PART TWO. THE SUNDAY JOURNAL. PAGES 9 TO 16.

PRICE FIVE CENTS. INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 23, 1890—SIXTEEN PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE GIFTED MARY ANDERSON

Undivided Devotion to Her Art Finally Deprived Her of Her Mental Balance.

Her Health is Regained and She Will Marry, but Will Never Act Again—A Great Histrionic Genius Lost to the Tragic Drama.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—The real reason for the retirement of Mary Anderson from the stage, and her unalterable determination never to act again, is here made public for the first time, and on unquestionable authority. The great actress became insane, and, having nearly if not quite recovered her mental balance, she does not dare to take the risk of dramatic emotion again. The particulars are procured by your correspondent from original sources, friendly to the lady, and they explain much that has been a mystery, not only to the theatrical profession, but to the public in general. The first symptoms of mental aberration manifested themselves in Miss Anderson as long ago as 1886. They consisted of spells of excitement, in strong contrast with her usual quiet and amiable disposition. Eccentricities appeared in her acting, especially in the more violent passages of tragic roles, but these were so slight as to escape the observation of audiences, although her companions on the stage noted them.

On her return to New York, after a tour of the country, she visited Father Preston, a Catholic priest, eminent in his church as an authority on doctrine, and an adviser, in that respect, to the late Cardinal McCloskey, as well as the present Archbishop Corrigan. Miss Anderson had always been a devout Catholic, and the dogma of that church is nominally, if not actually, against dramatic performances. Her disturbance of mind took the form of anxiety lest she should lose her soul through her success on the stage. She, therefore, visited Father Preston, and requested him to decide for her the question whether or not her fear was rational. The priest told her that, in his opinion, a moral and religious actress did not incur Divine displeasure by the pursuit of her profession, particularly in the case of a tragedian, whose roles were considered high in art. This expert opinion was delivered in too offhand a manner to satisfy Miss Anderson, and she urgently desired Father Preston to take a whole month in which to study the subject, consulting all the church authorities, and not fearing to condemn her to banishment from the stage in case he found that acting was incompatible with the most rigid ideal of religious duty. The clergyman consented to do this, and at the end of the month he informed her that his opinion was still unaltered; but, he added that, if her own conscience bade her abandon her profession, she ought to do it, without reference to the church standards. This deliverance of a verdict by Father Preston calmed her for a while, but subsequently it seemed to excite her fears of Divine condemnation anew, and she brooded over the subject incessantly.

It is just about three years since the beautiful and gifted Mary Anderson broke down and suddenly ended a tour that was at the height of its success. She had been working constantly and assiduously for a long time prior to the opening of that season, under the direction of Abby, Schœffel and Grau. Her production of "A Winter's Tale" had engrossed her attention to the exclusion of all other subjects, and she had approached her performance of the play's heroine, Perdita, with far more nervousness than had marked her debut in other roles. Her triumph in the part is admitted to have been the worthiest she ever achieved. But the victory did not bring to her the reaction of repose and contentment. On the contrary, her manner, which had already begun to attract the notice of those who came in contact with her on the stage, became even more eccentric and uneven. Always of a vivacious temperment, though never really impulsive, she now astonished her company by exhibiting fits of petulancy and even anger. She had brought over an English troupe, and she had rehearsed with them in London so often and so agreeably that they were quick to observe the change in her demeanor. It was not long before they began to talk and even to complain. The matter seemed of slight consequence then, but, viewed in the light of later developments, it was seen to have been the first serious indication of Miss Anderson's illness. One day at a rehearsal of "A Winter's Tale," Manager Henry E. Abbey was present, It is now gathered, from a witness of the episode, that Mr. Abbey had some occasion to make a suggestion regarding the play or one of the actors. At all events, whatever he may have said caused Miss Anderson to forget herself to a point beyond any previous outburst of temper. She turned on the manager and soundly berated him in the presence of the company, using very vigorous language and exhibiting a strange impetuosity and violence of anger. Mr. Abbey's position was embarrassing, and he withdrew as quietly and quickly as possible. The incident, however, made a profound impression upon the little group.

During this period Miss Anderson's health was failing. The climax was coming with almost imperceptible stealth, but with steady progress. From New York her tour was laid out to cover nearly all the large cities, and, with the metropolitan success to give it value, the season was confidently expected by Mr. Abbey and his partners to yield handsome profits. Yet, on the eve of the company's departure from this city, one of the English actresses in the support confided to a newspaper man her fears that Miss Anderson "would not hold out." The prophecy reached fulfillment early and suddenly. At Baltimore Miss Anderson's exhausted mentality came for the first time under a physician's care. She was declared to be seriously ill, and she was ordered to cease acting for a time. The decision was a bitter one to her managers, but they acquiesced in its wisdom. Philadelphia was to have been visited after Baltimore, and even while the advertisements of the former city were declaring that "it was very probable Miss Anderson would be enabled, with a few days' rest, to appear before Philadelphians," Mr. Abbey and his agents were reluctantly getting ready to disband the company. Mr. Abbey, at least, could have entertained no further doubt of the alarming condition of Miss Anderson's mental and physical health. He had, if one very near to him may be taken as authority, seen another and a most convincing proof of the great actress's irrational behavior. He met her at the railroad station in Baltimore. Upon accosting her she failed to recognize him, and, indeed, made a scene of no little excitement by declaring that he was intruding himself upon her notice. This episode was all the more startling because the manager and the actress had been on the friendliest terms, and there had even been a rumor, in the days of Mr. Abbey's widowerhood, that they were likely to wed.

