

Manchester Saturday Herald.

VOLUME VII. NO. 4.

MANCHESTER, CONN., JANUARY 5, 1889.

FIRE EDITION.

BURNED OUT!

The Herald Finds Itself Homeless.

ROSE'S BUILDING IN ASHES.

Cowles's Hotel Saved by Hard Work.

FIRE STARTS FROM A DEFECTIVE CHIMNEY.

Fires almost always come in pairs in Manchester and when the Tuohy barn was burned last Saturday night the wise ones predicted another fire within ten days. It came on time and made an uncomfortably close call on the business center of the village. Rose's building and its contents were totally destroyed and the Cowles hotel just across a ten-foot alley was badly scorched.

It would be hard to find in the town of Manchester a building more completely occupied than Rose's. Every nook and corner from attic to cellar was made to serve a useful purpose. On the lower floor was Charles H. Rose's drug store and beneath it the boiler room and a storage cellar. In the rear of the drug store on the same floor was the central office of the Southern New England telephone company and the office of the United Lines telegraph company. There was a small back room used as a laboratory by Mr. Rose. Behind these apartments and extending across the north end of the building was the Herald press room.

On the second floor of the building, the east front room was occupied by Olin R. Wood as a law office. The room behind it and connected with it by a door was used by Mr. Wood for a probate office. The remainder of the floor was occupied by the HERALD. The front room was the business and editorial office. Behind it was the mailing room and behind that the composing room, the same size as the press room and directly over it. A stairway led from the composing room to the press room.

When the printers opened the office at seven o'clock yesterday morning, they smelled smoke so strongly that they searched the press room for indications of fire, but found none. Steven Dunn, who is a clerk in Rose's drug store, also noticed the smell of smoke in the drug store, but everything about the boiler seemed in good order, and so far as could be seen there was no other fire in the building.

Shortly before eight o'clock, Thomas F. Rady, foreman of the composing room, passed through the press room on his way out doors. M. F. Tuohy, another compositor, left the office at the same time to go to the post office. Joshua Smith, compositor, was left alone in the composing room. A moment after the others had left the office he heard the roaring of fire in the press room. He ran down stairs and found the partition between the telephone office and the press room all ablaze. He left the press room by an outside door and called to Rady who was a few feet from the building. Rady rushed into the press room, but was driven back by a sheet of flame that singed his hair and his eyebrows. The flames swept up the open staircase into the composing room, cutting off access

to the rear end of the building. Both rooms were ceiled throughout with yellow pine finished in oil. Over this inflammable material the fire swept with inconceivable rapidity.

About the same time the fire broke through the partition into the press room, it appeared in the telephone office. Mr. Rose was at breakfast. A messenger was dispatched to his residence across the square and he hurried to the store, arriving in time to save the telephone switch-board and a roll-top desk in the telephone office, and take his books and valuables from the safe.

The alarm soon spread through the village and a hundred men were soon at work fighting the fire. The Herald employees, aided by willing workers, were able to save part of the furniture of the front office, the books and the files of the paper for the last seven years.

The town has no apparatus for extinguishing fire and it became evident at once that Rose's building could not be saved. The efforts of the men were then directed to the task of saving the hotel, a large three-story wooden building. If the hotel had burned, the conflagration must have extended to half a dozen other buildings including Hartman's and Colver's stores and, quite likely, the Catholic church. It seemed impossible to save the hotel. The Rose building made a fierce fire. A telegram had been sent to Hartford for a fire engine, but the help did not arrive in time to be of value to the hotel. But by heroic effort the volunteers were able to save it. A bucket brigade was formed. Carpets were hung from the eaves of the hotel on the side toward the burning building and kept saturated. From the windows buckets were emptied against the side of the hotel and the clapboards were kept moist. The heat cracked the windows and blistered the paint but did not ignite the building. After an hour's hard fight the danger was over.

Engine No. 5 arrived from Hartford about quarter to ten and unloaded near White's brook. The danger to the hotel was then over but the remains of the Rose building were still burning fiercely. A stream from the engine very speedily deadened the flames.

Olin R. Wood's law library was saved and also the furniture of his front office. Three safes, one his private property, and the other two containing the probate records went down with the building.

The Herald's Loss.
Mr. Ela, the publisher of the Herald, resides in South Manchester. The fire had been burning an hour before he heard of it. His house is connected with the office by telephone, but when the fire broke out of course the telephone became worthless. He was informed of the fire just as he was taking the 9.08 train at the South Manchester depot. When he reached Depot square the interior of the building was gone. As soon as he learned that his books and papers had been saved he began preparations to issue a paper Saturday.

The fire came at a bad time of the week for the Herald. The four pages, 2, 4, 6 and 7 had been printed Thursday afternoon and the forms were on the imposing stones ready to be unlocked. Pages 1, 3, 6 and 8 were mostly in type and ready to lift into the forms. Friday afternoon the edition would have been run off and mailed Friday night. Everything connected with the mechanical department of the paper was destroyed. The large pile of papers, printed on one side was so closely packed that it did not burn entirely, although it was in the hottest part of the fire. Somebody dragged the half-burned papers into the square and hundreds carried them away as souvenirs of the fire.

