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▲ Bee Correspondent's Experiences in the

TWO CAR LOADS OF AMERICANS

The Appropriate Circumstances Under Which "America" and "God Save the Queen Were Touchingly Rendered.

BRUSSELS, August 26.-[Correspondence of the BEE.]-It is a shame that I could not have written this letter in Paris, as I intended to do. Hot weather, lack of time and the many attractions of the city are my excuses, and they certainly are acceptable ones, for a harder week's work I never did in my life.

To see Paris in a week one must hustle. To be sure we did not see everything, but we saw enough to make us thoroughly tired of anything that looked Parisian. Our first impressions of the city were

unpleasant. Driving from the depot in a muggy old fiacre, and gazing now and then down the broad avenues, we were surprised at the sameness of their appearance. We struggled with this impression of monotony for several days. but were at last obliged to give up and admit that Paris was a most beautiful

For various reasons, one of which was to get some idea of Parisian student life, we took lodgings in the southwestern part of the city, in the midst of what is known as the Latin quarter, where the university students live. As our landlady told us, it was a pretty lively quarter, and in our opinion it was one not very well calculated for the development of philosophic minds. During our stay, students and erryone else seemed to be having a continuous holiday. Every day, from morning to night and from night to morning, the streets were crowded with people, many of whom were sitting in cafes whose tables extended into the streets, while others thronged noisily to and fro, singing songs and having a good time generally. Parisians live ON THE STREETS

rather than in their houses. In the long warm days of summer buildings are almost deserted and the people pass the time under the shade of trees, with which most of the streets are well lined. The har, as you all know. He retires late, and as a matter of course rises late. His break-fast, which is invariably taken in his room, consists of rolls and a cup of coffee with cognac—a very light meal, you notice, compared with an American breakfast. Then at any time from 10 to to'clock he takes a second meal, which he calls a dejeuner, consisting of a steak or chop with vegetables and wine. Again from 5 to 8 in the evening he takes his dinner, an elaborate affair of many courses of highly seasoned food and plenty of good wine. The dinner is the crowning meal of the day, and at that time the street cafes and restaurants are all crowded, giving the stranger a fine opportunity to study the character of the people. Grape juice flows freely at Parisian cafes, and the number of those who "tarry long at the wine" strikes a palling. Men, women and children, rich and poor alike, drink wine all their lives and are taught to look upon it as a part, and a big part, of their daily food. In spite of all this there is very little drunk-enness on the streets of Paris. One sees in a week than he sees in London in one night Parisians are energetic, indus trious, intellectual and polite, and in spite of all their well-known faults are a good class of people to get along with.

DRINKING DONE IN PARIS, and in fact all Europe, has set me to thinking whether the temperance movement will ever get a footbold here. Such a thing seems really impossible at present, and, considering the temperament o the people, I should say that the inhabitants of the vast wine-growing districts of Europe would continue forever to drink the products of their own vine-clad

Many of you have seen, and all of you have read of, the sights of this most in-teresting city; its relaces and parks; its fine streets and buildings; its wonderful Louvre and Tuileries; its Notre Dame, and Luxembourg; the grea Bois de Boulogne; the magnificent Arc de Triomphe and the winding Seine. One book cannot describe nor one short letter enumerate the many objects of interest in Paris. To appreciate her art galleries one must be acquainted with streets and places one must read the scenes of the revolution and the

reign of terror. For most tourists the Louvre is the greatest attraction of Paris; so it was for me, and I spent as much time there as in all other places together. The pleasure of rambling through its long galleries and gazing at the world of art-treasure which they contain, is too great to be de-scribed. The collection of paintings and sculpture, the greatest in the world, is as extensive as it is choice, and one could not well take a better lesson in the fine

arts than to see it. It must be a pleasure to live in a city where art is so well appreciated and so well patronized as in Paris. I can im-agine how much those people enjoy agine how much those people enjoy life who live in retirement in those peaceful villas along the Seine within a sione's throw of the Louvre, and where a ah east window looks out upon the i meter.

BEAUTIES OF THE CITY PARIS

giant towers of Notre Dame. A short evening's walk takes them past the chamber of deputies, over the beautiful Place de la Concorde to the famous Elysian Eields and Palace of Industry. If my lot were cast in such a place how often I should drive out to the

should drive out to the

HOTEL DES INVALIDES,
with its magnificent dome over Napoeon's tomb, on through the Bois de
Boulogne, the Hyde Park of Paris, and
up to the Arc de Triomphe, the grandest
triumphal arch in the world.

