

TWO BIG TEARDROPS.

WHY OLIVE HARPER CRIED A LITTLE BIT.

It Was In the Horse Car—She Saw a Full Rigged Tailor Made Girl—It Made Her Think of Her Grandmother—English as She Is Wrote.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, May 25.—Today I came across the French fashion paper which is really called the leader in such publications, and as I always like to divide a good thing among my friends so as to provide the greatest amount of pleasure for the greatest number I make a few



TOILET FOR STREET IN 1830 STYLE. extracts from it. I should add that the paper is published in French, but there is a page of translation, so that we who cannot speak French may not be deprived of the information it contains. It begins:

The styles which I announce in the last month Chronicle has not changed, and the 1830 shape is more than even in greater favor, for this style very wide stuffs were necessary, then you can find some ones which have 2 1/2 yards of width, even 3 1/2, and the most narrow have 1 1/2 in width.

The "Loie Fuller" colour (rainbow gauze) continue to have a great success, and at the Concours Hippique (horse races) I have seen many pretty dresses of them, but this style will be over very soon, because you will find the goods that it requires in every shop, what is not pleasant for the great coquets, who do not like what is so common.

In this short chronicle I take the case to presence to my subscribers of the selfish advice that several houses give to employ velvet bias for trimming. This kind of one was very good for winter dresses, but with summer stuffs it will be ugly and heavy, and velvet ribbon are much better. The real mark of elegant Parisian dress is actually a great simplicity and the first dressmaker notes. The stylish simplicity is very difficult to do, but it is to pretty when it is well done by artist hands. The sleeves are very simple now.

I hope that the readers of the above will enjoy as well as I did this delicious bit of English as "she is spoke" by the fashion writer who wishes to tell us that the 1830 styles prevail, and all that.

The 1830 styles do prevail and are very much in evidence these bright days, and it would be an ill natured person who would not admit that they are quaint, dainty and picturesque, and that they carry with them something intangible, but tenderly sweet, like a faint memory, or the elusive perfume that comes from dim chests of stored away linen. They bear the breath of sweet clover, of lavender, of withered rose leaves—something our senses feel, but our reason shows no trace of, and for that mysterious sense of something that was and is no more, but yet has left its ghostly trace. We like these new old gowns or old new ones.

Did I not shut my eyes today and let two tears chase down the furrows in my cheeks as I sat and looked at a young lady who sat opposite me in the car? She had on a changeable taffeta dress made with a number of bias folds turned downward and edged with a couple of narrow russet braids. The color of it was blue and cream, with an overshot of pale rose, making the general color pale heliotrope. The sleeves were great leg muttons, and there was such a dear little cape over the shoulder, with two quilled ruffles, and the deep caps had another, and on each were two lines of braid. The sleeves were of russet green, shot with dusty red. There was a tiny toque, with a couple of drooping sprigs of sage blossoms.

Why this particular gown should bring forth tears I cannot tell, unless that it is somehow connected with the stories my dear old grandmother used to tell about the gowns she wore. And then she used to dress up a doll for me in just such a gown. I imagine that must be it, but I expect the young girl must have wondered what caused the old lady over in the corner to weep.

The 1830 style gives mourners a trifle of comfort, as there is no woman who does not feel an inward glow of satisfaction when becomingly dressed, and heretofore mourning garments have been so uncomplainingly somber. Now a silk warp Henrietta, made with flaring skirt, with a gaufered crape flounce, with gaufered bertha and puffed sleeves, is a handsome and tasteful gown and robs the somberness of some of its terrors.

Those ruffled capes are as pretty for children as for grown folks, and about half the children's cloaks have the shoulder ruffle at least. Many last season's garments are made into new ones by a velvet ruff or one of some other material. I think the time is not far away when mourning garments will be much less depressing and heavy than now, as very many persons, and those of the greatest refinement, are beginning to feel that such a display of grief is wrong to the living and no compliment to the dead.

