

by a telegram from H. B. Moulton, of Washington, to the National Convention of the W. C. T. U., declaring that the license had been issued to the manager of Mr. Morton's hotel. This was immediately succeeded by one from A. R. Nettleton saying that the charge was without a shadow of foundation. Shortly after the reading of this telegram, ex-Governor St. John took the platform and stated that he had just come from Washington, that the manager to whom Morton had leased his hotel had applied for a liquor license and his application was signed by Levi P. Morton and John R. McLean, proprietor of the Cincinnati Enquirer. All this occurred on Saturday afternoon and this morning the papers print a letter from the pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, one of the most prominent in Washington, saying:

1. In the first place, no license has been granted Mr. Morton.
2. In the second place, no application has been made by Mr. Morton.
3. In the third place, Mr. Morton has signed no application for license for himself nor for any one else.
4. In the fourth place, there is no bar in the house.
5. In the fifth place, the proprietor told me that he did not intend to have a bar.

The very latest credits the manager with saying that those who board at the cafe can have liquor with their meals but a man cannot get a drink unless he also takes a meal. This would show that a license has been taken out.

In regard to the moral aspect of this case there cannot be two opinions among the best class of people. For the Vice President of the United States to be in any way connected with the liquor traffic, no matter how remotely or indirectly, would be a national disgrace. Any argument from a financial point of view that might apply to a private individual would be entitled to no consideration in the case of Mr. Morton. He has been placed in next to the highest position possible to an American citizen. The death of the President would put him at the head of more than sixty millions of people. While it is true that our government receives an immense revenue from the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, yet the moral sentiment of the people would never tolerate the taint of this traffic upon their chief executive. This is possible in foreign countries but not in this, which weak and halting as it is, leads the world in abstinence and morality. But aside from the principle involved, it does not seem possible that the administration would commit so colossal a political blunder. The Republican party is managed by the shrewdest politicians in the country. They would never permit such a mistake as this which would contribute largely to their defeat when next they went before the people.

This whole story is a political caricature manufactured for campaign purposes. Should this prove to be the case there is no condemnation too severe for its originators. This is a matter which should be considered entirely outside of a partisan bias. If the Vice-president of the United States, the President of the Senate, a man of hitherto unblemished character, has been deliberately vilified, insulted and disgraced in the eyes of the world, his traducers are a shame and a reproach to the party they represent, and should be universally repudiated and barred from further service.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DESERT LIFE.
God pity the heart untouched by tears; God pity the eyes that are never wet; By the light of another's woe or tears, By the scent of a rose or a myrtle leaf, Tender and faint as a song that smote The gates of heav'n from a thrush's throat, Yet strong enough to lead and float A heavy soul o'er the vanished years To some dear memory above it set. The immortelles of a vain regret— To some small grove by which we knew The sad, sweet peace of death and we, God pity the life that is withered and dead Pity the life that is withered and dead From a frozen heart and desert eye.

Secretary Rush smokes a pipe during business hours. All the other members of the Cabinet indulge in cigars.

Lispenard Stewart has been an expert in managing cottons. Will be able to lead the Germans in his district.

A bust of George Bancroft, the oldest living graduate of Harvard, has been presented to the library of that institution.

Mr. Edison says he receives an average of 1,000 letters daily, many of which contain offers of marriage with his daughter.

Lord Salisbury wants Queen Victoria to open Parliament in person. This wouldn't hurt Parliament and might amuse the Queen.

Colonel J. D. Stevenson, who commanded the Lower California expedition that sailed from New York in 1846, is still living at the age of 89.

President Harrison seldom attends the theater. He is not nearly as fond of the drama as ex-President Cleveland, who has become a confirmed "first-nighter."

Henry M. Stanley's Idea.