Then there is the finely proportioned
Madeleine, whose graceful columns please
the eye of every visitor, and near it, at
the head of the Rue de L'Opera, rises the
magnificent facade of the Opera house,
second to none in the world in point of
size and architectural beauty. Here, too,
the shining helmets of the National
Horse guards, which seem a part of the
opera, show that the institution is supplied with cash from the vaults of the plied with cash from the vaults of the French bourse.

There are dozens of Americans in Paris this summer. About two car-loads of us happened to get together on a trip down to the palace and gardens of Versailles. The day was perfect, and about twenty-five of "the boys" got into the "imperiales" or roof seats of the railway carriage. Perhaps we didn't enjoy that trip! And perhaps the woods along the way didn't ring with good old American songs and cheers for the red, white and blue! At Versailles we were joined by

A PARTY OF ENGLISHMEN,
and on the way back to Paris, after exchanging various choral compliments,
we all joined in singing "America" and
"God Save the Queen." Surely the
English-speaking nations made themselves heard in France for once. But
enough of Paris. The weather was hot
during our stay there, and we were glad during our stay there, and we were glad to get away.

A few hours' ride took us northwest into Brussels, the capital of Belgium. It

took us some time to decide to visit Brussels, but we are now very glad we did. I should advise every tourist who an possibly spare the time not to miss this fine old city. We were in need of rest, and therefore went to the Hotel de Hollande, which we were told was the quietest place in the city. This we have found to be true, and a cosier, cleaner and altogether more delightful hotel I never tried.

Brussels, lik many other European etties consists of an upper and lawar cities, consists of an upper and lower town. The upper part contains the resi-dence of the king and the mansions of town. the nobles and aristocracy, and is in every way a model place of residence. On this physically and socially elevated plane about twenty thousand educated and refined Belgians live in peaceful retirement. They are more temperate than Parisians, more domestic than Englishmen and more quiet than Americans; very fond of the good things of life, but not given to vain and empty show. They are near enough to all the great European centres of art and learning to be under their ennobling influence, yet far enough away to escape their vice and legradation. Brussels has its own artists and musicians, its own churches, palaces, museums, galleries and gardens, which compare well with those of her more pretentious neighbors, while her ROYAL OPERA

has a stock company of high repute.

The princpal industry in the city is the manufacture of lace, for which it has een renowned far upwards of two cen turies. Tournay carpets are also made sels carpets are mostly made in England, where they can be manufactured and furnished to the market at a cheaper rate

French is the court language of Belgium, and nearly everyone speaks it, but a great many of the lower classes speak Fiemish, a sentence of which sounds like a series of half-suppressed grunts than words.

Fortunately for us Professor Gan acquaintance in Brussels, Dr. Colig-nor, physician to the English and American legations, and this contributed very much to the enjoyment of our visit. Th doctor drove us through the city and over its splendid boulevards, the sites of ancient fortifications and around to his own palatial home. This gave me an opportunity which I had long wished for, seeing the interior of an aristocratic European residence. The swallow-tailed concierge who bowed us in first impressed me as being very dignified and highly respectful. And the well-bred air of the concierge seemed to show itself in all other parts of the house, in the other ervants, the dogs, birds, and even in the flowers, which grew in oriental profusion in the courtyard and sent delicious odors into every room. The smoking room, where we spent most of the evening, was a charming apartment, with exquisitely carved doors, a large ornamental marble tireplace, on which rested two slender columns with gilded capitals. The fur-niture, pictures, carpets and all the appointments of the room were in perfect keeping with this handsome fireplace, which was the centre of attraction, and to say that I was sorry to forsake a downy armehair and repair to my own humble lodgings is putting it very mild. ightfully spent at a classical concert in he Place Royal, admission to which was fifty francs, or about ten cents, and the next morning we started for Cologne.

FRANZ SEPEL. Three Stories About Trees. Fifty railroad ties, each eight feet in ength and 6x10 inches thick, were cut from one pine tree of Dooly county,

An apple tree on the premises of Joseph F. Plemmer in Upper Swampscott, Mass., has a rose engrafted on it that blossomed beautifully this season t was pure white, and had the fragrance

A cherry tree of the white oxheart variety on the premises of John Capura, of Oroville, Cal., bore this season 2,800 pounds of fruit. It is eighteen years old, is sixty feet high, and is six feet in dia-

RISEN FROM HIS OWN ASHES.

