ried a few months after the stirring incident. After going through the reconstruction period in the south our hero
asked to be relieved from staff duty to join
his troop, K. Fifth cavalry. In the Apache
campaign in Arisona, in 1874, King saw
brilliant service. The troop of which he
was in command became conspicuous.
Gen. Sherman publicly stated that he considered their services "unequaled by those
of any cavalry regiment." On Nov. 1,
1874, King was severely wounded at Sunset
pass. He was then only saved from falling
into the hands of the bloodthirsty savages
by the valorous devotion of one of his sol-

diers.

For months the intrepid commander was laid up with a shattered saber arm. Almost before it was well he was in the saddle again and went through the terrible Big Hofn and Yellowstone campaigns. His service was brilliant, his bravery matchless, and his coolness in the heat of many of the most terrible battles ever fought with the Indians won him unstinted praise from his superiors. In 1878 King's wound, which had never healed, became so troublegome that he was forced to go before a retiring board. The next year he left the army that he loved so well and became a shelved warrior—full of scars and glory before he had reached one-half of man's three-scorehad reached one-half of man's three-score-and-ten years. And thus it was that the soldier became an author. After his retire-ment he held several important civil and military commissions, and became identi-fied prominently with the national guard, in which he is still very much interested. In Capt. King's study, where he writes his stories, there is the veritable Navajo blanket in which his soldiers bundled or carried him down the mountain side after receiving his wound at Sunset pass.

receiving his wound at Sunset pass.

There, too, can be seen the pictures in udiforms of many of the heroes of his stories.

Shoulder straps, sword belts, forage cap and buckskin leggings are suspended from the walls. There are a thousand and one other curious things picked up by the capa fine portrait of Gen. Rufus King, and near by is the magnificent presentation sword owned by the soldier writer's distinguished father. Altogether it is a home of refinement and taste. Capt. King and the lady who won the Metaire whip have three children, and there is a Charles King, Jr. who is a living picture of the father and a perfect soldier in miniature

A BRIGHT BOY TRAVELER.

He Made the Journey from Texas to New York on Fifty Cents.

A fine specimen of young American reliance is Master John Stacey, who a few days ago was found sleeping on a coal barge in New York and taken to police headquarters. Master John is 13 years old, and has seen considerable of the world as will be believed when it is learned that be traveled from Texas to New York city all alone, and with only fifty cents in his pocket when he started. His father, who lives in Dallas, Tex. and he, he says, "didn't gee." John was a favorite with his grand-

mother, and for some reason or other his father didn't like it. Beatings, ac-

cording to the

boy's story, en-

sued, and he ran

away to Bryan.

with an uncle.

There wasn't

much for him to

do there, and so one day he told

the uncle that he

was going to New

York. No objec-

tions were made.

and with the help

of a railroad con

ductor be started.

He staid a day

at Dallas, a few

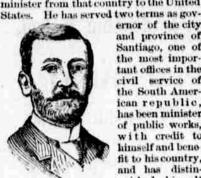


hours at St. Louis and a day at Little Rock. At none of places did he have any difficulty in getting enough to eat, but at Memphis he had to spend his entire fortunefifty cents—on meals. In Louisville he passed two days, but he didn't like Cincinnati, and was glad to be able to get away in five hours.

In Buffalo he lived for five days and then went direct to New York. This entire trip he made with the fifty cents and the good will of the railroad men. There is nothing of the braggart about the boy; he tells his story in a plain, straightforward way. When he wants to do a thing, he says, he simply goes ahead and does it. He is not at all handsome, for he has unkempt, yellow hair, a queer shaped head and hundreds of freckles. Yet he impresses one as being honest and trustworthy.

A Noted Chilian Diplomat.

Among the most respected and admired diplomats of Chili is Don Prudencio Lascano, who was recently appointed minister from that country to the United States. He has served two terms as governor of the city



tant offices in the civil service of the South American republic has been minister of public works, with credit to himself and bene fit to his country, and has distinguished himself

by his fine diplomatic services as minister to Bolivia By birth he is connected with some of the best families of Chili, and his wife, the daughter of an American who gained enviable prominence in Chilian politics, is a valuable addition to Washington so-

The Abused Parrot.

An oilman possessed a fine parrot, who amused him with her prattle and watched his shop during his absence. It chanced one day when the oilman had gone out that a cat ran into the shop in chase of a mouse, which so frightened the parrot that she flew about from shelf to shelf, upsetting several jars and spilling their contents When her master returned and saw the havoe made among his goods he fetched the parrot a blow that knocked out all her head feathers, and from that day she sulked on her perch. The oilman, missing the prattle of his favorite, began to shower his dims on every passing beggar, in hope that some one would induce the parrot to speak At length a baldheaded mendicant came to the shop one day, upon seeing whom the parrot, breaking her long silence, cried out: "Poor fellow! poor fellow! hast thou, too, upset some oil jar?"-Flowers from a Persian Garden-Clouston.

