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## NEW STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN WRITERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 5, 1897.



IKE a fresh breath from the past is a personal letter which I found today in looking over some of my old correspondence. It was written to me by Bill Nye shortly before his death, and is full of the humor and fun with which he so delighted millions from week to week during his working life. An extract from it

is as follows:

"I have never been so well or so industrious as this summer. One book is already in the publisher's hands and a new and startling history of England is half done. It will make the study of English history not only a duty but a delight."

"You may already know that Paul M. Potter and I are just putting the last coat of shellac on a new play for Mr. Palmer's Garden theatre. I need hardly say that this play combines the masterly architectural strength and the heaven-born genius of the two authors in the way that will yield the most joyous and instructive results. It is called 'The Stag Party,' and will be enlivened by melodious music on the harp, sacbut and bull fiddle. Fair young people of both sexes will frolic over the stage, and good clothes in limited quantities will be permitted between the music."

"I am spending the summer on the farm surrounded by loving friends and colored people who desire to dispose of their blackberries."

"I have discharged my old farm superintendent and secured one in his stead who can play a better game of golf. Farmers must keep abreast of the time or fall behind it."

"Crops are looking well. I had quite an experience last week with a new hive of bees, which I bought at Hendersonville, this state. They are called the longwaisted or tailor-made bees. I brought the hive home by train this afternoon. The Pullman parlor car conductor was going to put me off, but thought better of it when I set my Queen Ann bees on him. I always hated Pullman, anyhow, and only patronize his old slumbering tanks when I need a new cake of soap or a set of hand towels for the bome nest."

"The only people who have succeeded in making anything out of farming in

this country, are two men who have worked for me and Vanderbilt for over five years on salary, and who now own a feed store where Mr. Vanderbilt and I are enabled to run an account."

"The joys of farm life keep one young and fresh all the time. I love to romp with the bull, and fool him by bounding over the fence a trifle in advance of him. I bought him of a colored brother who called the animal 'I-shi.' Afterward I learned that Ayreshire was what he was trying to ejaculate."

"'I-shi' seems appropriate, however, and I still use that name, as I came near being shy a couple of children on his account. Sincerely yours,

E. W. NYE."

I have just heard some new stories of Uncle Remus. They relate to his extreme bashfulness. He is so modest, you know, that he cannot look a strange woman in the face, and he has for years written at his home in order to keep away from the lion hunters and autograph seekers, who attack him at the Constitution office at Atlanta. He spends only about an hour a day at the Atlanta Constitution office. He was there the other morning when a tall young woman from Boston made her way up the elevator and found his room. The door was open. The Boston girl looked in, and there sat a little, rotund, red-headed man reading a newspaper.

"Is this Mr. Harris?" asked the Boston girl.

"Yes'm," replied the red-headed man without raising his eyes.

"I have called to see you, Mr. Harris," said the Boston girl. "My name is Bessie Blank, and you ought to know me, for I am a writer."

"Yes'm," said Uncle Remus, looking very uncomfortable and still keeping his eyes upon the paper.

"I would like to have a chat with you," said the young lady, raising her voice and casting an inquiring look at the chair at Mr. Harris' side, which he was too scared to offer her.

"Yes'm," said Uncle Remus, desperately.

"But," the woman went on after a pause, "I see, sir, that you don't want to talk and I had better go."

"Yes'm," said Uncle Remus, and with that the irate young woman left.

And still Uncle Remus is the soul of kind-heartedness. He is so bashful, however, that he could not do otherwise than he did. He is backward in talking to strangers, and it is only now and then that he has a caller who seems to just suit him. This was the case with Mr. Vischer, of Chicago. Vischer is a very brilliant young newspaper man. I have never seen him, but I am told that his appearance reminds one of the story of the country woman and the hippo-

tamus. The country woman went to the circus, and when she saw this animal she stood before him in speechless astonishment. At last with a gasp she said to her husband: "Oh, my, ain't he plain!" Well, Mr. Vischer is a little plain, a quality which is also possessed to a certain extent by Mr. Harris. Mr. Vischer is well known in Chicago. He is also known in other quarters, and he thought of course Mr. Harris would know him by name. So he stepped jauntily into the office and held out his hand and said:

"How are you, Mr. Harris?" My name is Vischer."

"Uncle Remus looked up, and as he did so, held out his hand and then burst into a hearty ha! ha! ha! Why, how do you do, Mr. Vischer? Ha! ha! ha! I am glad to meet you, Mr. Vischer. Ha! ha! ha! and he went on laughing as though he would split his fat sides."

"I am glad to meet you," said Mr. Vischer, as he straightened himself up a little indignantly. "But I can't see what on earth you are laughing at."

At this Uncle Remus burst into another laugh and said, as he rather affectionately laid his hand on Vischer's shoulder: "Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Vischer, I am laughing at you. I like your looks. You see, I have always had the reputation of being the ugliest man in the United States, but you beat me. I want to take you out and introduce you to my wife."

This was said in such a tone that Vischer could not get angry at it. He rather disputed the position which Uncle Remus had thrust upon him as he looked at him. But he shook hands, and a little later on the two went out to Uncle Remus' home together. Vischer was delighted with Uncle Remus, Uncle Remus liked Vischer better upon acquaintance, and the two plain men became fast friends.

It was in the Atlantic Constitution office that I met Frank L. Stanton, whose poems are now quoted in nearly every newspaper of the land. He writes a half column of bright paragraphs and verse every day for the paper, and at the same time turns out first-rate political editorials. Mr. Stanton is a dark-faced, bright-eyed young man of about thirty-eight years of age. His hair is not long and his black eye, in ordinary conversation at least, is not "in fine frenzy rolling." He has, however, the soul of a poet. He is the James Whitcomb Riley, of the south, and his book, "Songs of the Soil," has had a very generous circulation. Stanton was brought up on Methodist hymns. His mother made him learn one every Sunday, and he can recite the hymn book from one end to the other. He began his life work as an errand boy in the office of the *Sivan tah*