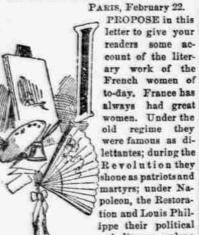
LITERARY FRENCH WOMEN.

The Ludies Have Always Been a Power is France But Never More Than at Present-Characteristics of Four Well-Known Writers.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.



old regime they were famous as dilettantes: during the Revolution they shone as patriots and martyrs; under Naippe their political

and literary salons were brilliant and influential, and under the Second Empire they led, with the Empress Eugenie at their head, in the world of fashion. Nor are the women of the Third Republic inferior,

as a whole, to their sisters of the past. It is true that one cannot point to-day to a Marchioness de Rambouillet, to a Mme. Roland, to a Mme. de Stael, to a Mme. de Remusat, to a Mme. de Girardin, or to a learge Sand, but I think your readers will agree with me that, if the leaders be not so great to-day as were the leaders of the past, the rank and file of French womanhood is now immeasurably su-perior in almost every respect, to the general body of women in years gone by. With the advent of mouern usuas "the masses" have usurped the places once occupied exclusively by "the classes."

THE MOST ACTIVE IN FRANCE. Probably the most widely known literary and political lady of the France of to-day is Mme. Juliette Adam. She may not be the most intellectual and solid, but she surely is the most active and co terprising. She was born with a taste letters and began writing in her teens. But it was from her marriage with Senator Adam and the advent of the Third Republic that dates the fame of Mme. Juliette Adam. Her second husband-M. Adam-was rich and a Republican politician. She was handsome, a fine conversationalist and ambitious to shine in state affairs. So, during the stormy days of McMahon's presidency, it was in Mme.



Adam's salon that Gambetta and the Chief Republican leaders used to meet, argue, plan and gird for battle. Then it was that Mme. Adam founded The Nouvelle Revue, which was to be the republican rival of the old fogy, conservative Revue des Deux Mondes and ever since she has remained at its head. Al-though this periodical cannot be said to be

though this periodical cannot be said to be a very brilliant success either financially, politically or from a literary point of view, it is unquestionably the best review in France after the famous creation of M. Buloz, the Revue des Deuz Mondes.

But if Mme. Adam's role is not quite so important or brilliant to-day as it was 10 or In years ago, the reason is not to be found in any failing off in herself, but rather in the changes that have taken place in French politics. In Mme. Adam's drawing room the politicians have been supplanted by the authors; you hear less about the Chamber of Deputies and more about the salon; Gounod, or Dandet, or Bouguereau are the eynosures of all eves and not some Senator,

or Deputy, or ex-Minister.

HANDSOME AT FIFTY. Mme. Adam's soirces used to be given in a suit of spacious apartments far down the boulevards. But now she resides in a house, or hotel, as they say in French, on a street that bears her own name, the Rue Juliette Lamber, Lamber being one of Juliette Lamber, Lamber being one of Mme. Adam's noms de plume and also her maiden name. The house is handsomely furnished, cozy and artistic. Mme. Adam herself, though now over 50, is still a handsome woman, dressing with great taste and possessing the easy, elegant manners of a true lady world. She converses glibly on art, letters, politics, sociology, philosophy and business, and is the soul of her drawing room. To the hostess, more than to any of her dis-tinguished guests, is due the wide reputation which this salon enjoys in Paris and

throughout liberal Europe.
In direct contrast with Mme. Adam, in many ways, is Mme. Henry Greville. Mme. Greville is perhaps the ablest and most prolific of living French female novelists. Although each new book created more of a sensation at her start on her literary career, some 10 or 15 years ago, Mme. Greville's stories are still very popular with refined readers, and especially with the girls and young women of France who are not allowed to open nine-tenths of the new French novels. Mme. Greville visited America a few years ago, and so is particularly inter-esting on your side of the Atlantic. Nor is she less interested in you than you are in her, as is attested by beautiful photographs of Niagara, American lamps, books and pri-vate letters which adorn her parlors or are pigeon-holed in her writing desk.

THREE ATTRACTIVE HOMES. Mme. Henry Greville has occupied three different Paris homes since I knew her. The first time I met her it was in a charming litbrackets and on the floor. Next she took a | She owns the only large coal mines in South

f fine large flat in one of the big old house on the river opposite the Louvre. The hall, the dining room, the double drawing room and two studies on either side of it, gave her all the space she needed to display the rich pieces of tapestry, quaint furniture, pictures and knick-knacks which she and her husband-for Mme. Greville has a husband also well known in the art, literary and scientific world of Paris-love to collect and

set up to the best advantage.

