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COSTUMES FOR SUMMER WEAR

What the Swell Girls Will Wear at Tuxedo This Season.

THE NEW YORK GIRL IN CHURCH.

Coming Events Which Cast Their Shadows Before—Mrs. Tom Thumb—Canoe Girls—Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, June 4.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Now we have it. What? Why, the positively correct costume for summer wear at the summer resorts where the ruralism is truly rural. Tuxedo park is a monarchy, as you know, where the personality of the residents and much of their behavior is arbitrarily settled by the exquisite board of managers. It is no joke, nor even the slightest perversion of the truth, to say that the Tuxedo directors have fixed on a style of dress for feminine out-door seekers after summer indolence or activity. Several of the most intensely fashionable garment makers have got specifications right headquarters, and so I can tell you just from about what the swell girls will wear at Tuxedo this season. The waist is to be a blouse, the skirts undraped, and the waist encircled by a sash. The head covering will be a loose cap, that can be pulled over the face enough to shade it from the sun. The material will be knitted wool, and the colors the brightest imaginable in stripes alternating with grey, blue and brown.

In the way of little things, I yesterday saw a close carriage drive up to the Belmont residence in Fifth avenue. There was plenty of high style about the sleek, spirited horses, the liveried driver and lackey, and the mirror-like blackness of the polished vehicle; but those qualities can now be had at the best livery stables, and therefore they no longer indicate ownership on the part of the occupants. What made me stop and covertly stare was the emergence of a three-and-a-half foot lady. She was matronly in shape and mein, her face was handsome as forty-five, and her dress was the perfection of quiet fashion. Had my eyes suddenly become telescopic wrong end to? I rubbed them, and looked again. By that time the lady in minature was ascending the Belmont steps. Then I recognized her.

SHE WAS MRS. TOM THUMB,

otherwise the Countess Mab Magrie, who had within three days arrived from Europe, and was making a round of formal calls. Mrs. Thumb has a considerable circle of pretentious acquaintances in New York, and she is very punctilious in her attention to the usages of polite society.

I went with a country friend to Grace church to observe the demeanor of the fashionable girls who rendezvous there of a Sabbath morning. We arrived just as the organist began his voluntary, and the pews were not half full. Moreover, it looked as if there was not going to be much of a house, for few people were coming in. We sat for a short time in a pew at a side that commanded a view of the entrance. Others were there waiting for the ushers to find them better seats. When the voluntary was about coming to an end, the pew holders began to arrive. The girls rustled by in magnificent apparel, and every one of them paused for an instant at the head of the aisle, looking about the church before she walked down to her pew. Each one also carried an elegant edition of the prayer book in her hands. The most popular edition had gilt edged leaves, blue back and a blue border on vellum covers. The rector and his assistants and choir marched in and the stream of incoming pew holders increased. The fashionable character of the audience became more marked. A typical pair of delightful and handsome girls came in while the minister was engaged in reading the service. They entered at opposite sides of the vestibule, recognizing each other, and ran together with a resounding kiss that echoed its way down the broad aisle and lost itself in the sounding board over the pulpit. They held their prayer books daintily before them and chatted and smiled, and as they smiled each took rapid but keen surveys of the other's dress. Each was blessed with an elegant figure and a rich papa, and there was little room for disadvantageous comparison one with the other.

"When are you going away?" asked one.

"Next week; when do you go?"

"Oh, we're going the day after to-morrow. We shall go to Geneva in July, you know."

"How delightful! we are going to Paris about the same time. We must persuade our papas to take the same steamer." Then going to the baize doors that opened upon the broad aisle, she peeped through and whispered: "I think there are strangers in our pew."

"Never mind," said the other, "you must sit with me."