While the fire was still burning, Mr. Ela received a message from Mr. T. S. Pratt, of the Rockville Journal offering aid. This kind offer was gratefully accepted and arrangements were completed by telegram at once for the publica-

tion of this edition from the original office. Before eleven o'clock new quarters had been secured for the Herald in Fuller's building over the post office and a sign had been posted in front of the burning building announcing that the paper would be issued on Saturday. The Herald compositors took the noon train for Rockville and began at once to set type for this paper.

Our readers will of course pardon the defects of this issue. All the standing type was destroyed, and also the copy for matter yet unset. We have had no time to reset the advertisements.

Half a ton of white paper stored in the press room was destroyed. The Cottrell cylinder press was ruined. The electric motor which ran the press, was rented from the Mather Electric Company and was their property. It was uninsured. The Herald was insured for \$1,500. The loss is estimated at \$2,500, although if the expense caused by the delay were considered it would exceed that amount by considerable.

Mr. Rose's Loss
is almost total. He was insured for \$4,000 on stock and \$1,500 on building. He had lately spent \$500 enlarging the building, and but a short time before had spent nearly as much refitting his drug store, putting in bay windows, etc. He had within a few weeks put in a steam heater and piped the entire building. With steam heat and electric light the danger from fire was supposed to have been reduced to the minimum.

The Need of Fire Protection.
The fire was not as disastrous as it might have been under other conditions. The day was still and mild—and it was day instead of night. But there was heat enough there to suggest what might be expected some other time when the conditions were not so favorable.

Everybody will admit now that our village needs a water supply and fire apparatus. The warning has come. Next time it will be more emphatic. Now is the time to act.

We Thank You Heartily!
Our thanks are due to Mr. Pratt, publisher of the Rockville Journal, for his prompt and hearty assistance in our misfortune. He was crowded with job work but he cheerfully placed at our disposal his large and well-equipped office and his force of printers. "A friend in need is a friend indeed" and we shall always remember Brother Pratt's kindness.

We also wish to thank the friends who helped save our office furniture. The desks contained papers of greater value than the desks themselves.

We are grateful to the many friends who have kindly expressed their sympathy in our hard luck.

Origin of the Fire.
Careful investigation of the origin of the fire leads to the conclusion that it started from a defect in the chimney. The only fire in the building was in the furnace under the boiler. A fresh fire had been built that morning. The fire broke from the partition near the chimney and appeared on both sides of the partition at nearly the same time.

It was suggested that the fire might have been caused by the electric wires that supplied the motor but that theory is at fault first because the electric current was not on and second, because the fire first appeared on the opposite side of the room from the electric wires.

The theory that the fire was started from spontaneous combustion in the press room is discredited because there was no oily waste and only a small quantity of waste paper in the press room.

Plans for the Future.
It is still early to state definitely what the burned-out parties will do. Mr. Rose will probably make an arrangement with Mr. J. E. Morton by which he will be allowed to use enough of Mr. Morton's land—adjoining Mr. Rose's lot on the east—to put up a temporary building for a drug store. He will probably in the spring rebuild on the old site putting up a substantial two-story brick structure.

The Herald is still homeless. If suitable quarters can be found we expect to replace our plant without delay. We shall probably issue a four-page paper next Saturday. By the Saturday following we hope to print the paper in the eight-page form from our new type and press. We shall have things moving in the old grooves as soon as possible. We have secured permanent quarters at the old stand which we shall occupy as soon as Mr. Rose completes his permanent building.

Mr. Wood, who enters upon his new office on Wednesday, has opened an office in the house of Mrs. Mary A. Wood, where he may be found for the present at least.

Notes.
Our correspondence for this week was all burned.

The type lists and the mailing machine were burned. If any subscribers are omitted they will please notify us. We shall prepare duplicate lists as soon as possible.

The Herald sent out several hundred bills this week before the fire. The money will be exceedingly welcome at this time and we hope that all indebted to us will remit promptly.

There were five safes in the building, one in the drug store, one in the Herald office and three in Lawyer Wood's office; two of the three held the probate records. They were opened Friday afternoon and their contents found intact. The bindings of the books were scorched but the records were not defaced.

The telephone exchange will be temporarily located in C. H. Rose's house. The wires are being changed by a force of workmen.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE UNION.

The Mills to Start at Once.
There were cheerful faces all through Union village last Monday and it was evident that something unusual had occurred. The good news turned out to be a report that the Union mills property had been leased and would start up at once. Unlike the former rumors this one could be verified. The facts in the case briefly stated are these:

A company has been formed to lease the mill for a period of six months with the privilege of buying at the expiration of that time at a price already fixed. The leasing company will be known as the New Union Manufacturing company. The only stockholders in the company at present are Messrs. S. W. Hildreth and William Bowler, both of Rockville. When the time comes for buying the property the capital of the concern will be increased by the admission of other stockholders whose names have not yet been made public.

The mills will be started as soon as possible. Already machinists have begun work making the few repairs necessary to put the mill in running order. Mr. Hildreth will be agent and manager for the new company. He has already hired several of the old foremen and has employed Mr. Brandt as book-keeper. He expects to have the mill in full operation by the middle of the month.

