

HOW TO SHOP IN LONDON.

FROM THE PRINCE'S TAILOR TO THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

Big Discounts for Cash—Importance of Securing Royal or Aristocratic Patronage—The "Pattern" System—Growth and Trends of Co-operation—Suits Severe Trial.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—"In Paris," says an old fairy tale, "anything may be bought for money." The same is equally true of London; the price you pay depends very largely upon the part of the town in which you buy it. Prices on Regent street are usually 10 per cent. higher than on Oxford or High Holborn, and Whiteley will turn you out a perfect tailor made suit at two-thirds the figure asked on Bond or Regent street. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that in London you are asked more because you are an American; on the contrary, if you know where to buy, you pay less because you pay cash. It is not an uncommon thing to see the announcement, "A liberal discount allowed for ready money," and many of the shops in which cheap periodicals are ticketed "independence for cash." All tradesmen expect to give long credit to customers who they know, and naturally grade their prices accordingly.

It is amusing to an American to see what immense importance is attached to the patronage of the royal family; not only to that of the queen and the Prince of Wales, but to every royal duke as well. There are numbers of shops in Kensington which advertise the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge on all the business cards and circulars, and the Princess Louise, who when in town keeps up her establishment at the South Kensington palace, is a still greater card. When once a shop has the three feathers, or the royal coat of arms, its fortune is made, and the custom of H. R. H.'s loyal subjects flows in as a river. There is something particularly fascinating, even to a good republican, in the idea that you are served like a king; how much more, then, to a zealous royalist.

They say that the Prince of Wales is easy to please, for an heir apparent; nobody has ever brought such an accusation against the queen. Frugal she is to a degree, and it is said that the purveyors to the royal household make, comparatively, very small profits; it is the honor that pays. But if once an article, especially of food, reaches the royal approval, no doubts of its excellence need henceforth be entertained; unless it is good Victoria will none of it. So every tradesman who serves her with anything is naturally anxious to publish the fact. Over the door of a handsome establishment on Piccadilly is the announcement: "Special Maker to Her Majesty." "I should think that that would starve," remarked an American, thinking only of the fact that it has been more years since the queen was on horseback.

"By no means," was the reply of his English cicerone, "it is a very desirable appointment. Don't you know that all the householders of the royal garrisons and garrisons are to be supplied? Moreover, every English horseman likes to buy his spurs from the same hand which supplies the guards."

Anybody may go to the queen's grocers, green grocers, fruiterers, etc., and feast literally "like a king"; the royal tailors and dressmakers are much more difficult to access, no key of gold can unlock their doors unless it is properly turned in the lock. Neither Poole nor Elise will condescend to set a stitch for you, if you are not introduced by one of their customers, and cash down does not move them. Poole is a very rich man. It is said that he never sends in a bill to the Prince of Wales, and he might well afford to since the fact that he makes the prince's clothes is worth many thousands of pounds yearly to him. Albert Edward does not inherit his mother's economical turn, and his income is a very moderate one for his position and his tastes.

If common gossip is to be believed, there is scarcely a clerk's wife in the United States who does not have more new dresses in a year than the queen of England. What she buys are, however, of the best quality (in mourning material), and she has them made over as carefully as the clerk's wife ought to do. The queen is said to have quite a friendship for Mrs. Elise, and society was horrified two or three years ago by the whetstone remark that she was to appear at a drawing room. It was not verified, but since then a protracting draught of Elise's has been presented at court upon her marriage into a noble family. But then her dot was a large one, and it is not the first time that a rich tradesman has married his daughter or granddaughter into the aristocracy.

Nowadays, so many aristocrats, not only men, but women, are going into business, that it seems, on the outside, as though the prejudice against trade were about to be relaxed. On the contrary, it rests at its very roots of society, and the aristocratic nobles are regarded as cranks, who are pardoned, but looked on as "off color" the same. None of the smell of the shop upon them can be received at court, and Whiteley is proscribed equally with the petty tradesman. The shopkeeper always styles himself "Mr." upon his circulars; therefore the proper form of address to gentlemen is "Esq.," and it is an affront to address a "Mr. So-and-so" to a tradesman as "Mr. So-and-so."

