THE CAPITAL SWELTERS UN-DER JULY'S SUN.

Are Few People of Real Consees in Town Just Now, and So the po of the Place Talk of Foreign

[Special Correspondence.]
Washington, July 25.—In the dog
days gossiping Washington has few senstors and other public men and their les to talk about, and so it turns its attention to the poor foreign ministers; their wives and attaches. American eurosity, irreverence and jest have arriven one poor fellow, the Persian minister, out of the country. The Persian minister on the street was a few shorter on the street was a few short recks ago one of the sights of the capi-cal city. Small boys surrounded him and dogged his footsteps. They made life in the open air so miserable that he se very much of a recluse. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister,



POOR GHOOLY KHAN. on the other hand, actually enjoys these little attentions so characteristic of the Americans. Sir Julian is a breezy old fellow himself, and likes nothing better than to take a party of his young men out to the races, to the theatre or a game of baseball.

The customs and manners of the people are all a great study to him, and he loesn't appear to care a whit if the people stare at him and talk about him within easy ear shot. He astonished everybody a few nights ago by going be-hind the scenes to call on the summer opera queen, and when he was at the circus, shortly after his arrival here, he acted like a big boy out for a good time. He actually indulged in red lemonade and peanuts, and when the concert ticket sellers came around he bought a ticket for every member of his company. They sat in their seats till the last false note of the "concert" had died away, and were even then leath to go home. Sir Julian has seen enough of baseball to enable him to tell when the home club is knocking out runs, and with a local pride and patriotism that reflect great credit upon his catholicity of spirit, he applauds the good plays of the Washington club at every opportunity. Sir Julian is what the boys call "a trump." He is an Englishman who knows how to make a joke and how to take one. He is in-clined to be the least bit unconventional, and Washington can scarcely contain itself while waiting the arrival of his family and the throwing open of the legation

ouse for the social season. Washington people are also eager to get into the house occupied by the Corean ladies. Society in the capital is nothing if not curious, especially where foreign ministers and their families are con-

The maje members of the Corean colony are often seen in public, as they are fond of both riding and driving, but the has it that these interesting women pass the long summer days sitting on the



newhat secluded rear veranda of the legation house, smoking the pipes which they brought with them from Seoul. This is a lazy sort of life, but Corean ladies are accustomed to seclusion and don't mind it. Besides they are having great sport with an American sewing machine, which occupies their attention several hours daily. They are, too, pa-tiently studying English and endeavoring to master the use of a few pretty bhrases for use during the approaching 'season," for these Corean ladies have in their quiet way organized a little rebellion against the traditions of their native land and determined to see something of society's whirl in the American

capital next winter. The departure of Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan for Persia caused the shedding of no tears in the Corean house on O street. In fact, the round faced Corean women are said to have clapped their hands in gice, for did not the august and austere Ghooly Khan once snub the Coreans unmercifully? The thin skinned Oriental affected disdain of the Chinese and Coreans, deeming them much inferior to himself in rank and importance, though as men of culture and intelligence they were as far above him as Prussia is above

The Coreans appear to be very sensible men. Though the transition from their country to this must be like that which a backwoods boy experiences on first going to a large city, they neither seclude nselves nor take the opposite extreme of vulgar ostentation. They are not at all sensitive to the curiosity hunting

stares with which they are everywhere met, and take no notice of the smiles which follow them as they go about the city. Had Ghooly Khan imitated the example set him by these neighbors he would have saved himself much mortifi-

The Coreans are among the few foreign residents who do not keep their own stables. If the two young and pretty Corean women now here were at home in Seoul their servants would carry them through the streets in a toig-hio, or ladies' chair, swung on poles and carefully curtained. Here they take the common every day American hansom or coupe. By such conveyance they have en to the Capitol, the museum, the Washington monument, the photograer's and on many evening journeys over the pretty country roads in which Wash-

ington's surroundings abound.