The mills employ about 350 hands. Many who were thrown out of employment when the mill shut down have remained in town. Others have left town but have left families here. The new concern will give the preference to the old employees in hiring new hands.

The New Union will at present manufacture ginghams only, taking care to maintain the high reputation these goods have always borne. Messrs. Root & Childs, of Hartford, the selling agents of the old company will market all the product of the new company.

Mr. Hildreth, the new superintendent, is a manufacturer of large experience. He has worked in cotton mills for half a century most of that time in the capacity of superintendent. For five years before the Union shut down he was superintendent of the carding and spinning rooms of that mill. He is a public-spirited man, popular among

the help and hopes by raising the standard of the employees and improving their tenements to make Union village a credit to the town.

Mr. Bowler is an unmarried man of thirty, with a large experience in cotton working. He is a shrewd and energetic business man and will give all his time to his new venture.

Both Mr. Hildreth and Mr. Bowler will make Manchester their home.

A representative of the Herald made a tour through the Union mill this week and was surprised to find the mill in such good condition. The mills have been kept warm and the machinery well-oiled so that it has not rusted.

A STREET NUISANCE.
The Salvation Army Are Too Noisy.

Everybody felt relieved when the last campaign closed. The parades and the bands and the drum corps might be endured for a time, once in four years, but the noise was weary some and people were glad when it was all over. But the worst noises of the campaign would have been drowned by the din now made almost nightly on the streets of South Manchester by the salvation army.

It is time their public demonstrations were checked. It is not necessary in order to save souls to put the whole village in an uproar.

At first the salvation army contented themselves with singing hymns through the streets. Then they added a tambourine accompaniment; later an accordion; then an organ and a second. Now they have come out with a brass band with ten or a dozen pieces including a big bass drum and a snare drum. From a musical standpoint, their performing is simply dreadful; but they make so much noise that a full regiment would be no more than a full regiment.

The officers of the Golden Cross commandery will be installed at Cheney's hall, Monday evening, the 14th, and the Rockville commandery, who were burnt out by the recent fire at Rockville, will install their officers at the same time and place.

The new officers of Drake Post were installed by Arthur Olmsted of East Hartford, Tuesday evening. The installation was followed by the largest ball of the season, over 120 couples taking part. An army supper was served in the basement.

A comrade of Drake Post lost his pocket book, containing about \$125 in Cheney's hall last Tuesday evening. He had been saving this money for a long time and cannot afford to lose it. The finder will be rewarded on returning it to C. A. Day, janitor of the hall.

The Village Improvement Society of South Manchester offer an attractive entertainment in Cheney's hall next Wednesday. The performers will be Prof. R. H. Mohr, a magician ventriloquist and cartoonist of note and Levetti the famous juggler and balancer. It will be worth seeing.

D. F. Blinn and Albert Cowles exhibited fine pony at the Meriden pony show this week. At Winsted last week Mr. Blinn's White Plymouth Rocks took first, second and third premiums and also a special premium.

Hugh Quinn wishes us to state that neither he nor his father was drunk Christmas night; John McGinn, one of the gang of road workers was, he says, the one who was drunk and was the cause of the disturbance.

When the Washington express was changed to run via Newburgh, it was anticipated that there might be some delays on the western division, between here and the river, owing to steep grades, sharp curves, etc. Between here and Boston, however, it was expected that the time, as heretofore, would be made without trouble. But singularly enough the delays thus far have been on the eastern end, owing to a succession of hot boxes and other unavoidable causes, so that the train has been late in leaving Hartford for the west nearly every night. But most of these delays have been trifling. Coming east, the train has done better. The patronage thus far is very satisfactory.

The Old Welch Mill Burned.
The Windsorville satinette mill was burned to the ground, together with the mill boarding house, Tuesday morning. Fire broke out at 5 a. m. over the boiler on the second floor. When discovered, access to the force pump had been cut off, so nothing could be done towards saving the mill or protecting the boarding house adjoining. The mill was owned by Frank S. Jordan, New York, and was managed by G. W. Smith as agent. Nothing was saved in either building except a portion of the furniture in the house. The loss is \$35,000. Insurance \$20,000. The mill had lately been supplied with new boiler, engine, and most of the old machinery had been replaced with new. Other new machinery had been ordered.

The mill was the only source of support to about 75 families, who are now thrown out of employment in the dead of winter, which is a great misfortune to them. The mill has been more successful under the present management than formerly and was running very busily and steadily. When Mr. Smith took the management of the mill it had been idle some time and the village was not as prosperous as could be desired, but since that time the mill houses have been repaired, new houses built and the village wore an air of thrift and prosperity. It is hoped the mill will be rebuilt at once and meet with continued prosperity.

Accident.
Fred Thrall was brought to his home on Village street, by the one o'clock train this afternoon, on a stretcher, seriously hurt. He fell or jumped from a train last night at Bolton, Nottch, was picked up by a freight and taken to Willimantic, and brought to Rockville as above.

