WISCONSIN.

The Political Canvass of 1875 in the Badger State.

Cheering Prospects of Republican Success at the Coming Election.

The Republicans Unanimous and Hopeful—The Opposition Discordant and Despondent.

Disgust Among His Own Partisans at the Impending Renomination of Gov. Taylor.

Rebellion Already Broken Out Among the "Reformers," and the "Reform" Fraud About Played Out.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

MADISON, Wis., Aug. 31.—It is nearly two months since the Republican State Convention was held in this city, and we are now on

THE EVE OF ANOTHER CONVENTION,

called by no name, but to which those indorsing the "People's Reform" platform of 1873, and the declaration of the Reform and Independent members of the Legislature in 1875, are invited; the primaries for which are called under the various names of "Reform," "Democrat," and "Liberal Democrat." The Convention is to meet on Wednesday of next week, during the time of the State Fair at Milwaukee,—that place and time having been selected with a view of getting a goodly number of Grangers—particularly those connected with the State Agricultural Society, of which Gov. Taylor has been President—under the tutelage of Democratic politicians. Two months have wrought a great change in the aspect of our politics. Only a few weeks ago fears were felt that different factions of the Republican party, discordant and belligerent, would meet in Convention to contest with each other for supremacy with such zeal and bitterness that the party would be rent in twain, whichever came out ahead,—alienating so many that defeat would be inevitable. Instead, when the delegates came together, their chief desire seemed to be, to do what would be best to promote the common good; there was a general disposition to concede preferences for men and measures, if others were shown to be better adapted to win. The Convention was harmonious and enthusiastic; an excellent ticket was nominated, representing different parts of the State, different occupations and interests, and different nationalities; a generally-acceptable platform was adopted; and the party thoroughly reunited, determined to organize and work to dispossess the bogus Reformers and

GAIN CONTROL OF THE STATE.

The action of the Convention received a more general and hearty indorsement than ever before, with barely a breath of fault-finding, and a general disposition was shown to take hold and elect its ticket.

The Democrats opened their batteries of falsehood and abuse on some of the Republican candidates; but their fire has proved ineffectual, and has been nearly silenced. The worst thing they could find to say about our candidate for Governor, Harrison Ludington, was to cry that he was a "Know-Nothing," and to quote on him the Know-Nothing oath and obnoxious Know-Nothing expressions, because, for a joke, his name was put on a Fillmore Electoral ticket in 1856, when he was a supporter of Fremont. This cry has lost its terrors, however, in view of the fact that Mr. Ludington's immediate constituents, who are largely foreigners, have shown their disbelief in his entertaining any proscriptive notions, by voting for and electing him over foreigners whose politics were more in accord with their own; and the further fact that Mr. Ludington, in the bestowment of places within his gift, has given a large share of them to men who were born in other lands.

Maj. Baetz, our candidate for State Treasurer, was assailed because, at the time of the great panic in 1873, he happened to have some money deposited in banks which failed, especially a sum of $10,000, at the request of the Treasurer of the State Hospital for the Insane, in the Bank of Madison here, in which he was interested, but which was unable to stand the pressure. Though it was clearly shown that Maj. Baetz had made good his accounts with the State, and it had not lost a cent, the changes were rung of the enormity of his having $10,000 of the State's money in a "rotten bank," till one day Mr. Hobkirk, of the Corn Exchange Bank of Waupun, disappeared, and it was found that the Reform Warden of the State Prison

HAD $10,000 IN A "ROTTEN BANK" THERE.

Since then that issue has been dropped,—all the more readily, too, because it appeared that the present State Treasurer was pursuing the same policy, and keeping deposits not only in other people's banks, but, to a large amount, in one whereof he was chief owner.

A strong effort has been made to excite prejudice, especially among his countrymen, against the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, Hans B. Warner, on the alleged ground that he was crowded on the Convention instead of other Norwegians who would have been more acceptable; whereas, no one else who would accept had any considerable number of supporters in the Convention, and the Norwegians of the northwestern part of the State, where he is best known, warmly supported him; and on the further claim that he was not a fit representative of the Norwegian nationality, because he was brought up by a German, and had not distinctively identified himself with his countrymen,—it being even asserted that he was not a Norwegian at all, and could not write and speak the language. The facts have been developed, showing his Norwegian birth, his orphanage, the creditable and patriotic manner in which he had worked his way and won honor and esteem among his countrymen and all who knew him; and, wherever he goes, his appearance silences opposition.

In view of the above facts, the Republicans have

GOOD GROUND TO HOPE FOR SUCCESS

in this fall's campaign, against even a united Opposition. Furthermore, nearly all the Republicans who, discouraged by wrongs within their own party, as Liberals in 1872 or Reformers in 1873, joined hands with the Democrats, are returning to the Republican fold,—almost the only exceptions being those who have obtained or expect office from their new allies. They have seen the emptiness of Reform professions, and the dangers of allowing the Democracy to gain control of the destinies of the nation. They are alarmed, too, by the demands of some of the Democratic organs of the State,—among other things, the entire repeal of the Registry law, now limited to cities and villages; the further removal of restrictions on the sale of liquor; the abolition of the State Board of Charities and Reforms, whose oversight of the charitable and penal institutions of the State has been productive of so much good; an inflation of the currency, after the manner of the Ohio Democracy,—and concluded that the best place to work for needed civil reforms is in the ranks of the Republican party.

If the Democracy of the State were harmonious and enthusiastic, they could hardly expect to succeed in this State this fall. Such a combination of heterogeneous elements as secured an unexpected triumph two years ago

CANNOT AGAIN BE FORMED.