Henry Villard Once More Secures Influence in Money Circles.

NERVOUSNESS OF GREAT MEN

A Chinese Theater-The Latest Fad in Saloons-The Liberty Boys-A New Thing in Politics-A Political Salvation Army.

Bobs Up Screnely. NEW YORK, Sept. 14 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Henry Villard, like the Phoenix, has risen from his own ashes. I don't suppose that those who knew him best thought that he had gone annulated the suppose that the su best thought that he had gone completely under when his failure was announced a few years ago. He was too young and too strong a man to be knocked out by one such blow. When he was supposed to be in retirement in Germany he was laying his plans, and he came back to this country representing a syndicate of wealthy Germans, whose faith in him was as deep as their pocketbooks. Like Brother Fox Mr. Villard laid low until he was ready to jump high, and suddenly he burst upon Wall street and made a purchase of \$6,000,000 worth of stock in a company of which he had been the president, and of which it is believed he will be the president again. Mr. Villard's famous houses in Madison avenue, back of the cathedral, was sold after his failure, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the Tribune, buying one, and Mr. Roswell Smith, of the Century, another. I suppose the next thing Mr. Villard will do will be to build himself a fine house, and I am already eager to see what it will be like. His first venture was so successful architecturally that I am interested to see what he will do now that he has had more experience.

with the exception of the poetic George, are early risers, rapid walkers and nervous in their movements. Chauncey M. Depew rushes into a is office like a hurricane early in the morning, and is conin the evening. Go into any of the re-sorts where prominent New Yorkers take their luncheons, and you will be at once impressed with the fact of their nervous temperament. The brothers of Robert Bonner take their midday meal daily at the Astor house. The moment they drop into their seats a well trained waiter rushes out to the carving table and orders their luncheon with the sup-plementary remark: "It is for the Messrs. Bonners; hurry up." Robert Bonner himself is a man of slow movements compared with other New York editors. Stick a pin in him and he would probably turn about with the calmness peculiar to the old school of New Yorkers and ask you what you meant. Try the same experiment with James Gordon Bennett, and he would wheel about and offer to give you battle on the spot. Resort to the same artifice with Joseph Pullitzer and he would spring up with rage, turn upon you and probably knock you out in a jiffy. He is the most nervous man of all New York journalists and walks rapwith his broad shoulders thrown

A CHINESE THEATER. As if Mott street were not already sufficiently foreign looking, it is now to have a Chinese theater, where a Chinese company, clad in \$250,000 worth of costumes will perform plays five acts long that re-quire a whole evening for each act. The foreign part of Mott street is not of great extent, but what there is of it looks like the oriental dreams of an opium smoker. One has left the Bowery scarce twenty telegraph pole covered up to the height that bristles with Chinese hieroglyphics Here the news of Chinatown is epitomized Right and left, before and behind, are Chinese shops for the sale of tea and Chinese groceries, for the exchange of money, and doubtless, if the truth was money, known, known, for the indulgence in opium smoking and fan tan. Idle Chinamen hang about the doors or loll out of the windows' while scores of the same race slowly march the streets. Here a Chinese served an elaborate but mysterious meal that includes an intoxicant made from rice. Just as you wonder where China town will end the street turns, and you find yourself in a scarcely less foreign quarter, whose denizens are all Italians THE LATEST IN SALOONS.

The drinking saloon glaring with awdry resplendors and aglow with nude

art having grown commonplace in this town, a new fashion in the ornamentation of such places has developed. For some months the thirsty have fancied that they sipped a double joy in drinking at an upper Broadway bar where nearly il the furniture is of heavy plate-glass. All this was to have been eclipsed, however, by an ambitious vendor of spirits in Ann street, whose bar was to have been an aquarium (snakes omitted), and whose windows were to have been decorated with living creatures of various kinds. The consummation of all this splendor was either prevented or post poned by a fire that destroyed \$6,000 worth of plate glass and other orna-ments. But the newest thing in saloons is the "Silver Dollar," a drinking place in the heart of the squalid but busy Pol-ish district. Its sign is a gigantic counterfeit presentment of the coin that we all complain of and are all industriously after, while specimens of the verit-able coin itself areto be comented into the beer pumps. In all 700 of these illusive

discs will pave the floor and armor-plate various articles of furniture. The pro-prietor says, philosophically, that if the heels of customers wear off the faces of the coins he will cheerfully replace the damaged pieces with others fresh from

THE LIBERTY BOYS.