AFFAIRS ABOUT TOWN.

George F. Rich, insurance agent, has left several neat calendars at this office.

The last quarterly conference of the South Methodist church will be held the tenth.

I. N. Blinn has transformed his foundry on Hackmetack street into a two-tenement house.

E. W. Horton has resigned his place as foreman of the Union Mill's printing department.

The Union mill will run fifty hours a week but will so divide the time that the operatives may have a half holiday Saturdays.

The Young Men's Catholic association will present the temperance play "Wrecked in Port" at Bissell's hall a week from tonight.

The Young Men's league want a janitor for the Robertson building. The right man may occupy the tenement in the building rent free.

A few friends of Rev. Mr. La Roche have presented him \$100 with which to replace the bicycle that was stolen from him last summer.

The sales by the Mather Electric Company in 1888, were equal to the combined sales of all previous years since the company began business.

The new choral society will be organized at Cheney's hall, Monday evening, the 21st. Over a hundred invitations to singers will be sent out next week.

A special meeting of the Business Men's association will be held next Saturday afternoon in Bissell's hall, at three o'clock. Matters of importance will be considered.

The week of prayer begins tomorrow and will be observed by special services in nearly all the churches. The Episcopal begins a week from

The polo game between the Company G team and the locals of Hartford, was won by Company G. Tonight they play the Stars at the armory.

The officers of the Golden Cross commandery will be installed at Cheney's hall, Monday evening, the 14th, and the Rockville commandery, who were burnt out by the recent fire at Rockville, will install their officers at the same time and place.

The new officers of Drake Post were installed by Arthur Olmsted of East Hartford, Tuesday evening. The installation was followed by the largest ball of the season, over 120 couples taking part. An army supper was served in the basement.

A comrade of Drake Post lost his pocket book, containing about \$125 in Cheney's hall last Tuesday evening. He had been saving this money for a long time and cannot afford to lose it. The finder will be rewarded on returning it to C. A. Day, janitor of the hall.

The Village Improvement Society of South Manchester offer an attractive entertainment in Cheney's hall next Wednesday. The performers will be Prof. R. H. Mohr, a magician ventriloquist and cartoonist of note and Levetti the famous juggler and balancer. It will be worth seeing.

D. F. Blinn and Albert Cowles exhibited fine pony at the Meriden pony show this week. At Winsted last week Mr. Blinn's White Plymouth Rocks took first, second and third premiums and also a special premium.

Hugh Quinn wishes us to state that neither he nor his father was drunk Christmas night; John McGinn, one of the gang of road workers was, he says, the one who was drunk and was the cause of the disturbance.

When the Washington express was changed to run via Newburgh, it was anticipated that there might be some delays on the western division, between here and the river, owing to steep grades, sharp curves, etc. Between here and Boston, however, it was expected that the time, as heretofore, would be made without trouble. But singularly enough the delays thus far have been on the eastern end, owing to a succession of hot boxes and other unavoidable causes, so that the train has been late in leaving Hartford for the west nearly every night. But most of these delays have been trifling. Coming east, the train has done better. The patronage thus far is very satisfactory.

The Old Welch Mill Burned.
The Windsorville satinette mill was burned to the ground, together with the mill boarding house, Tuesday morning. Fire broke out at 5 a. m. over the boiler on the second floor. When discovered, access to the force pump had been cut off, so nothing could be done towards saving the mill or protecting the boarding house adjoining. The mill was owned by Frank S. Jordan, New York, and was managed by G. W. Smith as agent. Nothing was saved in either building except a portion of the furniture in the house. The loss is \$35,000. Insurance \$20,000. The mill had lately been supplied with new boiler, engine, and most of the old machinery had been replaced with new. Other new machinery had been ordered.

The mill was the only source of support to about 75 families, who are now thrown out of employment in the dead of winter, which is a great misfortune to them. The mill has been more successful under the present management than formerly and was running very busily and steadily. When Mr. Smith took the management of the mill it had been idle some time and the village was not as prosperous as could be desired, but since that time the mill houses have been repaired, new houses built and the village wore an air of thrift and prosperity. It is hoped the mill will be rebuilt at once and meet with continued prosperity.

Accident.
Fred Thrall was brought to his home on Village street, by the one o'clock train this afternoon, on a stretcher, seriously hurt. He fell or jumped from a train last night at Bolton, Nottch, was picked up by a freight and taken to Willimantic, and brought to Rockville as above.

NEIGHBORHOOD JOTTINGS.

From this week's Rockville Journal by courtesy of the publisher. The New Directory of Tolland County...

Quarryville.

The Christmas exercises of the Union Sunday School consisted of prayer by W. H. Herkel...

HIS UNCLE'S WILL.

A TAILOR'S WAISTCOATS AND WHAT THEY CONTAINED.

A Social Position Secured by Debt—The Interrupted Suicide—Mr. Klie's Proposition—It is Accepted—A Duel Stopped—A Change of Habits Demanded—A Queer Courtship, Followed by a Happy Marriage.

When a person owes 100,000 francs in Paris he has almost a social position. The main point is to succeed in becoming indebted to that extent.



