LHRISTMAS DINNER

markable dinner of all.

flowers lay at each place.

belated Blue Points.

pearance.

Van Tassel.

be at all alarmed.

them.

W EARLE HEATON

The table was a cheering sight as the

doilies, its glistening china and cut glass,

its bright silver and its floral decora-

the electric lights a picture that seemed

anthemums stood at opposite corners of

the table, and one of the fluffy yellow

The maid had announced dinner just

as the grandfather's clock in the hall

sounded the hour of 7, but when the

annoyed and surprised, for Betty was al-

waiting several minutes Mrs. Van Tas-

neath the table and rang the electric

The conversation was flagging, as it

will when host and guests are conscious

that the household machinery is not mov-

ing smoothly, and Mrs. Van Tassel's

annoyance and indignation rapidly in-

creased as she rang again and again in

Finally, concluding that Betty must

have fainted, Mrs. Van Tassel excused

herself, with very manifest mortification.

and started for the butler's pantry to

solve the mystery of the maid's nonap-

As she opened the door she screamed

and ran back toward the table. A

masked man, with a revolver in each

hand, stood in the doorway. He swept

the company with the leveled weapons

and then pointed one of them at Mrs.

"Don't exercise your lungs again like

that, madam, please," he said politely,

"or I shall be under the painful neces-

sity of perforating them with a leaden

gentlemen present will also remain quiet,

or these pistols may go off by accident.

don't you know. There's going to be a

big movement in silver here pretty soon,

as we say down in Wall street, but don't

"No one will harm you if you are not

ungentlemanly or unladylike enough to

insist upon making a scene, don't you

know-a thing which, of course, you will

the masked Mr. T. Brown Jones is a

matchless impudence, his polite manners

that of Mr. T. Brown Jones, who had

A MASKED MAN STOOD IN THE DOORWAY.

look. His voice was rich, musical and

gent, educated man, and to Van Tassel

at least it had a slightly familiar ring.

The burglar's hands, too, were small and

Van Tassel was the first to recover the

"Who are you and what is the mean-

use of his intellect and tongue.

ing of this outrage?" he demanded.

at 7 o'clock in the evening.

bowing deferentially.

"Get out of here instantly!" Van Tassel cried, with a very perceptible quaver in his voice. "How dare you, sir? I'll call the police at once unless you leave."

"Oh, no, you will not, Mr. Van Tassel. Pardon me, but at present, don't you see, I am doing all the calling that will be done in this vicinity," said Mr. HERE have been many remarkable dinners, but the Jones. "It is true that I have commitdinner given on Christmas ted the almost unpardonable sin of benight, 1892, by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Tassel to ing late at a Christmas dinner, don't you know, but I am sure you will forgive me. I also took the liberty, which you are their friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Girard well bred enough to overlook, of bringand Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cowles, at ing several friends with me. We will their Gramercy park home, will probnot delay the dinner any longer." ably pass into history as the most re

As he concluded Jones whistled twice, the drawing room and hall doors opened, and two more burglars, masked and guests entered from the drawing room, armed exactly like their leader, stepped its polished mahogany top gleaming here into the dining room. and there between the snowy, weblike

"Allow me to present Messrs. Brown and Jones Smith, brothers and excellent company. They will lend the brilliance tions, forming under the soft glare of of their presence to this notable gathering, don't you know, and will do ample eloquent in its augury of good things to justice to your turkey and your wines," said Jones. "You must have heard of Candelabra with dainty yellow shades and vases filled with golden hued chrysthese young men, who belong to the famous Bowery family of Joneses, and whose ancestors have not only been noted for years, don't you know, as skillful collectors of silver, gold and diamonds, but have also been much sought after by prominent city officials.

