LONDON JOURNALS COMMENT ON HER WORK

True Love's Wayward Course-How Hymen Was Defeated in Two instances by Trifling Incidents-Frills of Feminine Fashion.

The most talked about book issued from the London press this season is a great 600 page volume entitled, "The History of Socialism," by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. The London Times says of this book:

"Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book is a masterly piece of work, and even those who utterly dissent from their underlying assumptions cannot afford to disregard the facts and figures they have accumulated."

While the Daily Telegraph is of the opinion that "from many points of view it deserves to be attentively considered, not only because of the conspicuous ability with which It has been written, but owing to the vast amount of labor it has involved, and the extraordinary accumulation of facts, which, In the course of some 500 pages, it has epitomized. The whole subject is laid out by the authors in a masterly and comprehensive

Beatrice Webb, whose name stands first on the title page, first became fumous as Beatrice Potter, and is the richest and most beautiful woman in the ranks of the socialists. It is said Henry James had her in mind when he wrote "The Princess Cassamassima," and that she also inspired William Black's "Sunrise."

She is the youngest of the nine "Pretty Potters," as they were called in London some years since-nine sisters, all dark and handsome and the children of a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer, and of the woman who was the most intimate friend Herbert Spencer has ever known. Her mother was a woman of remarkable learning. Though giving birth to ten children (the only son died young) and being the very competent head of her household, she had a profound knowledge of Greek and Latin, read her bible in Hebrew and was the chosen intellectual companion of George Eliot as well as of Herbert Spencer. She was, however, decidedly eccentric, one of her horrors being of any excess of flesh. She looked upon being fat as only short of being criminal, and declared It was impossible for her to either like or respect a person who had any excess of adipose tissue. It is said that no one ever saw a fat person in her house. She al-lowed herself and her children only a fixed number of ounces of food a day, and having as-certained what weight of food was necessary to health, she was of the opinion that an other mouthful more was mere grossness and not to be permitted.

Whatever one may think of this theory, it is certain that the nine daughters grew up tall, wholesome, ruddy and beautiful. They were all women of superior intellect and marked talents, and the eight elder sisters married men distinguished in law, medi cine, literature and politics.

The youngest, Beatrice, was easily the most gifted and beautiful of them all, and Mr. Spencer was so delighted with her intelligence that he made her education his special charge and strove in every way to de-Velop all her capacities. It was supposed, her health, beauty and brains being con-sidered, that she would probably make the most brilliant marriage of all the sisters and might look for a coronet. It is certain that she was a great belle for several sea-sons, and had distinguished offers, but before she was 23 she was suddenly seized with a disgust for her brilliant surroundings and began to visit and work in the slums of East

She became excited over the condition of some of the workers, and finally putting on the garments of a working girl, sought emundergarments were made. Her experiences were carefully noted, and she tried a week or ten days in each of four or five trades. At the end of her explorations she wrote a trenchant story of her experiences, giving the exact figures she had been able to accumulate, sent it to a leading review and went away for a walking tour in Switzerland to clear her mind and lungs of the foul airs and sights of the East End sweating shops.

Her article was printed at once, and all England was aghast. Parliament took the matter up and appointed a committee to inher charges; with the result that a whole series of laws were passed regu lating the employment of labor by the "sweat-Miss Potter returned to England to find herself famous. But she refused to return to her old life or associations. She joined the ranks of the socialists and devoted herself to the task of overturning the present constitution of society. All the long-haired political refugees became her friends, the Russian exile, Prince Krapot kine, among them, and she took up her residence in a cheap hotel in the East End where she was always in conference trades unionists, reformers, and the whole race of those who had a grievance against

When Beatrice Webbb's friends read Mrs Humphrey Ward's story of "Marcella," they said: "How like Beatrice! If only she could have ended like that!"

"Strange what little things will turn the course of true love," said one of the prominent members of the Porch club to an In-dianapolis Sentinel reporter. When urged to explain she continued:

"Why, I know two splendid matches that were broken off by the simplest things in the world; one was the whistle of an engine; the other mustard plasters!"

