

PERSONS AND EVENTS.

It is suggested by *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that Gen. Tom Brady's book will be entitled "Lapsus Pennae; or, How I Escaped the Pen."

At last accounts Minister S. S. Cox was registered at the Continental hotel in Paris, and was enjoying himself like a big boy just out of school.

SENOR DON ALBERTO BIANCHI, father of Senor Don Alberto G. Bianchi, the noted Mexican journalist, died in the City of Mexico on the 22d of last month.

Two cousins of ex-premier Gladstone reside in this country. They are Wilfred and David Gladstone, and live at White Springs, O., where they pursue the occupation of millers.

An autograph letter of George Washington was sold at administrator's sale in the city of Washington a day or two ago for \$17. The purchaser was a dealer in relics and autograph manuscripts.

Among the new members who took seats at the opening of the Mexican congress on the 16th of September was Senor Arroyo D'Anda, the Mexican journalist who accompanied the excursion of Mexican editors to this country two years ago.

Mr. WILLIAM WARREN, the veteran actor, who made his first appearance in Boston forty years ago, is frequently seen on the streets of that city, exhibits unabated vitality, and is full of bright remarks. He exercises much in the open air, and practices with the health-lift in addition. He visits the theaters frequently.

A WASHINGTON correspondent recalls the fact that when Mr. F. E. Spinner was treasurer he used to honor some of the prettiest young lady clerks in his office by having their features given to some of the goddesses that grace the currency. But, it is said, the head of Martha Washington, which adorns the new \$1 certificates, and an idealized head of Dolly Madison are the only accredited portraits of distinguished women that can be discovered.

Dr. ANDRADE FIGUERA, the president of the Brazilian chamber of deputies, intends to leave for New York in the first packet after the closing of the chambers, for the amelioration of his state of health, and to see how a country can be great and prosperous without monarchy and slavery—institutions which he, as an ardent conservative and slave-owner, considers providential institutions. Like Lincoln, the noble deputy of the province of Rio Janeiro is anything but a dude in physiognomy.

Mrs. KATE SPRAGUE has left the capital and is now living quietly in New York. Mr. Conkling and she rarely meet, and when they do it is as friends only—all they ever were. The gunshot incident of Canochet has passed almost entirely out of her mind, and occasion is no other emotion when referred to than would the frenzied act of any other man crazed with drink and an unreasonable rage. When her father's remains have been transferred to the Spring Grove cemetery at Cincinnati, which will be in a very short time, she will return to Fontainebleau, where her children now are, and devote the rest of her life to them. She is not rich as reported, but has enough to supply her necessary wants, and when she sails again will bid this country a long if not eternal farewell.

JUDGE JAMES R. LUDLOW, a noted Pennsylvania jurist, who died some time ago, left a singularly short will. It covered but half a page of foolscap, and is in the handwriting of the decedent. He wrote: "I request my executors to incur at my funeral no expense not absolutely required. My estate is small, and my wife and children ought to have every dollar for their support. Let no false pride dictate ostentatious display, for after the soul departs from the body it matters little what becomes of that body, so that it is decently buried. God will protect the dust, and on the resurrection day gather all together and reconstruct it according to his sovereign will." He then devises his entire estate to his wife, Henrietta E. Ludlow, and appoints her guardian of their children and executrix.

Two prominent German musicians died recently within a few days of each other—the violinist Hubert Kees and the composer Julius Meichert. Kees, who attained the age of 85, received his first musical instruction from his father and became subsequently a pupil of Spohr and Hauptmann. In 1824 he was appointed orchestral leader of the Konigstadiisches theater of Berlin, and in the following year he was promoted to a position in the Royal opera-house, where he became "concertmaster." Kees was in great demand as a musical instructor, and his quartet evenings were in former years one of the musical features of Berlin. His three sons, two of whom live in London, are likewise well-known musicians. Julius Meichert, who died on the 12th of September in Hamburg, at the age of 76, was very popular as a composer of songs and orchestral leader.

MANITOU'S CAVERNS.

Subterranean Walks Beneath the Towering Peaks of the Rockies—Caves and Mysterious Bones—Postoffices in the Rocks.

Manitou is the most delightful spot to be found in the Rockies, writes a correspondent of *The Philadelphia Times*, a little village of hotels and boarding-houses, arranged along a canyon that leads up into the great range bringing one to Pike's peak, and after that over a maze of peaks and ranges interminable in their extent and variety. Down the center of the village flows the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, in the spring formed by the melting snows of the Rockies and added to by the wealth of springs—scald, iron, and others—that are the boast of Manitou. Here, envied by the great mountains, is the former cottage of Grace Greenwood; over yonder the remains of "Brarhurst," where Thomas Moran's picture of the "Mountain of the Holy Cross" was exhibited to visitors, while not far away is the cottage where "H. H." did much of her work, and her last resting-place on old Cheyenne mountain may be seen from the canyon.

