Charlotte Daily Observer.

PART 2.

PAGES 9 TO 12.

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS RECALLED.

Some of the Trials of the White People of the State Recounted for the Benefit o the Younger Generation.

To the Editor of The Observer:

I have read General Carr's interesting letter in the supplement to The Observer of May 31st, and consider it a timely review of the days when it was harder to live in North Carolina than it was to fight on the battlefields of Virginia. General Carr's letter is descriptive of those days but lacking in detail from the simple fact that no one could give the details with the other facts in the space used in the letter referred to.

It was very natural for the soldier to think that he had made all possible sacrifice on the field of battle, but when he returned to his home, and in many instances found it reduced to ashes, it was crushing, but to find also that he had been disfranchised and the foreigner, as well as the slave, enfranchised, and in control of the State government, headed by carpet-bag leaders whose purpose was to plunder, it was just awful, indeed. There was no principle save in the bosom of the soldier, his dependents and friends, and that principle was represented by patience never before excelled under similar conditions.

The Sons of Veterans and other young people have not in all probability read with keen interest, the history that was made in the first three years after the close of hostilities. It was during these years that the carpet-bag rule and ruin held sway in the Southern States, and especially notable were the outrages in North Carolina. Think of it! A soldier or any one in sympathy with him had no voice or vote. A white man unless he was a Union Leaguer, which meant a follower of a carpet-bagger, had no rights that were respected by the white man with the black heart, followed by the black man with the white heart, compared with his leader.

The Ku Klux were the disfranchised soldier and his friends. The Union Leaguers were the carpet-baggers and their followers. All that was mean, low, and devilish that could be done by the carpet-bag rule was charged to the Ku Klux (Democrats). The climax was reached when the time arrived for the soldier and white man at home to vote. It was at this time that the most dastardly acts of the carpet-bag government were perpetrated to prolong the carpet-bag rule. A man called Colonel Kirk, and one called Lieutenant Bergen, with a battalion of ragged tramps, called soldiers, started out with the sanction of Governor W. W. Holden and associates to arrest some of the best citizens of Alamance, Caswell and Orange counties. These good men were taken from the office, the desk and field, some from sick ones in the home, some in their shirt sleeves leaving their horses and plows standing in the field.

The object was to hold these citizens under arrest on the pretence of insurrection, thus preventing them from voting, and intimidating others. These men were taken to Hillsboro and there held prisoners guarded by the most contemptible mob ever collected.

Josiah Turner, editor of The Raleigh Sentinel, was one of the prisoners, notwithstanding he thundered away at such an outrage with a determination to gain our rights or die in his tracks. Hon. A. S. Merrimon plead, as for his life, for judicial interference, but Governor Holden would not act, and the power of the judiciary was declared exhausted. It was worse than war, but at this time Judge Brooks came to the rescue of his State, the prisoners were ordered to Salisbury and there tried by this eminent judge and citizen. They were liberated and their captors returned to Raleigh under arrest. This act of Judge Brooks gave us a chance of having our wrongs righted for the first time after the war. Therefore, I believe that one of the noblest deeds that our State could do would be to erect a shaft to the memory of Judge Brooks. I would like to see Charlotte take the lead in that direction.

I went with these prisoners to Hillsboro and thence to Salisbury and enjoyed their freedom from the thraldom of the galling chains that had bound them in obedience to the Governor's actions. I tried to get Bergen to arrest me. I told him that it would be humiliating to be arrested by such a man, but it would be honorable to suffer for such a cause as was ours, that I was a Democrat and that was all the evidence he wanted to call me a Ku Klux.

Every soldier will remember the times referred to, and every son of a soldier or his friends should think why such things could be; and his conclusions would be, that ignorance was led by plunderers, and would most naturally reason if such a thing was possible then, it would be again if eternal vigilance was lost sight of. The greatest legacy one generation can bequeath the other is a better government each succeeding generation, and this can only be done when the people capable of governing are governing.

The amendment to the constitution giving the black man with the foreigner the right of franchise should never have been added and ought to be amended by the general government now. The black man was the mud sill of loyalty to the wives, children and friends of the Confederate soldier for which he is entitled to the fairest consideration. His home is in the southland and his occupation with those against whom he votes. Such never would have been the case had he not been told by the miserable carpet-baggers that his freedom was on account of the love of Uncle Abraham Lincoln for him, and that if he was still faithful to his former owners, his enslavement was sure and punishment unbearable. The truth of the matter is that his freedom was the result of Lincoln's wisdom to starve the Confederatee soldiers out as he could not whip them, the black man being considered as the commissary for the Confederate army.

J. A. HELVIN.

Charlotte, June 8.

ROBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident, of hich Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed at Burwell & Dunn Co.'s drug store.

LAST NEGRO CONGRESSMAN

IN PERSON OF GEORGE H. WHITE.

Congressman Cummings Gives an Entertaining Review of the Career of the Negro in Congress—Some of the Notable Figures of Reconstruction Days Recalled—South Carolina's Representatives of the Past—Dry Stones in the Bed of the Brook.

(Copyright, 1900, Amos J. Cummings.)

Washington, June 7.—He is the last of his race. An epoch is closed. Seated in a remote corner of the chamber of the House of Representatives, near Brumidi's painting of the opening of the negotiations at the siege of Yorktown, he listens to an uproar on the floor, apparently lost in reflection. A light mulatto of steady physique, he has close-cropped, kinky hair and two inches of whiskers militaire. This statesman is the Hon. George Henry White, of Tarboro, N. C., the last of the negro Congressmen.

The reconstruction tide has at last passed the flood and is beginning to ebb. The palmy days of the new era are over and the relapse is here. Mere ephemera were the carpet-bagger and scallawagger. They were political insects with lives measured by days. But the negro survived by nearly a third of a century. He was a part of the soil of the South, cultivated by questionable methods, but never fertilized. Like the old Virginia tobacco fields, the soil seems to have run out, and the land no longer productive, is about to be abandoned.

The situation has changed. The woods have been cut away and the stream has run dry. The denuding of the forest began four years ago when Mississippi adopted a State constitution that practically disfranchised the negro. Louisiana followed suit, and North Carolina and Virginia are already treading in the same path. The fifteenth amendment is virtually being wiped out. Dry are the stones in the bed of the brook. There may be water under them, but whether it will ever again ooze to the surface time alone can determine.

What a regime it was in its heyday! The amnestied whites seem to have regarded it as a sort of political nightmare. No more incongruous political elements were upheaved in the French revolution. It was a stratum of statesmanship unforeshadowed and utterly unknown. It was like fungi, the product of a night, and only a few experts could separate the mushroom from the toadstool. It first knocked at the door of the House of Representatives in the Fortieth Congress in the person of a West Indian negro thirty years old. His name was J. Willis Menard, and he had received a certificate of election from Governor H. C. Warmoth, of Louisiana. His seat was contested by Caleb S. Hunt. The committee on elections reported against Menard, and Hunt was seated by the House. Menard argued his case ably and vigorously, and was the first negro who was ever heard in Congress.

The next negro who appeared was Hiram R. Revels. He was elected to the United States Senate from Mississippi, and took his seat in February, 1870, his term expiring March 4, 1871. Revels was tall and commanding and of very agreeable and engaging manners. It was said that he had a white wife. He was a graduate of a Quaker seminary in Indiana. At the expiration of his term he became a Methodist minister, and made his theological career remunerative by lecturing in Boston and other cultured precincts.

While Revels was a United States Senator several negroes were admitted to the House of Representatives. This was in the Forty-first Congress. The most prominent was Joseph H. Rainey, born a slave in Georgetown, S. C., in 1832. Rainey was a barber in Charleston when the war broke out. He fled to the West Indies in 1862, where he remained until the close of the war. On returning to Charleston he was elected to the constitutional convention, afterward became a member of the State Senate, and finally landed in Congress. Rainey was hand in glove with John J. Patterson, Franklin Moses, Tim Hurley, and other Rinaldo Rinaldinis of South Carolina reconstruction. Rainey was first elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of B. F. Whittemore, who was threatened with expulsion for selling a cadetship. He remained in the House longer than any other negro ever sent to Congress, serving eight consecutive years. Nemesis caught him in the fall of 1878. In the election of 1876 he had beaten J. S. Richardson by 1,500 votes, but in 1878 lost his political feet and was swept into the whirlpool of the past.

In the House he had been a Lanjunais among the reconstructionists. Quick-witted and versatile in action, he had been of service to his party. He became a candidate for clerk of the House in the Forty-seventh Congress. It was universally conceded that he was more than competent and was entitled to the honor. Like others of his race, however, he was set aside when rewards were distributed to those who had distinguished themselves in political conflicts. Rainey was a very light colored gentleman, with wavy but not kinky hair. Suave in conversation, he had soft, engaging manners, and was supposed to be a West Indian negro. He spoke French fluently, had the Creole patois, and affected literature. He was a fair orator, and was regarded as a literateur. He admired Dumas, lectured on Toussant, regarded Dessalines as a pure patriot, detested Soulouque, and claimed that Hannibal was a greater military genius than Napoleon. Rainey took an active part in the colonization of Liberia, and believed that the future of the emancipated slaves lay in that direction.