"For the life of me, I cannot sit still a moment when anything approaching to love comes on the tapis. I have lived with men, not women, and it is the man's intense ruggedness, plainness, directness that I have contracted by sheer force of circumstances. Poets and women appear to me so soft, so very unlike (at least that I have seen), the rude type of mankind, that one soon feels, when talking to them, that he must soften his speech and draw, or affect a singular articulation, lest offense be taken where none was intended. Hence, men are seldom sincere to women or poets. Have you ever thought of how you looked when speaking to a woman? If my recollection serves me right, I have seen you talk with such an affected softness that I cannot compare the manner of it to anything better than that of a strong man handling a baby tenderly, gingerly."

"So! But my pen is carrying me away. I wished to say, my dear friend, that I am absolutely uncomfortable when speaking to a woman, unless she is such a rare one that she will let me hear some common sense. The fact is, I can't talk to women. In their presence I am just as much of a hypocrite as any other man, and it galls me that I must act, and be affected, and parody myself."

JEFFERSON'S YOUTH.

How Lincoln Saved the Great Actor's Foe from Financial Ruin.

Springfield being the capital of Illinois, it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the Legislature. Having made money for several weeks previous to our arrival here, the management resolved to hire a lot and build a theater. This sounds like a large undertaking, and perhaps with their limited means it was a rash step. I fancy that my father rather shrunk from this bold enterprise, but the senior partner (McKenzie) was made of sterner stuff, and his energy being quite equal to his ambition, the ground was broken and the temple erected.

The building of a theater in those days did not require the amount of capital that it does now. Folding opera chairs were unknown. Gas was an occult mystery, not yet acknowledged as a fact by the unscientific world in the West; a second-class quality of sperm oil was the height of any manager's ambition. The footlights of the best theaters in the Western country were composed of lamps in a "float" with the counter-weight. When a dark stage was required, or the lamps needed trimming or refilling, this mechanical contrivance was made to sink under the stage. I believe if the theater, or "devil's workshop," as it was sometimes called, had suddenly been illuminated with the same material now in use, its enemies would have declared that the light was furnished from the "Old Boy's" private gnomer.

The new theater, when completed, was about ninety feet deep and forty feet wide. No attempt was made at ornamentation, and as it was unpainted, the simple line of architecture upon which it was constructed gave it the appearance of a large dry-goods box with a roof. I do not think my father, or McKenzie, ever owned anything with a roof of their possession.

In the midst of their rising fortunes a heavy blow fell upon them. A religious revival was in progress at the time, and the fathers of the church not only launched forth against us in their sermons, but by some political maneuver got the city to pass a new law enjoining a heavy license against our "unholy" calling; I forget the amount, but it was large enough to be prohibitory. Here was a terrible condition of affairs—all our available funds invested, the Legislature in session, the town full of people, and by a heavy license denied the privilege of opening the new theater.

In the midst of their trouble a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee. Whether he failed or succeeded, the case was brought up before the council. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of today. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the humor in a roar of laughter, his good nature and wit, and the enormous crowd was taken off.

This young lawyer was very popular in Springfield, and was honored and beloved by all who knew him, and after the time of which I write, he held rather an important position in the Government of the United States. He now lies buried near Springfield, under a monument commemorating his greatness and his virtues—and his name was Abraham Lincoln—Joseph Jefferson, in Century.

CHARMING FORTITUDE.

Affecting Scene Bringing to Light a Big and Little Hero.

It was in the year 1880, in a third-rate city called Neuchateau, in the Department des Vosges, France, about noon, that we were passing, my father and myself, in front of a store where, in addition to hardware, a supply of ammunition was kept for the use of a regiment there. Suddenly we heard a terrible explosion, and being either thrown or having unconsciously ran, I know not which, we, at any rate, found ourselves about twenty yards from where the explosion occurred, and could see part of the roof in the street.

