ONE SURE ENOUGH FIGHT

Impromptu Affair that Followed a Failure Proves a Vigorous Contest.

GORDON-SHERROY PRICE HAS GONE UP

Will Not Enter the Ring for Less Than $1.75—South Omaha Butchers Decide a Dispute as to Personal Prowess.

There were two prize fights, one of the jawbone order, and one of the Fitzsimmons-Smith brand, out near Sarpy Mills yesterday afternoon. The jawbone fight had been billed as the star attraction, but it wasn't in it with the other mill.

For several days it had been noised about among the dead games that Morse Gordon, a saddle-colored hot boy from Kansas City, was going to make mince meat of Aaron Sherroy in a quiet, sacred mill at Sarpy Mills yesterday afternoon. The fight was billed for 3 o'clock, and at that hour seven gentlemen of color and a reporter for The Bee met at Mallender's place at Sarpy Mills, and for two hours there was a lively war of words in progress. Both Sherroy and his adversary were anxious for a meeting—if there was anything in it—and there wasn't. A straw canvass was made, resulting in the discovery of $1.35 in sight, and neither of the men would go into the ring for anything less than $1.75, and the fight was declared off. Mallender is going to have a turkey shoot next Sunday, and the warriors will make another attempt to get together at that time.

But the men who wanted to see a prize fight were not altogether disappointed. There are two big, husky fellows employed in the packing houses in South Omaha. George Miller thinks he is a little the best man that ever stuck a pig, and George Church thinks differently. The men put up $25 each yesterday and went out in the woods below South Omaha to settle the question of prowess according to the prize ring rules. They were accompanied by about a score of their friends, and a ring was pitched on the sod. As soon as time was called both men forgot all they had ever known of the etiquette of the game, and went in for a rough and tumble fight, ending in Church's complete vanquishment and almost annihilation. Miller got the money and Church got a physician.

CON RIORDAN'S FINE FUNERAL.

Bob Fitzsimmons Acts as Pall Bearer—What the Latter's Lawyer Says.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 18.—The funeral of Con Riordan, who died Saturday morning after having been knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons at the Grand opera house in this city, was held today at the undertaking rooms of James Mullin & Sons. It was attended by the members of the Fitzsimmons Variety company and a large number of sporting men. The services were conducted by Rev. A. S. Durstan, secretary of the local Young Men's Christian association. The pall bearers were: Fitzsimmons, Joe Dunfee, "Yank" Sullivan, Dick Whittle, Edward Gibbon and Captain Glori, manager of the Fitzsimmons company. At the conclusion of the services the body was taken to the vault of Oakwood. Lawyer Emanuel Friend of Friend & House, of New York, arrived in town today. He is Fitzsimmons' counsel. He told a reporter it would take expert testimony to get at the exact cause of Riordan's death. He felt sure than Fitzsimmons would be indicted and tried for manslaughter, but would be acquitted.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 18.—The Sentinel tomorrow will publish an interview with Dr. H. S. Tanner, a physician who has given much study to psychological subjects, in which the declaration is made that "Con" Riordan was probably killed by the physicians who made the autopsy. Dr. Tanner makes the assertion that they violated the law of New York in holding an autopsy in less than twelve hours after supposed death and without consent of the relatives of the deceased. The doctor is of the opinion that Riordan was in a state of suspended animation at the time of the autopsy. He condemns the physicians for not making all the approved scientific tests of death before applying the scalpel. The suspension of respiration, he asserts, was the only indication of death, and this, the doctor holds, is by no means positive.

CANTON, Nov. 18.—John L. Sullivan gave several performances, not counting the one on the stage, at this place last night. He was besieged by newspaper men and local sports to get his opinion on the Fitzsimmons tragedy. Sullivan said:

"I feel very badly over the death of Con Riordan. He was another good fellow and his own enemy. It was purely an accident and a thing that will not happen again in a dozen years. As it was not a fight the authorities cannot hold Fitz. The latter did not hit Con hard, but a hard blow is not necessary at all times to put a man, who does not take care of himself, to sleep."

Asked if the tragedy would have any effect on Fitz's match with Corbett, the ex-champion said:

"I do not think so. It will be a great fight, and Fitz will have a show. I am always in favor of Americans over Australians or anybody else, but that Corbett is the dirtiest cur I ever met. He licked me at a time when anybody could put me out, and he is a cheap champion."

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Corbett telegraphed Bob Fitzsimmons tonight, offering long Bob financial aid if needed in his present trouble, and giving the Australian permission to draw down and use half of his forfeit money, the amount to be refunded when Fitzsimmons is free from legal complications.