THE SUICIDE INTERRUPTED.

upon the ultimate possession of the property of his rich old uncle.

Now that uncle was dead and he found himself disinherited in favor of a distant female cousin.

Nothing now remained to him except his 30 years, his habit of living well, and his fine form which turned women's heads.

Yes, there also remained 100,000 francs contracted with Mr. Klie, the celebrated tailor, the inventor of the furnished waistcoat.

What was the furnished waistcoat? Whenever his patrons were in want of money, he ordered a waistcoat for them in one of whose pockets they would be sure to find fifty louis.

Upon the note this garment was valued at 500 francs. Caspar Breuil had, in all, ordered several dozen of these waistcoats.

How was he now to pay for them? After mature reflection upon this problem he had opened a drawer and taken out a pistol, which he placed against his forehead.

"May God forgive me," he murmured, "but I cannot endure to live longer, thus reduced to the extremity of being unable to carry my waistcoats except upon my conscience."

But in the supreme moment a rude shock caused the weapon to fall from his hands. He turned furiously and perceived a little old man who had entered noiselessly upon the point of his shoes.

"Upon my soul, Mr. Breuil, you were about to do a fine thing!" exclaimed the little man.

"I made no reply. It was Mr. Klie who silently drew from his pocket a note for 50,000 francs which he signed by Caspar Breuil.

"See here," said he, "you are my debtor, and have no right to kill yourself so long as you have not paid me in full. All the properties cannot be thus put out of sight."

"But since I have nothing; since my uncle has disinherited me—"

"The misfortune is cruel, but it is not irreparable," replied Mr. Klie sententiously. "I have a plan. Here are 10,000 francs, for which you may give me a receipt. With this sum you can live for six months. Take it with you, and be gone. Within six months you will marry and I shall be paid all that you owe me. I am doing business."

Caspar Breuil signed. Notwithstanding the singularity of this offer, it was better to accept it than to die. Mr. Klie took two rolls of gold coin from his pocket and left, with a smile on his face worthy of a Tallyrand.

A fortnight afterwards Caspar had resumed his former mode of life.

In the meantime one thing caused him uneasiness. From the windows of a fashionable restaurant or from the balcony of a friend's house, he occasionally thought he saw a little, attentive silhouette, which would suddenly disappear behind a carriage or cab—the silhouette of Mr. Klie.

What was he doing and why was he thus keeping watch in the street?

He had but too much of an explanation. If he showed himself at the theatre in fast company, he found Mr. Klie at the door, who reminded him energetically. Was this, then, the road to matrimony?

If he lost at play he received a letter from the tailor reproaching him for thus wasting money not his own.

One day he had a duel on his hands. At the moment when the swords clashed together with the ring of steel, Mr. Klie moved from a bush and compelled Caspar to make an apology. His life was no longer his own.

Finally he received a visit from a physician, who ordered him to retire at nine o'clock, to smoke but one cigar a day and to drink milk. It was Mr. Klie's physician. After a month's regimen of this sort, which rendered Caspar's countenance

dear and rosy, Mr. Klie asked him to attend mass at the Church of the Magdalen's every Sabbath, where the richest business were to be found.

"Sir," exclaimed Caspar, one day, "have you saved my life only to make it ten times more odious than death? Thanks to you I can no longer visit lady friends, nor fight duels, nor play at bacarra. As these are the only things which amuse me, what would you have me to do?"

"Hush!" replied Klie. "I have found what you want at last. She has seen you at the Magdalen and she worships you."

"Who?"

"She calls herself Madame Durand. She is the widow of a distinguished magistrate. She is forty years old and has an income of 100,000 francs. I do not say she is beautiful, but she will grow handsome after marriage. Love idealizes women."

"Never mind, let us make an end of this," said Caspar. "Anything rather than remain a widower's slave."

In the evening of the same day in Rue de la Harpe, Madame Durand's forty years appeared for forty. She was an angular, withered, soot-black woman who took snuff out of a gold box and carried an eye-glass.

The first time Caspar saw her he sent Klie to the devil. Nevertheless he became a frequent visitor at the house.

Madame Durand had for a companion a young lady called Susanna. She had adorable eyes, jet black hair, a charming smile full of roguery, although without coquetry.

It was difficult to recognize Caspar Breuil after he came in contact with this girl. He had but one occupation—to think of her. He remembered but vaguely that he had formerly had lady friends. Madame Durand, indeed, cast a shadow upon his happiness, to be sure, but when he kissed her hand he looked at Susanna, and the kiss went to its true destination.

Finally, Mr. Klie rubbed his hand with satisfaction from morning till night. One morning he sought Caspar, and said to him: "It was time to declare himself officially."

"Mr. Klie," said the young man, provoked beyond measure, "I have deceived you shamefully. I shall never marry Madame Durand, because I love her lady companion to distraction. I could have married a woman without loving her in order to pay my debts, but your machinations have turned against you in placing this young girl in my way. I can marry no other than her; it is your fault. I shall bid an eternal farewell to Madame Durand."

When Caspar Breuil entered the house in the Rue de la Harpe, he there encountered some grave personages who seemed to be awaiting him, while conversing together. Madame Durand presented a notary to him and several old friends.