So they came in to the head of the side aisle, stood for a moment as the others had done, and then walked about half way down the church to the pew. A moment later the usher conducted us to a pew near them. When they entered their pew they

GAVE A SWING TO THEIR SKIRTS

to assure themselves that the tournure should come down right. It was gracefully done. Then they inclined their heads, one putting a vellum covered prayer book to her eyes, the other her gloved fingers, prominent on which glimmered a splendid pearl. A friend in the front pew turned and kindly showed them the place in the service to which the minister had come. They smiled their thanks in the sweetest manner and glanced critically but not unfavorably at their friend's bonnet. When in the course of the service it became necessary to pray for mercy for "us miserable sinners," they moved their lips decorously and presumably uttered the self-condemnatory words. A beautiful girl in a fairly stunning dress swept down the aisle to a pew some distance in front of them. They turned their heads slightly and looked with all their decorous eyes at the passing show, and they did not cease to look until several seconds had elapsed after the new-comer had taken her seat.

During the sermon the girls kept their eyes with considerable steadfastness in the general direction of the pulpit, and at times they certainly heard what the preacher said; but often there was a dreamy expression on their faces as they glanced at a groined arch over the preacher's head, and one might have thought that they saw visions of Geneva and Paris and the glory of fine raiment displayed at Worth's. Becoming humility was shown when they bowed their heads to receive the benediction, when the "Amen" was spoken they stepped quickly though not with improper haste, into the aisle, and went to the beautiful girl whose entrance had distracted their attention. Their words of greeting were effusive and they fell to talking about the trips abroad in prospect. As they passed up the aisle just behind us I failed to catch a single word that had the remotest connection with the topic of the sermon or the general service. And when they reached the Broadway sidewalk they kissed each other and entered their respective carriages and were driven away. Every movement had been quiet and unpronounced, the effects being accomplished with a skillful and reserved grace that distinguishes the fashionable city-bred girl from all others in the world. And that is how New York swell girls attend church.

This June is a month of brides in "our best society." It has from year to year become more and more an annual custom to marry in the first month of summer. That enables the couples to make an European bridal trip at the desirable season, or to laze through a season of wedded sentimentality at an American watering place. The weddings this week quite within the most restrictive bounds of New York's "society" figure up to thirteen. How time will fly with them. The first thing they know it will be summer again, and they will be old wedded pairs of a year's standing. There was the

PRETTY AND SWEET MRS. CLEVELAND.

How little a time ago it seems since we were in a flurry here in New York over her marriage; and now she has gone to the Adirondacks a settled matron. It is polite, isn't it, to talk and write about the primogenial affairs of great rulers? Well, my information is direct and correct that if the American presidency was a matter of heredity, politicians might look forward to next August with especial interest.

The canoe threatens to become feminiely fashionable. A woman and a canoe—the two ought to go well together, for ever since there were women and canoes they have both had the reputation of being cranky.

"The fact of the matter is, the canoe has been slandered," said a belle, in talking about canoeing for women, "until it has got the reputation of being unsafe. That is what makes it popular among the more dashing of our girls. She and her brother have made the trip up the Hudson to Albany and back, camping out on the way, and otherwise taking advantage of all the opportunities for roughing it."

"What did you wear? And what did you do with your clothes?" I asked. "You surely did not take a Sunday bonnet along."

"I wore a blue flannel dress made all in one piece, with a blouse, no drapery, the skirt reaching to the tops of a pair of extra high boots. It weighed a pound and a half. I wore a sailor hat and carried a light jacket, to be ready for changes of weather. Our canoe is rather small to be used as a tandem—it measures 14 feet by 30 inches—so that one could not have taken much luggage if we had wished. All that we carried weighed only about thirty pounds and of this our photographic materials, plates, camera, etc., weighed between fifteen and twenty pounds."

"What did you do at night, sleep on the ground and cover with your canoe, or go to a hotel?"

"We started with the intention of camping out every night, but good camping places between here and Albany are not numerous and we sometimes had to stop at a hotel. But we did camp out about two-thirds of the time. We carried a small tent, made of sheeting, so that it would be of less weight than one of canvas, a blanket apiece and a rubber blanket to spread on the ground. We had a tin pail apiece, and a tin cup, tin plate, and a knife each, and a few other primitive and strictly necessary articles. Then we carried a few canned meats, but not much in that line, as we expected to be able to buy most of what we would want at our camping places. In that we were sometimes badly disappointed. One evening

WE CAMPED NEAR ESOPUS,

tired and hungry after paddling all day, and walked over the hill to the country store to find something to eat. But all that was to be had was a loaf of baker's bread and a bundle of wilted beets. On another occasion all that we could get was some bread and milk and green plums. But usually we fared reasonably well. Then the numerous ice houses along the Hudson and the ice barges constantly going up and down made it easy to keep a tin pail full of ice chips, which seemed quite a luxury."

