IN THE FEMININE DOMAIN.

The Relation of Women With Money Matters.

A MAID OF ALL WORK IN SOCIETY

Feminine Industries—A Sharp Lunatic—Gotham's Tall Girls—Females Who Fence—A Girl's Triumph—Womanalities.

Two Wooers.

Washington Critic.

Jack Blunt once loved a maid whose hair
With terra cotta might compare.
"My heart beats for you," he said;
"So matter if your hair is red,
With me the color has no heft"—
And he got left.

George Smoothly later came to wee.
Said he with passion tender, too,
"I love you, and all that is you:
Those locks of dainty golden hair
The sunlight kissed and lingered there—
I'd give my all for one wee curl."
He got the girl.

Women and Money Matters.

Gail Hamilton in Cosmopolitan: The relation of money is but one of the many relations that should feel the benign and shaping touch of woman. It is chiefly important because of its ministering power, because it is servant of servants to its brethren. It is not to be disposed of by setting up a separate purse, any more than by setting up a separate child. If a man counts a woman fit to be the mother of his children, it is little that she should be fit to expend money for their rearing. If a man is gentle and soft enough to come into tender contact with his little children, he must be malleable enough to be shaped right in regard to the money that they and their mother require. Of course, if a man is over brutal, and the woman over silly, there must be disaster, whether there be one purse or twenty, or none. There may well be women who have no sense about money, just as there are women who do not know how to bring up children. It is a defect of character. Such women are a failure in proportion to their defects, and their defective work, it cannot be denied, is evil. But if both husband and wife are of the common type, honest, sincere, devoted and fairly sensible, a patient, continuous and not unlovely process of consultation and conciliation and compromise will bring them eventually into a clear understanding of relative values.

Requirements of a Society Woman.

Society is not the place in which to preach woman's rights or temperance, and she who should undertake to set a dinner table by the ears, so to speak, with an expression of her deepest convictions, would be pretty certain to receive no second invitation. There are those who go so far as to say that the society girl should have no convictions but the convictions of her own acceptability. She may have interests, but no hobbies; at the same time she must not be shallow. Still, the girl who ignorantly aspires to society puts clothes first and culture last, has more or less contempt for everything but her fallals. It is manner that carries the day, and good-nature and kindliness, even in society—the art of making others happy, of amusing without apparent effort, of being invariably agreeable. Moods should not belong to a society girl if she would be a success; she must allow herself to be bored with a smile, she must submit to disappointments with a bonmot, for society has its price like other worldly things.

Feminine Industries.

London Graphic: Feminine industries of the world are to be extensively represented at the Glasgow exhibition next year. There will be a special women's section, as the lady presidents want to show exactly what share women bear in the manufactures of the present time. Not only needlework is to be exhibited, but such mechanical branches as leather dressing, bookbinding, fishing tackle manufacture, glovemaking, and the like. Decorative industries, including carving, brasswork, painting and engraving, will find a place as well as female hygienic clothing.

A Maid of All Work In Society.

Detroit Tribune: "Last season my maid of all work asked early in the spring if she might not have the month of July. I said yes, not realizing the trouble there was in getting help," said a prominent Detroit lady, "As I could not find a servant I decided to close the house, and go for a month to one of the fashionable beaches near home. While watching the bathers the morning after I arrived, I noticed one, a pretty-looking girl, picturesquely dressed, who struck me familiarly. As she came near I recognized her as my maid Julia, notwithstanding she had changed her hair from dark brown to pale gold, and I spoke to her. To my surprise she entirely ignored me, never showing by even the rising of an eyebrow that she recognized me or the children. On returning to the hotel I found that she was registered under the name of a friend of mine, a well-known society young lady, whose name she kept during her stay there. Why didn't I expose her? What would have been the use? She wore better clothes than I did, was bright and pretty, and had gathered around her the cream of the society there. The probability is that if I had said anything no one would have believed me.

Pretty Sharp for a Lunatic.

Baltimore Sun: An elderly married lady in Byfield, who possesses property in her own right, had frequently expressed a desire to make a donation to the church with which she is connected when a suitable occasion offered, and accordingly when the society determined on repairing and remodeling the meeting house, the minister, as chairman of the soliciting committee, called on her for a contribution and was presented with a check for $500. The good clergyman went home highly elated, but was terribly taken back the next day when the lady's husband and son called to protest against her munificence. They declared that she had not been in her right mind for a long time and didn't know what she was doing when she yielded to the undue influence brought to bear upon her. Though the minister knew that she was as sane as her husband, to say the least, and the contribution was perfectly voluntary, yet a disinclination to become mixed up in legal proceedings, which were hinted at, induced him to send back the money. So far so good, but now comes the sequel. The husband recently sold a tract of land; the deed was duly drawn, signed and sealed by the grantor, who passed it to his wife to sign for relinquishment of dower, but to his astonishment she interposed a slight objection. "No, I am not in my right mind, you know, and my act would be void," was her reply, and in spite of all solicitations she refuses the courtesy of her autograph, and the old gentleman still has the land on his hands instead of the money is his pocket.

