

SOCIETY IN MANHATTAN TOWN.

Superstitions of the Wealthy—Dames of Fashion Who Are Famous Waltzers—Priceless Collections of Lace.

(New York Correspondence.) The Neapolitan charm against the evil eye was first worn as a pretty ornament by Mrs. Burkard, who ordered one of gold. It is in the form of a tiny human hand, the left hand, and has the first and fourth fingers pointing like a pair of horns, while the second and third are folded into the palm. Mrs. Burkard's golden charm is bound by a wee bracelet of brilliant-cut diamonds, and those who saw the trinket and heard of its supposed virtues bought copies of her watch charm. More for hard, every-day service, however, than ornament.

One of the most uniformly luck-bringing charms is highly valued by Miss Richard—a bit of mosaic jewelry that has been blessed by the people; and the young Duchess of Marlborough attributes no small amount of her married content to a little heart of gold she ordered made and cut half in two. The day before her wedding one-half of the heart was given her fiancé, the other half she hung around her neck by a fine gold chain, and from that day the young couple have worn their portions of the gold emblem in the belief that to lose or mislay one of the parts would bring them dire distress. But wearing efficacious talismans is not the whole of the fashionable woman's superstitious creed. Her sharp eyes look out for accidents that might cross her luck. She will put herself to infinite pains not to let any of her hats turn upside down, to thereby indicate she will never walk abroad again; if she dreams of fishes she will refuse to cross the water for a twelve-month; but most carefully does she guard against the common blunder of turning her back after her foot has crossed the threshold. If on her way to a ball she finds she has forgotten a fan, or gloves, or whatnot, she will either go boldly on without the desired articles, or, on turning back, enter her own home and deliberately remove her toilet, or sit a while in the hall, in order to pretend to the fates that she never really started out at all. It is not uncommon in New York for an elaborate dinner to slowly burn to a crisp while some unlucky guest sits solemnly a whole precious fifteen minutes in a distant hallway, doing penance for the crime of turning back in her tracks.

Whoever loves to see exquisite dancing can satisfy their appetite at any one of the cottage colonies where New York women congregate, or in New York itself during the winter. There is, in fact, not another city in the world, except Vienna, perhaps, where so many faultless waltzers can be found, and the peculiar long, gliding step of the fashionable woman from the big city on the Hudson can be identified at once in a crowded room at Hamburg, Newport or in London.

One of her peculiarities is that when she dances she never talks, and when her dance is over she is no more flushed or breathless than if she had slowly crossed the room.

The very finest art of the New York rules of good waltzing are displayed by Mrs. Oakley Ralston. In her set she is famous for her beautiful poise, and a swan gliding down stream moves no less majestically than this tall, slim young woman, whose expression when she dances is one of dreamy content. Like that of a musician listening to perfect harmonies. She is somewhat less languorous than Mrs. Tomney Taylor, a trifle more stately than Mrs. Grenville Kane, and her closest rival is Mrs. Jack Astor, who, however, is not fond of this form of exercise.

To waltz with divine deliberation is what the New York woman prefers chiefly at a ball, but she has taken kindly enough to the balmoreal schottische, because the men like it, and the most elaborate cotillon is invariably concluded by a vigorous Virginia reel. That, too, is because the men like it, and though the New York man does not dance so well as the women, there are those, like Alexander Hadden, Langdon Irving and Harry Lehr, who do this gay exercise with wonderful finish. They are the men who have made it a rule for their set and sex to carry several pairs of white kid gloves to a ball, and never approach a delicately arrayed woman save in kida as immaculate as new-fallen snow. They, too, have introduced the new and very greatly improved method of dancing of taking a woman by her right wrist instead of her right hand, and invariably holding her arm at length, but only in her tracks.

satisfying any longer to the woman whose husband is silver to spare, and one of the Neapolitan ambitions, old as the hills and never fully satisfied, is to possess rich lace. Mrs. John Jacob Astor made the first great collection of valuable laces in America, and for many years the Astor laces, now an heirloom in that family, were unrivaled. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt made the next best collection, that on her death was also divided among her



ON THE BEACH—A CONVERSAZIONE.

children; but since Mrs. Astor's and Mrs. Vanderbilt's day New York society has become possessed of some much more valuable and beautiful examples of rare and antique needlework.

Not many years ago Mrs. Wolf surprised her lace-loving friends by paying \$1,000 in Florence for one antique souance, and then she willingly paid prices in proportion for any rare antique piece she could find. Old lace was her gentle mania, but her limit has been easily overtopped by Mrs. Victor Newcomb, who cares not if lace be new or old, provided it is the most perfect point d'Alencon in the market. At one purchase she secured the whole

set of marvelous laces owned by the Princess Clotilde, and under that princely matchless Alencon wedding veil Miss Newcomb was married. The hearty admiration of all the lace lovers goes out to a remarkable set of three-deep bouances of the richest Ven-

MRS. GRANT'S HOME.

