WEDDING OF PIANIST AND DAUGHTER OF HUMORIST FOLLOWED THIRD ENGAGEMENT

Few Knew of Romance That Led to Marriage of Miss Clara Clemens and Gabrilowitsch.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, PIANIST — MISS CLARA CLEMENS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—(Special Correspondence.)—All of New York experienced a surprise on Tuesday night when it leaked out that there was to be a wedding at the home of Mark Twain, in Redding, Conn., when the humorist's daughter was married to Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, who has become one of the greatest favorites in America.

Wiseacres said that they "knew it" and others dated it to the accident the couple had last Winter, while still others said it was the result of her proximity to the artist during the months of illness last Summer, while he was lying practically at the point of death.

The truth of the story, however, is that Miss Clemens and Gabrilowitsch met in their early youth, when, indeed, he was not more than 17 or 18. Both were students in Vienna at the same time and both were studying with Leschetizky. Their friendship grew deeper and at that time they became engaged. This broke off or was broken off, and after some years they became engaged for the second time. Again they decided that they were not for each other and again it was broken. It has, however, been well known among the most intimate friends of both that the time would come when they would try it the "third time for the charm," which they did.

Gabrilowitsch, indeed, was attracted to Mark Twain long before he knew there was a daughter, as, strange to say, he was one of the small boys whose stock of mischief received a strong reinforcement through means of "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," and later he revelled in the "Innocents Abroad," as well as in everything else by this writer he could lay his hands upon. When he met Mark Twain, who will always remain a youth, a hearty friendship and companionship rose, and many times the pianist was his guest. After his extreme illness this Summer, by Mr. Clemens' invitation Gabrilowitsch spent the Summer at Stormfield, where the ceremony occurred in the presence of a few of the most intimate friends only. Miss Clemens experienced some of the liveliest work done in many a day as she flew from shop to shop, attempting to keep the matter a close secret except to those few who were asked to be present. Accompanied by Miss Gilder, daughter of Richard Watson Gilder, the bride-elect in less than ten days prepared an outfit which under ordinary circumstances it would have taken about a year to plan and execute.

Wednesday morning a small party boarded the train for Redding at the Grand Central at 8:50 A. M. Each was surreptitiously watching the other, wondering whether he or she might be of the party, and it is likely that a train full of people has never been more closely eyed. At Redding the guests were met by carriages, automobiles and a carry-all to get to the Clemens home, which is at least five miles away from the station.

The weather was ideal; there was hardly the suggestion of Autumn in the balmy atmosphere, and only for the brilliancy of the foliage of bush, hedge and tree, it might have been June. When we arrived at the house Mark Twain, with his hair as dazzling white in the sunlight as his serge suit, met and greeted the party on the veranda. A charming host he is, this king of humorists, and his whole surrounding tells the story of the fine quality of his mind. The large library had been beautifully decorated with smilax, white dahlias and a dash of color in the form of a frieze made of Autumn leaves, and here there was time for an interesting visit before the hour of the ceremony. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder and three daughters and several others well known in Eastern literary circles. There was perhaps no one of more significance than the Reverend Dr. Joseph Twitchell, now of Hartford, who performed the ceremony. From the time of Clara's birth he has been waiting for this moment, and that it should have come while his lifelong friend was yet present was a source of great joy to all.

Dr. Twitchell is known to millions of people in this country, but under a different name, for indeed he is no other than the original of the character of Harris in Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad." High noon had arrived and in the doorway of the vast library stood a picture which no one present will ever forget. The dainty, frail, beautiful little bride, a filmy mass of white veil surmounted with a narrow gold coronet, appeared on the arm of her father, who was quite startling, arrayed in the robes and cap recently conferred upon him by Oxford College. The ceremony was short, but impressive. While the bride was in her father's arms the moment grew very tense, and this was broken by Mark Twain, who, in his dry, characteristic way introduced his daughter as "Madame Gabrilowitsch."

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After the buffet wedding breakfast and a couple of hours of visit with the friends assembled, the young couple left by automobile to catch a train for Atlantic City, where they will remain until their sailing date, October 16. The guests were then delightfully entertained by Mr. Clemens until the departure of their train at 4:30. While wandering over the beautiful grounds, which were aflame with the glorious Autumn shades, Mr. Clemens told about his home in Italy where a landscape gardener was paid a fabulous price to care for the garden and according to his taste a different color scheme was planned for each month in the year, when everthing the eye rested upon was red, blue, green, yellow or purple or whatever color might be in order for that month. Said Mark Twain: "We don't have to bother about the gardening business here, God takes care of that and so far as I can see it is a success." He then discussed the state of his health, which he said was not very bad but just bad enough that he could in all truth deny himself to his numerous friends who were lavish with their entertainments, and remain quietly in his home. He said he wanted to avoid dying, if possible, because he knew that all his troubles would begin then. "You just ask Dr. Twitchell about that," he said. "He knows all about it, because he has been my spiritual advisor."