One of Rainey's associates in the Forty-first Congress was Israel G. Lash, representing a district in North Carolina. Lash was a member of the House when Rainey was sworn in to fill the Whittemore vacancy. He had been a slave, and was born in 1810. Lash lacked education and refinement, made no effort to ascend the ladder of fame, and was of a morose disposition. He dropped from his perch at the end of the term.

Meantime a new negro appeared at the door of the Senate with credentials from Mississippi. He was Blanche K. Bruce, born a slave in Virginia in 1841. In his boyhood he went to Mississippi and afterward settled in Missouri, but returned to Mississippi after the war. He acquired land and became a planter. He entered political life as sergeant-at-arms of the State Senate, was finally elected United States Senator for the term beginning in 1875. Being a close friend of Roscoe Conkling and a gentleman of education and refinement, he wielded considerable influence in the Senate. His friendship for Mr. Conkling was so great that he named his only child after him. He frequently presided over the Senate, filling the chair with grace and dignity and winning encomiums from his colleagues without regard to party. On retiring from Congress, in 1881, he was succeeded by Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, and was made Register of the Treasury by President Garfield. His wife was an octoroon, refined and genteel and well educated. Their devotion to each other was often remarked.

Another negro who attracted almost universal attention was the Hon. Robert B. Elliott, of South Carolina. He was born in Boston, educated at High Holborn, England, and graduated from Eton College in 1859. He studied law and went to South Carolina after the close of the war. After serving as a member of the constitutional convention he became a member of the Forty-second Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-third. There were four negroes from the Palmetto State in this Congress, and only one white man. Elliott was a black man with a dash of white blood. He was nine-tenths negro and extremely proud of his ancestry. He traced it back to the Congos. A very dressy negro, Elliott always wore a sealskin cap in winter. He kept close watch on the reconstruction laws in the different States. In those days travelers going South usually took the boat to Quantico, where they connected with a train on what is now known as the Atlantic Coast Line. Elliott insisted upon eating at the table with the whites while traveling to Quantico. There he entered the Jim Crow car, and remained there until the train entered South Carolina; then he would pick up his overcoat and transfer himself to the ladies' car, where he settled himself comfortably in a seat and slept soundly until the train reached Columbia. He was at one time adjutant general of the State. General Elliott, as he was termed, resigned before the expiration of his term to become sheriff of Columbia. He had ascertained that the perquisites of the office were far superior to those of a Congressman.

And there is another South Carolina negro who attained a national reputation, Alonzo J. Ransier. He was born in Charleston in 1834. He was self-educated, and was employed as a shipping clerk in 1850 by a leading merchant. His employer was tried for violating the law in hiring a colored clerk, and was fined 1 cent, with costs. Ransier was a member of the constitutional convention, and afterward became chairman of the Republican State central committee. He was also presidential elector on the Grant and Colfax ticket, and was elected to the Forty-third Congress. He was an apt representative of the changed conditions in Charleston, and can hardly be said to have compared favorably with the chivalric Representatives from that city before the war.

A Representative who will never be forgotten was the well-known Jere Haralson, of Alabama. He was as black as coal, a genuine plantation negro, the forerunner of rag-time and the Mobile buck. Jere was born in Muscogee county, Georgia. After the death of his master he was sold on the auction block in Columbus. The negro became the property of J. Haralson, of Selma, and remained there until President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. He acquired some education afterward, became a member of the State Legislature in 1870, and was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress. He claimed a re-election to the Forty-fifth, which was Democratic. In this Congress Charles W. Field, of Georgia, was door-keeper. He saw a coal-black man on the floor of the House one day watching the proceedings, and took him for one of the colored barbers. He told one of his assistants "to drive the nigger back into the barber shop where he belonged." The assistant tried to carry out the order, but Jere proudly proclaimed his identity, and General Field made a gentlemanly apology.

Another distinguished colored Congressman is brought to mind. Like Haralson, he was a slave emancipated by Lincoln. He was found in Natchez when captured by the Union troops. After attending evening schools and acquiring a fair education he was elected to the Forty-third Congress and re-elected to the Forty-fourth. This gentleman was John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, temporary chairman of the Republican national convention that nominated James G. Blaine in 1884. Senator Sabin, of Minnesota, chairman of the national committee, had nominated Powell Clayton. Henry Cabot Lodge put Lynch in the field against him, and Theodore Roosevelt and George William Curtis seconded his nomination. The avowed object of the nomination was to break up the unit rule. Lynch was elected with forty votes to spare. Major William McKinley was a delegate to this convention. He voted for Clayton, while Foraker, Mark Hanna, and John D. Long voted for Lynch. Mr. Lynch was afterward third Auditor of the Treasury under President Harrison.