The handsomest equipage in Washington is that owned by Count d'Arco Valey, the German minister, whose family as recently received such a great shock by the suicide of a daughter near Berlin. count and countess are now out of n, enjoying, as best they can under decumulances, the great American

custom of "summering," but their coach and chasseur, which created such a sen-sation last winter, are still here. The coach was drawn up before the state de-partment the other day, and from it alighted Mr. Mumm Von Schwarzenstein, secretary of legation. Mr. Mumm Von Schwarzenstein, though a learned and estimable gentleman, is, after all, a more clerk, but as he was on business with the state department, the German notion of etiquette required him to use the lega-

tion carriage.

The footman, who descended from the box to open the carriage door for the secretary, was so gorgeously attired that a crowd collected and stared at him for half an hour. The chasseur wore gaudy livery, resplendent with gold and lace It must have been a very uncomfortable suit for a hot day, as a dark blue cloak of broadcloth, with a double row of gilt buttons down its front, enveloped the entire figure. But the chasseur sat im movable and apparently imperturbable in the broiling sun, where there was scarce enough breeze to stir the feather plume and cockade of the German colors which decorated his tall blue chapeau. That which most attracted the attention of the curiosity hunters was the hand



COUNT D'ARCO VALLEY'S VAGER. pendent from heavy rows of gilt cord caught across the breast from his left shoulder. When this gorgeous footman first made his appearance last winter, there was a disposition to criticise hin

as a piece of ostentation. The sword was particularly puzzling, and self appointed critics gravely discussed the question: "Can a lackey wear a sword?" But on second thought the critics have concluded to let Count d'Arco Valley's yager alone, they having discovered that while the employment of uniformed chasseurs is an innovation in Washington it is an established custom in Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, Paris, Madrid, Vienna and Rome.

The Chinese minister and his lively young men are always being talked about. If half the stories told of them were true, and the young emperor of China was much of a stickler for the proprieties, probably there would soon a shaking up in the celestial legation at the western capital.

These young Orientals are extremely fond of driving about the city, and may be met any evening on the quiet country roads or in the Soldiers' Home grounds nearly always accompanied by young ladies. The penchant of the Chinese attaches for American ladies is one of the remarkable phases of life in the foreign colony, and as long as there is any number of young women, entirely re-spectable, but a little indifferent to pub-lic opinion, who are willing to exchange smiles for carriage rides, suppers and boxes at the opera, the gossipers may be expected to go on wagging their tongues. The Chinese legation is near Dupont circle, and here the gay young Asiatics are often found cracking jokes with nurse maids and taking lessons in American coquetry. So common and ridiculous is this practice that people living in that part of the city now often say to one another: "Let's stroll down by the circle and see how the Chinese attaches are getting along with the nurse girls."



EVENING SCENE IN DUPONT CIRCLE Attache Koo Shune Ing, a "student translator," has gone back to China. Mr. Koo is not one of those who frequent the circle for a chance to say pretty things to nurse maids. He has a romance of his own, and has gone to Pekin to wed one of the prettiest daughters of the Flowery Kingdom.
WALTER WELLMAN.

Named in New Jersey. George La Monte, who has been named for governor by the Prohibitionists of New Jersey, lives at Bound Brook, Somerset county, is the president of the First National bank of that place, and was the Prohibition candidate for congress in

the Fourth district at the last election. Mr. La Monte is also a member of the firm of Augustine Smith & Co., paper manufactur-ers in New York city. He was born in Charper manufacturlotteville, Scho-

harie county, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1834. GEORGE LA MONTE.

were among the early settlers of that portion of the state. They were Methodists and Democrats. Mr. La Monte at the age of 15 began his career as a teacher of the district school. He was very ambitious for a college education, and by his own efforts secured the means to put himself through Union college, where he graduated with distinguished honors in 1857. He then went to Virginia and became engaged in educational work, and at once took his rank among the educators of the south and was successfully president of the Ferm-Female college. Immediately the war in 1865 he went to New York and single handed enteret the commercial world of New York city. It is said that he has invented more inprovements in paper and paper making

than any other one man in the business. "Tip" O'Nell, of the St. Louis the heavy hitter of the St. Louis Browns and the American association, leads the association in bat-ting. He has made eighty runs in seventytwo games. Long, of the Kansas Citys, leads the Association in run getting, having scored eighty-five times in sixty-seven games. He has stolen thirty-five bases. Kansas City leads the Association in stolen bases.

