SHE RETURNED TO BON BON.

How a New York Girl Tried Her Hand at Philanthropy.

THE WAYS OF LITERARY WOMEN.

Ouida's Dainty Gowns and Miss Murfree's Shabby Desk—Woes of a Queen—An Anecdote of Rosa Bonheur.

Not long ago a New York woman tried an experiment which will certainly adorn a tale if it does not point a moral as well. Here is the tale, says the New York Times. As the identity of the woman is to remain an unknown quantity throughout its recital, she may be called Miss X. Now, Miss X. is single, wealthy and lives by herself. And Miss X. does things, too, occasionally, which make her friends say, "How like Eleanor!" only Eleanor isn't her name. This experiment, by the way, was one of those things.

On one of the recent autumn days, which had in its keen air more than a hint of winter, Miss X. was hurrying across the pavement from a Broadway shop to her carriage. At the curb, a slip of a girl, thinly clad and blue with cold accosted her:

"Please mem," she began in the whine of the street beggar, "will ye buy a pencil?" and she held up her unserviceable wares. Miss X., who was in some haste, waved her aside with a not unkind "No child," and the next moment was rolling away. Not, however, before the wistful, disappointed, and above all, "used-to-it" look on the girl's face impressed itself upon her. The next object which met her eye was the pet spaniel nestling in his wadded blanket on the opposite seat, and it seemed to strike her suddenly that there was a painful contrast between the life of this little pampered animal and the bit of shivering humanity she had just encountered.

It has been intimated that Miss X. is a little odd, perhaps, so it was not surprising that, after thinking of the dog and the girl and the girl and the dog for a few blocks, she signalled to the coachman and ordered a return to the shop. A characteristic impulse had seized her. She had decided reasoning in her rapid way that Bon-bon got care which belonged to a higher grade of animal life than that of a Cocker spaniel, and she proposed to put him in his proper sphere and see what effect the same attention she had been lavishing upon her dog would accomplish if bestowed upon a human being. She had determined upon the experiment.

The girl was still on the sidewalk as the carriage stopped, and, without descending, Miss X. was able to catch her eye and beckon to her. Wonderingly, the child answered the signal.

"What is your name, little girl?" began Miss X., abruptly.

"Mary Monahan, mem," was the reply.

"And where do you live?"

"Eighteenth street, near Sixth av'noo, mem."

A few more questions elicted the facts that she was an "orfun, mem," living with her grandmother, and had a sister several years older than herself who "sewed hats in a shop, mem."

"Well, Mary," said Miss X., when they had talked thus far, "get in here with me and we'll go to your grandmother. If she is willing I am going to take you to my house and see if I can't give you something better to do than selling pencils on the street. Would you like to come and live with me?"

"I dunno, mem," said Mary, and with this non-committal reply Miss X. had to be content.

The grandmother proved a blear-eyed old crone, who was easily pursuaded to relinquish the care of her descendant, and leaving a message for the sister that she would hear from Mary and see her occasionally, Miss X., with her newly-acquired possession, went away. On reaching home Mary was given over to the seamstress, who is also a sort of housekeeper in the establishment, with directions that she be fitted out with suitable clothes, be looked after and instructed in light work, and brought to her every morning at 9 o'clock. One more order followed. The spaniel, his basket, and all his belongings were to be taken from her dressing room to the stable at once.

Before she dined that evening Miss X. made a careful estimate of the aggregate time she had been in the habit of consuming every day in petting and caring for her dog, and arranged to give it daily now to her new charge. At the next morning's interview Mary was not very satisfactory! She was found to be very ignorant and very unenthusiastic. She stolidly accepted the favors already bestowed and listened to future promises without apparent gratitude or other emotion. Still Miss X. did not despair. "Appreciation," she said, "or at least the expression of it is culture, and poor Mary comes from the gutter."

On the afternoon of the same day, as Miss X. was dressing for dinner, word came from the basement that Mary was missing. Upon inquiry a few hours before there had been a ring at the area gate. Mary could see from where she stood who was there. "I'll go," she said to the cook; "it's somebody for cold vitals," and the cook turned and saw that it was a girl with a basket. That was the last of Mary. Her absence was not noticed at first, but when it was she could not be found on the premises. Later, the coachman reported that he had seen Mary a block from the house without hat or coat, scurrying along with a girl her own size, evidently a beggar child, and, said the fellow, "I wouldn't ha' knowed Mary, she looked that chirpy."

