

THE SOLE SOCIABILITY OF SAN MICHEL.

"We might just as well acknowledge that it's all wrong," said Mrs. Van Alpine.

You see, San Michel was peculiar. There are peculiarities to which you point with pride, and those on which you ponder with pain.

San Michel considered hers pleasingly distinguished.

It was the peculiarity of the Priest and the Levite, fostered by some surviving vestiges of the feudal system, and modernized by the English "week-end" invitations.

There were a great many wealthy people in San Michel. They had large places and they entertained lavishly. But everybody had their friends out from town.

The relations between San Michelites were restricted and conventional.

They called, and occasionally some one entertaining a house-party would ask another San Michelite, but rarely more than one other, to dine and meet these friends.

And Mrs. Van Alpine had made up her mind that it was not right.

Mrs. Van Alpine was a transplanted Livingstone, and she felt a yearning for leadership. The only difficulty about being a leader in San Michel was that everybody was a power, and within the limits of their own estate exercised an absolute suzerainty.

Beyond that they were unfeared by any entangling alliances, and swore allegiance to no mere local dignitary.

"It's not the way to live," Mrs. Van Alpine went on, "and you know it just as well as I do."

She looked at Mrs. Sutphen as though she challenged her to deny the statement. The Sutphen place adjoined the Van Alpines', and in any other town the two women would have been good friends; for they had the same tastes, many of the same friends in San Francisco, and their children were of the same age and at the same school.

As it was, Mrs. Sutphen had come to pay a formal call on Mrs. Van Alpine, and the sat, daintily resplendent in her new spring calico costume, plump and forty, and rather amused at Mrs. Van Alpine's vehemence.

"But you can't make the place over," she remonstrated.

"That's exactly what I am going to do," said Mrs. Van Alpine, energetically.

"When Bella Van Alpine came out from Brooklyn, she said she thought this was the funniest little place she had ever seen. She thought the people were perfectly delightful, you know," she added, hastily, for something in Mrs. Sutphen's manner suggested that the social period might not be past.

And she said it was positively queer to be always having people out from town when we might be having such a jolly little coterie of our own. She often speaks of 'that attractive Mrs. Sutphen' in her letters," she added.

Mrs. Sutphen relaxed to this complimentary message.

"And we are going to," Mrs. Van Alpine declared, "and you are going to help me, oh, so much. Oh, yes, you will; for really think we ought to, and if anybody could do it, it would be you."

Her manner was prettily deferential. And homage is seductively sweet. It was all the sweeter from its rarity in San Michel.

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Sutphen, but it was surrender.

"I'm going to give an afternoon affair and ask just forty, and not an outsider, and it's going to be very informal, and you must be a dear and help me manage them all. You have such positive guests in that way. And we'll play some kind of a game that they can all play—Five Hundred proper—and then go out to a regular supper. My big round table seats forty nicely. And after one easy, informal thing of that kind, there will be others, and there you are."

"She leaned back with the exhausted air of protracted exhortation.

There was a certain excitement in the idea of being there which communicated itself to Mrs. Sutphen.

"It's a sweet thought, anyway," she said, rising to go, "and of course I'll do what I can, though it's perfectly absurd your needing any one's assistance."

But as her foot touched the light robe she carefully over her knees, she commended herself.

"She was very wise to ask me to help her if she wants to make it successful. Perhaps it would have been wiser for me to have given it. But if it shouldn't be a success, it will be much easier to wash my hands of it."

And Mrs. Van Alpine, left alone in her great, luxurious living-room, laughed amusedly.

"Here is mine! Look at it!" "And I had just paid for it!" "I had mine charged, and I haven't even dared tell Frank what it cost!" "The first time I'd worn it!" "If I could only find the roses! Oh, there they are!" "I beg your pardon. Those are the roses off my hat." "They're nothing of the kind. They were just underneath the brim!" "Oh, there are my violets!" "Pardon me! I had a bunch exactly like that on my hat." "Why, of course I know! I never heard anything so insulting!" "As though I would claim anything I didn't know was on my hat. Oh, if you insist, 'that woman is either crazy or a kleptomaniac. The same thing. Well, I don't much believe in kleptomaniac myself. They don't call it that when a man takes another man's horse, you know, but when it's a woman, of course you have to find some excuse."

"Do you see Mrs. Allington looking under the bureau for her bird? Well, if that isn't just the limit! I suppose she thinks he flew under there to get away. If that's a sample of Boston intelligence—You didn't know it? My dear, she fairly choked it down your throat. I always feel as if I'd swallowed the Boston tea-party after she has called."

