

hardly prepossessing at first sight, but when he is talking the animation in every line gives attractive brightness to its exprestion in the most amiable fashion. No less than thirty volumes have Mr. Sala's signature, the bulk of them being re-prints of his letters to various periodicals. "Come and see me again, Jack," said Tillman, as Spaulding was about to depart;

Among his best known books are "Twice Round the Clock," "The Baddington Peer-age," "The Seven Sons of Mammon," "Quite Alone" and "My Diary in America in the Midst of War."

Midst of War." His compositions display much humor, some degree of wit and special powers of imagination. He is pre-eminently a pictur-esque writer. He has, too, extraordinary abilities in imitating. His sketches in Dick-one's tyle are in the exact manner of the origle are in the exact mani inal. His enemies have accused him of sacrificing exactness to sensationalism, but he frankly claims that he would avoid dulness at any cost, and the reader of his books knows that his writings never flag in inter-

"don't let this be your last visit." "Much obliged, Governor," responded Spaulding. "I'll be sure to drop in on you whenever I'm up this way." Just as Spaulding was about to depart the door opened, and the lean, thin, ignorant faces of a brace of "wool hat" constituents of Tillman looked in. They had come down from the mountains to see their beloved "Guy'nor" on some vital subject, probably the whiskey question. The moment Tillman



The Celebrated English War Correspondent, Who Is Reported To Be Dying.

worked when I chose, which was rarely.

HIS CURIOUS COSTUME.

within the sanctum.

toward attempts at authorship did he reveal as certainly I had no fixed place of residence. I rose and retired to rest when I liked, and the power with which he was gifted.

Mr. Sala was born a cockney, the year of his birth being 1828, but his family stock was Italian, as his name indicates, his grandfather, Claudio Sebastiano Sala, having gone from Rome to London in 1776. His father was Augustus John James Sala and his mother was a musician and actress, who won some fame by her performances in the early half of the century. Mme. Sala gave many concerts in and about London, and her son was brought up in the atmosphere of the greenroom, to the influence of which may be traced much of the Bohemianism that has pervaded his life. The talent that was associated with Mme. Sala included such persons as Malibran and Paganini, whom he describes delightfully in his writings. His reference to Paganini well shows the force and charm of his recollections. SALA AND PAGANINI.

"I can see him now-a lean, wan, gaunt man in black, with bushy hair, something like Henri Rochefort and a great deal more like Henry Irving. He looked at me long and earnestly; and somehow, although he was about as weird a looking creature as could well be imagined, I did not feel afraid of him. In a few broken words my mother explained her mission and put down the fifty guineas on the table. When I say that he washed his hands in the gold, that he scrabbled at it, as David of old did at the gate, and grasped it and built it up into little heaps, panting the while, I am not in any way exaggerating. He bundled it up at last in a blue cotton handkerchief, with white spots, and darted from the room.

And we-my poor mother convulsively clasping my hand-went out on the landing and were about descending the stairs when the mighty violinist bolted again from his bedroom door. 'Take that, little boy,' he said; 'take that,' and he thrust a piece of paper, rolled up almost into a ball, into my It was a bank note for fifty pounds." hand.

Mr. Sala's early education was in France although he completed his studies in Engand. In his boyhood, about his seventh year he became totally blind. During the time of his affliction he was greatly aided by his sister, who read to him many tales of the sort suited to a.child's entertainment, but of the better sort, as he himself states, and therefore not without their influence in giving proper nourishment to his fancies. The sigh was finally restored to one eye, but the other has been useless throughout the rest of his

HIS FIGHT WITH POVERTY.

The obstacles to a comfortable living, which moralists tell us are necessary for the de-

ILLUMINATED	FOR	THE	DUKE.
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## Westerners Deceived by the Advertising Sign of a Hotel Near Herald Square.

They were apparently from the West. One of them was young, the other older-at least old enough to have known better. The older one was of the numerous class who have on board a large and varied assortment of misinformation, which they delight to impart to the credulous who are willing to

The time was the night after the Duke of Marlborough sailed with his bride. The place was Herald square. The older man from the West had just finished telling his companion, with an air of superior wisdom, that the one big HERALD press at which they were gazing, at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-sixth street, could turn out 198,000 sixteen page copies of the paper every hour, ut, pasted and folded.