Umbrellas India Imports The statistics of the import of umbrellas into India have suggested the question why the ingenious native artificers do not turn their hands to the manufacture of this indispensable article. In the old days when a hit of hambon served for the stick with bamboo strips for the ribs and var nished paper for the covering, nothing but native made umbrellas or sun shades were ever seen. These, however, have now been left far behind. In the year 158-9 then were actually imported by sea into Cal cutta considerably more than two and a half millions of umbrellas of foreign make With this is coupled the astounding fact that the number of boots and shoes enter ing India by the same port has increased from 28, 565 pairs in 1879-80 to 131,657 pairs in 1888-0, and this in spite of the Cawapon tories and the shoemaking Chluamen of Bentinek street. - London Standard.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

MATTIE MITCHELL HOLDS THIS TITLE EASILY IN WASHINGTON.

Bir Julian Pauncefute Says He Neve Saw Other Girl So Beautiful-Why Has the Not Married? -- Marriage of Mr. Taylor and Miss Parwell-A Correction.

(Special Correspondence.) WARRINGTON, July 15, -Every day I walk lown Connecticut avenue, the thoroughfare which most directly connects the fashonable quarter of the capital with the business center, and every day I look for a certain open carriage drawn by a not over stylish but light stepping span of bays. I am rarely disappointed. Morning after morning, between 10 and 11 o'clock, the bays whisk by, affording one a mere glimpse of the occupant of the victoria, the loveliest woman in America. Miss Mattie Mitchell has been so often described as America's handsomest woman that some readers may be tired of the reiteration. There is, besides, a difference of opinion

There is, besides, a difference of opinion about her beauty. A cabinet minister's wife—a dowager whose opinion usually goes a great way-said to me one night last winter at a re-ception, "What, you adore Mattle Mitch-ell-that dough faced girl" Another dame of high degree in a box at the opera opposite the Mitchells' demurely remark-ed: "So you think Mattle Mitchell a sweet woman. So she is, so she is, and so is a roll of fresh butter sweet." But it was roll of fresh outter sweet. But it was noticeable, just the same, that at the reception all eyes followed the perfect figure in pure white, surmounted by the perfect head of bronze, and from room to room ran the whisper, "That's she—Miss Mitchell."

At the opera all glasses were leveled to-ward the box in which sat the modest, genial girl, chatting gayly between acts with her mother and sister and Sir Julian Pauncefote. A roll of fresh butter, a dough face she may be, but she has the beauty which sets all tongues wagging, all



MATTIE MITCHELL.

eyes gazing, for all that. And speaking of Sir Julian Pauncefote reminds me that the old courtier, who has seen something of beautiful and charming women in time, is very fond of Miss Mitchell. and Lady Panncefote often drive with her or go with her to the opera. "Miss Mitchell," says the British minister, "is the most beautiful woman I ever saw." And with this verdict I, as one of her adorers, am content. Sir Julian's honest praise outweighs all the flings of the dowagers.

But it was not so much of Miss Mitch ell's beauty that I set out to write. That is a hackneyed though glorious subject. have never yet attempted to describe her beauty—I lack confidence in myself. My poor vocabulary is not equal to the task. Col. P. Donan, of Devil's Lake and everywhere, is the only man I know who could do justice to the subject; and the colonel, who sets himself up as Sir Anthony Absolute on womanly beauty, does not admire Miss Mitchell, more's the pity. The colouel, I fear, has become narrow in his vision while pretending to be comprehenvision while pretending to be comprehen-sive. "I have seen, and am personally ac-quainted with, all the pretty women in this country worth knowing," says Col. Donan. "Many of these famous Washington beauties are so plain that the wouldn't be considered even comely in the south." This statement discloses the col-onel's weakness. He has become infatuat-ed with the beauty of Dixie. He has be-come so narrow in his range that to him re are no beautiful who were born south of the Ohio river.

To his notion Miss Mattie Thomps daughter of ex-Congressman Phil Thomp son, of Kentucky, is the most beautiful woman of Washington. Next to her he places the Herbert sisters, daughters of Congressman Herbert, of Alabama. Kittie Cheatham, the sprightly and talented actress now with the Daly company in Europe, is another of the colonel's favor Mattie Thompson is a tall, divine girl: the Herbert sisters are perfect madon nas, and Kittle Cheatham, in addition to being talented and the daughter of a dis tinguished Tennessee family, is a beautiful woman. But Mattie Mitchell reigns supreme. She is easily the queen of beauty at the national capital.

As she rides down Connecticut avenue this hot morning we reflect that she has other charms than those of face and figure. There is none of the indolence of the so-ciety woman about her. She is good natured, happy, girlish and alert. Her friends she recognizes afar and greets with hearty buoyant air. Though she has reigned no five or six seasons, both here and in Eu rope, she is not blase, she never appears tired, stupid or indifferent. She does not grow old. If anything she is prettier now than she was five years ago. She is heartwhole and heart-young. Still better, she has among her many accomplishments as a musician, linguist and conversationalist a good deal of the practical and useful Miss Mitchell is a rare good housekeeper

a manager and a nurse. As we see her rolling down Connecticut avenue she appears too dainty for thoughts of roasts and vegetables, of medicines and doctors, but she is on her way to market To market she goes every morning, and then to the druggist's and to the shops. Mrs. Mitchell is in poor health. At time she is helpless for weeks and months, and then the cares of the household fall upor her daughter. They fall upon worthy and capable, even if deliciously white and round shoulders. A part of the time Miss Mattie has the help of her married sister, Mrs Handy, who is almost as beautiful as Mattie

The Mitchell household is one in which love reigns. Social success has not warped any natures there. Here are lovely, much courted daughters who have time to kiss and wait upon their father and motherdaughters who stay in sultry Washington where they can be of comfort to their parents, while seaside and mountain resorts are yearning for them and promising them many triumphs. Not the least of this physically perfect Mattie's charms is the fact that she is a sincere, unaffected wholesome American girl.

