A WOMAN OF SIXTY.

AT THIS AGE FASHION FAILS TO PROVIDE FOR HER.

All Goes Well Enough Until the Fifties Are Reached and Passed—Then Dressmakers Refuse to Modify Current Cuts.

UP TO SIXTY A well preserved woman can manage pretty well, says Mrs. Lynn Linton in the London Queen. She is still in the running, though at the tail of the race; and she makes herself ridiculous if she tries to keep up with the leaders. But, unless she be distressingly stout—when she is not well preserved—she is catered for by the manufacturers of woven goods, and she has her share in the prettiness of fashion and the charms of society. Her troubles begin when she is past 60, and the first miseries of old age are making themselves felt. Then she is forced to acknowledge that society is closing its ranks against her, and that her place is narrowing daily. She is gradually falling out of the running altogether; and, like the stragglers of an army, is left to solitude and desolation by the wayside. No fashions are made with reference to her; and milliners and dressmakers refuse to modify the current cut for her convenience or well being. When young, fresh faces bedeck themselves like fuzzy-wuzzys on the warpath, and pile a very mountain of strong colored ornamentation on the top of their heads, the milliner insists on it that the faded carnations and iron gray locks of the woman past 60 shall be surmounted in the same style. If she pleads for something less outrageous she is met with the smile of superior wisdom should she go to a really fashionable and "up-to-date" establishment; and her modest request is either loftily ignored or answered by a concoction so dowdy, so ungraceful, as to be in essential part a rebuke in ribbons and an act of vindictiveness in lace and straw. She has to make her choice between something wholly unsuitable to her age or something wholly unbecoming to her face and figure. Again, another sorrow in the life of 60 odd and over. Past 60 as often as not develops a leaning toward bronchitis and a tendency to gout, rheumatism, and sciatica, which healthy youth neither knows nor can comprehend. Healthy youth wants the windows open in all weathers. It can sit in a cross draft and luxuriate in the freshness thereby created. It goes out in the evening with the wind blowing from the north to the east, and its curly locks are grandly independent of covering, while a slight little mantle is all it condescends to cast about its comely shoulders. Healthy youth declares it "suffocates" when the windows are shut, but past 60 knows that it will be down with bronchitis if they are left open. Hence it requests them to be closed, and healthy youth flounces, revolts, complains, is indignant. "This sweet, mild air give cold!—this delicious breeze dangerous!—what nonsense! and what selfishness to want them shut when everyone else wants them open!" Poor past 60 feels like an outcast branded with the scorn of all who are still below that fatal line. But what is to be done? It must dine and have its food like healthy youth or vigorous maturity, and a smart attack of bronchitis is too big a fine to pay for peace or popularity. Hence it has to ask for those closed windows, which dig its grave in public estimation, and cause it to be qualified with epithets like "horrid," "tiresome," "ill-natured," "detestable."

ORIGIN OF PNEUMATIC TIRES.

An Irish Doctor Invented Them to Preserve His Son's Health.

Very few of the hundreds of thousands of cyclists who now enjoy the pastime of an up-to-date safety shod with pneumatic tires have an idea from what a crude contrivance those same air cushions on wheels have been evolved. Pneumatic tires were invented in 1889 by J. P. Dunlop, a horse doctor of Belfast, Ireland. He had a son who rode a tricycle and who, by his indulgence, had developed a nervous trouble. The veterinary concluded that the boy's disorder was due solely to the jolting of the wheels, and, planning to do away with the objections, so that the lad might continue his exercise, he hit upon the idea of putting air cushions on the wheels. With only such material as he had at hand for use in doctoring equine invalids, he set to work. Using a broomstick as a mandrel, he wrapped it spirally with linen bandages. Next he took some rubber sheets and solutioned them around the linen. The ends also he fastened with rubber solution. He inserted a valve a little better than a plug and putting it on the wheels started his son away on the first pneumatic tires. It was quickly found that the rough and ready style of fabric would not hold air, and so an inner sheath of pure rubber was tried. The valve was vulcanized to this inner tube in such a way that in the event of any trouble with the valve an entirely new air sheath was the only remedy. Flat rims were in use at the time and the tires were fastened to the rim by a strip of muslin which came out with the free edges from the under side of the tires. These ends were wrapped around the rim and vulcanized to it. The linen completely covered the rim, effectually concealing its material. Tires such as these were used for a couple of years. They weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds a pair, and a puncture in one of them was about as serious a matter as a broken frame is at the present time.