The General's Widow as Vigorous as When at the White House.

Washington Cor. New York Mail and Express: The home of Mrs. U. S. Grant, situated in the picturesque part of Washington where Massachusetts avenue merges into the hills of the Rock Creek National Park, is one of the most interesting private dwellings and full of historic memories. Mrs. Grant, although nearly 80 years of age, is still active, mentally and physically. Of late years she has been losing her sight, but otherwise she is the same vigorous woman who presided in the White House. Nothing gives her so much pleasure as to show her household treasures to her friends and to explain the pathetic little histories connected with each. She has in this palatial mansion most of the furniture with which she and her illustrious husband started housekeeping nearly 60 years ago. The accumulation of gifts and souvenirs presented during General Grant's long official life are also plentifully scattered throughout his home. In fact, every chair, table, picture and book has some association which Mrs. Grant charmingly relates. In the great entrance hall is a magnificent Turkish rug, given to the general by a merchant prince of Damascus. "We went to his store," says Mrs. Grant, "to buy some rugs and souvenirs for ourselves and our children. We bought three or four and gave our hotel address to have them delivered. We were astonished to find when the package arrived this rug, with a gorgeous, embossed letter from the merchant, asking him to accept this gift, as it gave him the greatest pleasure to offer the finest of his possessions to the

LAUNCHING A SHIP.

UNDEPARTING CALLS FOR SKILL AND JUDGMENT.

Here is a Man of Extended Experience—Launched More Vessels Than Any Other Man in America—Master Operator of a Successful Launch.

According to Mr. M. V. D. Doughty of Newport News, Va., the feelings of a man who is charged with the responsibility of the launching of a great ship are by no means pleasant when the fateful moment arrives which is to decide whether the vessel will glide gracefully off the ways or stick. When it is said that Mr. Doughty has had charge of the arrangements of more launchings than any other man in the United States, and possibly the world, it must be admitted that he has a right to pass an opinion upon the subject. During his connection with the ship-building industry he has had charge of seventy-one successful launchings.



M. V. D. DOUGHTY.

Among the vessels that have left the ways under his direction were the first-class battleships Kearsarge, Kentucky and Illinois, the gunboats Nashville, Helena and Wilmington, the four Morgan line steamers that were transformed into auxiliary cruisers during the war with Spain, and the Plant line steamer La Grande Duchesse, which was used as a transport. The Cromwell liner Creole, now the hospital ship Solace, also received her baptism under his direction. In speaking of a ship at the present time, with such enormous dimensions, is not only a matter of careful calculation, but one of great skill and labor. Should anything happen to the several things prepared, such as delays in clearing the ship of her shores and blocks, or by a passing vessel, then comes a moment of intense anxiety to the man having the launching in charge. He knows just how long he can wait, and how long the limit of safety extends. Should the ship refuse to slide from the ways, or stick, as it is termed, not only is the safety of the vessel involved, but such a catastrophe means a great pecuniary loss to the builders. The cause for "sticking" is invariably blamed on the tallow with which the ways are greased, and while this may not always be responsible, I will not dispute its justice, for the launching master has trouble enough in other directions. He should have something to relieve his mind, for should the vessel "stick" he is forced to go all through the same process again, and the conditions in the second case are not always quite so favorable as in the first. Consequently his doubt and anxiety is doubled at the second attempt. Even after the ship has started down the ways to meet her watery bed, there is a severe mental strain upon the man having charge of the launching, for while the ship is in motion he is thinking about how she will be received by the water; for should he have been mistaken in his calculations and the ship fall after her stern had passed the outer end of the ground ways, instead of raising, as intended, the probability is that she would dislodge the cradle at the forward end and fall between the ways. Who could tell the amount of damage in such a case? On the other hand, should the stern or after end of the ship raise sooner than intended, thus throwing too much weight on the forward end of the packing upon which the ship is resting, the vessel would be subjected to an extraordinary strain, as she would then be borne forward by the timber as well as by the water at her stern. The damage she would sustain in this condition is also difficult to imagine.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

blow has not arrived, however, and the prince is still waiting the signal from his adherents in Paris.

Kipling Gets Even with Hardy. Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant: "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling." "Is that so?" she replied: "I never heard the name before." Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady and remarked: "Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here today is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author." "Oh, indeed," was her reply: "I don't know his name."—London Daily Chronicle.

Lost His Fortune.

Prof. Nordenkjold, the famous Arctic explorer, has just lost the whole of his fortune. He was on intimate terms with the heads of the great Stockholm publishing firm of Messrs. F. & G. Bajer, which has failed, with liabilities stated at \$1,250,000. Unfortunately, Nordenkjold is deeply involved in the speculations carried on by the firm. Some time since he had to sell the whole of his valuable geographical library, and now it is stated that all his life's savings, amounting to \$500,000, have gone in the crash.

Had No Chance.