"At least two of their near relatives guests and their hosts were seated she failed to appear. Mrs. Van Tassel was have been the principal actors in events that have been described at great length in the newspapers, events which, unhapways alert and had never failed her when pily, don't you know, resulted in the un-timely death of both gentlemen. So a dinner was to be served in state. After you see that your guests are not ordisel touched her foot to the button benary people by any means, don't you understand, even if your welcome has a bell, but no Betty appeared with the lack of warmth about it hardly appropriate for such a day of rejoicing and loving kindness as today."

"Well-well, bah Jove!" gasped Mr. Girard.

"Leave us instantly!" cried Mr. Van Tassel. He attempted to rise from his chair as he spoke, but Jones Smith, who stood behind him, pressed the cold muzzle of a revolver to the back of his head, and he sat down again precipitately.

"Please do not move, Cornelius," pleaded Mrs. Van Tassel, beginning to shed tears, "or these horrid-these gentlemen will kill you!"

"Yes, Cornelius; please remain in your chair, for whenever you move like that I am in mortal terror, don't you see, lest a revolver somewhere should go off and hurt you, don't you know," said T. Brown Jones. "For fear, however, that he may be indiscreet, secure him to this chair," the burglar added, addressing his companions.

"B-bah-bah Jove! Deuced shame!" pill, don't you see. The other ladies and cried Mr. Girard.

The two scions of famous Bowery families not only obeyed their leader's instructions, but they also bound Mrs. Van Tassel, Mr. and Mrs. Girard and Mr. and Mrs. Cowles firmly to the chairs in which they sat. The gentlemen murmured loudly against this indignity to their wives, but the cold steel of three revolvers was an argument that they were powerless against.

not even think of doing. But pardon It was in vain that Mr. Girard prome for not having introduced myself betested, with numerous "Bah Joves," and fore. It is a trifle late for Santa Claus, but here I am—Mr. T. Brown Jones, at his monocle into his right eye, knowing seeking for the proper weapon of attack. your service—silver service, don't you that he would soon be unable to adjust know. Ha! Ha! Pardon the pun; but, it. The arms and legs of the men were ly at Mr. T. Brown Jones. as you are aware, the iniquitous habit of securely fastened, but the ladies were play upon words has gained a strong simply bound to their seats by the arms. foothold, don't you know, even among The burglars accomplished their task in the exclusive circles in which we all as gentle and polite a manner as possible, and not one of the captives was really To say that the Van Tassels and their suffering physically.

guests were astounded by the advent of "There's another member of the noted Smith family in the house," continued very conservative statement. His sud-Mr. T. Brown Jones, "but I regret to den entrance, his daring coolness and say that at present he is busily engaged in sitting on your negro chef, who will and his excellent English, fairly stunned insist upon rolling about and endeavor- forks. ing to release himself from bondage, and Not long before a desperate fellow had in keeping an eye, don't you see, on your held up and robbed a money broker in maid. As soon, however, as he gets the his office on Broadway near Trinity chef securely corralled between the legs church at midday, but his audacity paled of your big refrigerator, don't you know, into comparative insignificance beside he may favor us with his company."

"Well, what do you want?" demanded coolly held up an entire family, their Mr. Van Tassel. "Why don't you take outwardly fuming Mr. Cowles and the guests and servants, in the heart of a what we have and get out and allow my fashionable New York residence quarter guests to enjoy their dinner?"

"I will attend to everything in good The ladies were deathly pale and on the verge of fainting. The gentlemen ment in silver, don't you know, cannot had half started to their feet, but sank back into their chairs with dazed faces that the silver is all in use. That beauas the revolvers covered them. The burtiful solid silver soup tureen must be glar's chin and mouth beneath the edge emptied, for instance, don't you see, and of the mask had a resolute, but refined if hunger is gnawing at your vitals suppose we begin operations.