A MEMBER FROM TEXAS.

A PICTURESQUE AND ORIGINAL STATESMAN AND SOLDIER.

How Major Martin Distinguished Himself at Gettysburg—He Uses Forceful Language and Chews Good Tobacco—How General Stone of Kentucky Befriended a Needy Veteran.

The most lovable of the quaint characters in the House is Major William H. Martin of Texas. He was born in Alabama and went to Texas thirty-eight years ago.

He settled in the district so long represented by John H. Reagan, and he is now Congressman from that district. When Reagan was sent to the United States Senate there was a long and bitter struggle for his seat in the House.

The nominating Convention was in session several days. Ballot after ballot was taken unavailingly. The delegates were worn out. Their hotel bills were increasing, and there was apparently no way out of the difficulty.

Finally an old Confederate soldier placed Major Martin in nomination. The competing candidates rather laughed at the idea. The Major was a plain, old fashioned lawyer, with a cattle ranch and unassuming character. He hadn't an enemy in the district. His heart warmed toward everybody, and everybody's heart warmed toward him.

He had served through the war in Hood's Texas Brigade. In one of the battles of the Wilderness he distinguished himself at a critical moment. Hancock's corps had made a lodgment that threatened disaster to the Confederate line. General Lee made repeated efforts to recapture the position. Nettled by these failures, "Uncle Robert" placed himself at the head of the Texas Brigade, intending to lead a final charge in person.

At this a tall, lean, lank officer, broad by Virginia sills, laid his hands upon the bridle of the Confederate commander. "Your place, General," said he, "is there," pointing to the rear. "Your life is too valuable to be lost. The safety of the army demands its preservation. Your presence is not necessary for the Texas Brigade to do its duty."

The tall officer was Major Martin. With tears in his eyes he implored General Lee to go to the rear, and trust to his children from the Lone Star State. He finally turned the horse's head to the South, and led the animal to a place of comparative safety.

Then the Texas Brigade faced a storm of bullets. With fixed bayonets they dashed beneath the pines, and after a fearful conflict they drove back Hancock's troops and held the position. It is said that this incident is commemorated by a large painting in the State House at Austin. Certain it is that the Democratic Congressional Convention remembered it. They stamped all the other candidates and nominated Martin by acclamation.

When Major Martin came to Washington, his homely manners and quaint ways attracted the attention of the reporters. They treated him very much as they would have treated Davy Crockett inlays gone by. He was accused of blowing out the gas at Willard's, of breaking his finger nails on electric buttons, and of setting his watch by dials in horse ears. All these stories were untrue, however. Their repetition in the newspapers, however, irritated the Major.

When the House was organized, Guides eagerly pointed him out to visitors, and contributed to the stories already afloat. The Major's appearance increased the interest of those who saw him. He is over six feet tall. He wears a broad-brimmed felt hat and his snow-gray locks, long and curly, would have done credit to the court of Charles the Second. He has the face of a veteran. It is scarred and bronzed by time and exposure. The eyes are gray and sunken and the brows bushy and shaggy. The Major is about sixty-five years old. He is careless in dress, and he usually saunters around the House with unbuttoned waistcoat and his hands in his pockets. His cuffs flutter from his wrists like the wings of a dove.

His linen is not as white as snow, nor are his boots of a mirror-like polish, but he has a heart as warm as the Hot Springs, and a kindness of manner that would grace many a resident of Fifth Avenue. No man is more punctual in his attendance at prayers, and none more devout. He never misses the meetings of the Committees on Patents, and on Coinage, Weights and Measures, and he has been absent only three days since the Fiftieth Congress commenced its work. He chews the finest of plug tobacco.

When the proceedings in the House become wearisome he rocks himself in his pivotal chair, rolling his quid from cheek to cheek, and whistling like a Yankee. Paul Renouard, the Parisian artist, caricatured him in Harper's articles. The sketches pleased no one more than the Major himself. They illustrated the only set speech made by him on the floor. It was a tariff speech delivered at a night session. It had been studiously prepared, but the light was so bad that the old man could not see his notes. He made a fanciful argument, but it lacked lucidity and symmetry. He was extremely nervous and forgetful. It was the sweeping gestures characterizing his eloquence on the border. While the speech was being delivered, two of the Major's Congressional friends paid a predatory visit to the Capitol grounds, and tore two huge bouquets from the lilac bushes. Being hard pressed by the police, they scaled a balcony of the Speaker's lobby, tied a broad, white silk ribbon around the tribune, and placed it upon the veteran's desk. "Old Howdy," as he is affectionately termed, was delighted. He is the only man, thus far, who has drawn full galleries at an evening session.

An affecting story is afloat in Washington, illustrative of the Major's warm heart. He saw in a newspaper an announcement of the arrival of the wife of the late General, John B. Hood, in New Orleans. The General died in New Orleans years ago. The Major called upon the orphans and showed them every attention. He accompanied them on an introduction to the wife of the President. Mrs. Cleveland treated them with great kindness and courtesy. She afterward returned the call and did everything to make their visit to the Capital pleasant.