Another slave who appeared in the House was General Robert Smalls, of Beaufort, South Carolina. He was the engineer who ran the Planter, loaded with artillery and supplies, out of Charleston harbor in May, 1862, and delivered her to the commanding officer of the Union squadron. Smalls was afterward appointed a pilot in the navy and was made captain for gallant and meritorious conduct. He served three terms in Congress, being seated in the Fifty-first Congress as the contestant for Colonel William Elliott's seat. The ousting process was completed in ninety seconds under the Reed rules, the quickest time on record. For years General Smalls has had a claim before the House for salvage on the Planter. Several times it has been reported favorably, but at no time has the been able to secure its consideration.

Probably the most brilliant negro of the regime was Prof. John M. Langston, seated under the Reed rules in the Fifty-first Congress. He was a professor of law in Howard University and at one time its acting president. Born a slave, he was a graduate of Oberlin, and practiced law in Ohio for twelve years. Langston's equal in talent was Henry Plummer Cheatham, of North Carolina, now register of deeds in the District of Columbia. Cheatham made a speech on the proposed negro exhibition at Chicago World's Fair that attracted universal attention. He cut loose from all political affinities and spoke for his race alone. His remarks were cheered to the echo, and Confederate veterans vied with one another in tendering their congratulations. The appropriation for the negro exhibition was voted without a dissenting voice.

And there are others—George Washington Murray, Richard H. Cain, Robert C. De Large and Thomas E. Miller, of South Carolina; Benjamin S. Turner and James T. Rapier, of Alabama, and Josiah T. Walls, of Florida. Murray, Turner, and Walls were slaves. Rapier was the son of a runaway slave, and was educated in Canada. He was a tall, swarthy negro, looking like an Indian. He was cool, calm, and reserved—a good talker and a fine speaker. He spoke French, German and Spanish, and was a commissioner to the Vienna Exposition. Cain was a little, short, squatty negro, a fair talker and very aggressive. He wanted all the rights of a white man, and wanted them quick. Walls was a pepper-and-salt negro, a smart talker, and an adroit manipulator of his race. Turner was a stout, stalwart negro, who made only one speech in the House. As it attracted some attention, it was said to have been written by Prof. Seelye, of Amherst College.

So much for the past. We know the present. What about the future? For this is a great world, and God moves in a mysterious way.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

THE PEARY EXPEDITION.

The Windward Shortly to Leave for Sydney to Prepare for Her Voyage to the North—She Will Sail as an American Ship—The Expedition and Its Plans.

St. Johns, N. F., June 9.—The Peary Arctic steamer "Windward" is ready to come out of dry dock to-day, having fully completed the extensive repairs which have been in progress for several months, and will shortly leave for Sydney, C. B., in command of Captain Samuel W. Bartlett, to take on coal and supplies for her voyage to the North. While the new engines desired have not been obtained, in consequence of the utter inability of manufacturers both in Great Britain and in America to take up the contract, a new shaft and propeller have been supplied, the old engines thoroughly overhauled and put in the best possible order, so that at least a knot and one-half an hour in speed has been gained, bringing the "Windward" up to the "Kite" of the 1891-1892 and 1895 expeditions. In addition, the hull has been thoroughly rebuilt, strengthened both within and without, and the Windward, as a whole, is in far better condition than she has been for years, new boilers having been installed by Mr. Harmsworth shortly before he turned her over to Mr. Peary in 1898.

The Windward will this year sail as an American ship, so far as her nationality is concerned. The necessary legislation by Congress having been approved by President McKinley, though not having entered an American port, the formal register has not yet been issued. Captain Bartlett, has, however, a copy of the act, certified by the Secretary of the Treasury, upon which the United States consuls and foreign authorities of any port will permit the Windward to fly the Stars and Stripes. The rebuilt Windward will be, therefore, the first Arctic expedition steamer to carry the Stars and Stripes at the peak since the ill-fated Polaris left the Brooklyn navy yard in July 1871 under command of Captain Charles F. Hall, and who died on board a few months later.

The expedition will sail from Sydney about July 1st, and proceed directly, with a call at Disco, to Etah, North Greenland, Mr. Peary's winter quarters, where instructions from him will doubtless be found, or if not, will be awaited. The Windward will take with her the maximum quantity of coal which she can carry; additional lumber, oil, sugar, arms, ammunitions, provisions, scientific instruments, and everything which is necessary for Mr. Peary's work. The Windward also takes two new whaleboats, built at New Bedford, for the Peary service, thoroughly equipped in every detail.