> that need not embarrass you. My Bowcloser together, so that there will be room for us at your hospitable table Ah, that is just the thing. There's room child, I dare say." and to spare. Now the surplus dining room chairs. Well done, my friends." As he gave utterance to these approv-

ing words, Mr. T. Brown Jones took his sake, do be quiet!" pleaded his distracted to pieces. On Christmas eve their lineal seat at the head of the table beside Mr. wife. Van Tassel, deposited his revolvers on one of the lace doilies, spread a napkin so, I'll not only gag you, but I'll also selves a handsome subscription and furacross his lap and drew Mr. Van Tassel's yellow chrysanthemum through his buttonhole.

a society fad," he said simply. "Now, oysters," he continued, cooly appropri-Mrs. Van Tassel, do me the kindness to ating the plate of the helpless Van Tas-and all sorts of comforts from their weil ring for your maid. Three more covers, sel. you know, for us, and dinner served for nine instead of six," the burglar added, carelessly lifting one of his revolvers so that it was leveled in the direction of the tearful hostess.

"Well, bah Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Gievidently that of a cultivated, intelli- rard, as the full force of audacious Mr. guests. Jones' intentions dawned upon him. His face suddenly expanded into such a look of astonishment that his faithful white, and there was about him an un- monocle, which had remained where he mistakable if incongruous air of refine had put it all through the binding ordeal as though glued to the spot, fell from his deferential manner his Bowery friends eye as if it, too, had been overcome by made way with the bivalves huddled toamazement.

"Allow me," said T. Brown Jones, as less ladies, and then, following the exhe politely caught up the monocle and ample of Mr. Jones, carefully wiped the "I thought, don't you see, that I had thrust it back into its place. Mr. Girard oyster forks on their napkins and put already announced my name as T. was so surprised at this act that he for- them in their pockets.

ing made it clear," replied the burglar, the erratic glass again shot down the mured Jones, "that they fairly carry us length of its gold chain.

But Mr. Jones was not at all discouraged, for he promptly attempted the feat once more. This time Mr. Girard lifted his right eyebrow at least half an fully occupied." inch as he saw the monocle coming. closed down upon it as Mr. Jones cried "Now!" and success crowned the joint undertaking.

Meantime the other two burglars had followed the example of their chief, and each was seated beside one of the male guests, with chrysantheniums brushing the black masks that covered their faces. They lacked the ease of Mr. T. Brown Jones, and by several awkward moves confirmed the correctness of their leader's statements concerning their Bowery ancestry. They also watched Jones narrowly through the eyeholes in their somber masks and promptly imitated him in everything he did at the table.

Meantime, too, Mrs. Van Tassel had pressed her trembling foot to the electric bell and summoned Detty. She had been wondering in a dazed sort of way what had become of the maid and was hoping that she had either rung the messenger call for the police or had escaped from the house and personally sought

This hope was dispelled by the prompt appearance of Betty at the door. She was pale and trembling, and very evidently half frightened out of her wits. She stepped to her mistress' side and waited, her face the picture of mingled wonder, fear and helplessness. She was too well disciplined to speak even under such remarkable circumstances. She simply stared.

"Your maid seems to have become petrified mentally and physically, Mrs. Van Tassel," said Jones in a low voice, as if the words were for her ear alone. "Perhaps it would be well to explain to her, don't you see, that dinner is to be served as usual.'

As he spoke Mr. Jones again carelessly laid his hand upon one of the revolvers would have been an excellent study for a picture of Despair.

"Dinner-dinner as usual, Betty," she faltered in a whisper.

When the Blue Points were served, the Bowery swells glanced doubtfully from the tempting array of shells to the be-



"PARDON US," HE SAID HUMBLY.

wildering array of sterling knives, forks finally in despair he vigorously jammed and spoons that lay beside them, as if Then they sat still and looke

That worthy noted the glance, as he seemed to note every other movement or noise about the dining room.

"The custom, don't you know, of eating oysters on the half shell with these little forks," he said thoughtfully, hold ing one of them up and then spearing a bivalve with it, "is an excellent one."

The Boweryites at once looked as relieved as two masked faces could, and were soon vigorously plying the oyster

"Table etiquette should be taught at Yale. Now, when I was in Jale"-Mr. Jones was continuing reflectively, when he was interrupted by a loud guffaw from his Bowery confreres. There were even slight smiles upon the faces of the inwardly raging Mr. Van Tassel, the monocle eyed Mr. Girard.