Tall Girls of Gotham.

New York Sun: Are the young women of this town at the present time taller and stouter than its belles of twenty or thirty years ago? Old fellows say they are, and the height and weight of the evidence which they introduce cannot fail to give strength to their assertion. But these far-seeing old philosophers also want us to believe that our girls are now less beautiful than the dames of former times. We can't. The law of gallantry forbids us. Our girls are immense, and are still progressing with gigantic strides: but that they are in any respect less lovely than the little creatures of long ago we must deny.

Five feet two inches, we believe, is the exact height of one of the famous statutes of Venus. If that statute, like some of the images that we read of in fairy tales, could come to life now and get rigged up in all the fascinating toggery of the present fashion she would only be a mite among the tall and stately beauties of Broadway. Five feet two may have been the standard height of long ago, but not of this time. Every evening we empty out shopfuls of girls from five feet six to five feet ten, and every one of them carved like the statue of liberty.

Tall old gentlemen can't see this female encroachment upon the stature of man, but short and middle-sized old fellows are constantly remarking that they have to look up or straight ahead now, where in former years they looked down. The fact seems to be that the modern New York belle is a great big girl with an enormous hat, small feet, and a tournure like the overhang of the volunteer.

Girls Who Fence.

San Francisco Chronicle: It is said that Grecian women would enter the arena in the old Olympian days and wrestle with one another to encourage their children and strengthen themselves. Thus Spartian mothers had Spartian sons, and the name to this day is synonymous with bravery and physical endurance. In these modern days ladies, as a rule, consider that their constitutions are too delicate for any greater physical exercise than a gentle stroll or a little shopping, and so many a physician has deplored the absence of proper bodily exercise among the fair sex and has preached wise though ineffectual sermons about the need of it. But fashion, like a miracle, will do what preaching will not do, and, as in the east fencing has become fashionable, and the fashions travel with the star of the empire, so fencing is now being introduced in this city.

An American Girls Triumph.

Pittsburg Dispatch: The ceremony of defending a thesis is the final exercise which is exacted of a Parisian medical student preparatory to receiving the college diploma. The occasion always draws together the friends of the student, and is generally fringed and variegated with fun and frolic, with gifts of flowers, and with a complimentary dinner to the new-made doctor of medicine. But the chief feature of this day is a severe examination of the candidates by the college bigwigs, who sit in solemn state, arrayed in red silk gowns and wearing scarlet caps. The candidate, whether male or female, is dressed in a black gown with a white fichu. And when Miss Bradley stepped into the arena, clad in this traditional garb, the general comment of the audience was:

"How like Portia in the trial scene of the 'Merchant of Venice.'"

It was known to Miss Bradley's college mates and other friends that her thesis would be on "Iodism," and that she had taken a year to write an elaborate book on the subject, which will soon be republished in English from the original French. For an hour and a half she was questioned with great shrewdness and ability by four of the leading professors of the Ecole de Medecine — Drs. Fournier, Gautier, Porchet and Robin. Each of these gentlemen had previously received a copy of Miss Bradley's bold book and they had bought their copies at the examining room, with multitudinous interrogation marks on the margins, showing that the new treatise had not only been carefully read, but had excited much curiosity and attention. Miss Bradley had the great advantage of an unhackneyed theme, which she skilfully illustrated by a numerous array of unfamiliar facts.

Her triumph was of a peculiar character. Her four examiners said to her, with admiring frankness: "You have been working a new field: we cannot agree with many of your conclusions; further investigation may laad either yourself or us to different views; but, meanwhile you have presented to the college a thesis which does you uncommon honor, and for which we unanimously award you the maximum mark of merit."

After the announcement of the award, Miss Bradley was entertained at dinner by Miss Augusta Klumpke, the first female physician who has ever been admitted to practice in the hospitals of Paris. Both these ladies are Americans—Miss Klumpke from San Francisco, and Miss Bradley from New York. The granfather of the latter, Henry Bradley, was once a candidate for the governorship of the Empire state; her father, Ogden Bradley, is a banker, and the Right Reverend Bishop Nealy, of Maine, is her uncle.

Fanny Kemble Still Alive.