There are no "stores" in England excepting the co-operative stores; from the largest to the smallest they are shops. For example, if you go into a shop in any part of London and ask to be directed to a drug store, the person you ask will probably stare and reply, "What would you wish, madam?" You should inquire for a chemist's shop. And, as a rule, the more airs you put on the better you will be treated. English tradesmen seem to enjoy insolence. If you have been disappointed in having your goods sent home at the date set, and you go to lodge a polite remonstrance as you might do at home, you will probably have to wait quite as much longer. On the other hand, if you bluster, declare it is outrageous, and you won't take the goods at all unless you can get them when you want them, and then, when you return, they will be there. "Let me give you two rules for your guidance in shopping in London," said an English friend to the writer: "always remember that upstance is four cents and never say please to a shopman."

Whiteley's is one of the three largest shops in the world; Londoners claim that it is the largest; but as it is partly upon Queen's road and partly upon Baywater a satisfactory coup d'oeil of the whole store cannot be had, and it is difficult for the visitor to judge. Wannaker's is more complete in many of its departments, and the same may be said of the Ben Marchant, but Whiteley is doubtless the most shopkeeper who cater to you himself "Universal Provider." You may go to his shop and buy a house, have one built if you prefer it, or purchase an estate, just as you like, and have the establishment thoroughly furnished from

greet to sub-entail, including pantry, coal bins, wire cellar, stables, kennel, poultry yard, coach houses, garages and green houses.

Moreover, after all this is done, your "Universal Provider" will keep your table supplied with all the delicacies of the season, cater for your parties, etc., and when you die will provide your burial place and conduct your funeral. The girls at Whiteley's, as in most of the large shops, wear a uniform—a black dress and white apron provided by the firm. Indeed, black is the business woman's garb all over Europe, and the Baroness Burdett Coutts sets the example of black wearing. It is the custom recognized that a decent black dress is the safest dress for any woman traveling without male escort in England or on the continent.

A department at Whiteley's which seems a peculiar one to the American, is that of ready cooked provisions, where you may buy cold chickens, foie gras, etc., in short, all the requisites for a cold collation, all ready for service, and either have them sent to your lodgings on the dishes within an hour, or packed in baskets, with the necessary utensils, to be taken on a water party or picnic. The things are all there, and do not have to be provided to your order. You can buy or hire the china, etc., as you choose. There is but one thing which Whiteley has not, an American soda water fountain.

The admirably arranged parcels post renders the amount of shopping done by mail in Great Britain and the colonies very large. The method employed by the dry goods shops for sending samples of their goods to the "pattern" stores, as they call them, is a wise one. Packages are prepared, each a complete assortment of the class of goods called for; these are plainly marked with the address of the firm and with the polite request that the whole package be returned with the number and letters of those desired specified. Each sample is ticketed with a letter and number. If none are wanted the package is to be returned all the same. Thus the same sets of samples are used over and over again and the saving to the shops amounts to hundreds of dollars yearly. The fact that the patterns are the property of the merchant in every where recognized. A lady who was showing the "patterns" she had just received from the "Auxiliary stores," gently reproved me for a bit of carelessness. "They are only sent us to look at," she said, "and as it saves us so much trouble the least we can do is to be careful of them."

The army and navy, civil service and other co-operative stores are almost a British institution. They are generally patronized by the upper classes that nobody likes to confess to being without them. Originally started as a sort of club, they have grown steadily until their business and that of their branches extends throughout the whole of the British empire, and the shares of the original subscribers yield cent per cent. The shareholders are divided into two classes; the purchasing shareholder, holding from one to twenty pounds worth of stock, who has joined the society expressly for the purpose of purchasing his goods cheaply, to whom the saving thus gained is well worth the investment outside of the 2 per cent. yearly interest, which he receives on his money; and the original stockholders, who started the concern for their own convenience and that of their friends. Besides the regular shareholders there are many life and annual ticket holders, since one of the advantages of the club is that it enables you to oblige your friend by admitting him to its privileges. Latterly the larger shops, and for that matter some of the small ones, also regulate their prices by those of the stores, thus practically enlarging their usefulness. The secret of their success lies in that they were not undertaken to make, but to save money, all that was asked of them for years being that they should pay expenses. Now the club "no bigger than a man's hand" has arisen, and there begin to be indications of a contest between the two classes of shareholders, one of whom wants low prices, while the other wants large prices.

