

LITERARY NOTES.

A RONDEAU.

When Marjorie sings, her throat of snow
Swells with the music's ebb and flow
Like throat of song-thrush, and her eyes
Grow tender as the light that lies
On hill-tops when the sun is low.

So fair the singer, scarce I know
Allegro from adagio,
Nor dream her art to criticise
When Marjorie sings.

I look, and list, and hourly gro v
More hopelessly her slave; but oh,
Of whom dreams she? (Oh, dread sur-
mise!)

For whom do those soft blushes rise?
To whom those maiden fancies go,
When Marjorie sings?

—Julia Schayer in August Lippincott's.

Among the many picturesque incidents connected with the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the heroic work performed by Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright will long be remembered. Wainwright was executive officer on the Maine on that tragic night in the harbor of Havana, and he was recently placed in command of Mr. J. P. Morgan's yacht Corsair converted to a fighting boat and renamed Gloucester. When Cervera's



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT

dreaded torpedo boat destroyers came in sight at Santiago, on July 3, the Gloucester made for them at full speed and whipped them both, although the little American boat was at the same time under the fire of the shore batteries and the guns of the Vizcaya. The culmination of Wainwright's astonishing fearlessness was reached when he actually engaged the big Spanish cruiser, and maintained the action until supported by our men of war. A portrait of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and a picture of his ship are contained in the issue of Harper's Weekly for July 9.

My Dear Jack.—I must have a hundred dollars at once. Don't hem and haw about it, but send it immediately, if not sooner. This, with what I borrowed from you for the Annie Minton campaign, will make me indebted to you to the amount of two hundred and thirty-seven dollars; but never fear, I shall soon be in condition amply to repay you, and likewise to stake you in turn in case you want to engage in similar enterprises. For, my boy, I've struck it at last. And when I say "it" of course I mean "her." The reason why I am so inconsistent about getting the money in a hurry is that I promised to call Thursday evening and bring the engagement-ring and she will be utterly incapable of understanding why I could fall to bring it; for the idea of impecuniosity, or debt, or the other stern realities of life, has never entered her dear little cerebellum, which is situated, I believe, in the back part of the head. Hindisohn has a beautiful stone for five hundred dollars which he agrees to let me have on instalments; I am to pay a hundred down, and he will not trouble me for the balance until after the ceremony (when he may go to the devil.) And he further agrees to take the stone

back in case my cursed luck should still pursue me and the marriage should fall through; but it can't fall through this time. Fate must have grown tired baiting me at last.—Edwin A. Pratt, in August Lippincott's.

It is gratifying now to be able to call attention to a new story by Mr. Crane which shows a marked increase of literary power in what is, perhaps, an unsuspected direction. This tale is called "The Monster," which appears in the August number of Harper's Magazine: the scene of it is an American village, and so original are the theme and treatment that a brief account of the story cannot fail to be of interest.



STEPHEN CRANE

A physician in a rural town has in his employ a colored coachman who, during a fire in the doctor's house, saves the life of his little boy. In doing this, however, the negro is cruelly disfigured by the bursting of a jar of acid in the doctor's office. He becomes a gentle and harmless imbecile but a sight of horror in his mysterious mask—in short, the village monster. As a return for his heroism, Dr. Prescott attempts to provide for Henry's maintenance, but to such a state of abject terror is the community reduced by the monster's presence in it that the physician's grateful charity excites against him a violent popular indignation. Nevertheless, the doctor persists in refusing to consign the negro to a public asylum, and stands by his resolve and determined gratitude in the face of loss of friends and practice.

DEAD ROSE LEAVES.

"These," she said, in her accents low,
"Are the flowers he gave me long ago."

Fragrant dust and falling tears;
She had loved in vain for forty years.
—Grace Shoup in August Lippincott's.

Many strange experiences and many adventures had fallen to the lot of some of these men, and had the war been delayed a little longer the stories they told under the colored lights of the broad verandas would have served for a second "Thousand and One Nights," and would have held as great an interest. They were as familiar with the Kremlin as with the mosque of St. Sophia, with Kettner's restaurant as with the Walls of Silence. They knew the love story of every consul along the Malasian peninsula and the east coast of Africa, and why he had left home; they disagreed as to whether laced leggings or heavy boots are better in a Borneo jungle; they talked variously in marks, taels, annas, and shillings; they had been chased by elephants and had shot rhinoceri; and they had themselves been fired over, with the Marquis Yamagata in Corea, with Kitchene in Egypt, with Maceo in Cuba, and with Edam Pasha in Thessaly. One of them had taken six hundred men straight across Africa from coast to coast; another had



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explored it for a year and a half without meeting a white man. This man had explored China disguised as a Chinaman and Russia as a Russian; that other had travelled more hundreds of miles on snow shoes than any other American, Indian or Canadian; there was one who had been to school with an emperor, and another who had seen an empress beheaded, and then, feeling some doubt as to his nerve, dropped four thousand feet out of a balloon to test it.

On the whole it was an interesting collection of men—these generals with new shoulder straps on old tunics, these war-correspondents and military attaches, who had last met in the Soudan and Greece, and these self-important and gloomy Cuban generals, credulous and mysterious; these wealthy young men from the Knickerbocker club, disguised in canvas uniforms and Cuban flags, who are not to be confused with the same club's proud contribution to the Rough Riders.—August Seibner's.

The sentimental and informal alliance which, it is asserted, already exists between England and the United States undoubtedly meets with hearty approbation from the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. It is a significant and possibly a momentous fact that the Prince of Wales entertains very large views as to the future of the English-speaking people, and it may transpire that the personal opinions and desires of Queen Victoria's oldest son will be of no inconsiderable importance in the history of England and America.

The character, capacity and habits of thought of the Prince of Wales are very different from what those who know him not believe, very different from what is,

perhaps, the popular idea of his personality in this country. He is ordinarily credited with good sense and tactfulness, but not with that intellectual grasp which those who know him best assert that he possesses in an unusual degree. His mind has been developed by contact for a generation with the best authorities on all subjects. His mental ability is active, comprehensive, and profound, and if he ascends the throne of Great Britain the world will see no ordinary sovereign ruling at Westminster.

Such a view of the character of the Prince of Wales is presented by the writer of a masterly article in the August number of Harper's Magazine. The paper is unsigned and entitled "If



THE PRINCE OF WALES

the Queen had Abdicated." The author's opinions are backed by a number of convincing anecdotes, and there is a happy freedom from the odor of sycophancy which usually pervades such tributes to royal personages.

An interesting portion of the article is