Her hearers looked incredulous, and she went on: "It was last summer, and I had a guest whom I introduced to one of our ng men, and he took a great fancy to Of course I did everything in my power to throw them together, and among other things gave a buckboard party. They sat together in the back seat, and were getting He had reached the point he had told her he could not live without her, etc., when the road took an ab-rupt turn, and the whistle of an approaching train sounded. It seemed right upon us, though it really was on the other side of the hill. Well, he flew out on one side of the wagon, and she out on the other, and when we turned around to look at them they had disappeared. One of the boys jumped out and helped her back into the wagon, and some one rescued him, but she was so indig-nant to think that he had jumped without caring what became of her that she hardly spoke to him again. So you see that match

was spoiled. "The other thing happened in the east. I have a friend who gets fearfully seasick every time she is on the water. Well, she was going to take a trip with a young man who had been very devoted to her all summer, and she was bound she would not spoil the trip by being seasick. So she did everything any one told her. Took several kinds of medicine, took any amount of smelling salts, lemons and other things with her, and to crown all got five mustard plasters. She put one on the back of her neck, one on her chest, one on her stomach and one just above each knee. She stood the trip splendidly, but never thought that they uld go right from the boat to the train as they got on the train she began to suffer agonies from the mustard plasters, and though she smiled and tried to look natural squirmed and twitched in a manner frightful to behold. Finally her esc Why, you are the most reatless girl I ever saw. Can't you sit still for five minutes?' Well, she had to pretend it was all natural, and said she didn't know that she was any more restless than she always was. He said nothing, but after that he was very cool to her, and finally went away without say-ing good by to her at the close of the sum-

'My husband asked him one day what was the trouble between them, and he said:
"'Well, I believe that girl is a fit subject for a sanitarium. I took a trip with her one day, and she is the most nervous girl you ever saw. Just twitches all the time.

TRUMPET OF DAME GRUNDY I don't intend to marry a woman who is that near nervous prostration if I know myself. A woman with nerves like that ought to be taken to a hospital." what trifles will break off "So you see who

> Talking of matrimony, here is a curious matrimonial advertisement published in an American newspaper in 1737. Whether the gentleman of "easy temper," whose only mode of restraint was "stinting"—which every woman knows is of all schemes the most diabolical-found a lady possessed of all the enumerated perfections who was willing to hide them cannot, at this late date, be ascertained: "A middle-aged gentleman, barely turned

60, and as yet unmarried, is desirous of al-

tering his condition. He has a good estate, sound constitution, and easy temper, and, having worn out the follles of youth will be determined by reason in the choice of the lady he intends to make happy. She must be upwards of 15 and under 25. Her size must be moderate, her shape natural her person clean, and her countenance pleas-She must be lively in her humnot smart in her conversation; sensible, but utterly unaffected with wit; her temper without extremes, neither too hasty, and never sullen. Then she must invariably observe all forms of breeding in public places and mixed company, but may lay them all aside among her acquaintances. She must have no affectation but that of hiding her perfection, which her own sex will for-give, and the other more quickly discover. She shall be restrained in nothing, the gentleman having observed that restraint only makes good women bad, and bad women worse. In some things, perhaps, she may be stinted, which is the only method he will take to signify his dislike to any part of her conduct. Any lady whose friends are opinion (her own opinion will not do) that she is qual fied as above, and has a mind to

dispose of herself, may find a purchaser by leaving with the printer hereof a letter di-

rected to C. D.

"After having kept house for more than a decade I have finally learned how to wash flannels satisfactorily," remarked a young housekeeper the other day to a New York Tribune man. "The way I gained the knowledge makes quite a little story; and as t helped me, I will tell it for the benefit of Every one knows the maddening directions that 'experienced housekeepers are wont to give for this most puzzling problem; some tell you that the water is to boiling bot; others that it must be almos cold; the soap is to be prepared beforehand. or not used at all; ammonia enters into the fray; the irons are to be of a certain tem-perature, etc. And in spite of all and every precaut on the flannels grow beautifully less every time they are washed. Well, about a year ago I happened to be stopping with some friends in England who were interested in a little school which they had established for household servants. They took ten girls and educated them in different departments, and then found situations for them-a most beneficent work, by the way, which helps the employer as well as the employed,
"As luck would have it, my visit occurred

'washing and ironing day,' and we were taken into a model laundry, everything 'spic and span,' and shining with neatness. The members of the little class were just receiving their instructions before commencing practical work. 'And now, girls,' said the capable, degnified-looking matron, 'wha will happen if you rub fiannel long and hard does any one remember?" A chorus of voices replied, 'It will turn into feit.' I began to prick up my ears. How often had 'my flannels to my sorrow turned into felt.' All through the little lecture I received hints which were worth remembering, but nothing so important and so useful as that little remark about felt. I believe that the little remark about felt. I believe that the keynote to flannel washing is 'never to rub or wring;' and the other conditions will not affect the case. The water may be hot or cold; the irons, which are more or less rub bers, should be used as sparingly as possible and should therefore be used very hot; the soap must, of course, not be rubbed on; and to put the whole matter into a nutshell, to put the whole matter into a nutshell, 'Let there be no rubbing or wringing,' and there will be no thickening or shrinking."