FROM THE BOTTOM OF THEIR POCKETS

National League Magnates Implore Players Not to Desert Them.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The result of the recent deliberations of the National league magnates concerning the new American association is embodied in a manifesto drafted by a committee of four appointed for that purpose and made public today. A synopsis of the manifesto recites the history of all movements to establish opposition clubs, showing that the result has always been the loss of local pride by patrons and interest in both clubs destroyed. The manifesto continues:

"Today the future of base ball is confronted by a new condition, a condition which in every particular is as harmful and in many respects far more dangerous than open dishonesty or flagrant dissipation. That is, treachery within the lines. Today and for months past we have had men identified with professional base ball who for years have been the beneficiaries of the game, have received liberal compensation for the work they have done, earned their living entirely and absolutely from the opportunities afforded them by clubs and organizations operating under the national agreement, and we find and now know that these men during this time have persistently been identifying themselves with schemes and combinations, the objects and purposes of which are to weaken and perhaps destroy the splendid fabric of our national game, which it has taken years of effort, anxiety and large outlay of capital to construct.

"The moment any suspicion attaches to base ball, and public confidence is lost, or even chilled, the occupation of the ball player is gone. We must all stand or fall together.

"It is a matter of public rumor and is also a fact which has come to our knowledge, that men identified with the club membership of the national agreement have been co-operating in the formation of clubs or organizations whose purpose is to conflict with the national agreement. In view of this knowledge the National League and American Association of Professional clubs in convention assembled respectfully request the national board to declare A. C. Buckenberger, William Barnie and Fred Peffer ineligible to be employed either as manager or player, or in any capacity whatever, and that they be forthwith suspended."

The suspended men are given a chance to exonerate themselves if they can. The same punishment given them is advised towards all others who may be guilty of similar conduct. The suggestions of the committee signing the manifesto have been adopted by the national board of professional base ball clubs. Apropos to all this the National league and American association, under whose protection the Western league and Eastern league are working, have received a communication from the secretary and president respectively of the latter organizations, calling attention to a movement that is on foot to establish a rival organization to the National league and a projected attempt to weaken the National league at the outset by carrying off the league's players. The officers referred to ask for protection against such a movement.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 18.—A. C. Buckenberger was much surprised tonight when shown the Associated press dispatch to the effect that he, together with Barnie and Pfeffer, had been suspended by the National league. Said he: "I cannot understand why they should include me. Every m... of that committee knows full well that I was in no way connected with the new association until after I was released by Pittsburg. It is a bluff to whip players into line, but they will pay dearly for their fun with me. This will probably knock out my plans for the Toronto franchise. It was probably done for that purpose."

ANOTHER BUNCH OF ROAD RECORDS.

Performances of Wheelmen Officially Recognized as the Marks.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—The following road records have been allowed by the Century Road Club of America:

W. L. Steimal, Buffalo-Dunkirk century course, 7:07:00, June 26, 1894, course record.

B. G. Gobel, 100 miles, 6:51:02, September 29, 1894, Pennsylvania state record.

W. L. Steimal, 200 miles, 13:21:15, September 30, 1894, American record.

Monte Scott, five miles, 12:55, October 12, 1894, New Jersey state record.

Monte Scott, ten miles, 26:07 2-5, October 12, 1894, American record.

Monte Scott, fifteen miles, 39:30 2-5, October 12, 1894, American record.

Monte Scott, twenty miles, 52:51, October 12, 1894, American record.

Monte Scott, twenty-five miles, 1:05:21 4-5, October 12, 1894, American record.

R. P. Searle, 100 miles, 5:35, October 13, 1894, American record.

R. P. Searle, 200 miles, 12:44:45, October 15, 1894, American record.

C. E. Gause, twenty miles, 59:36, October 16, 1894, Maryland state record.

T. T. Mack, 200 miles, 13:19:40, October 19, 1894, New York state record.

J. T. Graves, ten miles, 28:17 2-5, October 18, 1894, Ohio state record.

A. Winton and F. J. Baird, ten miles, 27:05 2-5, October 19, 1894, Ohio state tandem record.

F. C. List, Syracuse-Utica century course, 7:30:00, October 23, 1894, course record.

FOR AN INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION

Eastern College Athletes Hope to See Yale-Harvard Meet Oxford-Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 18.—The interviews with prominent Oxford athletes cabled the Associated press from London, in which the idea was suggested that if Yale or a team made up from Yale and Harvard should challenge an Oxford-Cambridge team to an international athletic contest the Englishmen would very likely send a team to this country next year, has aroused great interest among the college athletes. Captain Norman Bingham, jr., of the Harvard-New Haven team was seen by an Associated press reporter this afternoon and said:

"Harvard certainly favors the joint Harvard-Yale track team meeting a like team from Oxford and Cambridge, and would undoubtedly aid toward a competition on either side of the water this spring. I should like to see a representative team picked at large from the colleges, the choice of members resting on the results of the intercollegiate games at New York. Of course, Yale being the winner last spring, is the one to make the first advances to Harvard or to the other colleges. I feel sure that Harvard will do everything she can to further the plan. Nothing official has yet been done. Several Harvard graduates have, however, been working in the interest of the matter, but they have arrived at no definite decision as yet. It lies with Yale to take the initiative and Harvard will quickly follow her lead."