Why she has not married is one of the little mysteries which Washington gossipers love to chatter about. It is known that she has rejected more than one titled foreigner, more than one rich young man of more or less character who was dazzled by her beauty. From what I know of this peerless American girl I am willing to predict that she will marry the man with hom she falls in love-that a man favored with her affection should fail to return it is a contingency too remote to be considered-and it will make no difference if he be poor and unknown. And from what I know of her, moreover, I am con fident the man that gets her will win a treasure, a good wife and genuine help

Mattie Mitchell had peculiar interest in the most fashionable wedding which Chi cago has enjoyed for a year or two. I do not know that Miss Mitchell was even invited to the nuptials of Rose Farwel laughter of Schator Farwell, and Hobart Chattield Taylor, a few weeks ago, but I venture to say she read the newspaper accounts thereof with rare zest. Some year ngo, when he was a very young man, Ho bart Taylor fell in love with Mattie Mitchell. Probably it was his first love and for a time it was a severe attack. Mr Taylor is a rich young man. He is heir to imense land estates in Chicago. For some unfathomable reason his relatives thought he was throwing himself away on Mattie Mitchell. There is no evidence that

he ever proposed to the young tady, and as likely as not he would have been rejected if he had proposed. But he was sufficient-ly infatuated to do almost anything, and his relatives set themselves about devising means of calling him away. At that time Mr. Taylor had not come

At that time Mr. Taylor had not come into his possessions, and was living on an allowance which was none too large for his extravagant tastes and luxurious habits. He was almost if not quite as fond of horses and equipages as he was of Mattie Mitchell, and knowing the young man's weakness in this direction his shrewd Uncle Chatfield was able to meet the emergency. "If you will give up Mattie Mitchell," said he, "I will buy you a tally-ho and four." Young Taylor hesitated, sighed, and was lost. He chose the tally-ho!

We shall have to forgive Mr. Taylor on

lost. He chose the tally-ho!

We shall have to forgive Mr. Taylor on the score of youth and inexperience. Perhaps, moreover, he had a glimmering of the truth that Miss Mitchell was beyond his reach, and concluded he had better take what he could get. No doubt Miss Mitchell, if she thought seriously of the matter one way or the other, concluded it. Mitchell, if she thought seriously of the matter one way or the other, concluded it was good riddance. But Taylor has turned out well. He has developed into a man of character and energy. His attempt to found an American party was a lamentable, almost ridiculous failure, but he has succeeded in establishing at Chicago a very good weekly literary paper, America. Taylor himself is a good writer, and a man of force and originality, who is pretty sure to make a stir in the world.

make a stir in the world.

His good sense and fine discrimination, Mattie Mitchell for a tally-ho and four, was finally established by his selection of g wife. Hose Farwell is a sweet and womanly little woman. Though reared in a wealthy and noted family she was simplicity itself. Her best friends were poor neighbor girls at Lake Forest, her father's country home on the shore of Lake Michigan, a few miles north of Chicago. And when she was ready to be married to the handsome and talented young millionaire. and all the fashionables were in attend-ance, who did she have for bridesmaids out a number of her girl friends, the neigh bor girls whose fathers were clerks and

bookkeepers?
A little story of sweet Rose Farwell that was is worth telling, as all stories are that illustrate the womanliness and the v hole some American character of those of our girls that have been reared in luxury. After the marriage came preparations for the bridal tour. The house was full of servants and plenty of willing hands were near, but the bride insisted upon packing near, but the bride insisted upon packing her own trunks. "I want to know just where everything is," she said. When the trunks were ready and train time was near she sent James for the wagon. By the time James and the wagon had come the bride was dressed for her journey. "Now, James," she said, "be careful how you han-dle my trunks. They are full of pretty

James was careful, for his mistress stood by and superintended the loading. Then the good-by kisses were kissed, and to the tonishment of all the bride climbed upon the wagon, seated berself on a trunk and bade James drive to the station. "I am going to see that these trunks are properly checked," she said in explanation, "the men are so careless." And away to the station and her bridal tour she went amid the tears and laughter of her friends and relatives. It seems almost a pity that such a girl could not have married a poor man in

stead of a millionaire.