The stores are neither more nor less than purchasing clubs, which secure to the small consumer all the advantages of the large retailer. As in other clubs, you are admitted by ticket, and in order to make any purchase you must give your name or number, which are sent up to the desk with your purchase and which the cashier is allowed to pay. "Name of Percy," 234,567,890, is the usual formula. In this way strangers are prevented from enjoying the benefits of the society. It has been suggested that Kate Field failed in her endeavor to establish a like society in New York. There was not the same need for it, in the first place, and the idea of profit was particularly objectionable. It is a reasonable thing the business must be huge before the profits are more than acceptable.

Mrs. M. P. HANDY.

THE BIG TEXAS FAIR.

It is to be held in Dallas Early in October.

The empire state of Texas has entered upon a great and commendable effort to make the rest of the world better acquainted with its resources and possibilities, and if one may believe all the reports which have lately visited Dallas, the coming state fair and Dallas exposition will rank among the most complete exhibits in recent American history. Texas is certainly big enough (274,400 square miles by the latest estimate) to gaze an exhibition which might called national, and the committee, after two years of very busy and arduous work, has just announced that the state fair to be in Dallas, Oct. 15 to 27 inclusive, will be of which no nation need feel ashamed.

These will be solid buildings, made of every variety of Texas wood and stone, ornamental finishings including every Texas plant, flowers including every Texas grain and flower, and a great but unappreciated and quite inestimable structure made entirely of the horns, hides and hoofs of Texas cattle. Of course the various metals, minerals, woods, stones, marbles, clays, oils, gems and gases found in Texas will be on exhibit, and the resident orators, poets, painters and decorators of Texas, with Governor Ross at their head, will have a fair show; but the managers have gone further, and announced that the opening ceremonies will (if possible) be inaugurated by President Benjamin Harrison and President Porfirio Diaz, the heads of the two North American republics, acting jointly. It is to be regretted that neither of these dignitaries has yet been able to promise attendance, but it is not yet too late to try.

So many eminent men, however, have agreed to be present that an oration by some man of national repute is anticipated for each day of the fair, among

them the Hon. Chauncey Depew, Hon. Jere Rusk, Hon. Henry Watterson, Hon. John M. Thayer and others of equal eminence. In no brief article there can be no just description of the immense building in which the principal events will take place. All around it will be the halls containing the exhibits of more than a hundred counties, which will contest for the medals and banners and the large premiums offered for the best county exhibits. In the center of the main building, above a fountain decorated with native mosses, ferns and shells, will be the stage, occupied by the noted Capra's Seventh Regiment band, which will furnish music for the fair.

Texas certainly presents some startling figures for the contemplation of Americans—statesmen, social scientists or economists. "Undeveloped empire" is a backneyed phrase applied to that state; but the real question is not what was the country made for Texans, but what have Texans made of the country? Admitted into the Union in 1845, the fifteenth state after the adoption of the constitution, Texas had in 1850 212,592 people; in 1860, 604,215; in 1870, 815,579, and in 1880, 1,391,719. Deducting a ratio from these figures and adding the admittedly enormous increment due to the completion of the great transcontinental railroad and its connections, her statistics now claim some 3,300,000 to 3,600,000 people, and confidently promise that the state will have a round two dozen congressmen under the apportionment of 1890-92. It will bear thinking of. At any rate the state's exhibit of its growth and resources will be of a kind to gratify all patriotic Americans.

OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

CANADA'S HISTORIC TOWN AND CITADEL.

Quebec is a Name to Revere Many Memories—Some Interesting Descriptive Matters—Some Points on the Recent Catastrophe.