"Evidently," commented Miss X., relating the experience to a friend, "it was an experiment with Mary, too, and she didn't find it a pleasant one."

"Well," questioned the friend, "what did you do about it?"

"Oh," replied Miss X., "I let her go; there was nothing else to do, only," she finished with a queer little smile, "I had Bon-bon back from the stable."

Almost every woman writer is more or less "cranky" about the surroundings amidst which she prepares her copy. Ouida wants everything cheerful about her and will not write unless the sun is shining, says the New York World. She keeps a great bouquet on her desk, wears her daintiest gowns and must have her two pet dogs at her feet.

Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) has a shabby old desk, which is the joy of her heart. She gets it in the center of a large, airy room, dons a plain, comfortable dress and becomes lost to life and friends in her work. She writes very rapidly and keeps her papers in perfect order.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' hobby is a cherished gold pen which she has used for years. It will be a valuable souvenir some day, but at present it never leaves her desk. She writes at a table well covered with books and papers.

Mary E. Bryan of New York believes in fresh air, and writes with all the windows open and all the breezes of heaven playing among her papers. As fast as she finishes a sheet she throws it aside wherever it happens to fall, and a search warrant is needed to get her manuscript together in the evening.

Newspaper women write anywhere and everywhere—on trains, on steamboats, in railway stations. And it is no unusual thing to see one of them prop a sheet against the wall and scribble away for dear life.

The queen of Roumania has had two serious troubles which preyed sadly on her excitable, emotional nature, says Modern Society. Her only daughter died and her son and heir never arrived. King Charles, her husband, has adopted a grown up nephew to fill the state vacancy, but everybody knows this is not the same thing to the poor queen consort, whose position is never the same as when her own child comes next in succession. The dispensations which have fallen on other exalted ladies should remind her majesty of Roumania that she has partners enough in distress—the ex-Empress Eugenie for one, whose heir was greeted with a whole nation's enthusiasm and afterward perished by the spears of a few dusky savages.

The Austrian empress is in a still worse plight. Her only son met with a disgraceful end and barely received Christian burial. Save for a legacy of mischief and heartburnings he is as though he had never been. The queen of the Belgians lost her only son some years ago. A grand review of Queen Victoria's descendants would very likely give Carmen Sylvia a very lonesome feeling, but she should reflect that forty children and grand children not only come expensive but can seldom be managed as doves in a cage when once sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and junior partners swell the list.

Thousands of singers have no doubt wondered why the title page of "Marguerite" bore no dedication like all the other famous works written by this author, says the New York World. The reason for this omission was that Mr. White had in his mind an ideal picture of a woman corresponding in all feminine grace with his musical picture of the ideal Marguerite. The composer determined that when he met a living woman who should approach his conception, he would dedicate his song to her. During his sojourn in the south, and while stopping at Atlanta, Ga., he caught on the hotel piazza, while hurrying to catch a train, a fleeting glimpse of a face and figure which were almost the exact counterpart of his dreams. The vision remained with him, and wherever he went Mr. White was unble to shake off his sentimental fancy.

Several months later, while in Cleveland, he again caught a glimpse in the street of the ideal of his dreams.

The young lady is the daughter of Brevet Colonel Albert Barnitz of the Seventh cavalry, United States army, who is now living in retirement in this city, and who fought with distinction under General Custer.

Miss Bertha Rose Barnitz is a blonde, above the medium height, with hair which, unloosed, touches the ground. Her form is almost faultless. In addition to her physical gifts she has a remarkable talent for sculpture and painting. She was born in Leavenworth, Kan. Her mother, who is a woman of more than ordinary accomplishments and striking beauty, is a warm friend of the poet Whittier, to whom she has paid frequent visits of late. Her father, Colonel Barnitz, is a gentleman of pronounced literary gifts.

Hereafter the title-page of the song "Marguerite" will contain the dedication to Mr. White's newly found ideal, with a portrait.

A young Frenchwoman, who is now married, tells a story of how her engagement was nearly broken off through her acquaintance with Mlle. Bonheur, who at the time was busy on a picture in Paris, working in the house of the young Frenchwoman's cousin.