-"when I was in Yale, don't you know," Jones repeated, looking up in time, Cornelius, but the heavy move- apparent surprise. "I was struck by the reflection that proper table manners are take place yet very well, for the reason not born, but made, don't you see, for the child that is born, as we all were, with a silver spoon, so to speak, don't you see, in its mouth will, when at table, remove the spoon and try to play 'Annie Rooney' and similar tunes pop-"I see covers are only laid for six, but ular with the canaille on the doilies Years of training alone, don't you know, ery friends will assist you in moving give one polish in table etiquette. Even you, Cornelius, probably used your silver spoon for a drumstick when you were a

"I'd like to use"— began Mr. Van Tassel, with a roar of pent up rage.

"Cornelius, for heaven's sake, for my

"Cornelius, if you don't stop roaring pel you from the One Hundred and " murmured Mr. Jones, toying "My favorite flower—since it has been with his revolver. "Sorry you don't like for the children, the upper with legs of

> Evidently Mr. Girard and Mr. Cowles the Boweryites followed Jones' example and transferred their oyster dredging operations from their own empty plates to the full plates of Van Tassel's male

> "Blue Points are so small, don't you know, that really I shall be compelled, to accept your offer," Mr. Jones said apologetically a few moments later as he took Mrs. Girard's oysters. In the same gether upon the plates of the other help-

Brown Jones. Pardon me for not hav- got to contract his eyebrow in time, and | "Your souvenirs are so pretty," mur-

"I'll serve the consomme," he added to Betty, who had just come in with the tureen, "for Mrs. Van Tassel seems to be

The appetizing odor of the soup caused nine mouths to water; but, as in the case of the oysters, six of them watered in vain.

"Where are you going, my pretty turk?"
"I'm going to dinner," she said with a smirk. "May I go with you, my turkey maid?"
"Nobody axed you, sir," she said,

murmured Mr. Jones as the big brown bird, hot and steaming and redolent of little thought, and hence it is almost imsavory dressing, was deposited in front of him by the maid. "Betty," he continued, beginning to carve the fowl with apparent skill, "don't forget the wines. Wine is a mocker, don't you know, but strong drink doesn't seem to have been raging very much around here yet, don't you see, but-but it will be shortly, when the Bowery is heard from."

Then Mr. Jones served the Christmas turkey in his most polite manner. "White or dark?" he would ask one of the company. "Ah, yes, to be sure. You adays. Brain workers, as a rule, exeralways preferred the dark meat. How cise no part of the body except the head, deuced stupid of me not to remember! Cornelius," he said as he deftly removed and divided one of the turkey's legs, "here's a drumstick for you in remembrance of your infancy, don't you see; but, Corny, for heaven's sake, for my sake, don't pound out 'Annie Rooney' on the doilies with it!"

"B-bah Jove! Deuced shame!" cried Mr. Girard.

Not until every person at the table had been helped did Mr. Jones turn his attention to his own plate. When he and the Bowery boys did get fairly to work, however, turkey, cranberry sauce, turkey dressing, wines and the numerous other delicacies that composed the Van Tassels' Christmas dinner vanished from view like a Kansas town in the track of a cyclone.

When the three strange guests had devoured the turkey on their own plates, beside him. Mrs. Van Tassel's face they turned to in the most polite manner and assisted the Van Tassels, the Girards and the Cowles. The dinner passed off very well, considering the circumstances, as Mr. Jones afterward remarked.

"Those Gramercy park people, don't you know, were rather stupid. They didn't talk much. They ate even less. The Bowery people, too, were no better as conversationists, but there was nothing the matter, don't you know, about their appetites. I never before saw such a demonstration of the shoveling capacities of the ordinary table knife. But I amused them all, don't you understand. I was not only after dinner but middinner and before dinner speaker, and told a few good stories that I see Depew has since got hold of."