Mme. Greville's lecture tour in America was not a brilliant financial success and the large apartment was expensive. So she has now moved to a smaller but scarcely less artistic home in the quarter of Paris where artists, musicians and men and women o letters abound. The bear skins, the plants the vivacious conversation of Mme. Greville and the witty and instructive reflections of M. Durand-Greville-M. Durand has added his wife's nom de plume to his own name— are the same in the Rue Blanche as on Montmartre and the Quai Voltaire; so the new drawing room is as charming as the old ones, and the people who frequent it as numerous and interesting as ever.

AN ENGLISH-FRENCH LADY.

One of the most curious women of letters in this city is Mme. Blaze de Bury. Though English by birth, she is French by marriage and residence, and can write brilliantly in both languages. Her husband, who died a year or two ago, was a well-known author, and the sister of Buloz, the founder of the Revue des Deux Mondes so that Mme Blaze de Bury is the aunt of M. Charles Buloz, the



Mme. Henry Greville,

This gives her a certain prominence in literary circles here. But her eccentricity in dress and speech and her real mental ability would make Mme. Blaze de Bury a promi nent character in any center. She has written stories, review articles and newspaper letters, and once represented in Paris the New York Nation and the New York

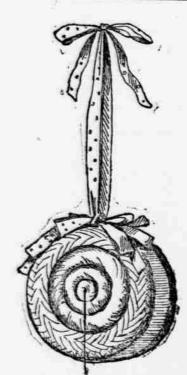
Mme. Charles Bigot, whose nom de plume is Jeanne Mairet, is interesting to Ameri-cans as the daughter of Healy, the well-known American portrait painter. She lives in the same house with her father and many of her clever little theatrical pieces are acted by amateurs at the delightful soirces given by the Healys during the winhe lost his health, an active journalist, pro-fessor and art critic, and husband and wife still work hand in hand, each producing stories and magazine articles and volum

of more than common merit.

THEODORE STANTON.

TO MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL. Holder for a Ball of Twine That is Orna-

mental and Useful. It is not difficult to push the bottom out of one of the little globe-like Japanese straw baskets which are sold everywhere for 5 cents apiece. But it is rather more difficult, although still quite possible, if some of it is unwound, to squeeze a ball of druggist's twine into the small orifice. A ball of some pretty color must be chosen, and by some ompression it can be worked into the bas-



ket, which should first be trimmed similarly to the one shown in the cut, with ribbo matching the cord in color. A few stitches taken with a sharp-pointed darning needle will hold the ribbon in place.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO.

Sepora Cousino is the Wealthlest Woman in South America.

Philadelphia Press.; The richest woman in South America is Senora Cousino. She has a palace at Santiago, but resides in Lota a portion of the year in a large and magnificent house with grounds beautified to the last degree both by nature and art, though more especially by the latter, The grounds constitute : veritable botanical garden. They comprise great vegetable and flower inclosures, enormous green-houses, Turkish towers, enormous green-houses, Turkish towers, foun-tains, belvederes by the sea, brooks, suspen-sion bridges, a labyrinth of arbor-vite, ponds, grottees and waterfalls. Fifty men

are constantly employed upon this splendid first time I met her it was in a charming in-tile parlor whose floor was covered with big bear skins brought from Russia, where Mme. Greville lived for many years, and hundreds of millions of acres of land, hundreds of thousands of cattle, coal, copper and silver mines, acres of real estate in Val-The fortune of Senora Cousino is estimated house, but not because it was especially steamships, smelting works, a railroad, etc. warm, a condition seldom experienced in a Every house in Lota, a village of some 7,000 inhabitants, is hers, and to the people of this ful plants scattered everywhere, on tables, village she pays out over \$100,000 monthly.

America, from which alone she receives \$75,000 a month. All these vast enterprises Senora Cousino herself controls and directs, exhibiting great foresight, breadth of purpose and large ability as a manager of affairs. Her income, A Young Beauty's Impressive Exhiof course, is expressed in seven figures. No wonder she is styled the "Countess of Monte

A WOMAN'S SUPERSTITION.

The Little Fads of the Handsome Author of Bootles' Baby.

A writer in a San Francisco paper says of the author of "Bootles' Baby:" Mrs. Arthur Stannard is a tall woman of handsome presence. She is very superstitious and always carries two little bits of gray fur inside the neck of her dress, which she

looks upon as a talisman. "I have never been without these bits of fur since I was about 3 years old," she said, looking at them quite affectionately. "Sometimes when I am composing and come to a standstill I take them out and pass them gently over my lips and cheeks, and you have no idea how they soothe me and pro-

nave no idea now they soothe me and promote inspiration as if by magic."