We had hardly reached the building when a man came out of it covered with powder, his hair and beard burning, and large pieces of flesh hanging from his face and bare arms. Never will I forget the horror of the sight; his flesh was charred and his face partly burned. As he reached the sidewalk he looked around him and called a name I did not catch. Receiving no answer he went right back into that burning furnace, and in a few seconds came out bearing in his arms his child, a girl of six or seven. Those nearest him heard him say:

"My darling, are you hurt? Oh, you are hurt!" While the poor little thing kept saying: "No, papa, I am not hurt, not at all; you are burning, think of yourself," and yet the blood was trickling from her forehead where the flying debris made a deep gash. Both recovered, though the girl's life was not in danger, but two—Philadelphia Press.

Carlyle's Cold Water Remarks.

The little anecdote of Carlyle related by Lord Houghton to the members of the Yorkshire College is said to be characteristic of its hero. It appears that many years ago, when Carlyle first came on a visit to Lord Houghton's grandfather at Fyrron, his host took occasion one morning to lament to him the destruction of a fine view by the erection of a tall factory chimney. Mr. Milnes, no doubt, expected that his guest would readily concur, but the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I do not at all agree with you. Since I have been under your hospitable roof this is the first evidence that I have seen that any work is being carried on in this neighborhood which is of any utility to mankind." This is the sort of reply which sensitive conversationalists find slightly discouraging. —London Daily News.

Truthful James.

Says a Western exchange: "A practical revivalist in this neighborhood requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After taking their seats, a call was made for those who didn't pay their debts; and one solitary individual arose, who explained that he was an editor."

and could not, because the rest of the congregation were owing him for their subscriptions."

HABITS OF FRENCHMEN.

One Respect in Which They Enjoy an Advantage over Americans.

The habits of life, so far as regards eating, are better with our Parisian. England and America both transgress, one in the quantity, the other in the quality, of the food. The Briton feeds too heavily. He becomes plethoric and beefy. The exquisite rose tints on his daughter's cheek turn to patches of harsh color on the face of his wife, and his own rubicund visage suggests chronic congestion. Not content with heavy meals morning, noon and evening, there is a night supper, more or less profuse according as the good sense of the individual bends to or wrestles with custom. There is a good deal of tea drunk and coffee and a vast amount of strong ale and porter; which all serve to induce more appetite for solid food. A man can eat two slices of bread or meat with a glass or a cup of liquid accompaniment, where he could use but one without. So the effect is apt to be excessive. Certain excess over the necessary amount of nourishment, probable excess over the wholesome point.

In America it is not the amount—although our women as a rule with their sedentary habits use too much, especially at breakfast time—but the kind of food which makes the national deadly sin. Pies, cakes and hot biscuits, fried meat and doughnuts, pickles and preserves, bleach instead of reddening the blood; and except in some few districts, we are a nation of anemics. If the unfortunate stomach can sustain the injury done it by lack of proper nourishment, it succumbs to the habit of bloat. Meal time is a succession of gulps and swallows grudgingly snatched from time devoted to the routine of labor, as hurried as the routine of business, and the cup of business cares can make it, and wholly unavailing for ordinary purposes of mastication. The misused teeth decay and ruined digestion revenges itself in blanched cheeks, thinned hair and general prostration. If this is too vivid a picture for the better knowledge and higher civilization of our cities, it certainly is not so for the country districts, and it is these last which produce the people. Towns may be the nerve ganglions, but the country supplies their force.

The Parisian has changed all this. He begins the day with the slightest possible breakfast, leaving mind and body cleared, not weighted for action. After three or four hours' work has induced a healthy demand for food there comes a dainty and plentiful meal—two or three courses of meat, with a few vegetables, an omelette, bread and butter, fresh or prepared fruit. This answers to our lunch, and is usually served at noon or at one o'clock. Six hours later comes dinner. Soup always, often fish, four or five delicate and inviting preparations of meat, with a slight accompaniment of vegetables and some delicious sauce; a sweet and a dessert of fruit and cheese form the main points of this principal meal. Poor families will have less; richer people will offer greater variety, but ordinarily this scheme very nearly answers to the daily routine of a Parisian household. —Paris Cor. Boston Journal.