Another Washington beauty whose failure to wed has roused the curiosity of the gossipers is Miss Leiter, elder daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, the millionaire who made his money in Chicago dry goods and real estate, and who pays Secretary Blaine a thousand dollars a month for the privilege of living in the secretary's house on Du pont circle. There is a romance here too. Two or three years ago, while traveling in Scotland, the Leiters made the acquaintance of a young Scotsman of fine charac-ter and great wealth. Between him and the handsome American girl the little god dess stirred up no end of joy and trouble joy because the love was genuine and mu-tual, and trouble because the stern parent interfered, forbade further intimacy and whisked his daughter away to America. They do say that Miss Leiter is a girl of will wed the young Scotchman or not wee at all. There is a little satisfaction in knowing that the rich and fashionable have bearts and pains just like common

of love to fingling coin is an unpleasant But I have a duty to perform In my interview with the director of the mint a couple of weeks ago I made that gentleman say: "The amout of gold in our gold coins has not been changed since y first began coinage in 1793. The alloy has been changed, but not the amount of pure gold." It was very stupid of me to make Mr. Leech say that, for he said nothing of the sort. What he did say was that the amount of fine silver in the standard silver dollar has not been changed since we be gan coining. The amount of gold in the gold dollar has been changed several times. I make this correction cheerfully, for whether one talk of beautiful women or other precious things of the world be should endeavor to be truthful and accu-ROBERT GRAVES

A TORNADO IN A CITY.

John McGovern Writes of the Deadly

[Special Correspondence.] CHICAGO, July 14.—Tornadoes have gone up and down America forever, but this generation of human beings has done no such thing. As a boy I read of water-spouts in the Indian ocean, but from 1857, when I began to take note of events, until about 1875 I heard nothing of tornadoes. though always in a printing office and al ways an opinivorous reader of news. Per haps, too, the tornadoes of oil speculation war and westward ho filled up the theatre

The first tornado that made its actual ap pearance on the horizon of our intellects was the calamity of Hazel Green, a hamlet on a hill north of Galena, llis. StanleyHunt-ley, the author of "Old Spoopendyke," was sent out to gather particulars. Some of these gatherings, I verily believe, were at the basis of poor Stanley's fame as an im aginary writer. I remember that he re ported this incident: A flagstone, for pavement, lay on the ground at the foot of the hill. It ascended the funnel and be came the capital of the column, riding majestically over the town, slowly revolving, like some plate on the finger of a juggler.

The next funnel came to Mt. Carmel, Ills. and a second one followed fifteen years o so later. I do not believe that the news of battle itself so deeply moved western Americans as did these crashings of the invisible chisel and lathe of heaven. In 188 the great disaster of Grinnel, Ia., arrived Let us suppose you have charge of the tel egraphic news of a great paper. At a o'clock a dispatch is brought, stating that the city of Grinnel is in ruins. Then follows a beating of the entire telegraphic News of a storm at some town ad jacent to Grinnel gives the editor his path of the tornado, for he then lays down map and draws a straight line across the two towns. He sometimes thus finds a ternado where none had been reported. He bego New York and Boston to give him all their preliminary information. He strives until o'clock a. m. and always has a terrible

story by that time. There is a goriness about cyclones that the roaring rivers never offer to the news paper man. Let the Mississippi roll seven-ty miles wide, there is no Sodom or Gomorrah at its bottom. New Orleans is to go under, but it never goes under. If a dam break, ah! that is different-in Connecticut, in Pennsylvania, in Arizona. But the tornado not only kills instantly, it shouls poisoned arrow. Its wounded are badly hurt. I remember the funnel that went north in Mississippi in 1882, I think. About half the wounded died. A terrible year was that 1882—a year of telegraph editors drawing lines across the map until the thing was gridinged and appotated into illegibility. In one night a dozen funnels crossed the Mississippi eastward, and one of them reached Lake Michigan at Racine. Another stopped south of Chicago near

At last the cyclone became familiar to our slaughterous thoughts. We bought books which showed that Omaha and Kanas City had in 100 years shown the large

the cyclone theory—how the cold air swings around on the southwest arc of the big circle and explodes into upper heaven, becoming electricity—and we turned our attention from tornado to tario, from woes

Yet this North American wheel, gyrat ing over our cities with its southwestern spokes carrying maelstrons, impresses the more deeply than weldings—for what is a marriage but a novel, and what is this black funnel but a fact? Some time be-fore the date of the lesser tornado that re-

cently devastated Fargo I went to Louis ville as a bird to its charmer.

I wanted to put my fingers in the wounds. I went where the thing began. I looked I went where the thing began. I looked over to a distant point where it ended. The only expression of irresistible force to be seen in the wreckage was the clean section of brick walls. You can build on the part that is left; it is not sprung or cracked. Churches are a complete wreck, because they have but one room and are weaker than other buildings. Houses with many partitions make a good resistance. Wooden houses wavered, and by giving an inch remained intact. About four funnels went over the city side by side. The leason

mained intact. About four funnels went over the city side by side. The lesson should be to avoid large rooms, for the studding did great salvage at Louisville. I was most desirous to touch the moral effect. An old friend of mine was protector of Jewel lodge when the Falls City hall went down, killing nineteen persons. The floor sank softly, like a steam elevator. He prepared for death, was struck, covered, felt heavy rain, uncovered himself and climbed out of ten feet of debris. The event has conquered his imagination. Thoughts of history, of slavery, of war, of strikes, of monopoly, of bread and butter have all vanished before the memory of the monster that flew in on Louisville the night of the 27th of March. Sleep is fitful. A survivor at Louisville greets the returned A survivor at Louisville greets the returned companion of his youth politely, but falls with tears on the neck of every fellow sufwith tears on the neck or every fellow sur-ferer. All dates begin at March 27. A wounded victim dies at home or at the hos-pital; the news recalls the blackness, the departing fury, the terror, the window glass sucking outward, the grocer's bill, written as the glass crashed, and next found at Cincinnati.