Notes cannot again be obtained on the false pretenses of two years ago; nor is the Whisky Ring in position now, as then, to spend its tens of thousands of dollars to secure the success of its friends, some of whom were supported at the same time by those professing temperance. Nor can the influence of a powerful railroad corporation be secured to labor together with Grangers for the same ticket. Not for years have there been such division and strife among the Democracy of the State as now. The Administration having determined that its members shall be renominated, an earnest and outspoken opposition to the continuance in power of the present incompetent head has been developed, and will not down at the bidding of any man. There have been mutterings of discontent for a long time, and curses, not loud but deep, have been visited on the head of Gov. Taylor almost ever since he went into office. One reason was that he found it impossible to keep the promises he had made of giving paying places as the reward of support in case of success; and he is openly accused of treachery and falsehood in regard to appointments. The grievance of Sat Clark, who wanted to be Railroad Commissioner or State-Prison Warden, is of this class. Others, however, were

DISGUSTED AND HUMILIATED

at the bearing and the action of the man whom they had elevated above his capacity or expectations. There is hardly a prominent Democrat here at the Capital who has not repeatedly and emphatically expressed his dissatisfaction. Most, however, concluded that he had made so much capital among the masses, who did not know him so well as those who saw more of him, out of the subjugation of the railroads, that, weak as he was, he was their strongest man, and his renomination was inevitable. There were some, however, who could not see it in that light, and a few of them met in Milwaukee a fortnight ago to consult as to what could be done about it. They found the Governor's Private Secretary at their place of meeting, to spot them; but they met notwithstanding, and, supposing they were by themselves, expressed their opinion of his incapacity and unworthiness in language that was extremely plain, and was quite shocking when put in print next morning by a "chiel amang them takin' notes." Those participating in the meeting, especially those unqualifiedly opposed to the Governor's renomination, were denounced without stint by his organs in Milwaukee,—which, by the way, quarrel between themselves like cats and dogs,—and by his personal organ here, as if they had no right to express an opinion or to oppose his continuance where he was bringing reproach on his party and the State. This aroused their ire, and a few, who could not be classed as soreheads, drew up a document severely arraigning the Governor, to which they affixed their names, and now the vials of wrath have been emptied on them. They still live, however, and propose to

FIGHT IT OUT TO THE BITTER END.

They showed up very clearly how unwise and vicious was the Governor's course in the railroad controversy; how unfit he is for his station; how his economy has mainly been confined to reducing to starvation wages the pay of employes about the Capitol,—which, by the way, has so incensed the laboring classes here that they vow vengeance; and make other points against him. They might have added that many of his appointments to our State institutions have been of the most unworthy character, and have bred so much mischief in these institutions—as in the Industrial School at Waukesha, the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Delavan, the Institute for the Blind at Janesville—that the friends of our State charitable, penal, and educational institutions feel it most hazardous to their welfare to have him continued in power.

Since the pronunciamento referred to, the editor of the only Democratic Norwegian paper in the State, the *Liberale Demokrat*, has become disgusted with Democracy when expounded to mean support of Taylor for Governor, and has sold out, and now the Governor's organ teems with abuse of him. Every day, Democrats whose time, money, and efforts have heretofore been freely given to aid the party, declare they

WILL NOT LIFT A FINGER

if Taylor is renominated, as they forebode he will be. Such revelations are threatened by those who have been behind the scenes as must make it very unpleasant for His Excellency if he is again put on the course at Milwaukee next week. The disaffection is much more widespread and deep-seated than he supposes.

There is some special opposition, here and elsewhere, especially among his own countrymen, to the renomination of Secretary Doyle, who is accused, in a three-column article, by an Oshkosh Democrat, of gross malfeasance, in allowing Insurance Companies to transact business in the State contrary to law.

Another element of discord will be the Chairmanship of the State Committee, unless Railroad Commissioner Paul magnanimously declines a continuance. State-Geologist Wight, many of the Germans, and others, vigorously oppose his re-election.

Those best posted on the political situation are confident that, with reasonable efforts on the part of Republicans, whatever the action of the Convention at Milwaukee, the Democratic party will be defeated in November by as large a majority as it had in its favor two years ago.

PLUS.

FINNEY AND MASONRY.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

WHEATON, Ill., Aug. 31.—My attention has been called to THE TRIBUNE'S omission, in its notice of Charles G. Finney, late President of Oberlin College, and known and honored more widely than almost any other Christian minister of his age, of any mention of his sentiments and writings on Secret Societies. To omit from an otherwise full catalogue Mr. Finney's book on Free-Masonry, if an intentional omission, would be damaging to the credit of a public journal for fairness and newspaper integrity. It is presumed that your omission was not such, but that you will be glad to have me say to your readers concerning this truly great man that, initiated and made a Master Mason in early life, he said to me, "As soon as I was converted to Christ, my moral nature loathed it, and I immediately demanded my discharge from the Lodge." This was before the death of Morgan. He took no part in the political Anti-Masonry which followed. But when, after the fall of 1,500 Lodges by those discussions, he saw the Order returning to popularity and power, he wrote and published "Finney on Masonry," one of the ablest books he ever wrote, and which was omitted by THE TRIBUNE writer in giving a list of his works. Very respectfully yours, etc.,

J. BLANCHARD.

THE POWER THAT ENDURES.

Amidst the changing scenes of time,
'Mid Arctic cold and Tropic clime,
Unmoved by hate or fear;
Though nation rise, or nation wane,
Though seas recede, or mountain-chain
Dissolve and disappear,—
There dwells a power that's still serene
Though Time grow old; for, hale and green,
It feels immortal youth;
This power, that measures time and space,
Nor mortal knows its natal place,
Is Truth—unchanging Truth.

It knew the first-created star;
It saw the sunlight from afar
Spread o'er the primal gloom;
It saw the deluged Earth arise;
It saw great Babel near the skies,
And meet its sudden doom;
It knew the Pharaohs, sons and sire,—
It saw the last of them expire,
And stood beside his bier;
It was the hand along the wall
In proud Belshazzar's banquet-hall,
That spread appalling fear.

It saw carved out the Theban gates,
The wonder of the World's estates,
And crumble all alone;
It ground more finely than the mills
Of all the Gods on Rome's proud hills;
It knew the Cæsars' throne;
It walked with Patriarchs of yore;
'Twas with the Judges when they wore
Their robes from passion free;
Time's scroll to Prophets it unrolled
When they of wonders great foretold
The distant years should see.

It heard the Man of Love and Tears
Discourse to glad or doubting ears
How souls from guilt might flee;
It heard Him speak the August Name,
And to His listeners proclaim,
"The Truth shall make you free."
'Tis this the candid ever seek:
'Twas not alone for Stoic Greek
Nor for the favored Jew;
'Tis manor to no race alone,—
No Empire holds it for its own,—
No language, old or new.

Its heritage is with the just;
Its guidance they securely trust
Who battle for the Right;
It is the pillared cloud by day,
The shaft of flame that leads the way
Through Error's sombre night:
It is the compass and its star;
'Tis Fame that slander cannot mar;
'Tis Wisdom's solid ground;
For it the student's oil burns low,
With it, Art's grand creations glow;
'Tis Music's perfect sound.