A little boy of 4 was on his knees looking back at the passengers, the conductor beaming upon him over their heads, and, as it is only occasionally that that sort of encountered, the passengers conductor is encountered, the passengers who saw him beamed upon him in turn Presently a woman who sat next to the boy signaled to the happy conductor to stop the car. He did so and ran along the side to assist her, and, feeling that it was a good time to be polite and obliging, picked ip the boy and hurried after her to the walk. He deposited the infant on the curb, and, evidently realizing that a good action is its own reward, waited not for thanks but swung on his car and snapped the bell

At the same moment he was confronted by another woman, excited and indignant, who, standing with arms outstretched to ward the boy on the curb, cried eagerly: "That's my child, conductor, that's my child!

Meantime the woman who had left the car pursued the even tenor of her way, all nscious of her following, and the boy stood bewildered where he had been The unhappy conductor started his car with a jerk, rushed back, picked the boy up, and restored him to his parent, and, with a disgusted expression on his face ook his position on the platform, remarking to an amused spectator: "It's always the way. Whenever I try to do a good-natured thing I put my foot in it. I'il let the women take care of their own children

Then the car rolled on, the passengers continued to enjoy the zephyrs and the re united mother and son sat very close to

"new woman" is served up in this particularly ungaliant fashion in Jerome K. Jerome's paper, Today: "In the west end of London there are plenty of vapid, brainheartless, overdressed-in-the-afternoor underdressed-in-the-evening little animais, that, there being no other name at present for, we have to call women. They are vicious, selfish and idle. They sell themselves for money and then do not carry out the terms of the bargain. They marry, but they are never wives. They are blood suckers on the unfortunate men who have been asses enough to undertake the responsibility of feeding and clothing them. They will ruin them in business and worry them into early graves rather than go without an extra new dress. Thy have chil-dren, but they are not mothers; they have not even the instincts of the better class brutes. Self-indulgent and stupid, they drift through life, everlastingly whining and posturing, a bore to themselves and a curse to every one who knows them. They cry that they are misunderstood, which would be the most charitable thing that could happen to them, and they talk about their soul with as much assurance as if they really possessed one. They take all they can get, they do nothing for it, and they are never satisfied. But I should be sorry to take them as types of their sex, and to talk about them as the new women. They are types of nothing but a social disease.

Poor Mme. Carnot has left the Elysee She has not been long in packing up, and as neither she nor her husband liked bibelots, the baggage she will take with her to th apartment in the Avenue d'Alma will hardly fill a couple of vans. There was univer sal sorrow when she went, for every loved the gentle, strong-willed woman, managed her household, and particularly her husband, with such unfalling tact and clev-erness. All the qualities of a good wife were hers by inheritance. She has English blood, but that does not necessarily account for her fine common sense, of which all French women possess so much. Perhaps it explains her piety. Her French grandfather was a robust peasant from Picardy, named Corbie, who started in l.fe without a farthing, but became proprietor of the Hotel Meurice, which he kept for many years, and where, by the way, the Carnots still stop when they come to Paris. His clever man agement soon made him a rich man. From the Dupont Whites Mme. Carnot inherits a atrong strain of philosophy, in which Fourier mingles with John Stuart Mill, a sort of gentle bourgeoise socialism—Rosseau modi-fied by Adam Smith. But she is none the less a fervent Catholic, and, in spite of her ambition and love of management, c'est une ame exquise. Had it not been for her, Carnot would never have come out of his shell.

One of the things housekeepers find difficult at this season is the disposal of k tchen refuse. The caution is emphasized at least to keep it dry. The change which takes place when water is mixed with food waste is very different from that which it under-

goes when kept dry. The one is putrefac-tion—dangerous, capable of causing illness if its gases are breathed by susceptible sys-tems; the other is nature's mode of disposing of all things of earth, a true decomposition, or nitrification, a process of give and take, worked out by living organisms.

If the refuse pail is kept in the open air and all liquid kept out, practically no harm can be done; but the heat and steam of the kitchen accelerate putrefaction; the pene-trating power of steam, greater than that like it in other respects. heat, goes deeper into the refuse pail printed muslin in delicate shades trimmed

than is realized. A handful of earth should be a housekeeper's ever ready sanitary aid, especially in city houses. Taken from the surface in any back yard, it will be teeming with invisible life, ready to perform specific func-tions and reduce all to its own kind, earth or dust. Whether in earthworms or bacor dust. Whether in earthworms or bac-teria, they serve as agents of sanitation, defeating those pestilential scavengers, flies. A covering of earth is a cleaner lid than

College girls were discoursing the other evening upon the various queer things which appear on college menus. One was a des-sert of dates and milk, a thing popular at Wellesley, and another was peanuts mixed These horrors recalled a summer dish which sounds equally queer, but is really very good. It is maple sugar served in various ways. Yes, until you have eaten maple sugar and cream on strawberries, red and black raspberries, blackberries and peaches you have not lived. The writer has introduced many epicures to these dainties. Each one was dubious and unbelieving. Each timorously took the first mouthful Each closed his eyes and sighed an ineffable rapture. A shortcake is quite as delicious while orange, red and black raspberry shortcakes are almost as good. With oranges however, powdered sugar should be used. A dainty and refreshing desert for a ho night is made of sliced oranges, bananas and pineapples, thickly powdered with sugar and kept all day in the ice box. Serve with whipped cream. Never cut pineapple. Shred it with a silver fork.

