can see," answered Herrmann, unbuttoning his coat and rolling up his sleeves. "You are the ones who do the carrying. See here," and, picking up his friend's hat from an adjacent chair, he shook out a rabbit, which scampered away. Scores of such tricks could be told of the dead man.

THE SHOOTING TRICK.

Less than a year ago one of the apparently most inexplicable of Herrmann's delusions was thus described by a San Francisco newspaper after a performance in that city: "Just how a man can stand twenty-five feet in front of six Krag-Jorgensen rifles and let half a dozen crack shots blaze away at him and he suffer no injury is something that Prof. Herrmann could explain, for he does it. No explanation, however, is forthcoming. The spectator simply sees the professor face what looks like certain death, and then smilingly present to the gaze six bullets that, according to all laws of mechanical force—if the laws are not mysteriously befooled—ought to have gone clean through him. A squad of picked men under command of Sergeant Patterson, consisting of Privates Baker, McCarthy, Wiles, Henry, Whitney and Yachn, marched out upon the stage. They had been secured by permission of General Forsythe, who had at first to refer to the matter to General Miles, and they are sharpshooters. Herrmann went along the line, examining each gun, and then retired to the background, where he remained. Sergeant Patterson took a common china plate and every soldier took one cartridge from his belt and dropped it on the plate with a clink. The sergeant, holding the plate before him, went among the spectators, and General Forsythe, Police Commissioner Gunst, Alf Bouvier and others selecting a bullet apiece, marked it and dropped it back on the plate. Next the sergeant went back to his men, still holding the plate in front of him and in plain sight of everybody. Each sharpshooter reached out, took a cartridge between his thumb and finger and loaded his rifle at the word of command. The squad marched out on a temporary platform erected in front of the stage and twenty-five feet away. Every movement was made with military precision and dignity. Reaching the temporary platform, the soldiers about faced, forming in two ranks, those in front kneeling. Herrmann came forward to the center of the stage. Perhaps he looked a little nervous. He held in his hands a fragile dessert plate. It was in the position of a breast plate, held close to the body. He nodded that all was in readiness. There were the quick words of the sergeant, a roar like the roar of a cannon. Herrmann leaned backward, bracing himself as if stemming a fierce wind. Recovering himself, he brought the dessert plate to the horizontal. On this plate were six bullets. They were hot, too hot to handle, but the men who had marked six bullets while Herrmann was at the rear of the stage examined them eagerly. In each case the mark was quickly recognized."

When Herrmann tried that trick in Havana the spectators thought his bullet-proof condition a reflection on their soldiery, and suggested a machete for him, and he had a narrow escape.

The shooting trick was performed in New York last summer for the benefit of the Herald's free ice fund, and soldiers from Governor's island did the shooting. It excited much wonderment and discussion, but only one satisfactory explanation was given as to the manner in which the trick was performed. The plates used to show the genuine bullets also concealed blank cartridges. By touching a spring, the real exchanged places with the blanks, which, of course, were used by the soldiers. The plate which Herrmann held as a sort of a shield contained the hot bullets, concealed, and after the firing, were cleverly sprung to the exposed surface of the plate.

THE BITER BITTEN.

Some of his marvelous adventures were detailed by the famous necromancer in the North American Review, a few years ago. "I paid a visit to the Paris bourse," he wrote, "before the asphaltum pavement had been put down around the square upon which that great monetary institution stands. The square was then paved with a regular block pavement, which, owing to the great travel, was frequently out of repair. While inside the edifice I had seen the stock brokers and heard them howl in their frenzy of speculation, and my mind had wandered off in altogether a different direction after I got out and stood on the broad granite stairs of the temple of Mammon with a few of the stock brokers, friends of mine, who had gathered around me and asked me to "do something." A gang of workmen stood directly before us, and one of the stockbrokers said, "Why don't you play a trick on them?" I thought I would. I walked down the broad stairs among the pavers and extracted from under one of the cobblestones a 100-franc gold coin, which is about the size of one of our double eagles. Instead of being amazed, the paver simply looked at me and said, 'moitie,' meaning half. There was a law, at least at that time, in France, that the finder should have half of anything found. I, naturally, did not want to give up half, and I thought it would be a good thing to find another coin, so as at least to show the fellow that it was a trick, and straightway I put my hand down again and brought out a five-franc piece. The paver looked at me again, his face wreathed in smiles this time, and once more he said, "half," which would be 52½ francs, rather a good day's earnings. Well, as I did not seem willing to give up half, as he wanted, he began to talk loud. I then changed my tactics, explaining to him that it was a trick; and to illustrate it I picked up a five-centime coin of the reign of Louis Philippe (an old pocket piece I happened to have with me), but even this failed to satisfy the workman, and his wild gesticulations and loud talk having collected more than 500 or 600 people around us, I thought it best to compromise with him. But no, he would listen to no compromise; he hung to his rights tenaciously, and I was compelled to give him half, not alone of the 100-franc piece, but of the five-franc piece as well, and then he insisted upon half of the ten-sou piece.