Christine Nilsson may never sing in public again. During a recent illness in Paris she was troubled with deafness and loss of memory, from which she has not yet recovered. The furniture of her house in London has loved to Paris, where she and her hus-rill in future make their residence.

A BLIND HYMN WRITER.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR OF "SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS."

Fanny Crosby and Her Home in New York. She Has Been Sightless Since Child hood-List of the Hymns She Has Writ-

[Special Correspondence.] New York, 'uly 25 .- The writer of favorite hymns is one of the great powers that influence the world. Such a person can approach pearer to the hearts of people than any one else. So much is true of even the ordinary hymn writer, but when one can be said to have written more Sunday school hymns than any ten living writers she has achieved a unique distinction. This is believed to be the record of Fanny Crosby, the subject of this sketch.

Frances Jane Crosby, the daughter of John and Mercy Crosby, the latter of whom is still living, was born in Southeast, Putnam county, N. Y., March 24, 1820. She became blind at the age of 6 weeks from maltreatment of the eyes. When she was 9 years old she moved with her parents to Ridgefield, Conn., the family remaining there four years. At the age of 15 she entered the Institution for the Blind in New York city, where she received a good education She began to teach in this school in September, 1847, and continued her work there until March 1, 1858. She taught English grammar, rhetoric and Greek, Roman and American history.

During one of her vacations, while she

was still teaching, she wrote the words to many songs for Mr. George F. Root. Among them were the following, all extremely popular in their day: "Hazel Dell," "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower,"
"Honeysuckle Glen," "Proud World,
Good-by, I'm Going Home," "There's Music in the Air," and the words for the cantatas of "Pilgrim Fathers" and "The Flower Queen." In '42 and '43, while receiving instruction in the school, she went on a tour through New York state for the purpose of making the institution better known and securing pupils for it. During this trip she visited Niagara Falls, and went to all the points of interest there, the scenes being described to her by a friend.

While Miss Crosby was teaching at this school she met Henry Clay, Presidents Tyler and Van Buren, Governor William H. Seward and Gen. Winfield Scott. She tells this story of the visit of Mr. Clay:

"When Henry Clay came to the institution, during his last visit to New York, I was selected to welcome him by a poem. Six months before, he had lost a son at one of the battles of the Mexican war, and I had sent him some verses. In my address I carefully avoided any allusion to them in order not to wound him. When I had finished he drew my arm in his and said, through his tears, 'This is not the first poem for which I am indebted to this lady. Six months ago she sent me some lines on the death of my dear son.' Both of us were overcome for a few minutes. Soon, by a splendid effort, Mr. Clay recovered himself, but I could not control my tears."

In connection with her meeting these notable men I might add that Miss Crosby had the honor of being the first woman whose voice

was heard publicly in the senate chamber. She read a poem casion. She has published three vol-

umes of verses. The first was is sued in 1844 and was called "The Blind Girl, and Other Poems." It contained a steel portrait of the FANNY CROSBY. author. A second volume, "Monterey

and Other Poems," followed in 1849, and the third, "A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers," in 1858. Though these showed the poetical bent of her mind, they have little or nothing to do with her fame. It is as a Sunday school hymn writer that she is known wherever the English language is spoken, and, indeed, wherever many another language

Miss Crosby was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, March 5, 1858. She began to write Sunday school hymns for William B. Bradbury in 1864.

Her first hymn: We are going, we are going To a home beyond the skies,

written at the Ponton hotel Franklin street, New York city, on Feb. 5 of that year. Since then she has supported herself by hymn writing. She lives in New York city and spends regular hours on certain days at the offices of Biglow & Main, the firm for which she does most of her writing. She has composed over twenty-five hundred hymns for William B. Bradbury and his successors, the above named firm, besides many hundreds more for Philip Phillips, S. J. Vail, Rev. Samuel Alman, H. P. Danks, W. H. Doane, H. P. Mein, J. R. Sweeney. W. J. Kirkpatrick and others.