A little incident which happened at an English school not long ago ought to be told for the kindness of feeling that it shows. An American boy, having been called upon in class the first day to say who was the first Norman king of England, did not know. The class laughed uproariously. But the master, rapping for order, said: "Fair play. boys; now, let the next boy tell me who was the first president of the United States." He could not answer, so the little American longer felt shamefaced in the presence of his schoolfellows. It was not many days before the master was called upon to settle a dispute between them, for more than one English lad insisted upon it that New York was the capital of this country, and the American could not understand why some of the largest towns in England are towns and not cities, and shook his head in a puzzled way when told that to a city in England the town a cathedral and be the of a bishop. He couldn't understand why the boys eyed him suspiciously when he He couldn't understand why old them that his uncle belonged to a milithe militia are the volunteers in England and the militia there are the lowest and most degraded class of regular soldiers. So you

"Oh, dear," sighed a woman, opening he nail, "this letter must be answered on the instant. It's not so dreadfully important," she went on to explain, "but its from an Englishwoman, and Englishwomen are s offensively punctual, if I may be allowed the expression, that one does not dare to be

see the ignorance was not all on one side.

It undoubledly is a trial and often a surprise to us lax American women that we are expected to reply at once to our notes. The inelegance of beginning a note with an apology for not having written is so very ommon that at the private schools it i onsidered necessary to point it out for reform. An Englishwoman would as soon think she must be told not to eat with her knife as to need a caution of this sort. A note of any sort is a sacred obligation to be at once discharged. A system in one's corespondence would much reduce its burden Her want of training in this respect is of the handicaps, by the way, which the voman who begins a business career without

A woman physician has been saying in print that few persons know how to cook water. "The secret," she says, "is in put-ting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, dready quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it off to use in tea, coffee or other drinks before it is boiled. To let it steam, simmer, and evaporate until the good water is all in the at mosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle-bah! that is what makes a good many people sick and is worse than no water at all."

critical taste, goes on this authority. will detect at the first mouthful, if the nose has not already demurred and given warning the faintest trace of dead water in tea, coffee porridge and many other items designed

for the stomach.

She concludes with the advice that if persons will drink tea and coffee let them at least have it as nearly free from poisonous conditions as possible. That much benefit conditions as possible. That much benefit may be derived by many people from drink ing hot water is not disputed, but the water should be freshly drawn, quickly boiled in clean and perfect vessel and immediately The times of using, the adding of milk, mint, lemon, or other fruit juices, is a matter of preference or special prescription.

Dinners were handsome and very social the talk delightful, but the balls were sparsely furnished with light and chairs, writer in Lippincott's, depicting so-1849. The illumination was of wax ciety in 1849. or stearine candles, which used to send down showers of spermaceti on our shoulders Dress was very much plainer. I remember my father calling me to him one evening, as I was dressed for a ball and saying: "Well, my daughter, you look very nice How much have you cost me?" I said "\$5." had on a tarlatan dress of white, which had made myself, and a camelia in my hair which somebody gave me. One hundred which somebody gave dollars a year was considered a handsome allowance for a young girl to dress on. I am afraid I have never looked so well since; certainly my costumes have never An old lady once showed me a brocade dress, which she said she had worn since General Jackson's time.

Women did not throw away or alter dresses then as now. They bought good stuffs and wore their dresses carefully. Very pretty bright chintzes, and what we called mousseline-de-laine, were our spring outfits, and always white dresses of cambric and muslin. The jewels worn by Mme. Bodisco and Lady Lytton Bulwer were great curiosities to us simple people.

Housekeepers hold an unjust prejudice toward cottonseed oil. That in other quarters this prejudice is gradually diminishing statistics abundantly prove. About half or last year's product, 1,000,000 barrels of oil About half of formed a part of lard; thousands of bar-rels are sent to the Mediterranean and added olive oil; Maine uses it for its sardine (? preservation; hundreds of thousands of bar-rels go to Holland to mix with butter, and how much of it is mixed with butter and oleomargarine in this country is very hard o find out. It is at least pronounced by our ablest chemists to be wholesome and having good food value. Its capabilities for purification are so great that it stems incredi ble that housekeepers should retain any dis-trust of it, knowing as they must the freeom from risk of disease in its use, as compared with poor or rancid lard. It is much pleasanter to use the oil of a seed than that

remarkable instances of sence of mind in great men are to be found in collections of ana. A Dutchman seems to have surpassed anything of the kind yet perpetrated. He is a widower, and he pre-sented himself a day or two ago at the register's in a little village near Amsterdam to give notice of his intended marriage. On being asked the name of the bride, however, he declared he could not remember it, and he had to he sent away in order that he might get the desired information.