Albany Argus: The other day I drove from Pittsfield to Lennox a charming ride, and at the head of the hill where stands the old Congregational church, I gave the horse a breathing spell. The day was hot and still, and the graveyard, with its turf closely cut and its towering trees, wore an inviting look. In the distance was the sexton, sickle in hand, levelling the struggling tufs of grass that were climbing about the old headstones. He proved to be a remarkably agreeable and intelligent man, and I accosted him:

"Can you tell me whether Fanny Kemble is buried here?" I asked, glancing around for such an imposing monument as should mark her final resting place.

"No, sir," he answered, and after a pause, which somehow piqued my curiosity, he added: "She isn't dead yet sir."

"Not dead!" I stammered.

"No, sir. For the past three or four years I have been asked this question a dozen times every season. Some people tell me that they have come a long distance to see her grave, and a few have appeared not over pleased to learn that she was still alive. Miss Kemble is quite old now, seventy-five or seventy-sixth at least, but she is living in England. Not long ago we got a letter from her saying that very likely she would visit Lennox this fall. This created quite a flutter, but since then we have heard nothing further. We have had the old clock in the tower there, which Miss Kemble presented to the church, overhauled and repaired. If she comes here she will get a warm reception you may be sure."

Nellie Gould's Lover.

NEW YORK, August 20.—A young fellow, said to be employed on a railroad at King's Creek, W. Va., and who calls himself J. M. Traber, has been trying to captivate Miss Nellie Gould, eldest daughter of Jay Gould. Some time ago he called at Mr. George Gould's office with a letter of introduction, purporting to have been given by Frederick Gebhard. His letter did not appear to be genuine, however, and he left suddenly.

Very soon after that Miss Gould received marked copies of papers in which Traber had contrived to have favorable notices of himself printed. He followed these with letters of a crazy nature, all of which were confided to the waste basket.

Recently he got the following notice of himself printed in a western paper:

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Gould, eldest daughter of the New York millionaire, to Mr. J. M. Traber, a bright young railroad employe at King's Creek, W. Va. It is said that the nuptials will be solemnized early next year.

This was copied into the Graphic and called forth this card from Mr. Gould yesterday:

Dear Sir: The inclosed canard crept into yesterday's Graphic: This Traber is undoubtedly a half crazy crank, who has been writing letters for the past year or two to my daughter, though a total stranger. I should like to know how such a report was set afloat. Yours, truly, JAY GOULD.

Mr. Gould's reply to inquiries last night was that he had nothing more to say than he had said in his note.

Gentlemen Callers for Pastime.

As to allowing gentlemen to call merely as pastime there can be no serious question raised. Every lady has the privilege of choosing her company, and if she finds among her gentlemen acquaintances two or three who are able to entertain her she certainly has the right to encourage them to call. If, however, she leads them to think that she is in love with them, and is playing for keeps, she will be doing wrong. No sensible lady would do this, but would so conduct herself that the gentlemen would understand that they were merely calling for the pleasure there was in it, and that whenever they found something worthy of more serious attention they would be excused.

How Women Talk of Each Other.

Women are never satisfied. They are forever picking at each other, criticising and finding fault. When one gets a new gown nearly every other one jumps on it and metaphorically tramps it in the mud. So it is when she gets a beau. Her dear girl associates will tell her awful things about him, make remarks about his feet and his hands, criticise the style of his clothes, smile sweetly before his face and laugh at him behidd his back. You know you do, and there is no use denying it. You may not mean any harm by it, but now would you like to have your best young man treated in this way? Were women a little more philosophical they would find it possible to get along among themselves without so much clashing. Their glasses appear to be adjusted to see only the faults in each other, and none of the good traits. This adjustment is quite fortunate, no doubt, for the men, as it shows their follies quite dimly and makes their virtues shine with great brilliancy. Dear knows! May be it is best as it is. Were women able of seeing all the virtues in their own sex the poor men might have no show at all.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Blotting paper pink is a new color.

Sailor hats are all the rage in London, as they are with us.

Crepon is a new French fabric, looking like crinkled veiling.

The latest fad in Michigan is to wear a thermometer for a breastpin.

Women will be interested to know that the bustle is of Persian origin.

Twelve women do inspectors' duty in the New York custom house.

A favorite French combination of tints is that of ligh blue with lavender.

A pretty Polish girl is the official interpreter in a Buffalo police court.

The rough cottons of last year, with boucle and frise effects, are entirely out of syle.

A new trimming is made of six or seven rows of extremely narrow ribbons, called the baby ribbon.

There is a fashion of feather stitching the gauze sleeves and plastrons of many light dresses this season.

There are women of artistic taste who make a living by painting screens nowadays. They are done on satin.

Mrs. Ole Bull is in New Hampshire for the summer. She is fairly well-to-do, and is growing old gracefully.