She has a perfect idea of rhythm and a remarkable faculty of composing words for special occasions. She can compose at any time, and does not need, as so many verse writers do, to wait for an inspiration. If a piece is wanted she is told the theme, the occasion and the meter; perhaps a tune already prepared is played or sung to her, and she is left alone for awhile. She always composes with an open book, generally a copy of "Golden Hymns," held closely over her eyes. In this way she has worn out a number of copies of that little book. She learned to play on the guitar and piano while at the institution, and had a clear soprano voice. She received a technical training in music, and for this reason she can, and does, compose airs for some of her hymns. One of these is:

Jesus, dear, I come to thee, both words and music of which are wonderfully sweet. "Safe in the Arms of

Jesus," probably her best known hymn, is her own favorite. Miss Crosby is a small woman with an animated way of moving about and speaking. She is as cheery a person as one could meet, and is always ready for a pleasant chat. The secret of this contentment, she tells me, is found in her first piece, composed at the age of 8 Said she: "It has been the motto

of my life." It is as follows: O what a happy soul I am Although I cannot see! I am resolved that in this world Contented I will be How many blessings I enjoy That other people don't; To weep or sigh because I'm blind I cannot nor I won't.

I never met a person who had a keener appreciation of her blessings in life than Miss Crosby. It is not every blind person who can discern the silver lining of clouds as clearly as she can. She says that had it not been for her affliction she might not have so good an education nor so great an influence, and certainly not so fine a memory. knows a great many portions of the

Bible by heart, and committed to memory the books of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers and the four Gospels before she was 15. Then her mind is stored with much that she has learned. from her favorite authors. Because of this fine memory she is a very entertain ing talker.

As is the case with the blind her other senses are very keen, and she knows friends and acquaintances simply by a touch of the hand. An air of marvelous contentment is apparent in her. She loves her work, and is happy in it, for she has the satisfaction of being independent thereby, besides the pleasure of knowing that her hymns are a power for good. They are sung everywhere, and are suited to all occasions. "Keep Thou My Way, O Lord," was written for a piece of music already composed, and was used for several years as the "prayer song" at the Mayflower mission con-nected with Plymouth church, Brooklyn. Her scope of subjects is wide, embracing everything from a contemplation of heaven, as in "The Bright Forever." to an appeal to the work of this world, as in "Rescue the Perishing."

Miss Crosby tells an interesting story of this hymn. One evening she attended a mission prayer meeting and during the services "Rescue the Perishing" was sung. At its close a young man spoke, telling how the sound of its familiar words had helped to save him. He had got into bad ways, and one night, when homeless, penniless and hopeless, heard some people singing it. He followed the sound until it led him to a room where a meeting was in progress. He went in and sat down. The words impressed him deeply, and he was finally "rescued" by their influence. As the young man finished his story, he expressed a great desire to see the writer of that hymn, and after the meeting the pleasure was granted, not only to his own but to Miss Crosby's great gratification. She told me three other incidents con-

nected with well known hymns of her own, which I will give in her language. The first is about "Safe in the Arms of

"While I was coming out of church with Mr. Sankey after one of the North-field meetings, a lady stepped up and asked his permission to speak to me. He gave it, and she said to me: 'O, thank God! I have prayed that I might see you before I died. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was the last thing my mother said before she went home.

The second shows one of the influences arising from the hymn, "Pass Me Not," and was told by the subject of the

story to a friend of Miss Crosby.
"An old man spent Sundays fishing in a brook near a school house where Sunday school and preaching services were held. One Sunday he heard the children singing, and said to himself: 'I'll go and see what they are doing.' He went, and heard them singing:

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

"The words seemed to touch him. He listened several minutes until some kind person invited him in. He said, 'No. I am not dressed to come in.' After a little persuasion he said, 'I will if the children will sing that hymn again.' His request was granted, and the result was the conversion of a man who had not been near a church for lifty years."

The third relates the personal experience which inspired her to write, "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me."

"I was sitting in my room on a hot day in July, thinking. Some one came came in and gave me ten dollars. I didn't expect it. The gift awakened a train of thought, and I reflected that, step by step, God was leading me, and said. 'Praise God that I cannot see any more than I do!