QUEBEC is a name to revive many memories—it is, perhaps, the most historic place in North America, and differs from nearly all other historic places in the fact that its main features have changed but little, and its natural features can scarcely be changed at all. By the common verdict of historians the British victory at Quebec decided that the continent was to be English instead of French-English, and at the same time rendered the American revolution a certainty. But to the average American who was a pupil in the old time schools—the days of reading in monotony—the name of Quebec revives a memory of some such nature as this:

"They fly by the French word the powder blackened riflemen what do they run already said the heroic Wolfe then I die contented about the same time Mont Calm being told his wound was mortal sighed so much the better I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

But to return to Quebec. It was discovered, as aforesaid, in 1535, and the town was founded July 3, 1608, by Champlain; it became finally English in 1760, and it is no small compliment to British statesmanship that in thirteen years the French were so well satisfied as to stand out solidly against the Americans. The city has been besieged six times (not counting the Indians), and captured twice by the British. Truly it is historic. In the whole province of 1,359,297 people by the last census, of whom six-sevenths are French, and in the city are about 90,000. One would not think so either at first view, but the upper town is a vast, populated rock, scarped and graded till habitable, and with dwellings stuck on all the little off-sets like swallows' nests on the beams of a barn.

One month of a summer's tour would be scant time to really "see" all its beauties and curiosities; many columns like this would barely suffice to describe them. There is first the great citadel, with attached official residences, and then the magnificent public buildings, which are built of massive granite and the old ramparts, now made into lovely promenades; and the fortifications old and new, the heights of Abraham and the monuments, and above all, Dufferin terrace, which commands some of the finest views in the world. And all around the city, for fifty miles in every direction, are romantic and historic scenes; battle fields, old forts and churches, the cliffs of the St. Lawrence, the broad stream, the natural steps and great cascade of the Montmorency. It is only necessary to name them to show that no city in America has more objects of interest than Quebec.

WEDDING BELLS.

Of the Marriage of Emma Blaine and Anita McCormick.

Emma Blaine is a lucky man. His bride, Anita, nee McCormick, is worth \$3,000,000. And she is said to be possessed of many charming qualities of mind and heart.

She is a brunette, 25 years of age, with a slight, willowy figure, and of vivacious, though unassuming deportment. She is a member of the Presbyterian church. Her father died of cholera, leaving her a fortune of some \$1,000,000, to be divided equally between his wife and his five children at the expiration of five years. This period was completed in the spring of 1888, and the original portion of \$2,500,000 for each had, by careful management, grown to \$3,000,000.

An Apocryphal to Santa Clara. Gracious Santa Clara! From whose prolific hills one can see the snowy caps of the Sierra Nevada, and under that white streak the gleaming line of the great mountains. The lower fields are yellow with great blades of grain or softly green with graceful groves of abundant fruit. A delicious perfume permeates the air and the land seems one of milk and honey. There is nothing, perhaps, to gratify the feverish curiosity of the eye, yet it is very restful after the weary march of a week's travel. We have visited, San Jose is our last point of travel. To-morrow we start for the Atlantic. Regrettably! Perhaps not, for "beyond the Alps is Rome," but it is somewhat sad to leave a city, even a foreign one, with the possibility of never seeing it again.—F. W. White.

GENERAL VIEW OF DUFFERIN TERRACE. It is considered to say that the cliff is 350 feet high, but that depends a good

deal on where and how you do your measuring. From the river level at average tide to the level of the citadel it is probably that high; but on the point of wild beauty no description can be too extravagant. From a distance, Quebec rises like a series of great terraced and pinnacled palaces and temples. The lower town, or town, along the St. Lawrence and St. Charles, are not at first visible, and the great rock above is thick set with stone houses, churches, colleges and government buildings, rising one behind the other in sublime view, and varied by pointed roofs, spires, minarets, cupolas and lofty official structures in a way that combines all the romance of east and west, of ancient and modern.