The first exclamation of a belle on entering the cathedral at Milan was, "Oh, what a church to get married in."

The leg-of-mutton sleeve, it appears, is simply the result of a conspiracy among fashionable dressmakers to drive out the jerseys.

White muslin vest or plastrons are made very full in puffs across the chest, separated by tucks through which narrow ribbons are drawn.

The first Danish lady physician, Miss Neilson, has just begun to practice at Copenhagen. She took her degrees with the highest honors.

Miss Pickett, a sister of the famous leader of the charge at Gettysburg, has been promoted to a $1,000 place in the interior department.

There is only one woman employed as station agent on the whole Grand Trunk road. But she is described as a "hustler" at the business.

Sailor collars, combined with a fichu or scarf ends, are made of pale-blue cotton or scarlet silk and worn with white wool or China silk dresses.

One of the prominent people in Paris is Rosina Vokes, who is there to secure a stunning wardrobe. When Jack Frost begins to color the leaves she will return.

"Can it be true," said a female friend to a female medical student, "that you have actually dissected a man?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "but it was an old man."

Nine hundred and fifty women in Iowa own and manage farms. Six more have stock farms and twenty dairy farms. The Iowa women propose to keep the pot boiling some way.

The Princess Pignatale is now a waiter-girl in a second class Vienna cafe. She quarreled with her relatives last winter and tried life in a London music hall for a brief period.

The elegant Indian woman, "Bright Eyes," now Mrs. Tibbles, is makin arrangements for a series of lectures in London on the wrongs of the North American Indians.

The young man who wants a good wife should skirmish around Wellesley college. There are 300 brevet wives in the institution, and they are all taught to sew on buttons and boil potatoes.

Cocks' plumes are arranged in most varied ways for trimming autumn hats and bonnets, and there are also some ostrich feathers in clusters of tips and demi-long plumes which will be used later for winter hats.

Mrs. Lena Hall of St. Louis, has applied to the health commissioner of that city for a burial permit. She says she is 107 years old, cannot live a great while and is anxious to make her funeral preparations during life.

The very last changes of fashion are being made for the summer of 1887, which is going into history as a season of which dressers need not be ashamed of, save in the one matter of bustles. Already the dimensions of that monstrosity are dwindling.

Ribbons will continue to be used for bonnet trimmings in widths varying from two and a half to four or five inches. Double stripes of satin are along the edges of double gros-grain ribbons, while others represent ladder stitches, and others have crepe-like borders.

The following advertisement appeared in a recent number of the London Morning Post. "Young girl, who cannot obtain employment and desires to keep respectable, needs help (about £10 for outfit and passage) to go to America, where she is engaged to be married."

Emlyn A. Stewardson, son of Thomas Stewardson of Johnstown, Pa., has just won the high distinction of ranking first at the examination for admission to the school of Sculpture in the Beaux Arts at Paris. There were seventy contestants, gathered from almost every civilized country on the earth.

The latest craze among the ladies is a "hair album." Young men are besought for a lock of hair, and the request is such a flattering one that they are only too happy to comply when the right damsels apply. The contribution is tied with a blue ribbon and goes into the hair album along with the hair of a crowd of other fellows.

The triumph of the quick-actin r camera is complete. A successful photograph has been taken of a lady's features at the instant she was telling another lady of her trouble with the new girl. The outlines of the speaker's lips and chin were clearly defined, although the movement made by these must have been inconceivably rapid.

Amateur dressmakers are again advised that three breadths of silk are again used for the entire back of the skirt, drapery and lower skirt being thus combined. These are cut half a yard longer than the foundation skirt, are set in many lapped plaits, meeting in the middle at the top, and are then turned over in two pointed ends in the tournure. The greatest latitude is allowed in arranging such draperies at the top.

Miss Kate Elder is a bright, brave Kinmundy, Ill., girl. She has taken up two claims near Santa Fe, Kas., and is living upon one. Her residence is a sod shanty. She is enduring a deal of hardship to get her land, but she knows it will pay and is determined to win. She is about twenty-four years old, tall, plump as a partridge, and a brunette whose ready wit never fails her. She is known as "the Princess of Tinney county."

A London correspondent writes that she has been much struck when attending weddings and other afternoon celebrations at which smart costumes are the order to observe that jewelry is being worn again on all occasions. The fashion has been running in the direction since the beginning of the season and now that the Princess of Wales has announced her intention of encouraging it, with a view to stimulating the manufacture of jewelry, the fashion will spread more rapidly. Ladies wear jewels literally morning, noon and night. For some time past the diamonds and pearls and other gems worn for personal adornment were only produced on state occasions. Now, however, at convential dinners among the well-to-do classes one sees the ladies blazing in the glory of jewelry. The most notable incident of the new departure is the fashion of wearing costly brooches in bonnets and in dresses for morning wear, and jewelled rings at all times.