FOR FUTURE CAMPAIGNS.

Effective Way for Women to Keep Personalities Out of Politics.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

It was Mrs. Mary Ellen Ricketts who spoke. She held in her hand the card of Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson, which had just been laid on her desk by the office girl, for the card was followed almost instantly by the entrance of the person whose name it bore.

There was really no necessity for the use of the card, either, for the two had frequently met.

Mrs. Ricketts was the candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, while Mrs. Jenkinson was the Democratic nominee. Under the circumstances it was natural for her to be surprised at receiving a call from her opponent.

"I came to see you on a small matter of business," replied the visitor.

"Pray proceed."

"I have learned from good authority that your managers are bent upon a campaign of personalities, and that they intend to give to the press certain slanderous gossip about me intended to injure my candidacy."

The speaker paused, and Mrs. Ricketts said interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Well," echoed Mrs. Jenkinson, "we must keep personalities out of the campaign."

"We must, must we?"

"We must."

Mrs. Ricketts sneered.

Mrs. Jenkinson waxed wroth.

"Look here, Mary Ellen Ricketts," she exclaimed, "don't you dare to turn up your snub nose at me, now."

"Samantha Jenkinson," retorted Mrs. Ricketts, "my nose is not a snub, and don't you dare to presume to dictate what my managers shall or shall not do in this campaign."

"We'll see about that. Mary Ellen Ricketts, you were engaged to my husband in your younger days, a good many years ago."

"I'm not nearly as old as you, I'd have you know."

"You are!"

"I'm not, you insulting thing!"

"You are!"

"I'm not!"

"We will pass that point, but I want to say that when I married my husband all your love-letters were still in his possession, and I have them now."

"You spiteful thing!"

"Many a good laugh I've had over them. What a perfect goose you were!"

"I just hate you, so there!"

"And I merely wish to add that on the very first publication of a personality about me in your newspaper organs I shall print in the Daily Bugle every single one of your mushy, lackadaisical epistles. Do you understand?"

The two women glared at each other a half minute, and then Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson withdrew, leaving Mrs. Mary Ellen Ricketts deep in thought.

The campaign was conducted without any personalities.—Harper's Bazar.

THREE GREAT ACTRESSES.

They Are Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska and Eleonora Duse.

There are perhaps only three living actresses now in active life to whom the title "great" would be applied by common consent. These are Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska and Eleonora Duse. Janauschek, alas! although still upon the stage, belongs to the past, while Ellen Terry, with all her dainty skill and radiant charm, has not yet reached those heights to which genius alone can aspire. Each of them excels in ways peculiar to herself. Bernhardt, after carrying off all the laurels offered in the artificial and declamatory school of French tragedy, has devoted her maturest powers to the illustration of the most violent passions conceivable by morbid imagination. Her achievements in this direction have been extraordinary, and her dramatic genius cannot be disputed, but some of her latest triumphs have been won in defiance of most of the laws of nature and many of the rules of true art. Modjeska, if less potent in the interpretation of the fiercest emotions than her French rival, need fear no comparison with her in poetic tragedy; while in the field of poetic comedy she is unrivaled. Her performance of Juliet, Rosalind and Ophelia are almost ideally beautiful. Eleonora Duse, whose fame has blazed up with meteoric suddenness, is pre-eminent above all actresses of her time for versatility, that rare gift of impersonation still rarer among women than among men, which can conceal the real beneath the assumed identity without resorting to the common expedients of theatrical disguise. The phrase that such or such a part was assumed by this or that actor is heard every day. It is a convenient, conventional and meaningless expression. In the case of Duse it is used correctly and signifies just what has happened.