Havemeyer to Buy Alix.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The World will tomorrow say that H. O. Havemeyer has practically made arrangements to buy Alix, the trotting queen. Mr. Havemeyer visited Monroe Salisbury, who is in charge of the mare at Madison Square garden, in regard to the proposed purchase. He wanted to know the price. Mr. Salisbury said he had several times refused $29,000, and that he would not part with her for less than $30,000. As a result of the conversation Alix was today carefully examined by a veterinary surgeon, who pronounced her perfectly sound. It is believed Mr. Havemeyer will buy Alix tomorrow. H. O. Havemeyer owns, among a big stable of horses, Belk Vera, 2:08¾; Charlie C, 2:14½, and Harrietta, 2:09¾.

Close of the Horse Show.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Yesterday was the last day of the horse show and the attendance was large. The feature of the day was the exhibiting of the trotting mare, Alix, John R. Gentry, Flying Jib, Directly, Robert J and Azote. Alix won the championship rosette. In the hackney class the American Hackney society challenge cup was awarded to Dr. Seward Webb's Matchless. The cup now becomes the property of Dr. Webb, having been won by him two years in succession.

Benefit for Kel's Widow.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—The widow of the late base ball player, Michael J. Kelly, was given a benefit at the Hollis Street theater this evening. The house was packed and the receipts will net nearly $2,000.

THE GLIB PROFESSIONAL.

Difference Between the Veteran and th Amateur Beggar.

"Say, gents, can't you give a poor fellow a few cents to get something to eat? Haven't had a bite all day. Can't you give a poor fellow a few cents to get something to eat?"

He was running alongside of them repeating his plea over and over again in a sing-song voice, says the New York Tribune. One of the men hesitated, and then put his hand in his pocket, but his companion took him by the arm and turned upon the beggar.

"Get out of this," he said in a tone which seemed almost brutal, and the beggar turned away abruptly.

"Don't you think you were pretty rough to him?" asked the man who had shown an inclination to give alms.

"Not at all," answered the other. "The only way to get rid of him."

"But he may be deserving. He may have been driven to it. He rather appealed to me. He may be desperately hungry."

"No," answered his friend, unsympathetically, "he's a professional."

"How do you know?"

"Just keep your wits about you when a beggar approaches you. That fellow said 'gents.' That's professional. He called himself a poor fellow. That's professional. He asked for a few cents. That's professional. And what's more to my point, he kept repeating his sentences over and over again. He has learned to sing them over that way by repeating them a thousand times. When a man who is not used to begging asks you for help he doesn't do it that way. He just stumbles along, uttering any appeal that comes to his lips. He hasn't anything by heart. He doesn't sing it and it doesn't slip off his tongue so glibly. The professional beggar is like an actor. He has his lines and he always reads them in the same way. Don't let one of those fellows fool you again."

Did a Bad Job on Himself.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Richard Leach, 30 years old, a florist, who lived with his reputed wife, Mary Hope Newkirk, an West Forty-ninth street, killed her early this morning and tried to end his own life by cutting his throat with the same weapon, a small penknife. The man will probably recover.

General Gibson Gradually Sinking.

TIFFIN, O., Nov. 18.—The condition of General Gibson became much more critical today and it is evident that the end is near. He cannot longer talk above a whisper, and even that exertion tires him so he seldom attempts it.

High Mass for the Dead Czar.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 18.—Bishop Nicholas of the Russian Greek church celebrated high mass for the late czar and for his successor at St. Mary's Greek church here today. The bishop will leave for San Francisco tomorrow.

Brick Block Burned at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 18.—Fire this afternoon destroyed a brick business block in the heart of the city. A disastrous conflagration was narrowly averted. Loss, $80,000; total insurance, $57,000.

"Quick Time to Hot Springs and Deadwood

The F. E. & M. V. R. R. time schedule is a drawing card. Note the time and excellent service from Omaha to Hot Springs and Deadwood:

Leave Omaha 2:10 p. m. daily; arrive Hot Springs 8:05 a. m.; Deadwood 11:00 a. m.

Wagner Palace sleepers Missouri Valley to Deadwood. Free reclining chair cars Omaha to Deadwood.

Berths reserved and further information given at city ticket office, 1401 Farnam street. Depot, Fifteenth and Webster streets.

J. R. BUCHANAN,
General Passenger Agent.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul fast train, leaving Union depot at 6 p. m., makes exact connection at Sabula, Ia., for Mississippi river points north, arriving at Dubuque 6:40 a. m., North Gregor 8:40 a. m., La Crosse 11:15 a. m., St. Paul 2:45 p. m. Ticket office, 1504 Farnam street.

SIGNS ARE ALL FOR GOOD

Henry Clews Sees Much Encouragement in Present Indications.