A medical journal offers a suggestion fo keeping out those nuisances—lies; "Ex-pose a little oil of bay in a saucer on your window sill, or coat your doors and win-dows with any color of paint you like, containing as little as 4 per cent of oil of bay which is far from expensive, and can be

had anywhere, and not a single fly will en-

Fashion Notes. The latest bolero jackets are turned back with ecru embroidery on white muslin. Lorgnettes of silver filigree work are supplanting those of carved tortojse.

The autumn bell skirt will be fuller and

An opera fan with a round handle of sil-

A pretentious buffet bonbon box is formed

of a full-blown pond lily resting upon a pedestal of silver composed of the twisted

Natural flowers, such as Jack and brida

roses and pinks, are converted into pretty hair ornaments by a covering of oxydized

India cashmeres are exquisitely fine and

Hooks and eyes, with a double row of tiny

The new poplin coats take the place of

Three dominant features will rule in au

umn dress-the coat, the pointed bodice,

Although the parents of Mme. Eames

Story are Americans, the prima donna was

The latest discovered peculiarity of Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins," is

the pinkness of her nose, which is said to be shell-like in the delicacy of its tint.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has accepted an in

vitation to be present at the Bryant Cen-tennial in Cummington, August 16, and will

Miss Ethel Harradan, a sister of the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night,"

has written the music of a fantastic opera entitled "The Taboo." The work, recently

given a first production in London, met with

The most heavily insured woman in the

Elmira, N. Y., probably comes next with

parlor to kitchen, is fairly started to make

A brotherly tribute which is credited to

he prince of Wales is his reply on one oc

casion, when he was asked who was the

eleverest woman he had ever met. His an-

swer was prompt. "My sister, the Empress Frederick."

The diplomas received by the recent grad-

uates of Radcliffe college will some time possess great historic value. They are the

irst to bear the signature of the president of

Harvard, which they do in addition to that

Mrs. Roebling, the wife of Colonel W. A

Roebling, the chief engineer of the Brook

down by caisson fever, and could not leave

that that the work of constructing the

bridge was supervised continually by Colonel

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Ted ran home to his mother the other

day crying with wonderful vigor, though his

tears were more from anger than because of

"Nuthin'," he snswered, rather fretfully "You shouldn't say that," said his mother

'It isn't true, you know; and I'm afraid my

little boy has forgotten last Sunday's golde

Ted blinked at his mother through his

day before that something about a soft an-

swer turning away wrath?"

texts any more

since!

their ages.

"I didn't."

schools, mamma?

populi" mean?

vox popullar?"

happens to catch the teacher.

"Wasn't the golden text the

'Well, then, I don't believe in golden

"Why, my dear!" | 121 | 121 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 | 131 |

Tibbets today and heanswered me with a soft

tomato, and I've been mad clear through ever

Johnny had been studying his spelling les

son and learning definitions, particularly of words with prefixes from the Greek.

He had defined monologue as a sollloquy or

"A dialogue." 6 72
"And between more than two persons?"

"Now, what is a conversation between two

"A pollywog," answered Johnny promptly

Little Dick-Miss Antique is most 40 years

Mother-I told you to stop asking ladies

Then how do you, know she is nearly 40?

"I asked her how many times she had seen the seventeen-year locusts."

in the dark. Mamma—You go right to bed like a good little girl, and remember that

God's little angels are with you. Flossie (ten minutes later)—I can't go to sleep

mamma. I guesa one of God's little angels

one man talking to himself."

persons?" asked his teacher.

y bodily injury.
"What's the matter, Ted?" she asked

Roebling through Mrs. Roebling.

lyn bridge, assisted greatly in carrying out

Colonel Roebling was

use; but his wife acted as assistant, s

f Mrs. Agassiz, president of Radeliffe.

gossip and scandal monger. Nip it in

relatives in this country last fall, has

after a severe examination.

read a poem on that occasion.

14 and a son somewhat younger.

than any of the coats worn a year ago.

either side of the fastening.

mings of black silk muslin.

silky this year. The three fashionable shades are fawn color, rosey mauve, and gol-

ver filigree work in which is concealed a smelling salt bottle is a most practical ar-

with frills and insertions of lace.

of lacing the bodice in the back.

tiele.

stems.

silver.

den brown.

white braid.

humidity.

washing silk.

orn in China.