It is, however, quite possible, that Mr. Peary may have attained the Pole this spring, in which case he will, of course, return with the ship; if not, the additional equipment, with what remains of the 40 tons of supplies left at Etah by the Diana last year, will be ample for the remainder of the time which he will devote to his work. Upon the arrival of the Windward at Etah, Mr. Peary will assume command, and her further movements will be subject to the conditions of his work and to his instructions. No passengers will be taken on the windward, the Danish government having qualified their permission to land at the Greenland ports, with the conditions that tourists should not be carried. Mrs. Peary and Miss Peary, however, will go north on the steamer as far as Etah, and it is probable that the Windward, if she returns, will bring home the Robert Stein party, landed near Cape Sabine by the Diana in August last.

Appointed Bishop of Columbus.

Rome, June 9.—The Rev. Henry Moeller, secretary and chancellor of the arch-diocese of Cincinnati, O., has been appointed bishop of Columbus, O.

The Rev. Henry Moeller was born in Cincinnati in 1849, and was one of the first students in the American College, at Rome. He was formerly pastor of Bellefontaine, O., and professor at St. Mary's Seminary. In 1879 he was secretary to Bishop Chatard.

Suiting the Action.

Chicago Tribune.

"Which one of the popular books of the day do you like the best?" asked the maiden.

"'To Have and to Hold,'" he answered in an ecstatic whisper.

"Don't Harry!" she protested, but her voice had a smothered sound.

[For The Observer.

CERTAINTY.

"Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"

Fitzgerald's Translation of the Rubiayat of Omar Khayyam.

Ah, the Spring does not vanish with the Rose.
But into Summer's fairer beauty grows!
And, to the heart of him who waits and hopes
In God, the season with full promise glows.

And if the manuscript of Youth should close
For death's brief period, the believer knows
That he the finished story yet shall read
In the clear light that God in heaven bestows.

Aye, read the mystery only hinted here,
And in between the lines, the meaning clear
Of many things that human wisdom failed
To see, all ended and completed There!

And so, although the Moon may wax and wane
And look for him hereafter, all in vain,
He knows beyond the Darkness there is light—
That since Christ lives, he too shall live again!

O. H.

Unless food is digested quickly it will ferment and irritate the stomach. After each meal take a teaspoonful of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and will allow you to eat all you need of what you like. It never fails to cure the worst case of dyspepsia. It is pleasant to take. R. H. Jordan & Co.

THE DECADENCE OF SCULPTURE

RESPONSIBILITY FALLS ON CANOVA.

In the Paris Exhibition, No Improvement is Shown on the Works of Fifty Years Ago—The General Run of the Exhibit is Mediocre, but There are Some Notable Exceptions—Solon Borglum's Fine Works.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Paris, May 29.—A forest of sculptures, many-limbed, though of one branch of art, occupies the ground floor of the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. "Ground" is appropriate, since the marbles, bronzes, and plasters in question sprout out of the mother earth. With soil beneath foot and arched ceilings of glass overhead, the palace bears more resemblance to a mammoth conservatory than any other specimen known to architecture. But here again there is fault; the palms, flowers, and arbors that were to have relieved the cold monotony of statues, were omitted from lack of space. So the only growth observable is the development of art during the nineteenth century. A brief survey, and, still more, a careful examination, raises the question whether this is a parasitic growth or vegetation pure and simple. Certain it is that, with a few exceptions, the Exposition Decennale shows no improvement on the works of fifty years ago.

According to Rodin, it is on Canova that falls the responsibility for the decadence of sculpture. He it was who, in the beginning of the century, introduced moulding from nature, now almost universally in use, and as unpardonable a crime in sculpture as is photography in painting. Beautiful as is nature in every form, in early bloom as in decay, and artistic as is every line or entirety that faithfully follows nature, inharmony results from mouldings, though cast on the same body, that are merely assemblages of fragments. "Study nature," says Rodin, "love it, worship it, endeavor to be true to it, and, though it will take a lifetime, art will come to you. Meanwhile, rejoice in your grossest mistakes, for they show an honest effort and a lesson learned." Upon accepted art, Rodin is merciless; the most noted sculptors are by him termed amateurs. After a lifelong struggle for recognition, he has won for himself a place where he need no longer fear criticism. Even his enemies must acknowledge his strength, but his admirers cannot blind themselves to his weakness. He has followed nature to the point of losing idealality. And since the art of Praxiteles and Paeon, of Botticelli and Raphael, was the mingling in perfect proportions of the form seen and the spirit felt, Rodin still has a number of converts to make, before his school is universally accepted.