"You did not feel afraid tossing about in all that wind and water in such a tiny shell of a boat?"

"Not in the least. I knew the canoe, and I felt just as safe there as I would on dry land. If the persons in the canoe know how to handle it and are reasonably prudent in their actions there is absolutely no danger. If they only sit still in the bottom of the boat they can't overturn it if they try. One day we went aboard a brick barge and the astonishment the men who ran the big clumsy thing showed over our tiny craft was quite amusing. They considered us miracles of courage because we were willing to go on the water in such a cockle shell and were absolutely sure that we would be upset in less than half an hour. And as for me, they could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes that I had been aboard the canoe, and nothing could have convinced them that there was another woman on the face of the earth who would dare venture in it on the water."

So the belle in a canoe is something of a proud heroine.

Many ladies who dabble in their own dressmaking here in the city, buy dummy figures made of zinc neatly cut and soldered together like a dress waist, and warranted to be the exact size and shape of the buyer. These bodices are mounted on a skeleton petticoat made of heavy wire; and a vertebral column like a broomstick with a knot on top, penetrates the affair and finishes in four little legs with castors. Mrs. Catlin got one of these things, and it is likely to make an awful row in the family. Catlin is a suspicious, jealous little man. Now Mrs. C., according to the disclosures of the dummy figure, has a girth measure of thirty-six inches, and a bust of forty-seven. This is no fool of a measurement to be jealous of; but Catlin has an idea that she is

A SORT OF MATURED VENUS

and his brain takes fire with dangerous readiness. He met the zinc obelisk with the wire base going up the front steps. He recognized the graceful proportions and sailed into the dining-room, where his wife and a few lady friends were discussing a few strawberries and the latest sweet thing in sleeves.

"Madam," said he, "what was my reply when old Marbleyard wanted to make a statue of you for the family lot in Cypress Hill? No, I said. It may be decent to make statues after death, but no modest woman will be sculptured while living. I would not permit it. And here you have been and committed a greater impropriety than to have sat for your bust to old Marbleyard."

"Why, Mr. Catlin how you do go on," she replied; "I didn't have to sit for that thing."

"Do you mean to tell me that it was done from imagination?"

"No, I do not; I was measured by a lady."

"No lady made that thing; that's the handiwork of a male mechanic."

"Very likely, Mr. Catlin, but made from measurements put down in a book by a woman."

"No, madam; you say that to avoid my just indignation; but I recognize your figure, even to that little rise in the neck when you broke your collar bone as a child. You had that armor hammered onto you by a base mechanic."

"You are crazy, Catlin," sobbed his wife; but you'll pay for it all the same. Give the bill to that little man pulling hair in front of the hat stand," said she to the express boy, and Catlin "paid for being disgraced," to use his own words. The dummy is standing in the grass plot in the back yard, the neighbors say, and already morning glories are going up its legs. Catlin swears he won't have it in the house. It will be a pretty little garden ornament in a month, when the effigy of Mrs. C. will be petticoated with climbing plants, and only the headless torso will protrude from the friendly clasping creeping shrubs.

CLARA BELLE.

Boulanger Jealous of Gen. de Galliffet.

London Telegraph Paris Letter: One hears little just now of the Marquis de Galliffet, the dashing cavalry general for whom Gambetta had such regard. Gen. Boulanger, shortly after his arrival at the war office, contrived to put the man on whom so many hopes were based somewhat into the background. But the marquis is often in Paris, and may be seen any day walking about the boulevards and Champs Elysees with a quick, jaunty step and hat rather out of the horizental position. The Marquis de Galliffet is the honorary president of the committee of the "Diner du Roi Rene," a club which includes among its members fifty-one scions of the provincial nobility. It was got up five years ago by the Prince de Valori, and among the old houses represented may be mentioned those of Blacas, Forbin, Isnards, Riquett de Mirabeau and Villeneuve. The balloting is very severe, no candidate whose nobility does not date before 1500 having the slightest chance of admission into aristocratic ranks. The annual dinner came off a few evenings ago under the presidency of Prince de Valori at the Grand hotel.