It is the ring of metal pure;
It is the landmark, firm and sure,
The beacon on the hill;
It is the fountain, strong and clear;
'Tis day and night, each season, year,
That Time's procession fill.
As grandly on it spreads its sway,
The sounds of discord die away,
Nor ancient feud remains;
It guards the weak, controls the strong,
Defends the Right, condemns the Wrong,
And each just cause maintains.

It tells how all, though small or great,
Or poor or ample in estate,
From one All-Father came;
And they who shun this duty clear,
To aid the sad and helpless here,
No sweet reward may claim.
Let Truth be then our noblest aim;
In every action let its name
Our constant watchword be.
It may be for a time o'ercast;
Fear not, true soul, for, at the last,
It wins the victory.

A P. G. OF UNION LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F.

Gov. Tilden is a bachelor, and worth $5,000,000. If he should happen to be elected President he would probably have no difficulty in finding some woman to marry him.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

COPPER.

The Michigan Legislative Excursion to the Upper Peninsula.

A Visit to the Calumet and Hecla Mine, the Richest in the World.

Taking a Trip to the Lower Regions—Descending 800 Feet on a "Man-Engine."

The Operations of Drilling, Blasting, Stamping, and Smelting.

Some Stupendous Statistics—A Mine that Has Paid $6,250,000 in Dividends.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Aug. 31.—The copper-mines of Lake Superior are

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Their vast resources are perhaps unequaled by those of any other business of like dimensions, and certainly far surpass all other results in mining. Untold ages of time have swept by while this great storehouse of wealth has been locked up from man, and it is but recently that the door has been opened and the contents revealed. As elsewhere, and at other times, the great world has kept in reserve its treasures till needed; so here, in vaults from which "thieves do not break through and steal," she has kept a copper-fund in reserve, but ready for delivery on demand.

Copper is not a thing of modern times, however. We read that it was one of the

FIRST METALS KNOWN TO MAN,

and that Tubal-Cain was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Job tells us that "Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone." The rulers of Egypt worked a copper-mine in the Peninsula of Sinai in the fourth dynasty. It was used by the Syrians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, in the manufacture of monuments and statues of bronze. It required 900 camels to carry away the pieces of bronze from the Colossus of Rhodes, nine centuries after this structure had been tumbled into the dust. Obscure races before the Indian used this metal, as shown by the relics now and then turned up from the soil. The Aztecs of Mexico used it in their chisels and axes; it has been found, according to Prescott, in large, half-finished blocks of granite, in the quarries of Mitla. The Peruvians and Scandinavians employed it for various uses; and ancient coins everywhere were made of copper. Our ancestors employed it for purposes that we cannot, as we find the Bible full of references to its use in chains, pillars, lavers, mirrors, helmets, spears, etc. Even bows of copper were used by them. They must have known some secret of alloying or tempering which we do not possess.

About the only mines in the world that

ARE WORKED WITH PROFIT

are those at Lake Superior. Before the year 1842, this was a wild, almost inaccessible region, occupied by the Indians and wild beasts. Iron and copper were so abundant that the savage found them upon the surface of the ground, and fashioned them into tools; so he told the white man of their existence when the latter came to this region.

After 1844, the country was rapidly explored and settled by English adventurers. Dr. Douglas Houghton, the State Geologist, was the first to call attention to the wealth of copper here. In 1845, the Cliff Mine was opened, and the work of copper-mining really began. The richest deposits lie on Keweenaw Point, and the most fortunate of the mines at present are the Calumet and Hecla, which in reality are one. The Legislative excursion party visited this mine, and, as one of the company, I tried to get a true idea of its extent, and of the manner of its work. Although a portrayal by a feeble pen must compare ignobly with the reality, yet I shall state simply facts that will hardly be credited, so astonishingly productive is this great enterprise.

OPENING OF THE GREATEST MINE IN THE WORLD.

The Calumet and Hecla Mine was opened in 1867,—one having been discovered in this place two years before by Edward J. Hulburt. It soon revealed the fact that the mine was to be a profitable one. Heavy capitalists were introduced to it, and their money was invested. A Company was organized with a capital stock of 80,000 shares at a par value of $25 per share; $4,000,000 was expended in equipping the mine, and $450,000 in building stamp-mills. Some shares changed hands at an early day at $5 each; but the Company was confident of success, and kept earnestly and steadily at work. To-day those shares cannot be bought for $150 each; in fact, their owners cannot be induced to part with them at any reasonable price. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, is President of the Company, and Alexander Agassiz is one of the largest stockholders. Mr. Agassiz spent last year at the mine, with his family. The work is superintended by Mr. J. N. Wright, who gets the comfortable salary of $10,000 a year. Although, as already stated, the two mines are virtually one, each keeps a separate account of its products and expenses, and is looked after by its own subordinate Superintendent. Upwards of

2,500 MEN ARE EMPLOYED

by the Company, and the mines support a population of 5,000 people. Many of the workmen have families, and their homes make the thriving and beautiful Village of Calumet. It was a matter of surprise to find here such a town, with its hotels and business-houses, and, above all, a magnificent school-building of stone and wood, just completed at a cost of $75,000 or $80,000. It took away all ideas of "wilderness" and "aborigines" that had been flitting through the minds of those visitors. One thousand men work underground in drilling and blasting the rock and in loading it into cars, in which it is hauled to the surface.

A DESCENT INTO A MINE.