After passing under the triumphal portico in the Avenue Nicholas II., the first feeling is a shiver from the cold damp air blowing as out of a vault. Then comes bewilderment before the mazes of sculpture; bewilderment that increases at every step. Statues are thrown together as in a marble yard; even toys in a Christmas shop are displayed to better advantage. The lack of space is simply shocking. With outstretched bronze arms poking one's ribs on both sides, and a plaster toe punching one in the back, it is possible to look at something or other in marble rubbing against one's nose. The task is not pleasant; nor, in most cases, is it profitable.

The new works are, in great part, on the same hackneyed themes seen year after year, with little variety in the interpretation. Even the old blunders are there. The mistake most frequently encountered is an emotion expressed in a face, and belied by every muscle and even in the attitude of the accompanying form. Then there is the misfortune of selecting trivial subjects. Many things interesting in life, become insipid in stone. The uninteresting becomes intolerable. For instance, who would stop to watch a naked boy picking his way across a brook? His mama might, for fear lest he scratch his precious toes. Discreet aliens would flee such a spectacle. But because, forsooth, the lad is chiseled in marble, all who pass are expected to admire. Exaggerated physical expression is another pit-fall for sculptors. When there is depth of meaning, the distortion is forgotten, after the first shock. The writhing limbs of Rodin's "First Man" become a revelation, when the subject has been profoundly studied. But the sculptor of a marble called "In the Woods" has selected one of those vapid moments interesting for the participants, certainly, and for their respective families, perhaps. A boy who has caught a fox in a noose, is lying on his back, and trying to hold the struggling animal with his toes. To express reflection, presumably, or doubt, the boy's lips protrude several inches beyond the normal level. The curling lips of the fox seem to be saying, with Alice, "As a pig, he would really not be so bad-looking." Which is undeniable, although this would be more appropriate in a variety show transformation scene than in an exhibit at the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.

But enough of carping criticism. Although mediocre works are the first to impress, there are some fine pieces, for those who care to seek.

The central figure of the exhibit, immediately under the dome, is the new Victor Hugo, by Barrias. The poet is seated on the top of an obelisk, haunted by forms supposed to symbolize lyric, dramatic, satyric and epic poetry. This monument is so colossal that, at close quarters, it cannot be seen. Perhaps this is why it does not reflect balefully on the statues disposed in a circle round it. From a distance, it may be seen, but this is not necessary, when one is on one's guard. After the precise location has been learned, it is possible to keep the eyes turned elsewhere, thus avoiding many unpleasant sensations.

Immediately facing the entrance, is Falguiere's Cardinal Lavigerie, intended for the city of Bayonne, the birthplace of the great evangelist and colonizer. The Cardinal stands in his mitre and robes, holding aloft the crozier. Diagonally opposite, at the rear of the circle, is the statue which many consider the greatest of Falguiere's works, the figure of La Rochejaquelein, from the town of Saint Aubin. These two statues, and "Cain Carrying the Body of Abel," the last though of Falguiere's that found expression, have their bases draped with crape, in tribute to the memory of the master sculptor.

The other works in this circle do not merit particular notice; just without, however, is the section of the United States, honored above all foreign nations by being awarded the place next to France in prominence. Two life-sized groups of horses by MacMonnies, stand out in full vigor of life and muscular action. Between them is the equestrian figure of General Sherman preceded by Victory bearing a crown of laurels. This forms, with the Shaw monument at the head of the stairs to the left, the principal feature of St. Gaudens' exhibit.

Among the young men who have attracted much attention is Solon Borglum, of Utah, whose life on the plains inspired him with the thought of depicting those peculiar and interesting types of which so little is known out of the West. What Owen Wister has done in literature for the cowboy and his mates, Solon Borglum has done in art. The first of his works, "The Lame Horse," is a pathetic sketch of animal suffering. The horse, with a brute's stoic resignation to that which it feels but cannot analyze, is trying to make the best of the accident; but the nose lowered as if to ask the bandaged hoof please to get well, shows that if, like Paul, he is contented in his lot, he is not contented with it. "The Wind" is so realistic that it would make one shiver even if it were not in the cold-house of the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. The icy blast of the open plain is whipping against the back of the mare that is trying to shelter her colt. As in the other, the depth of feeling is very great, as well as the sympathy shown for animals, and a thorough knowledge of their sensations and anatomy.