"It takes either a stupid fool or an exceedingly clever man to get ahead of a prestidigitator, and of the two I am inclined to believe that the fool is far more dangerous.

BEFORE THE SULTAN.

"In 1863, when this country was engaged in its great conflict, I happened to be in Constantinople, and the sultan offered me the sum of $5,000 in good Turkish gold, which I finally made up my mind to accept.

"Toward evening a gorgeously uniformed escort came to my hotel and I was driven to one of the great palaces overlooking the Golden Horn. It was April, and one of those lovely evenings that one sees in the Orient, as one looks across the beautiful waters that divide Europe from Asia.

"One of the chamberlains entered and gave me to understand in French that I was to appear before his august sovereign. He led the way to a magnificent hall gloriously decorated with all the emblems of Orientalism, and I was shown to a raised platform covered with red carpets and hung around with damask draperies. The room was one of those open rooms that are so well known in Turkey, in which there are no doors, but great big circular arches on all sides hung over with silken curtains.

"The first thing I did when I got on the platform was, naturally, to look for my audience, but only one person sat in the middle of the room, an elderly, portly gentleman, with a nicely trimmed black beard and a red fez. I at once recognized his august majesty, the sultan of the Ottoman empire, and he in return, with a twinkle of his coal-black, brilliant eye, gave me a sign of recognition, which I supposed was a signal for me to proceed. From every arch and opening in the walls, however, came faint whisperings, which intuitively told me that while my audience in the front consisted of one only, there were a number concealed behind every bit of silk and every pillar. I afterward found that I had appeared before over 500 persons, including the entire harem, and I did not like it.

"I went through a number of experiments, which seemed to please the sultan very much. He paid as much attention to me and was as anxious as a small boy, and I could see in the twinkle of his eye that he was trying to fathom the mystery of my black art. He failed, however, and before I left Stamboul I was commanded to appear before him on his pretty yacht, which usually takes him every pleasant evening from Constantinople to the opposite shore of Asia. On this magnificent pleasure vessel I also had an experience.

"During the passage we became more familiar, and I was brought into close contact with the sultan and noticed that he had a most magnificent watch, which he consulted and handled as if it were the apple of his eye. This, of course, was a good thing for me, for as I was performing before him personally it was not etiquette to take anything from the audience. I therefore asked him to take out his watch and show it to me, which he did. I then said: 'Will your imperial majesty allow me to throw the watch overboard?' He laughed at first, but a second afterward his brow darkened and he looked just a little bit as if he were offended with me for making the request. 'If,' said I, 'I do not return the watch to you exactly as you give it to me you can put me in irons for the rest of my life if you want to.' The peculiar angry look that for a second had passed over his face vanished, and while all of his attendants stated at me and expected the sultan to have me arrested at once, he seemed to take it seriously, and I have no doubt that if I had not returned the watch I would have been put in irons. The sultan, however, was a brave man, and, after looking me straight in the eye with a piercing glance for a second, handed the watch to me and I instantly throw it into the rippling waves of the Bosporus. The yacht careened over, for every individual, from the cabin boy on the forecastle to the sultan himself astern, rushed to the side and looked overboard after the watch. I felt that if anything went wrong with this trick I certainly should be put in irons; but I called for a fishing line and, instead of showing my anxiety, proceeded at once to do a little fishing, while every one looked at me, not so much with astonishment as with pure disbelief in my ability to recover the watch, which was not only one of the things in the world the sultan liked, but was worth a great deal more than any watch I myself had ever seen. My fishing, however, happened to be prosperous, for in a few minutes I drew up a little shiner and landed him safely on deck. I brought it before the sultan, took out my pocketknife, ripped open the fish and presented the watch to his majesty in, of course, exactly the same condition as it was when he handed it to me. Turks, as a rule, are not very demonstrative, and I found in after life that to make a Turk laugh heartily is impossible. They smile, look pleased and with their daintily pointed nails pick their beards; but on this occasion every Turk, from the sultan and his blue-blooded pashas to the sailors in the forecastle, sent up one howl of delight that floated over the beautiful Golden Horn and re-echoed from the hills of Asia. You may guess how I did this and I was very much pleased with myself, for the whole entertainment was a great success.