I was fortunate enough to be one of a party of six to take a trip to the "lower regions." The other members of the party were Prof. C. K. Adams, of Michigan University; the Hon. Charles W. Clisbee, of Cassopolis, Reader in the House of Representatives at Washington; the Hon. E. G. D. Holden, Secretary of State; C. C. Allison, of the *National Democrat*, Cassopolis; and Charles A. Brodie, representative of the Detroit *Free Press*. The party did not imagine that they were on the road to that fabled Hades which Æneas visited, for nothing on the way suggested it but the downward movement and the blackest darkness. Instead of increasing warmth the characteristics of the atmosphere were cold and dampness. Before entering, we were clad in miners' suits and provided with candles, one lighted and in the hand, while the other rested in one of our capacious pockets, to be used in emergency. The descent was made for 800 feet on

A "MAN-ENGINE,"

which is perfectly safe, and works somewhat as follows: Timbers 6 or 8 inches square are bolted together at the ends, till one continuous piece is obtained long enough to reach the required distance into the mine. This rests upon wheels, which move on the inclined plane of the shaft of the mine. The whole is operated by steam-power, and is drawn upwards about 20 feet, and then allowed to return slowly. This alternate motion of up and down is all it has; but by its side is another of like construction and movement except that this moves upward, while the other goes downward, and vice versa. These timbers, at distances of 10 feet or thereabouts, are surmounted by platforms large enough for a man to stand upon. The passenger steps upon one of these, and descends 20 feet; then, stepping to the opposite platform, which is ready to receive him, he goes still farther on his way; and, in the course of ten minutes, has reached the bottom. (The other 600 feet is traversed on ladders.) This mode of descent is easy and very safe. No one, unless exceedingly heedless, can meet with an accident; and yet, we were told by our guides that miners who have worked here for years never rode upon this "engine" without fear, and that many times they have preferred to climb the whole distance on ladders.

On landing at the bottom, we were conducted through the drifts in all directions, and shown the various processes of

DRILLING AND BLASTING.

While it takes hours to force a drill with sledge-hammers into the solid rock, a drill operated by compressed air does the work in a few minutes. Both methods are used. The rock, when blasted, is in large masses of tons' weight. These are rolled into cars and hauled out of the mine on the inclined railway by steam-power. The whole system of work is so perfect that the workman in the mine has but to pull a bell-rope, signalling an operator at the engine a half-mile away, and the ore starts on its upward trip. This operator never sees the load he has caused to be hauled up, and yet with perfect accuracy, guided by a scale before him, he runs it out of the mine upon an elevated track, and causes it to be dumped into railroad-cars below, which in turn carry the ore to the stamp-mill or to the "crusher."

As we grope about the dark recesses of the mine, we are impressed by the deep darkness, which our single lights cannot penetrate farther than a few feet, and by the awful stillness as we listen, broken only by the shout of some truckman as he pushes his load of ore along the drift, or by some distant blast, yet the scene is indescribably beautiful as our lights are reflected from the glittering surfaces of the copper-crystals.

The men at work here are mostly Welsh, who seem to have a special liking for this business. They work by the fathom and earn from $70 to $90 a month. This mine is well supplied with fresh air, and is quite free from water; it cannot be a very unhealthy place to work.

THE STAMP-MILLS

are full of interest, for here the copper is separated from the refuse. Powerful machinery pounds the ore to the consistency of powder, when, by a free use of water and sieves, the copper is freed from the other material. Much of it, of course, is very fine, but solid nuggets of several pounds' weight are often obtained. Put into barrels, it then goes to the smelting-furnace, and is subjected to transformation into ingots, bars, and plates, when it is ready for the market. Most of it is shipped to Eastern cities, where it sells for a price varying from 22 to 25 cents a pound. The stamp-mills of the Calumet and Hecla Companies are located 5 miles from their mine, and on the bank of Torch Lake. A railroad connects the two, affording quick and easy communication.

The vein of copper worked by this Company runs nearly north and south on Keweenaw Point, and extends into the earth at an angle of 36 degrees, and to a depth immeasurable, so far as is known. The increasing depth of the mine shows no diminution in the quantity or quality of the ore. The vein varies in thickness from 12 to 15 feet. It has been worked over a distance of 1 mile in length, and is known to be as good for another mile. The mine is practically inexhaustible.

IMPORTANT STATISTICS.

The following statistics will corroborate all that has been said about the magnitude of this mine: In 1873 it declared a dividend of $1,200,000, and its total dividends have been $6,250,000. During the year ending July 1, 1867, it produced 675 tons and 965 pounds of ore. The increase from this amount has been gradual, till, during the year ending Dec. 31, 1873, 9,750 tons were raised. The total product of the mine during the four years preceding and including 1873 was over 32,973 tons, and there have been taken from the mine, since its opening to the close of 1873, 42,356 tons.

The whole amount of dividends declared by all the paying mines to the close of 1873 is $13,720,000, and the whole amount of copper-ore raised up to 1874 is 195,033 tons.

The annexed table shows the amount of ingot-copper produced in this region since the first mines were opened, and its total value. The rapid increase in its production will also be noticed:

Approximate statement of ingot-copper produced, and its value:

	Tons.	Value.
1845 to 1858	13,975	$9,000,500
1858	3,500	1,886,000
1859	3,500	1,890,000
1860	4,800	2,610,000
1861	6,000	3,337,500
1862	8,000	3,402,000
1863	6,700	4,420,000
1864	6,500	6,110,000
1865	7,000	5,145,000
1866	7,000	4,760,000
1867	8,200	4,140,000
1868	9,985	4,592,000
1869	12,209	5,368,000
1870	12,246	5,693,240
1871	12,857	6,171,360
1872	12,132	7,774,720
1873	14,910	8,200,500
Total	149,985	$84,503,820

That this business is destined to become a leading one in the country, if not already so, there is no doubt. It is to be borne in mind that mining in the Upper Peninsula is still in its infancy. The Companies are just beginning to get familiar with their work, and so are becoming able to make the most of their opportunities.

There is no indication of exhaustion yet, nor probability that the work of centuries can materially diminish the supply of this vast storehouse of wealth. The business will exalt not only the Great Northwest, but especially our own State; and it is quite likely that the most liberal aid will be granted by the authorities hereafter in developing this region.

G. P. B.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

A Memorial to Congress.

To the People of Indiana: The accompanying memorial to Congress is herewith submitted to the voters and women of Indiana for their signatures. Its specifications were determined by the late State Temperance Convention, and the Executive Board of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union instructed to prepare the memorial and issue it for signatures. It is the hope of those who have this matter most at heart, that it may be presented to every man and woman in Indiana, and go to Congress this winter with the name of a majority of the voters of the State, and as many of the women as possible.

Forward all names to Mrs. Z. G. Wallace, No. 273 North New Jersey street, Indianapolis, before Dec. 1, 1875.

The Hon. William Baxter to represent the temperance voters, Charles F. Coffin the State charities, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Bayliss the churches, and Mrs. Z. G. Wallace the women of Indiana, were appointed a committee by the State Convention, to present this memorial at Washington during the coming winter. It is also contemplated asking the co-operation of the other eighteen States organized under the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in a similar memorial.

