50 yards, and sat down. Presently she saw a man coming along the sand be a man coming along the sand beneath her, walking very quickly. It was Owen Davies. She waited and watched. Seven or eight minutes passed, and a woman in a white dress passed. It was Beatrice, walking

"Ab!" said Elizabeth, setting her teeth, "as I thought." Rising, she pursued her path along the cliff, keeping three or lour hundred yards ahead, which she could easily do by taking short cuts. It was a long walk, and Elizabeth, who was not fend of walking, got very tired of it. But she was a woman with a purpose, and, as such, hard to bent. So she kept on steadily for nearly an hour, till, at length, she came to the spot known as the Amphitheater. This Amphitheater, situated almost opposite the Bed Rocks, was a half-ring of cliff, the sides of which ran in a semicircle almost down to the water's edge, that is, at high tide. In the center of the segment thus formed was a large flat stone, so placed that anybody in certain positions on the cliff above could command a view of it, though it was acreened by the projecting walls of rock from observation from the beach. Elizabeth clambered a little way down the slop-ing side of the cliff and looked; on the stone, his back towards her, sat Owen

Davies. Slipping from stratum to stratum of the broken cliff, Elizabeth drew slowly nearer, till at length she was within 50 paces of the seated man. Here, enscoucing herself behind a cleft rock, she also sat down; it was not safe to go closer; but in case she should by any chance be observed from above, she opened the Bible on her knee, as though she had sought this quiet spot to study its pages.

Three or four minutes passed, and Beatrice appeared round the projecting angle of the

amphitheater, and walked slowly across the level sand. Owen Davies rose and stretched out his hand to welcome her, but she did not take it, she only bowed, and then seated herself upon the large flat stone. Owen also seated himself on it, but some three or four feet away. Elizabeth thrust ber white face forward till it was almost level with the lips of the cleft rock, and strained her ears to listen. Alasi she could not hear a single

"You asked me to come here, Mr. Davies," said Beatrice, breaking the painful silence. "I have come."
"Yes," he answered, "I asked you to
come because I wanted to speak to you."
"Yes?" said Beatrice, looking up from

her occupation of digging little holes in the sand with the point of her parasol. Her face was calm enough, but her heart beat fast beneath her breast. "I want to ask you," he said, speaking slowly and thickly, "if you will be my

Bestrice opened her lips to speak, then, seeing that he had only paused because his inward emotion checked his words, shut them again and went on digging little holes. She wished to reply on the whole case, as a

lawyer would say.
"I want to ask you," he repeated, "to be my wife. I have wished to do so for some years, but I have never been able to bring myself to it. It is a great step to take, and my happiness depends on it. Do not answer me yet," he went on, his words gathering force as he spoke. "Listen to what I have to tell you. I have been a lonely man all my life. At sea I was lonely, and since I have come into this fortune I have been her hand. lonelier still. I never loved anybody or anything till I began to love you. And then I But Owen did not go. He sat upon the loved you more and more and more: till now rock, his head bowed in misery. He had I have only one thought in all my lite, and I have only one thought is of you. While I am awake I think of you, and when I am naleep I dream of you. Listen Beatrice, listen!—I that star was eclipsed. Her words were untracted by the star in his somewhat leaden sky, and now that star was eclipsed. never loved any other woman, I have scarcely spoken to one-only you, Beatrice. I can give you a great deal, and everything I have shall be yours, only I should be jealous of you-yes, very jealous."

wardly calm, but white as death, and in the blue eyes, generally so placid, shone a fire that by contrast looked almost unboly. "I think that you have said enough, Mr. Davies," she answered. "I am very much obliged to you. I am very much honored. do not love you, and I cannot marry you, and I think it best to tell you so plainly, once and for all," and unconsciously she

went on digging the holes. "Oh, do not say that," he answered, al-ost in a mean. "For God's sake, don't most in a moan. say that! It will kill me to lose you. I think I should go mad. Marry me and you

Bestrice glanced at him again, and a pang of pity pierced her heart. She did not know it was so bad a case as this. It struck her, too, that she was doing a foolish so favorable to their well-beingherself. But she had never liked him, he had always repeiled her, and she was not a woman to marry a man whom she did not like. Also, during the last week this dis-like and repulsion had hardened and strengthened. Vaguely, as he pleaded with her, Beatrice wondered why, and as she did so her eye fell upon the pattern she was automatically pricking in the sand. It had taken the form of letters, and the letters were G E O F F B E. Great heaven! Could that be the answer? She blushed crimson with shame at the thought, and passed her foot across the tell-tale letters, as she be-

lieved, obliterating them, Owen saw the softening of her eyes and saw the blush, and misinterpreted them. Thinking that she was relenting, by instinct, rather than from any teaching o experience, he attempted to take her hand. With a turn of the arm, so quick that even Elizabeth watching with all her eyes saw nothing of the movement, Beatrice twisted "Don't touch me," she said, sharply,

"you have no right to touch me. I have answered you, Mr. Davies." Owen withdrew his hand abashed, and for a moment sat still, his chin resting on his breast, a very picture of despair. Nothing, indeed, could break the stolid calm of his features, but the violence of his emotion was evident in the quick shivering of his

limbs and his short, deep breaths, "Can you give me no hope?" he said at last in a slow, heavy voice. "For God's sake, think before you answer-you don't know what it means to me. It is nothing to you—you cannot feel. I feel, and your words cut like a knife. I know that I am heavy and stupid, but I feel as though you

had killed me. You are heartless, quite Again Beatrice softened a little. She was touched and flattered. Where is the woman who would not have been?