The younger man, his mouth agape with wonder, turned from the big plate glass window of the HERALD Building and glanced across Broadway. His eye fell upon the cornice of the Marlborough Hotel, where away up under the roof the word "Marlwas very much like the miller who lived on the banks of the River Dee. Apart from my very few relatives I 'cared for nobody' in orough" gleamed in letters of light. "Wall, I swan!" said the younger man. "I borough"

particular, and 'nobody cared for me.'" Sala made his first "Journey Due North" suppose that's where the Dook's been stopfor Dickens in 1856, but he disagreed with Dickens over the publication in book form of his articles, and the connection between them was broken off. Later on, however, he

"Oh, yes," said his friend the oracle, "they've had that illumination up there in declares that Dickens was a "dear, good fellow" and that he "always loved him." his honor ever since his nibbs has been in New York. I was in town two weeks ago,

and it was there just the same then." "Wal, I swan!" was the reply. "I jedged by the papers they was makin' a good deal In 1857 Mr. Sala first began writing for the Daily Telegraph, then in its infancy. His own description of his appearance when he first met the editor of that journal is such of the Dook, but I didn't know they was illuminatin' the hotels for him like that." "Oh, well," commented the oracle, "no doubt His Grace found it all in the bill when as to make us wonder that he was allowed "Sir Edward Lawson, coming to me the he came to settle."

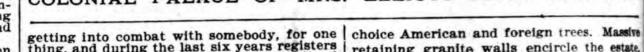
clapped eyes on them his attitude toward Spaulding changed. He stood stiff as a ram-rod and assumed an air of truculence. "Come in, boys," said Tillman to the "wool hats," "and find some chairs." Then, turn-ing to Spaulding again, he remarked with great ferocity:-"No, sir; your damned railgreat ferocity:--"No, sir; your damned ran-road need expect no favors from me. You needn't come sneaking in here for any con-cessions. While I'm Governor your thieving railroad will get what the law allows it and nothing more. Good day, sir!" "Great Caesar's ghost!" said Tillman, when they met a little later; "you can see yourself, hey that it would never do to allow those

RAFID CHANGE OF FRONT.

Jack, that it would never do to allow those mountaineers to see me parting with a well dressed man like you, and a railroad attor-ney, on anything like amiable terms."

Tillman has a smoothly shaven face and a look that is grim and ironbound. His square jaws indicate a sort of force, and the fact that he is blind in one eye adds a serious flerceness to his aspect, which leads one to feel that he must be a fighter. The eye was poked out with a stick in some adventure of his boyhood

SALVATION ARMY REPRESENTATIVE. One of the impending queer persons in the House which the late tidal wave of republicanism cast high and dry on the Congressional shore is Cyrus A. Sulloway, of New Hampshire. Physically he is a big man, at least, his convictions are unsteady and apt to lose their feet. He has been a greenbacker, a democrat and a republican, and at



thing, and during the last six years registers at least three bloody collisions, in all of which he got the worst of it. The last man who whipped this statesman was a messenger at the Treasury Department whom Wilson began to abuse, and who took Wilson

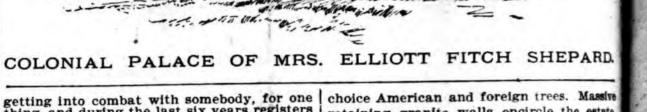
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for a tourist. There is one man who is about to draw a seat in the next House and who may sup serious sorrow of a personal sort. This is Howard, the populist, from Alabama, who wrote a book entitled "If Christ Came to Congress." The book charged all sorts of villanies to their doors, and made the very thinnest of disguises in naming them. Two of the gentlemen slandered are from Tenessee, and one of them has threatened to shoot Howard on sight. The record of this Representative who thus threatens Howard is not that of either a Hayne or a Webster, so far as statesmanship is concerned, but he is a very earnest, sincere person of the sort who keeps his word.

Howard has already announced that one of his first works will be to offer articles of impeachment against President Cleveland. Like Tillman, of South Carolina, and Bailey, of Texas, Howard proposes, if one may judge by his speeches and private conversation, to put in the whole session in violent abuse of the administration.

## FOR THE FLOWERS.

If you carry him flowers To cheer his sad hours, Though they're held in effect homiletic, The murderer still Is likely to kill, From promptings entirely aesthetic. -Detroit Tribune.



retaining granite walls encircle the estate, which without the beautiful residence would be an ideal park.

Mrs. Shepard in erecting the immense castle simply carried out the wishes of her late husband, Elliott F. Shepard. He wanted to have built a mansion which, from an architectural point of view, and costliness of furnishings and decorations, would far surpass any house in America. Mrs. Shepard has carried out her husband's plans to the letter. To this end she has spared no expense, for the stone work, the cabinet work and decorations have cost nearly \$1,000,000. Additional hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in securing rare tapestries, carved woods, paintings, bric-a-brac and Italian marble.