About the American Wheelwoman.

Ella Hepworth Dixon, an English writer, informs the English readers of the Ladies' Pictorial that in bicycling "the American ladies would appear to affect a particularly manly costume with tight breeches and flyaway coat. For what the American young woman pleases to do she does, and there is no one—at least of the other sex—who is audacious enough to say her nay. He may grumble and sniff in his offices and clubs, but the American father and husband is too well brought up to permit himself an opinion at home on anything which concerns his womankind."

Sung Her Life Song.

"Didn't you think that the soprano sung 'The Mistakes of My Life Have Been Many' with a good deal of feeling this morning?"

"There is no reason why she shouldn't; she's been married three times."—Truth.

IT BROKE HIS HEART.

James McCaughan Could Not Survive His Friend's Faithlessness.

James McCaughan was buried recently in Parkville, L. I., where he lived many years. He was one of the most familiar figures in the hardware business in New York, and his death has left a gap which will be noticed sorrowfully by many hardware men who liked him, with his breezy way and joviality. "Jim McCaughan, mayor of Parkville," as the hardware men called him, had almost a monopoly of the trucking business for the hardware men. He began fifty-two years ago and gave such reliable service that finally he had a prosperous business. He became rich, but remained the same jolly old man, and went from office to office every day with a jolly shout of welcome, a new joke or a funny story. Even the most staid men became so accustomed to his visits that they would have missed him had he failed to appear. He was as open-handed as he was jolly. Many clerks found him a friend in need. His generosity and his truthfulness, for he swore by his friends, were proverbial among those who knew him well. A short time ago a man whom he trusted and respected for years proved faithless. He borrowed $5,000 and failed to repay it. When the old man found that his trust had been misplaced he seemed to break down all at once. He grew older visibly. They used to say to him, "Cheer up, you have a pile of money, you don't mind a loss like that," but he said that it was not the money, but the knowledge that a man whom he had liked so well had proved faithless. "I tell you, boys," he said a few days ago, "the sting has broken my heart. It's going to kill me. I don't care whether it does or not." He became ill last week and died Wednesday. The business men who knew him and knew the circumstances say he died from a broken heart. He served in the late war, and amusing stories are told of his pranks. Among other things, when on picket duty once, he industriously "borrowed" loaves of bread that were being baked for the officers and carried them to the hungry privates.

THE COLONEL WAS MEAN.

For a Big Man He Played a Small Game with His Car Tickets.

From the Chicago Tribune: Col. Blank was a big, pompous man, as it behooves one to be who aspires to a military title without the drawbacks of a military life. He was always calling people's attention to his marked facial resemblance to James G. Blaine, "the greatest man, sir, this century and this country have produced." And people—ill-natured people, that is—thought the colonel had a vivid imagination. There was a prodigality about his physique that one somehow expected to see repeated in the colonel's character. And to hear the colonel hold forth from the end of the boarding house table over which he presided, the unsophisticated boarder would never have doubted that such a reasonable expectation would be realized on closer acquaintance. What, then, was this unsophisticated one's surprise to hear the doughty colonel, evidently in a high good humor with himself, say one day: "Well, I earned my fare downtown today." That the colonel would stoop to earn a nickle was remarkable; that he should boast of it was incredible. "You see," proceeded the man of military aspirations, "I went down in the carette. Getting in at Schiller street the carette was empty, and I went way up to the front and bought six tickets for a quarter. One I dropped in the box. Then as the car filled up I was exceedingly useful to those who sat farther down, passing their fares up and depositing them. An exceedingly polite man they all thought me. And so I am, so I am. But instead of dropping their nickles in the box I dropped my tickets in until I had used up my five tickets and confiscated five nickles. I had regained my quarter and paid my fare. After that I was not so polite. I let people drop their nickles into the chute which the company provides for that purpose. Awful nuisance, that chute. But it's not my business to play conductor if the company's too mean to hire any." And the colonel called for another cup of tea, and the unsophisticated one gasped to think of the smallness of which such greatness was capable.

White Pique Stocks Are Fashionable.