Ever since Eve first put on corsets there have been flippant allusions made to a supposed fondness that young ladies cherish of having their waists squeezed. No visible proof of that weakness has ever been offered to the public's gaze until recently. But it's here now, and the girls can't dodge it. The silver girdle business has become fashionable, and young men who are addicted to the arm act are as blue as policemen. It's hard enough to make an impression through corset armor, but when a silver log chain is added humanity gives up and takes to lamposts. Naturally, it is worn around the waist, because it's too big for the neck, and a girl couldn't grab her skirts with one hand and her back hair with the other if she wore it around her arms. A smelling bottle, a box of caramels, a powder puff, or, in fact, almost anything can be hitched to the front end of the girdle as an excuse for wearing it. It is a convenient place to carry surplus hairpins. Within the last week or two Fifth avenue and Madison avenue girls have bloomed out with girdles. They are an expensive shackle.

London tailors and importers furnish hints of the cloth gowns in preparation for the first cool days of autumn and for early winter. Smooth cloths will be used again for dressy suits, two colors in rather marked contrast appearing in one costume. For these combination cloth costumes the lighter color will be used for the lower skirt and vest, with a dark basque and drapery; the trimming is braid on the vest and lower skirt of the dark color used for the upper part; thus serpent green cloth will be draped over a skirt of gray cloth which is elaborately braided with green like that of the overdress; another gown has a skirt of tobbacco brown cloth with a polonaise of dark blue cloth, and the braiding on the light brown vest and the skirt border is of dark blue like that of the polonaise. When a jacket is added it matches the color of the upper part of the gown; small mantles and still smaller shoulder capes are made of combinations of the two colors softened by the use of braid in complicated designs, and of fringe made of the braid. Pinked edges are again seen on imported cloth gowns, forming side bands, yolks, borders and vests, made of alternating rows of dark and light cloths, as pansy color with fawn, or Havana brown cactus red.

SINGULARITIES.

It is reported that a woman sixty years of age, at Roseville, Ark., recently gave birth to twins.

A Paw Paw, Mich., hen, nineteen years old, is complacently sitting on twenty-two eggs of her own production.

A young lady in West Greene, Ala., is seventeen years old, weighs forty-one pounds, and measures thirty-nine inches in height.

Golden trout are found in but one place in the world—that is in the brooks of Mount Whitney, up near the banks of everlasting snow. They have a golden stripe down each side, and are the most beautiful fish that swim.

The toads of Westfield, Mass., run a risk of dying of starvation. They collect at night in great numbers under the electric lights on the more quiet streets and there chase the shadows of the countless insects that flutter around the light above them.

During a conflagration which raged in the woods near Salem, Ill., a flock of sheep of about 150 were feeding in a pasture over which a fire was sweeping. They rushed pell-mell to an elevation in the field and immediately bunched themselves with their young in a circle and began moving in a circle, treading the weeds and grass into the dry earth until the fire was out.

A Rochelle (Ill.) has a false tooth set on a pivot, and sneezed out the other day while feeding the chickens. The old hen thought it was a grain of corn and swallowed it as soon as it struck the ground. After a long chase the fowl was captured, beheaded, its crop opened, and the tooth found and restored to the young lady's mouth, where it afterward helped to masticate the old hen.

An Orlando (Fla.) firm, while having a number of lemons squeezed Friday, came across a very peculiar freak of nature in the shape of a perfectly formed lemon growing inside of another. The inside fruit is about the size of a walnut and is perfect in every respect, the only difference between it and the outside fruit being that the color of its skin is of a lighter and clearer yellow than its outside or parent.

A novel contest is reported as having occurred a few days ago at Merrimacport, Mass. William N. Currier has a duck pen on the banks of the Merrimac river, in which are several ducks. On the day referred to a large rat visited the pen and began an attack on the inmates, which was repulsed by the old bird, who won several rounds, but after nearly an hour of hard fighting the rat got a hold on the duck's neck and wounded it so that it died soon after.

There is on exhibition in New York a flower called the "insect-catcher." Its petals are white and it is about the size of an apple blossom, which it somewhat resembles. Its interior formation is such that the proboscis of any insect, searching for the flower's honey, once inserted cannot be withdrawn, and the harder the captured inset struggles the tighter it is held. One of the plants on view held captive a butterfly which, unless released, will be held till it starves to death. It will then dry up and be blown away by the wind.