COUNTRY'S CREDIT WILL BE UPHELD

Necessity for Bonds Unfortunate, but Their Issuance Shows a Proper Determination—Business Recovery Proceeds on a Solid Basis.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Henry Clews, head of the banking house of Henry Clews & Co., writes of the situation in Wall street:

"Although the immediate effect of the bond issue was a realization of profits made in anticipation of the event itself, its ultimate effect will be to strengthen confidence, both at home and abroad. Nobody contradicts the fact that the necessity of the loan is a misfortune; but the determination of the government to protect the national credit by the best possible expedient, until the deeper causes for distrust of our currency system can be remedied, is the strongest sort of argument for confidence. Mr. Cleveland has been lavish enough in promises to this end; yet his action in the matter has not been prompt enough to meet the preferences of the banking community. Europe, however, can now rest assured that our currency will be maintained upon a gold basis, and this will do much toward overcoming the prejudice of foreign holders, who have very naturally feared that interest and principal of our security might some day be payable only in debased money. As for business interests, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to actually feel the results of the late election. Everybody now believes that populism, silverism and tariff agitation are questions of the past; or at least that the country is assured of a rest from such disturbances for some time to come. Industry will thus receive encouragement towards renewed exertion; and while from the nature of the case recovery must be slow, it will be certain and vastly more substantial than could have been possible except for the popular verdict of November 6. One of the most satisfactory features of the times is the universal aversion displayed to any revival in the shape of a boom.

"In some quarters there is a disposition to exaggerate the effects of low prices for wheat and cotton upon the agricultural interests. It is overlooked that both wheat and cotton can be raised much more cheaply than formerly, and that it costs less to handle and transport these articles than ever before. In some portions of the south cotton can be grown probably with profit even at the present depressed price, and in other sections where low prices press hard some compensation is had from better fertilizers and better methods of cultivation. Again, we have a great abundance of these low-priced commodities, which brings their aggregate value up to normal volume. Consumers are benefited by these low prices, and have more to spend in other directions. About 50,000,000 bushels of wheat have already been fed to cattle with advantage, not wasted, and good authorities estimate that as much again will be used before the next crop. When all these and other offsets are considered it will be seen that the present condition of the American farmer, while bad enough, is not quite so wretched as many would have us believe. Through all these long months of panic and distress we have had fewer complaints from the farming than from the manufacturing districts; and as the farmers in common with others are sharing the cheapened cost of living, we cannot believe that they are worse off than other divisions of labor.

"As for the industrial situation, that is hopeful. Our textile mills are not fully employed, but they are turning out a larger product at better profits than six months ago. The boot and shoe trade has been very active in low-priced goods for several months. The iron trade revives slowly, still there is an unusual degree of confidence in the future, and many of the western establishments which are most favorably circumstanced as to locality and plant are running close to their full capacity. The Stock exchange is not blind to all these factors. Investors show general confidence in the future, and while often not able to buy, stubbornly refuse to sell; in fact, the tenacity with which stocks and bonds are held is unusual. Money is plentiful and easily obtained for enterprises of merit, but railroad stocks are naturally neglected while earnings continue so poor. Better business, however, will soon result in improvement in this respect, hence railroad shares will quickly share and possibly anticipate the brighter prospects now in view."

LONDON STOCK MARKET.

Investment Stocks in Demand and American Railway Securities Decline.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—Important gold movements during the past week materially strengthened money rates. The continued demand for bullion for the continent is expected to suffice to maintain rates at the present level. Both China and India are buying silver. Rumors are current of an attempt to corner silver in America. Business at the Stock exchange was almost wholly confined to the mining market, where excitement ran high. The settlement showed the business in South Africa ventures was even larger than was supposed. Paris is still buying largely, and the rise continues unchecked. Shares of the Chartered company of South Africa advanced 3s 6d, Bechuanaland 3s and East Rand 5s on the week, with consols touching 103. Investment stocks are generally reaching record prices. The difficulty in finding good investment securities is driving the public to purchase home railway and colonial securities. The tendency all around is upward. The spurt on the market for American securities on the announcement of the new loan speedily subsided in the face of poor traffic returns. There was no encouragement to buyers except of first-class stocks. The week's changes were mostly adverse. Lake Shore was up 1½ and New York Central ¼. The following declines were made: Milwaukee and Reading firsts, each 2; Louisville & Nashville, 1¾; Denver preferred and Mexican Central, each 1½; Central Pacific, Norfolk & Western and Union Pacific, each 1¼; Denver & Rio Grande, Atchison, Illinois Central and Northern Pacific, each ¾, and Erie, Reading and Wabash incomes, each ½.

PHENOMENAL RUN OF STOCK.

