

"Beth" Van Lew, the Spy

Famous Woman Recently Passed Away



A strange and picturesque career was brought to a close by the recent death in Richmond, Va., of Miss Elizabeth Van Lew. Before the outbreak of the civil war Miss Van Lew held undisputed sovereignty as the belle of Richmond. Her father was wealthy and surrounded her with all the advantages and luxuries that money could procure. The stately mansion which he built and in which his daughter reigned, remains to this day as one of the "show places" of Richmond. It stands on Church Hill and directly opposite the ancient St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry made his memorable speech. Miss Van Lew never married and it is believed that a love affair embittered her life, but this belief is founded merely on gossip.

When the war commenced she espoused the northern cause in opposition to the course followed by all her friends in the days of her social supremacy. Her relatives have attributed this action to the sentiments with which she became imbued while receiving her education in Philadelphia. At any rate the Van Lew mansion, "the mystery house on the hill," became the headquarters of the operations of the federal secret service in Richmond. It was known to many southern leaders that Miss Van Lew was furnishing important information to the Union commanders, but so cleverly did she cover all traces of her operations that actual proof against her could not be obtained. It is said that her field of investigation embraced all the plans and actions of the Confederacy and its agents, both civil and military, and the valuable knowledge which she thereby obtained she communicated to General Grant.

One of the most important services

dislike to the payment of taxes of any kind. She contended that, inasmuch as she had no voice in the government, her property could not be taxed constitutionally and every check that she ever sent in payment of a tax fee was accompanied by a picturesque protest. For over two years previous to her death she had struggled against illness, a task made doubly difficult by her reduced circumstances. When death came, it found her in poverty, friendless and alone.

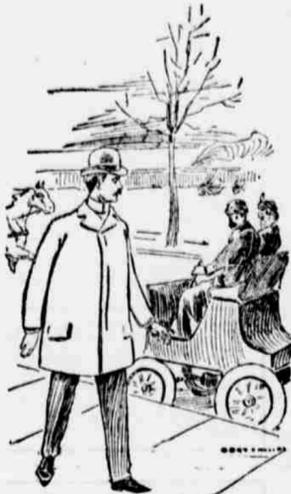
KEEP YOUR FIGURE.

Woman Advised to Exercise to Attain This End.

Advice to the woman of 30: "Keep your figure." How many women are lolling up and down the verandas of our summer hotels who are sights to look at! They have neither form nor shape and are only a little past middle age. If you watch them you will notice that their arms are almost helpless, like those of deformed people, yet they are in correct proportion with their bodies, but useless for want of exercise. Now, it is the arms that must act as propellers to reduce the size of the figure. If they had been used to slap the hands together over the head every day for a year the abdomen would have been reduced, the rolls of unwholesome flesh scattered and a good walk, instead of a waddle, would have been the result. There is absolutely no need for a thickness of waist or cushions of fat because of advancing years. These are the result of lethargy in the beginning of the increase. Use dumb bells, practice lying on your face, then support the body by gradual lifting on the palm of the hands, rising slowly to full height.

The Chivington Twins.

BY JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.
(Copyrighted 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Hello, Jack Chivington! Hello, Chiv twin! Hello! Hello!"
A young fellow had just got out of a cab in front of the Auditorium Hotel. At this curious sort of hail he turned—and saw a neat automobile road wagon dashing by. The man in it was waving one hand excitedly and with the other slowing down the machine. The woman with him was looking back, her face alight with interest. The young fellow's grim face broke into a smile of pleased recognition, and as the other man made a skillful turn and brought his machine up to the curb, he stepped forward to shake hands, saying:
"Hello, Tom Butterworth! Glad to see you, old man."
"What in the name of all that's curious brings you so far away from home on Christmas Day?" began the man in the wagon, giving him some sort of a cabalistic hand grip. "And what makes you look so glum? Hope nothing's gone wrong. I say—hold on—I've forgotten my 'Manners.' Ha! Ha! Miss Manners, allow me to present to you Mr. John Agnew Chivington of New York, one of the famous



"Hello, Tom Butterworth!"