ORDERED TO LEAVE.

"As I said before, I was a very young man then, and my heart really beat with joy when I woke up the next morning and found that Constantinople spoke of nothing but 'Herrmann, the Great.' In every kiosk, on every street, and in every bazaar there was nothing talked of but the wizard and the watch, and I was just thinking that I owned not alone Turkey, but all of Asia Minor, when I was awakened rather abruptly to the reality of the situation. After having breakfasted, feeling very much satisfied with myself, I looked over the balcony and saw that I was the observed of all observers. The attendant informed me that his imperial majesty had deigned to send a message to me. I at once, in a grand and eloquent manner, instructed the slave to admit his majesty's dispatch bearer. I stood in the middle of the room, expecting he would salaam to the greatest man on earth at about that time. Well, he entered and he salaamed, and put a bag loaded with 5,000 piastres before my feet, and over his head he handed me an envelope on the outside of which were numerous hieroglyphics, which, of course, I did not understand. I tore open the envelope quickly, and imagined that some new honors had been showered upon me. To tell the truth, I had an idea that I would be made a commander of the Medjidie. The message that met my eyes, in pure French, was, "You are advised to leave Constantinople instantly." That was all; nothing more and nothing less. I had before been in Mohammedan countries, and knew to a nicety what it meant. I looked at the slave and dismissed him, not quite as grandly as I received him, and looked out of the window, where I saw an English steamer puffing the blackest kind of black smoke from its funnel. I knew it belonged to a line of English boats which passes south of Greece, and went either to Suez or Alexandria, it mattered not to me which. I made up my mind that I would catch that steamer if I had to leave my baggage behind, and I did. I had done too much, and, alas! had become dangerous.

AMONG THE ARABS.

"The life of the prestidigiateur is not, however, wholly devoted to sovereigns, and there are some incidents in his history that are rather unpleasant. One of these happened soon after I left Constantinople.

"I had mapped out a tour of northern Africa and landed in Algeria. There were no railroads there then, and I had to travel, as I did in India and South America, on horseback. After appearing successfully in some of the towns near the coast I started boldly for the interior, and in a short time encountered a tribe of Arabs, who made me a prisoner, and, in spite of all my gesticulations and attempted explanations, tied me to a tree with the evident intention of putting me to death. It was a situation in which I hope never to be placed again, but I was young and full of spirit, and I thought the best thing for me would be to do something that would so attract their attention as to cause them to postpone, even for a little while, their rifle practice.

"Algeria being in the possession of France, some one of the tribe, I fancied, would know enough French to understand me. I had for some time before been practicing a trick which consisted in having a gun leveled and fired at me and catching the ball, and by some great luck I had a few of the bullets with me.

"I began to laugh, as loud as I could, in the manner my journalistic friends called Mephistophelian, and loudly proclaimed that my life was charmed, and that not one of the assembled Arabs' bullets could reach me. A few of the old graybeards went aside to talk the matter over, and as I was tied up there I could not help thinking that the Arab is one of the most intensely aristocratic races in the world. They stood before me in flowing white gowns, magnificent, haughty, athletic men, and as I watched them I felt that this race looked the same as in the days of Abraham. I had, however, but a few minutes to think, for four stalwart young fellows were told off to kill me. One fired, and I laughed even louder than I had before and spat out the bullet on the ground. Then the others fired, and each bullet aimed at me fell from my lips as did the first. Then came the reaction that usually follows in cases like this with semi-savage races. They thought me a god. They gathered together all the things they had taken from me. They brought cool milk and dates newly picked, and showed me all the courtesies for which the Arabs are so justly celebrated, and when the sun had sunk down over the sand mounds they escorted me to another town closer to civilization, and made me a present of the handsomest Arabic gun now in my possession."

THE ROMANCE OF A CRIME.

Trial and Acquittal of Marie Barberi in New York.

The case of Marie Barberi, concluded last week in the New York courts, was one of the romances of criminal jurisprudence, says the Detroit Free Press. On her first trial the defendant was convicted and sentenced to death in the electric chair. On the second trial just concluded she was acquitted.