The county clerk of Lonoke, Ark., says that on going into his garden lately he noticed a jaybird cutting queer antics, and soon discovered that it was fighting a snake. He watched, and as the bird darted at it the snake, which was lying at full length, would tuck its head under its body. This continued some time, until at last the bird raised the snake up—that is, about six feet of it—and it fell dead. He describes the snake as some twelve feet long and eight inches in diameter and uite green.

Frank Barker, of Providence, is the possessor of a litter of kittens which can well claim front rank among the freaks of nature. The four living are sort of imitation of the Siamese twins, the quartete being gattached together by a ligature, which connects the abdomens of the four little creatures. The space between the kittens is about one inch and a half, and the cords form two triangles joined at the apex, the four ends connecting with the kittens. Three of the felinese are of the color known as Maltese, while the fourth is jet black and smaller than his brethern.

Three miles from Monroe, Georgia, is a log house, the home of Dennis and Betsy Brou hton. Seven weeks ago a child was born to them, which weighed at birth barely two pounds. The child's full name is Martha Ann Mary Magdalen Frances Cleveland. At first sight the little one's features seemed slightly drawn, but form and features are alike perfect. The head is the size of an ordinary apple, the hand not as broad as a man's thumb, and a small coffee pot would make a commodious abode for it. The mother says there is nothing the matter with it—"Jes' small, dat's all."

A man in Norwich, Conn., has a bull-dog that is not in any sense stylish. Externally and eternally he makes but one impression on the mind, and that is that he is a typical relic of savagery. When he gets ready for business he slips his muzzle off his nose and casts it around near his ear and goes in, and when the conflict is over he slips it back with his paw, replaces his nose in the loop and trots along so demurely that no one would dream that he ever had a cunning thought in his cranium. Since his trick has been discovered by his owner, he has felt a harder pressure on his nose, and he travels now like a dog that does not think "that life is worth living.

As George E. Hobbs, brakeman on the 8:30 a. m. train from Portsmouth to Boston, was passing through the cars one morning he thought he heard the twitter of a bird, which he finally traced to the stove. On unlocking and opening it he discovered an English sparrow's nest, on which was a sparrow sitting on four eggs. He took the bird out in his hand, and, on putting it back, it settled down on the eggs again as though the interruption were the most common thing in the world. The car, No. 20, is in constant use, and the stove has been locked since the advent of warm weather, so the birds must have carried the material for the nest down the funnel and flown hundreds of miles in doing it.

One of the four first prizes awarded at the Vienna conservatory was taken at the recent annual examination by an American singer, Miss Ida Schuyler, of this state. Miss Schuyler went to Vienna two years ago after studying with Max Maretzek at the College of Music in Cincinnati. She is a dramatic soprano and her register reaches up to D in flat.

QUAINT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

A Bee Correspondent's Visit to the Tomb of Shakspeare.

THE POET'S BIRTH PLACE.

The Old Cemetery—The Kenilworth of Victoria—A Glimpse at Oxford — Franz Sepel Abroad.

LONDON, August 10.—[Special Correspondence of the BEE.]—My last letter ended with an account of our visit to Warwick. Thus far in our sojourn in England we had made stops only in the towns. We were now very glad to get a good opportunity to see English country and village life on an excursion on foot from Leamington to Stratford-on-Avon. The distance is about ten miles, but the temptation was so great to ride the first two miles on a train, that we really walked only eight miles. "It's not well to walk immediately after breakfast any way," the professor said, and I was not slow to agree with him.

Our breakfast was perfect! (Polly looked particularly sweet.) It was chops, of course; every other meal is chops at an English inn; but they were excellent! I never before knew why English chops were so famous. And the morning was beautiful; too beautiful to last Polly said, so we took umbrellas. We enjoyed the train ride to Warwick all the more because we had laboriously followed the map over the same road the day previous and we knew the principal buildings and streets perfectly. English train cars are shorter than our hosre cars, but they are provided with seats on the roof, so that the number of passengers is no less. We took seats on top to get a better view.

The walk to Stratford was somewhat tiresome, but we enjoyed it little less on that account. It is more of a pleasure to walk through the country here than at home, because the roads are provided with gravel walks for persons on foot.

Settees are also provided at convenient intervals and on the whole the path of the English tramp, or of the American tramp in England, is not altogether unpleasant. There are many inns along the road where a prim miss would slake one's thirst for a two pence. We walked leisurely, often resting under a fine old elm, or stopping to watch the farm hands make hay with their clumsy old scythes and quaint looking two wheeled carts, with three or four horses hitched tandem.

STRATFORD AT LAST!