OLIVE HARPER.



STYLISH COSTUMES.

The first is a neat suit of changeable blue and fawn diagonal, trimmed with fancy brown braid. The hat is of brown straw, trimmed with fawn-colored satin ribbon and blue forget-me-nots. The second is a stylish mourning costume of Henrietta cloth, the skirt having two folds of crepe around the bottom; the vest, epanettes and lower part of sleeves are of the crepe also. The hat is small, with crepe loops and veil.

LADIES' RACING STUDS.

Well Known Women in Europe Who Own Race Horses.

[Special Correspondence.] LONDON, May 18.—Among the features of the present season in Europe is the newly developed craze of women for owning race horses and racing stables. Mrs. Langtry is by no means the only member of her profession who has registered her colors on the turf. Mile. Marsy, a particularly brilliant star of the Comedie Francaise at Paris, has registered her colors under the pseudonym of the Count d'Arcy and possesses no less than seven horses which are favorably known on the French turf.

Mile. Emilie d'Alencou, who can scarcely be called a bona fide actress, since her public appearances have been mainly at the Paris Hippodrome and at circuses as the director of performing pigs, rabbits and small donkeys, has assumed for racing purposes the name of the Count de Lancon, a fact which has led to some correspondence between the stewards of the Chantilly races and the Duke of Anmale, to whom the track belongs. The duke objects to a woman who has rendered herself so notorious in connection with one of his relatives assuming an alias so closely resembling the name of another of his relatives, the Duke of Alencou, his nephew, for the purpose of racing on a race course which is the property of his family. The example of Mmes. Langtry, Marsy and Emilie d'Alencou is now being followed by Mile. Jeanne Granier, Yvette Guilbert and several other French, English and Austrian actresses.

In doing this the footlight favorite is merely following in the wake of the great French, English, Austrian and German aristocracy, who have achieved fame as owners of race horses and racing studs. Among those best known in the dowager Duchess of Montrose in England, who races under the name of Mr. Mantou, and who for 80 years has been one of the most conspicuous figures on the British turf. The daughter of a family celebrated in the annals of sport—namely, the Beresfords—she has all her life been passionately fond of racing. Although over 70 years of age and quite portly, she is still to be met at horse sales bidding for yearlings. She personally supervises her training stables, gives orders to the trainers and jockeys and may be seen after a race scolding and abusing the latter with feminine violence and shrillness, but with masculine picturesqueness of expression, when the race has not been run according to her instructions and the horse has not won. When she wins a race, however, she goes off into hysterical exultation.

In France the most prominent feminine figure upon the turf is the widowed Duchess de Castries, sister-in-law of Marshal MacMahon and now married to the latter's most intimate friend and adherent, the Viscount Emmanuel d'Harcourt. The duchess inherited her fortune not from her first husband, who possessed little beyond his ancient name and title and a few semi-ruined chateaux, but from her father, who was the celebrated Viennese banker, Sina, a Hebrew by race, but a Catholic in religion.

At his death Sina left his money in equal shares of \$15,000,000 each to his four daughters. One of them, the Princess Gregory Ypsilanti, now a widow, has with the assistance of her late husband, who was Greek minister to Austria, squandered every cent and been obliged to apply for relief to the bankruptcy court at Vienna. The second and third daughters, who married Prince Mayrocardato and Count Wimpfen respectively, each secured a divorce from her husband, thereby saving her fortune. The fourth of the Sina girls is the Duchess de Castries, who still retains her title and the name of her first husband, although married to M. d'Harcourt. Until four years ago she was in racing partnership with the well known financier, politician and sportsman, the Baron de Soubeyran, but now she has parted company from him and races under her

own name and her own colors, though with less success than in days of yore. At Vienna there are quite a large number of great ladies upon the turf, foremost among whom is the lovely Countess Marie Apponyi, who is a daughter of the demented Prince of Montenuovo. The latter, now an inmate of the great insane asylum at Doebling, near Vienna, is the son of Empress Marie Louise of France, second wife of Napoleon I, and of her ugly old chamberlain, General Count von Neipperg. Prince Montenuovo had, however, the misfortune to be born two years previous to the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, and the Neipperg family, which is one of the oldest and most illustrious in Austria, declined to permit the boy to bear their name.