The homicide for which the woman was tried was committed in April, 1895. The victim was—or had been—the lover of the woman and had promised to marry her, but finally broke his promise, and notwithstanding her repeated solicitations refused to marry her. On the day of the homicide she made a last appeal to him, and on being met with the contemptuous declaration that "only hogs marry" she drew his head back and cut his throat with a razor which she had concealed in her hand. She was an ignorant Italian girl, with comparatively few friends; and though her unfortunate condition created a good deal of sympathy for her among her countrywomen and others the case was clear against her. After a trial she was convicted as already stated and sentenced to death.

This was in July, 1895. The idea of executing a woman for murder seemed to create a good deal of feeling. Petitions poured in to the governor of New York for pardon or respite; and after a good deal of hesitation he acceded to one of the latter and postponed the execution. Friends took up the case and a firm of lawyers came forward to defend her free of charge. A new trial was secured last May and last month the new trial began. It occupied seventeen days and resulted, as already said, in the girl's acquittal. Technically the defense was that the prisoner was of unsound mind—an epileptic of the psychical type. Practically the jury acquitted her because they believed that she had been driven to the murderous act by the conduct of the young man in the case. Such at least is the unavoidable conclusion from the facts in the case. There was no pretense of any attempt to hold the girl after acquittal as a dangerous person, which she certainly is if there is any sound basis for the insanity plea. She was simply discharged and turned loose upon the community, although she is still presumably an epileptic of the psychical type. How dangerous such a person is we cannot say; but if one of the manifestations of the affliction is homicide under circumstances of careful premeditation—no matter how great the provocation—there must be considerable danger in permitting such a person to go at large.

The other theory is really the more comfortable one. If the jury merely used the insanity plea as a pretext and acquitted the girl because they believed that under the circumstances she served the young man right for refusing so contemptuously to carry out his promise to marry her their action is at least intelligible. It is open, however, to criticism because it imposes a penalty which the laws do not impose. Refusal to carry out a promise to marry under any circumstances may be a grave offense. Refusal accompanied by sneering and contemptuous remarks is undoubtedly far more reprehensible. The lawmakers have not, however, as yet decided that in either case the act merits the punishment of death at the hands of the state. The jury in the Barberi case evidently think it does at the hands of an individual; and the question arises whether a jury is justified in establishing a doctrine so far in advance of the criminal laws of the state. The question is, indeed, whether the jury ought to be intrusted with the making of laws at all. It is not a new question. But it is a very interesting one and may at some time become a pressing one if there are many such cases as that which has just been terminated in New York.

TUSSLE WITH A WILDCAT.

Bob Sands' Battle for Life in the Shaft of a Mine.

Bob Sands, boss of the Buzzard mine at Oakdale, lies at home suffering from wounds and bruises received in a fight with a wildcat, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer. That he is alive seems a little short of miraculous, for during his tussle with the beast both fell into a 100-foot airshaft.

He left home Friday morning to hunt quail, and as he did not return his wife gave the alarm and a searching party was formed. Crowds of twenty-five each went in different directions, after agreeing to meet at the Buzzard airshaft at 2 o'clock. The men had hunted all night, when Tom Wirt said he thought he heard a noise in the shaft, and, going to the opening, he peered down into the dark hole. He heard a low moan coming from the bottom of the shaft, 100 feet below. The men could not go down into the shaft, as there was no ladder, so they ran to the mouth of the mine, one mile away. When the crowd arrived at the mine Tom Wirt and Jack Thomas burst in the door by means of a log.

Ten men now volunteered to enter the mine and go to the foot of the airshaft. This was a very dangerous thing to do, as there was not a lamp in the crowd. The men stumbled along through the main entry in the darkness and had to stop several times to fight back huge rats which live in the mines.

After wading through water up to their knees they at last came to the foot of the shaft and found the mine boss lying on the ground. Hundreds of rats that were waiting their chance to devour him ran away as the rescuing party approached. The unfortunate man was now lifted from the ground and laid on a wide board, which was pulled from a car.

The party started toward the opening of the mine, when Jack Thomas stumbled over an object on the ground. Thomas stooped down, and to his surprise found what he thought to be a hog, but after a moment's examination the animal was found to be a wildcat.

When the party reached the opening the mine boss was found to be in a terrible condition. His face was terribly cut, his clothes nearly torn from his body and he was very weak from loss of blood.

On the way home he told the men of his awful adventure. He said that he had hunted all day without much success, and on his way home stopped at the mine to see if everything was all right. He then started over the hill toward the airshaft, and reached it about 7 o'clock in the evening.