There was a dance by Perdita in this production of "A Winter's Tale," and it was done by Miss Anderson with a wild grace of action which astonished and enraptured the spectators. It was especially during this violent dance that she showed the most alarming signs of insanity, according to one actor's recollections, and the effort seemed to more and more unbalance her mind. Her retirement from our stage dates with her break-down in Baltimore. She was closely confined to her rooms at a Philadelphia hotel and access to her was so carefully guarded that only her physician, her spiritual adviser, her nurse and her French maid saw her. She held no personal communication with her managers during her illness, and the only intelligence of her condition was gleaned in scraps from her brother Joseph, who was then in her company. Her father-in-law, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, and she had not been on very affectionate terms for some time prior to her collapse.

The exact nature of Miss Anderson's illness has never been made public. Classing it rather sweepingly as "nervous prostration," her physicians, both in Baltimore and Philadelphia, have steadily refused to discuss their patient's peculiarities and eccentricities during her sickness. But she has experienced a return to fair health since her retirement abroad. But the statement is here made on absolute authority that she will never act again. This determination is based partly on her religious idea and partly on a belief that a relapse would follow a return to the stage. She will marry Jose F. Navarro, jr., and settle down to private life.

Miss Anderson's marriage will be one of the great events of next season in London, and Londoners will rejoice that she has provided them rather than New Yorkers with the excitement of her wedding. The beautiful Oratory of Brompton is, according to present arrangements, to be the scene of the wedding, and doubtless even its vast accommodations will be all-insufficient for the demands made upon it. Mr. Navarro is a very handsome young man, and the pair should make an ideal bride and bridegroom. Her future husband is the son of a New York millionaire, and, like herself, he is a stanch Catholic. Miss Anderson in a few months will be thirty-one. No doubt she has really never loved before. One now and then meets an actor or an actress who played in her support during the days of her immaturity, and who will hint rather vaguely at a romance in which the young actress and a conventionally poor but handsome young actor were sentimentally but harmlessly involved. Yet the actor himself has never turned up to be pointed out, and there are few young players who wouldn't claim the distinction if they honestly could. On the whole, it is safe to regard Mr. De Navarro as the first captor of Miss Anderson's affection outside of her mother church, to which she has been singularly and almost inconsistently devoted, considering the fact that the modern stage and Rome are not on very friendly terms. Her fortune is ample, and the greater portion of it has been acquired in the last five or six years. That she will never again appear upon the stage may be firmly believed. America has lost her greatest tragedienne.

THE VICTORY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

Kate Field Rejoices in the Mormon Defeat—Her Advice to the Gentiles.

Kate Field's Washington.

A Mormon once said to me: "There's no necessity to lie about Mormonism. All you need do is to tell the truth." I told the truth, and received the unanimous indorsement of an enthusiastic audience. That beautiful May night in Zion I said to those long-suffering gentiles: "Remember how long your ancestors fought for independence! Democrats and Republicans, drop your parties as you did in 1861, and remember that the Rocky mountains are to be saved! Loyal Leaguers, you who have done such great work through your able representatives at the capital, swear that you will fight it out on the same line if it takes all next winter and several winters more! 'What are 200,000 people unorganized?' once asked George Q. Cannon. 'Nothing! But 200,000 people united as we are'—meaning the Saints—'are a terror to the world.' George Q. Cannon is right. Take a leaf from his book. What are 40,000 gentiles unorganized? Nothing! But 40,000 gentiles, banded together as Loyal Leaguers, can break down the temporal power of the Mormon Church in five years or less. I am not a prophet nor the daughter of a prophet—thank Heaven!—but I am not without perception, and I know that the fate of this Territory lies in gentile hands. There is a tide in the affairs of men that leads on to fortune, but it must be taken with the flood. Gentiles, it is your solemn duty to register. Let no false pride keep you away from the polls. Some old soldiers are saying: 'I'll take no oath of allegiance. I proved my loyalty on the battle-field twenty years ago.' Because you helped to save your country long ago shall you do nothing now? You gave precious blood then, and you will not take an oath now because it is designed for law-breakers? Remember that there are sins of omission as well as sins of commission; and, were I a voter in this Territory, I should deem it a sin not to vote. Register, and you can elect six members of the House of Representatives and three members of the Council. Register and you can send your representatives to the Grand Army encampment next August to pass resolutions—for what? Universal disfranchisement. Register, and you can go to Washington to demand of Congress—what? Universal disfranchisement. And when you make this demand, remember who struck the first blow that has made all recent legislation possible. When Eli H. Murray refused to sign the certificate of election that would have sent George Q. Cannon—an alien and a polygamist—back to Congress, he displayed a moral courage and foresight that have placed him in the front rank of patriots. He has been condemned for the great act. John Brown was condemned—to be hanged. But wat followed? Liberty to every part of this country but Utah."