By the time the different courses had been served and the coffee came on in the Dresden china after dinner cups, the pockets of Mr. Jones and his companions were fairly bulging with spoons, knives heavy movement in silver was soon to commence. The only interruption to the dinner occurred when, just as Mr. Jones a voice with an unmistakable Bowery accent shouted from the butler's pantry:

watches and pocketbooks and the ladies of whisky.-New York Sun. of their diamonds and other jewelry, "but at Christmas time it is always better to give than to receive, don't you know.

With profuse apologies, too, Mr. Jones guests and the maid, and saw that they were all firmly bound. Then Mr. Jones' companions engineered the heavy movedoor, leaving Jones to bid the hospitable Van Tassels bon soir.

all could see, he pulled it apart with his by him until his execution. He tried to own hands, wished them "many happy returns of the day" and vanished.

T. Brown Jones), swell clubman and substituted, she replied that "the numman about town, won the half forgotten ber would be good," evidently with no wager he had made a year previous with idea of their historical value. Mr. At-Cornelius Van Tassel-that a Gramercy wood after much difficulty procured anpark family, its guests and its servants other pair at an expense of \$8 and was for soft oversocks, were conducted to a could be held up and robbed at dinner soon in possession of the coveted shac- spacious room, inclosed by paper panand the burglars make good their escape. kles. At one time during the lifetime of eled partitions. Here we sat down on a coldness akin to Christmas weather by Henry Ward Beecher.—Livermore the side of each was placed a bibachi, a between him and "Mr. T. Brown Jones."

A Christmas Tree In Paris.

Opposite the church of St. Eustache is the great market of the Halles, which furnished the worst of the horrible mot of fishwomen who, 100 years ago, swarmed Versailles to tear the queen and commercial successors, the present "dames des Halles," raised among themhave our mutual friend, McAllister, ex- nished a great tree for the half starved poor of that quarter. The lower branches were loaded with toys and good things stocked stalls; illuminated by candles and encircling bonfires. Around this were not fond of Blue Points also, for tree was held a great reveillon—the best attended in all Paris, needless to savwhich lasted from midnight until 4 o'clock Christmas day. The generous women who had prepared the tree did not go home at all, but opened their stalls, rubbed their eyes and made ready for business.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The White Yuletide. The ground is white and the sky is gray. Snow has fallen and snow will fall; now has fallen before today, But this is the snow of all—

Fields of December or woods of May, White of blossom or white of sno White is the wear for a holiday, And the old earth seems to know For the yule is white!

For the yule is white!

THE BODY AND THE MIND.

Why the Former Should Be Cultivated For

the Sake of the Latter. The important subject of physical culture is not considered as it ought to be by the majority of men and women, and there is almost absolute ignorance of the makeup of the body on the part of even intelligent people, with little desire for such knowledge, although health, beauty and success depend largely on the treatment given to the body. Mental acquirements are blindly worshiped, while the essential question of health receives possible to find men in the ordinary walks of active life, at middle age, who do not complain of impaired health and want of vital force.

Without a sound body one cannot have a sound mind, and unless proper attention is given to the culture of the body good health cannot be expected. Plato is said to have called a certain man lame because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer. This is done to an alarming extent nowand consequently suffer from indigestion, palpitation of the heart, insomnia and other ills, which if neglected generally prove fatal. Brilliant and successful men are constantly obliged to give up work through the growing malady of nervous prostration. The number of bies are carried. We see men, women those who succumb to it has increased to an alarming extent of late years and It is not uncommon to see a girl of 6 or that of suicides hardly less. Few will question that this is owing to overworking the brain and the neglect of body

Vitality becomes impaired and strength consumed by mental demands, which are nowadays raised to a perilous height, and it is only by careful attention to physical development and by judicious bodily exercise that the brainworker can counteract the mental strain. Women rarely consider the importance of physical culture, yet they need physical training almost more than men do. Thousands of our young women are unfit to become wives or mothers, who might be strong and beautiful if they gave a short time daily to physical development .-Lippincott's Magazine.