'Chiv twins' of whom you've heard so much; my classmate at college, and my very good friend."

"I am pleased to meet you, Miss Manners," said the young fellow, raising his hat and clasping a hand that was small and warm and very neatly gloved. "And I am proud to be introduced by such a past master of the art. There's only one thing wrong, and that is that I'm the other twin."

"None of your nonsense, now, old fellow," broke in Tom. "I know your tricks and ways. You can fool everybody else, but you can't put it over me. I'm the only man that ever could tell you two freaks apart. You're Jack and I know it; and Jack goes. Now, give an account of yourself, and do it quick. I want to know all about it."

"Well, I've been West on business. I've been delayed all along the trip, and ended up by missing connection here this morning. So I'm stranded here in Chicago on Christmas Day, when I expected to be at home. Isn't that enough to make a man look glum?"

"No, sir, it isn't. Now, look pleasant, please, while I tell you what you're going to do. To begin with, anybody should feel happy to be in Chicago and even more so on Christmas day. Next, you get into that cab and follow me home. We're going to keep Christmas in proper style at our house today. I'm just tickled to death to have a chance to show the effete East how the Wild and Woolly West celebrates. My better half is up to her neck this very minute in all sorts of schemes, and we're going to have a houseful of pretty sisters and cousins—of which the young woman here present is an average 'fair' sample."

"Tom, I'm shocked at you. Please remember that I am an engaged man, and the most devoted lover in all these United States, not excepting Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Besides, a stranger at a family gathering is a regular kill-joy. Go away and leave me to my misery."

"Yes, I know Jim's tied fast to the apron strings of the beautiful Bessie Lee, but Jim cuts no ice here. Get into that cab and come along."

The young fellow was in the midst of protesting that he couldn't and shouldn't and wouldn't go, when he happened—just happened—to catch a glance from Miss Manners's eye. Whereupon he became confused in his argument, was ignominiously overborne by his friend, Tom, and ended by getting into the cab and following the automobile down Michigan avenue.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said Tom, rising from his chair and looking around at the merry faces about the Christmas board. "Fill up your glasses again! I have another toast for you—a long one, and a strong one, one to make you see double. Ready? All right; here goes:

"Once upon a time old Mother Nature was in a jovial mood and proceeded to lay herself out to have some fun at the expense of us poor mortals. So, when it came time to send a stork to a certain chimney, she sent two. Legend has it that the bundles they carried were so exactly alike that even the storks got them mixed up on the way. At any rate, when the doctor and the nurse opened the bundles they

made haste to tie a red flannel rag about the neck of the contents of the first. Thereafter, as I am creditably informed, it was a case of red flannel rag or confusion with everyone except the mother. Here the mother love taught in some mysterious way to tell her twin sons apart. But the father, after giving medicine several times to the well twin and spanking the temporarily angelic twin, gave up the job in despair. In revenge he named the first bundle James Adams and the second John Agnew, that they might both write their names J. A. Chivington and thus still further inflict a suffering community. Their mother dressed them alike, and thus equipped these twins set out upon a career of comedy that was very close to tragedy.

"When they burst in all their glory upon an astonished college world there were high jinks. They passed their examinations as one man, the indignant professors refusing to waste time on the same freshman twice. When the true inwardness of the situation became understood there was joy unfeigned in old South Hall. One tuition fee for the college and the other for beer money! One twin to call on the president for religious advice and the other to simultaneously cut the chapel bell rope or spike shut a recitation room door or to perform without possibility of detection any deviltry that the rest of us could concoct! Two souls with but a single body, two hearts that beat as one—even to taking turns at recitations!"

"Later on these marvelous twins won for the United States of America the great and glorious victory of San Juan—for when they charged side by side up that historic hill in the ranks of the Rough Riders, the poor Spaniards thought that all our museum freaks had been turned loose on them, and fled in a panic."

"And when Jim, the other one, met his beloved Bessie Lee he never dared go to see her except when Jack, here, was safely out of town. But I grow loquacious. Here's to the Twins—for they're a jolly good fellow!"