One of the warmest friends of the Major in Congress is the Hon. John H. Moffit, of Franklin County, N. Y. Mr. Moffit is a Republican. While a private in New York regiment, he met the Texas Brigade at Galnes' Mills. They left him sorely wounded on the field of battle, where he

remained all night in the rain. It was in honor of these two old soldiers that the Congressional Press Club gave a dinner last winter. The table stood beneath a cover of roses. A miniature cannon guarded each man's plate. The wines were exquisite, and the dinner was one of the costliest of the kind ever given in Washington. The menus bore the Major's portrait. None at the table was more happy than the two soldiers, who fought their campaigns anew, and narrated many a thrilling adventure of the war.

The Major is freighted with strong common sense. Old smiles sparkle in his conversation. He is pointed and pithy. Last spring the House was in an uproar. Cannon, Reid and Brumms were roaring and shaking their fists at the Democrats. Weaver, Mr. Millin and Springer were roaring and shaking their fists at the Republicans. A storm of the elements was raging outside. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning, and the Capitol was struck by a thunderbolt. The lightning was so vivid and the peal so appalling that many members sprang to their feet in terror. For half a minute there was profound silence. Then the words were resumed. When asked what he thought of the scene the Major replied, "It was God Almighty calling the House to order."

Not long afterward James G. Blaine wrote his first letter declining the nomination for President. It was cabled from Europe, and it created much speculation in the House. Archie Bledsoe, who sat near Major Martin, asked him what he had read it. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "I always read what Jim Blaine says."

"What do you think of it?" Archie inquired.

"Well," said the Texan, tearing a plug of tobacco from his belt, "I reckon there's a mighty big black bug under that chip."

The developments at Chicago prove that the bug was under the chip and it bids fair to remain there until the crack of doom. The Major received his cousin's greeting from his colleagues. He shakes hands with them every morning saluting them with such expressions as "Howdy, Bob," "Howdy, John," and other companionable nicknames. He has never showed temper but once since he was a member of the House. It was when he met the correspondent who started the story that he blew out the gas. The old man contented himself by slapping his face. The story that he placed his hand in his pistol pocket is denied.

The Major is not the only interesting Confederate soldier in the Capitol. In the heart of the debate on the Nicaragua Canal bill a well-knit gentleman stood in an aisle of the house conversing with Gen. Wm. J. Stone, of Kentucky. The General has only one leg. His companion had lost an arm. A white silk handkerchief was knotted around his neck and there was the usual Southern caution about his attire. After his departure General Stone was asked who he was.

"One of nature's noblemen," he replied. "A brave soldier and an admirable citizen. Misfortune never danna him, nor does prosperity spoil him. We both served in the Confederate army, although I never met him there."

The General told an exceedingly interesting story. The war left the General himself penniless and in destitution. He returned to his little farm and began to scratch the face of the earth to support his family. Day after day he plowed after the plow. It was hard work, but he was earning an honest living and he did not complain. Within three years he was elected to the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature. He served several terms and was finally elected Speaker. Then he came to Congress. One day, while riding through Calloway County, he saw a man with one arm ploughing. He was clad in homespun. He carried the reins around his neck and turned a neat furrow. "Who is that man?" he inquired of a friend who sat with him.

"His name is John N. Williams," was the reply. "He lost his arm in the war, and he is having a hard time of it. He has a wife and two children and it is as much as he can do to clothe and feed them."

The General rode on. He thought of his own struggles after the war, and resolved that he would do a good turn for the one-armed veteran if opportunity offered. On the organization of the Fiftieth Congress he was made Chairman of the Committee on War Claims. He had the appointment of a clerk to the committee at a salary of \$6 a day. He telegraphed to his friend in Calloway County:

"Tell John Williams to put on his best clothes and come to Washington immediately. I have a place for him."

The old soldier came on and was made clerk of the committee. He afterwards sent for his wife and children, and to-day there is not a happier family in the District of Columbia.

AMOS J. CEMMINGES.

THE PERILS OF THE STAGE.

Young Women Cautioned Against Its Deadly Snare.

I recall the instance of two girls who started almost even in theatrical life less than four years ago. They were warm personal friends, though in no way related. The first of them is a cold, staid and handsome sort of a woman, with a dash of Hebrew blood in her veins, and a manner that nothing ever ruffled. She took lessons in dancing, singing and elocution, hour after hour, every day, and she worked like a Trojan, even though she was only in the chorus. Having perfected herself in this part of her work, she saw that she needed gorgeous costumes to make any sort of an impression, and she took the usual means of getting them. The last time I saw her here in the spring she had a brougham of her own, worth \$18,000 or \$20,000 worth of diamonds on the stage, and was a majestic, complacent, handsome and successful woman.

The girl who started out with her is still respectable and esteemed by her small circle of friends. Occasionally she appears about in the chorus; at other times she and her mother teach a children's dancing class. They are in wretched circumstances, and the dramatic career of the daughter is an emphatic and flat failure. Yet she started out more thoroughly equipped than her companion. Had she gone the way the other did her success would have been very much greater. The conclusion of every man who is honest and whose experience of stage life is at all extensive must be absolute on questions of this sort. There is about one chance in ten thousand that the stage, or the caper who is thoroughly honest and virtuous, and who is not backed up by influential friends. These are the facts, stripped of all tawdry sentimentality and wishy-washy gab.