How Jack Gets Whisky.

One of the most arduous tasks devolving upon the officers of a warship is that of preventing the men from smuggling intoxicants aboard the ship.

A company of half a dozen men on one of the warships here during the naval review had a young parrot for a pet housed in a gorgeous big cage. The bird was the successor of several that had occupied the same cage during a stay at a tropical port. The owners seemed to be unfortunate with their pets, which lived only a short time. The one they brought here, which had stood the voyage well, died soon after the ship arrived in port. The men took the cage ashore and got some other kind of bird. That also soon and forks, and it was evident that the died, and so did four or five others in succession within a few weeks.

Finally the officers noticed the great mortality of pet birds, as they had also was drinking Mr. Van Tassel's coffee, noticed the great frequency with which the joint owners of these pets got mysteriously drunk aboard ship. A suspi-"Ef youse fellers don't send me out a cion dawned upon them, and they seized pointed her, with simple tastes and good ham sandwish er somethin pretty dern the birdcage. They found it had a false quick, I'll give de hull gang dead away, bottom, with a capacity for several fails. They are said to be good house-Mr. Jones paid no attention to the re- tins and even the thick bars were hol- ties, but the simplicity of their housemark, however, but drank the remain- low. The men had killed their cheap keeping relieves them of a great measing cups of coffee within reach, excused pet when other schemes for obtaining ure of the care which wrinkles the brow himself and rose from the table. "Par-liquor were not available, and taking don us," he said humbly as he and his the cage ashore for another came back assistants relieved the gentlemen of their with a new bird and half a gallon or so

The Shackles Worn by John Brown. James N. Atwood of this town has in his possession the shackles worn by John Brown when he was captured. Soon securely gagged the Van Tassels, their after the execution of John Brown, in 1859, Rev. Hezekiah Atwood, originally of Livermore, Me., was in Charleston, Va., and while there visited the jail ment in silverware to a carriage at the where Brown was incarcerated awaiting execution. He was shown the leg irons which were placed upon Brown at the Raising the turkey's wishbone so that time of his capture and worn constantly purchase the shackles, but was told that it would be impossible. Asking the old negress what would happen if the irons Thus it was that Jack Schuyler (alias should disappear and another pair be Van Tassel paid the wager, but there is Mr. Atwood they were used in lectures silk cushions about 15 inches square. At Falls (Me.) Letter.

Gas Excepted.

Ministers sometimes play good jokes upon themselves. Rev. Thomas K. Beecher tells the following:

"Some years ago a young man named Plympton came to Elmira to take charge of a paper. I was in the habit of publishing my church notices in the paper, and one Saturday night the gas gave out and promised to stay out for a day or costumes, with smiling faces. Two were two. So I ran over to Plympton and

asked Plympton.

"'Certainly,' I said, and left him. He did publish it that way, and next day narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered at the hands of a committee of my deacons, who thought he was ridiculing me."-Ram's Horn.

Tommy's Bad Break.

"We are going to have pie for dinner," said Tommy Uptown to the minister. "Indeed!" laughed the clergyman, amused at the little boy's alertness, "and

what kind of pie is it?" "It's a new kind. Ma was talking this morning about pa bringing you home to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and ma said she would make him eat humble pie before the day was over, an I suppose we are

goin to have it for dinner.' Tableau.—Tammany Times. JAPANESE SCENES.

OCD AND INTERESTING SIGHTS SEEN BY A TRAVELER.

Handsome Women and Well Echaved Children-Woman Is Happy to Her Position of Subjection-The Geisha Girls and Their Beautiful Dancing.