"I don't care if the centre is all oiled off. It's mine!" "Yours? I suppose I didn't have a trimmings on my hat. I wish I could make Louise think so when I have to pay the bill!" "Never mind! If that isn't just like your father! You can just buy another out of your allowance. I certainly shall not." "I don't care if the carriage isn't here. The cars still run, don't they? Unless Mrs. Van Alpine has stopped them so we could walk home informally."

"Making us half undress, and play with people I hope I shall never be forced to meet again. It looks to me like pure spitefulness. She may have had her dog spoiled for all I know."

"Well, you can see for yourself that there isn't one left." "No, madam, this is my hat." "Well, perhaps the dog has it. Yes, it was a white male one he had on." "No, I didn't notice any rhinestone buckle. I'm sure I hope he has swallowed

it and it will kill him." "You wonder how Mrs. Van Alpine feels. It's nothing to me how she feels. I know how I feel." "Yes, for two hours—two hours!—that little beast has been worrying them, and it must have kept him busy then."

Mrs. Van Alpine, standing at the foot of the stairs, parted her lips apologetically as the procession swept down the stairway, bearing their shaves of wispy straw and tattered ornamentation before them with much the same expression of martyrdom with which Denis carried his head.

But they sped past her with frosty inclination or with soot leave-taking, out into the air—into any public conveyance within hailing distance. The present street-car was more to be desired than any future victoria. The one idea was to get away with all speed from that House of Disaster.

The last to descend was Mrs. Sutphen. There was something strangely incongruous between the elegance of her costume and the burden she bore—a disembowelled black bird, lying on its back in a tattered white chip basket.

From the sternness of her expression one might have assumed that she belonged to the Audubon Society, and was carrying this poor victim of disaster out to decent burial.

Mrs. Van Alpine put out her hand falteringly. "If it hadn't been for O'Trigger, don't you think it might have been—"

"If it hadn't been for O'Trigger," said Mrs. Sutphen, with the air of delivering the Last Judgment, "your guests"—she put an intimidating accent on the final is—would not be going home bareheaded from your annual entertainment."

"She rushed out to catch a passing street-car with the zeal she might commendably have shown had it borne the sign, 'To the Abode of the Blest,' and the further placard, 'Last Car.'"

Out in the dining-room stood the untouched table, gay with all its carefully planned appointments.

On the very lowest stair Mrs. Van Alpine sank down under the weight of a realizing sense of the completeness of the disaster. She looked up the stairway as though she saw again that procession of woe.

"And I meant to have it so informal and j-j-jolly," she explained to the catastrophe-laden air.

Then she gave a hysterical giggle; and at that familiar sound following the din of babel, O'Trigger cautiously stole out of concealment and appeared at the head of the staircase.

The chiffon streamers still drooped from his mouth like a yach's pennant in a fog. He wagged his stumpy tail tentatively, but the male ruff hid that symbol of conciliation from Mrs. Van Alpine's view, and as at sight of him she went off into a veritable *crise de nerfs*, O'Trigger sat down suddenly and raised his voice in an obligate of remorse.—By Beatrice Hansoom, in the Harper's Bazar.

PEACE ENVOYS IN PORTSMOUTH.

Russian and Japanese Diplomats Meet on the Mayflower. Presented by Mr. Roosevelt.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Aug. 7.—The Japanese peace envoys, headed by Baron Komura, and the Russian plenipotentiaries, headed by M. Sergius Witte, were presented to each other by President Roosevelt on the Mayflower at Oyster Bay. They then sailed for Portsmouth, the Japanese on the Dolphin, and the Russians on the Mayflower.

The president and the state and navy departments united to extend a cordial greeting to the plenipotentiaries and to facilitate in every possible way their mission of peace. Every honor due to their rank was paid to the envoys, and the cordiality of the greeting by the president on behalf of the American people left nothing to be desired.

WITTE. TAKAHIRA.

ROSEN. KOMURA.

RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE PEACE ENVOYS.

Squadron puts in at Newport. Witte goes to Boston by Train, and Other Envoys Stay With Fleet.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 7.—Neptune rudely disturbed the arrangements for the Portsmouth conference by holding up the peace fleet. Owing to a heavy fog the Mayflower, Dolphin and the cruiser Galveston were forced to anchor off here and were not able to proceed.