What can I say to you, Mr. Davies?" she answered, in a kinder voice. "I cannot marry you. How can I marry you when I do not love you?"

Bentrice with energy.

"The world does not think so," he said to watch her companion's face, and saw a again; "the world calls those women bad again; "the world calls who love where they cannot marry, and the world is always right. Marriage sanctifies Bingham that she was thinking ot, because

Beatrice laughed bitterly. "Do you think so?" she said. "I do not. I think that marriage without love is the most unholy of our institutions, and that is saying a good deal. Supposing I should say yes to deal. Supposing I should say yes to you, supposing that I married you, not loving you, what would it be for? For your money and your position, and to be called a mar-ried woman, and what do you suppose I ried woman, and what do you suppose I should think of myself in my heart then?

No, no, I may be bad, but I have not fallen has strange ideas, but I am sure that she would never carry on with a married man."

That has might carry on with her, Miss plenty of women in it who will love you for rour own sake, or who at any rate will not

imploringly. "Listen. You said that you would not marry me because you did not would not marry me because you did not love me. Supposing that you learned to love me, say in a year's time, Beatrice, would you marry me then?"

marry me? "Oh, this is ridiculous," she said. "It is not probable, it is hardly possible, that such a thing should happen. If it had been going to happen it would have hap-pened before."

"It might come about," he answered: "your heart might soften towards me. Oh, say yes to this. It is a small request, it costs you nothing and it gives me hope, without which I cannot live. Say that I may ask you once more, and that then if you love me you will marry me."

Beatrice thought for a moment. Such a promise could do her no harm, and in the

course of six months or a year he might get used to the idea of living without her. Also, it would prevent a scene. It was weak of her, but she dreaded the idea of her having refused Owen Davies coming to her father's

"If you wish it, Mr. Davies," she said, "so be it. Only I ask you to understand this, I am in no way tied to you. I give you no hope that my answer, should you renew this offer a year hence, or at any other time, will differ from that I give you to day. I do not think there is the slightest to-day. I do not think there is the slightest



robability of such a thing. Also, it mus be understood that you are not to speak to my father about this matter, or to trouble me in any way. Do you consent?"

Yes," he answered, "I consent. You have me at your mercy."
"Very well. And now, Mr. Davies, goodby No, do not walk back with me. I had rather go by myself. But I want to saythis, I am very sorry for what has happened. I have not wished it to happen. I have never encouraged it and my hands are clean of it. But I am sorry, sorry beyond measure, and I repeat what I said before—seek out some other woman and marry her." other woman and marry her."

"That is the cruelest thing of all the cruel things which you have said," he answered. "I did not mean it to be cruel, Mr. Davies, but I suppose that the truth often is. And now goodby," and Beatrice stretched out

He touched it, and she turned and went. staked all his hopes on this woman. She equivocal, they gave but little hope Beatrice was scarcely a woman to turn round in six months or a year. On the contrary, there was a fixity about her which frightened him. What could be the cause Here she glanced at his face. It was outof it? How came it that she should be so ready to reject him, and all he had to offer her? After all, she was a girl in a small position. She could not be looking forward to a better match. Nor would the prospect move her one way or another. There must be a reason for it. Perhaps he had a rival, for in some ways I am not you equal, but I | surely that must be the cause. Some enemy had done this. But who?

At this moment a woman's shadow fell "Oh, have you come back?" he cried, springing to his feet.
"If you mean Beatrice," answered a voice it was Elizabeth's-"she went down the

beach 10 minutes ago. I happened to be on the cliff, and I saw her." "Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Granger," he said faintly. "I did not see who it was." Elizabeth sat down upon the rock where her sister had sat, and, seeing the little thing from a worldly point of view. The holes in the beach, began indolently to clear man loved her and was very eligible. He only asked of her what most women are over them with her foot. This was no diffi-willing enough to give under circumcult matter, for the holes were deeply dug, and it was easy to trace their

> "You have had a talk with Beatrice, Mr. Davies "Yes," he answered apathetically. Elizabeth paused. Then she took her bull

Presently they were nearly all clear-that

by the horns. "Are you going to marry Beatrice, Mr. Davies?" she asked. "I don't know," he answered, slowly and without surprise. It seemed natural to him that his own central thought should be present in her mind. "I love her dearly, and want to marry her." "She refused you then?"

"Yes. Elizabeth breathed more freely. "But I can ask her again."

Elizabeth frowned. What could this mean? It was not an absolute refusal. Beatrice was playing some game of her own.
"Why did she put you off, Mr. Davies? Do not think me inquisitive. I only ask because I may be able to help you." "I know: you are very kind. Help me, and I shall always be grateful to you. I do not know-I almost think that there must be somebody else, only I don't know who it

"Ah," said Elizabeth, who had been gazing intently at the little holes in the beach, which she had now cleared of the sand. "Of course that is possible. She is a curious giri, Beatrice is. What are those let-

ters, Mr. Davies?"