\$150,000

FROM DERBY TO MARTYRDOM

Festive France Sudderly Plunged Into the Deepest Grief.

wider than the original model, but exactly ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT Very dainty are the dresses of chiffon and

Women who have slender, rounded figures An Omaha Man Describes the Memorable are quite ready to adopt the revived fashion Event-Funeral Procession a Moving Train of Flowers-Tributes Braiding will be a very favorite garniture to the Dead. in rich dresses next season, as well as on tailor gowns and utility costumes.

> PARIS, July 12 .- (Correspondence of The Bee.)-I reached Paris on my European trip Saturday, June 16, 1894, that I might be present at a very important meeting of the French Young Men's Christian association in that city to do honor to Hon. James Stokes of New York City, who had given \$69,000 toward the erection of their new association building.

The next day, Sunday, the 17th of June was the day that was fixed for the great races, in which Paris and all France were intensely interested and to which many thousands came from other countries. "feweled" buttons, is another revival, the buttons sewn on very closely together on It was what might be termed Derby day for France and Paris. Every place in Paris was crowded with visitors.

At the close of the Endeavor meeting it

the dress waists. Some are Vandyked on the sides in deep points, but are shorter the American church about 5 o'clock p. m. I started with others for the Arch of Triumph at the head of the Avenue Champs A white serge gown, suitable for boating and tennis, is trimmed with dark blue and Elysees. When we reached the avenue we The bodice is made blouse found it filled with the finest of carriages fashion, with a collar and fichu of dark blue of every kind returning from the races at Boulogne Park. And the broad pavements Among French combinations in dress are on both sides of the avenue were crowded fine India camel's hair of summer weight made up with India silk, and shepherd's check silks with draperies and bodice trimwith men, women and children intently gazing at the moving stream of carriages. Just then President Carnot passed along in The cool delicious gossan er gowns of mus his carriage from the park toward his home,

lin crepe, organdle, and lace have just now a beneficial effect upon society. The very appearance of them seems to lower the temwhere he had doubtless spent the day at the races. He was cheered by the multi-tuds on both sides of the avenue. That perature and dispel some of the heat and we might get a better view of the multitudes that had been at the races we went up on Russet shades are still favored for boathe Arch of Triumph, 160 feet high. ing and outing costumes. They are more serviceable than the lighter colors, and are made dainty in appearance by white braid twelve avenues that radiate from this great arch were all full of persons that had thus spent the day. These races were a great thing in the eyes of the Franch people, partrimmings and a blouse of white Chinese

tral figure in it all this day.

The following Sunday, June 24, was the quietest day of my more than two weeks in the French capital. It is the custom of and the graceful redingote or princess dress, the latter so transformed by its new elaborate draperies and adjustments as to dmost lose its identity. the Parisians to spend Sunday outside of A youthful tailor dress of mixed diagonal, n a pretty shade of brown, has a square the city, if possible, particularly in the after-noons, thus very materially depopulating the city. While this was true of Paris on this bolero jacket, trimmed to simulate a double jacket, and buttons and rows of stitching are the only decoration. The full blouse of cream white is finished at the neck with lay, the public attraction in France was then in Lyons, where the Chamber of Commerce of that city was entertaining President Carnot with a great banquet. The newspapers stated that "He was received with great en-Feminine Notes.

husiasm by the immense crowd outside of the building, both on his arrival and on emerging to take his departure." But the did not wind up so satisfactorily as the first Sunday. For as he was departing from the banquet about 9 o'clock p. m., apparently well guarded, he was cruelly assassinated by an Italian anarchist, and died several hours afterward. This closed the second Sunday. The news spread rapidly everywhere. I heard it in Paris before I re-tired on that Sunday night. This was a sad day for France. The next day, Monday,

ticularly the Parisian people, and President Carnot of the French republic was the cen-

The widow of General Phil Sheridan, with June 25, and ever since the whole country her three children, lives in Washington, Mrs. Sheridan is about 35 years old, having been much the junior of her husband. was and has been in mourning. I hav never seen a more general expression of sorrow for a ruler's untimely death, not even in the assassination of Lincoln or Gar-Mme. Casimir-Perier, is an accomplished and charming woman, devoted to her chil-dren, of whom she has two-a daughter of field. It was evident that the French people regarded him as a good man, and ourned his death. Mrs. Adeline Knapp, who has been for

During the following week all classes of several years race track reporter of the San Francisco Call, rides man fashion, in Turkish persons seemed to be constantly reading the papers, filled with matters concerning him trousers, a cutaway coat and a silk hat. She owns a number of fine horses. and issued in frequent extras. This be seen in the streets, in the hotels and

be seen in the streets, in the notes and cafes, and at the homes of the people.

Evidences of sorrow of every description were seen evrywhere you turned your eyes.