We are promised a new thing in politics this fall. A know-nothing fraternity proposes to parade the city after the fashion of the Salvation army, with boy drum corps and perhaps women tambou-rinists, to gain recruits for the American party. Open-air and indoor meetings will be held at convenient points, and converts on probation will be dragged into the fold and made over into useful members. It is a "great scheme," and it may be successful. At any rate, the new American party here says it is determined. settle the electoral vote of this state. The political Salvation army is under the sponsorship of Horace Greeley camp No. 1. Patriotic Order of Liberty Boys, who will be represented of course, by delegates at the convention to be held in Philadelphia. The order is a secret one, but it has been well named. The Liberty Boys of New York were a power in their day, and their battle with the British soldiery on Golden Hill (John street) antedated Lexington by several

is now one of the sights of the town. The stores are crammed with buyers, and salesmen, packets, porters, bookkeepers and truckmen are kept on the jump. The lights are not extinguished till a late hour, and then the houses cannot catch up with their orders. The rush of buyers and the activity of the army they set busy attending to their wants resemble the stir of a general training.

the stir of a general training.

The sidewalks on Thomas, Worth,
Leonard, Franklin, White, Walker, Lispenard and Church streets are covered with heavy boxes. West Broadway at H. B. Claffin & Co.'s is in the same con-dition. The piles of boxes packed with goods is at some points as high as a load of hay. The streets are full of trucks, loading, loaded or unloading. From the elevated railroad the cross streets look like hives of active bees. Thistle,

ACTORS' AGES.

John Gilbert was born at Boston in 1810. Frank Mayo was born at Boston in 1830. Neil Burgess was born at Boston in 1840. M. B. Curtis was born at Detroit in 1851. Catharine Lewis was born in Wales in 1856

Mrs. John Drew was born in England in 18. Eftie Ellsler was born at Philadelphia in J. K. Emmet was born at St. Louis in 1841 Rose Eytinge was born at Philadelphia in

35. William J. Florence was born at Albany in Clara Morris was born at Cleveland, O., in Louisa Aldrich was born in Ohio in Octo-Minnie Hauk was born at New Orleans in Maud Granger was born in Connecticut in

Kate Klaxton was born at New York in Italo Campanini was born at Parma, Italy Milton Nobles was born at Cincinnati in

Maggie Mitchell was born at New York in Charles W. Couldock was born at London Fanny Davenport was born at London in

Rose Coghlan was born at Peterboro, Eng., in 1853. Etelka Gerster was born at Kassa, Hun-Frank Chanfrau was born at New York in Christine Nilsson was born at Hussaly, Lillie Langtry was born at St. Helens, Jer-

Charlotta Crabtree (Lotta) was born at Steele Mackaye was born at Buffalo in De-Frank C. Bangs was born in Virginia in

Tom Keene was born at New York city in October, 1840. John H. Stoddard was born at Yorkshire, England, in 1827. Margaret Mather was born near Toronto in

Clara Louise Kellogg was born at Sumterille, S. C., in 1842, Lawrence Barrett was born at Paterson, N. John Lester Wallack was born at New York in January, 1819. William Warren, jr., was born at Philadel-phia in November, 1812.

Edwin Booth was born at Belair, near Arthur McKee Rankin was born at Sand-Agnes Booth was born in Sydney, New South Wales, in October, 1843. Joseph Jefferson (the third) was born at Philadelphia, in February, 1829.

"Mamma, what is color blind?" asked lit-tle Nell "Inability to tell one color from another, my dear." "Then I guess the man that made my geography is color blind, be-cause he's got Greenland down painted yel-

History of Grant's Illness. NEW YORK, Sept. 17.- | Special Telegram to the BEE | -Dr. John S. Douglas, who has been in broken health and fortune since his attendance of General Grant in his last ill ness, has about completed his history of the dead general's case. He says his trip last winter did him tho good and though he is somewhat better now there are days when he almost gives up hope. He received \$7,000 from the Grant family for his medical services and \$5,000 which Grant requested should be given him over and above his medical bills as a token of his love and THE LOVELY MISS WINSLOW,

The Charming Girl Wno Will be the Belle of the Coming Season.

ROSCOE CONKLING'S SISTER.