Women who find linen collars chafe and irritate the skin of their necks are now wearing with the Norfolk jackets and open collars of their cloth costumes the white pique stocks. These stocks are nothing more nor less than an extra long four-in-hand, which is put twice around the neck before being tied. There is a little knack in tying them, which at first is difficult, but when conquered gives delightful results and is vastly more comfortable than a stiff, high collar and tie. White ties are the best for this style, as the white against the neck is more becoming than the dark colors.

Garlic as a Remedy.

Even the phylloxera cannot stand the smell of Spanish garlic. El Defensor Granada says that the village of Valor, in the Alpujarras, used to export large quantities of garlic to Mexico and the United States. Of late years the demand has fallen off, the farmers being left with their crops on their hands. One farmer took it into his head to use his spoiled garlic as manure for his vines, which were consumed by the phylloxera. The plants came up clean and strong, with no trace of the disease. Last winter his neighbors imitated him, with the same results.

Hasn't Stopped Since.

"Jones is a chronic candidate. To my certain knowledge he was running thirty years ago."

"Where was that?"

"In the war."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE GREATEST DUEL.

HAMILTON-BURR EPISODE A CENTURY AGO.

It Put All America in Mourning—One Life Went Out in Death, the Other in the Shadow of Avenging Fate—Poverty and Disgrace.

AMONG the notable duels that have taken place in this country within the present century not one has left such a bitter taste in the mouth of the American patriot as the notable meeting between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, on the chosen field of honor at Weehawken Heights, N. J., opposite the city of New York, on July 11, 1804.

The personal and political antagonism culminating in this dreadful tragedy dates as far back as 1792, when Hamilton, in both verbal and written expressions of opinion, characterized Aaron Burr as a man who was willing to use his tools to carve out his personal ambition at the cost of any sacrifice of his country. Whether this charge was true or not, the country has at least an opportunity of rendering sober judgment after the lapse of nearly one hundred years.

That the two men were bitter political rivals and pursued each other relentlessly for many years previous to the final act in the drama is a point established beyond reasonable discussion. The American of today, however, is apt to take the view that Alexander Hamilton was the martyr who willingly immolated himself on the altar of his country, while Burr was the selfish political schemer who was willing to adopt any unscrupulous means by which he might hope to get his hated rival out of the way.

Two things Hamilton knew when he crossed the Hudson from his beautiful home on Washington Heights on that fateful summer morning. These were that his antagonist thirsted for his blood, and also that the bullet of Aaron Burr had seldom missed its aim. This knowledge would almost justify the belief that Hamilton deliberately went to the field prepared to kill Burr, and thus rid the infant republic of the man

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

whom he considered its most dangerous foe, or be killed himself, knowing that in that event the name of Burr would be forever execrated, that the act would destroy his political influence forever, and that the greatest good to the greatest number of his countrymen would be accomplished in either event.

The duel itself occurred, as I have said, on the morning of July 11, at about 7 o'clock. Both principals, with their seconds and surgeons, rowed across the Hudson, the Burr party reaching the field first. Burr, according to all accounts, seemed to be in a bloodthirsty frame of mind, while the demeanor of Alexander Hamilton is described as dignified and almost mournful. The distance was ten paces. Choice of position and the giving of the word—both considered by followers of the code as distinct advantages—fell by lot to Hamilton's seconds. The word was "Present!" Both parties fired in succession, with an interval between, about the exact time of which there was a dispute among the seconds.

Hamilton fell almost instantly, and it is told of Burr that he advanced to the side of his mortally wounded rival with an expression of melancholy on his face, but that he suddenly withdrew in silence and was hurried from the field by his seconds. Van Ness, who was the closest friend of Burr in this affair, and knowing that his principal must fly for his life, led the way to the boat by a devious route in order to avoid recognition by the surgeon and rowers of the Hamilton barge, which he saw approaching through the trees. Dr. Hosack and Mr. Pendleton lifted the wounded statesman and bore him to the boat, in which he was conveyed to his home across the river, where he was attended not only by his own surgeons but by expert specialists in gunshot wounds who were immediately summoned from the French frigates lying in the harbor.