ON THE GRAND CANAL.

Early Morning Scenes in Venice—Market-Men on the Way to the Rialto.

The first sign of life on the Grand Canal in the early morning is the passing by of long barges laden with green vegetables and fruit from the low, flat island of Mazzorbo, and destined for the market at the Rialto. One such has passed as we write; its sail is of a rich Indian red with a dark blue tip, a fillet-work border running round it, and in its center a design in orange of St. George and the dragon. The big rudder is painted in green and white, and has a picture of the Madonna on the part that is above the water. The men who are pulling the barge along add to the variety of color by one of them wearing a pink shirt and purple trousers. The whole thing, together with its green load, looks, as the first rays of the sun glint upon it, like a bit of a broken rainbow that has dropped into the canal and is drifting along on the eddies. Now comes a barge heaped up with coal, now one with bales of cotton for the factory lately established here. This is followed by another whose cargo of square white deal boxes is guarded by a soldier at each end of the boat, and the red flag that floats over it tells us that it is dynamite that is passing by. Of a more peaceable sort is the next that we notice. A small flat boat, hardly more than a curved board, is propelled by two tall, brown-robed figures, two Capuchin friars, who, with bare heads and sandals feet and with cords girdling their waists, are off on a begging expedition, hoping to return with their Franciscan cane basket filled with good things for their monastery's fare. Presently a barca approaches the stone landing place beside our palace. This barca is a plainer sort of gondola, without its graceful, dignified slip prow. Out of it come, tumbling over each other, about fifty soldiers. An early-astir, itinerant seller of an Italian "Complete Letter Writer," with a quick eye to business who happens to come up, seizes the opportunity, and in a moment his bag is open. He pulls out a heap of books, and with ready wit reads a suitable sample of the contents of his book: "Letter from a soldier in Abyssinia to his brother in Italy." In an instant the soldiers are crowding round him, listening with interest, many producing the coins with which they can become possessors of the little manual, which they scan eagerly for something to fit their own particular case as they are hurried away up the narrow lane. —Chambers Journal.

Amy Meant the Other Kind.

"Mr. Dolley, give me a cent," said Amy's little sister, before Amy came down to the parlor.

"What do you want with it?" asked Mr. Dolley, much amused, as he handed her the coin.

"O, I don't want it; I only wanted to see if you had any cents, because sister Amy said this afternoon that you hadn't."

—Yenowine's News.

Lady Forester, of London, is a practical philanthropist. Each week she sends to the factory girls of London upwards of 2,000 bunches of flowers gathered by the servants on her estate.

A REMARKABLE LEGEND.

How Four Celestial Architects Planned the Cathedral of Cologne.

Several years before the foundation-stone of the famous chapel was laid, there lived a man who was far in advance of all his contemporaries in the cultivation of human knowledge. This was Albertus Magnus, of the Order of St. Dominic. At this period Conrad von Hochstaden occupied the arch-episcopal throne at Cologne, and had for some time been engrossed with the thought of erecting a vast and majestic cathedral. With this object in view he caused the friar to be summoned before him, and directed him to design a plan for the erection of a building which should in splendor all then existing structures.

Albertus cogitated day and night in his lonely cell over the grand idea which had been entrusted to him; he prayed fervently and continuously that God would assist him. But, notwithstanding all his meditation and prayer, a mist seemed to enshroud his imagination; no picture that he could reduce to shape would present itself. His heart was bowed down with anxiety as in the silent watches of the night he sat immersed in thought and reflection and yet the shadowy outline of a superb temple floated before his mind and seemed to fill his thoughts. When he was tired out with the strain or mental exertion, he would cast himself upon his knees and implore the Blessed Virgin to assist him in his task which he was unable to accomplish alone. In this way weeks passed.