All Canadians are proud of Quebec. True, they sometimes criticize the streets of the lower town—those of the upper town cannot get very dirty if there is any rain—and often say the wharves ought to be in better order and the people a little more modern and enterprising, but still they all love Quebec. And the American who spends his summer vacation there cannot but to think of it as changed and "improved." It is a bit of France of the Seventeenth century truly, varied by Americanization of the Nineteenth century. Here one finds the real antique. Bear in mind that these people are the French of Louis XIII's time. They had nothing to do with "La grande Revolution" and the great Bonaparte, and shared in none of the mad enthusiasms of '93; they had no confiscation of estates or church property, and they look with unmitigated horror on the anti-Catholic performances of the present French government. They pay titles according to the original contract of 1610-99; they have many local saints and a miraculous shrine of St. Anne; they are devoted to their pastors, and have lately, after a long struggle, secured restitution to the Jesuits for the latter's long ago confiscated estates. And here, marvellously they have been sustained. The planting of the colony and its preservation against the Indians seem almost miraculous. When the English took the country there were in all Canada but 60,000 French; now there are 1,800,000, and they claim that 600,000 have gone to the United States. And there has been no French immigration to speak of. In other words, the French of 1760 have in 129 years multiplied forty-fold—fecundity unparalleled since the days of Israel in Egypt. No wonder some of their poetic enthusiasts predict that there is yet to be a French speaking nation on this continent, and they are their predestinated ancestors.

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WHITE HOUSE HOME LIFE.

"THE FIERCE WHITE LIGHT THAT BEATS UPON A THRONE."

Washingtonians Watch and Criticize Every Detail—The Mounted Messenger—Benjamin Harrison McCracken and 300 Other Names—Plain Mrs. Harrison.

Washington, Sept. 26.—To show that the White House and its inmates and the doings therein and thereabout are constantly under the strong light of public interest and curiosity one has but to mention a trivial incident. A week or so ago Welch, the White House messenger, rode down Pennsylvania avenue on his black horse. There was nothing unusual about this. That same hand-

some animal Welch has been riding for four or five years. Yet a buzz of conversation followed the messenger wherever he went. People paused on the sidewalk, pointed to the black charger and shook their heads. And what was all this commotion about? Why, Welch had a new saddle and a new mail bag. Across the face of this bag was painted, in letters large enough to be read a block away:

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

This was in bad taste, the people said. They did not like it. How did Mr. Halford happen to consent to having the identity of the mounted carrier thus proclaimed in circus poster type? Why should the White House messenger go about advertising himself like a dairy-man or butcher? They heard of these unpleasant whispers at the White House. They heard the populace was displeased with the saddle bags of the president's mounted messenger. They made excuses, and thus gave us a fine example of the thoroughly democratic nature of our institutions. Here was the buzz of the boulevard about the gilt lettering on a pair of saddle bags making the immediate satellites of the king hang their heads. Politely and bewildered, Cook protested that he had never heard of the saddle bags. Urbane Maj. Pruden, who will go down to history as the man through whom the communications of congress, said the saddle bags were a topic which he must respectfully decline to discuss. Private Secretary Halford, first lord of the White House during the absence of the president, thought the letters were a trifle large, but that the liberties of the people were in no wise endangered. It appeared, finally, that Welch had procured the bags and the lettering without anybody's consent or authorization. Thereby he had subjected his august master to open ridicule upon the thoroughfares of the capital city. And there was none to chide him, none to plunge him into a dungeon cell for unhappy presumption; and no soldier to go forth with sabers and cocked hats to discipline the multitude that dared make sport of the president's private highway. A democracy this, for sure!