But human aid was of no avail, and the anguish of his family was hardly less painful to witness that the excruciating suffering of the dying statesman, borne with characteristic courage and fortitude. The deathbed scene was pathetic to a degree that has had few parallels in history. Surrounded by his broken-hearted wife and seven children, with his mind perfectly clear, but bereft of the power of speech, the life of the great American patriot, soldier and statesman—the man who led the storm on Yorktown's heights, and fought the greatest forensic battles of his time—slowly ebbed until 2 o'clock on the following Thursday afternoon.

The funeral was held at Trinity Church on the following Saturday. It was attended by thousands of mourners, each countryman of the dead statesman nursing in his heart a personal and indignant sorrow. It was a dangerous throng, and if there lingered among those grief-stricken thousands a partisan of Aaron Burr, he was wise enough to keep silent. The eulogy, a soul-stirring oration, was delivered by Gouverneur Morris from a platform in front of Trinity Church, on Broadway, at the head of Wall street. Soon after its echoes died away, in the eloquent words of a fellow-compatriot, "a shroud, a coffin, a narrow subterraneous cabin, was all that remained of Alexander Hamilton!"

As for Aaron Burr, he had fled for his life on the very day of the duel. Later he was disfranchised by the laws of New York, and indicted for murder in New Jersey. After that he became an Ishmael on the face of the earth, dying on Staten Island when eighty years old,

MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

friendless and almost in want of the common necessities of life.

Hamilton Grangé, the home of Alexander Hamilton on Washington Heights, still stands unchanged from the day that the great statesman was carried bleeding and dying across its threshold. The property is now owned by St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which it adjoins, on the corner of Convent avenue and 141st street. Scarcely a stone's throw from the portals of this picturesque old colonial mansion are the thirteen trees planted by the hands of Gen. Washington's captain of artillery, each one representing one of the thirteen original states. Visitors to the neighborhood view these old landmarks with much interest, and glance involuntarily down the street, probably 142d, leading down to the river over which the sad little cortege bearing the dying form of the most prominent political leader of his time wound its way on that luckless July morning.

Strange to say, the old Jumel mansion is not far away. Two years before his death, Aaron Burr, who was the third vice-president of this country, who was tried for treason, and who came near going down into history by the side of Benedict Arnold, married Madame Jumel, who soon obtained a separation from him.

Reviewing the whole matter, one can hardly fail to recall the slow grinding of those mills of the gods that brings sure retribution at last.

Burr left no monuments. Though a man of transcendent genius, there are few who care to remember him. Hamilton left enduring footprints on the sands of time. The latest evidence of the loving remembrance in which he is held in the hearts of his countrymen is the beautiful statue which stands in front of the famous Hamilton Club in

AARON BURR.

Brooklyn, named in honor of the great statesman, which was unveiled with imposing ceremonies on October 5, 1893.

Why It Came Higher.

Detective Abraham Anthony mounted an Italian bootblack's stand on Larkin street yesterday and had a polish put on his big shoes.

"Then cents, pliz," said the bootblack, as Anthony offered a nickle.

"Why, you just charged the other man a nickle," declared Anthony.

"Yes, your boots 10 cent."

Anthony suspected that it was the difference in the size that increased the cost, but he was determined to know the truth.

"Why do you charge me more than you do him?"

The bootblack pointed to a placard which read: "Shine 5 cents; holidays 10 cents."

"Thisa your New Year; thisa nota utta man New Year," he explained.

"Oh—um—yes; that's all right," and Anthony paid the intelligent bootblack the dime without further questioning.—San Francisco Post.

HE FIRED ON SCHOFIELD.

Narrow Escape of the General from a Confederate Cannoneer's Ball.