Stratford-on-Avon, where the immortal Shakspeare lived and where his remains he buried. The village, which contains about 3,000 people, like most villages in England, is old and quaint. It has the same mouldy looking stone buildings, the same crooked streets, the same poky inhabitants, the same number of ale houses—in fact it has nothing to distinguish it except Shakspeare. The people of Stratford ought indeed to love Shakspeare who has done so much for them. If the great poet ever did a charitable act it was to be born in that town where the great great grandsons of his neighbor's descendants might eke out an existence from the pockets of the unwary pilgrim.

Hundreds of people, and many of them are Americans, visit Stratford every week. On the day of our visit the inns were all crowded and we had a difficult time getting a dinner. The

RED HORSE INN,

which Irving has made famous in his Sketch Book was especially well patronized. The most intesting building in Stratford, of course, is the house in which Shakspeare was born. The pictures of the building give a very good idea of it. There is nothing to mark it from other equally old buildings in the vicinity, except the carriages and throng of visitors usually seen at the doors. The windows of the room in which the poet was born are covered with diamond-scratched initials. To me the barely legible W. S., placed there by Walter Scott, was most interesting. We had the pleasure of watching Shakspeare's poor old chair while it was gently "sat upon" by about one hundred and fifty

CHATTERING YOUNG LADIES.

from a neighboring boarding school. I must also mention the old desk which the poet used when attending the grammar school. There were numerous pen knife engravings on the desk, but Shakspeare's own name was no where to be seen. This shows that William either was a good boy and didn't do the carving or that he did do it and didn't want his name to be known. Leaving the house we walked down past the tumbling old grammar school to Stratford church where the poet lies buried. His grave is in the chancel of the church, marked by a plain flag stone on which is written the familiar inscription which has kept it undisturbed so many years. The bust near the grave is the best one known and represents Shakspeare as more of a ruddy, round-faced Englishman than do most of his pictures. I have not time to mention many interesting little relics which are shown in the rooms of the house or in the different parts of the town. Our visit to Stratford was highly satisfactory and it is a visit which no one going to England should fail to make. We waited until train time on the banks of the Avon in

THE OLD CEMETERY.

near the church. There is room for much of the sentimental in writing of a delightful rest under the branching elms of such a hallowed spot; but I am not much given to sentiment now, especially when I remember how quickly our condition was changed "from the sublime to the ridiculous." I said we waited until train time; and we did most literally. In other words we saw that in order to catch the Leamington train we must get to the station in less than no time. In a second we were giving the villagers an exhibition of a good 220 yards dash. They were horrified at the American way of "catching" a train. Englishmen don't "catch trains" as a rule. They walk hesurely to the station an hour ahead of time and wait.

Next day we took our accustomed train ride to Warwick. This time our objective point was Kenilworth castle, the ruins of which are on the Stratford and Coventry road, four miles from Warwick. We were again advised to walk, being assured that we would enjoy the walk exceedingly. The road from Stratford to Coventry has long been famous. Two Englishmen once bet that each could name the most delightful walk in all England. One named the road from Stratford to Coventry, and the other the road from Coventry to Stratford. From

WARWICK TO KENILWORTH

is but a part of this road, but it is enough to give one an idea of the whole. The road lies between two historic places, and through the most beautiful of English farming country.

It is as clean and well paved as the streets of any city, while rows of well trimmed elms and sycamores stretch away in graceful curves for miles on either side. A wide, shaded walk on one side is reserved for pedestrians, and on the other side the turf is kept soft for riders on horseback.

From the road could be seen farm houses of every description, including the lowly hut of the commonest laborer, the neat cottage of the small farmer, and the lordly mansion of the earl.

Amidst all this variety we could not but notice on every side unmistakable signs of thrift. Everything looked clean, neat, and in its proper place. The walk over this road was so charming that the five miles seemed no more than two.

Passing through the one long street of the village of Kenilworth we saw on an eminence to the left, the majestic ruins of the castle. So many far worthier pens than mine have written the past glories of Kenilworth that I feel abashed at mentioning the place at all.

If the reader would get an idea of the former magnificence of this castle let him read Scott. The history of Kenilworth in its glory is the history of England for that period, just as the history of Versailles is the history of France during the times of Marie Antoinette. But the Kenilworth of Victoria is not much like the Kenilworth of Elizabeth. Nothing is left now but

IMMENSE BARE WALLS

which lift their battered towers to the sky and cast a gloom over everything which surrounds them. It's court differing from that of Harwick castle, is divided into an upper and a lower part by an abrupt hill which rises in the centre of the yard. This makes the castle walls very uneven, and adds to the solemn grandeur of the scene. Notwithstanding the rough treatment it received from Cromwell, the old pile is stately and magnificent even in its ruins, and will probably stand the storms of centuries to come.