* * *

The play which will probably be the most talked about for a long time is Forbes-Robertson's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," designated as a drama in prologue, play and epilogue by Jerome K. Jerome. It is not easy to associate this work of deep philosophy and strong spiritual beauty with the pen of Jerome, whom one involuntarily associates with comedy. But the playwright has no doubt been impressed with the message of "The Servant in the House" and has created another distinctly modern "morality play," as the cast will show. There is nothing of Mr. Jerome's humor in this play, although there is something of a light nature in the first scene, which opens up in a Bloomsbury lodging-house.

He has drawn remarkably the characters from first to last. The "passer-by" occupying the "third floor back" stands in the same relation to this play as did the "Servant" in Mr. Kennedy's play. His work in the house is to restore to each of the inmates his better self, perhaps long since lost, and that his work is not in vain may be understood. The work is sincere and unaffected and, strange as it may seem, was well received, nothwithstanding the fact that it is essentially a sermon and not a drama. The company is unusually good and in Miss Haidee Wright, Mr. Robertson has superb support, although each member is so well adapted to his part that specializing seems unkind. This is the original London company cast as follows:

A Cheat.....Madge Avery
A Sloven.....Molly Pearson
A Painted Lady.....Haidee Wright
A Shrew.....Kate Carlyon
A Snob.....Mary Ralph
A Bully.....Montague Rutherford
A Hussy.....Evelyn Weeden
A Satyr.....Allen Thomas
A Coward.....David Powell
A Rogue.....A. G. Poulton
A Cad.....Alexander Casey
A Passer-by.....Forbes Robertson

* * *

Notwithstanding the scores of new plays that are on in New York at present, I seemed again attracted to the Stuyvesant, where David Belasco opened his second season with Eugene Walter's famous play, "The Easiest Way." Each time I go, I expect to be convinced that my earlier judgment was at fault, but each time I come away with the conviction that this is one of the strongest plays which has been presented in years. The trouble does not lie with the play, but with the audience, as is evidenced by the awful misfit of laughter. There are moments, blood-curdling in intensity, which seem to arouse the risability of the majority of people in front and it is not unlikely that many would designate the play as a comedy instead of the tragedy that it is.

There are two notable changes in the cast this season, but these do not weaken the cast, excellent as it was last year. Miss Starr gains steadily in her characterization and at times reaches tremendous heights of suppressed emotion followed by outbreaks, the abandon of which is fairly overwhelming. The new characters are Violet Rand as the colored servant Annie, and Beatrice Morgan as Elfie St. Clair.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

JOHN BROWN'S RAID AT HARPER'S FERRY

Son of the Great Abolitionist, Residing in Portland, Makes a Statement.

MONTAVILLA, Or., Oct. 16.—(To the Editor.)—Please insert a few additions and corrections for me in your paper regarding the article in last Sunday's Oregonian on the Harpers Ferry raid, and oblige an old reader of your paper.

I find this statement: "His memorable raid at Harpers Ferry was the beginning of actual hostilities in the Southern States. There the first gun was fired; there the first blood was spilled," etc. Evidently the writer wishes to relieve Fort Sumter of its distinction of having been the first scene of hostilities; if so, he will have to go back further than Harpers Ferry to be historically correct. The strife in Kansas and Missouri was as much a part of the war it initiated as Harpers Ferry, and the first shot fired in a Southern State was fired in Missouri, not at Harpers Ferry.

Armed bands from Missouri had invaded Kansas and were trying to force the border ruffian code of laws upon the people of Kansas. John Brown retaliated by invading Missouri with a band of followers, this being the first armed invasion of a sovereign state, instead of, as stated, the affair at Harpers Ferry. One slave-holder was killed by Aaron D. Stevens for resisting the liberation of his slaves. Stevens was afterward hung at Charleston, W. Va., for participating in the raid at Harpers Ferry. The armed raiders into Missouri took away 13 slaves into Kansas, thence through Nebraska, Iowa, on to Chicago, and finally Canada.

Buchanan, acting for the slave power, offered a reward for John Brown (my father) of $250. The reward seemed to my father insultingly small, and when he reached Cleveland he offered a reward of $2.50 for Buchanan, delivered anywhere in Kansas or Nebraska.

John Brown, outlawed for acting in defense of Kansas, had henceforth no place in the great Republic to lay his head. His course continued, as before, to be agitation. It was never meant for anything more or less than systematic, continued agitation for the purpose of provoking the South into overt acts. There was no thought in him of subverting the Constitution. Rather he would provoke the South into dissolving the Union; then, he always claimed, the Government would whip the seceding states back into the Union and free the slaves—which was exactly what happened.