This, in brief, is the career of Fanny

In this case, as in the case of all favorite writers, it is the personality-the life behind the words-that makes them attractive. If I have shown this personality and character at all clearly I attribute it to the influence of the conversations I have had with Miss Crosby.

The following list of her best known hymns, with dates when they were written, may prove interesting:
 Safe in the Arms of Jesus
 1868

 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour
 1808

 Rescue the Perishing
 1869

 I am Thine, O Lord
 1875

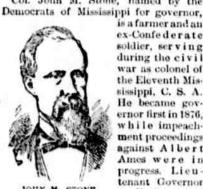
 The Bright Forever
 1871

 Close to Thee
 1873

 Lord, at Thy Mercy Seat
 1865
 To God. Be the Glory 1875 Like the Sound of Many Waters 1874 Keep Thou My Way, O Lord ... (Written for the music, and (Written for the music and which was the prayer song at the May Flower Mission Sun-day school, Brooklyn, for several years.) So Near to the Kingdom. 1873 O Come to the Saviour, Believe in His Name 1874

Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross
O. My Saviour, Hear Me.
Thro' the New Jerusalem
Jesus the Water of Life Will Give. Saviour More Than Life to Me ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

Nominated in Mississippi. Col. John M. Stone, named by the



ex-Confederate soldier, serving during the civil war as colonel of the Eleventh Mississippi, C. S. A. He became governor first in 1876. while impeach ment proceedings against Albert Ames were in progress. Lieutenant Governor A. K. Davis had

is a farmer and an

JOHN M. STONE. been impeached by the state when Col. Stone, by virtue of being president of the senate, became governor. He held the office during the unexpired term. In 1878 he was nominated for governor, elected, and served 'our years most acceptably. In 1881 he was defeated by four votes for a renomination. Since his defeat he served two years by appointment as railroad commissioner, but in 1886 was defeated for the same position by the legislature. Later he has been farming in Tishomingo county, and is also interested in a store in luka.

A Long Lizard.

The estimated length of the gigantic lake lizard that inhabits Lake Hebron in Piscataquis county is: Neck, 4 feet; body, 6 feet; tail, 4 feet; total, ears not taken into account, 14 feet. We take our figures from The Dexter Gazette and have ne doubt that they are fully as reliable as any that can be obtained with r spect to this monster. The Gazette has become one of the recognized Maine astherties on snake stories. - Lewiston Jourse.

Toronto's Bench Show.

Toronto will have a bench show after all, and the 16th to 19th of September next, that month so prolific in dog shows, are the dates chosen. They will, therefore, clash with Elmira, held the same week, though they are far enough away not to cause much loss to either club. One thousand dollars will be given in prizes and also special prizes for ken-nels. The show will be held in connection with the Great Industrial fair.

THE FASHION OF THE DAY.

OLIVE HARPER'S LETTER FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LADIES.

These Are the Days in Which Each Young Lady Seeks to Assert Her Own Individuality-Specimens of the Devices Employed for That Laudable Purpose.

NEW YORK, July 25.-In these days each young lady seeks to assert her in-dividuality and therefore studies herself with regard to her dress and its possibilities. It is not enough for her to look sweet and maidenly. She must look different from any other girl, and she will not wear a dress like that of another simply because it is the fashion. The young girl of today is a law to herself in the matter of what she shall wear, and she has discovered that by paying attention to details she may be picturesque and remarkable among a hundred other girls all as pretty as she, and many of them more expensively dressed than she.



MODIFIED CLASSICAL.

The grace and beauty of classical costumes has led to their being studied in their relation to Nineteenth century needs and it is discovered that they require very few changes to adapt them to individuals. Their simplicity is the first recommendation, their grace a second. and the third is that it isn't everybody who looks well in them.

In the first place, the severity of a classical costume requires the most perfect ease and grace of movement, as well as of outline, for angularity ruins the effect, and the wearer must also possess or cultivate slow and dignified manners. The sprightly coquette has no business in a classical costume unless she wishes to be ridiculous.