Emperor Francis took pity on his illegitimate grandchild and not only endowed him with considerable wealth, but also with the title and name of Prince Montenuovo, which is the Italian translation of the word Neipperg.

Yet another stable is that of the eccentric Baroness von Stallberg, who some time ago was sued by groom for injuries sustained in her stables, which the plaintiff described as a paradise for horses, and the evidence showed them to be a very hell for men. From the examination of the witnesses it appeared that the baroness is in the habit of entering the stables at noon and of often remaining there until early the next morning. During the time she is there she is accustomed to feed the animals with sugar and cake and encourage them to kick and bite the grooms, whom she keeps in constant attendance upon the horses, often forcing them to stay up all night to watch and feed them.

One of the plaintiffs stated that he had been dismissed by the baroness for "insulting" a particularly vicious horse by cursing it for having both kicked and bitten him. At least 20 of the persons in the court on that occasion bore traces of the injuries received in the stables of this most eccentric baroness. Fortunately there are few sportswomen like her in Austria.

A. D. DEMING.



Forethought. She—But love won't buy my clothes. He—Your father's love will.—Life.

Weighted in the Balance. Marion—You don't believe that George is going to marry me just for my money, do you? Clara—No, dearest, I do not. I think that long stretch of Woodward avenue real estate has a good deal to do with it too.—Detroit Free Press.

Sure to Die. "What is this much talking of crinoline trouble that threatens the peace of the nation?" "Don't know, but if it's trouble rest assured that there is a woman in it."—Club.

Hard Luck. Old Lady—Just my luck! Caller—What's wrong? Old Lady—I've just heard of six sure cures for rheumatism, and not one of our family has got it.—New York Weekly.

What She Wanted. "Consin Judith," said Mamma, "there is a paper Mrs. Grant sent you. She said she thought you would like to read it because there are so many funny antidotes in it."—Youth's Companion.

A Proper Precaution. The Bride (excitedly, sotto voce)—Jack, papa's check is missing! The Bridegroom (nonchalantly)—Oh, that's all right, dear. I sent it out to be certified.—Club.

AN AMERICAN QUEEN.

LONG AND BRILLIANT CAREER OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

Queen Victoria and the Boston Lady's Contemporaries—The Latter Has Had Much the Greater Intellectual Advantages. A Remarkable Career.

[Special Correspondence.] BOSTON, May 25.—Queen Victoria and Julia Ward Howe have just celebrated their seventy-fourth birthdays. Her majesty of England was born on the 24th of May and her grace and nobleness of Boston on the 27th, the former a princess by birth and a queen by succession, the latter both princess and queen by nature and experience. Their names are not coupled here for more rhetorical antith-



JULIA WARD HOWE.

esia, as might be suspected, for the two ladies have had far more in common than most people would suppose. In the matter of early training the advantages were greatly in favor of the American lady. In the aids to culture that mere wealth could supply Julia Ward was quite equal to the Princess Victoria, while in all other things—native talent, intellectual parentage, early association with eminent men and opportunities for social development—she was vastly superior. Many women have had wealth, many more talent and the acquaintance of great thinkers, but in no other American woman, and in very few women of any time or country, have these been united as in Julia Ward Howe.