The statement credited by Mr. Banfz to the woman who owned the black man killed on the bridge at Harpers Ferry is wrong, and contrary to the whole history of the raid. Incensed at his loss, she may have made, as people sometimes do, an assertion about which she knew nothing. Investigation at the time proved that the guards on the bridge—of whom there were three young men—fired the shot.

I note the word "unscrupulous" in regard to John Brown. Of the sternest stock that landed on Plymouth Rock, and with the blood of two Revolutionary grandfathers in his veins, he was of the type that face death rather than deviate from principle. If this is being unscrupulous, then praise God for the few such we have had!

It seems a weak proposition to try to brace up a lost cause at this date. Before doing so, one should at least consult history for accuracy's sake, and history teaches that the slave power was at all times and in every way the aggressor. The men who are doing most of the talking nowadays are the ones that kept their hides away from bullets at the time of their country's need, and lived at the public crib.

Let me, like yourself, cite a "singular circumstance" in closing. Robert E. Lee captured John Brown in Virginia. At the close of the war Lee laid down his arms to General Grant, a fifth cousin to John Brown. Grover Cleveland was a sixth cousin to John Brown. Both of these men became not long thereafter Presidents of the United States.

SALMON BROWN.

The Execution of John Brown

An Echo From Fifty Years Ago.

(Yesterday, October 16, marked the 50th anniversary since John Brown, the staunch old abolitionist of Ossawatomie, Kansas, made his memorable stand at Harpers Ferry. His capture, trial and execution at Charlestown, Va., on December 2, the same year, formed the first drops of the storm of civil war which broke, in deadly earnest, little more than a year later, April, 1861.

The death of John Brown stirred deeply the sympathizers with the anti-slavery cause. The following article, which was widely reproduced, was written at that time by George M. Cornwall, then connected with the Evening Times, of Hamilton, Canada. Mr. Cornwall, who resides in Los Angeles, Cal., is the father of George M. Cornwall, publisher of the Timberman, of this city.)

OLD OSOWATOMIE BROWN has now passed that bourne whence no traveler returns, and no human eye can pierce the veil which hides from us his track in the invisible world, whither his spirit has entered. He went on this, his long, last journey, all alone—his sons and many of his followers have gone on before and now their chief begins his death-march in lonely solitude. What were his feelings on entering the dark waters which divide the living from the land of shades—or what emotions filled his mind on entering the spirit land, is far beyond the ken of mortal. We only know his manly voice awakes no more the echoes of the west, by mountain stream or dark-wood shade—that his lion heart has ceased to beat, and now lies still and cold—that the eagle glance of his eye has had its untamable fire quenched in the mists and darkness of death—that his once firm right hand is now nerveless and unclasped, and will draw blade of steel, or rifle-trigger, in freedom's cause no more, and that his iron form itself will soon dissolve and molder into dust, and leave not a wreck behind. More than this is all left to endless conjecture, and the conclusions arrived at will be as different as the minds who dwell on the eventful life and tragically mournful death of old Osowatomie Brown.

Great differences of opinion have been expressed as to his motives and character. By one party he is represented as a fierce, restless, turbulent spirit, delighting in bloodshed and rapine, and, consequently, regard his execution as but a slight atonement to society for her laws defied and outraged, and her citizens slain,—and consider his calmness and composure as only an evidence of hardened guilt and an insensible, unfeeling nature—and his religious sentiments, as expressed in prison, as mere pretence and hypocritical cant. A second party regard him as an unfortunate monomaniac, whose mind had lost its equilibrium from the wrongs inflicted on him and his family in the border strifes between the Kansas settlers and the pro-slavery Missourians, and the cruel sufferings which he and they endured in these sanguinary struggles—and, consequently, as more deserving of pity than blame. A third party regard him as a martyr for the cause of freedom, and his losses and sufferings as so many voluntary sacrifices for the sake of principle, and his calmness and composure as the effect of a consciousness of moral rectitude and an approving conscience. It was hoped by many that the death sentence would have been commuted into imprisonment for life, and many things were said in praise of the magnanimity of the South, which it seems need not have been said, but such a hope was seen to be illusive, as Governor Wise personally took the trouble one day to assure the prisoners that they must prepare to die on the day fixed by the judge on their trial. A very general feeling of pity and admiration seems to have filled the minds of those who witnessed the dauntless bearing of the old man when on his trial, and who, in answer to the question by his Judge as to whether he had aught to say in his own behalf before the sentence of death should be pronounced, expressed in a few words the all he had to say in such a calm, manly and yet simple way, that when sentence of death was passed, one, and one only, was heard to express any feeling of satisfaction at the termination of his trial. Rumors from various quarters spoke of attempts to be made to rescue him and his followers from their impending fate; but Governor Wise and his friends seem to have taken such precautions as to render this impossible. The old man, under all his sad calamities, preserved a singularly calm and unperturbed spirit, under a firm conviction that his life was hazarded in a just cause, and he forfeited it without a murmur, believing that his fate will advance the cause for which he dies, and that those for whom he risked his own and his followers' lives and liberty will yet reap the advantage of his loss, when he sleeps the sleep of death. Though it is affirmed by many that his life was not unstained by crime—that he shed blood unnecessarily—and that the moving principle in his mind was revenge; and though his attempt at Harpers Ferry was ill-planned and ill-timed—though in this, his last exploit, the lives of several were sacrificed apparently without necessity, and without having anything directly to do with the principle involved in the struggle—we are yet led to think, whatever loss of life may have been consequent upon the affair at Harpers Ferry, we are persuaded after all that John Brown cannot, in justice, be held responsible personally for these much to be lamented occurrences, but imagine that his over-zealous and excited followers had in their phrensy taken little time to coolly discriminate between opponents and uninterested spectators; and one can easily imagine how difficult it would be for him, under these circumstances, to govern their movements, and therefore he cannot justly be held responsible for these sad and deeply to be deplored casualties. Nor do we think that old Brown could have retained the calm composure he manifested so steadily in the near prospect of his approaching struggle with the grim King of Terrors, unless he felt guiltless of the heavy charges preferred against him by his enemies.