He looked at them idly. "Something your sister was writing while I talked to her. I remember seeing her doing it." "G-e-o-ff-r-e-why, it must be meant for Geoffrey. Yes, of course it is possible that there is somebody else, Mr. Davies. Geof-

frey!-how curious!" Why is it curious, Miss Granger. Who is Geoffrey? Elizabeth laughed a disagreeable little laugh, that somehow attracted Owen's at-

tention more than her words. "How should I know? It must be some friend of Beatrice's, and one of whom she is thinking a good deal, or she would not write "Plenty of women marry men whom they his name unconsciously. The only Geof-not love." "Then they are bad women," answered the barrister, who is staying at the vicarage, and whose life Beatrice saved." She paused

> you see he is married. you see he is married."
> "Married?" he said, "yes, but he's a man
> for all that, and a very handsome one."
> "Yes, I should call him handsome—a fine
> man," Elizabeth answered critically. "But, as Beatrice said the other day, the great charm about him is his talk and power of mind. He is a very remarkable man, and the world will hear of him before he has

be so particular. Forget me, and leave me to go my own way—it is not your way."

"Leave you to go your own way," he answered, almost with passion—"that is, leave you to some other man. Oh! I cannot bear to think of it. I am jealous of every man who comes near you. Do you know how beautiful—overy man must love you as I do. Oh, if you took anybody else I think that I should kill him."

"Do not speak like that, Mr. Davies, or I shall go."

He stopped at once. "Don't go," he said,

"She laughed. "Do you really think that on man like Mr. Bingham would try to flirt with girls without encouragement? Men like that are as proud as women, and prouder; the lady must always be a step habout such a thing? It is all nonsense. Beatrice must have been thinking of some other Geoffrey, or it was an accident or some other Geoffrey, or it was an accident or some thing. Why, Mr. Davies, if you for one moment really believed that dear Beatrice could be guilty of such a shameless thing as to carry on a flirtation with a married man, would you have asked her to marry you? Would you still think of asking such a interpretation with a married man, would you have asked her to marry you? She laughed. "Do you really think that

woman as she must be to become your wife?"
"I don't know; I suppose not," he said doubtfully.

"You suppose not. I know you better ould you marry me then?"

"I would marry any man whom I loved,"
he answered.

"Then if you learn to love me you will
it is no good talking such stuff. If you have a rival you may be sure it is some unmar-ried man."

Owen reflected in his heart that on the whole he would rather it was a married one, since a married man, at any rate, could not legally take possession of Beatrice. But New York Next Month. Elizabeth's rigid morality alarmed him, and he did not say so.
"Do you know I feel a little upset, Miss Elizabeth," he answered. "I think I will be going. By the way, I promised to say nothing of this to your father. I hope you will RICH MEN ENTHUSIASTIC OVER IT

not do so, either."
"Most certainly not," said Elizabeth, and indeed it would be the last thing she would wish to do. "Well, goodby, Mr. Davies. Do not be downhearted; it will all come right in the end. You will always have me to help

you, remember."
"Thank you, thank you," he said earnestly, and went. Elizabeth watched him around the wall of rock with a cold and ugly smile set upon her

face.

"You fool," she thought, "you fool! To tell me that you 'love her dearly and want to marry her;' you want to get that sweet face of hers, do you? Dear Beatrice, she is not capable of carrying on a love affair with a married man—oh, certainly not! Why, she's in love with him already, and he is more than half in love with her. If she hadn't been, would she have put Owen off? Not she. Give them time, and we shall see. They will ruin each other—they must ruin each other; it won't be child's play when two people like that fall in love. They will not stop at sight, there is too much human nature about them. It was a good idea to get him into the house. And to see her go on with that child Effie, just as though she was its mother—it makes me laugh. Ah, Beatrice, with all your wits you are a silly woman! And one day, my young girl, I shall have the pleasure of exposing you to Owen; the idol will be unveiled, and there will be an end of your chances with him, for he can't marry you after that. Then my turn will come. It's a question of time

only a question of time."

So brooded Elizabeth in her heart, mad-

dened with malicious envy and passionate ealousy. She loved this man, Owen Davies, as much as she could love anyhody: at the east, she dearly loved the wealth and station of which he was the visible center, and she hated the sister whom he desired. It she could only discredit that sister and show her to be guilty of woman's worst crime, misplaced, unlegalized affection, surely, she

thought, he would reject her. She was wrong. She did not know how entirely he desired to make Beatrice his wife, or realize how forgiving a man can be who has such an end to gain. It is of the women who already weary them, and of their infidelity that men are so ready to make examples, not of those who do not belong to them, and whom they long for night and day. To these they can be very

(To be continued next Sunday.) SAINT MARTIN'S LANE.



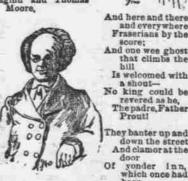
way; I walk therein amid the Of busy London day-

squalor meet, And think upon a time When others trod this When others trod this saintly sod And heard St. Martin's But when those solemn bells invoke The midnight's slum-

brous grace,
The ghosts of men come
back again
To haunt that curious The ghosts of sages, poets, wits Come back in goodly And all night long with

mirth and song They walk St. Martin's Lane.

There's Jerrold paired with Thackeray— Maginu and Thomas Moore,



that climbs the Is welcomed with No king could be revered as he, The padre, Father Prout! hey banter up and Of

The scene of mirth galore;
The now a lonely, musty shell,
Deserted, like to fall;
And Echo mocks their ghostly knocks

Come back, thou ghost of ruddy host!

From Pluto's misty shore—
Benew to night the keen delight
Of bygone years once more;
Brew for this merry, motley horde
And serve the steaming cheer,
And grant that I may lurk hard by
To see the mirth, and hear. Ah mef I dream what things may seem

To others childish vain,
And yet at night 'tis my delight
To walk St. Martin's Lane;
For, in the light of other days,
I walk with those I love,
And, all the time, St. Martin's chime

A VERY POLITE YOUNG MAN. He Wears Out a Hat a Day and Rulps the Drygoods Business.