Her father, while without literary pretensions, was a man of rare business sense and liberality. Her mother was a woman of marked intellectual and poetic powers, and her husband a noted philanthropist and scientific student. Her first teachers were men of eminence in their specialties, and for 40 years she enjoyed the acquaintance of nearly all the great writers of England and America. Samuel Ward was a successful New York banker, and Julia Rush Ward, his wife, at one time attained some fame as a poetess. Their daughter Julia was born May 27, 1819, in New York city. Her early education was remarkably thorough and for that day liberal. Her tutor in German and Latin was Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, and she not only excelled in these studies, but at a later period learned to speak fluently in Italian, French and Greek and was deeply versed in the philosophical works issued in those languages. At an early age she wrote poems and plays for children and produced a few philosophical essays which were read to a private circle of friends. Her father's house was then the rendezvous of the literary and social giants of the time, and the effect upon the impressive mind of the talented girl may easily be imagined.

Beautiful, wealthy and talented, she of course did not lack for suitors, but from her indifference it seemed that she was destined to a life of single blessedness and literary labor. But at the age of 23 she came to this city and took her place at once and naturally in the brilliant circle which included Emerson, Sumner, Phillips, Margaret Fuller and many more, and there she met and loved Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose fame is only second to her own. They were married in 1843 and at once entered on a long tour in Europe.

At this time it seemed that the fame of Dr. Howe would completely overshadow that of his talented wife, for he was nearly 18 years her senior and already celebrated. He was graduated from Brown university in 1821 and from the Harvard medical school in 1824 and went immediately to Greece, where he was surgeon in the Greek war for independence, then organized the medical staff of the army and founded a colony on the isthmus of Corinth. In 1831 ill health compelled him to leave Greece, and he devoted himself to aiding the struggling Poles, in which work he was arrested in Prussia and imprisoned for several weeks. He founded the Massachusetts schools for the blind and the idiotic, edited an abolition paper, went again to Greece to aid the Cretans and served as one of President Grant's commissioners to Santo Domingo. But to most Americans his fame is inseparably connected with the story of Laura Bridgman, the unfortunate in whom it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he developed an intellect and a soul. At the age of 2 years the child lost sight and hearing through scarlet fever, and consequently soon forgot how to speak, yet in that deaf, dumb and blind girl, to whom every avenue of knowledge save feeling was closed, Dr. Howe discovered a keen intellect. He patiently experimented till he had invented methods of communication and taught her to read, sew, play the piano and communicate her ideas. Her history is an affecting tribute to her teacher. In all the annals of humanitarian science there is no success to compare with the development of Laura Bridgman.

Mrs. Howe lives most agreeably at her home on Beacon street in the winter spending the summer at Newport. E. L. EMMONS.

SPECIAL Underwear Sale FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN During This Week.

We received a large shipment for this department, bought through our N. Y. resident buyer from a commission house at astonishingly low prices, which we place on sale fully one-third less than regular price. The assortment is large and complete in Ladies' Silk, Lisle Thread, Gauze Vest of the latest ideas.

Also a full assortment for children. A visit for inspection through this line will be your guide for making selections.

1141-1143 O ST. Bloch & Kohn, The Progressive Dry Goods Emporium.

LADIES TAN SHOES RUSSIA OXFORDS ARE HERE.

- Blucher Oxford, Piccadilly.....\$3.50 Edson Tie, Opera..... 3.00 Button Shoe, Opera, Tip, Turn..... 3.50 Blucher Shoe, Square Toe, Tip, Turn..... 3.50

SEE THEM. BUY THEM. WEAR THEM.

ED. G. YATES, 1129 O Street.



"Dauntless Scorcher," "King Scorcher," "Royal Light Roadster," "The Majestic," "The Dauntless Compeer," for Ladies, also the Latest Novelty, the COMMON SENSE HICKORY WHEEL. Never buy a Wheel until you have seen us.

CAMP BROTHERS

Cor. 10th and M Sts. Carriage Manufacturers.



Telephone 176. Office, 1001 O St. MOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND PIANOS A SPECIALTY. None but Experienced Men employed. Latest devices for Moving Machinery, Safes, and other heavy articles.

The Elegant Wall Papers

AT S. E. MOORE'S, 1134 O Street, ARE RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING. COME EARLY.