Chicago Receipts the Past Week the Heaviest on Record.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—As far as the stock yards are concerned, Chicago continues to lead. Last week nearly 446,000 head of stock was received at the yards, the heaviest receipts on record. The number of cars, with Saturday's estimated at 530, reached 8,439, or within eighteen of the greatest receipts of cars in a week. The receipts were made up of 77,381 cattle, 2,968 calves, 271,046 hogs, and 94,000 sheep. In the same week in 1893 the receipts were: Cattle, 59,658 head; calves, 2,873 head; hogs, 142,483 head, and sheep, 53,434 head. In comparison with the preceding week, the gain is: Cattle, 20,000; calves, 58; hogs, 70,000, and sheep, 19,000 head. The shipments for the week aggregated 78,174 head, made up of 19,251 cattle, 279 calves, 43,136 hogs, and 10,508 sheep. A year ago the shipments were 66,077, divided in about the same proportion. Chicago packers bought last week 219,077 hogs, against 105,162 in the corresponding week last year. A comparison of the receipts at the principal markets is as follows:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Chicago	77,400	271,000	94,000
Kansas City	45,000	77,000	9,000
Omaha	22,000	48,300	2,800
St. Louis	21,000	29,700	7,300

Below Zero in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 18.—The first cold wave of the year swept over Minnesota today. At 9 o'clock today the temperature had just touched zero in St. Paul. At Crookston it was 6 degrees below zero and at St. Cloud 4 below. In the extreme northwestern part of the state it is 10 degrees below. Over in Manitoba the weather is still colder, at other points the register being 14 to 16 degrees below zero.

American Life Insurance Company Sued.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—A Paris dispatch to the Standard says the Compagnie des Assurances Generales is suing the American Life Insurance company for damages for unfair competition by means of pamphlets and circulars. The trial is expected to last for weeks.

Death of Colonel Wildrick.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Colonel A. C. Wildrick, aged 58, who retired from his station three months ago, died at his home at Clifton, Staten Island. Colonel Wildrick was last situated at Fort Wadsworth.

An Oddity in Timepieces.

The latest among these curious timepieces is constructed as follows: A sunflower of silver protrudes from a white crystal vase, graceful in shape and soberly decorated. The stalk is of brown gilt, the leaves green, the petals yellow and the heart of the flower deeply oxidized. Hour and minute marks are engraved around the heart of this sunflower, which faces the lookers-on. A ladybird of spotted red-enameled gold apparently rests on the flower on the line dividing the heart from the petals. This pretty insect, which moves imperceptibly by means of a mechanism hidden within the flower, shows the time. By only a close inspection can one detect the time divisions on this original dial, which is granulated all over and is bluish-black. As to the hollow circular line on which the ladybird travels, it is completely invisible.

A SETTE OF ODDE VOLUMES

A Woman Who Makes Her Own Books After Her Own Ideas.

I know a lovely dark-eyed girl whose position in life gives her not only the raiment, but the unchallenged leisure of the lilies of the field, who has taken unto herself, and finds much pleasure in, one of the most laborious yet charming pursuits.

She is an omniverous reader, and has become in some sense a collector, or rather a maker of rare books. Not that she is literary; she never wrote a line for publication in her life, but she has a considerable collection now of odd volumes, some bound, interleaved, illustrated by means of photographs and prints, by her own hands, and others that are entirely her work from cover to cover.

One of these productions is a collection of sea songs, beginning with Shelley's:

"I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weed strown,"

and closing with Rosetti's,

"Consider the sea's listless chime."

These, Studentia, as we will call her, has clipped apart, interleaved with photographs and prints of famous marines, sketched in dainty little head and tail pieces, best of all, adorned here and there with finely mounted sea-weed, the spoil of last summer's seaside days, and rebound in shimmering, blue-green lizard skin with title and lettering of silver.

The most charming of Studentia's books, however, are those which she makes entirely for herself.

She is, you must know, passionately fond of poetry, and reads everything going, in rhyme, from the somewhat soggy sonnets which the magazine editor feels moved to offer to a patient public, to the bright poetic jetsam and flotsam of the Sunday newspapers. Occasionally she finds a little gem in some obscure place, a bit that is plainly by an unpracticed hand, but which has merits of pure loveliness; and then she cuts it out.

Some time ago she found that she had quite an accumulation of these verselings, running from grave to gay, and on all sorts of subjects. She hardly knew what to do with them. A scrapbook was not to be thought of, since many of the verses were on poor paper and in worse type, and she felt sure her discoveries were worthy of and would grace a better setting.

She has a nice tact for lettering (does it with a number one red sable brush, in India ink, or carmine), so she got from an art store as many sheets of fine, thick paper, assorted in the very faintest tints of cream, amber, pink, azure, violet, etc., as she had little poems. On these she lettered the verses, adorning as her fancy—and the text—suggested.

One poem of a devotional character is done on cream, and has each verse begun with an illuminated initial, which, with an illuminated border, makes it look like a page out of an old missal. Another has a tangle of wild morning glories rioting over and through the text. This one is on faint blue. Some vers de societe have exquisitely etched figures in pen and ink meandering through the letter press, and illustrating it, while very many have the tiny bits of water color landscapes, in which she excels, added to them.

On the cover of creamy chamois skin she has lettered the title in red,

"A HANDFUL OF FIGS—
PLUCKED FROM THISTLES.