An Odd Diversion for Young Girls-The Little Church Around the Corner-An Exciting Scene Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-That small but famous section of New York society known as "society," just as though there were no people outside of it worthy of high social consideration, always knows every September what girl is going to be the leading belle for the ensuing winter season. She must in every case be a "bud." That is to say, she must be a debutante in society, and she can in no possible event hold sway for a second winter. There is no second term business about it. She must give way to a successor as soon as one season takes away her novelty. Influential matrons seek for these treasures among their relatives, for it is a great distinction to chaperone and be sponsor for what may be denominated the queen of the winter. Miss Winslow will hold the proud and conspicuous position during the ensuing cold weather gayeties. There is no more doubt about it than that the world does move. The question is definitely settled, and society accepts the choice. Miss Winslow is a fair young girl, and almost a positive beauty. She comes from Albany, and is brought to town by Mrs. Townsend Burden, a lady of secured place and many millions. Miss Winslow has already made her debut at Newport, where, like the professional beauties of the stage, she has been exploited in a manner to get her into extended notice. The Duke of Marlborough, whose official record in the British divorce court is un-

rivalled, was refused admission to most Newport houses. There were two notable exceptions to the inhospitality. The original and independent Mrs. Paran Stevens favored him with entertain ment, and has been berated in print for doing so. The other breaker of the Marlborough boycott was Mrs. Town-send Burden, who had him at dinner and who put her debutante. on his arm for several promenades at public occasions. That was regarded as a device to bring the lovely and irre-proachable girl into attention, and it succeeded, for it made her discussed widely, without any reflection on her, for whatever blame was expressed lay against the chaperone. You will hear a great deal of Miss Winslow before spring.

We are wont to censure actresses for resorting to questionable advertising devices of conduct. Every instance of that sort can, I doubt not be duplicated in quite within the limits of the Astor cur cle. She is a cousin of the family, if I am not mistaken, and anyhow she is a social associate. She is an out-door devoted to equestrianism and other Englishy sports, including pigeon shooting. She can use a rifle with con-siderable skill, and the other day at Cedarhurst I saw her participate in an impromptu match in which she was not at the bottom of a list including half a dozen gentlemen. And she was away ahead of the lot in peculiarity. I don't like the smell of gunpowder, and every puff of smoke from a rifle distressed m nostrils like a coward in battle. But when Miss Webber brought her pretty weapon to her delicately shrugged shoul ier, squinted her eye roguishly along the barrel and pulled the trigger, a delight ful scent of violet almost overcame the stench of burnt powder. She had mixed powdered perfume with her ammunition. I always do it," she explained; "and if ever there is another war in this country am going to recommend the practice to the government, so as to avert one of the norrors of carnage

A ripple of talk in Fifth avenue is caused by a bit of trouble which a tourist pelle encountered in the custom house She was searched for dutable and the examination was, for some reason or other, extended to her bustle. It is presumed that information had been because on which to act. The lady forwarded on which to act. The lady had boasted before her London friends of how she meant to smuggle a lot of lace into New York. She was caught at it, and had to pay duty, narrowly escaping a confiscation of the articles. It chanced that the searcher was none other than Mrs, Margaret Steele,

A SISTER OF ROSCOE CONKLING. She is a widow without fortune, and has been in this peculiar branch of the public service for ten years. She is as handsome as her distinguished brother, and can search a gentle smuggler very impress-

The odd diversion of the week for Fifth avenue girls has been to go, adventurously but under proper escort, to the curious little race course of the Turf club, where there are seven laps to a mile, and the races are of course farcical

Gambling is the sole purpose.

About eight hundred people, all told. were present at the time of the writer's visit. It included the very toughest look-ing representatives of low life in the city Broken down sports, who told and retold the stories of their former great winnings and losses on race tracks, were in abundance. Young boys whose purses were evidently strained by the half dollar charged for admission were too numer-ous. Cheap looking men of all ages, who might have come from six-dollars-a-week

places in stores or from no occupation at all, were the most numerous. And there were the most numerous. And there were about a score of women, most of them elderly. A good many of the men were hopelessly drunk before the third race. Many went broke on the first, although the prize of a pool ticket is only two dollars. The women were perastent gamblers on the pseudo events, but it was a cheerful feature, that they wen at least a cheerful feature that they won at least half the time. They went through no nonsense of intrusting their bills to white-capped messenger boys, of whom there were none; they did not even give their money to their male friends; they went directly to the pool-sellers, took their places in the lines before the boards and bought their choices as calmly as if they were securing dress goods at a down-town store. They were treated with the utmost politeness by all present. No comments, open or concealed, were made upon their actions. The luckiest(?) woman was one about fifty years old-