Gentiles did register; have registered ever since; have grown stronger and stronger at every election, and now they control Salt Lake City. May they make noble use of their power, remembering that on them depends the good name of liberty, as well as the future of a great and interesting Territory.

Come with me to Nevada. It is during our civil war. Two men are seated at dinner, one is loyal to the Union, the other a copperhead. The former listens silently to maledictions heaped upon Uncle Sam, until at last he calls to the cook: "Bring me your largest and saltest mackerel!" The fish is brought and placed between the two men. With choice oaths the copperhead wants to know what his Christian friend is going to do with such a sweet-smelling viand. "That bird," replies the Unionist, drawing forth a revolver, "is the American eagle, and you've got to eat the whole of it!" The whole of that bird is eaten.

Come with me to Utah. It is 1890. Uncle Sam and Wilford Woodruff, president of the Mormon theocracy, are seated at the same table. The former listens silently to maledictions heaped upon his head by the saintly polygamist and rebel. What shall he say? "That bird," pointing to the Constitution, with Camp Duglas and a loyal army behind it, "is the American eagle, and you've got to eat the whole of it!"

A LADY ARCHITECT.

She Doesn't Mind Walking Over Scaffolding, but Won't Climb Ladders.

Philadelphia Record.

"Minerva Parker, Architect and Designer," is the inscription on a neat sign at the entrance to No. 14 South Broad street. In a very tidy room on the third floor Miss Parker was found drafting the floor plan of a large building for a railroad company. She is a decidedly pretty young lady, with very black hair and eyes, which, with her dark complexion, form a very vivid contrast with her even white teeth.

"I am the only lady architect in Philadelphia," she said. "I know of only two other ladies engaged in the profession. They are located at Rochester, N. Y., and have a large clientage, which nets them handsome incomes. Of course, I have the same annoyances and troubles that other architects have to endure. I am pestered by the man who wants his hinges, locks, grates, and dear only knows what, stipulated in the specifications, for which, of course, he is willing to allow me a percentage ranging anywhere from 5 to 40 per cent. of the cost. I have but few lady clients, and rather prefer serving them, as they generally know just about what they want. I superintend the construction of all the buildings I design, and furnish every detail of the interior decoration. I don't mind walking over scaffolding a bit, but I certainly draw the line on ladders. I have thought seriously of adopting a reform dress. I don't like notoriety and have persistently avoided it, preferring that my work should be my advertisement. I am now engaged upon the plans for a railroad bridge, a number of small dwellings and a stable. I am in love with my profession, and can say that it has proven one of profit and pleasure."

Almost an Apostle.

Lewiston Journal.

Here is how one Maine minister spends his spare time this winter: Elder Bowie, of Phipsburg, is running the steam hoister of the Parker's Head Ice Company at present, while still performing his pastoral duties. On Sunday he walks up from the Centre, holds his services at the two churches under his charge, takes whatever the congregations feel like giving, and helps himself out in various ways. The general opinion of him entertained by the people is pretty clearly shown by the remark of one of his parishioners: "He comes the nearest of being one of the old apostles of any man I ever see."

MEN'S LIKES AND DISLIKES

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on What the Lords of Creation Most Look for in Women.

What Women Must Be, Do, and Say to Find Favor with Men—Man's Expectations in Woman, and How She Fulfills Them.

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In spite of the fact that "many men have many minds," and that individual tastes differ as greatly as features and tints, yet there are certain tastes which are essentially masculine the world over.

We have all often heard the expression, "Oh, she is just the sort of woman men like!" and we all feel an immediate, if secret interest in the woman so referred to.

Men are the rulers of the world, and to please them is our aim and desire. Often, however, their tastes are so paradoxical that it would require a seven-headed Medusa to respond to all their varied and contradictory ideas.

That a man likes beauty goes without saying, as that a bee likes flowers. But as the bee only flutters about a flower which contains no honey-yielding property, so man only hovers a brief time about the beauty without wit or charm.

A man likes a woman to be capable of talking well at times, but he does not care for the garrulous girl. He likes to be listened to himself, and objects to the girl who monopolizes the conversation almost as much as to the one who does not talk at all.

A man likes modesty, but he is disgusted with mock prudery.

He secretly likes a slightly unconventional girl, but he is so sensitive to public comment that he is afraid to openly show his liking for her unless she is well grounded socially. And he is quick to censure if she defies the proprieties or violates absolute good form.

