

AMERICAN NEWS.

and at the New York Reform banquet—Telegraph Strikers Have a Trump Card.

of Massachusetts Petition against Chinese Prohibition—Plea of a Reformer.

YORK, Dec. 10.—At the annual of the Reform club to-night at the Square Garden, the president-elect bright particular star and most guest. He occupied the post of honor at the right hand of E. E. Ely, president of the club. The left hand was filled by Senator H. Hill, in fact that gentleman was seated. He was scarcely expected, however, discussed the chery of the same table that Mr. Cleveland here were 550 persons who partook of the banquet. The galleries were crowded, and the evening was a very goodly number.

R. Storey, who was murdered by R. Mountain a few days ago, were yesterday. The double tragedy is source of much talk at the annual and sensational additions are cropping social way.

RESIST, Dec. 10.—Though the Pres- resolved to give out no information with case until the whole thing was on the first charge and the verdict guilty. This charge was established by Smith in which he is of having taught that a Presbyterian may abandon an essential fea- the doctrine and still rightfully reposition as minister in the church. charges will be considered next. The second asserts that he teaches either in an individual case the requires continual adherence to the standard received and adopted at is only to be made known by ju- process. The remaining charges con- gravest part of the accusation, in his views on the inspiration of the res.

ER, Col., Dec. 10.—The strike situ- Colorado on the Rock Island has no new features of interest to- day seems to be an opinion some railway officials that the are losing ground, the members of insist that a storm is brewing that elop with force before many hours. The following was sent out local lodge, O. R. T., this morning: operators: Passenger trains all and no travel. No freight trains ay since the strike was ordered. rm, we have a trump card to play if necessary."

INGTON, D. C., Dec. 10.—In the -day, Mr. Andrews presented a signed by Bishop Phillips Brooks 0 other citizens of Massachusetts, for the repeal of the act to prohibi- ing of Chinese persons to the United

BERG, Pa., Dec. 10.—Homestead- to the country to succor its starving. Nearly 1,000 persons, embracing ties, are destitute and in immediate food, fire and clothing. The Relief Association, of Homestead, ed a formal plea for aid for the un- es, who are victims, directly or ly, of the great and stubbornly strike just ended. Many of these are actually starving, while many are without sufficient clothing to their bodies and protect them from of winter.

SV, N. Y., Dec. 10.—The sensational the People vs. Rev. Levi Bird has a sudden ending. The clergyman er indictment for criminal libel in the pulpit of Trinity Methodist al church charged city officials with one on a Sunday excursion on a lake nken debauch. Two of the officials by their titles, the city judge and police, did not accompany the ex- sists. They gave defendant a chance y retract, but he replied that he to jail first. His case being called, wyer said his client was clearly of mind, an imputation which Bird resent. Counsel made an abject on behalf of his client, who agreed the matter and not for the re- announced for next Sunday on the bject. The case was thereupon dis-

**PERIAL BAKING POWDER**  
EST, STRONGEST, BEST.

**ORDS IN 10 HOURS.**  
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SLINGING SLANG.

Bill Nye Writes of its Effect on Waiters—From a Mass of Letters

William Selects One for Publication—A Modest Request from a Humble Worshipper.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Dear reader, with the twinkling eye and the soft color that comes and goes as you read these lines, did you ever notice how some people can order a dinner a la carte so that it will make you hungry just to hear them? I've seen people who would order in such a juicy voice and punctuate the order with snarls in such a way that I would eat it when it came, no matter what it was, and my eyes would water while I waited, and I would go away contented and happy with a very ordinary meal.



OUR HOUSE HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO.

Frank Jenkins, of the University club of New York, one of the few men who first thought of Grover Cleveland as a suitable nominee for the presidency, said that he was once dining at Delmonico's after a weary day on Wall street wrestling with Mr. Gould when Mr. De Croyer Gump came in. Mr. Gump sat down at another table, and looking over the menu with a tired air, as one is apt to at Delmonico's, called the waiter to him, and taking him by the lapel of his coat drew him down near him, so that he could speak softly to him, and said in a murmur:

"Have you any cherry stone oysters from Norfolk?"  
"Yes, sir, I think we have."  
"On ice?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"How long have they been here?"  
"Just this afternoon."  
"Will you get eleven of them—the best ones—open them carefully, understand, so as not to displace them; then have your milk ready—nice fresh goat's milk, if you have it—have it hot, add a piece of butter the size of a collar button; stir it in quick; then put in your oyster juice without the oysters; stir it fast; then slip in the oysters for just a moment; then a little cream—cow cream; add a dash of salt and some red pepper; pink if you have it—and serve hot. Can you do that?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Very well, then, do so."