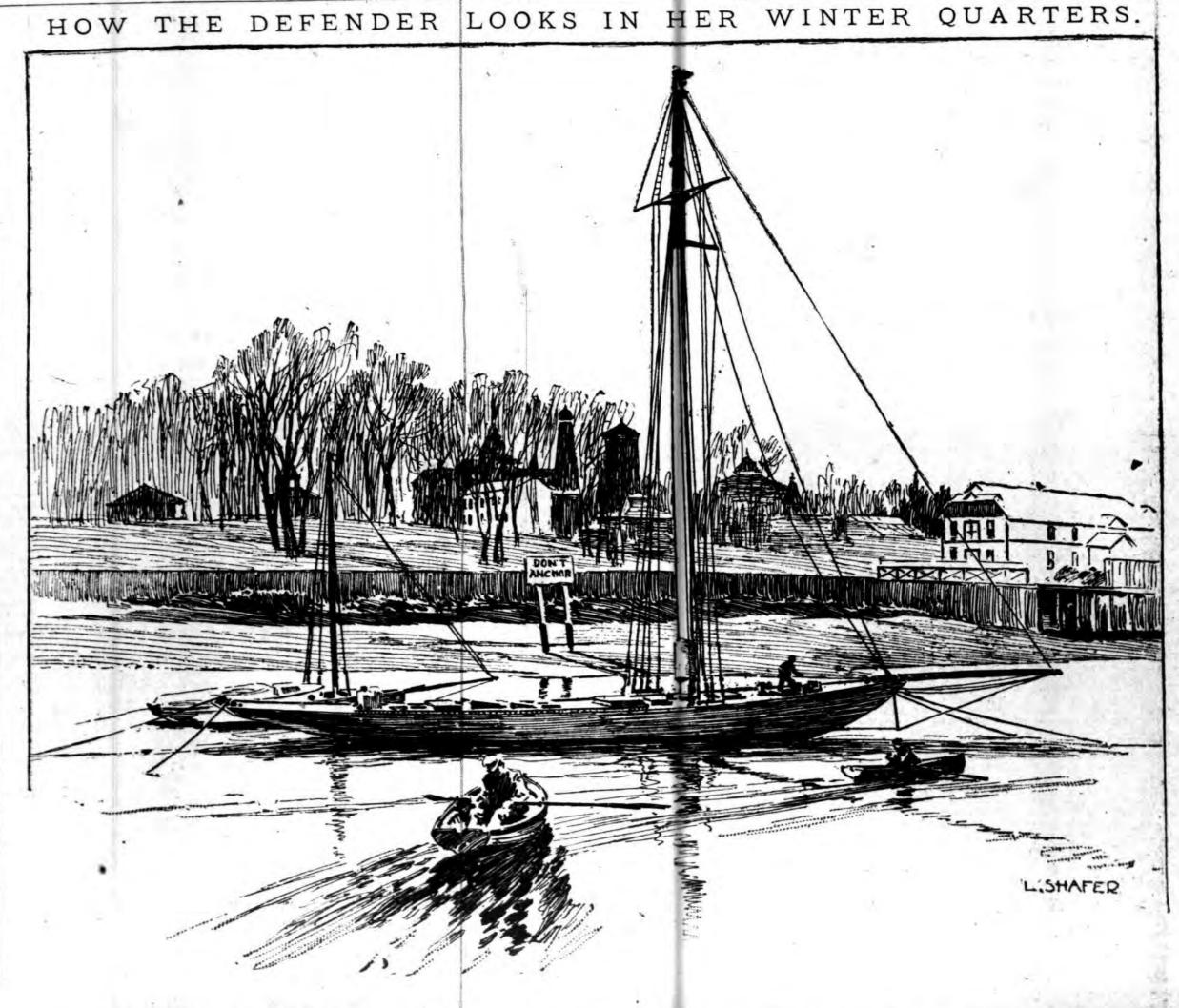
MANY TREASURES OF ART. Mrs. Shepard spends much of her time abroad, and in her travels has picked up from time to time old embroideries, stained glass windows, and other specimens of an which cannot be duplicated, and which add unique attraction to the interior decora-

The main entrance is recessed and enriched by a portico supported by Corinthia columns, extending in height to two stories surmounted by an entablature and an attic story, the recess forming a dark background against which the Corinthian columns and beautifully shown. The great verandas, which nearly surround the house, and the beautiful terraces, will recall the old Italias villas and gardens. The entrance hall is up doubtedly the chef d'oeuvre of the whole house. This hall and the stairway hall are of Italian marble, and hung with rare gobelin and Italian tapestries. Beautiful staircases, with easy landings, rise to the second As you go up you notice little recesses, in which are panels made of exquisitely carved doors, which look as if they we brought from an Egyptian temple. The bal usters on the stairways were brought from

France. All the principal rooms of the house, which are on the first floor, are so arranged that they can be opened into one mammoti which can be utilized for any purpose The living and reception rooms are on the southwest side of the great hall. The latter room is both elegant and handsome. is finished in Spanish cedar, and the wals are beautifully frescoed with Italian leather. The great fireplace and mantelpiece were imported from an Italian chateau. Golde wall coverings and silken tapestries of the same hue make a rich frame in the salon for the beautiful bric-a-brac which Mrs. Shep ard collected while in Venice and the How Land. In the salon there is a mantelpiece over two hundred years old.

