

### SALA, BOHEMIAN LITTERATEUR.

#### Story of the Great Journalist's Romantic Progress from Poverty to Riches and Fame.

#### PAGANINI'S GIFT TO HIM.

#### His Years of Unsuccessful Toil as Artist and Agent Until He Began to Write.

#### HE WAS A PROTEGE OF DICKENS.

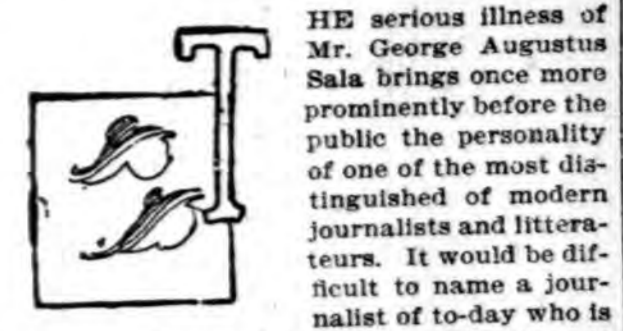
Street," for Household Words, and for the next six years he was a constant contributor to that paper.

**PROSPERITY LONG IN COMING.**

Financial prosperity did not come at once; for a long time the struggle with fortune continued before the unkindly dame was mastered. Of this time he himself says: "I know that I have often turned half sick when I went into a tavern for half a pint of porter to see a swaggering customer plump down a sovereign and rattle in his hand the shining change which the barmaid gave him. I had early fallen a victim to tobacco, the great consolation, the great affliction, the mercurial insurer, who exacts higher interest every time he renews the bill, and at last demands his capital and sells you up and down; but when I have not had the means of purchasing a solitary screw of bird's-eye, or having probed in all my short pipes in hopes of finding in some forgotten bowl a remnant of 'mundungus,' I have taken a gentleman in walking in the street behind a gentleman who was smoking a good cigar, and the aroma of his Havana whiffed me into a kind of sensuous ecstasy, which was half gratification and half despair."

Sala did not limit his strivings against harsh fate to the productions of pen and pencil. Every resort that offered the possibility of gain was tried by him. He was an advertising agent, a lecturer on life insurance, a copier of music, a partner in a balloon management, and in the depths of his poverty he descended to the proprietorship of a patent pill. For years now he has been a consistent liberal, but the advertising columns of the Times in 1850 show that then there was printed a certain monthly publication called the "Conservative Magazine," of which Sala confessed to be the editor.

It was to Dickens that Sala owed his first real start toward success. Some articles written by Sala attracted Dickens' favorable attention, and the great novelist engaged the obscure journalist to write a series of papers for his own journal. This was a stroke of fortune for Sala, who had only to turn to work to find success. The knowledge that I had only to work four hours to earn five guineas made me not a thoroughly idle dog. My lazy land was not altogether situated in London; I was in France, in the north of England and in Ireland. But wherever I went I could find work for my pen, and Dickens never refused an article of my writing. Otherwise I was a slovenly, careless young ne'er-do-well. I had certainly some means of subsistence, but



**MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.**  
The Celebrated English War Correspondent, Who is Reported To Be Dying.

HE serious illness of Mr. George Augustus Sala brings once more prominently before the public the personality of one of the most distinguished of modern journalists and litterateurs. It would be difficult to name a journalist of to-day who is more familiar to the general reader than is Mr. Sala. In his career as a writer he has won universal recognition for his unmisgiving talents, and yet his literary work was in its origin the result of accident. For a long time he made desperate and ineffectual efforts to succeed at something else, and only when kind fortune directed him

other day, at Brighton, gave me, in the course of conversation, a most humorous description of my personal appearance on the occasion of my first visit to the offices of the Daily Telegraph. He said that I had got myself up for the interview, and that I was attired in a chocolate colored frock coat, trousers of uncertain hue, and much too short for me; the chocolate frock coat and the too brief pantaloons; I acknowledged the Blucher boots, but I did not think of the subject of the waistcoat. It was not a plaid, or of velvet, nor was it double-breasted. It was a black camel hair, and profusely embroidered with beads and bugles of jet."

Sala was placed on the staff, and his course soon reached four figures in pounds sterling. When, with Thackeray as editor, the Cornhill was started, Sala was a contributor to the magazine; the Hogarth Papers being among the best known of his articles in it. Afterward he was made editor of the new magazine in rivalry of the Cornhill. In this later capacity he originated a quiet hoax which deceived Englishmen for years. He says:

"To this periodical I gave the name of Temple Bar, and from a rough sketch of mine of the old Bar, which blocked the office of Fleet street, Mr. Percy Macquoid drew an admirable frontispiece. As a motto I imagined a quotation from Boswell, 'I am now sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'we will take a walk down Fleet street.' To the best of my knowledge I believed I had written in favor of the majority of the magazine readers."

Mr. Sala's account of his first marriage (the marriage of a second time in recent years) is distinctly curious. In the course of his Bohemian career he had his nose cut open in a gambling house row. He contrasted the turmoil of his manner in life with the calm decorum of a Benedict, and thereupon decided in mind at the time, and within the shortest period allowed by law he had installed as the president of his house.

Mr. Sala made three visits to the country. The first trip was to deliver a series of lectures. He had a certain amount of success in this respect, particularly among the literary circles in London. He remembered once having a tremendous feud over a copyright bargain with a very well known firm of New York publishers, and coming away from the city in a favor of the New York side.

Mr. Sala is said to have through his first dish of soft shell crabs.

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### TILLMAN HEADS THE "FREAK" LIST.