MAN OUICK-MOVING WOMEN who do their own housework to save the expense of a servant, and collect rents from their real estate, or cut off coupons from their bonds at the first of every month with unfinching regularity. She never played "straight," but bought two tickets for "place" on each event. One of these tickets covered the favorite and of these tickets covered the involte and the other some short horse. Somehow or other it usually happened that she won on both tickets. At the end of a race she hastened to a place in the line of winners anxious to cash in, and never conde-scended to lose the dime per ticket for which she might have saved the trouble of waiting by selling it at that reduction to a very accommodating man with a long purse fattened with small bills. This man usually secured about half of the winning tickets, and so made a fair in-

come for the day, as no "place" pools sold for less than a hundred, and no "straight" less than forty tickets.
The Little Church Around the Corner has seen some remarkable ceremonies in weddings as well as funerals, though a weddings as well as funerals, though a funeral was its starting point in popularity. No family has contributed more liberally to its fame than the Wallacks. It was from this church, some years ago, that Florence Wallack, sole daughter of the manager's house and heart, was made the bride of Arthur Sewall. That was a formy readily and the start was a formy and the start was a start to the doors. The dramatic profession alone filled it, and the large society con-tingent that patronized Wallack's theatre was out in full force. It was high noon, and the packed throng waited impa-tiently the coming of the bride. A mur-mur of voices, and a halt in the vestibule told that something was wrong. The gallant Lester, prepared to give away his daughter with cheerful alacrity, had got out of his carriage and offered his arm to the festively arrayed Florence, when that young lady stopped: "Where's the

young lady stopped: "Where's the music?" said she.
"Come on," said papa; "you are al-ways late. There's your cue. Go on. Don't keep the stage waiting. "I won't be married without music; was to have a wedding march;

IT'S A SHAME; won't move a step," stormed the disappointed girl.
"Oh, Florry, never mind; go on,"
plead Sewall, with his prospective mother-in-law on his arm.

"Florence, do you want to break your poor mother's heart?" whimpered Mrs. Wallack, "Well, it's a shame, and I protest, said Florence, as she started through the doors. Spying the leader of her father's orchestra, Tom Baker, she gave

him a dressing when some distance up "Pretty thing this, Mr. Baker," cried be young lady. "You promised to have the young lady. "You promised to have the full orchestra, and here there's not a—"

The rest was lost, as Lester rushed her up to the altar and gave her away as quickly as he could. Whatever Dr. Houghton said concerning the marriage relation, it is doubtful if Florence Wallack heard it. She took mouthful after mouthful of her bridal bouquet, and howered the petals on her lace veil. she left the chancel rail, she took up the subject of her wrongs and vowed it was case of shameful neglect that she, of all persons, should be married without

Then again, although the occasion was afterward, the Wallacks figured in the Little Church Around the Corner. s no doubt that Lester Wallack loved Actor Harry Montague truly, and, when that lamented young man's body was brought here for burial, Lester was by common consent the chief mourner. called on his dramatic experience for proper deportment. It was the hottest day of summer, and when the church was reached, there in the broiling sun, outside the door, was a mound covered with violet velvet embroidered in gold.

THE BABY ELEPHANT

with his ring trappings on; but for all that it was the easket containing poor Montague, and the remarkable pall had come from the theatre. Pretty soon Mr Wallack, who had just arrived from his yacht, got all made up for the part, and the procession started into the church. First, Dr. Houghton, then some altar boys, and then the casket borne on shoulders, with next the pall-bearers; a Mr. Wallack, dragging one foot after the other in true melo-dramatic style, his eyes fixed, a black bordered handker-chief in one hand, one black glove on, and its mate, with a hat with plume upon it carried in the other, he was a spectacle of woe, and the sort of one that provoked many a concealed smile. I don't believe anyone in church that day ever forgot the really funny business of poor Montague's chief and sincere moarner.