Now in July the bricks are piled neatly in Louisville, the negroes quarrel as to their relative quality, the funnel lanes fill with new buildings, and the material world with new buildings, and the the wheel has is nearly repaired there; but the wheel has got in its deadly work afresh at Fargo. got in its deadly work arresh as Parke. And perhaps here is food for reflection for 1,300,000 Chicagoans, who build thirteen stories and project Eiffel towers 1,500 feet high. John McGovern.

A NOTED WRITER'S ABODE.

The Home of Edward Bellamy at Chic opee Falls, Mass.

Mr. Edward Bellamy, the originator and leader in the Nationalist movement, lives in a modest house in the little town of Chicopee Falls, Mass., near Spring

The house was built by his father, th Rev. R. K. Bellamy, who for thirty-four years was the paster of the Baptist church. He died about five years ago and the home is now owned and occupied by his widow, who lives with her son Mr. Edward Bellamy, whose immediate family consists of his wife and two children, a boy and a girl.

Mrs. Edward Bellamy, who was Miss Emma Sanderson before her marriage, was a ward of the elder Mr. Bellamy She is about fifteen years the junior of her husband, who is 42 years of age. She is rather a plain looking little woman of medium height, with a fair complexion and brown eyes. She has a pleasant voice and agreeable manners She is somewhat musical, and sings in the choir of the Baptist church, where her husband usually does not follow her.

The Bellamy family traces its an cestry back to the famous Dr. Bellamy of Litchfield, Conn. Mr. Edward Bel lamy has two brothers, one a journalist connected with a Springfi.ld paper, who resides at Chicopee Falls, the other a lawyer, residing in New York.

Mr. Edward Bellamy was at one time connected with The Springfield Union, and still writes occasionally for that

He now wears a full beard, and on acquainted with his face only through the photograph which has been so often reproduced of late in different periodicals would scarcely recognize him. health at present is far from good, but



MR. BELLAMY'S HOME AT CHICOPEE FALLS he hopes soon to get to his seaside cottage on the Massachusetts coast for a

little rest and quiet. Mr. Bellamy is deluged with invitations to address public meetings. These he usually declines for the reason that he does not care to be looked upon "as a hippodromer," as he calls it.

'I feel that I can do better work for

the cause by simple conversation with my fellow men," he says. He has recently received many letters from En glish evolutionists asking him to come over and help establish Nationalism among the educated people as it has been done in Boston. Mr. Bellamy disclaims any rights of leadership in the Nationalist movement as vested in himself. "There are no leaders," he maintains. The Nationalists certainly are not go ing to do what I say, or what any other man says. We are not by any mean united on every point that may arise in politics, or even in the policy of our movement.

In our Boston clubs are Republicans Democrats, Mugwumps and Prohibition ists. I suppose that most of the people are women suffragists, but that does not

necessarily follow. In New York city there are eight Na tionalist clubs and one in Brooklyn. Mr. Bellamy thinks it quite probable that the California Nationalists will nominate state and municipal officers this fall "if it seems probable that the movement may be successful," he says. "I shall go out there and do what I can to help them in their campaign."

The Flood Girls.

Have you ever read anything about the earious way in which Jennie Flood used to enjoy her wealth? In 1889 it was to enjoy said that Miss Flood had more money than any other single woman west of the Mississippi. But the great brown stone palace on Nob Hill was apparently a source of no enjoyment to her. mother Miss Flood was content to use only one of the spacious tapestry hung and highly ornamented rooms. The paintings, statues and chandeliers remained gloomily wrapped in dust cloths, and but one of th many servants employed before Mr. Flood's death was retained. At the splendid Menk park villa the same state of affairs pre

Probably no family who had suddenly acquired wealth in California was ever ore severely criticised than were the ols, and of course Miss Jennie came reme devotion to her parents showed ie was a good deal more worthy than many of those who gossiped about

Selling by the Candle

This was a species of auction which ob-tained in early days. An inch of candle being lighted, he who made the bid as the

FASHIONS FOR THE FALL

OLIVE HARPER WRITES OF THE PRETTY THINGS TO COME.