New York Herald. There is said to be a young gentleman in Brooklyn, the son of one of the lately deceased bridge trustees, who is so excessively polite that he wears out a bat a day taking

t off to the ladies on Fulton street.

This young man has a regular beat or patrol, which he takes whenever the weather is inviting, and as the beat is short and he is "excruciating" he has almost ruined the trade of the merchants on it by taking the attention of the ladies away from the show

Not long ago, so the story goes, the mer-chants held an alarm meeting, and after canvassing the subject exhaustively deterof \$5 a day so long as he would keep away from Brooklyn. He has not decided yet whether to accept or scornfully reject the

A Chiffe's Life Saved.

On a recent visit to Iowa Mr. K. Dalton, of Lursy, Kan., called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his 6-year-old boy, whose life was saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It cured him of a very severe attack of the croup. Mr. Dalton is certain the remedy saved his boy's life, and is enthusiastic in praise of it. He says it has an excellent reputation in his vicinity; that farmers come 15 miles to his store for it, and that many of them, like him-self, are never without it in their homes.

BLAIR'S PILLS—Great English gont and rheumatic remedy. Sure, prompt and effective. At druggists'. 1750

GROWING IN FAVOR

The Game of Racquet Bids Fair to Become Popular in America.

New York Next Month.

CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST ON.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. "Wooff" It was a big man's voice that I heard while up on the second floor of the New

York Racquet Club yesterday. I stepped up to a baise-covered door and peered through the glass oval. "Zipl"

It was close at hand now and, clutching the door, I started back involuntarily. The door swung open and revealed a herculean person in loose, white flannels and weighing probably about 250 pounds. He was reaching for a little white ball which a slender athletic young fellow, some 20 feet off, kept sending up against the wall at the far end of the court. "Oneb!"

And the ball came spinning straight for the door. Just as I ducked the fat man made a lunge with his racket that narrowly missed decapitating me. He stood palpitat-ing, with perspiration trickling down his face in little rivulets. The slender sinewy man was as cool as though he had been a mere spectator of the sport.

It was a practice game between Prof.
Robert Moore and a member of the club

that I had interrupted. But the Hercules, who overtopped the young English sthlete by a head and shoulders, had had exercise enough, and, being "pumped out," retired to shed his flannels. The instructor then



Lightning Racquet Play. played a little solitaire. Catching the ball lightly on his racquet, he sent it spinning from end to end of the 63-foot court half a dozen times at lightning speed, never allowing it to touch the floor, a feat few experts would care to attempt.

TRAINING FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP. "You see I have to keep my hand in on rou see I have to keep my hand in on my own account," he explained. "I'm training for the contest for the champion-ship in March, and I hope to win it, too." "Your fat pupil seemed to have plenty of running," I remarked.

"Yes, probably six yards to my one. It is the same as handball in that respect, you see; the server can make the other man do all the running. But a clever player won't let himself be used up too quickly. When the match takes place we will have some of the finest racqueters in the world here. Tom Pettit, of the Boston club, who is to play Al Wright and myself, is a worldbeaten at tennis, and has held the cham-pionship several years. He has been trypionship several years. He has been trying to get Saunders, the English champion,
to make a match, but has not yet succeeded.
Pettit has only been playing racquets a
year—since the opening of the Boston club.
Wright and I have been at it over seven
years. The match will be played in this
court about Washington's Birthday, under the usual conditions—the best of seven games, for a stake and the championship. Whoever wins will have to meet Latham, the English champion. Should Pettit be the victor he will have to play against Boaker, of Quebec, the present American champion before he can meet Latham. champion, before he can meet Latham. Wright would have to do the same."

"And you, too?"
"No; I played with Boaker twice last season and beat him. He beat Wright in 1888 and 1889. Boaker's friends say he has retired. He has held the championship 11 years, but I understand he hasn't really surrendered his claim, although his friends in the Quebec club have advised him to

'Why do they want to retire him?" AT THIRTY MAN DECLINES. "He is getting old. He must be about 98 or 40, and it's the same in racquet as in other athletic sports-a player is at his best before reaching his thirtieth year. After



CICHO In the Racquet Court,

may be stronger, he is slower. But Boaker is still a fine player, although Latham, of London, is accounted the best in the world. He has held the world's championship for several years, having won it from Joe Gray, who became champion after the death of 'Punch' Fairs, who had held it for seven years. Walter Gray, the brother of Joe, is also one of the famous English players, although he has never been a champion. He competed with Latham after the latter had defeated his brother, and was beaten in turn. The Grays were here about seven years ago, and Joe a that time played an exhibition match in the Racquet Club court here with Boaker, in which the Quebec man won the first three games and Gray took the last four straight. Boaker is a hard hitter and plays with good judgment, never losing his head. He is rather good on the drop. Gray is a slashing player, very brilliant and a hard hitter all the time."