Above and below this runs a band of highly conventionalized figs and thistles, wrought in heavily stuffed bullion embroidery, and the little volume, dainty and complete in all its details, is more precious in her eyes than a black letter Shakespeare.

One of the most charming of Studentia's books, because it reflects her own charming self, is not at all literary in character. She calls it her "Vanity Book." The idea for it was suggested to her by the little water color or pencil sketches she is in the habit of furnishing her dressmaker for special costumes. Some of them looked really too pretty to throw away.

Then, like many girls, she loves to be photographed in a successful new costume; photographs and sketches accumulated on her hands, and so the idea grew.

She has now bound them, each picture upon a carefully handled mat of the goods actually composing the costume it represents. Snippets of trimmings, adornments, etc., are skilfully used, and the date and place where the frock was first worn are given along with other bits of interesting "contemporary history."

The pictures were to be limited to two gowns per season (one street and one evening gown), which should make the number eight for each year; but so many tennis dresses, hats, riding habits, plead for admission that the number for each twelvemonth far exceeds that figure, and the somewhat bulky volume represents only five years.

Head and tail pieces, initials, borders and enrichments are sketches of such picturesque things, as favorite fans, girdles, slippers or jewels, and bouquets that specially charmed, grouped with the eye of a decorative artist.

The binding is in closely wrought needlework on cloth of gold. The front cover shows a peacock with spread tail, standing upon the word "Vanitas," the back cover a single broken peacock feather, with solemnly lustrous eye, above the word "Vanitatum."

The title page records in old English text,

"A Recorde of Vanities
Being
A liste of some of the gauds, trinkettes and vaine adornments wherewith Mistress Studentia —— did apparrelle her frail and perishynge bodies in the yeares 1887 to 1892 inclusive
With
some account of the junketings and merry-making toe whyche in them she wente."

I fancy the treasure such a volume would be to a writer on the history of costume somewhere in the year 9200, and what a price it would fetch at a book auction—or whatever shall then be the equivalent for a book auction.

This is to feminine eyes perhaps the most fascinating work of the entire collection, and the maker avows that it has served, with her, a purpose never intended.

"There is one thing that book has done for me," she says. "It has improved my taste in dress. How can I look at a monstrous thing like that," laying a reprehensive forefinger on one of the portraits for 1887, with its enormous tornoure, "and remember how pretty I then thought it, without being rather abashed. And I can't turn over these pages without finding that the simple, human looking forms are the only ones which don't look ridiculous when they're out of date. The book is a regular sermon on the beauty of classic, severe simplicity, which is shown to be artistically right since its beauty alone to make the book—a paper covered Knights' Shakespeare and a cheap copy of 'Gaine's Literature.'

Another book that is all her own is the memento of a summer's trip. It is a rather thin, square booklet, bound in fine Madras muslin—"Part of the duster I wore"—she explains, and it is lettered on the back "One Summer," with the date.

Within, the pages are merely a title page, a roster of the names of those who composed the camping party, and such matter as would naturally accumulate upon such a jaunt, and which one would scarcely like to destroy, nor knew exactly how to preserve in any pleasing shape.

Then comes a photographic group of the crowd taken altogether in front of their tents by the camera fiend of the party, a sketch or two of her own—"The Camp in a Fog," "Surf Bathing," etc., several pieces of exquisite seaweed gathered on the beach and contributed by a friend, along with a quotation which brings up the date upon which they were found. There are groups of flowers so carefully pressed and grouped that they rival water colors, besides having a quaint grace of their own.

The main literary feature of the work is a round-robin poem made by the campers—each one contributing a verse—which is descriptive of their arcadian simplicity and the blissfulness of their outing. The volume closes with more autographs, photographs and much pleasant nonsense, that will bring both smile and sigh to the lips of the campers in after years. Such a book on one's table would furnish a subject of pleasing conversation with the dullest of callers.

"One of the dear friends who went on that trip," says Studentia, "is dead. And two more are married—which is worse. It's a remembrancer of the happiest summer of my life, of a happy, congenial band that can never be gathered together again in this world, and I wouldn't take a gold mine for it."

Such is Studentia's pet pursuit. A pretty and elevating one for any girl, and one of which a bright young woman would be sure, in one or another of its branches or modifications, to make a pleasure and success.

I have detailed only a fragment of this collection—I think there are fully twenty volumes now in it, with many more planned; but as such books should be of personal interest, each fair worker who fancies the plan will wish to select subjects for herself.

KATHARINE WHISTLER.

RAT IN AN OPERA BOX.

Audience Was Promptly Notified by the Woman's Screams.

There was a large and elegantly dressed throng present to see "Madeline; or, the Magic Kiss" at the Park theater in Brooklyn Tuesday evening, says the New York Sun. The first and second acts of the opera had been finished without accident or mishap and the heroine, Madeline, whom the program calls an unkissed maid, had received her third kiss from the hero. The audience were delighted at the hero's luck in getting this third kiss, and as the curtain was let down they settled themselves back in their seats to chat about it. The few rude men who go out between the acts to get a drink of water had already left and the air was filled with low conversation.