The Japanese pedestrians who are not barefoot wear wooden clogs, or patters, or straw sandals. In either case they are kept on by a cord which passes between the great toe and the others, the stockings being made to accommodate, like a mitten, the great toe in place of the thumb. The pattens are raised two or three inches from the ground by cross pieces under them four inches apart, and they make a great clattering, especially in crossing a bridge or wooden platform. The majority of the Japanese men of the common sort are bareheaded in the street. The women never have any other covering on the head than their elaborately dressed hair, always very black, very smooth and very abundant. Frequently, though, in these days, the Japanese man who still wears the native costume surmounts it with a derby hat, which preduces a peculiar effect.

One of the first things which strike a stranger is the manner in which the baand children with babies on their backs. 8 years with a baby brother or sister strapped on her shoulders. Thus incumbered the children walk about, play at games, stop to look at puppet shows, and do what they please, without appearing to feel the burden. The babies are apt to be asleep, and their heads swing about until you wonder that their necks are not broken. The children all seem to be merry and amiable. Very seldom is one seen either cross or noisy. I wish the good missionaries who are beginning to swarm in the country would send home the secret of the excellent behavior of the children.

As a rule, the young and middle agel women are quite good looking, subject to the peculiarities of their type. They have smooth, round faces, often with fresh color, liquid black eyes, exquisite hands and well rounded arms. Their feet are not so attractive, being spread out by the use of clogs or pattens. This footgear tends to give them ungraceful gaits-a sort of waddle-and it is considered the correct thing to toe in. Their costume, almost always becoming as to materials and color, makes them look a little dumpish. This is especially the effect of the great bow of the belt or obi worn on the small of the back as much as a foot square. In most cases the faces

wear amiable, contented expressions. The women of Japan are much better treated than their sisters in other eastern nations, but they are considered distinctly inferior to the men and are taught from their earliest childhood obedience-first, to their parents; then to their husbands, and finally to their sons when they become the heads of their households. But this does not appear to weigh upon the Japanese woman. She is cheerful, docile and contented with her lot, happy to serve in the station apdigestion, and politeness which never quarts of whisky, and also that the food | keepers, always observant of their duof the New England housekeeper.

Their houses, even the best of them. are the simplest structures imaginable. containing almost nothing of what we call furniture, and their dresses require no art in their cutting and manufacture. Thus the two great causes of worriment from which our women suffer do not exist for these simple creatures.

We had heard so much about the geisha girls that we were curious to extend our ethnological investigations in this direction. Soon after our arrival in Yokohama arrangements were made by an experienced friend for a function at one of the best tea houses in the city. We started at 8 p. m., five of us, each in a jinrikisha, for a ride to the place appointed, about a mile from our hotel. We went off at a brisk trot, each human nag carrying a paper lantern. Through the crowded streets, around the corners, with sharp warnings, we fared, and in 10 minutes brought up at our rendezvous. We were received with low salaams, and after exchanging our boots small box containing a live coal imbedded in ashes to furnish a light for pipe or cigar.

A buxom attendant approached with teathings, made a low prostration, while her face touched the floor, and most gracefully served tea for us. She also brought us fruit and cakes, every step of the process punctuated by a low bow. To this preparation succeeded six girls, quite pretty, neatly dressed in soft crape to play the samisen, a sort of guitar, and said: 'Just say, 'Services as usual, excepting the gas."'

"Shall I print it in just that way?'

the others were the dancers. All squatted and prostrated themselves before us.

Then the music struck up, the players accompanying their instruments with a peculiar vocal effort which bore the burden of the story to be illustrated in the dance.

The dancers sprang to their places and the fun began. Each dancer carried a fan, the managing of which was an important part of the business. The movements were graceful after their kind and perfectly innocent and decorous. It was entirely different from those voluptuous eastern dances which caused so much disturbance to the sensitive moral sense of Chicago. The dance closed with a general prostration. Then the dancers came forward and squatted in front of us and about six feet away, with faces as demure as those of young kittens.

There were five or six different dances—
we were fully satisfied as to quantity and then the function came to an end with sweet smiles and "sayonaras" (goodbys) as we departed .- Boston Herald.