Then Mr. Gump picked up a copy of The Rider and Driver, in which was a short editorial by Mr. Astor, closing with the statement that The Rider and Driver "had come to stay," and Mr. Jenkins heard the waiter in the distance give Mr. Gump's order to the chef as follows:  
"Oysters!"

A New Orleans man on the train, who runs a restaurant at home, says that it is almost impossible to break waiters of slang orders when they once get to going. He has tried it over and over again, but a waiter when he has once heard an order that strikes him as mysterious and apropos will never quit using it. He will lose his place, forfeit his pay and the respect of his employer, but he will never quit that pet order.

"Since the big prize fight in New Orleans we have had some trouble that way. Everything was hurrah and excitement there for days and days, and it broke up everybody a good deal. Many of my waiters had small bets up, and they couldn't think of anything else. Some made money and others lost, but the waiters are all ruined for New York city work. They can't help it though. They are not to blame.

Give your order now at my place for rare roast beef, and if you listen close you will hear it go down, 'Gimme an upper cut quick!' "If you ask for ham and eggs you get them, but to the waiter it is simply 'A clunch and break away.' Now you know folks get mighty sick of that, especially when ladies are along. "If you ask for steak, rare, for two, it is 'A right and left lead.' I keep the best and almost the only sausage in New Orleans that people have confidence in. I've been years building up this order, and I have not had a dog on the place for over twenty-three years, and this has resulted in a childlike faith among my customers that is just beautiful to see. Ask for fried sausage now and you get 'Three ounces skin thin.' "Two customers left me last week who have been here for years because they ordered two chicken croquettes, and the waiter snorted down the shute, 'Mix it with him two times.' "If you want a bird, and ask for it 'gamy,' you understand, you'll hear the order go to the cook, 'One big feller on toast and count him out!' "When you order hash the waiter chases up to the hollering place and says, 'How much HAVY?' "I am going on to New York to see about a place as second soft boiled egg cook on a buffet car, and if I can get it I will close out in New Orleans till restaur-

ant etiquette is a little less Tompkinsville."

He then resumed his paper.

Yesterday I received the following letter along with various others that were a good deal the same. In coupling my name with that of Mr. Vanderbilt, my friend Mr. Wellman has thoughtlessly opened up a field which he wotted not of. Mr. Wellman kindly but thoughtlessly referred to me in one of his letters as a neighbor of Mr. Vanderbilt's, which of course I am, but that is no reason why I should endorse a home for sand pounders and people who do not know enough to ache when they get hurt. Since the publication of the letter eight young girls have asked me to educate them. One said that through no fault of her own, her father was doing time in a Kansas jail.

Our houses has been broken into twice as though I were not in it. People think that I borrow the Vanderbilt plate when we have company, but we do not. A picture of Nancy Hank which I secured at the Vatican was taken from the house; also a Roman test jug which I had bought using since I began to build, and which was nearly full.

People write to Mr. Vanderbilt, and if they do not get a reply they write to me. I would not like to see any of them, as they are so full of themselves. One old lady writes me that she wants to learn to go on the stage. She does not say that she is old, but she unfortunately sends her photograph. She wants me to bring her George! she says. "How about George?" she asks.

Her work, she says, is comic. In one place on her programme she allows an intermission of ten minutes in which to put on another dress. I should hope she did it with me. I should hope she did it with me. I should hope she did it with me. I should hope she did it with me.