From the Mayflower, which is carrying the Russian mission, Mr. Witte and Baron Rosen, the czar's envoys, landed, and after a stay of five hours Mr. Witte, accompanied by Gregory Wilnenkin and two secret service officers, went to Boston on a special train. They arrived in Boston last night and started for Portsmouth today.

Baron Rosen returned to the Mayflower after Mr. Witte's departure.

The Japanese envoys did not come ashore, but several of their secretaries landed to file cablesgrams.

WITTE'S DAY IN BOSTON.

Went to Magnolia and Paid His Respects to Baroness Rosen.

Boston, Aug. 8.—Mr. Witte, the senior Russian plenipotentiary to the peace conference at Portsmouth, who left the cruiser Mayflower at Newport, was at his apartments at the Hotel Touraine, in this city.

Later Mr. Witte went to Magnolia in an automobile, accompanied by Mr. Wilenkin, the Russian financial agent, and spent an hour at the Russian embassy, located there temporarily. After paying his respects to Baroness Rosen, wife of the ambassador, he had a long conference with several members of the embassy. It appeared as if he transacted considerable official business, as the attaches of the embassy were extremely busy for some hours after his departure.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Witte returned from Magnolia and to his hotel. At 9:30 he, Mr. Wilenkin and two secret service officers were driven to the North station, where they boarded a private car attached to the regular train which left for Portsmouth at 9:45.

ENVOYS REACH PORTSMOUTH.

Welcomed to the State and the City. Sessions May Begin Tomorrow.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 8.—Sergius Witte, senior member of the Russian peace mission, arrived in Portsmouth by rail from Boston at 11:15 o'clock last night, and the peace squadron having on board the other men who will participate in the coming conference, dropped anchor in the harbor at 10 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Witte was met by Herbert D. Pelree, who in Russian in formally welcomed the distinguished visitor. Governor McLane's secretary, Mr. Moses, was also present. Three automobiles were in waiting, and the party was at once taken to the Hotel Wentworth, about four miles distant. There was considerable disappointment among those assembled at the station when the distinguished foreigner failed to appear after the arrival of the train. It was soon learned that the Russians had left the train at the crossing, and there was a rush toward the street leading to the Wentworth, but the foreigners were well on their way before the crowd reached the scene.

The ceremony of welcoming the distinguished foreigners to the state of New Hampshire was carried out in full during the day the programme which was arranged for yesterday having been left practically unchanged. At the Portsmouth navy yard last night a wireless message was received, stating that the despatch boat Dolphin, having on board the Japanese representatives, was off Cape Cod, 75 miles distant, at dark. The vessel

was then steaming slowly. Soon after the converted yacht Mayflower reached the harbor Mr. Witte went on board. The vessels were saluted by the navy yard guns, and Rear Admiral W. W. Mead, the commandant, went on board. About 600 members of the state guard in a detachment of marines took part in the exercises on land.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the court house the plenipotentiaries went to their hotel, there to remain until the first business session of the missions are held tomorrow.

GENERAL STONE DEAD.

Was a Veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars.

New York, Aug. 7.—General Roy Stone, a veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars and a distinguished civil engineer, is dead in his 69th year, at his home in Mendham, N. J. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Marker, of Pennsylvania, and one daughter, Lady Monson, wife of Lord Monson, of England. General Stone, who was a native of Steuben county, New York, served in the Civil War in the First Pennsylvania Rifles and the 149th Pennsylvania Infantry, and was breveted brigadier general for gallantry in the peninsula campaign and at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded. He served as brigadier general and chief of engineers on the staff of General Miles in the Porto Rican campaign.

He was a member of the New York and Massachusetts Engineers' Association, and had held various positions in the engineering profession.

\$50,000 FIRE AT ORBISONIA, PA.

Seventeen Buildings Destroyed and Entire Town Threatened.

Orbisonia, Pa., Aug. 7.—Seventeen buildings in the centre of this town were destroyed by fire, and for a short time the whole place was threatened with destruction. The buildings destroyed are: Conn Bros. general store; John K. Ashman, hotel; S. B. Nevel, barber shop; J. J. Rowe, meat market; Wesley Ott, confectioner; H. L. Norris, saddler; E. J. Brodbeck, meat market; post office; George W. Hicks, confectioner; F. F. Cummins, general store, and the residences of Margaret Bollinger, F. F. Cummins and D. L. Grissinger. The other places destroyed were stables. A number of buildings were damaged. The loss will probably reach \$50,000.