His cheerful composure under such a pressure of trying and distressing circumstances—a tenth part of which frequently leads men of acknowledged fortitude and patience to commit actions the most rash and unwarrantable—is truly remarkable. That John Brown did what he has so deeply suffered for, from a principle of revenge, or a feeling of malignant vindictiveness—or that he manifested such astonishing calmness on these trying occasions from dogged resolution or solid stoicism—or a grim feeling of savage satisfaction at the losses inflicted on the ranks of his opponents, can scarcely be entertained by any unprejudiced mind—we are compelled to admit, under all these circumstances, that we believe John Brown was sincere and honest in profession, and that he acted as he did either from a conviction of duty, or impelled by feelings of sympathy for the class whose cause he espoused so warmly, and adhered to through good and ill fortune so tenaciously. When one thinks of the system which John Brown strove to overturn—the harrowing details of which are revolting and distressing to such a degree as to induce sensitive minds in general to turn from the sickening spectacle with loathing and disgust—it is not to be wondered at that he threw his own and his followers' lives and fortunes into the dark gulf, in the hope of bridging the abyss which separates the lot of the slave from that of the freeman, and had his sagacity been but equal to his courage he would, without doubt, have accomplished his benevolent object, as it was when he found that success was denied, we find him unmurmuringly accepting the awful alternative without regret and without alarm. True as steel to his principles, we neither find him uttering a craven cry for pity or pardon, nor imploring maledictions to fall on the most merciless of his enemies; but his words and features were calm, placid and martyr-like to the last.

AUSTRIA OFFERS RADIUM

Government to Supply Hospitals Free and Sell Precious Ore.

BERLIN, Oct. 16.—(Special.)—A certain amount of the 154 grains of radium chloride (equivalent to 15½ grains of pure radium) which represents the output of 18 months from the works at St. Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, is to be put on the market by the Austrian government. The Viennese hospitals and scientific institutions will first be supplied free of cost, and the rest will be offered for sale at the price of $75,000 a gramme (15.4 grains).

The precious ore, the largest quantity of radium that exists in one mass in the world, is at present in a burglar-proof safe at St. Joachimsthal, guarded day and night by armed watchmen. For conveyance to Vienna the radium will be packed in a lead capsule, and a number of responsible officials will have charge of the tiny package.

Dr. Jungman, the Viennese specialist for skin disease, states that many marvelous cures have been effected in the hospitals here by means of radium. At the Lupus Hospital certain form of cancer has, it is declared, been cured. The most disfiguring marks on the skin are removed, leaving not the slightest trace.

A lesson in the great care that must be exercised when dealing with radium was recently given a Vienna doctor. He was carry a 65th part of a grain of radium in his waistcoat pocket. Before very long he found that the rays given off by it had burnt a hole in his skin.

James A. Story, almost 90 years old, has blossomed forth as the oldest chauffeur in the United States. He took out three other men over 80 for a ride in his automobile. The combined ages of these men is 247 years, the average being about 86 years 9 months. This select company toured the town in fine style and the lads seemed to enjoy it.—Cuba (N. Y.) Patriot.

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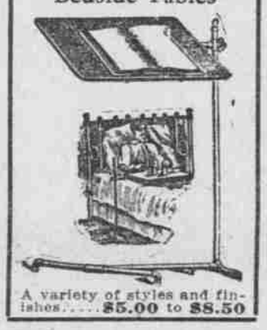

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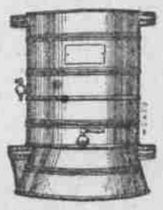

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