Suddenly there arose above this buzzing not one but a succession of shrieks. These shrieks came and continued to come from the left-hand balcony box nearest to the stage. All eyes were directed to this box. In it was a man and a woman. The man sat with blanched cheeks staring at the woman, while she stood upon a chair screaming and shaking her skirts.

The audience did not know what to make of the strange sight. Finally the cause of it all appeared in the shape of a rat. The poor creature was more frightened than the woman. It jumped upon the railing of the box and ran up and down several times, while the woman kept up her screams.

The face of her companion, when he saw the rat, changed from white to a deep red, and, taking hold of the woman's arm, he tried gently to lift her from the chair. She wouldn't budge an inch, but kept screaming, while the poor rat, half frightened to death, stood still and stared at her. This made the woman scream all the more, made the audience laugh, and turned the color on the escort's face to a deeper red.

The man finally let go the woman's arm, and pulling out his handkerchief, advanced in a threatening attitude toward the rat, yelling "Shoo!" and waving his handkerchief at it. The poor rat let out a pitiable squeak, and made a movement as though to jump on the chair on which the woman stood. No sooner had this motion been made than the woman gave a long-continued shriek. Even the rat couldn't stand it. So, quickly turning, it gave a farewell squeak and jumped down in among the audience. The tables were turned now, and the women in the orchestra suddenly turned pale. The rat landed without harm to himself on the soft foot of a fat, middle-aged and giddily dressed woman. She leaped up and stood on the seat. For a few seconds she was perfectly still. Then she gave utterance to a scream equal to any that had come from the box.

Some one yelled out that the rat was dead, while another man rudely yelled:

"For God's sake, don't let that woman scream again."

The fat woman gave him a withering look. Her escort assured her that the rat was really dead. Then picking up her skirt, she got down from her seat and walked out of the theater, her escort following her and carrying her wraps. The box where the rat had first appeared was now also empty. After the opera was over a couple of the theater attaches tried to find the body of the dead rat, but couldn't.

THE CORN CROP.

How the Harvest of the Pedal Variety May Be Diminished.

A man who has made the human foot an object of research and study declares that short stockings are very nearly as injurious as short shoes. Hose of insufficient length press the knuckles of the toes upward, and when the shoes force them down the natural result is a painful excrescence that vulgar folks designate as a corn.

"But surely you don't consider an ill-fitting stocking the cause of bunions, do you?" I inquired.

"One of them," he replied. "Corns are the result of pressure. You see, the blood is forced from the sebaceous glands, therefore an excessive or unnatural quantity of oil is thrown off. This diseases the blood and the oil forces its way to the surface of the toe. As it reaches the cuticle it evaporates, leaving the top layer hard. Layer upon layer of oil forms downward and deepens until it presses on the nerves. Corns have no roots. That idea is fallacious. But they cannot be cured until an instrument goes beneath all those layers of diseased oil and remove them. A soft corn is more easily treated and is largely the result of acid in the blood.

"After a corn has been removed find out literally where the shoe pinches, then bathe the feet in cold water every morning upon arising and rub the part with prepared chalk."

My informant added that for dry feet always use ice cold water; for moist feet, inclined to perspire freely, the water as hot as the skin can stand it, and bathe just before retiring. If the feet swell after much walking, put a little vinegar in the hot water; if they ache, use a few drops of ammonia or borax.

Rest the feet often. To do this change the shoes as frequently as possible. Even from an old to a new shoe is a rest. The muscles of the foot tire of one position, no matter how easy the leather or last may be. Four or five times a day, if it is convenient, are none too often to take this trouble, and its benefits are astonishing.

Ingrowing nails are the result of the corners being cut too close, allowing the shoe to press against them. This again requires skilled treatment. The pedicure's patronage is becoming as extensive as that of the manicure, for, apart from the treatment of painful excrescences, beautifying the foot is greatly in vogue. Preparations to whiten the skin are in use, and all the art of the manicure is called upon to assist that of the pedicure. Some society women can now present as well kept a foot as hand, the nails rounded and polished with equal daintiness.

One other suggestion the man who knows gave out, and that is important to mothers. He says that babies learning to walk should not be allowed to wear the popular paper soled shoes. A stiffer bottom should be supplied, for all nail affections are apt to set in from rubbing the edges of the toes on the floor.

TALLEST MAN LIVING.

An Arab Now in Europe Nearly Seven Feet High and Still Growing.

The very latest in the world of freaks, as far as giants are concerned, has recently been discovered in Arabia. A German professor, traveling in that country, chanced to run across this tremendously elongated specimen of man in a caravan that pitched its tents in the oasis of Siwah-Amons. The professor at once, recognizing how appreciated both by scientists and the public at large would be this "tall palm of the desert," as the giant was called by his companions, at once opened negotiations with a view to bringing him to Europe. After no end of trouble the bargain was closed, and a contract drawn up by which the giant agreed to exhibit himself under the direction of his discoverer.