The Variety of New Goods Is Almost Endless and They Are Most Ingentously Designed-Two Sample Styles of Gown Some Dress Walsts.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, July 17.—It is a strange thing, but it is true, and I don't suppose anybody on earth would believe it uness positive proof was offered, and so l tell it not expecting to be believed, but womenkind are now occupying their minds very seriously on what is to be worn this fall. There is always a reach ing out for what the future holds that is ing out for what the future holds that is just as fascinating to the feminine mind as the utmost pleasure of the present; and so women, while content in the beautiful confections of lace and ribbon, of dainty silk and floating muslins, and think no more of them, knowing them to be all that is desirable, they do give many wakeful hours of thought toward



the new dresses they must have to wea on their return to town again after their summer of pleasant rest, where they active employments than the poor working girls whose condition calls forth so much pity, only theirs is under less healthy conditions.

The beautiful new gowns that will take forms of grace lie now in smooth folds on the counters of the great importing houses, where I got a terribl headache this week trying to do my duty toward my dear readers. Stuff goods are decidedly stuffy in large quantities in the summer in warerooms that are kept closed on account of moths; but saw such beautiful goods, and like the rest of my sisters I am anxious for the cool days that will make them things o delight and comfort.

The color is gray for this season, and the varieties there can be in this one color is beyond the power of imagination. First comes the soft pearl and sil ver gray silk warp Henriettas, next the cashmeres and camel's hair, but par ex cellence the new gray cheviot.

This is to be a feature in the fall trade and the effects achieved with black and white wool and one sole fabric is some thing almost marvelous. There is dark gray cheviot, almost black, the pat tern being made by the peculiar weave which is zigzag, and it is so cunningly woven that there are a dozen lights and shades upon it, giving it the effect of be ing woven in as many shades, whereas made by the simple admixture of and white wool, and according as black or white predominates the shade is dark or light.

The gray cheviots come in four weights and three shades and are forty-four inches wide, with three intermediate shades in twilled cheviots. This makes six shad

to choose from. Plain black cheviots and camel's hair will be worn more than they have been for many seasons. Some of them will be braided very closely in dark red, green and blue. Black camel's hair comes in four weights, forty-four inches wide, and makes elegant and durable dresses, rather better suited to home wear than the street, while the wew gray cheviots are equally suited for both. A very pretty light gray cheviot can be made up to be a thing of beauty and a joy a



be long, following the illustration found herewith, which is princesse, with the front drawn quite plain and grace-

fully draped. Another pretty style is a dark gray soft finish diagonal cheviot, made up in combination with gray and white plaid twill, which I forgot to mention, and is shown in great variety of sizes and styles of plaid pattern.

I give a few pretty waists which ladies can easily make up for themselves of India, surah or wash silks, to wear over odd skirts. These waists are very fashionable and equally pretty, and are worn in the street as well as at home. Also I present three fichus which are exceeding y pretty and can be made by any lady l worn over almost any dress the add grace and daintiness. There will be more new fall goods open by next week. OLIVE HARPER.

California Fruits.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9 .- One of the most appetizing things in this city at this season is a visit to the fruit and vegetable markets. In the latter about every conceivable article in the "green goods" line is not only displayed in abundance, but is so tempting to the devotee at the vegetarian diet altar as to be positively fascinating. And fruits especially of the berry, cherry and peach families, are simply killing in more ways than one. Cherries as large as ordinary eastern plums are arranged in regular lay-ers, with the biggest and best on top, in shallow, oblong boxes. Figs, apricots and peaches are displayed in endless quantities and of the finest qualities.

Blackberries, red raspberries and cur-

rants are abundant also. But the prices are not what one would expect them to be in such a fruit growing state. The modern fruit shipping facilities are such that there is no such thing as a glutted market. What is not required for home consump tion is either sent cast or else evolved into jams or canned or dried for future distribu tion. Consequently the growers are al-ways sure of a market, and at paying prices

or all they can produce.

Hence fruit farming is one of the most certainly remunerative branches of indus-try in California. Notwithstanding the yearly increase in orchards and the cur lative proclivities of older trees the vield

Is never so great as to materiany remove its value. The demand for California first and raisins and canned fruits is growing more rapidly than the growth of orelards, and extends over an ever widening area. Californians have to pay about as much for such delicacies as do New Yorkers. For this New Yorkers are not sorry.

The handling of the fruit crops here forms an extensive and profitable employ-

forms an extensive and profitable employ ment for armies of laborers as well as mid-

dlemen or manipulators. Comparatively few growers put their own product on the market. Much of it is sold on the tree to shippers and packers, who buy orchards at a fixed price per box and gather the fruit themselves. This is especially the case with oranges. Then when the fruit is picked the culls chiefly when the fruit is picked the culls chiefly find their way into home markets, the best yield being packed for eastern cities. But one advantage home consumers have is the fact that we get the fresher picked and tree ripened article. The best matured fruit will not stand long shipment and is disposed of at home. Green figs will not ship, and when the inscious ripe fruit is plucked from the stem it fairly dissolves in one's mouth.

B. G. W.

\$5.000 A PORTRAIT.