One afternoon the painting did not go well, and Mlle. Bonheur went to the Jardin des plantes for inspiration, taking the happy girl as a companion. Sitting on a bench in a shaded walk, they saw in the distance the girl's betrothed, who, instead of joining them, looked a moment, then flung away in passion, and for the space of a week was not heard from. Then finally he paid a sulky visit, demanding an explanation of her apparently intimate relations with another man.

"A man?" said the laughing girl, now comprehending the desertion; "shall I call the gentleman?"

"What, in your own house?" said the mystified caller.

A minute later Mlle. Bonheur stood in the doorway listening smilingly to the ceremony of presentation.

"Ah," said the only half-pacified lover, "then monsieur—"

"Monsieur," interrupted the triumphant girl, "is Mademoiselle, and if you like you may come into the studio and see her latest picture."

Is the pianoforte wanning in popularity and giving place to the violin? One would not think so to see the activity among the dealers in these instruments on Tremont street, says the Boston Advertiser. And yet it would appear that the violin, especially as an instrument for young girls, is rapidly increasing in popularity. The classes in the violin at the music schools are growing larger, and a "popular" concert today can hardly be regarded as popular unless a young lady violinist is included among the "talent." In England it is said to have fairly taken its place as an instrument for girls. After all the pianoforte is really a very modern instrument when compared with the violin. It is only a harp set in a box and twanged with leather-covered hammers. It is really a mechanical sort of an affair, while the violin has never within the memory of living man or woman been improved and never will be. Who cares for an old piano or how much it is worth.

But a violin! What divine melody will pour forth under skillful fingers from an old Stradivarius of Amati? The wizard of Cremona possessed a secret which no imitator, however keen, has ever been able to fathom. Princes and dukes, men of high renown and modern money kings have scrambled for the possession of the few rare products of his cunning. Stradivarius died more than a hundred and fifty years ago, but the few violins and 'cellos which still exist to enchant the ear of the world are worth their weight in gold. The master of the pianoforte is a skillful mechanician, with agile, supple fingers and an acute musical instinct. The master or mistress of the violin is imbued with divine fire, the gift of the gods.

The slender waist has bidden us adieu. Nineteenth century beauty of form consists not of thinness, or even slenderness, or what is usually termed gentility of figure, says the New York Star. Prior's "small by degrees and beautifully less" and the late duchess of Devonshire's waist of an orange and a half are not the ideal figures of today. The Delsarte maiden, who supports this opinion, will refer you to the Medician Venus, the most celebrated of the Grecian statues. A single glance will convince you of the fallacy of those ideas of beauty which have been formed by the advocates and admirers of small waists and slender figures. The body and limbs of that paragon of beauty are round and full. Examine still further and suppose for a moment that the Medician Venus were to be placed in the hands of one of our first rate dressmakers to be invested with the usual quantity of clothing now worn, all fitted perfectly to the shape. The result would satisfy us that modern forms produced by tight lacing are destructive to health as well as to beauty, and bear no analogy to that lovely, graceful and exquisitely beautiful model of antiquity. Whatever is mean or scanty in nature or in art can never be beautiful.

Four hundred and sixty-seven girls lunched in a cafe the other day, and by the courtesy of the head waiter the writer was permitted to play sentinel at the kitchen door, says the New York Sun. Only thirteen orders contained meat—two of steak, three lamb chops, five ham and three mutton stew. Twenty-seven bowls of soup, chowder and broth were served; six damsels called for fish; one hundred and four had an oyster stew and sixty-seven took lobster or chicken salad. An even two hundred made a meal on ice cream and cake, with a glass of ice water. Forty-five had hot apple dumpling; three hundred cuts of pie were consumed, with one hundred and two charlotte russe, seventy chocolate eclairs, thirty-nine creampuffs and one square yard of Washington pie cut into sections of three inches each. One hundred and seventeen drank tea, twenty called for coffee, twenty-three for pop, ale and beer, two had claret, seventeen soda water, and the rest, one hundred and sixty-seven in all, filled themselves with ice water. It is to this kind of diet that so many of our sallow-faced, bloodless, fleshless, shapeless women and children can be traced.

Mrs. Kendal's complexion is one of the things about which the world is thoroughly justified in talking, says an exchange. It is a question whether many women of her years in the world are so fortunately endowed by nature. She has not much color, but the texture of her skin is as smooth and satiny as that of the traditional country milkmaid. The ingedients which go to make up the prescription upon which Mrs. Keneal depends consist of ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, a walk of at least four miles in the air every day, brown bread, no coffee, no sweets, vigorous rubbing in cold water, and a few of the simplest and most harmless of toilet articles. Unlike most women, she believes principally in exercise, and the effect which she exhibits ought to bring converts to her system of living.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

FIRST CHURCH ON WHEELS.