"Why do you claim to be Mr. Jim when Cousin Tom says you are Mr. Jack?" murmured Lucy Manners's voice in the twin's ear as they sat down to rest outside the ball room, where the Christmas festivities were drawing to a hilarious close. It was a dim and shadowy nook, and a bunch of mistletoe hung suggestively near.

"In self-defense," answered the twin. "Now, if I were Jack—"

"If you were Jack," repeated the girl after him, mockingly, flashing mischief out of alluring eyes.

"I'd do this"—here he swept her under the mistletoe—"and this"—and he kissed her on the lips.

"I love you, Lucy, will you be my—oh, I forgot!" and the Chivington Twin came to a dead stop and looked as foolish as might be expected of a lover pulled up short in the middle of a speech like this.

"Forgot what—the point?" laughed Lucy Manners, her face all alight with delight and mischief.

"Why, I've got to confess first, Lucy, I'm the other twin. I'm Jack."

"I should hope so! I don't want any heart-broken Bessie on my conscience."

"I mean I'm—I mean it was really Jim that first time—that Christmas—and—"

"Horrors! Then we've never been introduced. Sir—"

"Now, Lucy, don't; I—I—will you marry me, anyway?"

"Goodness! How do I know which one—"

"Hold on, now, dearest. I'll tell you all about it. Jim came straight to me and, says he: 'Jack, I've just seen the dearest little girl in the world—except my Bessie—out in Chicago. If I weren't head over heels in love already, I'd try for her myself. Tom Butterworth swore I was you, an—and I kind o' started things for you. Get a move on you, now, and write to her; I'll coach you all right.' And I did



"I love you, Jack."

write and then I came to see you last summer—and you know the rest. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, Jack, the conceit of you twins! I've never been fooled a minute. I knew it was Jim that first time, but I—I wanted to see what you were like. You dear gump! Bessie Lee and I were room mates at Ogontz, and I knew how to tell you apart long before I ever saw either one of you. No, sir; I won't tell you Bessie's way—not yet. But I've got a way of my own—bend down so I can whisper—I love you, Jack."

A man generally asks his wife's advice about his new fall hat after he has bought it and has given away his old one.

FASHION IN SHROUDS.

Many Women Earn Living by Catering to Corpses' Styles.

So much time and thought are bestowed on the question of how and with what shall we clothe the living that the impression of fashions for the dead never comes into our heads, says the New York Herald. Yet there are many women earning their daily bread in New York by catering to the fashions for those who have passed into the bourne where it is commonly supposed there are no dressmakers and no milliners. All the caquet companies down in Great Jones street employ women for no other purpose than to study the tastes of people in the matter of shrouds, and these women will tell you that grave clothes' fashions are just as fickle as the fashions of street clothes or party clothes, or in fact, any other specially designed style of garment. The prevailing styles are followed closely. If large sleeves are in fashion in the clothes of the living, why, then the shrouds must be and are made with large sleeves. If the skirts are stiffened with crinoline or haircloth, so also is the skirt of the shroud, and recently, when trains were so fashionable, there were few shrouds made that did not have a long dip in the back. There is only one radical difference nowadays between the up-to-date shroud and the up-to-date gown, and that is that the former always opens in the back. To get rid of old fashioned shrouds is as difficult a problem among manufacturers and dealers as it is for the merchant to dispose of out-of-date clothing for those living. It is next to impossible for them to do it, although such goods are often marked down to the proverbial song. Indeed, so great is the aversion to an old fashioned shroud that it is rarely possible to give one away. People seem to have an instinctive desire to have the last dress of their departed loved ones just as up-to-date as it is possible to make it, irrespective of whether or not the corpse had been a man or woman addicted to current fashions.

Biblical Dogs.