That Is What America's Most Famou Portrait Painter Gets for Ills Work.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, July 17 .- A portrait paint er who can pick up \$80,000 in four months by the skillful wielding of his brush might reasonably be called successful. To put it otherwise, John Sar gent might be styled a successful artist To put it in still another form, and as it really is, John Sargent is the most fa-mons American portrait patieter. Mr. Sargent is one of the few Ameri-

can disciples of portraiture—the only one, so far as I know, who can com-mand \$5,000 for a single portrait. That he can command these remunerative prices for his work, and that he has no trouble in getting all the work he wants is shown by the fact that, as I intimated above, he pocketed \$80,000 as the fruit above, he pocketed \$80,000 as the fruit of a four months' jaunt over to his na-tive country a couple of years or so ago. His reputation on this side of the water is of the best, and he could coin money were he to live here, but somehow Mr. Sargent prefers London, and has all but become an Englishman. He generally runs over here in the summe paints a few \$5,000 portraits in order to pay his traveling expenses, and then hies himself Britainward. He was over here in New York on one of his periodical ni New York on one or ms periodical pilgrimages a few weeks ago, and wielded his brush at a dollar or go a stroke in his studio on Twenty-third street. I saw him one evening at an artist's gathering He is not of particularly striking appear ance, but the refinement of his manner cannot fail to impress any one who meet

In stature he is neither tall nor short Apparently he has yet to pass to the shady side of forty years. His full brown beard is fashionably trimmed, and about it and the face there is some thing that suggests the artist. The famous artist does not go out in society a great deal on this side of the water, though he would be welcomed everywhere were he so disposed. In Paris and London he has the cutree in the most exclusive circles, and is a social

lion in his quiet way. Carolus Duran, probably the greates living French portrait painter, was his master, and there are not a few connois seurs who hold that the pupil has sur passed the master. Duran and Sargent continued their friendship which grew out of their associations in the former' studio for many years after the pupil had branched out for himself, and the best portrait of the great French master extant was painted by the great American master. Something caused trouble between them, though, and they are

not now on speaking terms, Sargent's work in some respects resembles that of the world famous Spaniard, Velasquez, and it is said that the in-fluence of Columbus' countryman is distinctly traceable in the \$5,000 works of the native of the country which Colum bus rescued from oblivion. Be that as it may, Sargent has painted portraits of some of the wealthiest Americans, in cluding the wife of the late William H. Vanderbilt and the galleries of most of the millionaire art patrons of America have specimens of his work. One of his latest American works is the much talked of portrait of the sprightly Carmencita of terpsichorean fame.

EDWARD BUNNELL PHELPS

Greek and Armenian Marriages. ATHENS, June 25, - Greek girls usually marry when sixteen or seventeen if they have a good dowry, not otherwise, unle they happen to be unusually beautiful, and even then they are looked down or by the condescending bridegrooms and their families, who do not allow them to forget that they were portionless. When a Greek girl is of a marriageable age her brother, or cousin or father if she has no brother, goes to his closest friend and says: "I have a little sister to marry. Her dower will be so much in money or jewels."

The other accepts if the sum is high enough, but does not hesitate to higgle over the smallest matters like a pirate. The dowry must be of the mest tangible sort. When this is settled the bride groom prospective is taken to see the girl and they are formally betrothed. The dowry is paid to him the day of the wedding ceremony, and his female rela tives count over every article of her very under linen to make sure that it is all there. The Greek girls have to marry the man chosen for them unquestioningly.

I knew a beautiful young Greek girl who was in school yet. Her father sent an old man to the school to see her, and she was sent for to the parlor, where she made her most profound bow, talked a few words in French and English with him and played her "star" piece on the piano, and thought she was showing off for the benefit of the school, when to her dismay she discovered that she was to marry him. She had so small a dowry that no young man would take her, an so she was given to this horrible old man-for horrible he was. I knew her a year after her marriage, which was one long torture.

Poor girls have a hard time to find husbands, and sometimes their families will bind themselves to support bride and groom and any possible increase for a certain term of years in place of a dowry, and the contract is strictly enforced. This is why girl babies are so coolly welcomed in Europe.

Greek wives are more like slaves to their husbands than Turkish ones, and in case of death or divorce the dowry she brings is not restored to her, but she must take her chances with the other heirs. They are under the control of their brothers or sons, even if widowed and it is rare that they are allowed the control of their own money. Their brothers, fathers or husbands may beat them, and in fact make their very lives burdens, though I think they usually treat

them mildly. Armenian girls are usually very pretty but inane, and their parents begin to save their dowry as soon as they are born, and this is handed over to the bridegroom the day before the wedding, so that the impounious brid-groom may buy a handsome present for his bride.

The seturns of the elementary schools in Great Britain with regard to singing show that 2,336,533 children passed the exan tion in tonic sol-fa, 380,366 in staff and other notations, 1,430,346 were taught by ear, and 18,586 do not sing at all. ABOUT ALAMEDA

A California City Which Hos Me Unique Features. Special Correspon SAN FRANCISCO, July 12,-Alas one of some half dozen suburban places near by the metropolis of the Pacific

The city of Alameda lies across the bay from this city, and covers a penin-sula about four miles long by an average width of one mile. Along either side of the city is a deep channel of salt water. One side ends abruptly on a biuff some twenty feet above high tide, and shades off into a sand shoal at low tide, affording an excellent bathing beach at high tide and a fruitful oyster and clam sh at low tide. The other side of the city shades off into a lowland or salt mare to a shallower arm of the bay, which is to a shallower arm of the bay, being dredged into a channel for heavy draft vessels. When this ship canal is completed the city will be cut off to form an island, having a ship channel

around its entire area.