A man is utterly lacking in independence regarding these matters, and far more sensitive to public opinion than the weaker sex. However much he might enjoy the society of a woman who defied conventional rules of dress or deportment he would not be seen in public with her if he could avoid it. And a lapse from good morals does not offend him so quickly as a lapse from good manners. A man likes discretion, but he invites indiscretion from women. In order to please him in the matter of conduct and morals, we must do exactly the opposite to his either bold or subtle suggestions. He will advise you to be discreet with others, but tempt you to folly himself merely to flatter his own vanity. But he is disappointed and disillusioned if you yield. There are no exceptions to this rule. All men are alike in this instinct to destroy virtue, and in their secret hope that virtue will withstand temptation. A man likes an enthusiastic woman, but he abhors gush. The girl who enjoys herself thoroughly, and is not afraid to show her enjoyment, always wins more admirers than the languid beauty who is forever "bored."

He likes a girl who understands masculine sports, and can appreciate skillful games; but he does not like to have her appreciation extend to riding a bicycle or playing base-ball herself.

A man likes a woman who does not scold him for smoking, and he is never reformed by one who does.

He likes a spice of coquetry in a woman, but he does not like the professional flirt. He may pursue her, but it is for amusement or conquest, not from admiration.

He is afraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposols she has received and rejected from his disappointed fellow-men destroys his respect for and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to her list.

He likes a hint of daring flashing through a woman's nature, but he wants it hidden and controlled. Then he enjoys thinking how he would like to develop this dangerous trait, and congratulates himself upon being an excellent fellow when he does not attempt it.

But he is repelled by bold dash and venturesomeness in a woman, for that he believes has been developed by some other man, and it is not, therefore, to his taste.

The French maiden is told to never lift her eyes above the second shirt stud of the gentleman to whom she is listening. This sort of shyness entertains a man for one or two occasions; after that—or after he has compelled her eyes to meet his—it bores him. He likes better the frank, honest, direct gaze of the American girl; but the unblushing stare of the flirtation-inviting belle is not to his liking, although he may respond to it for the sake of adventure.

A man likes a woman of sympathetic feeling and affectionate nature, but he is afraid of the intensely emotional one. She tires and fatigues him, and is liable to be exacting in her demands, or at least he fears she might be. The highly emotional woman needs to wear an armor of control and repose, no matter what it costs her to do so, if she would be pleasing to man. Let her nature be suspected, and it fascinates: let it be discovered, and it ennuies.

A man likes a cheerful and optimistic woman, though he may strive with all his might to convert her to pessimism. Yet the ready-made cynic in woman's form shocks him. However erroneous the idea, man regards woman as the sunlight of life, and expects her to drive away malarial mists from his mind and shadows from his heart by her warmth and light.

Though she be accomplished, beautiful, and talented, she will lose ground with the opposite sex if she is cynical or sad. Every man likes to create his own pessimist. He does not wish to find one.

Men like an accomplished and bright woman rather than a talented one, and entertaining and amusing qualities rather than markedly intellectual ones.

A wise and tactful woman who desires to be popular with mankind (and she is not wise if she does not) will keep her intellect subservient to her graces and charms when in the presence of men.

A man likes a woman's intellect to shine brilliantly in its full force only when great occasions demand it. At other times he wants it veiled by her beauty and modesty. He would rather it should gleam like star shine on his path, or suddenly glow forth in shadowed places like a powerful dark lantern, than to glare always about him like an electric light, which blinds the eyes of his egotism and offends his pride.

A man likes a woman of independent and strong character, but he is not attracted to her unless she possesses some feminine weaknesses. He may admire her as a good comrade, and even seek her advice, but he is more likely to love and marry the weak, clinging vine; and after the honeymoon is over he not infrequently wastes his life secretly longing for or openly seeking the companionship of the strong character he passed by. Here, again, let the discreet woman take warning, and veil the full extent of her self-reliance and strength from the sight of man till occasion demands revealing it.

She must keep it to surprise him ever and anon, instead of flaunting it forever in his eyes.

A man likes a neat woman, and admires a stylish one. He always knows but can never describe what he likes in the matter of feminine attire, but it is for the woman who listens to his comments on her sisters to discover his tastes. He likes trim boots, neat gloves, a snug-fitting waist and a well-hung skirt, plain draperies, good material, quiet colors. He does not like elaborate trimmings, and is sensitive about pronounced styles or odd fashions unless they are very artistic, or worn by an exceptionally pretty woman. He likes jaunty (but not dashing) hats and bonnets not overweighed down with ornaments.

A man censures extravagance in women, but invariably admires expensive garments. He likes a girl of strong vitality, great endurance and excellent spirits, but the mannish girl has more comrades than admirers. Although the girl who can sew, embroider, and play the piano possesses eminently domestic accomplishments, he admires more the girl who can ride, row and swim. Yet he prefers plumpness to muscle. He is annoyed or disappointed in the girl who tires easily, and perhaps this is why he enjoys the athletically-inclined young woman rather than the household deity, with her fancy work and side-ache.