Messenger Welch is brave enough to face public ridicule. He was one of the men of the First Maine regiment of volunteers who made the gallant assault on Petersburg, losing 600 of their comrades in a few minutes—the regiment which Gen. Walker says lost more men in one battle than any other regiment of the army. The custom of keeping a mounted messenger at the White House had its origin in the war time, when the executive mansion was military as well as civil headquarters. Now there are two messengers—Private Welch, of the new saddle bags, and Edgar R. Beckley, colored. There is work enough for them both, particularly in winter. Etiquette requires the president to send all of his communications within the capital by hand. The rule is not rigidly enforced, but the exceptions are rare. One messenger goes several times a day for the White House mail, and carries letters to the postoffice, it being one of the traditions that no mail carrier must set foot upon the White House grounds. There are many letters and documents to be carried to the departments and bureaux. During the season one messenger is kept fairly busy carrying social communications, none of which should be intrusted to the mails. Invitations to state dinners are always sent out by messengers, and of course, to the homes of the invited guests. Secretaries Winson's office is but a couple of hundred yards from the executive mansion, but to invite Secretary Winson to dinner at the White House the messenger must mount and ride a mile to the secretary's residence. Every winter the president gives a series of card receptions to the senators and representatives in congress, the judiciary and the army and navy. For these events hundreds of invitations are sent out, and it is interesting to note how the White House staff strike a happy medium between strict observance of official etiquette and a careless method of transacting the state's social business. Invitations to supreme justices, army and navy officers and newspaper men are delivered by mounted courier at their residences, while the cards of senators and representatives are deposited in the house and senate postoffices, though with the understanding that they are not to be delivered in the Capitol, but at the residences of the addressees. I asked one of the old timers about the White House if they had mounted messengers a half century ago. "Oh, no," he replied; "in those days there was no need for a mounted messenger or any other sort of a messenger. The president used to get lonesome and go out on the street corners and talk to the people, and invite them to come up to the White House and see him. Now we employ seventeen doorkeepers and watchmen to keep the people out."

The last time the president was at the White House he stepped into the assistant secretary's room and stood for a few minutes in front of the mantel gazing at an array of photographs. He gazed long and earnestly at one after another, and finally turned away with the remark: "I wish I was not the only pretty baby in the country."

pictures of little Benjamins, Harrison, Benjamin Harrison and Harrison Morton, with all scores of pictures. Never since March 4 photographs of babies named after the president have poured in upon the White House. A score of these are displayed upon the mantle in Mrs. Pruden's room. There is Harrison Meyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a little chap sitting in a chair about fifty times bigger than himself. Benjamin Harrison Weygant, of Ada, Mich., looks like Buck Ewing, the baseball player. Benjamin Harrison Pullins, of Ohio, greatly resembles Andrew Jackson. The proud father of Benjamin Harrison McCracken, of Paxton, Ill., drops into poetry on the back of his baby's photograph, and in the same place advertises his business as a breeder of Poland, China, Victoria and other first class swine. Benjamin Harrison Bigbee, of Templeton, Mass., is a very pretty boy, and so is Harrison Hussey, of Cameron, Mo., and Benjamin Harrison Mason, of Marietta, Mo. Other bright boys who were given the benefit of comparison with Benny Moked in the mind of the president are Benjamin Morton Morris, of Murphysboro, Ill.; Benjamin Harrison Wright, of Williamsville, N. Y.; Harrison Carter, of Petersburg, Ill.; Harrison Beckey, of Hamilton, O.; Harrison Mainzer, of Milwaukee; Harrison Watershoof, of San Francisco; Harrison Hawkins, of San Bernardino; Harrison Morton Bowley, of Claridon, O.; and Benjamin Harrison Bull and Finger Herman Bull, twins, of Milwaukee. It is estimated that 300 photographs of babies named after the president have been received at the White House since March 4, and while the president very much appreciates the compliment paid him thereby, his secretaries, who must make formal acknowledgment of the receipt of each and every photograph, think the White House picture gallery already sufficiently stocked with infantile Benjamin Harrisons.

At the executive mansion there is a keen appreciation of the fact that very small incidents often have very great effect upon public opinion. Naturally, there is no little timidity among the employees of the executive mansion of talking about what they see and hear. The rule is that no man but the private secretary shall open his mouth, and this individual is not given to loquacity. Why, the zealous clerical assistants of the president were even bent upon refusing me a look at the sweet faces of the two score little Benjamins. They were afraid something might be said about them, or that the president might not like to have the public gossiping about his collection of namesakes. Sometimes I think public men greatly underestimate the good sense of the people. A case in point came under my observation not long ago. One of Mrs. Harrison's nieces, on returning from a journey abroad, called at the White House to pay her respects to her aunt, the mistress of the mansion. She sent up her card from the blue room, and presently Mrs. Harrison came down with a big kitchen apron tied round her waist and a towel wound around her head. Mrs. Harrison was housecleaning. The niece professed to be greatly shocked by being so photographed by the first lady, and hearing of her account of the call, and of her having described the incident to a newspaper correspondent, a certain high officer of the government, not employed at the White House, sent for the correspondent and begged him not to print the story.