Recruits for De Lesseps.

London Truth: The latest "lions" of Paris are nine negro chiefs with unpronounceable names. They have been brought from the African coast by an enterprising contractor. The object is to show them the sights of the French capital, and then to get them to sign an agreement with M. de Lesseps to engage their tribes to work on the Panama canal. They are all horribly tattooed and wear ivory bracelets. They speak English.

DISEASE lies in ambush for the weak; a feeble constitution is ill adapted to encounter a malarious atmosphere and sudden changes of temperature, and the least robust are usually the easiest victims; Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will give tone, and vitality and strength to your entire body, $1 per bottle.

It is reported from Iowat that prohibition has largely decreased crime in the state. The Sac Sun advertises the jail of that county for rent, saying that it is empty, and likely to remain so as long as prohibition lasts.

HONORING ITS LOYAL DEAD.

Boston Pays Loving Tribute at the Graves of Patriot Sons.

THE PHILLIPS CLUB MEMORIAL.

Gen. Butler's Oration—Kelly's Braves—O'Brien at the Hub—Light Opera Vanished—Trinity Church—Dr. Brooks' Trip—Hub Gossip.

BOSTON, June 2.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The summer season is almost upon us and it promises to be one of unusual dullness. If it were not for a yacht race now and then, the national league base ball games, and the natural sportive character of Boston people, the thousands of unfortunates who will have to remain in the city all or most all of the summer, would have a hard lot indeed. The light opera season closed last week and the heathenish strains of the ill-toothed "Mikado" and the sepulchral dirge of the "Chorus of Ancestors" are with us no more. The rose bedecked "Bridesmaids of Ruddygore" have gone off duty for the summer and the bad crimes of a bad baronet will trouble them no more for a time. Even Herrman, the far famed prestidigitateur (!), who has a trim figure which he shows off to good advantage in broadcloth, knickerbockers and black silk stockings, who wears a French moustache and an imperial nose, who performs sleight of hand tricks in seven different languages—has gone. The celebrated "Jim the Penman" company has left the Park, after a long and successful run, in which

MRS. AGNES BOOTH SCHOEFFEL

faultlessly played Mrs. Ralston, and Mr. Alexander Salvini covered himself with glory as the villainous old Baron Hardfelt. After a short engagement with the Madison Square theatre company in "Jim the Penman" at Chicago, Mrs. Booth will retire to her charming summer home at Manchester-by-the-sea, where she will spend the summer with her husband and her children, enjoying to the fullest extent the outdoor existence and healthful sports common to seashore life. Mr. Augustin Daly's folks, too, who have been "Taming the shrew" so successfully before packed houses at the museum have gone their way, making room for the appearance of another prince of conjurers called Kellar, who claims to be fresh from fields of victory in Philadelphia. The Boston theatre is fast accommodating itself to the demands of the season, and after a week's presentation of the spectacular "World" will come down to the popular summer prices of 15 to 75 cents. At the Hollis Street, Rice's beautiful "Evangeline" still finds great favor with the public, and the fiftieth performance is announced. But as the attendance at the theatres nightly becomes less,

THE INTEREST IN BASE BALL

seems to increase. Thirty thousand people saw the two games between Boston and Detroit on Decoration day. How the lovers of the game can stand it to have Kelly's braves leave the Hub and go out on the warpath, as they must need do, I cannot understand. The Boston team has certainly been doing good work on the diamond this year, and the general opinion around here is that they will give Detroit a pretty close rub for first place.