The attractions of Manitou are not a few. Five thousand people have already ascended Pike's peak this season. It can be done in a day, and gives one an elevation of something like fourteen thousand feet; or imagine another Mount Washington piled on top of the present one and a hill two hundred feet high on that and you have it. Hundreds of square miles, in fact an unlimited view of the country, is obtained. The sun set and the grave of Maj. O'Brien's daughter are the attractions, not to speak of the pleasure of wading through a snowbank in August.

O'Brien's daughter is supposed to rest under a monument or stone, upon which is inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of the daughter of Maj. O'Brien, who was killed by mountain rats," etc. Nine persons out of ten believe this yarn, and much sympathy is expressed by the tender-hearted who are victims of a Rocky mountain joker of no mean order of merit; the mountain rats, as well as the daughter, are a myth. Besides the peak there are various canyons to visit, the Garden of Gods, described in a former paper, and finally the caves that abound in all the natural regalia that nature generally provides in such cases. There are two distinct caves, both having features equally interesting, and I should judge from the rock formation that much of the adjacent country is underlain with similar ones.

What is called the grand cavern or caverns is about one-and-a-half miles from Manitou, directly up the Ute pass—a road worn and cut out of the rock, that winds up into the Rockies, over which the Utes were accustomed to pass in the old times of thirty years ago. In prospecting among the ledges about a thousand feet above the pass the present owner, G. W. Snider, discovered a small opening, and by working at it soon found himself in the large hall that is the commencement of a series of rooms and tunnels that now constitute one of the wonders of the country.

A little tent has been pitched at the entrance and a fine carriage road made, winding up to within a few steps of it, and here Mr. Snider collects a dollar, provides each visitor with a lamp and the party with two guides. Standing at the entrance one doubts which is the most attractive, the cave or the view, the latter being from this point particularly fine. Pike's peak is directly opposite, while all about cluster other summits of more or less grandeur, and the fact that the cave is about eight thousand feet up on the brow of a mountain adds much to the interest.

The cave is similar in its structure and formation to Mammoth, Luray, and Howes', though on a much smaller scale. The stalactites are, however, much finer than those of Howes' cave. The Manitou caverns, moreover, are dryer and particularly adapted for nervous people, there being no extremely dangerous places. The route called Canopy avenue is first taken, and as the twenty or thirty visitors file into the hole, each bearing a lamp, the ladies covered with waterproofs, one could well imagine them monks going through some mystic rite. The relic-hunting American was a Dutch woman in this case, and not a stalactite within reach but was wrenched in the cause of relics. The choice specimens, however, were all protected by wire cages.

The first one of these that appeared looked like the cage of some animal in the Zoo and one of the ladies asked what it was. "That's a stalactite," replied the guide. "It won't get out, will it?" questioned the lady, frowning back, already a little nervous with the weirdness of the place. "No, ma'am, it will not," replied the long-suffering attendant.

All along the path numerous stalactites and stalagmites were seen, but perfectly tame and harmless, confined by the wire netting, and safe from the hands of vandals. On the right were a lot of bones, also protected by wire, said to be those of a bear, but they were fox and wildcat bones, and probably those of some other small animal that had crawled into the cave to die. If Mr. Snider had the energy and enterprise that characterizes the real Yankee showman he would get a humbug skel-

ton, manade it with rusty chains, and fasten it to the wall. This would be a stroke of genius.

From this interesting walk we enter Stalactite hall, where many strange forms have been molded by nature. Here is a deer's head, seemingly in white marble, the antlers almost perfect; birds, trees, human faces, and a hundred and one fanciful shapes worthy of attention. Passing on, the rotunda is reached, where some fine stalactites reach down to the floor, forming pillars. Near here is a large room, about sixty feet high, called, very appropriately, the opera-house, having a parquet and two tiers of galleries all around. Further along is a natural organ, or a set of chimes. This is by far the best in the country, and in this respect the Manitou cavern is ahead of all others. The chimes are a set of stalactite formations connected with the wall, forming a series of thin, upright slabs, placed side by side, and that, when struck with a stick, give out metallic bell-like notes; and with a little practice the entire scale can be sounded and tuneful chimes rung.

In the opera-house are many curious shapes resembling statuary, and human forms appear attached to the walls. From here we pass to the churn-room, where a series of stalactites and stalagmites form a perfect churn, the newly-churned butter represented in the stone by its side. Beyond here is a natural bridge, reached by stairways, and leading to Guadalupe dome and the grand pipe organ just described.

Every cave has a postoffice, and a rock that has been shivered in some way bristle with the cards of visitors from every part of the country. Returning to the vestibule a narrow path called the Denver and Rio Grande narrow-gauge is taken, which leads down to a steep incline, far below the former rooms to the fair bridal chamber where the elk's head, man on horseback, Rocky mountain sheep, etc., are strikingly sculptured in the rocks. The temperature of the cave is about 54 degrees, the same the year round.

One can casually examine the cave in an hour, though to see all the chambers several would be required, and altogether gives the novice a very good idea of the chemical workshops underground, and the forming, and reforming and disintegration that is continually going on. The cave of the winds is not far from the Grand caverns, in Williams' canyon, and is equally worthy a visit. The rooms, though smaller, are ornamented with a greater variety of formations, which are larger, and in many instances more attractive than those in the cave of Ute pass.