What makes this giant doubly interesting is the fact that he is a beardless youth, and nothing more than a preposterously overgrown "kid." He is only 16 years old now, and how tall he will be when he reaches his maturity is a matter of speculation. Hassan Ali, which is the name of the youngster, stands nearly seven feet high just at present. He grows a centimeter or so every week. He is perfectly healthy, and is not at all bad looking, though his features are rather coarse. He has a good appetite, and eats and drinks fully as much as three full-grown men. His hand, from the tip of the middle finger to the wrist, measures nearly thirteen inches in length, and is proportionately broad and heavy.

Ali is by no means a Cinderella, as far as feet are concerned, these being in keeping with the rest of his body, and molded on a heroic scale. This young giant is really splendidly proportioned, and appears to be enjoying the very best of health. He is dressed with regal magnificence, and the cut of his multi-colored silk robes aid to lengthen his appearance. He is of a cheerful, childish disposition, and has not as yet been able to master any of the harsh guttural words of the German language.

He is an ultra-orthodox Mohammedan and performs his religious exercises with rigid punctuality. The one drawback to Ali's appearance is the curious shape of the upper part of his head. From his ears upward the head tapers in a most peculiar fashion. This defect is, however, hid under the tall fez he invariably wears. Though this young giant has but little experience in the show business he has nevertheless proved himself to be thoroughly able to take care of his interests. In fact, he is given credit to be a regular Joey Bagstock in his slyness. He has a number of first class offers from American managers under consideration, but thinks America is too far off.

EATING IN SWEDEN.

Strange Peculiarities of the Restaurants in that Country.

Table methods in Sweden differ from those in most countries, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph. An institution which exists everywhere and precedes all meals is the so-called "smorgasbrod." This is the high table in every restaurant room spread with small appetizers, such as schrimp, anchovies, cold roast meats, radishes, tinned fishes and an abundance of bread and butter. To this the guest walks up and helps himself to his satisfaction, at the same time ordering of a waiter what he desires for his next later course. When he has finished his standing meal he takes a seat and is ready for the main meal, which is very like what is to be had in other countries.

The visitor will be impressed with the fresh milk, cream and butter which are set on the table in lavish quantities, a circumstance which is easily explained when it is remembered that Sweden and Denmark provide Great Britain and some other parts of the world with a great part of their dairy products. The system of helping yourself also extends often to the entire meal, as at such places as railway stations where a halt is made for dinner. A great table set with an abundance of most excellent viands is placed unguarded at the mercy of the guests, who each for himself walks to the soup dish and dips out what he wishes and takes it away for silent consumption at the small side tables near by. When the soup is finished he casts his dish aside, takes a new one and goes to the fish salver, and so on throughout the meal. When he is done he walks up to the cashier, reports what he has eaten, and pays the bill, which is never extravagant.

A feature of the table in Sweden is the so-called "fladbrod," or flat bread, which a stranger is not apt to like. It occurs in the form of a thick wafer extended to about the circumference of a bucket top. It has a hole in the middle into which one might almost poke his head and adopt the thing as a new mode in collars. It is mostly very dark and is made variously, usually from wheat or barley, and mixed often with mashed potatoes and peas. In the far north it is sometimes made of ground-up bark. It is very brittle, cracks under the teeth like nothing else on the bill of fare, and tastes at times like coffee, at other times no worse than a left-over from last Christmas cracker. It is set on the table ten or fifteen thicknesses high, a joy to those who like it and a pest to those who do not and who would like to see the space filled with something else.

A NEW HANSOM.

The Queer Vehicle that Has Appeared in London.

Several weeks ago the cycle hansom made its appearance in London. The occupant of the vehicle had the appearance of being a foreigner, but in his movements he seemed to know the city well.

His vehicle was a hansom body on three pneumatic tire wheels, propelled by two lackeys, one in front and one behind.

The front man, of course, steered, but both helped the propulsion, and they pedaled away over the rough pavement at a pace of nearly eight miles an hour.

The gentleman was making business calls, and his flunkeys were therefore in ordinary dress, or what these gentry designate as morning clothes. Possibly he makes social calls in his hansom with flunkeys in livery.

Others of these vehicles have since been noticed in the street, and it is learned that a large manufactory in the suburbs has been started to rush them on the market.

An Admiring Auditor.

The political orator had just concluded a flight of eloquence which had occupied exactly three hours, says the Washington Star.

The pugilist turned from the place with admiration on his face. Yet there was regret in his voice when he spoke.

"Chimmy," he said, "he's a fine talker, ain't he?"

"Dat's what he is."

"I wisht I could take lessons of 'im. Ef us fellrs c'ud talk like dat, we wouldn't never hafter sign fer no matches wid nobody."

Kissing

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