Memorial day was, as usual, very generally observed in Boston. Scarce any business was transacted and people gathered by the thousands at the cemeteries to witness the decoration and participate in memorial services. The services were principally under the auspices of G. A. R. posts. The fire companies of Boston also very appropriately remembered their departed companions by floral decorations and other ceremonies. One of the most notable events which took place here on Monday was the joint meeting in the evening of the Central Labor lyceum and

THE WENDELL PHILLIPS CLUB,

in Faneuil hall. The meeting was in memory of Wendell Phillips and the principal speech of the evening was made by General B. F. Butler.

Mr. William O'Brien, the Irish editor, has met with a reception in Boston quite different from the ones he received in the dominion. But of course nothing else can be expected. Boston's chief foreign element is Irish, many of her prominent citizens are Irish, and the city is full of Irish sympathizers. Nothing is too good for Mr. O'Brien in Boston.

Trinity church is in distress. Dr. Phillips Brooks is going to take a trip to Europe.

FRANZ SEPEL.

MR. DUMBLE'S ADVENTURE.

Wallace P. Reed, in Atlanta Constitution.

"David Dumble, Boston, Mass., U. S. A."

When Mr. Dumble had written this legend on the greasy register of the Hotel Bolivar, the leading hostelry in the city of Guatemala, he handed the landlord a package of valuable papers for safe keeping, and said that he would go to his room at once.

Mr. Dumble had arrived late at night, and feeling sleepy and travel worn, was in no mood for conversation. He felt that after a good night's rest he would be all the better able to look after the interests of his firm, the big coffee house of Bidgood & Co., of Boston.

The next morning the Bostonian was up with the sun, but to his inexpressible annoyance he found it somewhat difficult to make his toilet, as his garments were all missing.

"It is a blank, queer thing," soliloquized Mr. Dumble, as he dodged about the room carefully avoiding the windows, "I hung my clothes on that chair last night and now they are gone."

He looked around for a bell, but could find none. Then he opened his door and listened intently. Nobody was stirring in the house.

"Now, I am not going to stand this," said Mr. Dumble, "I am not going to stay in bed like these lazy Central Americans. I must have my morning walk."

He looked down at his airy costume Clearly it would not do to go out until he was dressed. Sticking his head out of the door he yelled at the top of his voice: "Hello! Waiter! Boy!"

No answer.

Mr. Dumble in his excitement walked out into the corridor and paraded up and down.

"I say!" he shouted, "Pedro, Sambo, Yum Yum, Jesus!"

"These names ought to bring some of them," he said, "but they don't seem to fit. Of course I can get some clothes when I see the landlord, but how am I to get them now?"

Just then Mr. Dumble noticed that the door of the room next to his chamber stood ajar. Without considering the matter, he plunged in on a tour of investigation. In a moment he reappeared with an armful of clothing, and rushed into his own room, where he proceeded to inspect his plunder.

"They will fit," he remarked, "but what an outrageous rig it is! Gold lace, a sash and sword, and a cocked hat. I'll put on the things until I can do better."

When arrayed in his borrowed garb, Mr. Dumble presented a very picturesque appearance. He was short and stout, with a red, jolly face, and his peculiar trappings were really becoming.

"I feel like a fool," said Dumble confidentially to his reflection in the mirror. "These duds don't suit a bald-headed Boston man in the coffee trade. Am I a masquerade ball or a circus?"

Finding himself unable to answer the question, Mr. Dumble looked out of the window. There was no sign of life in the streets, and it was evident that Guatemala did not boast of an early rising population.

After some consideration Mr. Dumble decided that he would venture out for a walk. On his return he would explain things to the landlord and make it all right with the unknown owner of the fancy costume.

Of course, a man in a cocked hat and a gold laced coat, with a sword dangling by his side, could not go skipping along in the jaunty style of the average commercial traveler. Mr. Dumble saw this, and when he reached the street he started off at a dignified pace.

He was very much gratified to find that the few persons he met saluted him with great respect, but after awhile he grew a little uneasy.

"There is something wrong," he muttered. "This is no masquerade costume. It belongs to some highcockalorum fellow, some foreign minister, perhaps. The thing may get me into trouble yet."