CATHOLIC T. A. UNION

Delegates Pouring Into Wilkesbarre For 35th Annual Convention.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 8.—Delegates to the 35th annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which is to be held here on August 9, 10, 11 and 12, are already beginning to pour into the city. There will be fully 800 delegates here, and hundreds of visitors will accompany them.

The town is gaily decorated in honor of the coming of President Roosevelt and a large party of state and national officers on Thursday. President Roosevelt will be the guest of the Catholic Abstinence Union of America and the United Mine Workers of America, and will deliver an address to them on Thursday afternoon.

FATHER OF 26 CHILDREN

Fifteen Boys and Eleven Girls, and All of Them Living.

Haverford, Pa., Aug. 7.—Clem Tuck, a well-known colored resident of Haverford, is certainly a candidate for a Roosevelt medal for raising a large family. Friday morning a girl baby was born at the Tuck household, which marked the 26th child in the family. All of them are alive and well. There are 15 boys and 11 girls, and Tuck has been married four times.

Young Man Found Murdered.

Washington, Pa., Aug. 8.—Clair Bain Hamilton, aged 18 years, son of a well-known farmer of Chartiers township, was found dead at an isolated spot near Meadow Lands with a bullet through his heart, fired by some unknown person. Young Hamilton left the home of a young lady on whom he was calling, intending to take the last car from Meadow Lands to Houston, his home. While crossing a vacant lot on the way to the car he was shot and fell forward on his face, death evidently coming instantly. The motive for the murder is not known.

Wished to Wed Married Woman.

New York, Aug. 8.—An attempt to wed a married woman who came from Germany on the same steamship with him caused a deportation order to be issued for George Reichold, a young German. He arrived here recently on the steamship Bulgaria, and wanted the immigration officials to marry him to Rosa Blunk, a fellow passenger. The officials claim to have discovered a husband of Mrs. Blunk still living in Hamburg, Germany, and in the order deporting her they also included her fiance.

Professor Bell's Father Dead.

Washington, Aug. 8.—Alexander Melville Bell, father of Professor Alexander Graham Bell, died at the home of the latter, in the 86th year of his age, from pneumonia, following an operation for diabetes performed last Tuesday. He was born in Scotland, a son of Alexander Bell, and was one of the three generations notable because of their development of the art of instructing the deaf and dumb in methods of communication. The interment will take place tomorrow.

Anatomical Congress In Session.

Geneva, Switzerland, Aug. 7.—America is well represented at the first international anatomical congress, which opened here. Altogether 260 delegates are present from different parts of the world. The congress will conclude on August 10 with a banquet given by the city to the delegates.

Missouri Senator Acquitted of Bribery.

Jefferson City, Mo., Aug. 7.—State Senator Frank H. Farris was acquitted by a jury in the circuit court on a charge of bribery in connection with a bill introduced at the session of the state legislature in 1901 to repeal the statute prohibiting the use of alum in the manufacture of baking powder. The acquittal was greeted with cheers by the friends of State Senator Farris. The trial lasted a week, the principal testimony for the state being that of former Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee, on whose testimony before a grand jury indictments were returned against Farris and former State Senator C. A. Smith. As the charges in the cases are identical, the Smith case will probably be dismissed.

Train Leaves, Rates. Philadelphia to Portsmouth. Rates. Philadelphia to Portsmouth. Rates.

Station	Leave	Rate
Belleville	6:35 A. M.	\$6.00
North Bend	7:15 " "	6.00
Haverhill	7:55 " "	6.00
Warrentonville	8:35 " "	6.00
Lock Haven	9:15 " "	6.00
McElhattan	9:55 " "	6.00
Jersey Shore	10:35 " "	6.00
Newberry	11:15 " "	6.00
Williamsport	11:55 " "	6.00
Philadelphia	12:35 P. M.	6.00

Train Arrives, Rates. Philadelphia to Portsmouth. Rates.

Station	Arrive	Rate
Belleville	6:40 A. M.	\$6.75
Lemont	7:20 " "	6.75
Oak Hall	8:00 " "	6.75
Hindale	8:40 " "	6.75
Centre Hall	9:20 " "	6.75
Rising Spring	10:00 " "	6.75
Coburn	10:40 " "	6.75
Glen Iron	11:20 " "	6.75
Millmont	12:00 " "	6.75
Willsboro	12:40 " "	6.75
Lewisburg	1:20 " "	6.75
Philadelphia	2:05 P. M.	6.75

Tickets will be good for return passage on regular trains, except limited express trains, until September 4th, inclusive, and will permit of stop-off at Philadelphia within limit returning.