In making a classic costume the requirements are few and simple. White or cream cashmere, veiling or flannel, China crepe or soft mull are suitable. If it should happen that such a dress is desired for tableaux, cheese cloth at three cents a yard is good. Generally speaking, no trimming is required, but a Greek key pattern done in silver or gold thread, or narrow blue, red or yellow ribbon is always an addition. Flowers and leaves can be added for a party. I give with this a modified classical dress for a grand hop at a watering place, or for a ceremonious dinner or other evening entertainment. The model is of soft cream mull and trimmed with a trailing spray and leaves. It will be noticed that there is a double belt, which is somewhat of an innovation but very pretty, and the costume altogether shows what changes the wearer has made for her own peculiar taste or need.

would not have been supplemented by a fan and a pair of Suede gloves; all the same, they are not out of place today. The wearer wanted sleeves and she has them, and altogether she has a costume as individual as it is charming and graceful.

The arrangement of the hair is just as much dependent upon the style of the day as ever, and yet there are independent thinkers enough among the young girls to set fashion at defiance and wear what is most becoming. Girls follow the prevailing styles in generalities, but they, as I saw before, study themselves more, and so adopt what they like best. They set the absolute rules of fashion at defiance in a bewildering way, and look all the prettier for it. Married women have so many other things to think of that it is rather a relief to them to blindly follow a fashion, without studying itsrelation to their own appearance, rather glad that fashion has taken the trouble of thinking out of their hands.



HANDSOME REDINGOTE. As it is now you will find, for instance, at a ball as many styles of hairdressing as there are girls. The curls over the forehead are too becoming to ever abandon. They have been in vogue since Eve's time, I verily believe, off and on, though I believe there was a period when it was ardently desired to have a high forehead. 1 was in a great jewelry establishment a few days ago and there I saw hundreds of Greek fillets in silver, gold, bronze, copper and mother of pearl. Some were in the form of chains, others flat plain bands, and others again were richly chased and some were jeweled. There is another abuse against which I now lift my pen. That is the abuse of

the directoire redingotes. These gar ments are handsome, picturesque and very becoming to some figures and made in the proper materials, which are cashmere, light ladies' cloth and lustrine, with suitable accessories, but they are not to be worn everywhere nor by every woman, nor should they be made of any of the cheap and slazy materials, "imitations" of this or that other goods, nor should they be made of great glaring plaid or figured goods, and they are only for outdoor wear.

To be what they are designed for, these directoire coats want to take the place of jacket and wrap, and no stout woman should allow herself to dream of having one. A good gauge is to say, no woman weighing over 140 pounds ought to be permitted by law to have one.

The coat presented with this is one of the very best models, and is to be made of wool or wool and silk goods firmly woven. The trimmings are of velvet and surah of the same shade.

There are bands for the neck made to wear outside or inside the collar, with a very narrow beading along the edge, and where they join in front a double fall of finely plaited lace, or mult. in the

shape of a priest's cravat bow. These latter are very much fancied now and are quite new. Long mull and muslin ties are made, one-quarter of a yard wide and a yard and a half long. These are tied in a double bow knot, the loops and ends being pressed together in the hand after they are tied so they will fall gracefully downward. The ends are netimes embroidered and semetimes have fine lace, and sometimes simply bemmed. OLIVE HARPER.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION. Nothing is More Carlons There Than the

Algerian Jugglers.
[Special Correspondence.]
PARIS, July 12.—The exhibition has brought to this city many curious things, but none more so than a troupe of Al gerian jugglers, who have established themselves on the Esplanade des Invalides, and who each evening draw a large crowd of curiosity seekers. These men are known in their own country by the name of Ayssoua, and they are most expert, but their powers seem to be given more to horror producing than pleasing sights, but there is a fascina-tion that forces the beholder to remain until the last act is finished.

The performance begins with an infernal din of drums of a peculiar make, and this is continued until it is supposed that the higher powers have listened to their appeal for aid. When this noise becomes insupportable it ceases suddenly. and a silence almost painful reigns for some minutes, after which one of the jugglers brings a brazier and places it in the center of the stage, and throws a powder upon it, which sends up a light smoke with a pleasant pungent odor. Two of the jugglers then advance and one supports the other's head over the smoke. After this the man lifts his eyes towards the sky and rolls his head around rapidly, and it is probable that this rapid movement of the head causes a partial insensibility of the body, for suddenly he precipitates himself upon a pile of broken glass and cactus leaves, and devours the glass and sharp cactus spines. During this he throws himself flat on his stomach, rises, lifts his eyes to heaven in an ecstasy, while the others beat on their drums, and then he rises and after saluting the chief takes his place on a bench as calm and placid as a pool of water in a dark forest, though the cactus thorns inflict painful wounds.