Ten years ago racquet was almost unknown to Americans, but now it presses tennis very closely. The New York Club, which is the ploneer, has been followed by the organization of clubs in a number of large cities. Bos-ton has a strong club. The Philadelphia club expects to move into its own home sometime in February. There are two clubs in the Quaker City. Three weeks ago I sent to Chicago the first set of racquets ever used there, and a court has been organized. St. Paul has a good court, and Foxhall Keene tells me that courts are projected at several of the leading colleges where athletics is a prime feature. I have no doubt we shall soon hear of them in full operation at Har-

vard, Princeton and Yale. FINE AMATEUR PLAYERS. "During the last two seasons several very the amateurs. B. S. De Garmendia is one who has secured championship honors. He is a cool player, and rarely makes a mistake. One of the most surprising players, and yet a very elever one, is C. O. Perkins, of the New York Club. He has an awkwar guard, but is a wonderful hitter. He never gets into position for a ball, and seems sometimes to reverse all the rules of the game, but he hits it all the same. His skill and sgillty are the means of his success. Ed Lamontsine, Jr., is another very hard hitter, and is regarded as one of the same results are the second as the second results. coming great racqueters of this country Foxhall Keene, although a novice at th geme, shows up wonderfully, and will be sir—dry, sir?

Sir—dry, sir?

Hiram Hayacad (with his best girl)—Never Garmendia next year. One of the best of our oldish players is Mr. Lydig, who may be said to represent the early school of lish questions!

racqueters. These are beyond question the finest amateurs in the country to-day.
"I am constantly saked about the cost of FAIR FOR THE FAIR

"I am constantly usked about the cost of equipping clubs in other cities," added Prof. Moore. "It a club has a court, the rest is but a trifle. Our courts, as you see, are rather costly affairs—sheathed walls, markers' boxes and the rest of it. But the mere outfit of balls, racquets, rubber shoes and finnels is within the reach of any club. The Part Women Should Take in the Columbus Celebration.

VIEWS OF PROMINENT LADIES. The balls are all imported, although there is no reason why they shouldn't be made here just as well as in England. They cost 6 cents apiece. The racquets are the very best and cost \$4 each. Shoes are about the Criticism of Queen Isabella in Connection With a New League.

same figure, and I suppose a club could get fiannel suits at \$3 or \$10 apiece, THE EXPERIENCE AT NEW ORLEANS MORE SKILL THAN STRENGTH. "There is no better exercise for developing [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH] the muscle than racquet. It is skill more

than strength that is required to make a good player. One has to have all the finesse

The Brothers Gray.

needed at billiards, and at the same time to

have muscles strong enough to bear the modicum of fatigue involved in a match. It

makes the player quick in all his move-ments, sure of eye and firm of hand. The

exercise is neither too gentle nor too severe, and can be modified as much as the player

pleases. The rules of the game are sin

printed rules. The regulation court is sixty-three feet by about thirty-one and a

half feet. Bad service, failure to return,

and too low service, or too low return are

what count in the game as points. Missing the ball while it is in the air, or on the first rebound, also counts sgainst either player.

There is a wooden board twenty inches high at the service end of the court close to the

floor, and if the ball strikes it the sound is

heard at once. This board is called the 'tell-tale,' and to strike it counts a failure.

After the opening service, the players are

free to serve or return from any point where

Moore and Boaker.

they can hit the ball to advantage; but the

rule of one serving and the other returning

LENGTH OF THE GAME.

game. An average game lasts about a quar-ter of an hour, and seven games constitute a match, which can easily be finished in two

hours. To play the game well you have to be in first-class condition, just as though you were to play billiards. It is in this respect

There are many hundreds of racqueters

BIG MONEY FOR ATHLETES.

Manufacture Its Goods.

factory in the midst of a crowded district of

Birmingham, and advertised to teach child-

ren the work free of cost, Assoon as the people learned of this offer, women and children besieged the place in such numbers that the

street was literally packed with applicants, and the police had great difficulty to force

their way through the throng.

The children after learning how to do the

work are allowed to take it to their homes,

and, surrounded by new comforts and luxu

and, surrounded by new comforts and fuxuries purchased by the proceeds of their fascinating employment, amid the refining influences of home hundreds of busy little hands are employed in delightful work. To call out the most intelligent workers in the trade the company issued a list of prizes to be compated for by the children under 12

be competed for by the children under 12

rears of age and awarded to the child who

shall construct the best outfit for the com-

Rebaked the Walter's Importinence.

follow presently.

sir-dry, sir?

New York Sun. 1

Two, three or four can play in the same

is kept up throughout the game.

C.24-

WASHINGTON, February 15 .- Within the past two weeks a remarkable interest has sprung up all over the country as to the part which women shall have in the World's Fair. The wives of the Senators. Supreme Court Judges and of the Representatives in Congress have already taken active steps in the matter, and a petition signed by 110 prominent Washington ladies has just been presented to Congress asking that there shall be one or more women representatives on the Fair's Board of Managers. A society of women has been organized to push the interests of women as regards the fair and the probability is that the great exposition will give a better display of women's work and women's possibilities than any exposition of the past.

The society is called the Isabella Memorial League, after Queen Isabella of Spain, whose purse made it possible for Columbus to discover America. I asked Mrs. Harrison as to her interest in the World's Fair. She replied: "In my position of course I can do nothing, but those who have lighter cares should do everything in their power to make it a success, and I can think of many a woman who would make an excel-lent executive officer if Congress should ap-point a woman on the Executive Board. IT IS WOMAN'S RIGHT.