A man may consider children a great bore himself, but he shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. He expects the maternal instinct in woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it, and when it strongly exists this feeling will draw him back to her often when her personal charms no longer influence him. He may prove a bad father and an unloving husband, yet through her love for his children he often returns to her.

A man prefers temper to sulks, a storm of tears to a fit of melancholy. He is flattered by a touch of jealousy occasionally in a woman's attitude toward him, but he is weaned and alienated from her if it becomes a quality of her nature.

An occasional thunder-storm clears the air, but constant cyclones and cloud-bursts destroy life and vegetation. A man likes girls who speak well of one another, and he is repelled by those who declare "they hate women."

Men like women with ideas of their own, but they are afraid of women with theories or hobbies. A woman with a hobby needs to carefully blanket and stable it away from the eyes of a man whom she desires to please.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE LATEST FAD IN DOGS.

The "Great Dane" Takes the Place of the St. Bernard in the Affections of Fanciers.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The sensation of the year in dogdom is the Great Dane. These dogs, which came originally from the northern European countries, have all of the majesty and repose of the mastiff, the faithfulness of the St. Bernard and the field instincts of the big Russian and Siberian hounds, coupled with a gentle nature and an alert intelligence which puts them on a par with some of the quick-witted dogs of the smaller class. I have never seen a finer collection of Great Danes in the world than those at the dog-show, during the past week, in New York. Some of them were as large as ponies, and they could perform tricks that would make a French poodle stare. The master of one of the kennels took six of these big animals into the ring, in the dog show, and put them through a series of evolutions, such as running in pairs, triplets and fours abreast, executing maneuvers, jumping, walking on two feet and jumping with the hind legs alone. He wound up the exhibition by sending all the dogs jumping over his head in a continual stream. The man was six feet in height and the dogs jumped so well that they left a clear space of eight or ten inches over the top of his head. They jumped a good deal as a greyhound does without any preliminary crouching. They took the jump along with the stride which they happened to be making at the time. They are not trick dogs in any sense, and the various exhibitions of their powers, by the breeders, were simply to show the wide capabilities of the animal. The Great Dane, in repose, is a picture. His chest is broad, and, as his coat is short and rather silky, like a pointer's, it gives a free exhibition of the dog's wonderful shoulder and thigh muscles. His head is set on a thick neck, the eyes are large, expressive and almost human. The late Emperor William, of Germany, is responsible for bringing the Great Dane into notice. He had one of the animals in his palace when he died, and the dog had been the Emperor's faithful companion for twelve years. He was bought by an American, by the by, and exhibited in the show last week.

The fox terriers this year were a shade below what had been expected. There were numerous examples of well-bred dogs, but the general average was not quite up to the standard which had been set by last year's exhibition. Of the curious, long-bodied and short-legged little dachunds there were many attractive specimens, and there were some capital cocker and water spaniels. The exhibition of collies was the finest that I have ever seen. Judging dogs by points, as they must in a competition, gives rise to a good deal of mystery in an observer's mind. Very few people who studied the collies carefully in the show could see any reason for the honors that were placed upon some of the winners. Some beautiful specimens were unmercifully snubbed.

A REMINISCENCE OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

His First Appearance Before Indiana Preachers and the Indianapolis Public.

Rev. James Hill, in Northwestern Advocate.

In the spring of 1839 the Indiana Conference held a convention in Indianapolis to prepare for the centennial celebration of Wesleyan Methodism. It was agreed to have the celebration in connection with the conference session to be held Oct. 23-31, in Lawrenceburg. Matthew Simpson, the newly-elected president of Indiana Asbury University, made his first appearance before the Indiana preachers and the people of Indianapolis at this convention. He was then a tall, stoop-shouldered youth, with light hair, low forehead, and large mouth, clad in a gray suit of clothes. He was greatly admired, and on motion was unanimously elected to preach the centennial sermon at the conference. As the time drew near there was great expectation and a great anxiety to hear the already celebrated orator and preacher. At the appointed time he rose and gave out a missionary hymn. The immense audience looked and gazed in wonder, with the thought, "Is that the great Simpson?" After prayer, reading Scripture lessons, and singing again he rose and read his text from Ezekiel's vision of the holy waters, using the third to the sixth verses of the forty-seventh chapter. As he proceeded with the discourse, showing the progress of the church and the gospel of the kingdom, his countenance brightened, and he grew greatly animated and poured forth a tide of gospel eloquence, and with such pathos that by the time he was midway of the discourse the audience was enthused and excited, and the interest was intense. A lady-appearing woman, in the center of the audience and immediately facing the preacher, rose to her feet, and, extending her arms to the highest tension, exclaimed: "Stand still, thou sun, and let the moon pass by!" There was a short suspension of the sermon, the woman was quieted, and the discourse was renewed with increasing power. The young preacher rose to great eminence; he was elected to the episcopal office by the General Conference held in Boston in 1852, and to his latest day, in all his world-wide travels and arduous labors, never forgot the incident.