The Arabian and Hebrew dogs were in bad repute, as may be seen from the slighting way in which Moses and the prophets speak of them, classing them constantly with wrong-doers and outcasts and calling them unclean. They were considered very different, however, by the Greeks and Romans, for the great poet Homer, who wrote his wonderful epic over 2,000 years ago, speaks tenderly of a noble dog who was faithful unto death to his master, who loved him. There is a legend of the dog of the seven sleepers. The seven noble youths who fell asleep for 300 years had a dog which accompanied them to the cavern in which they were walled up. It remained standing for the whole time, and neither moved from the spot, ate, drank nor slept. This dog, named Katmir, has been admitted by Mahomet into Paradise. At least that is what the Koran says.

Ill Luck on Sunday.

For centuries Friday has been regarded as the most unlucky day in the week, but the tendency now is to regard Sunday as the most unfortunate day. According to a modern statistician, who has just published an interesting pamphlet on the subject, Sunday is certainly more unlucky than Friday, so far as rulers and other prominent personages are concerned. The king of Italy, he points out, was killed on Sunday, and it was on Sunday that two previous attempts against his life were made—namely, on Sunday, March 17, 1878, and on Sunday, March 25, 1893. Other cases cited by him are those of the Duc de Berry, who was stabbed to death on Sunday, Feb. 13, 1820; of Czar Alexander II, who was killed by a bomb on Sunday, March 13, 1881; of President Carnot, who was assassinated by Caserio, on Sunday, June 24, 1894, and of M. Canovas, who was killed on a Sunday in 1897.

Worked Both Ways.

A little story comes from a seaside village in Normandy, in England, where a well known man of letters is staying in company with a young writer of trifles at a somewhat primitive hotel. One fine morning the former addressed the host as follows: "You would oblige me by making your charges as low as possible for my young colleague. He is not a rich man." The landlord, delighted with the presence in his house of the man of renown, promised to have due consideration for the purse of the younger guest. But a few days afterward the famous author came to him again, saying: "By the way, don't let my bill be bigger than that of my young friend. It would humiliate him. Boys like that are so extremely touchy!" Kansas City Star.

Some Irish Bulls.

The Irish bull has of late been waxing fat and kicking, assisted by Mr. MacNeil, asking why some Rhodes-Chamberlain correspondence which he was told had never existed, "was not produced," and the Australian editor who announces that anonymous contributions "can not be returned unless a stamped envelope bearing the name and address of the writer is inclosed." A correspondent of a sporting paper says that "Mr. Brown, or rather his brother, died yesterday," and a lecturer in Scotland that "in Adam himself were implanted hereditary criminal instincts." And a Dublin gentleman the other day invited a friend to dinner by telegram without signing name or address—"to give him a surprise."—London Chronicle.

The Weekly Panorama.

Believed to Be Alive.

A London paper prints a story to the effect that Charles Stewart Parnell is not dead, but leading the Boer forces in South Africa.

Parnell is by no means the only man officially reported as dead, and concerning whom a popular belief prevails that he still remains in the land of the living. Throughout Russia a similar superstition exists concerning that Charles S. Parnell. General Skobelev whose sudden death at Moscow has always remained shrouded in a certain amount of mystery. The idol not alone of the army but likewise of the masses of the Russian people, the popularity of this heroic figure, who still lives in the hearts of his countrymen as the "White General," at one moment gave serious concern to the government at St. Petersburg, especially when the general, having without authority pledged Russia's co-operation in certain anti-German enterprises of France, showed a disposition to use his influence with the people to force the czar into an immediate war against Germany. Moreover, his close intimacy with the leaders of the pan-Slavist party at Moscow, and his pronounced sympathy with their views, all contributed to render him a species of "enfant terrible" to his government.

It is these circumstances, coupled with the fact that his alleged death took place precisely at the moment when Russia found herself on the verge of a war with Germany, for which she was in no sense prepared, that has given rise to the so widespread belief that his demise was fictitious; that he merely vanished from the scene; prompted by motives of patriotism and expediency, and that he remains to this day in the land of the living. So firmly is this conviction rooted in the minds of the people that only two years ago the entire population of a large town in the interior of the empire, after adorning the chief thoroughfares with bunting and tri-arch Duke John.

umbral arches, flocked to the railroad station with bands of music and silver salvers bearing bread and salt, all for the purpose of welcoming the "White General," who, according to a rumor, originated no one knew how, was to arrive by the midday express train. In Austria many believe that Arch Duke John is still alive.