There are many things a woman cannot begin to do as well as a man, but the work that will be required for the fair seems especially fitting to her nature, abilities and education. Take a home, for instance. A woman always arranges and manages it. This fair is in a sense similar. It will require taste, economy, a vast deal of hard work, and what man is as tasteful, economials. ical and painstaking as a woman? It is woman's right, not women's rights."

ple enough; yet no one could possibly gather what they are from the books published on the subject any more than you can learn to box or play chess from the "Will it not benefit women greatly?"
"Yes, but it is not to help women that I think they should be represented, but to make the celebration a success, and whoever can best bring that about should be called

upon to act."
"It was a pitiful sight to me," said Mrs.
Secretary Windom, "to see the crazy quilts
and corpulent pincushions at the Centennial celebration, and to be told that they represented women's work. I would rather that the World's Fair would pass without any representation than such an one. If any woman has done anything that adequately represents an industry or an art, I believe her work should be shown not because she is a woman, but because her work represents an advance. Consequently I do not think there should be an especial woman's department. As a general thing, I think a management composed entirely of men or entire-lp of women works better than a mixed one. I am not in favor of women asking anything on the ground of their sex, for I think in this age everyone can do just what they have the ability to do."

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S WIFE. "I have not given the subject any special thought," said Mrs. Attorney General Miller; "but judging by other things, I think one woman on an executive board would be a nuisance. She might be just as capable as a man, but her life makes her have different views on many subjects, and then if any quarrel or trouble should arise, the world would at once say that it was the the most glorious, course to allow men to manage any executive board that may be There is so much else that women can do much better than men that it will be well for them to stick to their own line of work. I believe the arrangements for the New Orleans Exhibition were satisfactory, and there women had a distinct This thing of meddling in men's

work I do not approve of."

"At the centennial celebration of the First
Congress, at which Chief Justice Fuller delivered the oration, there was not even a flag displayed in the House of Representatives, where the great assembly was. Do you suppose if one woman had had any-thing to do with it that she would not have ferreted out the Stars and Stripes that hung in the First Congress and draped that flag above the Speaker's head?" Susan B. An thony uttered the words that I have just quoted, and the grand old girl had a fiery light in her gray eyes that should warn opon World's Fair commi posers of women on Wortees to stand from under.

is a member of the Isabella Memorial League, and she thinks that Congressmen will save themselves future annoyance by listening to the plea of the women now. Said she: "The simplest way to recognize the share women will perform in the World's Fair is for Congress to allow the Five lots have been secured in the neigh-borhood of Forty-third street and Sixth care whether there is one woman or two, or avenue. The new clubhouse will be fin-ished, it is said, before the lease of the presas many as there are men on the board. But one there should be. I think the plan ent building expires, in May 1891. It will be the finest structure of its kind in the

MRS. SENATOR HAWLEY

country.

An estimate of the amount that is spent it will disarm all criticism or meddling it it "I do not think an executive board—if such body there be—should appoint a committee of lady managers, but whatever women have anything to do with it should be appointed by Congress. I am only alraid everything has begun too late and that there will be no sair, for after it has been decided upon, commissioners from each country have to be appointed, and when that is done there to be appointed, and when that is done there nnually by the wealthy business men of the metropolis on physical development alone would seem like a gross exaggeration. It reaches away up in the millions. Fencing, boxing, riding, rowing, teanis, racquet
—all have their devotees among the rich.
Unlike boating and borse racing, they are
sports that require personal passicipation
and cannot be done by proxy. A single decode has started the movement that is to upon, commissioners from each country have to be appointed, and when that is done there cade has started the movement that is to will hardly be a year for arranging the exhibits, and that alone should occupy three years. Perhaps if women had had something MAKING PLAY OF WORK, to do with it already there wouldn't have been so much wrangling about a location, but the fair itself would have been long since decided upon." An English Firm's Pian to Get Children

CRITICISING QUEEN ISABELLA. In England a company has been formed Mrs. Hawley treated the criticism of the mrs. Hawley treated the crilicism of the name of the women's organisation lightly. "We cannot," said she, "measure women of the past by our own yardstick. Isabella may have started the Inquisition, may have turned against Columbus, but the fact remains that she sold her crown jewels to start him on his voyage. Columbus discovered this country—that is all we ask about him, and we never thing of following for the manufacture of toys, which were formerly imported into the country at the almost incredibly large sum of \$2,000,000. When it was learned that most of the work of manufacturing the toys was accomplished by little children, who enjoyed their employment so much that they preferred it to covered this country-that is all we ask about him, and we never thing of following play, this company established their manu-

> consider wrong. It is the act, not the woman, we glorify."
>
> The Southern women have as pronounced views on the World's Fair as the women of New England. Mrs. Senator Vance gives a North Carolina view. She said: "I am in favor of women baving much to do with the World's Fair, and if a petition to Conthe World's Fair, and it a pention to congress asking for representation on the Board of Management was thought the best method, I hope it will succeed. I signed it because it seemed to me an excellent way of bringing up the subject and making people think about it. I do hope every woman in the country will be able to go through in the country will be able to go through the World's Fair in 1892 without having to turn away their faces that they may not see a screen standing here and a fat cushion leaning there," with fine little gestures of disdain, "as representations of women's work."

up his life to see if he did other things we

pany's paper doll. The largest prize is £5, the smallest £3, and other prize lists are to Waiter-Champagne? Yessir, right off

men as in women, although I have a shadow of a prejudice that women the oftener possess it as they do a great deal of quiet managing in this world. They are trained to it. Fairs, charities and such organizations are confessedly much more economically managed by women than by men, and I do not see why they should not have a share of the management of the World's Fair. People who can do things in this world should be who can do things in this world should be called upon to do them, and beneath the trivialities the discussion of woman's ability to take part will rise. I do not see how anyone dare deny that underneath it all there is the right."

SHE IS ENTHUSIASTIC. Now Mrs. Vance is a tiny bit of a woman with soft brown eyes and winning face, but she grew tall, her eyes flashed and her face became the embodiment of justice as she used the word "dare." No man would have wanted to dare if he had seen her, for he would have been vanquished, not by force,

but by principle.

