

sanctity of the home of the Utah Commission, asked the Secretary of that body, if its deliberations were open to the public. "Certainly Sir," replied that gentleman. The writer then ushered himself into the awful presence of the Commission. He seated himself on a capacious lounge, and took a birds-eye view of the scene. Three gentlemen were seated at a table. One was reading a document relating to the Ogden election. Another gentleman who sat at the end of the table turned his gaze upon the writer. This gentleman was a venerable, portly person. His aspect was bland and benign. He asked the writer whether he had any business before the Commission. The writer confessed to being a newspaper man, and that he was present under the belief that the sessions of the Commission were open to the public. The suave Commissioner said that in a measure the sessions were public, but in the present case the writer could not remain. If he desired he could come at the close of the session and the Commission would be happy to give the particulars. The writer then told the gentlemen present, that he was a citizen of Illinois, and that he thought all United States courts were open to the public. Lest the Commission might entertain a dread that the writer was a "Mormon," he informed the gentleman that he was not a "Mormon," and that they need not fear any injury at his hands. It was all to no purpose. The writer had to get, and his Parthian arrow, as he left the parlor, was: "Then, the sessions of the Utah Commission are not open to American citizens from Illinois?"

The venerable gentleman replied in his blindest accents, "not in this case, but if you, or any other gentleman comes at the close of the session, the proceedings will be gladly given." The writer then left, and he is now at leisure to tell the Director-General of the World's Fair at Chicago, that a Chicago citizen eager for public information would not be admitted to the deliberations of the Utah Commission in Salt Lake City, on February 2nd, 1891.

GROVER CLEVELAND AS A THUNDER STEALER.

THE New York *World* of January 27 contains an account of what is known in that city as the "Annual Police Dinner." It is given by the superintendent, inspectors and captains of the force, and is attended by judges, congressmen, assemblymen, and men of distinction in politics, trade and commerce.

At the dinner given this year such men as Grover Cleveland, Chauncey M. Depew, Mr. Dana of the New York *Sun*, and several members of the United States Senate were present. Mr. Depew, it is well known, ranks as the foremost after-dinner orator in the country. Mr. Dana, it is understood, does not cherish the warmest kind of admiration for the ex-President. Mr. Cleveland was, at one time, engaged in a police capacity, and it became a matter of curiosity to the banqueters to hear what he would say on

this occasion. Depew chuckled inwardly at what he proposed saying of the "Buffalo hangman." Mr. Dana took copious notes, and he thought that his presence would cause Mr. Cleveland to lose several pounds of fatty adipose.

In due time the redoubtable Grover was called upon. He began his speech in a happy vein. He alluded to indigestion arising from attending patriotic dinners. He had done enough of this, and had suffered so much in consequence that he was entitled to a pension. This was treading on Mr. Depew's domain. The palm of mirth was snatched by a man who was supposed to be incapable of a smile. Gradually he settled down to his work, and to the utmost consternation and total paralysis of Depew and Dana, the ex-President said:

"Before entering this evening upon an amplification of the patriotic sentiment assigned me, I hope I may be permitted to say a few words by way of establishing proper relations between the company here assembled and myself.

"This exceedingly enjoyable entertainment is given under the auspices of our city's police authorities and officers; and it may well be regarded as a meeting of past and present conservators of the peace and their friends. I beg, therefore, to suggest that nearly twenty years ago I served a term as sheriff of a county ranking third in point of population among the counties of the State, and that, at a later date, I was for eleven months Mayor and Police Commissioner of a city bearing the same relation to the cities of the State. It may seem strange to those who know me as a mild and amiable man to learn that in the latter capacity my chief duty was to administer rebuke and censure to such members of our police force as were convicted of violations of the rules of the Department. Of course I claim the benefit of the presumption that this distasteful and uncongenial duty was well and thoroughly performed. So far as my Shriveltity is concerned, I may say by way of magnifying my claim for recognition here that I not only held the office and performed its duties but I have since suffered more or less abuse on account of it.

"Not many years ago, during a National political campaign, a female orator was employed to go about the country exploring the electors of the land to withhold their suffrages from the 'Buffalo hangman.' You must agree with me that this was quite dreadful. It makes me almost shudder to think that perhaps this female's efforts may have much to do with a disastrous result. But, after all, there is a grain of comfort in the reflection that this thing was done in the heat of political contest and by one avowedly in the employ of political adversaries. There was also, I believe, some uncomplimentary reference to the office of sheriff or deputy sheriff in the newspapers. This, of course, is sad enough. But even such wounds may be healed; and then, too, we must remember that something should be conceded to that inestimable boon, the freedom of the press, of which our country boasts. But though my term of office as sheriff expired so long ago that I might plead the statute of limitations I desire to stand with ex-Sheriff Grant, with ex-Sheriff Sickles and with ex-Sheriff Gorman in defense of one of the oldest offices known to civilization, and one which, if faithfully administered, cannot fail to reflect credit and honor upon its incumbent."

Mr. Cleveland's allusion to himself as the "Buffalo Hangman" and his

happy reference to the dignity and antiquity of the Sheriff's office completely upset the post-prandial merryman, and the severe satiric journalist, while the whole array of executive law officers present were delighted.

When Mr. Depew arose to speak it was with a weak heart. His thunder had been stolen, to refer to a police office in a humorous way would be to put himself in a bad position. He repeated that old joke about the policeman being absent when most wanted, but it was so ancient that a policeman present suggested the use of chloride of lime. Mr. Depew finally retired within himself, and Dana did not speak at all.

A REAL LIFE ROMANCE.

THE family of Hamilton is one of the most distinguished in the United States. Alexander, the first of the American branch was born in the West Indies in 1757. He was of Scotch and French parentage. At an early age he came to New York, and subsequently became one of the fathers of the United States Republic.

The Hamilton family has held a distinguished place in American history ever since the revolution. At present it is involved in one of those dramatic entanglements of the Lord Faunteroy type. But as matters look just now, it seems that the drama will close favorably to the family, and happily for the chief actor in it.

It will be remembered that the newspapers some months ago contained sensational accounts of the death of Robert Ray Hamilton in Idaho. The story of this young man's life surpasses anything that fiction or romance can furnish. He was intelligent, refined and educated. He was a favorite and pet of the highest social circles of New York. He was a lawyer by profession and a politician for recreation. He was looked on by the leaders of his party as the soul of honor. Every reform measure that had the appearance of benefiting the people and the country found in him an ardent advocate.

Suddenly this man acquired a notoriety that brought him chagrin. The press dispatches announced to the country his narrow escape from death at the hands of an infuriated and drunken woman. A day later revealed the fact that he had contracted one of these foolish and unfortunate alliances which make the plots for many a tale and drama. The case was brought into the courts. Inspector Byrne the famous New York policeman told a tale which surprised the world, and which brought shame and mortification to the proud-spirited Hamilton. The woman was sent to the penitentiary.

Hamilton next sought silence and seclusion. He bought a ranch in Idaho. He made a will, which disclaimed all ties of marriage with the woman, but leaving \$1200 a year to the child in the case. He took up his residence on his ranch in Idaho, determined to live forever in solitude. About four weeks after coming to Idaho, his dead body was found in a small creek not far from his new home. It was said that he went out to hunt, and by some accident was