

Hon. Robert C. Bell will introduce Mr. Wilde to-night.
Samuel Lusk and wife, of Bluffton, are in the city today.
The commissioners adjourned yesterday afternoon sine die.
Two cases of smallpox are now reported from Perry township.

OSCAR WILDE.
The Latest American Craze, Arrives in Our City--A Sentinel Reporter Accorded an Interview.

Last night, Oscar Wilde, the languishing young Englishman who is just now coining money from the insatiable desire of the American people to run after novelty of any sort, arrived in the city, accompanied by his business manager, J. S. Vale, and attended by his negro servant, an American addition to Mr. Wilde's service by the way. Wilde was met at the depot, as No. 6 came in, by a number of curious people, but with his face muffled and his head buried in the folds of his ample English cloth, faced with seal, he strode lowering over the crowd from his drawing room car to a hack in waiting, and was driven to the Avenue house, where he was assigned parlor 8. Though Mr. Vale, the manager, said to a SENTINEL reporter that Mr. Wilde would be happy to accord an interview, the representative of this paper, in consideration for the master's fatigue and hunger, postponed his visit until this morning.

The apostle of art does not rise at an early hour and when the reporter was ushered into his room at 11 o'clock, Oscar was found just about sitting down to his breakfast, a substantial one by the way, and which was prepared under the special direction of the African servant, who occupied a respectful position behind his master's chair. As THE NEXT MINUTE entered, Wilde put on his professional air and languidly looked up with a very slight and artistically controlled yawn.

This remarkable young person though not an exponent of the brain and muscle of England is tall and compactly built and his frame shows signs of its fine physical development at a period before he set himself up as the Oh, Oscar, the patron of decorative art, and when he was struck out of St. John's crew, Oxford. His brown hair is worn long and curls and falls over the ample collar of his velvet coat. His face is square cut utterly without sign of beard and the expression of the face is sullen except when an occasional smile lights up his countenance and causes him to part a pair of very kissable lips, and display a range of white and even teeth. This morning, he was clad in a crimson silk dressing gown of Turkish pattern, hand painted with lilacs and girded about the waist with a gold cord. His feet were covered with flesh colored silk hose and encased in slippers, of an Oriental pattern heavily ornamented with gold cord and into the decoration of which neither storks, lilies or sunflowers entered. The reporter was cordially received and after some desultory conversation, the interview said:

"You must devote considerable of your time to the reception of representatives of the press, Mr. Wilde?"
"Yes sir, and I do not begrudge the time. You American newspapermen are wonderful fellows. I talk a moment to you and you go off and write two column interviews."
"Have you been fairly treated?"
"Yes, in the main I have. The American paragraphists have made something of a caricature out of me and my views on art, but I am amused by their fun at my expense."
"How do you like America?"
"I am coming to like it much as I travel more. I have so far seen little that is distinctly American. There are few things in your cities which differ from the ordinary humdrum of London life. A portion of State street in Chicago is quite like our Regent and Oxford streets in London."

"Did your Chicago experience please you?"
"Yes sir, I was treated handsomely there. Chicago is a very wonderful city and I have longed to see it. In my lecture I had occasion to say something about some of their architectural eye sores, and I presume my remarks were not appreciated. The social life of Chicago, I found during my brief experience of it to differ little from that of Park Lane in London. I found in Chicago more cultured and traveled people than any other point I have visited save New York."
"How about the culture of the Chicagoan on a higher plane than that of the Bostonian?"
"I mean to say my dear fellow, that I found more cultured people in Chicago."
"May I ask, Mr. Wilde, the nature of your mission in America?"
"It is briefly to discover those men and women who are susceptible of artistic development and to give them the best opportunities to expand. On the other hand we take those persons in whom there dwells no capacity for artistic passion and produce in them that artistic temperament without which there can be no individuality

in art; no actual joy of life; in a word, no civilization."
"How do you purport to accomplish this?"
"By making art not a luxury for the rich, but by accustoming the people from childhood to color and design in their homes."
"What do you think of American architecture?"
"You have none. In this respect the American people need to improve. In the cities I have found few public buildings which pleased my eyes. Most all the buildings are recreo in construction."
Mr. Wilde here signified his desire to attack his metastical meal and the reporter was about to take his leave of this very charming young man when he was motioned with a graceful wave of Oscar's white hand to keep his seat on the sofa draped with a pair of very fine skins. Mr. Wilde then showed his visitor a note from Miss Ward asking him to attend the performance of "Forget-Me-Not" last night.
"Please say that Miss Ward is a very particular friend of mine and I should have delighted to run in on the last act but fatigue prevented me. I was quite worn out."
The reporter then prepared to go, asking Mr. Wilde how he liked the flourishing metropolis of Fort Way.
"The day is bad and I shall be freed to remain within doors. I would have liked to look over your city but must I fear content myself by taking observations from my window."
Mr. Wilde is a charming conversationalist very little affected in his manners and in brief impresses us as an interesting, enthusiastic and eccentric young Englishman whose views however visionary, is thorough earnest about them.
A pleasant souvenir of the visit was a copy of Wilde's poems, the fly leaf being traced in his own epideictic handwriting: "Compliments of the author, Oscar Wilde."

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