A second rises, is conducted to the brazier, breathes the smoke and then gives himself up to the most extraordinary contortions, as though in a terrible fit and with every expression of agony. throws himself on his stomach and begs for the box of vipers. This is given him and he beams with joy, and opens the box, taking out the poisonous anakes. They enlace his arms and neck, which are bare, and they bite him in a dozen places, whereat he laughs gleefully and kisses them as he replaces them and retires to the bench.

He is followed by others who inflict the most revolting cruelties upon themselves. They stick nails and needles through their legs and cheeks, and then smile as the public looks for the blood to flow in vain. One of them takes special pains to show how he sticks a fine needle into his eye, and another pulls his eye from its socket, and when the blood trickles down the cheek he laughs and turns swiftly around and it is in its place again, and he tries to look as if he is in-

The last thing on the programme after a number of things all curious, to say nothing of being horrible, is for one of them to take a small box and from that set loose a scorpion, which he allows to run around on his face, and he provokes it as much as possible until at last it turns and stings him, after which he swallows the little reptile, or at least ap-

The place where this curious performance is carried on is handsomely fitted up and hung with barbaric tapestry, and though one would think no person of refinement would care to visit such a revolting entertainment, it is always full of the elite of French society. The price of admission is very high, and every evening may be seen a long line of private carriages waiting for the perform-

ance to finish. The rich people in France find it as hard to amuse themselves and pass the time as the people of the same class do in every country. But the women show that the old taste for horrors has never died out in the hearts of French women since the days when they used to pity the horses who were whipped to make them pull harder so as to tear some wretched offender to pieces.

Among the carriages which stood at the door of this place to-night were those of the Countess de Pourlates, the Princesse de Sagan and Madame de Noirot. Buffalo Bill is popular, but he does not give so many horrors at short range. The Algerians are thin and dark. but picturesque in their tribal costumes. and they are something new. Perhaps to-morrow it will be something else. MARY BRENNAN.

CRICKETS IN NORTH AFRICA.

You May Call Them Grasshoppers if You Wish, and There Are Lots of Them. The Arabs of North Africa, aided by the French and Moors, have taken a lesson from the early settlers of Kansas and Nebraska in fighting the grasshoppers. Perhaps it would be more correct to call them crickets (the French use both names), for they differ materially from



CAMP OF CRICKET HUNTERS. western plains of America. They also come from the south, not from the northwest, as in Kansas, because the desert is to the south. Starting from far down in Africa they move steadily on in resistless clouds toward the shores of the Mediterranean-every year they do some damage and some years they produce a In the French provinces of Ageria

and Tunis the people commenced fighting them in the ordinary Kansas method of "whipping back," but accomplished little. The government then organized a sort of militia to meet them on the desert, before their wings grew; natural ravines were taken advantage of, and the creatures, swept back into these, were destroyed by millions. The natives then put up low calico curtains across the level lands and dug ditches behind them; the creatures tumbled over into the ditches till the mass was two or three feet deep, when they were pounded to pulp, burned or covered with earth.

Last of all, the wild Arabs of the border were hired to hunt for their eggs, and soon discovered that all these were laid in a very narrow belt and concentrated as to area. The Arabs soon became so expert at collecting the eggs

that at the rate of a franc and a half for a double decoliter (a little over two gallons) the government last year paid these Arabs 578,340 francs—or about \$115,0001 But it was a good investment, for the



GATHERING THE CRICKETS. plague is stayed, very little damage is now done and the poor farmers are en-thusiastically loyal to the French gov-