MRS. Z. G. WALLACE, Pres't,
MISS AURETTA HOYT, Cor. Sec'y,
Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Indiana.

MEMORIAL.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

WHEREAS, The liquor traffic is fraught with evil to the property, health, homes, lives, and peace of our citizens; and

WHEREAS, Governments are instituted to secure the peace, prosperity, and well-being of the citizen; therefore,

We, the undersigned citizens of the State of Indiana, hereby pray your honorable body—

First—To appoint a commission to investigate and report the effects of the liquor traffic in the United States, on the health, intelligence, industry, prosperity, crime, and pauperism of the individuals; also upon taxation, revenue, and the general welfare of the country.

Second—To prohibit the importation of alcoholic liquors from foreign countries.

Third—To prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage in the District of Columbia, in the Territories of the United States, and all places where Congress exercises exclusive legislation.

Fourth—To require total abstinence from alcoholic liquors as a beverage, on the part of all officials and subordinates in the civil, military, and naval service of the United States.

And we will continue to pray.

ELAINE'S SONG TO LANCELOT.

Yes! I shall sleep. Heed not this idle sobbing:
Shed o'er my soul the love-light of your eyes.
Soon, soon this heart shall cease its painful throbbing,
To seek the soundless sea and silent skies.
Sleep, dreamless sleep, will come forever more,
With neither past to mourn, nor future to deplore.

Yes! I shall sleep. The nightingale is singing;
A thorn has deeply pierced her gentle breast:
Those troubled notes within my soul are ringing,
But I must shortly sleep, and she must rest.
God hears thy plaint, sweet Philomel: He hears,
As He has heard the plaint of men through all the years.

Yes! I must sleep. Too long the day has tarried,
And oh! too hard the ways of God and men.
Though brave the heart, and great the hope it carried,
In vain its longing wish for happiness has been.
But I can rest in this sweet, silent dell;
And thou wilt say, Beloved, softly, "It is well."

LILLY LAKE.

NEW TANNING PROCESS.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

DES MOINES, Ia., Aug. 30.—Iowa will soon be independent of oak-forests and hemlock-swamps. A new process of tanning leather, by using the tanning-plant instead of bark, has been fully tested and proved successful. One ton of the plant will tan 400 pounds of leather, which is more than the same weight of bark will do. Bark costs about $12 per ton, the plant not to exceed $5, and the latter produces a better quality of leather.

The plant grows wild in this State in large quantities. In a single tract in the western part of the State there is over 15,000 acres, which will produce 3 tons to the acre. Iowa now has the means to make its own leather. The process of tanning is precisely the same as with bark, except that the juice of the plant, produced by steaming, is used instead of bark.

VICINAL.

Waukesha Enjoying the Late Freaks of the Weather-Clerk—Roses Blooming a Second Time.

Shipments of Mineral Waters—Dullness in Real Estate—Late Arrivals—The Dodge Club.

Events at St. Charles and Geneva—A Wedding and a Picnic—Personal Notes.

WAUKESHA.

93 IN THE SHADE.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

WAUKESHA, Wis., Sept. 2.—Have we not made a mistake in our reckoning, and does not our calendar need revising again? Surely, for the last few days the warmth of midsummer has been upon us rather than the cool breezes of autumn. The vegetation that ten days ago shivered in the cold is now shriveled with the heat; and the roses, some of them, thinking that summer has come again, are blooming for the second time. The cooling showers this morning are indeed refreshing.

Fishing-parties to Pewaukee Lake are all the rage just now, and extravagant success is reported by the disciples of Sir Isaac. Lakeside was full last week; 120 spent Sunday there.

PROGRESS.

The Carney Opera-House is nearly completed, and there is little doubt but that it will meet the want so long felt of a suitable place for public amusements. The hall proper is 70 by 38 feet; the gallery and dress-circle extend around three sides, and the entire seating capacity is something over 600. Due attention has been given to the acoustics and ventilation of the room. The stage is well arranged. The scenery was designed by Mr. Frank Skiff, of Chicago. The general good effect of the whole is largely due to the taste and skill of Mr. C. S. Hartwell, of this place, who received the contract for the woodwork. Our citizens will appreciate the business enterprise of Mrs. E. H. Carney that has furnished a hall so neat and desirable. We may expect a great improvement in the number and style of our public entertainments now that we have so inviting a place in which to see and be seen.

REAL ESTATE.

There has been considerable building going on during the summer. Growth and progress are manifest on every side. At the same time, many of the most desirable places are offered for sale, and it is a matter of surprise among the visitors that, in so thriving a town, such should be the case. The high prices at which property is held, and the fact that scarcely any sales are actually made, probably explains it. Owners would be perfectly willing to dispose of their property at a handsome advantage, and with the profits put up modern houses, while purchasers prefer to build to suit themselves, rather than buy old houses at exorbitant prices. It is noticeable that there are no buildings waiting for occupants; scarcely a vacant room can be found in the town.

The plank walks that have recently been laid in different parts of the village are a great improvement on the rough stone blocks that have so long hardened the soles of this worthy community. The old walks form an excellent foundation for the new ones; and, though it seems too bad to cover up the curious old fossils, and the grass growing between the cracks in such a picturesque way, the board walks are vastly better and more comfortable.

SCHOOLS, ETC.

The Union School and Carroll College opened this week,—the former under the charge of Mr. W. J. Bowen, and the latter with Prof. W. L. Rankin as Principal. The many friends and patrons of the College expect greater prosperity and success for the institution than ever before. It aims to be a thorough academy and training school for teachers. The course of study is very attractive. Over seventy-five students have been enrolled. It is confidently hoped that the endowment fund will be well under way before the year closes.

The Milwaukee District Methodist Conference is in session here this week. The Rev. Mr. Stowe, Presiding Elder of the district; the Rev. Mr. Haddock, of Racine; the Rev. Mr. Hoskins, of Milwaukee, and many others, are present. Yesterday afternoon quite a lively discussion followed an essay upon the "Atonement," written by the Rev. W. E. Walker, of Pewaukee.

NOTES.

The Rev. Mr. Brown, of Oconomowoc, preached in the Baptist Church last Sunday evening, giving some account of the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The Rev. Mr. Martin, of Mazomanie, and the Rev. Mr. Fassett, of Milton, are spending a few days here.

The Hon. Vernon Tichenor has gone to Iowa to visit his son.

Mr. Frier and Mr. King, of Chicago, have been at W. S. Green's.