But it was reserved for a bride lately to suffer a complication of accidents, and get married after all, in that same little church. The young lady left the house and got ten blocks away when she dis-

covered that she had not put on her bri-dal veil. This was no fool of a veil, either. It was not the regulation square of blonde lace, but a lovely Brussels net, richly wrought by the nuns in the convent of the Sacre Cosur in Montreal. Back went the bride for this gorgeous portion of her raiment. It was thrown over her in the carriage, and the wedding procession again started. This time a breath of air produced an inclination to sneeze. The poor bride repressed it, but it escaped at last, and, oh, horror on horror's head! her white satin waist split from belt to shoulder. Here occurred a halt. This time at a little shop where thread and needle were obtained, and the gaping space with difficulty was cov-

At last, much too late, that unfortu-nate woman reached the church. In stepping nervously from the carriage the lace bottom of

AN UNDER PETTICOAT

caught on the step, and she felt the fastening give way. Every step up the aisle she could feel that cruel skirt slip, slip, till she feared she would have to step out of it at the very altar. She took a grip on the side, and on she went. During the entire service she clung to it like grim death. She let go for a moment to get her glove off for the ring, and when she resumed her hold she felt that it had gained on her. Like Florence Wallack, she wight have been progressed with the she might have been married with the catechism or the churching of women, for all she knew. She had these thoughts:
"Will that petticoat be dropped in the
aisle, or will I shed it on the sidewalk before the mob as I climb into the car-riage? Is it the lawn skirt, with three rufles of vallenciennes, or is it that little blue embroidered cashmere ma made me wear so I wouldn't take cold?' The perspiration started on her pallid brow as she hurriedly made the re-sponses, and half fainting made her way down the aisles.

"Don't lose your presence of mind, dear," whispered the young husband.
"It's my petticoat I'm losing," returned the lady, pettishly.
When once in the carriage the sentimental bridegroom pressed her hand and said: "At last the prize is mine."
She said the same thing as the kinted She said the same thing as she kicked the dreadful petticoat under the carriage

CLARA BELLE Merit Bound to Be Recognized. San Francisco Chronicle: I was read-ing a long and learned article written by of those fellows who think out things, some time ago, on the recogniion of merit in this country. Recognize merit! Of course we recognize merit. We can't help it. We've got to do it. Merit gets up and whoops till you do recognize it. It's like a kid at a dinner It howls till it gets the lump of sugar, and then it is quiet till the sugar is gone. Do you suppose we take any notice of me ti didn't get up and merit 1 whoop? True, there are two or three clever people whose names one very rarely sees in the newspapers. But they don't amount to much. They do clever work; they invent important machines; they make great scientific discoveries. That's all right, but generally its only when somebody steals their ideas and practically waves them in the face of the publie that their features become manifest

and then nobody ever hears of them. This is a patent medicine world, my masters! It is the man that sells corn plas-ters on the corner of a street from a naptha-lit buggy and not the chiropodist up two flights of stairs that gets the notice. It is the enter-prising ignoramus who does not know hat medical science has gone all through his theories and thrown them out into the dust heap, who rushes into print and persuades the masses he must be in advance of his times. The wise old physician sits in his back office and smiles. It is the fresh astronomer who is begin-ning ab mitio who writes these wonderful theories about the stars that provoke arguments among everybody except the the new electrician who patents applications of electricity that were failures a century ago, only he thinks nobody ever tried them. If Ganleo had never had his little troubles the magazines to-day would publish as a brilliant scientific discovery that the earth moves, and some few woule refuse to credit him with the origin of it. In the days of old people tested and proved

fore science or art can prove what an But people get on in the world, per-haps, all the better for that. Men nide their light under a bushel, but they take precious good care the bushel will take fire and burn. An article appeared in an eastern review a few months ago on an important question. It read like a very important question. It read like a very clever article, and full of valuable con-clusions and information. I was talking with a gentleman who is thoroughly familliar with the question, but who does not write. I referred to this article and

everything before they ventured to be-lieve it or gave it to the world. To-day

when a fellow simply thinks a thing he

can rush into print and be famous be-

asked him if he had read it.
"Yes," he said, "I read it. There's only one objection to it. All his facts are wrong.

A Statue of Henry Ward Beecher. NEW YORK, Sept. 17.- | Special Telegram to the BEE. -J. Q. A. Ward will receive the commission for the statue of Henry Ward Beecher, to be erected in Brooklyn. The statue will be of bronze on a granite pedestal. The money available is \$25,000, but it is expected considerable more will be raised. The pedestal will be adorned with scenes from Beecher's life.

Another Capital Water Famine. WASHINGTON, Sept. 17 .- Another water famine is upon the greater portion of this sity, caused by the third break within a short somes of time of the water mains which sup-