At a camp-meeting held in the summer of 1840, in a grove adjoining the north side of Indianapolis, which grove has long since disappeared and the ground is now occupied by many of the finest residences, and I think one of them is President Harrison's, where he lived when elected, he preached, one Sabbath morning, a powerful sermon on the general judgment, from the text in Rev. xx, 12. The audience numbered about 2,000. The effect on it was electrical; many were alarmed in their sins, and a great revival ensued. After the sermon an old lady said to that eminent lawyer, Judge James Morrison, "O Judge, that is the making of a great man." The Judge, who had been an attentive listener, said, "Madam, he is already a great man."

Hair Parted in the Middle.

New York Sun.

There are literally dozens of men in Washington, and a fair showing in the State legislatures, who part their hair in the middle. The old-time opposition to this form of arranging the hair has entirely disappeared. There was a time, and it was not very long ago, either, when a man who had a straight line down the middle of his head where his hair was divided was looked upon, more or less, as a Miss Nancy, and he could not hope for any sort of political preferment. To say of a politician running for a local office that he parted his hair in the middle was to prophesy inevitable disaster. With most people there was but one way to part the hair, and that was well down over the left ear. Nobody knows exactly when the reform started in, but nowadays a man's method of dressing his hair has absolutely nothing to do with the case. Whether he wears an artistic bang, after the fashion of William Walter Phelps, or exhibits a wide and brilliant part from ear to ear, which distinguishes such popular solons as Speaker Husted, has no political significance now.

A Lesson of Experience.

Philadelphia Record.

"Is the bride going to wear a veil?" asked the sexton of a Broad-street church yesterday. "Yes. Why do you ask that?" "Well, they'll be an hour later—that's all," the sexton replied. "I never saw a bride on time yet if she had a veil."

LIFE IN THE NEXT CENTURY

Shirley Dare Relates a Dream, in Which She Makes Forecasts of the Future.

The Great Cities of the Coming Century Will Be Clean, Almost Noiseless, and Comfort and Convenience Will Be the Rule.

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How would life seem if everything and everybody from its beginning were devoted to making things pleasant? Would the world be any worse for our partial happiness, or we be any worse for living in a safe, kind, healthful world? To say that health and soundness of mind, ease of fortune and good feeling are not the due and right conditions of life, is to say that disease and sin are best, and we are to submit to them, and we know it is not so.

To study to make life easy for oneself and for others does not seem a very noble ambition, yet it may hold the principle of the most unselfish deeds, the most warm-hearted service to the world. It is questionable if enlightened selfishness has not more real consideration for others than much of the one-sided self-devotion which wears a little silver badge at its button-hole, and manages to lay a very large one on other people's shoulders, with the very best of motives.

Such thoughts were in my mind as the ferryboat neared the Battery landing at New York. How long the trip had been through the fog I could not say; but that had lifted as the boat glided to the wharf; and it struck me as unusual that a fragrant breeze was blowing off shore, in place of the smell of bilge water. By good fortune, too, the boat glided surely to the wharf without a shock or jar, depriving us of those instants of dread and recoil which are part of every day's experience with ferry passengers. It seemed strangely quiet in the city, but that was probably on account of some funeral or celebration unknown to me, being a person who often as not misses reading the newspapers. It crossed my mind, indeed, to wish there might be a funeral every day for the sake of quiet, as I walked up Broadway to the postoffice. There had been a very careful cleaning of the streets lately, I remarked, and the fragrance of Jersey florist gardens came gratefully on the unperverted air. One somehow missed the sense of clouding, gloom and grime which attends the entrance to a city, and I took up the day's work with a better heart.

I went into the city postoffice, lifting my skirts from habit to escape the dirty floors, but behold, all was clean and dustless as a college museum, and, more wonderful, no trace of grime soiled lintels or sills. I spoke in praise of the admirable order to the custodian at the door.

"Where is the dust to come from?" he asked, and I looked around to reply. The soothing quiet of the city had made itself felt before, and I discovered that the great causes of noise and dust were both gone. There was no traffic in the streets where the concrete pavements lay as fresh as Philadelphia door-steps. Not a horse-car or team of any sort could be seen, no litter of any kind offended the senses, instead the street boxes of flowers lined the sidewalks as far as eye could see, and the breath of the city was that of a garden.

Here and there little gay gilded iron pavilions of lightest open work, with striped awnings, sheltered the business of a vender of papers, household notions, fruits or fancy wares. Presently a light open car, with awning over it, glided swiftly by with the touch of a musical, clear bell, and went noiselessly up Broadway.

Everything goes by electricity, I said to myself, but I was behind the times.

The mail was uncommonly large, there being 350 letters on superfluous hair and cosmetics, by the 10 o'clock post, but I had hardly time for a thrill of dismay, when the obliging clerk said: "Of course, you will have them sent to the house?"