From the Memphis Scimatar: Lieut.-Gen. Schofield, having passed the limit of years at the head of the American armies necessary to qualify him for retirement, has stepped down from his high place and calculates to pass his declining years in peace or politics. If Frank Ozanne, of Memphis, while serving as gunner in the Washington artillery in the Confederate army, had accomplished the laudable purpose he once entertained of bringing Col. Schofield down with a charge of lead, Col. Schofield would have had to forego the honors he subsequently acquired and the country would not at this time be tearing its national shirt over the details of the retirement and the prospective successor. The Washington artillery was one of the best known corps in the Confederate army. There were three divisions, one of which operated in the west, taking part in the battle of Chickamauga and the subsequent operations in Tennessee. This corps of artillery is still in existence as a volunteer company, and it took a prominent part in the recent military demonstration attending the opening of the exposition at Atlanta. During the war it mixed with the enemy from Gettysburg to the Gulf and from the Mississippi river to Manassas. It was in the course of the maneuvers in Tennessee. The Washington artillery, of which Frank Ozanne, of Memphis, was a member, came upon Col. Schofield's command, with a river separating them. The battery was instructed to dislodge the Federals, and, in obedience to this order, trained its guns upon Schofield's headquarters. That officer was in the front of his tent, reconnoitering the Confederate position through his field glasses. Just about that time a cannon ball came careening through the canvas, and the Federal officer, with his aids, found it convenient to hie hence. The circumstance was exciting enough, though it may sound commonplace, and impressed itself on the minds of those who took part. When Gen. Schofield visited Memphis last spring he was the object of attention from all the Confederate veterans. Under a marquee at Camp Schofield he held a levee, where a long line of grizzled veterans gathered awaiting their turn to shake his hand, each one saying a word of welcome to assure him that the fires of belligerency that once burned fiercely in this section are only ashes now. At last it came to Frank Ozanne's turn.

"General," said he, as he shook the hand of the commander-in-chief, "I had the pleasure once of aiming a shot to blow your head off. I was sorry at the time that I failed."

The general inquired about the occasion. Mr. Ozanne went into details and Gen. Schofield had no difficulty in recalling the incident. Mr. Ozanne was particular to remind Gen. Schofield of how he and his aids had scurried behind a piece of rising ground to get out of range of the Washington artillery guns. "I was sorry then that I missed you," concluded Mr. Ozanne, "but since you escaped I am glad to see you again, and I entertain no more hostile sentiments against you now than a desire to pour out a friendly libation on the altar of peace and good will." The desire for reconciliation was reciprocated and the two adjourned to drown the recollections of belligerency in a glass of mild and soothing wine.

Englishman's Views of Ideal Society.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, a member of the English house of commons, has views upon an ideal society. In his perfect nation men and women will enjoy social and political equality.

"What I want to see," says this ardent champion of our sex, "is that woman should be placed in such an economic position that marriage will not be entered into by her as the last and the only means she has of getting a livelihood. Every woman should be taught to be self-supporting if she belongs to those who have to live by their own exertions; and, indeed, whether she does or not, she ought to learn to help herself, for even settled facts may disappear. In the wealthier classes woman should be given the highest education she is capable of receiving, so as to be an intellectual companion to her husband if she desire to have one—and to herself if she choose to live alone." But the admirable common sense of these statements is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that in Mr. O'Connor's ideal state "every girl will be married at 17 and every man at 21."

The Pianist's Only Requisite.

When Hans von Bulow went to England for the first time on a concert tour he was much surprised to find that the custom of the country made his dress suit inappropriate at afternoon concerts, where he was expected to appear in a frock coat with light trousers. Soon after his return from his tour a young pianist called on him to get his advice and opinion in regard to a comprehensive pianoforte method which he had just published under the title of "l'Indispensable du Pianiste." "Ah, my dear young friend," cried the great musician with a whimsical smile, "you are far behind the times. You ought to travel and enlarge your mind. Then you will find out that the pianist's only 'indispensable' is a pair of light trousers!"

Unique Organization of Bachelor Girls.

The Federation of Girl Bachelors' Clubs in New York is a co-operative affair with 300 "bachelor" households. The organization is composed of many small clubs banded together to secure home comforts at wholesale prices. They have a laundry of their own, and the President is an artist who notifies each member by mail where they may purchase their clothing and food and rent their apartments at 10 per cent or a third off the regular prices.