"This affair belongs peculiarly to women," she continued, "for in spite of all criticism the only one that made Columbus' discovery a possibility was a woman. The question is not raised what else that woman did, but her one set places her above cavilling. but her one act places her above cavilling. Can people who criticise her point out or find one other woman in the fifteenth cen-tury who was her equal? If they can it will then be time enough to discuss Queen Isabella's other characteristics."

AN ADVISORY COUNCIL.

Mrs. Senator Ingalls said: "I hope every Mrs. Senator Ingalls said: "I hope every chance that is proper will be given them, for no one will deny that women are trained by experience to special aptitude in management. There is much that a woman need not and should not attempt, but anything of this nature is her province. If Congress should not deem it advisable to appoint a woman on the executive board there should men will gladly consult it. To prove that it is not an ornamental organization I will take my own experience in the Grand Army Fair that was given here. At first the advisory board of ladies were not consulted often, but in time the gentlemen found they could not do without their advice on subjects which if asked about they would have thought themselves perfectly espable of de-ciding. Women need not elamor for an opportunity to work for when the Fair is decided upon they will have the oppor-

A LITTLE DUBIOUS. "Has it been decided that there will be a World's Fair?" was Mrs. ex-Senator Henderson's counter-query when I asked her what part women would take in it. "I signed the petition to Congress, but can-didly there will be only one case in which Congress will have anything to do with it and that is if it is to be in Washington. If t goes to any other city private corporations will have the control and women will have

will have the control and women will have nothing to do with it unless they can bid higher than men. I hope we will not be doomed to a side show or an independent booth where we will be permitted to spread out patchwork quilts and crochetted tidies. There is hardly a trade in which women have not done some creditable work and the art exhibits ought to be exceptional. At the New Orleans Exposition I was charman of the Missouri Woman's Committee. nan of the Missouri Woman's Committee, and when I found that a woman was a cobbler or a tinker I had her send samples of her work. I hunted up every patent that ever originated in a Missouri woman's brain, and J first began then to see how much women were doing of the work of this world. At the Paris Exposition there was a notable exhibit of women's work, for I suppose there are more women compara-

any other country." MRS. WALTHALL'S OBJECTIONS. Mrs. Senator Walthall let me into a little secret. She was in a hurry when the petisecret. She was in a nurry when the peti-tion was presented to her, glanced over it quickly and signed her name, although she does not believe one whit in women asking for a place on the Executive Board. Said she: "I never have thought it the proper thing for women to enter any life in which woman's fault. It will be the safest, if not as men are supposed to do. There is so much that has been left to us to do that we have not yet done to perfection that it is a little longer. Everyone knows that before the fair is over women will have done much of the work, and I think it right that they should, but they will receive just as much honor and pleasure if they do as they did in the New Orleans Exposition and take a separate department. The better they do it the more honor is will be, while it will be no es-pecial satisfaction to divide with men the glory that may not crown their efforts, for so far as I have noticed the men have not been especially successful—they haven't de-cided on having a fair yet, have they?" she asked with a merry twinkle in her brown

MIBS GRUNDY, JR. ROGER MILLS' PIRST HORRY. A Flight of Elequence About Navigation on

a Texas Creek. New York Tribune 1 The Hon. Roger Q. Mills has not always made the tariff question his hobby. When he was elected to Congress 18 years ago he was greatly interested in the glorious subject of the navigation of the great American rivers. In fact, he acknowledges that he owes his first election to his views on that subject. Corsicans, his native city, is on appointment of women as members of the subject. Corsicans, his native city, is on Executive Board. It is not a case of the the banks of the brawling Brazos, and Mr. equal rights of women at all, and I do not | Mills in the heated campaign that preceded his first election pledged himself when he should sit in the halls of Congress to get a corpulent appropriation for the adopted in New York for its school board an admirable one to follow in this case, and opening of that famous stream to navigation. In one oratorical flight from which he rarely

quotes now, he said: loved Texas."
That sentence brought him an overwhelm-

ing majority and he did not forget it. One of the first bills he introduced was for the appropriation of something like \$500,000 to aid the navigation of the Brazos to its source. Instead of \$500,000 he got \$5,000 to to be used for surveying the course of the stream. The following summer he was at his home in Corsicans, when two polite strangers called and introduced themselves as United States Surveyors.

We have been sent down, Mr. Mills." said one, "to survey the Brazos river to its source. Will you oblige us by telling us whether we had better go up the river in a nekboard or on horseback, as it may be wet in some places."

The astute free trader realized too late

that he had forgotten that the Brazos dried up completely in the summer. He never sought another appropriation for river navi-

THE LATEST IN SWEETS.

Cream Strawberries and Chocolato Candles Are Having a Rus.

New York World.] Cream strawberries are the newest and sweetest things in the candy market. The school stood alone. The muttering grew luscious red berry is first dipped in cold louder and more menacing, and I decided water and then plunged into a cream bath of rose, lemon, vanilla, orange or pistache flavor, the stem and little green leaf remain-When dry the fruit bon bon is put ing. into a little cap or bonnet of fluted paper and offered for sale at the modest rate of \$2

work."

BLUSHED FOR WOMAN'S WORE.

"Women's work! There is hardly an industry or trade in which they have not done well and from them they should be well represent the wick. Set in a papier marked over in the last Ceptennial, I became indignant and hope that women will do something in 1892 worthy their marked advancement. Rare executive and managerial ability are as hard to find in

BOY THIEF CATCHERS

Young Vidocas Successfully Employed by Inspector Byrnes.