A North Dakota Bishop's Novel Plan of Preaching.

There has just been completed at the works of the Pullman palace car company a novel creation, the only church on wheels in the world, says a Chicago dispatch. It is constructed according to the idea of the Rt. Rev. William D. Walker, bishop of the diocese of North Dakota., and is intended for use in the small villages along the railroads in that section of the country.

In appearance the exterior of the church differs but little from the ordinary Pullman, except that from each side, midway the two extremes, is a slight projection, gothic in form, which rises to the height of what is known as the second deck. This, Bishop Walker says, is for giving the car more the appearance of a church.

The car is sixty feet long and ten feet wide. Its interior is finished in oak after the gothic style. At one end is a room devoted to the bishop's use. The main body of the car church contains a chancel, altar, lectern, baptismal font, a bishop's chair and a cabinet organ. There are seats for about seventy people.

"I first conceived the idea," said Bishop Walker, "about six years ago when I began my labors in the diocese of North Dakota. I made it public a little over a year ago, and the idea was so favorably received, that it was determined to make practical use of it. There are a number of little towns along the various railroads of from 100 to 150 inhabitants, the residents of which are now practically barred from church privileges. It is for these people that the "Church on Wheels" has been constructed.

"It is not possible to assign a missionary or rector to these towns. They are too small to support one. It is my purpose to notify the people in such places ten days or so in advance that I am coming, and in that way I shall make the circuit. The car will be attached to freight trains and switched off at such stations as I may designate, which are from seven to ten miles apart."

"Is the car-church intended for Episcopalians alone?"

"No, indeed. It is for all who care to attend religious services. My cathedral car, as I call it, is by no means denominational. Much, in fact nearly all, of the furnishings of the car are gifts. The lectern and bible are both donated as memorials, the font is the gift of a New York Sunday school, and the other things came from different sources. The car will be shown to a few Chicago people Tuesday, and on Wednesday it and myself will begin the journey to our mutual field of labor."

Bishop Walker is a churchman of national reputation, and under his guidance the diocese of North Dakota has grown steadily, parishes and membership both having rapidly increased.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Chestnuts for Markets.

Samples of American chestnuts, superior to those of foreign growth both in size and flavor, have recently been received at the department of agriculture, affording a striking illustration of the results of culture and selection. By these means it is believed that the maturity of the chestnut likewise may be materially hastened. Reports received from various sections of the country indicate that the nut may be best prepared for market by being immersed in boiling water for about ten minutes as soon as gathered. Wormy nuts will float on the surface and may be removed; all eggs and lavæ of insects will be destroyed; and the condition of the meat of the nut will be so changed that it will not become flinty by further curing for winter use, and still be in no wise a "boiled chestnut." The nuts may be dried in the sun or in dry houses after being placed in sacks in such quantities as to admit of their being spread to the thickness of about two inches, the sacks being frequently turned and shaken. Dried by this method they remain quite tender, retain the qualities for a long time that make them desirable in the fall, and may be safely stored: but, of course, will not germinate. A bulletin on nut culture is being prepared by the division of pomology, and when published may be obtained by applying to the secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C., or to the division of pomology, department of agriculture.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg

"Better Late than Never."

"Better late than never" was used over three hundred years ago by Thomas Tucker in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Later on Bunyan used it in his "Pilgrim's Progress."

AFTER THE ROOT OF EVIL.

Some of the Queer Methods of Making a Living in Paris.

EXPERTS ON THE "TIRED" EGG.

The Human Alarm Clock—Titled Persons Who Can Be Hired Out for Dinner—Gold Hunting in Sewers.

Money.

That's the magic word that dances before our eyes from the cradle to the grave.

How to obtain it?

To this question every one has a different answer, and queer and extraordinary indeed are some of the means adopted in the life-long chase after the root of all evil.