It was very dark, and he was standing close to the mouth of the shaft trying to think of some plan to cover up the hole and still have it serve its purpose. All at once a rustling of the branches overhead aroused him, and suddenly a huge animal dropped on his back and began to tear at his face and body. He grappled with the beast, and a terrible battle ensued.

As the mine boss dropped his gun at the first attack, the animal had the best of the fight, and in a short time man and beast were on the ground and every minute they rolled nearer to the opening. At last both fell over the bank and were hurled downward to the bottom of the shaft. They struck the ground, with the wildcat underneath, which saved the man's life.

The boss will recover from his terrible wounds, although the scars will stay for life.

PLAN A TURNING TOWER.

Officials of the Paris Exposition Consider a Novel Idea.

What will be the crowning wonder of the Paris exposition of 1900 remains yet to be seen. Certainly there will be a remarkable collection of scientific marvels from which to make the selection. French inventors and scientists are mad on the subject and from them and from other sources come numberless suggestions and plans, some of them most wildly imaginative. Out of the many suggestions, however, several have been found worthy of consideration. The latest and most remarkable of these is a revolving palace.

The palace, or tower, is of tremendous height, and, if the plans as they now stand are carried to completion, will rival the Eiffel tower, the Ferris wheel and all the other mechanical wonders which have graced modern expositions. Besides being a marvel from the point of view of mechanical construction, the tower will be arranged for an exhibition of the latest and highest developments of electrical science.

This scheme is now under consideration by the men in charge of the preparations for the exposition and it is believed that it will be accepted as the great wonder of the big Parisian show. It is the suggestion of M. Charles Devic.

The revolving tower is to be, of course, of steel. It will reach a height of 115 meters, or 362 feet. The designer thought, when he fixed this height, that he was planning a taller structure than any in the United States. Perhaps he was when he projected it, but already New York is putting up an office building twenty feet higher. As projected, the exposition structure will have twenty-four stories. The new St. Paul building, on the old Herald site, has just that many, and the building referred to above will have thirty when completed. But the Parisians will doubtless meet the American competition by the addition of half a dozen or more stories.

As planned, the revolving tower will be divided transversely into four grand divisions. The two lower will have five floors each, the third six floors and the fourth eight floors. All, with the exception of the five upper galleries, will be opened to the public, each with a gorgeous, almost magical, display of the grandest and most striking accomplishments of electrical science applied to pleasure.

The great feature, however, will be the revolution of the whole fairy-like structure. It is to be pivoted upon a central column and driven slowly round and round by an enormous hydraulic engine. The visitor, therefore, when wearied with the glittering scenes within, has only to seat himself on the balconies and enjoy the lovely panorama of the exposition, the city and the surrounding country. The plan is to slowly rotate the building once every hour, bringing every portion of the lovely panoramic view successively before the eyes of the observer.

Besides the electrical wonders in profusion in every corner of this magical tower, there will be restaurants, cafes, dancing pavilions, theaters, concert halls and shows of every description. It is planned that the visitor will be able to find therein means to gratify every human desire for rational and permissible pleasure.

The whole will be placed in a marvelous setting. All the columns, capitals, statues, and ornaments of every description are to be of colored glass, the various pieces held together by a delicate iron framework. This will make a surprisingly beautiful setting by day, while at night the effect will be dazzling beyond description, as electric lights hidden in profusion behind the colored glass adornments and even clustered within the translucent pillars will transform the scene into one of startling brilliance.

So much for the palace of science and pleasure to the visitor within it. But that is not half of its utility as a practical wonder. It will be a source of unending sensation to the whole exposition and to a large neighboring part of Paris as well. Its vast and fantastic proportions will divide honors with the Eiffel tower by day, while at night it will be a thing of startling and widespread beauty.

This is to be brought about by a colossal system of electric lighting in colors that has not an equal in the world. The entire building, in all its fantastic outlines, will be set against the dark sky in lines of fire. Innumerable incandescent lamps will be required for the display, and 2,000 arc lamps of great power will be used to accentuate the points and corners of the fiery construction.

At the striking of the hour, by a chime of sixty-four bells, accompanied by a huge steam organ, a procession of titanic figures will move from a door in the clock tower and encircle the aerial balcony. The figures will allegorically represent ballooning, steam, railways, telegraphy, and photography. At night they will be rendered magnificent by electric illumination.

And high above all, on the extreme summit of the building, a cock will crow at each hour. And such a bird! He is to be sixteen feet high and of all the colors of the rainbow. He will clap his wings wildly as he screams his shrill joy in tones of steam that can be heard for miles, and at night he will glow like a creature of fairyland with the brilliance of 1,200 incandescent lamps.