The Hon. C. G. Heath was in town last week.

The Hon. Charles G. Williams, M. C., spent a few days at Waukesha lately.

Three highwaymen attempted to rob the car from Oconomowoc last Tuesday. They were captured the same day, and lodged in the County Jail yesterday. They were taken back to Oconomowoc for trial.

The summer-time, when nearly all who patronize mineral waters are off to the springs, and drinking at the fountain-head, is the poorest time for shipments; but about 2,000 barrels of Bethesda have been ordered from different parts of the country during the last four months.

Something over 200 arrivals at the various hotels are reported in the last *Plaindealer*. A large number are from Chicago; among them are the following:

E. P. Chase, H. B. Jameson, H. L. Williams, P. J. Healy, P. H. Quirk, William E. Bonnin, Mrs. Thornton, Miss Einstein, J. H. Bracken, D. Treeuer, Mrs. Joseph MacDonald, N. B. Brossean, J. E. Hardy, George Keer, John Alston and wife, Miss Annie Alston, F. D. Alston, Charles Heper, W. H. Bradford, Mrs. L. Ladin and son, Miss Nina Kent, H. Russell, H. Lowry and daughter, Charles Fargo and wife, Miss Fargo, Miss Gilbert, A. H. Dewy, J. A. Davol and wife, E. W. Noyes and wife, R. M. Taylor, D. A. Gage, P. A. Hall, S. F. Gale, Charles J. White, J. C. Carroll, D. Andrews, W. H. Andrews, Miss Whipple, Mrs. W. C. Bluett, Miss A. M. Bluett, Col. George T. Cline.

THE WOOLEN FACTORY.

Sometimes we have to go away from home to see ourselves as others see us. In a late Milwaukee paper occurs the following paragraph concerning one of the leading interests of the village:

> The woolen-mill at Waukesha, one of the best managed and most profitable manufactories in the State, has never ceased running up to its fullest capacity during all the hard times. Under the very able management of Mr. Richard Street, the Superintendent, the finest cloths, cassimeres, etc., are turned out. During the year the mill will consume at least 150,000 pounds of wool. The mill employs seventy hands, and pays out upwards of $2,500 a month in its pay-roll. Mr. Street has just completed a contract of 3,000 shawls for Field, Leiter & Co., of Chicago. He has now in his looms a large lot of entirely new patterns of cassimeres and coatings for winter wear. The products of this manufactory made a fine display at the different fairs and expositions last fall, and undoubtedly this year they will have a still greater variety of goods on exhibition.

SOCIETY.

The hop at the Bruce House to-night promises to be one of the most enjoyable parties of the season. There has been a lull in the social festivities of the town since Jack Frost's last appearance. The Dodge Club, a secret society composed of three popular young gentlemen of the place, is one of its prominent social features at present. It is quite a mysterious affair; its members have their secret sessions, their lodges, and pass-words. All plans for picnics, parties, and pleasure excursions of every sort either originate in their fertile minds, or are subjected to them for sanction and approval. Of the object and origin of this wonderful Club no one knows, but it seems to be a continuation of New Year's customs, and to be devoted to making calls upon the young ladies. On a certain evening of each week these young gentlemen are sure to make their appearance at somebody's house, well supplied with confections, conundrums, and compliments, and, as they are lively and agreeable, and quite general in their attentions, they are always most cordially received.

ST. CHARLES.

A MARRIAGE.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

ST. CHARLES, Ill., Sept. 3.—Our city is becoming more and more lively. The grand event of the season is the marriage of Mr. Carl Boeman to Miss Belle McMaster, both of St. Charles, by the Rev. E. N. Andrews, Congregational pastor. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 11 o'clock a. m. Both parties stand very high in the city, belonging to the best families. The happy couple were attended by a large number of their friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Zabriskie, Capt. and Mrs. Boeman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith of Turner Junction, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Meredith of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Colesberry of Lodi, Ill.; C. F. Bussey of Aurora, Ill.; Dr. Bussey, Edward Boeman, Miss Kate McMaster, Mr. A. Merrill of the St. Charles *Leader*, and Miss Townsend. The bridal presents were numerous and beautiful: A solid silver berry-basket from Dr. Bussey; silver card-basket from C. F. Bussey; silver fruit-dish from Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Zabriskie; card-basket from Miss Kate McMaster; set of silver teaspoons and forks from Mrs. Boeman; an elegant silver card-case from Mr. Carl Boeman to his bride; a pair of gold bracelets from Edward Boeman; a magnificent gold watch and chain from Capt. Boeman to the bride; Shakspeare's complete works, from Mr. and Mrs. Mann; an elegant fan from Mrs. H. H. Smith. After partaking of a bridal banquet, the happy couple took the cars for the East, on a bridal tour, on which they will be gone about four weeks.

PICNIC.

The Congregational Church of this city gave a picnic at Town's Grove, between Geneva and Batavia. The grove is one of the finest spots on the Fox River. It is the private park to the residence of its generous and kind proprietor, Mr. Town. The usual games and accompaniments were freely indulged in, and a most pleasant time was the experience of all. Among those recognized may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Zabriskie Mrs. and Mrs. Furnald, the Rev. E. N. Anderson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Ward, Mrs. Ed Bross, Mrs. D. C. Cregier, Mrs. S. B. Huls, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. John Strader, Mrs. J. N. Lloyd, Miss Emma Zabriskie, Miss Florence O'Bryan of New York, Miss Braunhold, Miss Belle Kelley, Miss Winteringham, Miss Plumber, Miss Florence Cregier, Miss M. Lentley, Miss May Bross, Miss Sarah Gillet, Miss Libbie Veeder, Miss Ettie Maybourn, Miss Jessie Durant, Mr. Arthur Merrill of the St. Charles *Leader*, Mr. Moore, Frank Baird, George Bennett of Geneva, James Myers of Evanston, Ed Bowman, H. M. Greene of Saratoga, and Charles M. Warren of Chicago.

PERSONALS.

Miss Lillie Farron, who has been here on a visit for the past two weeks, has returned to her home in Chicago.

Charles T. Farson, graduate of the Union Law College of Chicago, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Reed Farson.

Capt. Boeman's new and elegant store will soon be ready for occupancy.

Our worthy Postmaster, Esquire Sill, has returned home from a sojourn at Spring Lake, where he has been rusticating during the summer-months for his health.