"I said: "I can't wait for the next delivery."

"They will be at the house before, or at the same time, if you take the pneumatic yourself. They are just dispatching the Western unlimited mail; perhaps you would like to see it." A gilded gate unclosed, and huge iron cylinders, one after another, shot into the dark opening, which could be seen sloping cellarward, and flew off, as the cash-boxes vanish at shop-counters.

"It is a great benefit to the country, having the new service, said the clerk. "The return mail is here again by 3 o'clock in the afternoon from Chicago."

"Return?" I managed to ask in surprise.

"Yes, that is, the orders are sent by telegraph, and the parcels are here by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The routine, perhaps, interests you?" she said politely, for, though obliging, the clerk was still a woman. "The orders for goods are sent by morning telegraph to Chicago by 7 o'clock, and the goods are selected, packed and received here by the middle of the afternoon. Many families order their flour, vegetables and beef from the Western central markets direct, and get them in time for dinner the same day. It is a great saving of expense, and things come so fresh. We are pretty well up with the business at this end, for most of the mail just sent was ordered from Denning's and Sterns's this morning for St. Louis ladies, who want things for the great reception to-night. The charm seems to be in getting up parties impromptu since the pneumatic came in. It has revolutionized everything. There comes the New Jersey mail, the flower mail, I mean. The milk mail for the children's lunches is in by half-past 12." "Can you get it up town by 1 o'clock?" I asked, incredulous. "Oh, most of it goes direct to the houses, though some waits here on call. There, they have spilt the milk at the Gilsey House, and the cook wants more sent up for puddings before the eggs begin to fall. All right, delivered and received," she said, as a silvery ting rang at her elbow from the transmitting wire. "Wonderful system that shoots the milk can on the pantry table and never sends to the wrong house."

"But I don't quite understand," I said. "Your mail seems to be mostly goods. Don't it interfere with the letters?"

"People don't need letters as they used to," she said, "since every person has his private wire and talks to his correspondent direct. The telegraph and phono-telegraph have dispensed with writing, except for love letters, which it is still refined to send in the old, silent way, by writing. But we have all we can do sending family supplies by the pneumatic underground across the continent. The country owes a debt of gratitude to President Wanamaker for establishing the pneumatic traffic post. Except the sending of grain by ships along the interstate canals, there is no commerce except by underground. Doesn't it make a delightful difference? I can hardly believe that I used to live when they had horse-cars and wagons on the streets. Everything has been so much sweeter since they gave up teams and sewers. The railways, too, are so much nicer since they came to be used only for traveling."

I went up-town pondering. A well-known door admitted me promptly to that wonder in a city house, a light, cheerful hall, with a dressing-room opening directly from it, also light, roomy, and furnished in agreeable taste with tiles and enamel, lovely Worcester and Carlsbad panels filling the sides. A large white bath of enameled metal showed in the room next it, where a jet of perfumed water played softly from a vaporizer. It was delightful to lay aside outer wraps and put oneself in trim without going up-stairs, and I found that houses paid great attention to these lower dressing-rooms, so that it was no penance to make use of them often.

"How can you afford these lovely decorations?" I asked my friend one day afterward. "We always thought ourselves fortunate to have ornaments of these beautiful wares, and you line the walls of dressing-rooms with them."

On which she pointed out to me all unnecessary expense, waste and overcharging had been abolished, from taxes to plumbers' bills and the price of sugar, so that people could afford luxuries of taste they never thought of having before. But the charm of all houses was the absence of unmeaning, unnecessary ornament. You found the walls bare at first after our modern surfeit of color and pattern, but the colors were soft and satisfying in the plain spaces, and wherever the eye needed a little relief it was there in some delicious corner or border painting, Japanese, naturalistic, arabesque, as it might be, harmonious enough to stimulate, never to weary the sight. Those enameled walls wore the surface of Doulton faience, in their tintings of fawn and silver, tea-rose and rose-crimson, April blues, turquoise and grays of vapory distance shot with rich mellow color, ever a delight, so well fancied, so correctly and suavely drawn were all the scrolls and vignettes, the far-reaching flowery or pine-feathered branches, airy shafts of cane, or sedge, or palm, the drifts of birds' plumes or falling flower petals. With these pictured walls one hardly noticed the simplicity of the floors, with beautiful borders and centers of wood fiber, treated to be elastic and noiseless as rubber, yet patterned like Persian carpet. But the exquisite and pervading purity of the houses charmed and mystified me till my friend told how it was secured. "No more sweeping, shaking and cleaning in the old way," she said. "You shall see how it is done." The knick-knacks were taken out, one window opened, and the maid fixed a hose in position and turned on a jet of compressed air, which, with the force of hydraulic pressure, swept walls and floors so that a microscope could hardly find a speck of dust behind. The jet of air was so controlled that it could be directed to the corners of window-frames, clearing them of dust as with the point of a steel pencil. Playing on a parquet floor with a waxed rubber, it brought the wood to mirror polish in a few minutes, and turned on a carpet not only took up all dust, but drove that before it, to the window, so that the room was swept and dusted at once, removing one great cause of disease. By the way, all the public buildings and streets were swept in this way, the dust of the city going via the pneumatic underground out to the Jersey barrens to feed the State timber growing there.