Librarian Putnam has abolished the custom of permitting persons of responsible character and unquestioned position occasionally to take books from the Congressional Library, after making a deposit as a precaution against accident. Mr. Putnam says that there have been no abuses of the custom, but that he thinks the absence of all risk the safer plan.

News of Andree Still Lacking. The dispatch buoys of Andree's lost enterprise, just brought to Stockholm, give little tidings of his fortunes, for they were cast to earth and wind and wave in the early time, when the aeronauts were full of hope and their friends had not begun to despair. These messages were sent at brief intervals back to the world by the man who was all too probably to see it no more, and after the last message silence and distance swallowed up the expedition—the men, the balloon and the whole project of a new invasion of the pole.

DISPATCH BUOYS FROM ANDREE. Among the large army of the "missing"—those who are not returned as prisoners or slain in the battles of the race, because their end had no witnesses and because, but for the lapse of time which persuaded us of their death, they might be living still—Andree has a lofty place. No new hope is afforded by the experiment made some weeks ago to test the sustaining power of a balloon of 8,000 cubic meters, supplied with all scientific apparatus and provisions for three weeks.

Dr. Thomas H. Norton, American consul at Harpoot, Turkey, recently gave a dinner to the members of the Phi Beta Kappa society resident in Pera. Nearly a dozen persons were present, representing Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Vassar, Hamilton, Bowdoin, Amherst, Williams and Columbia.



MISS ELIZABETH VAN LEW.

which Miss Van Lew rendered to the north was in connection with the aid which she gave to the federal officers who escaped from Libby Prison. Not only did she shelter in her house those who were not recaptured by the Confederates, but in many cases it was through her instrumentality that the success of her plans for escape became a possibility. She was constantly in communication with Libby Prison, and sometimes found it necessary to hide escaped prisoners for a long time before it was possible for them to get out of the city. She was a prime mover in the plot which resulted in the escape of Colonel Straight, the noted raider, who had been captured with 1,800 men by Forrest. Colonel Straight's escape was accomplished by means of a tunnel constructed by the prisoners.

When General Grant learned of the evacuation of Richmond he immediately sent his aid-de-camp to see that his spy was properly cared for, and when she expressed a determination to continue to live in Richmond one of his first acts upon becoming president was to appoint her postmistress of the town, a position to which he reapointed her at the opening of his second term. During the Hayes administration she was deposed and, after a long struggle, finally secured a position in a department in Washington. The duties there were not pleasing to her and she finally resigned and returned to her old home.

In personal appearance Miss Van Lew was considerably under medium height, with gray curly hair and a thin, nervous face full of lines. To the day of her death, however, her eyes remained singularly keen and penetrating. It was impossible to converse with her and not appreciate that she was a woman of unusual education, but, on the other hand, her eccentricities were equally apparent. One of these took the form of a most rabid

Join a physical culture class and have your weight recorded every day. Work until you are bathed in perspiration—it will be a decreasing bath—and keep up the effort until you have made a return to your normal weight and condition. Keep your figure.

BUTTER BY THE YARD.

Lineal Measure Used in Odd Way at Cambridgeshire.

Probably Cambridge is the only place in the world where one would be likely to find butter sold by lineal measure; but here, in accordance with the old custom, it is literally sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridgeshire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. Deftly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed into long and narrow baskets made for the purpose and thus conveyed to market. The butter women, who in white linen aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the market, have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares; constant practice and an experienced eye enable them with a single stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness. The university people are the chief buyers of this curiously shaped article. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for serving out to the university students in the daily commons. Cut into conveniently sized pieces and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheat bread, a stated portion is sent round every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at the daily breakfast and tea.

A day for toll, an hour for sport, but for a friend, a life is too short.—Emerson.