Quilp—He took his wife's death very hard. She died suddenly, you know, and the poor fellow had no chance to tell her she had made him a good wife. Philip—How long had he been married to her? Quilp—Twenty years.—Town Topics.

KISSING BUG WOUND TREATED.

New York Physician Describes the Effect of the Insect's Bite.

The Medical Record of New York in a recent issue had a communication from Dr. F. A. Burrall of that city giving an account of a casual patient who called at his office and showed a wound he had received on his left forearm, as he supposed from a kissing bug. He asked for treatment, and the result of the examination and treatment Dr. Burrall sets forth as follows: "The wound was received on the morning of July 6, and I found on examination that near the capitulum ulnae was an elevation of about the diameter of a silver 5-cent piece, resembling in shape a small pustule. On this were four distinct longitudinal vesicles, the longest about the eighth of an inch in length. The wrist and back of the hand were swollen and flexion and extension of the fingers was accompanied with pain and stiffness. A diffused red, erysipelatoid eruption extended from the wound to the bend of the elbow, covering nearly half the circumference of the forearm at its upper part. There was no pain on pressure in the axilla. The patient did not complain of great pain, nor was there much constitutional disturbance. On the day before my patient said he had been driving on Long Island, and had been bitten by an insect, which he had supposed to be a 'kissing bug,' although he had not seen it. He had done nothing for the bite, thinking it would heal spontaneously. My treatment consisted in painting the inflamed area with the tincture of iodine and directing the patient to take a one-tenth grain tablet of the sulphide of calcium every two hours. He was also directed to apply carbolic acid ointment upon the parts and cover this with a linen cloth. This treatment was followed by rapid improvement. The next day the eruption had retreated to within two inches of the wrist, and now the fingers move freely and painlessly, and the eruption has almost entirely disappeared. The patient called but once at my office, but I followed the case, as I was interested in its course. The tincture of iodine was applied only once."

DISLOYAL TO REPUBLIC.

It is predicted that the French royalists will soon make another desperate attempt to overthrow the republic. On the idea of helping the cause of Prince Louis Napoleon it is claimed that certain assurances of encouragement have been received by the royalists from the czar of Russia. This has been denied, but many, nevertheless, believe it to be true. Prince Louis Napoleon, in whose favor his elder brother, Victor, some time ago resigned his claims to the French throne, is a great favorite at the Russian court. Prince Louis was educated for service in the French army, but left the country when his father was banished. After a short service in the army of Italy he entered the service of the czar, being rapidly promoted to the post of colonel in the czarina's lancers. Some time ago it was predicted that the young prince would enter France and boldly demand the privilege of serving in the French army, if only as a private soldier. The time for striking the



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A WAITER'S PRACTICE.

Never Taken a Glass from a Person's Hand. "Give me a glass of water, please." The request was made to a waiter behind the marble-topped lunch counter of a well-known restaurant in the central part of the city, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. "All right, sir," was the waiter's reply. "I will just as soon as you put your glass down." The man looked first at the empty glass he held in his hand and then at the waiter.



KEEPING HER LUCK FROM BEING CROSSED.

The smart New Yorker waltzes with her delicate feet and supple ankles, holds her body erect, with gracious stateliness, her head is so carried that her eyes glance freely around the room; her left hand is poised, not leaning on her companion's shoulder, and



THE NEW DANCING POSITION.

few inches away from her body. With her hand thus left free to carry any small belongings or her train, a woman is comfortable and yet feels quite secure as she moves. To walk in silk attire is not wholly

Then his choler began to rise at what he considered an unwarranted piece of impertinence. The waiter evidently saw the outbreak of wrath that was coming. "No offense meant, sir," he hastily explained. "You see, it's just this way: The first thing a waiter learns, and he learns it by dearly bought experience, too, is never to take a glass from another person's hand. Why? Because if he does the chances are about even that the glass will fall and be smashed in the transfer. This is particularly true if the top of the

table or counter happens to be of marble, as this one is. You probably understand that when a waiter breaks anything in a hotel or restaurant he has to pay for it, and you probably now understand why it was that I would fill your glass as soon as you put it down so that I could pick it up myself." A man who prates himself meets with general denial; a man who declares himself finds plenty to agree with him.

Of No Commercial Value.

Savannah, Ga., News: Charles Nelson, a farmer of Floyd county, Iowa, is endeavoring to raise coffee. His plants, grown from seed put into the ground last spring, are now six inches high. Out of an acre he expects to get five pounds of coffee, which making allowance for the time and labor expended in the cultivation of the berries he calculates will cost him about \$18 per pound. Farmer Nelson's experiment in coffee raising in Iowa reminds us very much of the tea raising experiments in South Carolina. Eliminate the question of cost in each case and there is no doubt that coffee can be produced in Iowa and tea in South Carolina.

Why Women Fight Senseless.

"Are women more subject to senselessness than men?" An Atlantic captain replies: "Yes, but, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles up to the point of despair against the what I might call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, haggard and dragged. She fights against it to the last and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold up her head."