IN WHITE AND GOLD. The drawing rooms and the parlors are very fine. One is in white and gold, the other in blue and gold. One of the white marble mantelpieces and fireplaces in one of the parlors took the first prize at the Paris fair. The parlors are on the wortern size fair. The parlors are on the western side of the house, and from the windows there is a beautiful view of the Hudson. Another feature of the house is the tapestry hall. Here are hung silken and velvet tape-tries from all parts of the world. The library is also on the first floor. It is finished in red mahogany and gilt, with green velve hangings. Many rare pieces of bric-a-bra and statuary, together with the vast collection of rare books, add attractions to this retreat. The Oriental room is hung with

Oriental tapestries, and contains many rare curiosities of the Old World, mostly co by Mrs. Shepard herself. The walls are deco rated with magnificent paintings. The reception rooms are finished in blue and gold. There is an open fireplace, sur-mounted by an ornamental mantelpiece and frieze which took Italian skilled sculptors rieze which took Italian skilled sculptors years to complete. Near this room are the breakfast room and the great dining hall, finished in white and gold, with great fre-places which were also imported from Italy. The kitchens and pantries are enamelled and floored with mosaic. floored with mosaic. Mrs. Shepard's apartments are on the second floor, as well as all the other sleenus apartments. Her rooms are models of beauty apartments. Her rooms are models of beautified The pale tints of the cameos which adom the ceilings are in sharp contrast to the beautified cclors of the silk embroideries, which cover, like tapestries, nearly half of the roam. Mrs Shepard's bed, in the words of a woman who has been through the house and seen it. 's like a velvet house,'' so beautiful is the fret canopy which completely cover it. The dressing room, which opens directly firs the sleeping boudoir, is lined with huge mir-rors, which are hung as doors to the closers. Opposite the dressing room is an exquisiter appointed bathroom done in cameo titled onyx and white tile. All the sleeping room on the second floor are tinted with different colors. In one room, that of Miss Edith, the ceilings represent the heavens, with white clouds intermingling. The pale tints of the cameos which adorn to clouds intermingling. On the third floor the guests' chambers an On the third floor the guests' chambers and situated. These are finished in white and gold, with private dressing rooms and bath. Here also is situated the billiard room, with woodwork of a dark rich color; the goor and the ceiling are of mosaic. The mangin is lighted by electricity, there being, Lie lights in the house. The total cost of the house and laying out of the garden is said to have been \$2,000,000



standing six feet. In his younger days he was renowned as a collar and elbow wrestler and a county tair fighter of the rough and tumble stripe. He practises New Hampshire law, and for relaxation and religion marches in Salvation Army processions and lifts up his voice in hymns. A few years ago he married a young lady-Miss Mattie B. Webster-at that time and since a captain in the Salvation Army. He is fifty-five years old, and from his collar button down is likely to prove the equal of any member of the com-ing House. From the collar button up it would seem from his record that, politically

one time or another professed every side of finance and tariff. He is not lacking in egotism, and, with a voice like a foghorn, there is a natural expectation that he is due

velopment of character to its best strengt seem to have been obligingly numerous in Sala's case. To physical disabilities was added the struggle against poverty. For years after he left school and went out to engage in the battle of life, he found that his flercest efforts were no more than enough to secure to him the barest necessaries of life. His family now have enshrined in a glass case one of the memorials of his early toil. This one of the memorials of his early toll. This memorial is in the shape of an engraver's tool, for he at first set himself up as an etcher and engraver, and worked at that occupation so assiduously for a number of years that he very nearly lost the sight of

his one remaining eye. When he first had dreams of authorship he wrote a story which was accepted and published, but not paid for. That melancholy literary success happened in 1845. In 1848 he made a second effort, this time in verse, when he wrote a poem on a riot which occurred in the Drury Lane Theatre on the occasion of a performance by a French troupe. This composition, which he entitled "The Battle of Monte Cristo," he offered to a penny weekly called Chat, and he was paid a sovereign for it.

His entry into journalism did not formally occur until 1851. At that time he wrote a letter to the Times, in which he condemned the folly of balloon ascensions merely for the purpose of satisfying vulgar curiosity. In the course of the communication he re-ferred to himself as an artist. This designa-tion evoked a severe article in the Morning Post, which sneered at his claim, and led him to reflect on the benefits which art had bestowed on him. He concluded that art, as a mistress, was a failure, and promptly decided to abandon it. In the same year he wrote his first article, "The Key of the

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