The most remarkable of Mr. Borglum's works is "The Scout." To the edge of a precipice the wily Indian has crept, and, concealed by the body of his horse, he is scanning the distant horizon. The horse, trained to the Indian's ways, seems there merely for his own amusement; with an inquisitive air he looks down at the plain, as if commenting on the quality of the grass. But with the tail of his eye he watches; in an instant, he will be tearing away at the first signal, bearing his master far out of harm's way. One point to be noticed is that the Indian's hand is placed not above the eyes, as is generally done, but below. This is not an eccentricity by which the artist has sought to achieve originality, but a characteristic of Custer's famous scout, Black Eagle, who served as model for this sculpture. Black Eagle said that to place the hand to the forehead was useless, since the eye-lids and lashes afforded all the protection required; whereas the lower part of the face left an unlimited line of vision which hindered careful observation. So he cut off with his hand that which he did not wish to see, and he had reduced his theory to such a science of practice, that he could calculate to a nicety the space needed between his half-closed lids and his upraised hand, to project his view to a definite point.

The Exposition Centennale, in the Avenue d'Antin side, has been arranged as a comparative history of French sculpture. To the right are works prior to 1850; to the left, works since that date. In the centre a few world-famous pieces have been gathered together, among them Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, and Rodin's First Man, the Age of Copper, and one of the Bourgeois de Calais.

In the hall on the left, near the State stairway, are two of the most striking pieces of the exhibit, and, indeed, two of the strongest works the century has seen. They are from the hands of Rene de Saint-Marceaux, whom many have already acclaimed as the successor of his master, Falguiere. Le Genie Gardant le Secret de la Tombe is a plaster replica of the renowned original in the Musee du Luxembourg. L'Arlequin is the marble in the possession of Madame Pommeroy. The former with its impassive, haughty look revealing a knowledge surpassing all conception, the latter with its hollow smile concealing the thought that is to produce the next quip, each a masterpiece in itself, the two together reflect glory on the mind whose versatility could produce such contrasts. Nor do St. Marceaux's later pieces fall in the rich promise given by those earlier works. In the Exposition Decennale, his group, "Nos Destinees" is marvelous for idea and interpretation. He has presented winged figures of Fear, Hope, and Despair, cleaving the ether, as the spiritual influences that shape man's fate. Another work is the bronze bust of Dagnan-Bouveret. Apart from the artistic excellence of this portrait, the bust is interesting as the genius of one artist immortalizing the features of another. It is, moreover, happily placed in the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, which contains works that have added to the fame of both.

FRANCIS WARRINGTON DAWSON.

DURATION OF A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

Results of a Calculation to Determine Its Greatest Possible Length.

Philadelphia Record.

Mr. C. T. Whitnell, president of the Leeds Astronomical Society, has made a calculation to determine what is the longest possible duration of a solar eclipse. To produce this effect, five conditions must be fulfilled. First, the moon must be at the time at or very near one of its nodes, that is, must be exactly in the sun's path; second, the moon must be at its nearest to the earth—in perigee—and the sun must be at its farthest—in apogee—which happens about the first of July; third, the track of the shadow should run along a parallel of latitude, for then the observer's eastward movement, due to the earth's rotation, which prolongs the time of totality, will be wholly in the direction in which the shadow travels, and not slantwise across its path. Fourth, the sun and the moon should be directly over the observer's head, since he shall then be nearly 4,000 miles—the length of the earth's half-diameter—nearer to the moon than when he sees it setting, and the size of the shadow will be increased correspondingly. Fifth, the observer should be stationed on the equator, where his eastward movement due to the rotation will be at its greatest.

Only four of these five conditions, however, can be fulfilled with any single eclipse, since an observer at the equator can never see the sun in his zenith in the month of July. Mr. Whitnell's problem consisted, therefore, in making with the four possible simultaneous favorable conditions the best combination. He finds that the maximum of totality will occur at noon in the north latitude, about four degrees, 52 minutes, and will last seven minutes and 40 seconds—six minutes longes than the duration of totality at the most favored stations in the United States during the eclipse which has just taken place.

In the coming century there will be six eclipses of nearly the maximum duration. The eclipse of May 18, 1901, will be total at one point six minutes and 41.6 seconds. The remaining five will all have a duraiton of over seven minutes, the longest being that of June 20, 1955, which in the vicinity of the Philipine Islands will have a duration of seven minutes, 24.5 seconds.

All who suffer from piles will be glad to learn that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will give them instant and permanent relief. It will cure eczema and all skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. R. H. Jordan & Co.

HILL AS A POLITICAL LEADER.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN NEW YORK.

One Piece of Folly Which He Was Unable to Prevent—The Anti-Trust Plank in the State Democratic Platform Designed by the Republicans—Tammany's Contrived Plight—Said on a Pool Room That Was Patronized Exclusively by Women, and Whose Proprietor, Also a Woman, Had Neglected to Pay Tribute.

Correspondence of The Observer.