However, he was in for it. The early morning air was so bracing and the quaint streets so attractive that the Bostonian could not resist the temptation to prolong his stroll. He soon found himself in the residence part of the city, and as the sun climbed higher, the streets began to fill with people. All the promenaders and even those in carriages saluted the man in the cocked hat very deferentially.

"I am evidently somebody," thought Dumble, "but who in the mischief am I. If I could speak their jingling lingo tolerably well, I would ask for information."

It was now past breakfast time, but the distracted tourist was not aware of it. He was thinking of returning to the hotel, and wondering whether he had lost his way, when a carriage halted and an officer jumped out and took off his hat.

"I was on my way to the hotel," he said in good English, "but I see that your excellency is already on his way to the palace. The president will be delighted, but your excellency must not walk. Permit me," and taking the bewildered Dumble by the arm he pushed him into the carriage before there was time for remonstrance.

In spite of his cocked hat and sword, Dumble felt his knees shaking together. What could it mean? Was he about to be conducted into the presence of President Barrios?

During the next five minutes he saw everything through a haze. He was vaguely conscious of submissively allowing himself to be escorted from the carriage through spacious grounds into an imposing building, where he found himself in a library, acknowledging in a confused way the greetings of a handsome, dark-faced, soldierly-looking man.

Mr. Dumble was now fully alive to the peril of his situation. There was nothing to be done but to act guardedly, and end the visit suddenly by pleading illness. For several minutes the conversation was purely general and the visitor was still in the dark as to the real nature of the case. The president addressed him sometimes as "Your Excellency" and sometimes as "Sir John."

"He takes me for a Britisher," Dumble thought, "some envoy extraordinary or minister who has just arrived."

"Concerning the loan," said the president, "what does your excellency suggest?"

Dumble broke out into a cold prespiration. What loan? He was at sea. He could only stare stupidly at Barrios.

"Ah, I see," continued the president, smiling, "your excellency would first hear a proposition from me?"

"Ur-r—I think it would suit me better," replied the puzzled Bostonian.

"Very well," was the response. "I must tell you plainly that Guatemala cannot redeem the bonds. Now this indebtedness should not be a matter of vital importance to your government, since it is due to private citizens, various bankers and capitalists of London."

"England has always protected her citizens in such cases," was Mr. Dumble's spirited reply.

"True," said Barrios, "and I admire your goverment for it, but if I tell you that the best we can do is to issue new bonds, running ten and twenty years longer at 4 per cent, do you not think ——?"

"Oh, yes," was the ready answer of the wretched impostor, "that is good enough. I am in favor of it."

"You are!" exclaimed the president. "Well, Sir John, it appears to me that the whole business is settled."

What Dumble would have said will never be known. Just at that moment a short, stout man in the plain dress of a citizen forced his way past the sentry at the door, and through the anteroom into the library. The instant his eye rested on Dumble he came near exploding with indignation.

"Mr. President," he yelled to Barrios, "that—that scoundrel!"

"Silence, sir!" interrupted the president. "Do not speak in that style of Sir John Roscoe, the British envoy extraordinary!"

"But, Mr. President," responded the intruder, "I am Sir John Roscoe, and that fellow there is a d—d yankee bumming around in my court suit."

"Gentlemen!" cried Dumble, "allow me to explain."

"Mr. President, I must be heard," haughtly said Sir John. "I arrived late last night and stopped at the Hotel Bolivar. This morning I found that my court dress had been stolen. I was informed that this yankee occupied the chamber next to my dressing room, and the fact that he was missing excited my suspicion. Now I find him here in the president's palace unblushingly wearing my costume. Am I not warranted in demanding his arrest?"

Barrios turned toward the crestfallen Dumble. His face was black with wrath and he was about to say something severe when his private secretary rushed in.