A Critic Weeping.

Jeffrey had the reputation of a severe critic, yet he insisted that his natural foible was to admire and to be pleased too easily. But one often finds in the severest of critics, when he comes to know him, the best-natured and most affectionate of men. Jeffrey could "cut up" an author's book, and, when occasion opened, serve him with his purse and influence.

When he journeyed from Edinburgh to London, to take his seat in parliament, he took with him, besides his wife and daughter, "Poor Poll," a gray, wise parrot, and "Witch," a little dog. His friends bantered him on his carrying in the carriage a soft traveling-basket for the dog and a large cage for the bird.

One day, a lady, whose intimacy in the family gave her the freedom of the house, opened the library-door to see if Jeffrey was there. She saw him sitting in a chair with his head on the table, sobbing as a child. She was about to retire, thinking she had not been seen, when Jeffrey, beckoning her to a seat, said:

"Don't go, my friend; I shall be all right again in a minute."
"I had no idea that you had heard bad news, or I would not have come in. Is any one dead?" said the lady.
"Yes, indeed. I'm a great goose to have given away so, but I could not help it. You'll be sorry to hear that little Nelly, Box's little Nelly, is dead."
Jeffrey had just then received the last number out of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and had been overcome by the pathetic description of *Little Nell's* death.—*Exchange.*

Americans Abroad.

American ladies make their way into society more easily in London than they do in Paris. How it is done I have already explained. The London clubs, however, are more exclusive than the drawing-rooms, and the feeling prevails among American visitors to our capital that they have been shabbily treated in this respect. The husbands and brothers of some of the belles Americaines of the season complain that while the women have been favored, the men have received the cold shoulder in the club land. By the laws of some of our clubs the number of honorary members is restricted whereas it is the general rule in the clubs in all the principal cities of the United States that the club is always free to add to the honorary members, and the American newspapers are suggesting reprisals. Visitors from the other side of the Atlantic have increased abundantly during the last two or three years—to such an extent, indeed, that it surprises me that somebody has not already started a first-rate American club in our metropolis.—*London Times.*

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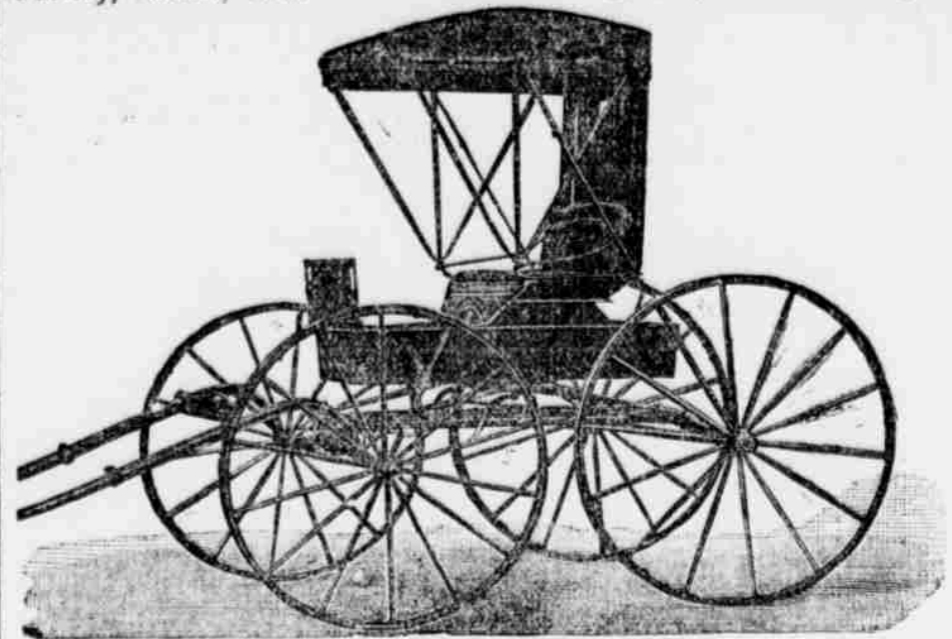
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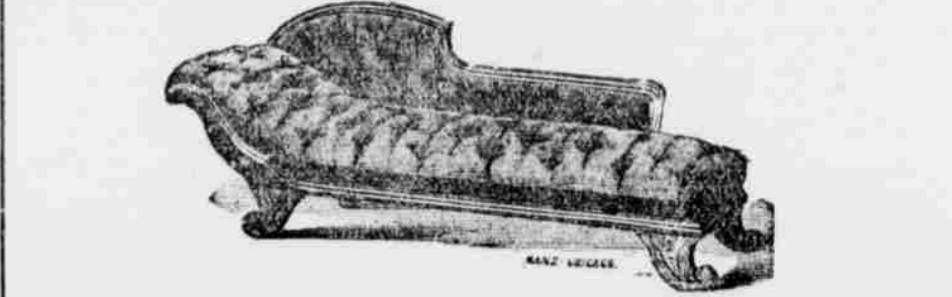
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