New York, June 1.—At the close of the Democratic State convention, which was held here this week, ex-Senator Hill remarked that a platform had been adopted "upon which intelligent men can go before the country and speak." That is true enough. There is good, old-fashioned Democracy in the platform, and it fails to endorse the Chicago monstrosity or to declare for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1. But after adopting this platform, the convention instructed its delegates to Kansas City to vote for Colonel Bryan and pledged the Democracy of this State to support any platform the Kansas City convention might choose to adopt, the Chicago sort included. This piece of folly Mr. Hill was unable to prevent. However, he deserves credit for what he did accomplish. A few years ago the Democracy of this country had a greater leader than Hill, but to-day this shrewd ex-Governor and ex-Senator, who has made politics the chief business of his life, is the very man for the leadership of the Democracy. He, better than any other, could gather the scattered and demoralized bands together into a compact body. If only he could be substituted for the Boy Orator of Nebraska! That would be to tint the hopes of the Democracy with the hues of the rainbow.

AN OBJECT OF DERISION.

Naturally, at this time, the anti-trust plank in the State Democratic platform is productive of Republican derision. In the very stronghold of the Democracy the chief men in office are large stockholders in the hoggish ice trust, and the country seems on the point of being treated to the spectacle of the removal by a Republican Governor of the Democratic mayor of New York city because, contrary to law, he holds stock in a company which furnishes supplies to the city. In the minds of the people Tammany and the ice trust are so closely allied as to be practically identical. It is safe to predict that in the coming campaign in this city not much will be heard from the Tammany orators on the subject of trusts. Last year they were told to say nothing about silver and they obeyed. This year their speeches will be wholly made up, no doubt, of fierce invective against William McKinley and "Teddy" Roosevelt. The attitude of Tammany this year will be the attitude of the rascal, who has been "found out," and who seeks to distract attention from the blackness of his own character by smirching the character of others. In spite of all, however, The Press newspaper, the junior Republican organ here, seems to think that the Republicans will not have a walk-over in New York. It is very much afraid that a good many Republicans and gold Democrats are so disgusted both with the President and the Governor that they will either refuse to vote at all or will vote for Bryan.

A WOMEN'S POOL ROOM RAIDED.

A day or two ago the police learned that a woman was conducting a pool room at a certain place on Eighth avenue. It having been ascertained that the woman paid no tribute, the chief of police detailed a sergeant and six men to make a raid upon the room. Gambling by women was something not to be tolerated for a moment. Just think of the harm done to children by the knowledge that their mothers, their aunts and their grown sisters placed bets on the horse races. True, the female members of very rich families drive to race tracks in their grand equipages and wager large sums on the races; but they have no children worth mentioning, or if they have, their children never notice what mamma does. Therefore and inasmuch as there was "nothing coming" to the police or to Tammany Hall from this pool room for females, it was resolved to raid it and arrest the proprietress. They not only arrested the proprietress, but 23 female patrons, put them in patrol wagons, in the presence of a large crowd, and hurried them, indignantly protesting, to the station house. There the 23 were charged with being disorderly persons, and the proprietress with keeping a gambling house. Some were immediately bailed out by their husbands or relatives, but many had to pass the night in the station house. It is probably true that within a radius of half of a mile of the place raided a dozen pool rooms filled with men were running and that the police knew it. But having paid for protection, they got it. The police would not dare raid a pool room full of men and take them to the station house. I do not mean to excuse these feminine gamblers, when I say that the hounding of women has been and is characteristic of the present Tammany government.

SUMMER IN NEW YORK.

The handsome parts of the town where the well-to-do live wears now its usual summer aspect—that is to say, a graveyard look. The windows are closed and the shades pulled down. The mourners are the tradesmen of all sorts who lounge idly in their shops, mopping their brows and wishing September was here. But other parts of the town are lively enough, livelier, in fact, than in winter; for everybody is out of doors, day and night, and the streets are swarming with myriads of children, many of whom have already begun the celebration of the Fourth of July, beginning a racket that will increase in intensity until it reaches its heathenish climax on the glorious day itself. It is quieter in the parks and public squares where as soon as night falls the men and maidens of the masses stroll and, there being no room at home, do their courting. By 9 o'clock every bench is filled, and there is an arm of a man around the waist of nearly every girl, and if you want to have your head knocked off, just snicker as you pass by.

DAVID T. DUNCAN.

Joseph Cornell, of Watauga county, was workin at a saw mill, and in passing near the running saw slipped and fell on it. His arm was severed from his body, and his body cut nearly in twain.

Starvation never yet cured dyspepsia. Persons with indigestion are already half starved. They need plenty of wholesome food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat so the body can be nourished while the worn out organs are being reconstructed. It is the only preparation known that will relieve and completely cure all stomach troubles. It is certain to do you good. R. H. Jordan & Co.