"Mr. President," he gasped, "and you, gentlemen, I am just in time, I hope, with an explanation that will relieve all of us. The landlord of the Hotel Bolivar informs me that this gentleman, Mr. Dumble, was robbed of his garments last night. Waking early this morning, he disappeared with a suit belonging to Sir John Roscoe. Two or three hours later one of the servants who had been arrested on another charge confessed that he had robbed Mr. Dumble. The landlord took the liberty of reading the documents left with him by the American stranger, and learned from them that he was a getleman of irreproachable character representing a Boston firm, favorably known in Guatemala. He at once made up his mind that Mr. Dumble had borrowed Sir John's clothes with the intention of pursuing the thief, and knowing that he was a stranger, not acquainted with our city and the customs of the country he feared——but I see, Mr. President, that you and the other gentlemen begin to understand it. A word with Mr. Dumble——"

The president was smiling and Sir John showed a strong inclination to laugh.

"What you have heard," said Mr. Dumble, with a flushed face, "is all true. I wanted something to wear, you know. It was very early, and I could not stir up anybody at the hotel. I found some clothes in an empty room, and thought that I could wear them out in town for an hour or so, and by that time see my landlord and get everything straightened out. But I lost my way and was brought here, and I got so bothered and tangled up that I didn't know how to get out of the muddle. I am certainly very sorry—"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Englishman, "It is a good joke. My dear sir, don't say another word," and he shook hands cordially with the embarassed American.

"I am afraid, Sir John," remarked the president, shaking with mirth, "that your views upon the bond question will not be as liberal as those of Mr. Dumble. We were settling that business very satisfactorily when you came in."

"I think our business had better be deferred until to-morrow," suggested the envoy. "I must carry Mr. Dumble back to the hotel as my guest if he will honor me with his company."

"Not until you both promise to dine with me to-morrow," quickly interposed Barrios.

The jolly Briton and the Bostonian accepted the invitation, and in a few moments were on their way to the hotel in a most hilarious humor.

The landlord of the Hotel Bolivar to this day astonishes his American guests with his wonderful yarns about the royal jamboree indulged in by Sir John Rescoe and Mr. David Dumble. It seems that the two vied with each other in painting the town red during their stay in Guatemala, and according to all accounts it was done regardless of expense, and in a manner worthy of two extraordinary envoys.

Sagacity of a Dog.

Baltimore American: Mr. Edwin Emory, of East Baltimore, had an experience of the sagacity of the dog yesterday. On his way down South Broadway a small dog ran up to him, acting in a strange manner. The little fellow jumped on him and licked his hands and occasionally snapped and whined. Thinking of hydrophobia, Mr. Emory kicked the dog, which then ran in front of him and, posing in a begging position, began to beat the air with his front legs. Mr. Emory insisted on having nothing to do with the dog, but it repeated the act several times. Finally, just as he was going to knock the persistent little beggar with sufficient vigor to last for all time, Mr. Emory discovered a large pin sticking in the foot of the dog, and with humane instinct he took him in his arms and pulled it out. As soon as relieved the dog manifested his thanks by licking Mr. Emory's hands, and then disappeared as fast as he could.

SINGULARITIES.

A clam dug up at Clinton, Conn., held two pearls worth $20 each.

Judge Orr, of Kankakee, Ill., has a goat which runs his lawn mower.

A red-headed negro was recently arraigned in an Albany (N. Y.) police court.

One hundred sparrow nests were destroyed by the recent tearing down of an ivy vine on a Troy, N. Y., church.

For the past 160 years the mayors of the little town of Caloorden, Germany, have all belonged to the same family.

A turtle caught in York river, Vermont, and taken to Baltimore, weighed 500 pounds. It measures nearly seven feet from the head to the tip of the tail.

Sadie Moyer, of Lansford, Pa., is ten years old, weighs 195 pounds and is taking on fat at the rate of two pounds a week.

Miss Evira Delanoy who was bitten in the arm by a rat in Porto Rico, six weeks ago, has died in New London, Conn., of blood poisoning.

Jacob Welch, of Ritchie county, West Virginia, cut down a hollow maple tree the other day, from which ran twenty-seven full-grown squirrels.

That is a rare case reported from Brooklyn, where death followed the swallowing of an orange seed. In the fruit season it is well to remember that seeds are for the earth, not for the stomach.

A large silver maple tree in Middletown, Ill., grew up from a twig which a traveler stuck into the ground while passing through the village in 1840. The tree now measures 16 feet in circumference.