Furled flage draped in mourning stood out from the endless rows of houses, as ears of corn stand out from the thrifty corn in rows. Wherever the president's picture was displayed it was gazed upon by groups of French people in quiet grief. The spectacle United States is the widow of Senator Hearst of California. The policies on her life aggregate \$300,000. Mrs. E. B. Crocker of was a sad one from whatever standpoint you viewed it, and it was heartily shared in by all right thinking foreigners, particularly

the Americans.

The speedy election of M. Casimir-Perier, Miss Henrietta Kenesly the trained nurse who did such heroic service at Hamburg a much stronger man than President Car-not, as his successor on Wednesday after-noon, settled all fear as to the stability of during the cholera two years ago and visited tained the diploma of the sanitary institute the republic, but did not for a moment check the manifestations of sorrow. Even the newly-elected president, strong Reprove and punish your children for tale bearing. A child who will bear tales from the kitchen to the parlor, and from

as he was, could not refrain from shedding tears of grief for President Carnot, when it was announced that he had been chosen as his successor. What I have written is not a tithe of th

sorrow that was manifested in every way and everywhere in France on account of the president's assassination, which occurred at the close of that second Sunday, June 24. The third Sunday, July 1, will not be soon forgotten by any person who was in Paris on that day. As soon as it was announced that the president would be buried on Sun-day, July 1, all persons, Catholics and Protestants, Frenchmen and foreigners (and none with more promptness and in-tensity than the Italians, who keenly the odium that one of own countrymen had brought upon them). all persons, I say, joined in rendering heartfelt testimony to the dead president.

Everything was put under contribution to panifest the respect and sorrow that were entertained for President Carnot and his family. In so many ways did the French people and their friends (who were legion) menifest their sorrow that I cannot attempt to specify them.

I must content myself with a few particuars as measures for whatever else was done that I cannot speak of. Perhaps it would be best to speak of two of the testimonials which were especially marked, because of their vastness and peculiarly intense. In all my life I never saw such banks

of beautiful flowers. There seemed to be no end to them. It was stated that all the choice flowers of France were gathered for this occasion. There were at least ten or twelve crowns, bouquets or wreaths that required a two-horse wagon each to draw them along in the procession. There were more that required a one-horse conveyance. Hundreds, yes, thousands of bouquets, crowns and wreaths of all sizes and designs, borne by strong men, lads and lasses, made the endless procession a veritable moving train of flowers. Added to this was not only the exquisite beauty of the flowers themselves, but they were made doubly beautiful by the numberless expressive combinations made of them by the artists. It is said that one flower shop made 100,000 francs in the last two days before the funeral.

Never before perhaps in peaceful times did a larger number of persons participate one way or another in the funeral of any one person. The procession and the crowd on both sides of the avenues were so great as to forbid computation. These multitudes were made up of citizens, soldiers, judges, members of the national legislature, physiclans, educators, authors and members of various societies, religious, industrial, scien

tific and otherwise.
Thousands of men, high up in government the procession under the scorching sun, from three to five hours, in full dress suits or other elegant attire which marked their station, calling, or position in government

Those who looked upon the procession were

Single seats in good localities brought 40 francs each. I paid 3 francs for a position on a poor ladder from which I most intently

viewed the procession for at least three hours, until the intense heat and my un-

Robbie-Don't those blue fish go about in no less intense in their devotion than those in the ranks. There were thousands of inichools, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Robbie, why?

Robbie—Nothing; only I was just wondering what the school does if some fisherman terested persons who stood up all night at given places upon the streets or avenues to hold the places from which they could view the funeral procession on its way to the great Notre Dame church, and to the Pan-Johnnie-Say, mamma, what does "vox theon afterwards, where President Carnot's body was to be placed. Many paid large prices for desirable places to view the func-Mamma-It means the voice of the people Johnnie-Then if you wanted to speak of the voice of only one man would you say ral procession; others a smaller sum for less desirable positions. One person it was said offered 30,000 francs for the Louvre balcony A large window in one of the most fashion able hotels found a bidder at 1,500 francs Flossle-I'm afraid to go to sleep all alone

pleasant position compelled me to leave the place and go to my hotel for rest.