On one occasion, when Albertus had been sitting by the side of his flickering lamp, deeply impressed in the construction of a design, after offering a fervent prayer for help, he became overpowered with sleep. It may have been midnight when he awoke. His cell was filled with a Heavenly radiance, and the door leading to the hall of the monastery was standing open. Albertus rose in terror from his seat; it seemed as if a flash of lightning had passed before his eyes, and he became aware of four men dressed in white cassocks entering his cell, with crowns of burnished gold, glistering like fire, on their heads. The first was a grave old man, with a long, flowing white beard covering his breast, in his hand he held a pair of compasses; the second, somewhat younger in appearance, carried a mason's square; the third, a powerful man, whose chin was covered with a dark, curly beard, held a rule, and the fourth, a handsome youth with auburn locks, brought a level. They walked in with grave and solemn tread, and behind them, in her celestial beauty, came Our Lady, carrying in her right hand a lily stalk with brightly-gleaming flowers. She made a sign to her companions, whereupon they proceeded to sketch, with practical hands, a design in lines of fire upon the bare walls of the cell. The pillars rose on high, the arches curved to meet them, and two majestic towers soared into the vault of heaven. Albertus stood lost in contemplation and admiration of the glorious picture thus presented to his gaze.

As suddenly as it had appeared, the heavenly vision again vanished, and Albertus found himself alone; but the plan of the splendid edifice, which had been drawn by the four celestial architects, under the direction of the Virgin Mother, was traced upon his memory in ineffable lines. Very soon after this he presented a plan of the Cathedral of Cologne to Archbishop Conrad. The most high-flown aspirations of the prelate had been surpassed beyond measure. The foundations of the building were soon afterward laid, and future generations carried on the erection, and completed, as we now see it, a wonder of the whole world.—N. Y. Catholic News.

AN INGENIOUS TRICK.

How Reading Written Matter Through an Envelope Is Done.

One of the puzzling tricks performed by so-called public mind-readers, or clairvoyants, is an extremely simple deception. The performer standing on the stage asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationery is furnished and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up.

The performer picks out an envelope, and, after feeling of it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the inclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he reads, and then, picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the sentence he has just read. The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it, and proceeds in that way through the lot.—N. Y. Star.

A Big Kentucky Snake.

Kentuckians frequently see snakes, but they do not often encounter such a monster as was reported to have been seen by several reliable parties in the vicinity of Center Furnace, on the Cumberland river. James Armstrong, a prominent farmer of Lyon County, while out hunting, came across the reptile, which he says is at least twenty-five feet in length. Its body was partially concealed by the undergrowth, and he had seized a club and wondering how he could attack it, when a hissing noise caused him to look up and he beheld the monster's head reared up about five feet above the earth as it gazed at him, its forked tongue hanging out. He says it would have fought him had he not retired, when it also ran rapidly away. It has a bright spotted skin and a head the size of a child's.—Louisville Times.

Woman's Frowns.

It is very wrong for men to swear. When anything's awry, And with a little thoughtful care They'd stop it if they'd try. Yet, after all, there're greater wrongs Than men who wildly rant, And then they look a woman down Who wants to swear and can't. —Chicago Herald.

Advertisers can reach the people through the columns of the Daily News.

SCENES IN TOKIO.

The Motley Crowd to Be Seen on the Streets of Japan's Capital.

The scenes upon the streets are as mixed as the signs. American street cars, drawn by scraggy Japanese horses, trot by your jirnikisha pulled by a bare-legged coolie, and foreign carriages, with coachman and footman in livery, dash by rude ox-carts, the beasts of which, with great straw mats stretched above them, move lazily along, led by a bowl-hatted farmer dressed in a blue Japanese gown, and wearing upon his feet sandals of the same straw with which his ox is shod. Here a gang of half-naked men push great carts of merchandise through the streets of the great city, and their chorus of grunts at each turn of the wheels is broken in upon by the whistle of the railroad locomotive at the station. On the sidewalks the mixture grows worse than ever. The colors of the clothes are as many as those of the coat of Joseph, and the blue-gowned