Mr. William Scott's horse and buggy, while standing in front of Mr. Cregier's residence, started off on their own hook,—the buggy turning over and breaking; no damage otherwise.

Wilbur C. Hunt, a young and promising lawyer, who lately graduated in Chicago, has been appointed City Attorney.

Miss Lizzie Eastman is visiting with Gov. Beveridge at Springfield.

GENEVA ITEMS.

Monday morning the good people of Geneva were happily surprised by a visit from Brother Moody's church. Fifteen car-loads of picnickers spent the day on Herrington's Island.

Miss Helen Heath, of Chicago, is visiting with her friend, Miss Jessie Conant.

Miss Mamie S. Merriman, of Saratoga, is visiting her friends in this place.

T. C. Veeder, John Strader, Charles Anderson, William Stryker, William Marshall, J. Nute Lloyd, and the Rev. Mr. Scott, started for Nebraska, on a pleasure-trip, last Tuesday.

Mrs. Sarah L. Utter, of New York, who has been visiting at Cregier's summer residence, is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Wells, of Chicago.

KNOXVILLE.

The City—St. Mary's School, and the Swedish-American College.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

KNOXVILLE, Ill., Aug. 31.—There are few places presenting more business advantages to the surrounding country than Knoxville, and none more desirable and pleasant as a place of residence. The erection of the new store-buildings on the north side of the Square, the site of the late disastrous fire, discloses to the most casual observer the facts of its recuperative force (retired as it is) and the vitality of its business resources. The work of rebuilding has been pushed forward with great vigor. This, together with the rapid headway already made in the construction of the new High-School, on Main street,—a building which will compare favorably with any of its class in this section of the country,—and the progress made in the erection of the Swedish-American College, indicate a spirit of enterprise and business activity for which Knoxville is justly distinguished; and the incessant click of the mason's trowel on the main thoroughfare for weeks past adds a new chord of music to Knoxville and mingles sonorously in the noisy hum of its business mart.

It would naturally be supposed that the recent loss of the County Seat would have been a severe blow to the hopes of the community, and the late destruction by fire of some of her finest business buildings would have been felt as an additional misfortune; but to-day little if any despondency is visible. She seems soon to have rallied, and from these disasters to have directed her energies to other sources of improvement and distinction,—manifesting clearly a spirit to still beautify Knoxville and the advantageous site which she occupies as a city.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

One of its noblest features, St. Mary's School, the palatial home of educational refinement, is of the city a vital part. Munificently endowed by the generosity of one of Knoxville's most prominent and wealthy citizens, the Hon. James Knox, and sustained by patronage from various sections, the East and the Far West, the North and the South, under the efficient direction and managerial tact of its talented Superintendent, Rector C. W. Leffingwell, aided by a well-chosen faculty, and the perfect harmony and home-like air which pervade the interior management, this institution bids fair to place itself as prominent in the front rank, with educational facilities second to none throughout the length and breadth of the land. In outward appearance it is imposing to the eye of the stranger, by its stately proportions and architectural beauty; the interior is embellished by art and taste bestowed with a lavish hand,—paintings, sculpture, ornamentations of artistic beauty; and all the appliances of a thoroughly classical and scientific school are evident throughout.

THE SWEDISH-AMERICAN COLLEGE,

now in course of erection, is another living evidence of the philanthropy of the benefactor of St. Mary's. It is a significant feature in the history of Knoxville in the future,—engrafting upon our soil and identifying with an American institution the scions of a foreign race, who in time will assimilate, by the force of educational affinities, with the freemen of our American Republic, giving to the future multiplied forms in evidence of the great work now but just begun. The Swedes, as a class, are energetic, physically and intellectually, readily adapting themselves and their interests to those with whom they affiliate. This, the country of their adoption, welcomes them to her soil with a willing heart and an open hand,—a token of which is the establishment of a College for the education of their youth. The College, of which Mr. Knox is the founder, in architectural design is chaste and imposing, and, when finished, will be another structural adornment to Knoxville. Situated at the terminus of Main street, within the city limits, on the east, it is retired, though easily accessible. It will embellish that portion of the city, and prove an interesting feature. The site is well chosen, having been selected with discerning judgment. Knoxville has reason to congratulate herself and to be justly proud of her educational edifices.

TIP.

DAYS OF ABSENCE.

Love is a lamp unseen, burning to waste.—*N. P. Willis.*

They tell me thou art happy. Have the days of absence chilled
All the fervor of the passion that thy heart once fondly thrilled?
Does no thought of vanished pleasures waken in thy memory now
E'en *one* tender recollection of thy first and fondest vow?

Is the past indeed forgotten? Can the heart so soon forget?
Has the "farewell" lightly uttered left with thee no sad regret?
Is each sunny hope then ended,—faded to return no more?
Must the shadow of estrangement linger now and evermore?

Yet, amid the days unnumbered, some of pleasure there may be,
And deep-hid within the future a forgetfulness, for me;
A surcease from the mem'ries 'round my spirit lingering still,
Which the heart-strings with the mock'ry of a lost love sadly thrill.

OWEN M. WILSON, JR.

HAY-FEVER.

The Woes of a Regular Sufferer from This Annoying Complaint.

An Additional Affliction This Year—"On Horror's Head, Horrors Accumulate."

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

STERLING, Ill., Sept. 1.—Unfortunately I am one of the sufferers from the annual attack of what is known as Hay-Fever. For more than half-a-score of years I have borne up under its terrible afflictions with such patience and fortitude as I could muster from year to year. Sometimes I have felt that my powers of endurance were all gone; and once I did flee to the cold, bracing Isle of Mackinaw, where relief speedily came. But this means money and valuable time; hence, as a rule, I have remained here and suffered it out.

If the tantalizing disease itself were all I had to endure, I might have some courage to "fight it out on that line" until frost comes. In seasons gone by I have had to run the gauntlet of every old woman whim and quack-doctor I was unfortunate enough to meet with. One doctor was sure that electricity was a sure cure; and, as a Hay-Fever sufferer will submit to anything in science and old-fogy doctors in finding a remedy, so I resigned myself into electric baths until I was a walking lightning-rod, with every hair on end from its effects. Another was sure of something else, and I tried all, until there was hardly enough of me left to make a respectable sneeze; and, if Hay-Fever had any respect for itself, the doctors, or the speech of the people, it would have been ashamed to hang on to a man so long after he had surrendered and spoke for his coffin. All these and many more I have endured, and can endure; but the present season has developed a new affliction, that promises to overwhelm all others, and what little there is of Hay-Fever sufferers with it. Beside it, all the rest of our sorrows and sufferings dwarf into insignificance. Let me tell what it is, and how I discovered it.