#### South Carolina Senator Enters Congress with a Programme of Executive Denunciation.

#### OTHERS WITH QUEER IDEAS.

#### Pugilists Come from Two States, and Threats Are Made to Kill an Alabama Populist-Author.

#### WANTS TO IMPEACH CARLISLE.

to create considerable excitement in the House before all is over.

From the signal smokes one is at liberty to expect that young Bailey, of Texas, is to return and go into the business of "astonishing the grand stand." He assured "astonishing the grand stand." He assured "astonishing the grand stand."

From Texas the House will gain another unique character in Miles Crowley, of Galveston. They printed a book about Crowley during his campaign, which showed that he had been arrested forty times for fighting with his fists. By nature and by practice he is a most indomitable "scraper."

Another member of the House who is expected to furnish considerable entertainment to Representative Watson, who ran against him during his campaign, is Mr. Carlisle, of Alabama. He is a most indomitable "scraper."

IGNIS indicates that of all the unique characters in the coming Congress Tillman, from South Carolina, is likely to prove to be the "freakiest." He says that he will devote himself to the massacre of the President. He intends to assail Cleveland on all possible occasions, on every possible pretext.

Much is expected from Tillman in the way of verbal violence. Abuse is his stock in trade, especially abuse of the administration. Something like a year ago I was in conversation with John Spaulding, of Atlanta, at one time attorney for the Southern Railway. Mr. Spaulding told a story which very much illustrates Tillman's method. On behalf of the railroad he represented, and to gain certain concessions and make certain arrangements with the State of South Carolina, Spaulding paid a visit to Tillman while the latter was Governor. Spaulding had met Tillman before, and was on very friendly terms with him. There was not the slightest reason for Tillman's attitude toward Spaulding came for, and they closed their conversation in the most amiable fashion.

RAPID CHANGE OF FRONT.

"Come and see me again, Jack," said Tillman, as Spaulding was about to depart: "don't let this be your last visit."

Spaulding, "I'll be sure to drop in on you whenever I'm up this way."

There is one man who is about to draw a seat in the next House and who may supply 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 villainies to their doors, and made the very thinnest of disguises in naming them to the letter. To this end she has spared no expense, for the stone work, the cabinet work and decorations have cost nearly \$100,000.

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FOR THE FLOWERS.

If you carry him flowers  
To cheer him sad hours,  
Though they're held in effect homiletic,  
The murderer still  
From promptings entirely aesthetic.

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### MILLIONS IN A COUNTRY SEAT.

#### Beautiful Home of Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard at Scarborough on the Hudson.

#### BUILT IN COLONIAL STYLE.

#### It Contains About Two Hundred Rooms, and Is Enriched by Many Old World Treasures.

#### COST MORE THAN \$2,000,000.

Fall the beautiful country establishments of the wealthy along the Hudson none can rival the magnificent colonial palace of Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, at Scarborough on the Hudson, which has just been finished and fully furnished.



COLONIAL PALACE OF MRS. ELLIOTT FITCH SHEPARD.

The mansion, which contains in the neighborhood of two hundred rooms, is built of light pressed Italian brick and terra cotta. It is situated on high ground, from which the scene is uninterrupted on all sides for miles around. The view of the Hudson and Palisades is unsurpassed.

The main entrance is recessed and reached by a portico supported by Corinthian columns. It is entered through a vestibule, surmounted by an entablature and an attic story, the recess forming a dark veranda against which the Corinthian columns are beautifully shown. The great veranda, which nearly surrounds the house, and the beautiful terraces, will recall the old Italian palaces.

The main principal rooms of the house, which are in the first story, are arranged so that they can be opened into one mammoth room, which can be utilized for any purpose. This room has a view of the Hudson on the southwest side of the great hall. The latter room is both elegant and handsome. It contains a fine collection of tapestries of the Italian and French schools.

The great fireplace and mantelpiece were imported from an Italian chateau. The floor is covered with a beautiful carpet of the same hue as the Italian chateau.

The drawing rooms and the parlors are very fine. One is in white and gold, the other is in blue and gold. One of the most beautiful mantelpieces took the first prize at the Paris Exposition, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Shepard.

The parlors are on the second story. They are reached by a grand staircase which is a beautiful view of the Hudson.

Another feature of the house is the tapestry library, which is on the first floor. It is filled with rare books and is a beautiful sight.

The reception rooms are finished in blue and gold. They are reached by a grand staircase which is a beautiful view of the Hudson.

The breakfast room and the great dining hall are finished in white and gold, with green accents.

The billiard room is also finished in white and gold, with green accents.

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### ILLUMINATED FOR THE DUKE.

#### Westerners Deceived by the Advertising Sign of a Hat 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 listen.

The time was the night after the Duke of Marlborough sailed with his bride. The place was Herald square. The older man had just finished telling his companion, with an air of superior wisdom, that the one big Herald's press at which they were gazing on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-sixth street, could turn out 180,000 sixteen page copies of the paper every hour, cut, 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 corner of the Marlborough Hotel, where away up under the roof the word "Marlborough" gleamed in letters of light.

"Wall, I swan!" said the younger man. "I suppose that's where the Duke's been stopping."

"Oh, yes," said his friend, the oracle, "he was here since his libbs has been in New York. I was in town two weeks ago, and it was there just the same then."

"Wall, I swan!" was the reply. "I judged by the papers they was makin' a good deal of talk about the Duke's stay in New York."

"Oh, well," commented the oracle, "no doubt His Grace found it all in the bill when he came to settle."

### HOW THE DEFENDER LOOKS IN HER WINTER QUARTERS.



L. SHAFER

setting into combat with somebody, for one 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 warrior was a messenger at the Treasury Department whom Wilson began to abuse, and who took Wilson for a tourist.

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