The population is now about 11,000, and its streets and avenues are models of neatness and engineering taste. There are miles on miles of wide, smooth, artisficial stone sidewalks, and many ele-gant driveways and wheeling roads over smooth macadamized streets. It is amply lighted by a system of tower electric lights, and the plant is owned and oper

ated by the city.

The lots are laid out 50 by 100 fee and afford ample space for hardsome residences and cultivated lawns. Acrost the back ends of more than half the yards are fenced off chicken farms, and the rising sun is saluted by a chorus of crowing cocks and cackling hens. The foliage, plants and fruit trees, in fig trees and all the smaller

Orange trees are now and then seen, only for e-namental purposes, and the rich aroma of orange blossoms and magnelias fills the air. But the chief glory of the place is its exquisite masses of roses and flowers of almost infi-nite variety and color. Roses climb to the very tops of the houses, and tall en-calyptus trees at intervals go up to min-gle with the graceful arms of windmills which occur at frequent intervals, and which occur at frequent intervals, whose perpetual revolutions pump the pure artesian water from the gravel, beds far below the loam and sand which forms the soil. All uncultivated lots are rank with wild flowers and weeds which show the strength of the o The primeval live oaks are gradually giving place to more useful and ornamental growths of fruit and foliage plants, and rich palms of a half doses varieties are interspersed with century plants and other transfers.

plants and other tropical growths.

The absence of the bummer ele is not the least conspicuous feature of the place, and the splendid sidewalks are a paradise for baby wagons and of dren's tricycles.

The numerous steam engines which city and the limits of Alameda dra loaded trains well filled with men a women bound to the city to trans

The trains and ferry boats pres aspect in the morning of flower shows.
The men wear huge bouquets ou their coats, and the ladies carry large bunden of fresh cut roses and popples to deprate the tables of bookkeepers and

nographers.
But the most striking feature of A meda to the student of sociology is its non-partisan municipal policy. In indeed, party politics is ignored, and men are chosen for their fitness. men are chosen for their fitness not for party or personal advants. The schools, the police and the sant interests of the place are looked atta-the best men of the city regarder political affiliations. The nominal conventions are a novelty. The last one was called to order by the president of the Democratic club, and the per chairman was the president of the publican club. The secretaries were scribes to the respective party commit-tees and the vice presidents included the American party, and I believe the Prohibitionists were not overlood In this respect I do not know of any municipal or civil organization in this try where such a condition of affairs en-

ists except at Alameda. It is not necessary to add that a m handful of policemen are to be and they have but little to do.

The worst features of the place are the gophers, which plow up the cultivated lawns, and the fleas, which render life a burden to the women and children. Nature has been lavish in her gifts, and art has been called upon freely, ma Alameda a delight to the eye and comfort to the lover of a quiet at beautiful home. In driving through the extended rose embowered streets I was not a little surprised to see run in the streets a covey of California tufted quails. And one finds rich wheat fields and vegetable gardens interspersed be-tween elegant homes; but the sound of the carpenters' hammers on every hand indicates that soon th naining traces of agriculture must yield to an ever increasing influx of home seekers. Avenues are laid out through corn fields, and soon the spray of lawn sprinklers brings forth rich green lawns and cultivated flowers.

The growth of Alameda has been comparatively slow but steady, and space being limited, it never more than a quiet, delightful, sleeping camp for the busy clerks and business men of this busy, bustling city. Its seclusion and quiet guards it from the sporting element of a large city and se-cures to it perpetually an industrious and honest home loving people, whose interests are common and mutual and whose patriotism is not measured by party whips or boodle gathered from the pockets of honest tax payers. W. G. Benton.

How Congressional Pages Make Mo A page in the house made \$400 on Mc-Kinley's "suits of clothes" tariff speech, and \$250 on Cutcheon's speech on Fitz John Porter. Every big tariff speech is money in the pocket of one or more of the pages, and the recent debate on federal elections has been a perfect gold mine for the boys. Then each member wants a copy of every speech made on the tariff, or silver, or elections, to bind up with his own in a handsome volume, and for gathering up the pamphlets the boys get \$5 or \$10. The autograph business, long a source of profit, has ceased to be productive. In the house the taking of autographs has been forbidden, unless it be done at the request of a

A Model British Landlord Lord Tollemache, now over 80 of age and in bad health, has and 11. estate, 26,000 acres in extent, supports practically one of the most prosperous communities of agriculturists kno the British kingdom. In the last sixty years Lord Tollemache has evicted noody, had no vacant farms, and suffer no loss through non-payment of rents. All his tenants are presperous and con-tented, and they owe their exceptionally fortunate lot to the wise administration of their landlord. The estate descended to the present owner in a direct line from ancestors who owned it when Hen-ry VIII was king.

member.