FRANCIS S. SALTUS

A Brilliant, Versatile Genius and His Ex-traordinary Talents. One of the most versatile geniuses of the age, a Bohemian of the most pro-nounced type, died the other day in Tar-rytown, N. Y. Perhaps few have heard

the name of Francis S. Saltus, but some of the brightest humorous paragraphs, some of the best verses, came from his pen. His best work is said to be the "Witch of Endor," a biblical poem. Per-haps the best idea of this talented man is obtained from the following description of him by a friend of his:

"He could sit down before a plano and play every known grand opera, from beginning to end, without a printed note before his far seeing eyes. He could not only do that; he could give you the original casts of the operas, their histories and the histories of the men who wrote and composed them. He knew the ge-

ography of the FRANCIS S. SALTUS. world better than any teacher I ever met. He knew Napoleon the Great better than the latter's

historians. "Napoleon was one of his gods, Baudelaire was another, Albert Durer another. He could, off hand (and everything he did he did in an off hand manner), give you the alpha and omega of all the great emperor's battles, from Lodi to Water-He could rattle off the lives of all the ladies and gentlemen of (so called) 'royal blood' who ever wore a crown or sat upon or near or behind a throne. He wrote a marvelous comic history of England, of Rome, of America. He wrote an opera that ran for 100 nights in Paris. eighteen years ago. He wrote the shortest play that was ever written, produced in Paris, eighteen or twenty years ago.

From the rise to the fall of the curtain only fifty-eight seconds elapsed. "More than half the witty, audacious and humorous squibs which have been credited to his intellectual inferiors during the past ten years, in the papers of this country and others, were his. I have known him to write 250 joking paragraphs between 2 and 11 p. m. of a sunny Sunday. He would just let me go on talking, while he, with his pad before him, would jot down three line squibs, the germ of which would be a word or motion from his guest. He would sit down before a piano and improvise in the most heavenly way. If a lyric in the poet's corner of a paper apsealed to him he would immediately

wed it to the most delicious melody." Mr. Saltus was such a handsome man that the celebrated artist Cabanal once stopped him on the street, and said that Mr. Saltus' face was the most perfect face of the Greek type he had ever seen, and asked that he might paint his por-

He was 39 years of age when he died.

JOSE ZORILLA. Recently Crowned National Poet of Spain.

His Career. After spending most of his life in a hard struggle for fame, of which he got much, and money, of which he got little, Jose Zorilla has been crowned national poet of Spain. Seventy-two years ago he was born in Valladolid, of parents who had no intention of allow-



ing their son to become a mere dreamer-a writer of fancieseven if his dreams and fancies were such as no Spaniard ever conceived before. They nominated profession, and he acquiescedfor two years. Then he left his

musty legal JOSE ZORILLA. tomes and entered the literary world. His family cast him off. When he was 20 years old he published his first volume of poems. During the succeeding eight years his name was signed to ten more books of poetry and thirty dramas. Then his father died without forgiving him for his disobedience, and without mentioning him in his will. Then Jose went to Paris. It was there he began his "Granada," an epic in which are immortalized the wonderful traditions and legends of the southern kingdom. Financial ill luck followed him. His agent became bankrupt, his poem was pirated. He became discouraged and did not finish his epic, of which he had already issued two volumes.

The next twelve years were spent in Mexico, where the talented Spaniard was honored by the patronage of Emperor Maximilian. At the end of that ruler's short and stormy reign the poet returned to his own country and managed by exerting himself to his utmost to keep body and soul together. Two years of salaried position under the government followed and then he became for a time a successful lecturer. Finally he was

granted a pension by the government. After that mark of recognition he went back to Valladolid, the city of his birth, and lived the life of a recluse until called from his retirement to receive this last tribute of the honor and love of his country, just as the sun of his life is beginning to sink behind the mountains of old age.

The Two Shows. Following are the relative lists of persons who visited the expositions during the first

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ià.	In 1878.	L
	42,800	1
***************************************	91,064	1
***************************************	58,117	
	60,832	
	54,338	
	61,716	- 1
	63,502	
	47,375	
	134.335	1
	182,949	- 1
	86,791	- 3
	65,991	3
	68,416	13
	66,891	13
	89,300	

193,860 69, 439 63, 254 216,907 863, 776 140, 491 107, 236 116, 861 100, 391 84, 865