A young woman of Beaver Falls, Penn., is so charged with electricity that a hairpin which she wore in her head all day was magnetized enough to hold sixty-nine needles by their points. When the young woman's hair is stroked in the dark it emits sparks, and to touch her is to receive a shock as from a magnetic battery.

The other day a salmon weighing ten pounds was found in a hollow in a field near the river's bank at Orono, where it had been left by the subsiding waters. It is not every spring that the farmer can walk forth in his field after a storm and gather salmon from the puddles.

Mrs. Ruby Mantel, of Keeler, Van Buren county, Mich., sick for two years and eighteen months confined to her bed, says that May 4 she prayed to the good Lord to heal her body. Instantly she felt a change, rose and dressed herself, and hasn't felt any discomfort since.

A wren built its nest in an old fruit can nailed to the gate-post of A. J. Diehl, of Normal, Ill. The nest was destroyed but was renewed twelve times on twelve successive days, having been pulled to pieces each time as soon almost as built. The bird was then left in undisputed possession.

A native of Japan has recently invented a new process by which paper may be made from seaweed. Paper made in this way is very strong, almost untearable, and is sufficiently transparent to admit of its being used as window glass. It takes all colors well and in many respects resembles old window glass.

A gentleman in Michigan has a freak of nature in the shape of a Holstein calf that is covered with wool like a sheep. It is very common to see wolves in sheep's clothing, but this is the first instance of a calf appearing in the garb of a sheep. The proprietor of the Holstein bovine is ready to receive bids from museums.

Monkeys are the only animals besides man that have acquired the so-called morphia habit. One monkey, like its master, fell into a state of stupor and depression when deprived of an opium smoke for several days. To rabbits, however, morphia has been administered in enormous doses for months—reaching eight grains daily—and suddenly suppressed without evidence of discomfort.

A lady of Ellaville Ga., who had just recovered from a serious illness, expressed a desire one day to have a quail or a partridge served for her dinner. The market was scoured but none could be found, and as the patient refused to take any other nourishment her physician was in a quandry. Suddenly a partridge came fluttering down the chimney and fell limp and lifeless on the open hearth in her bedroom. The bird was dressed and cooked, the lady enjoyed it immensely and the physician was greatly edified by the occurrence.

A party of young people from West Liberty, Ia., went fishing one day recently, and a rainstorm coming up, they sought shelter under a large tree. The young women sat in a wagon from which the horses had been unhitched. Some of the young men, by way of a joke, suddenly seized the wagon and dragged it out into the rain. They had scarcely left the shelter of the boughs when the tree was struck by lightning, and a large part of it reduced to splinters. The two horses were killed, and several of the young men were stunned.

A traveller through Mexico saw at a Mexican mountain station a tall, bulky Mexican with gigantic frame and a baby face, who would have excited admiration anywhere. He wore au enormous hat hung with at least $100 worth of silver bullion, was armed with a revolver and a rifle, and had down each seam of his trousers a row of skulls and crossbones in solid silver, each skull as big as a dollar. Everybody enjoyed the appearance of this splendid person, and no one more than he himself.

Mr. C. T. Storey has in his possession a knot of pine wood which he will not allow to be destroyed. He and his brother James, in their early childhood, carried the knot from the woods to their home. His mother preserved it during her lifetime, because the playful handling of it was the last work done by James Storey prior to his affliction caused by an attack of scarlet fever. Mr. Storey keeps it to remind him of his earliest childish pleasures and of a mother's tender affection. This knot has been kept for more than thirty years.—[Jackson, (Ga.) Herald.

OLD people suffer much from disorders of the urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effects of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm in banishing their troubles, $1 per bottle.

Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard, has inquired into the cost of the students' living. The style of living there is much simpler than is popularly supposed. One-third of the men who answered his inquiries spent under $700 a year, one-half under $1,000 and three-fourths under $1,200.

FOR SALE.

135 acres of bottom land in N. W. ¼ Sec. 21-74-44, in Iowa. This land lays about three miles south of the proposed new wagon bridge from Omaha to Council Bluffs. Price $20 per acre. Addres

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