It is the general opinion in Paris that this building will be chosen as the crowning wonder of the exposition of 1900. Many other suggestions far more startling have been made, but none that combines such practical features with probabilities of so great a financial return and popularity so enduring.

A BETTER NEW YORK.

Reforms that Have Been Adopted in the Metropolis.

Upon the road which New York has been treading this half-score years, says the Century Magazine, there is at last no turning back. The streets evacuated by the trucks have been occupied by the children, the truckman's with the rest, for the want of better playgrounds, and the truckman has abandoned the fight; and where they crowd thickest, playgrounds of their own are being fitted up for them in school and park. "Hereafter no school house shall be constructed in the City of New York without an open playground attached to or used in connection with the same," says one of the briefest, but most beneficent laws ever enacted by the people of the state of New York. It is all there is of it, but it stands for a good deal. No child of New York, poor or rich, shall hereafter be despoiled of his birthright—a chance to play; and as for the streets, does any one imagine that New Yorkers will ever be persuaded to barter away their clean and noiseless pavements and pure air for the whirling dust clouds, the summer stenches and the winter sloughs of old, seasoned with no matter what mess of political pottage? If so, he is grievously mistaken. Colonel Waring has shown us that the streets of New York can be cleaned, and any future city government, no matter how currupt or despotic, will have to reckon with him. And right well the enemy knows it; he may not refrain from picking our pockets in future; but he will at least have to do it with due regard to the decencies of life.

Mulberry Bend is gone, and in its place have come grass and flowers and sunshine. Across the Bowery, where 324,000 human beings were shown to live out of sight and reach of a green spot, four of the most crowded blocks have been seized for demolition, to make room for the two small parks demanded by the Tenement House commission. Bone Alley, redolent of filth and squalor and wretchedness, is to go, and the children of that teeming neighborhood are to have a veritable little Coney Island, with sandhills and shells, established at their very doors. Who can doubt the influence it will have upon young lives heretofore framed in gutters?

I question whether the greatest wrong done the children of the poor in the past has not been the aesthetic starvation of their lives rather than the physical injury. Against the latter, provision has been made by stringent tenement house laws, by the vigorous warfare upon child labor, by the extension of the law's protection to stores as to factories, and by the restriction of the sweat-shop evil. In the park to be laid out by the Schiff fountain, in the shadow of the Hebrew institute—one of the noblest of charities—a great public bath is to rise upon the site of the present rookeries, harbinger of others to come. All about, new school houses are going up, on a plan of structural perfection and architectural excellence at which earlier school boards would have stood aghast. The first battle for the schools has been fought and won, and though there be campaigning ahead without stint on that score, the day is in sight when every child who asks shall find a seat provided for him in the public school, and when that scandal of the age, the mixing of truants and thieves in a jail, shall have finally ceased, even as it is now forbidden by law.

Stockholders Meeting.

Office of L.-Clarke-Andreesen Hardware Company, Omaha, Neb., Dec. 12, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of the Lee-Clarke-Andreesen Hardware company that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the company will be held at the offices of the said company, Nos. 1219, 1221 and 1223 Harney street, in the city of Omaha, in the state of Nebraska, on Tuesday, January 12, A. D. 1897, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the company, to serve during the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may be presented at such meeting. (Seal.) H. J. LEE, President.

Attest: W. M. GLASS, Secretary. Dec12-22t

Stockholders' Meeting Union Elevator Company of Omaha.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union Elevator company of Omaha, for the purpose of electing seven directors and such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the General Solicitor, Union Pacific building, Omaha, Neb., upon Monday, the 4th day of January, 1897, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m., and 6 o'clock p. m.

The stock transfer books will be closed ten (10) days before the date of the meeting. ALEXANDER MILLAR, Secretary.

Boston, Mass., December 7, 1896. D14-22t

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

UNION LAND COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union Land company for the election of five directors and the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before the meeting will be held at the office of the general solicitor, Union Pacific building, Omaha, Nebraska, upon Monday the 11th day of January, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m.

ALEXANDER MILLAR, Secretary.

Boston, Mass., December 7, 1896.

D22—d22t

Notice of Irrigation Bond Sale.

The directors of the Middle Loup Valley Irrigation district invite sealed proposals for $100,000 (in part or whole) of bonds of said district up to 2 p. m. of January 19, 1897. Address,

CHARLES NICOLAI, Secretary, Sargent, Neb.