Two other significant festures of that won-derful personal demonstration showed the intensity of their personal regard. One after another of the honored men of France were seen walking in the line of that immense procession, particularly a French general, old and lame, but doubtless very listinguished, thus testifying their great in dividual respect and love for their martyred president. On the other hand, many in the crowds recognized them and could not re-frain from cheering and clapping their hands. But the great mass of the multitude in and out of the procession su their demonstrations as out of p such a time by a general hiss which stopped it almost instantly so that the procession moved on quietly as before. I have not space to continue this longer. In conclusion I might say that the facts much more than fulfilled the statement of the Paris edition of the New York Herald, made early in the morning. "Today amid booming cannon, the wailing notes of the dead march and the clashing of arms, the murdered president, whom France mourns, as she perhaps never mourned a ruler before, will be borne to his last resting place in the temple where lie the ashes of his illustrious grandfather. He will be escorted to his tomb by the representatives of kings, principalities and pow-ers of Europe and of the new world, assem-bled to do honor to the memory of a blame-

cause of order and justice.
"Nor will the great ones of the earth alone bring their tribute to the coffin of him who took his place so worthily among them, for the people of Paris, nay, the people of France from the highest to the lowest, will gather today in their thousands to bid a last farewell to the president without fear and without repreach, who so bravely up-held the best traditions of his country." I have written this without drawing any lessons or moral conclusions. Let each reader conclude for himself. I only desire to show what was done on these three characteristic Sundays in France and how President Carnot was the center of interest each day as well as to note the different settings of each day.
ROBERT WEIDENSALL,

less life, to one who did his duty manfully and who died at his post a martyr to the

RELIGIOUS.

A sister of the late Mr. Spurgeon recently preached in London. The death is announced in Sweden of

Bishop Johann Anderssohn, who first translated "Faust" and other works of Goethe into Swedish. General Booth of the Salvation army and

his captains of either sex have been officially declared to be ministers of religion within the meaning of the law. At the opening of the century there were only forty-seven translations of the entire bible in existence; today there are ninety

entire translations and 230 partial ones, 320 Rev. George K. Morris, D.D., formerly of Philadelphia and at present pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, Cincinhas been elected to the chair of prac-

tical theology in the school of theology, Bos on university. The Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church received during the month of June \$22,336, against \$24,483 for June, 1893. This makes the total receipts for eight months, \$623,634, against \$665,364 for

the corresponding pediod of last year. Rev. Benjamin Knepper, a reformed minster of Gladdens, Pa., though 76 years of age, makes a journey of six miles on foot twice a week to preach to a country congre gation. He was ordained fifty years ago, and says he has baptized 2,215 persons, mar ried 454 couples, and preached 715 funeral

Dr. W. H. Roberts publishes the complete record of additions, on confession of fai h to the Presbyterian church, showing that the total is 74,701 instead of 71,479, as previously reported. The largest additions were in Pennsylvania, 15,614; New York, 10 708: Illinois, 5.229; New Jersey, 4.546 Onio, 7,231; Michigan, 4,232. Among the presbyterucs the largest accessions ere Philadelphia, 2,210; Pi tsburg, 1,510; New York, 1,442; Saginaw, 1,166; Chicago, 1,371;

Detroit, 1,152; Philadelphia, North, 1,066. Fanny Crosby, the blind Methodist hymn-writer, is now 70 years of age. She has written about 3,000 Sunday school hymns, many of which are widely known. She was born at South East, N. Y., in 1823, and lost her sight when six weeks old through the ignorant application of a warm poultice to her eyes. city since 1835. In 1858 she was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, a musician, who was also blind. Her first poem was pub-lished in 1831, and her first volume of verse,

A Blind Girl and Other Poems," in 1844. Mr. D. L. Moody's summer conferences at Northfield, Mass., as Dr. Addison P. Foster has well said, "are a power in the land and are making a great and permanent impres-sion on the religious life of the whole naand, we may add, of the whole world. The coming bible conference, the last of the three for this season, from August 1 to 13, will be of unusual interest. vill occupy the new Auditorium just being completed, where 3,000 hearers can be accommodated, and where the various services can be enjoyed with a comfort and satisfaction unknown before. The lists of speakers and subjects have never been sur passed at Northfield.

A Prize Poem.

The Morning Dodo, published at Leaky Dam, Wis., gave a ticket out of town for the best poem, three out of five, six paces, shot guns. The following poem took the prize and called out the fire department, says Peck's Sun.

How dear to my heart How dear to my heart
Are the green things of springtime;
The grass covered springtime
That now draweth near.
The mild, baimy breezes,
The fast leaving treeses
The gay bumble beeses
That hum in our ear.

The mellifluous springtime, The loose-jointed springtime,
The boom-ta-ra springtime;
Its sweets we will sup.
We'll invade every bower
And pluck every hour
That acrobatic flower. up.

Johnny-

A Startling Costume. Invalid Wife-Well, John, you got home from the ball sooner than I expected. Now, to begin with, Mrs. Jones, what did she

Dramatic Author (reminiscently) - Oh, Mrs. Jones-yes-she had on a low-moaning-sob bodice with a plercing-shrick skirt. cut like a flash of midnight lightning, with a hissed-hoarsely train, and a hushed-voice of expectancy bouquet in her corsage, and— Invalid Wife—John! let me smell of your breath.

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