A. E.

CHENEYS' HALL,

Wednesday Evening, January 9,

A NIGHT OF MYSTERY!

Prof. R. H. MOHR,

IN FEATS OF

Legerdemain, Ventriloquism,

Lightning Charcoal Sketching.

LEVETTI,

The Great

JUGGLER and BALANCER,

In his Wonderful Acts.

Under auspices of Village Improvement Society of South Manchester.

Admission, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

BISSELL'S HALL,

Saturday Ev'g, Jan. 12.

The Y. M. C. A.

In the thrilling Temperance Drama,

"WRECKED IN PORT,"

With a Strong Cast.

Followed by the renowned Irish Farce,

"THAT RASCAL PAT."

The entertainment will conclude with a Social with music by Keating's Orchestra, W. P. Smith, Prompter. Admission 25 cts. Reserved Seats 35 cts. Extra train to South Manchester at close.



THE FALSE COURTESHIP.

dear and rosy, Mr. Klie asked him to attend mass at the Church of the Magdalen's every Sabbath, where the richest business were to be found.

"Sir," exclaimed Caspar, one day, "have you saved my life only to make it ten times more odious than death? Thanks to you I can no longer visit lady friends, nor fight duels, nor play at bacarra. As these are the only things which amuse me, what would you have me to do?"

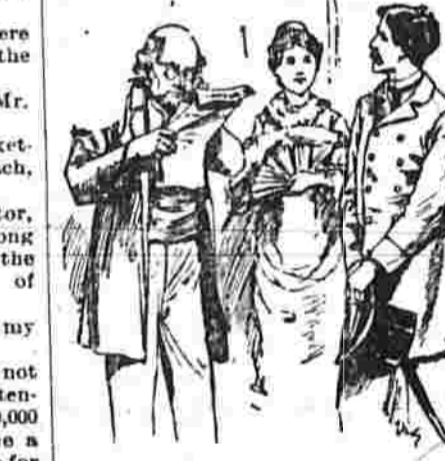
"Hush!" replied Klie. "I have found what you want at last. She has seen you at the Magdalen and she worships you."

"Who?"

"She calls herself Madame Durand. She is the widow of a distinguished magistrate. She is forty years old and has an income of 100,000 francs. I do not say she is beautiful, but she will grow handsome after marriage. Love idealizes women."

"Never mind, let us make an end of this," said Caspar. "Anything rather than remain a widower's slave."

In the evening of the same day in Rue de la Harpe, Madame Durand's forty years appeared for forty. She was an angular, withered, soot-black woman who took snuff out of a gold box and carried an eye-glass.



THE PLOT REVEALED.

a will for my husband. I did not wish to obtain you but from yourself. Have I succeeded?"

Caspar's only response was to sink into an armchair overcome with joy, while a little dry laugh was heard from the depth of the sofa.

It was Mr. Klie's laugh. He was to be paid at last.

Mrs. Waddell, Miss Kidder, Ella Wilcox.

It is a poor afternoon for tens when one cannot meet somewhere Mrs. Coventry Waddell, who after many years absence from New York, began to renew her social triumphs last spring. Mrs. Waddell is a drawing room dowager who has stepped boldly out of the pages of an old romance. Old New Yorkers remember her as the woman who first introduced sidewalk awnings at receptions in private houses. Young New York hears the tale of her sixty-five years and wishes that it may retain its erect carriage, stately dignified white youthful hands and plump firm flushed shoulders two-thirds as long.

Mrs. Waddell used to be famous for her beauty. She carries with her the prestige of past conquests, and has a stage queen presence, in decollete blue plush, lace and pearls, still.

Kathryn Kidder has not been seen in the American social previous to the production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" since her return from England. Her last appearance was in "Held by the Enemy," in a part she did not like, a part in which, gossip said, she was annoyed by the devotion of her stage lover, who was devoted when off the boards, although provided with a wife and family. The stage lover recognized a certain obligation in ties already contracted and committed suicide. Miss Kidder was made ill by the occurrence, and promptly accepted an offer of Miss Eastlake's place from Wilson Barrett as a chance for getting away. Her family, who are old New Yorkers, were greatly opposed to her stage career and did their best to keep her off the boards.

Miss Kidder is a very lovely girl in private life and more beautiful in a drawing room than in the glare of the footlights. Jennie June was one of the first friends of the young aspirant, and predicted for her a great career. She is one of the attractions at Mrs. Croly's evenings this winter.

A small woman, with a mouth like Anna Dickinson's, with nice eyes and a tuft of blonde hair, a woman whom one is likely to meet almost anywhere, is Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is experimenting just now with Empire gowns. Gray silk, with skirt cut straight and scanty, folds and sleeves smocked, wide saff folded about the waist just below the arms, plaited hat of gray velvet covered with long gray ostrich plumes, fairly describes her latest costume.