The soft, equable temperature all over the house as night came on chill and sharp, was a pleasurable surprise. Never to know chill or ache is almost as blessed as to reach that land "where never wind blows loudly." The houses in the block all used the old-fashioned furnace for kerosene and water, the oil being fed through a fine pipe to a fire-box of porous brick, into and through whose walls it filtered from the outside, filling the box with flame alone. Into this played a jet of vapor of water, which, combining with the kerosene, raised a fierce heat, which could be controlled easily as a gas jet. Turned down to the least flame when the house was warm, it kept the temperature through the twenty-four hours without fluctuation and without care, the oil feeding itself from a reservoir outside the furnace room. The same fire heated ample supplies of water for baths and house uses, and kept a pretty conservatory warm all winter.

A peculiar brightness and purity of the air struck me as singular in a city house, moreover no transfer of ashes or garbage took place at any hour of the day or night, all going from kitchen or bath-room in tight, screw-capped metal cans by the pneumatic shaft in the cellar wall to the city grounds out in New Jersey sand-hills. There the contents were emptied by air-blasts, which returned every can clean and scoured, as by a sand blast, and they were ready to be whisked back again, flying into place with the precision of the little cash cylinders in shops by the air tubes. Sewage and wastes were composted for the state forests and the immense fields of espart grass grown for a thousand uses. For, in place of timber, much use was made of compressed pulp, of which the railway ties, rails and wheels were made, and houses and furniture made. The old sloppy dangerous sewage system was done away, the city drains having no other office than to carry off the rains and bath water which was filtered with alum and used to sprinkle streets, being clear and inodorous as the Croton reservoir. One must have seen the workings of this new system to imagine its comforts and capabilities. But I have not told half my dream.

SHIRLEY DARE.

A BOSTON BARN PARTY.

A $100,000 Structure Warmed by the Swellest Residents of the Hub.

Boston Advertiser.

By far the largest, most gorgeous, and generally merry social event of the season in fashionable Boston was the reception and ball given by Commodore and Mrs. W. F. Weld, at their home in Brookline last night. The affair was celebrated in the Commodore's handsome new barn, and was in honor of Miss Pratt, of Commonwealth avenue, who is a niece of the Commodore, and her friend, Miss Mary W. Barnard. Over one thousand invitations were sent out, and up to midnight something like six hundred guests had responded in person.

The barn, or stable, where the event took place is an imposing structure, not deserving by any means of so humble an appellation. It is reported to have cost $100,000, and is constructed of gray granite, with battlemented towers on the four corners and ornamental cornices, turrets and iron-work in profusion, the whole surmounted by a cupola of elaborate design, combining to give it an elegant appearance from the outside. Within it is fitted up in equally sumptuous style, and, being new, was a splendid place of entertainment. Scorce after score of carriages traversed the devious roads which wind through the hills and woods of Brookline, and, pulling up at the canopy extending from the front doors, deposited their loads of guests and made room for others.

Inside the scene was one of rare beauty. The interior of the building was lavishly decorated with flowers and potted plants, evergreens and bunting. Happily placed bunches of electric lamps gave out a brilliant light, and the yellow pine finish of the walls, together with the bright-hued gowns of the ladies, made a picture not easily to be forgotten.

The main portion of the stable formed a famous ball-room, and the polished floor was excellent for dancing. To the rear of this, in the carriage store-room, caterer Carton served the refreshments, while the harness-rooms, stalls and apartments for the help, served as anterooms, cloak repositories, and conversational nooks. Cheeney's full orchestra furnished the music. Altogether the "barn-warming" at Mr. Weld's was a noteworthy success, about which every one will talk for days to come.

Origin of "O. K."

Youth's Companion.

The origin of "O. K." is a matter of tradition and not by any means of exact record, but it is said that the practice of writing "O. K." had its beginning with John Jacob Astor, the famous millionaire merchant of New York. Mr. Astor was known to be so honorable, and so familiar with all sorts of mercantile matters in New York, that he was frequently consulted by his friends as to the commercial standing or solvency of other merchants. And if a note of inquiry was received by him relating to the standing of one whom he had good reason to consider financially sound, he wrote "O. K." on the bottom of the note and promptly sent it back. Being a German by birth, and not, perhaps, perfectly familiar with the peculiar spelling of the English language, Mr. Astor supposed that "O. K." was an abbreviation of "all correct," which, in his own mind, he spelled "oll korrect." The joke upon Mr. Astor found its way into print, and was so much appreciated that his "O. K." soon passed into common use.

The Division of Pie.

Albany Journ