Whether you know it or not, it is true that Hay-Fever commences about the 15th of August every year, and lasts until frost comes. Promptly it made its appearance this year, and, as I was walking through this quick, hard-working city, I was doing a large amount of sneezing. I had got used to seeing people look and wonder, the dogs rush from the sidewalk, and little children gather in groups and laugh at me. All this I can patiently pass by unnoticed; but, the first time I undertook to go out this year, a friend stopped me and inquired, "What is the matter?" Between a sneeze, and a desire to, and a false alarm, I made out to gasp out, through my nose and handkerchief, "Got the Hay-Fever." "Oh!" said my friend, "got the Hay-Fever, have you? Does it affect you in the same way it does Henry Ward Beecher?" The sly, insinuating look he gave me told volumes of meaning, and for a moment I was filled with a sickly-looking disgust, and then I hurried along. I went into a bank to do some business, when the same questions were asked and like answers returned as before. I began to get amazed, but pretended not to let on that I know what they meant. But let me go where I will, I hear this same insinuating wonder about its affecting me as it does Beecher! Even the ladies will inquire what ails me, when they know as well as I do; and, when I tell them, they start off, throw a knowing glance back, and, with a lurking devil in their eye, say, "I believe Mr. Beecher is troubled in the same way!" To such an extent has this thing gone that even our clergymen *insinuate* that there is something suspicious connected with the having Hay-Fever. The very idea of enduring this new affliction drives me almost wild.

From the first moment I had this malady, I was given to understand that it was an aristocratic disease. Prof. Wayland says it broke out some 250 years ago, among the Royal family of England; and that it has steadily maintained its great preference for that class of people since then. So fully is this believed that I have heard people wish they could have it. Certain it is that, until the year of our Lord 1875, the disease has never been known to contract bad habits, or mix with bad company, but has retained its ancient reputation unsullied. Can it be that we are to be deprived of this satisfaction? Is it possible that we poor sufferers from it must go through life with a world insinuating that the having of Hay-Fever implies something not respectable? We call upon the great and influential Hay-Fever sufferers to enter their indignant protest against this base attempt to not only ruin us in our good name, but to rob this disease of every redeeming trait there is in it. If needs be, let us imitate political parties, pig-iron men, bankers, churches, and everybody else, by calling a National Convention of "Annual Sneezers"; and there, in thunder-tones that shall attract even Europe, enter our solemn and indignant protest against this new and dangerous attempt to crush out our liberty to sneeze annually, aristocratically, and respectably.

AN INDIGNANT SUFFERER.

A Duel About a Hat.

Arsene Houssaye's Paris letter in New York Tribune.

I once had a hat adventure myself. It was in 1850. I was at the ball of the Hotel de Ville, escorting Mme. Victor Hugo, while M. Hugo gave his arm to Mme. Houssaye. There was a chair empty and the one next to it contained a hat. I took up the hat and gave the chair to Mme. Hugo. Of course I did not propose to hold the hat all night, so put it on the floor. Its owner soon arrived. It was a celebrated duelist, M. Sherbette, a Deputy from Soissons. He came straight to the chair which had had the honor of holding his hat. He was about to attack Mme. Victor Hugo, but, as I was talking with her, he turned upon me.

"Is it you, sir, who have displaced my hat?" "Yes, sir." "Did you put it on the floor?" "Do you think I ought to have put it on my head?" "But, sir, you have insulted me. Here is my card."

I took out a card and threw it in his hat.

"Monsieur!" said the Deputy, furiously, "do you suppose I am going to pick up my hat?"

"Do you suppose," I said, "that I am going to put it on your head?"

Victor Hugo laughed, Mme. Hugo smiled, but Mme. Houssaye was not at all amused.

"I require, sir," said the Deputy of Soissons, "that you replace my hat on the chair where it was." I began to laugh. A little circle had gathered. M. Sherbette finally picked up his hat under pretext of taking my card.

"Monsieur Arsene Houssaye," he said. "We are from the same place, a reason more for our meeting."

"I await your seconds, M. Sherbette," I replied.

"At what hour?" "At this hour. We can fight as soon as we leave the ball."

M. Sherbette bowed to the two ladies, and went off in search of two seconds. I asked Victor Hugo and the Marquis de Belloy to act as my witnesses in this ridiculous affair. M. Sherbette's seconds soon appeared. It was decided that we should fight with pistols at 20 paces at the Bois de Boulogne at daybreak. It was then hardly midnight, but we resolved to pass the rest of the night at the ball. At that time I was very fond of waltzing. They told Mme. Houssaye that the affair was amicably settled, so that we amused ourselves pleasantly until nearly dawn.

As ill-luck would have it, we all met in the cloak room, principals and seconds. "It is a nuisance," said one of Sherbette's seconds, "to go to the Bois in this snow storm." "Come," said the other laughingly to M. Sherbette, "as you are the injured party, you can apologize." "Never!" said M. Sherbette.

The two seconds came to me. "Say one word to free us from this task. We want to go to bed." "Never!" I cried in my turn. M. Sherbette put on his hat with a slant over the right ear. I put on mine with a slant over the left. The four seconds besieged us, and said they would not accompany us unless we were more good natured about it.

"After all," said Victor Hugo, "I think that Arsene Houssaye, having insulted only M. Sherbette's hat, might make his apologies to it."

At this moment a word from M. Sherbette changed the face of things. "If M. Arsene Houssaye declares that in offending my hat he did not mean to offend me I will hold myself satisfied with this declaration."

I declared that I had not aimed at M. Sherbette under his hat and the duel was at an end. It was agreed, in the verbal proces-verbal, that whenever we met thereafter we were to salute each other by a touch of the hat.

To put the case into figures as nearly exact as possible, $8,000 per annum would be regarded as an exceptional price to pay to the man best qualified in the country to train our sons; while a first-class architect would receive as much for a single building; a popular preacher would be given double that sum per annum; and an actor who could entertain us with as hearty a laugh as Sothern, or show as pretty a face as Miss Neilson, would clear twice as much in a month's time.—*New York Tribune.*