In Paris, where the supply of human beings far exceeds the supply of money, there exist and flourish some of the queerest and most extraordinary money-getting professions in the world, says the San Francisco Examiner. Who, for instance, would imagine that there is at Paris a regular guild of trade-union mireurs des œufs, anglice, "examiners of eggs," who earn their livelihood by giving opinions in the various markets of the metropolis as to whether the eggs offered for sale are either good or bad, and although they are necessarily limited to a mere outward inspection of the egg they never make an error or mistake a stale for a fresh one.

Another odd calling that affords employment and daily bread to a number of steady men is that of professional awakener. The latter form a trade union, are duly licensed and officially recognized by the police, and perform the duties of an ambulant alarm clock. The awakener starts out at about 3 o'clock in the morning on his regular round, provided with a notebook on which are inscribed the names of his customers and the hours at which they desire to be aroused from their slumbers. His clients usually belong to the working classes, and it is his special duty to make them get up, which he does by a shrill and strident whistle in front of each of their houses. He does not pass on until he becomes convinced by a responsive whistle that he has accomplished his task, for which he receives a remuneration of 1 cent a head per day.

There is also the guild of toad merchants—men who make it their duty to collect and breed toads for the purpose of selling them to the various market gardeners and florists, who constitute a very considerable portion of the suburban population of Paris. Toads find a ready and remunerative sale among the latter who employ their services for the purpose of destroying and exterminating snails, slugs and other kinds of obnoxious vermin.

Quite a large number of men and women walk the streets by day and by night hunting for old boot and shoe soles, from which they extract the nails. These after having their heads polished, are sold to the makers of small joy animals, who use them for the eyes of the latter. Others turn up their noses at old boots and shoes and devote themselves exclusively to collecting old crusts of bread, too stale and filthy to have tempted even the most ravenous dog, but which are greatly relished by the rabbits that are raised in enormous numbers in the suburbs.

In the Chausee d'Antin, there is a regular office which furnishes professional diners out at a fixed tariff rate. It is to the managers thereof that superstitious persons apply when at the moment before dinner they require the presence of a fourteenth guest. Titled personages covered with decorations can likewise be hired there to put in an appearance at the dinners or balls of wealthy parvenus.

A man has just died here who managed to amass a considerable fortune by picking up cigar and cigarette stumps in the street and on the floors of restaurants and cafe. A most disreputable looking individual was this old man, who, dressed in rags, was wont to wander by day and night along the thoroughfares of the great metropolis for the purpose of collecting the half-chewed, half-smoked butts of cigars. No one would ever have believed it possible for this wretched specimen of humanity to leave a fortune of 300,000 francs to his heirs. And yet this is the case. It appears that he had discovered the means of earning large profits by reducing his cigar stumps and cigarettes to ashes which he thereupon sold at the rate of $5 a pound to a well known chemist. The latter, after subjecting the ashes to a treatment by which they were highly perfumed, found ready and exclusive sale for them as tooth powder.

Probably the most perilous of all these queer professions is that of the "gold-hunters" and of the "collectors of grease." Both of these are carried on either at the mouth of the sewers or inside of them. The grease collectors affect the sewers in the neighborhood of the slaughter houses and hospitals, where they gather up all the animal and human wreckage, if one may be permitted to use the expression, and turn them over to the grease-refiners and merchants. The "gold-seekers" pursue their calling among the same unsavory surroundings, and hunt for gold and silver jewelry and coins which have found their way into the sewers.

In the densely inhabited district of La Nillette the sewers are not more than from four to five feet high and about a yard across, while the heat and perfume of the atmosphere defy description. It is in subterranean passages such as these, surrounded in the dense gloom by all that is hideous and loathsome that these unfortunate gold seekers and grease collectors earn their precarious livelihood. I call it precarious for, unless the men happen to be near a manhole when a thunder-storm or heavy shower creates a freshet in the sewers, they are apt to be submerged and suffocated—if not asphyxiated by the rising of the horrible waters to the very roof of the conduit.

And among the list of queer trades may be included that of the professional mendicant of Paris, who has raised his calling to the dignity of a fine art. It is but a few days since one of the leading members of a fraternity named Alexander Pretel was arrested with a list in his pocket containing the names of the different persons to whom he proposed to apply for alms on that particular day. Each name was followed by some memoranda as to the methods to be employed for rendering the appeal successful. Thus, to the name of Madame Hottinger, the well known banker, was added the remark, "say one has a large family of motherless children" and so on. When the police subsequently completed their search of Pretel's apartments they found bonds and cash concealed there to the amount of 40,000 francs.

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