To reach Leamington was but a matter of one hour by coach, and the next morning, at ten found us locked up in one of the stuffy old carriages of the Great Western company, thundering along for London. Of the many noted points along the way, Oxford was the only one at which we had time to stop; and indeed our visit there scarcely deserved the name, since our hours might have been changed to weeks and then we should not have seen it all. Hawthorne truly says that it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy Oxford satisfactorily.

He had, however, the one consoling thought that no one ever saw more square feet of Oxford per minute than we did.

The buildings of the various colleges of Oxford university are so vast and so numerous that I shall not attempt to describe any one of them.

First let me say that the English or European idea of a university means something more than the American. Oxford university is an immense institution comprising fifteen fully equipped colleges. Each college has a separate building or set of buildings, built like most European residences, only much larger, in the shape of a square, with a large arched gateway which leads from the street to the court-yard. The dormitories, recitation and dining rooms are in the various parts of this building, all facing the court or quadrangle. Some colleges are larger, some smaller, many of them greatly resembling the castles in point of age, size, and architectural beauty. Sometimes there are more than one court, the extra buildings consisting of chapels, libraries, labratories, halls, etc. The chapels of some of the colleges were extremely beautiful and were even as grand as the old gothic cathedrals we had seen at the beginning of our tour. One can get something of an idea of the vastness of Oxford from the statement of one of the proctors who said that the town was not so full by 7,000 as when the colleges were all in session. We left Oxford in despair at being unable to spend more time in her noble old halls where so many men of letters have spent their student days and where the only Tom Brown cut capers which are familiar to every schoolboy.

Then we thought of the comparative insignificance of our institutions of higher education in America, where every other school house is called a college and every other college a university.

FRANZ SEPEL.

RELIGIOUS.

The Rev. Dr. Edgehill has declined the bishopric of Nova Scotia.

Australian Presbyterians are raising $250,000 for church extension and education.

The African Methodist Episcopal church proposes to celebrate the centenary of its organization in November.

As many as twenty Congregational churches have been organized within two years in Southern California.

A force of 2,000 colporteurs distribute sermons among the non-church-going people of Berlin, Germany. More than 100,000 sermons are thus distributed each week.

Bishop Tuttle, who has been missionary bishop of Utah, Idaho and Montana for twenty years, has become bishop of the Missouri and will henceforth reside in St. Louis.

The archdiocese of Philadelphia has contributed $11,007.04 to the negro and Indian missions, the largest amount collected in any diocese, New York coming next with $8,179.32.

Of the 276 Lutheran churches built in 1886, 153 were German, 62 English, 37 Swedish, 22 Norwegian, 2 Danish. Besides these there Slavonian, Finnish, Iceland and Bohemian Lutheran houses of worship.

A banker at Sendia, Japan, a non-christian has given 10,000 yen [over $8,000] to the school established by the American Board in that city, with the distinct understanding that it is to be a thoroughly christian institution.

The great camp meeting of the season opened at Ocean Grove on last Tuesday, and will continued during the following ten days. These meetings have been attended in former years by upwards of 100,000 people during the sessions, and the attendance this year promises to equal if not surpass that of the last few years.

A couple of Princeton students have been canvassing ninety-two colleges and seminaries for the names of students willing to become missionaries. The volunteers include twenty-five from Amherst, Williams nineteen, Andover fourteen, Harvard nine, Coanell thirty-five, Oberlin 110 and Princeton seminary and college forty-eight.

The Catholics of Lawrence, Mass., connected with the Augustinian churches, have formed a church debt society, which now numbers upward of fifteen hundred members, who pledge sums ranging from $3 to $25 each annually toward paying the depositors in the band of the Augustinian friars, who became bankrupt in 1883. It is expected by this means to pay off the entire debt in ten years.

Sarah Bernhard's object in making a pet of a tiger cat has at length been made public. It is announced in the Parisian papers that her tiger is a most intelligent animal and has learned to tell a creditor as soon as it sees one. It is further remarked that the tiger is generally at large in Mme. Bernhardt's drawing-room.

The post-mortem examination in the case of the famous Russian editor, Katkoff, revealed the fact that he died of cancer of the stomach.

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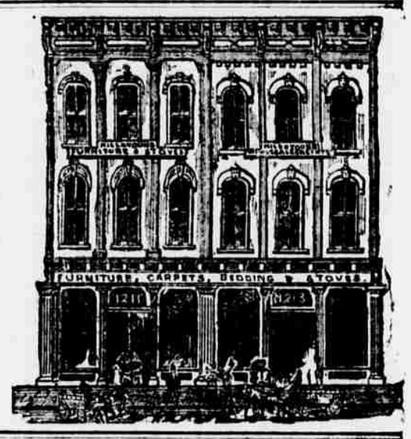
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