NO SUPERIOR FOR SHADOWING.

How a Youth of Eighteen Solved the Mystery of a Silk Robbery.

STEAMSHIP ROGUES NEATLY CAUGHT

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, February 15 .- A few weeks ago an item appeared in the papers telling of a thief named Larkin who shot at one of Inspector Byrnes' "stool pigeons" named "Mickey" Bennett as he was coming down the steps of police headquarters. The boldness of the thief did not surprise some people as much as to learn that the stool pigeon was a boy of 17, and had been in the employ of the great detective for several years.

Boy detectives are supposed to exist only in the vivid imaginations of dime novel writers, but as a matter of fact there are more than a half dozen youths who are regularly attached to the Central office staff They are rarely seen about headquarters, and every effort is made to conceal their identities. When he wants one of them the Chief knows where to find him, and when his work is done, or he has any information to give, the tyro communicates with the Inspector through a third person. The boys at least be an advisory council. If such a are used mainly as stool pigeons, and as council exists there will come times when such they are almost invaluable to their emsuch they are almost invaluable to their emplover. They can get information and secure evidence where the most expert detective would fail, and for shadowers they have no superiors. Experienced thieves know how expert detectives work and can tell from the appearance of a stranger three times out of five whether he is an officer or not, but they have little or no suspicion of boys, and have not as yet got to think of them seriously

> The corps of boys that Inspector Byrnes has, were carefully picked. They are in-telligent young fellows, quick to adapt themselves to circumstances and have a good knowledge of crooks and their resorts. Some of them are policemen's sons. Of late

HOW THE BOYS OPERATE.

the young stool pigeon has been used a good deal in locating robberies in big stores. Generally he goes in as office boy or clerk. A case occurred a short time since where large amounts of silks had been disappearing from a big drygoods house uptown, and every effort of the proprietors to catch the purlomer had failed. The merchants reported the matter to Inspector Byrnes and were surprised when a smooth-faced young fellow, scarcely 19 years old, came to them with a note from the Inspector requesting that he be given a position in their estab-lishment. He was given charge of the cash boys. Two weeks later the merchants were informed by the Inspector that a nephew of one of the firm was the culprit and in-quiring if they desired him arrested. The incle of the accused clerk refused to believe his nephew was guilty and the Inspector was asked for his proof. He reported that his youthful assistant had shadowed three of the clerks and had finally discovered that

was the man he was after. A WOMAN IN THE CASE, He found that they all three drank a good

the nephew of the senior member of the firm

deal and frequented questionable resorts, but that the nephew of the proprietor was a gambler and was entangled in a woman's meshes, When he saw the woman visit the store and purchase a quantity of silk he felt sure he was on the right track. The salesman was the nephew and the check which the woman got from him called for less than one quarter of the actual value of the fabric. From one of the cash boys be learned that uncle of the suspected young man, while he admitted that the evidence was strong was still loath to accept it as final. It was then suggested that the stool pigeon remain in the store until the came again. She arrived two days later. No outward sign of recognition passed between her and the salesman. When the woman entered the store the stool pigeon notified the members of the firm and they arranged to intercept the woman as she departed. Her package was opened and the

silk measured, and the check which had been given her by the salesman was exam-When this was finished the nephew was sent for. The minute he entered he knew what had occurred, and begged for forgiveness. The chief of the cash boys resigned a few days later.

THIEVES ON THE STRAWERS. Another young stool pigeon was assigned to break up a gang of thieves on the Ward line of steamers. Passengers were robbed on every trip and large quantities of cigars were stolen. The young fellow who was sent on this case, whose name is Thomas Cameron, got work on one of the boats as a dishwasher, and by keeping his eyes and ears open, succeeded in ascertaining who the thieves were the first trip. When nearly home Cameron purposely quarreled with the pantry man and succeeded in get-ting transferred to another boat. There he was also fortunate, and on reaching New York six of the thieves were arrested, three

whom are now serving terms in Sing Sing.

The fault with boy detectives is, however, that they are not as safe as men. They are likely to become impressed with their own importance and let their heads become swelled. After doing a meritorious piece of work they are liable to talk about it and injure their usefulness in their angling for flattery. Some of them are level-headed enough to steer clear of these snags and in time blossom out as full-fledged detectives when the training and knowledge they received in their early work serves them well Several of the Inspector's best men gradu-ated from the stool-pigeon corps, which is practically a training school for detectives.

PERILS OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

A Plane Agent Who Downed a School and Then Got Downed. From the New York Sun. 1

I was riding through the country west of Pekin, Ill., with an organ and piano agent, when we came along to a schoolhouse one evening and found a spelling school in progress. The agent suggested that we stop for awhile, adding: "If I can't spell the whole school down, then I don't want a cent.

There was a big turnout, and the master at once invited us to take a hand. I had been there before, and politaly declined. The agent, however, went into the ranks with great enthusiasm, and, in the course of 15 minutes, had downed all but 12. Then I overheard growls and threats and mutterings from half a dozen young men, and knew that he was galloping to his doom. Five minutes later there were only six up, and at the end of another five the agent and the belie of the to slin out doors.

I was unhitching the team when there came a loud cry, followed by a succession of crashes, and a crowd poured out through the door. The agent was being dragged by the hair of the head, and as soon as well out into the yard they rolled him down a bank into the creek. I got out with the team by the skin of my teath, and reaching the