THE COSSACK IN CENTRAL ASIA

Information About an Interesting People by a Famous Traveler.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—A wide, treeless plain, looking vast and drearier than ever beneath the creeping shadows of evening, and which the last gleam of sunset glows red and angrily in the far west; a dark belt of matted brushwood, marking the winding course of a shallow, muddy river; a score of camp fires twinkling faintly along its bank amid the gathering dimness, like stars seen through a mist; sheaves of lances and rifles piled around upon their shafts; the exactness, and groups of gaunt white clad figures and dark, lean, wolfish faces flitting ghostlike to and fro in the spectral glare of the twilight. Such was the scene upon which I came suddenly one evening in Central Asia during Russia's last war with the native tribes of Tartary.

These men were the renowned "Cossacks," of whom the world has heard so much and seen so little, and whom it usually pictures to itself as forever rushing at full gallop across a boundless plain, with a writhing baby on their lance point and a slice of raw horseflesh "keeping hot" between the steel and the saddle—maintaining themselves and their horses piled around in a ring, and, and amazing stories of ill gotten gain where there is no one to rob. In reality, I have always found this legendary ogre a very jovial, boyish, simple hearted fellow, who, though too often committing fearful atrocities when his blood is up in battle, has never done anything worse than most recorded deeds of far more civilized soldiers within the memory of living men. It is with warriors like these that Russia is now hewing a path of conquest across the whole breadth of Central Asia and overpowering the fierce Afghans and Turkomans with a hardihood and endurance even greater than their own. In bearing heat and cold, thirst and hunger, riding marches of a week on horseback, camping grounds no more than a couple of miles apart, the Cossack can surpass the disciplined armies of Germany these wild spearman would be of little use except as scouts and foragers; but for the irregular warfare of the eastern deserts they have no match on the face of the earth. Most of the men were lying stretched on the ground after their march, in lazy enjoyment; for a Cossack's life has no medium—either rushing across the steppe like a whirlwind, or snoring in the dirt like a hog. But a few were still busy around the fires, and some of them struck up all at once an old Russian war song as familiar to my ears as to their own: "Soldiers, soldiers, lads of the czar, Who are your fathers, say? 'Our fathers are battles whose fame rings loud, They are our fathers—they!'" "Soldiers, soldiers, lads of the czar, Who are your mothers—say? 'Our mothers are tents standing white on the field, They are our mothers—they!'" "Soldiers, soldiers, lads of the czar, Who are your sisters, say? 'They are our brides—say, they!'" "They are our sisters—they!" "Soldiers, soldiers, tell me once more Who are your brides, I pray? 'Our brides they are guns well loaded for fight, They are our sisters—they!'" As the song ended, I walked into the camp quite unnoticed, in my soiled white Russian forage cap, travel stained cotton jacket and trousers and knee high boots. I was quite like enough to the men around me to have passed for one of themselves in that uncertain light. But I had no wish to avoid their observation.

I sat down on a stone and, taking out my colored map of Central Asia, pretended to be studying it, knowing well that the Cossacks (who, like most savages, are as curious as children) would soon be drawn around me by the sight

CHESSE AND CHECKERS.

Chess problem No. 29—By F. M. Teed.

Black.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Checker problem No. 28—End game from "Single Corner."

Black—2, 4, 14, 19, 18.

White.

1. P to B 2. K to B 6 mate.

Checker problem No. 28: Black—4, 17, 9.

White.

1. P to B 2. K to B 6 mate.

13. White—1, 4, 17, 23.

White.

1. P to B 2. K to B 6 mate.

13. White—1, 4, 17, 23.

White.

1. P to B 2. K to B 6 mate.

13. White—1, 4, 17, 23.

White.

1. P to B 2. K to B 6 mate.

13. White—1, 4, 17, 23.

White.

1. P to B 2. K to B 6 mate.

13. White—1, 4, 17, 23.

White.

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13. White—1, 4, 17, 23.

White.

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