Mr. Nye—Please excuse the liberty I take in addressing these few lines to you. You are a stranger to me, and still I feel as though I were acquainted with you, for your name reads and enjoying your experiences that we read in the paper. Why, just as soon as we get the paper we always look to see where or what Bill Nye is doing. Sometimes he is eating snakes, but he is not just the same. It is hard to keep track of him, but reading the other day that he was in Ashville I am trusting that he will stay there until after he receives this humble letter, for I would like some information. Pick up a paper the other evening, I read about you being down on your estate, and of another gentleman that is having a veritable palace built out there in Ashville, and that every addition he adds to another tabor, and looking over the menu with a tired air, as one is apt to at Delmonico's, called the waiter to him, and taking him by the lapel of his coat drew him down near him, so that he could speak softly to him, and said in a murmur:

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**BERNHARDT'S RIVAL.**  
Eleanora Duse, the Great Actress, Who Will Visit America.  
Eleanora Duse, who will begin an American tour in New York during January, 1893, is an Italian actress, who is regarded by competent European critics as Sarah Bernhardt's only serious rival. There are those even who go so far as to assert that she is the great French woman's superior in highly emotional roles. Vienna is generally recognized as the most critical city in the world, and it was there that Miss Duse achieved her greatest triumphs.  
La Duse is just now the great topic of discussion in European theatrical circles, not alone because of her great ability, but also on account of her departure from conventional methods. One old lady writes me that she wants to learn to go on the stage. She does not say that she is old, but she unfortunately sends her photograph. She wants me to bring her George! she says. "How about George?" she asks.

a common kind of a gown, giving vanilla cream, and brought up the question not to ohev the cud when any one is present, that we could fix you out.

I was afraid when I began to read your letter that you wanted expensive grounds and quite a large house with a protegee in front for carriages to drive and—

Special to the COLONIST.)

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR

Love-affairs—A Chat About them—Principally Addressed to Girls.

"Shoot in the Dark" Lovers—Awfully Advanced Lovers—They Know too Much.

New York, Nov., 1892.—If you happen to be a girl, and living in the latter end of the nineteenth century, you cannot fail to have a love-affair or two. I say you cannot fail, and I say it advisedly because there was a time, the time called in books, "good old times," when it must have been an exception and not the rule for a girl to have a real bona fide love-affair, spontaneous and surprising and sweet, not arranged by her parents or guardians.

Now, in what, for the sake of contrast we will call the "had new times," young men and women are thrown into each other's society more than they used to be. They meet pretty often, and they are not looked after too much. The world is dreadfully busy; the young men are over full of business and the young women puckering their pretty brows with culture and study—but they still find time to love. A love-affair is not as I take it, an affair in which love is the largest ingredient. The term "love-affair," is a wide one. It covers, for want of a better name, all those little passages in a life-time when one either feels more than one says or says more than one feels in connection with a person of the opposite sex. I do not see that the word "flirtation" can be a good substitute, because that seems to signify a game with little feeling offered on either side, and in all love-affairs some one feels and suffers.

Every girl who is not wholly cold and unattractive has experienced the encounter with the sort of man who shoots in the dark, as it were. He is not in love, he is merely attracted, but if he can get a light on the feelings of his temporary attraction, it is not a disagreeable task to him, and as he wastes no capital in the way of feeling, if the result is below his expectations—well, there is no loss involved. Sometimes the result is above his expectations, then his trouble is simply repaid, and he is well amused. "Pour passer le temps" is this gentleman's motto but he doesn't wear it painted on his forehead, and sometimes it doesn't dawn upon a girl's mind until it is very distinctly explained by his flight to the next flower.

The kind of love-affairs that are results of unoccupied minds and rapid sentimentalism live but a short time. They are made up of kisses, candy—and a curious sort of incompleteness, a feeling that if this is what Poets write about, and Painters paint, and Romeo and Juliet died for, it must have been exaggerated. Like a puny child, this kind of love-affair dies young. If it ever lives as far as the marriage service there is for future happiness domestic bliss and all the rest of that sort of thing.

What about the love-affair school that is generally called the advanced school? I mean the school that is awfully advanced that they know too much—far too much for their own happiness. They are cheerful pessimists. As long as the present system of things lasts, they see no chance of happiness for them. They know by books and married friends that where there is marriage love pines away in the coarse atmosphere of domesticity—Byron says so, Tolstol says so, Mrs. Besant says so, everyone says so.

**Thirty Thousand Dollar Don Alonzo.**  
At the recent sale of Frank A. Ehret's racing stable the horse that brought the highest price was Don Alonzo, the big year-old. Plunger Michael F. Dwyer secured him, paying \$30,000 for the privilege. Don Alonzo is a bay colt by Long Tail—Round Dance, by War Dance, and has been one of the most successful horses in the country.

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From the DAILY COLONIST Dec. 11.

THE CITY.

The Partnership Dissolved.

Messrs. Pemberton and Dumbleton, barristers and solicitors, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Pemberton retaining. Mr. Dumbleton will continue.

The "Colonist's" Birthday.

To-day the Colonist enters upon the thirty-fifth year of its publication, fuller than ever of news and with a popularity over the Province which has grown steadily with the "pioneer paper."

The Germania Club Ball.

Tickets are out for the annual ball and Christmas tree celebration of the Germania Club, which will be held at Harmony hall on Monday evening, December 29. Every preparation is being made for a thoroughly good time.

Indecent Assault.

August, the South Saanich Indian charged with indecent assault upon Maitreene, an 11-year-old child of the tribe, was yesterday brought before Mr. E. Pearson, J. P., in the Provincial court, and as the charge was not fully prepared with the prosecution, the case was adjourned.

A Frozen Lake.

A couple of sportsmen down on Sumas lake report that sheer water to be covered with ice to a depth of four inches, and half a foot of snow over the surface. Another left the region ten days ago. Duck shooting was good up to the time of the frost setting in. Geese had made their appearance, but only representatives of the tribe had arrived "to locate."

A Practice Game.

Association players of the Victoria football club had a practice game at the grounds at Beacon Hill yesterday afternoon, there being a good turnout. The goal posts and sockets have now been put in permanent position, and the ground is in fairly good shape, while the players themselves are improving with practice, so that all things considered they will make a good showing when they play the real game.

Caught Tripping.

Police Officer Smith, while pursuing a noisy pedestrian last night, was brought to earth very suddenly by what he claims to have been a deliberate trip by one of the Vancouver football boys, whom he promptly arrested and locked up. No charge was entered and just before the Mainland boat left the Vancouverite was released. Smith deciding not to prosecute if the visitor would make good the pair of official trousers injured in the fall.

The Explanation.

In explanation of the delays in the receipt of mails complained of in the Colonist by residents of Kaslo, it is learned that the interruption of service was temporary and accidental, the result of the closing of the regular channels of communication by the ice. Two mails a week are called for on the winter continent, which is the best that can be made under the circumstances, and every effort will be made to ensure their prompt delivery.

Smallpox Claims.

Another meeting of the Board of Health was held yesterday morning at the City Hall, when the claims for compensation for damage to household effects by alleged over-heat during the smallpox epidemic were considered. One gentleman claims \$200 for injury to his wife's wardrobe, the extent of which there is no evidence to prove. So far as the Board can settle, they are doing so, but suspicious cases of extortion are being held over for the courts to investigate.

Thirty Days Extension Granted.

Application was made by Justice Drake yesterday morning for an order to extend for 30 days the period in which A. McKinnon, owner of the Maple Leaf mineral claim in West Kootenay, could commence proceedings in order to advertise claims filed by him November 10, 1892, against the issuance of a certificate of improvement in favor of N. P. Snowden for the Lease mineral claim in the same district. The order was made to extend the time by 30 days.

Point Comfort Wharf.

On Friday last Capt. Irving made a special call with the Yosemite at this point, for the purpose of taking soundings with a view of locating the best position for a wharf in connection with the new Point Comfort hotel. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the location chosen by the manager of the enterprise, finding within forty feet of the shore sufficient water to amply accommodate even the Islander, and a good sandy bottom for driving piles. Mr. W. H. Mawdsley, general manager of the hotel, was a guest of the Commodore during the trip.

A Choral Wedding.

Christ church cathedral was the scene of one of the prettiest weddings of the season, when, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, Mr. James S. Floyd and Miss Esther Johnston were united in the holy bonds. The service was performed by Rev. Canon Beaulaude, assisted by Rev. Canon Paddon. The full choral service and an anthem, under the leadership of Mr. H. Kent. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sisters, the Misses Johnston, and Misses C. and B. Christie. She wore a handsome white satin dress, with orange blossoms and lace trimmings, while the bridesmaids were attired in cream and grey dresses, with chrysanthemums. Messrs. H. Fuller, W. More, P. Johnston and W. Johnston supported the groom. After the conclusion of the service, the church bells pealed the wedding chimes, the organist playing the march. A wedding breakfast and reception were afterwards held at the residence of the bride's father, St. Charles street, there being a large number of guests invited. The wedding presents were numerous and especially handsome, both bride and groom being well known and popular in