She has the same odd feeling about old bits of iron and castoff horseshoes, of which she has quite a quantity, as she picks up everything of the kind she comes across. "They always their and had," the comes across. "They always bring me luck." she said

Dress Representing the Dalay.



White skirt, vandyked at the edge, and falling over a fringe of narrow green ribbon. the skirt is pleated to imitate long petals. Yellow plush bodice, with white petals failing over it, fastened on the shoulders with marguerites. Tuft of daisles in the hair. White shoes with yellow sandals, and a marguerite at each interlacement. Similar



The front is demi-pompadour, the back is formed with spiral wreath .- The Queen.

WOMEN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY KLIZA ARCHARD

CONNER.] PHORBE COZZENS is special census agent for

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY, who is a very young novelist, is paid \$150 a week by a New York story paper simply for the right to her serial stories.

THE women of Milford, Me., have built a town hall. They were two years getting the money together, which they collected by giving fairs, oyster suppers and other entertainments. MRS. E. F. ANDREWS says that now when ladies have so many ways of earning their own living, marriage is not the only resort, and a woman will naturally decline to give up a \$100 place for a \$50 man.

WASHINGTON has 300 feminine bicycle riders and Chicago over 1,000. Miss Emma Rummell, Captain of the Women's Wheel and Athletic Club, of Buffalo, traveled 2,500 miles on her wheel in 1889.

Boston, which is capable of giving us some thing new at almost any time, is the headquarters of a new political party which may at length hold the balance of power in the Hub City. The new party bears the name of the "Independent Women Voters' Party."

"I SHALL be happy with my husband, for I shall not neglect myself," wrote Marie Bash-kirtseff in her journal. "I will adorn myself to please him as I adorned myself when I wished to please him for the first time." But poor Marie died before she got a husband. THE State Reformatory Prison for women at

Sherborn, Mass., is managed altogether by women. The superintendent is Mrs. Johnson. The affairs of the establishment have been so well conducted that the receipts for labor ione by the women are constantly increase DR. ALICE BENNETT has been for ten years resident physician in the female wards of the State insane asylum of Southeastern Pennsylvania, and has entire charge of her department. Dr. Bennett has lately been unani-mously elected President of the Montgomery County Medical Society. This is the first time a woman has been President of a Medical

Society in Pennsylvania. THE Y. M. C. A. of Milwaukee gave notice to the W. C. T. U. that it could no longer meet in their rooms because, having allied itself to the their rooms because, having allied itself to the Prohibition party, it had become a political organization, and their rules forbade the letting of their hall for political meetings. This is rough, indeed. The ladies have no vote, so that political affiliations do them no manner of good, and yet they must be snubbed as though they did count for something politically. Here are cuffs from both sides, with nothing to compensate.

THE editor of the Paris magazine La Nouwhich should give a complete summing up of the status of the land question in the countrie of the civilized world. The most thoroughly of the civilized world. The most thoroughly clear, learned and logical contribution on the subject was from a woman. Mme Vallette. The essay was masterly, and the editor of The Revue himself pronounced it a remarkable study. Why do not women's clubs generally take up for their studies some of the living questions of the day, as Mime. Vallette did, instead of packing their brain with rubbish about the old Italian painters and France under Louis XI?

ESTHER DE PUY is a descendant of one of the old Knickerbocker families. She was reared in luxury, highly educated, and had not much else to do than to cultivate the Delsarte system of expression, of which she was an enthusiastic student. But one fine morning this young lady woke to find that fortune takes wings, that, too, without a moment's warning. Poverty and despair stared her and a beloved nother in the face. Then it was this fashion able girl showed that she possessed the true blue blood which never weakens. Miss De blue blood which never weakens. Miss De Puy took the agency of the District of Columbia for an important invention. It was slow work and hard, but the girl was not to be downed. She visited the factory in New England where the machine was made, and learned how to take it apart and put it together again. She spent several days at the factory, until she had mastered the mechanical part of her business. Then back to Washington to wait, work and hope. Although the waiting was long, it was rewarded. Miss De Puy finds herself at length at the head of a thriving business all her own, and all built up by her own energy and perseverance.

CLARA BELLE'S CHA'

bition of Lenten Spirit. HOW GENTLEMEN SHOULD DRESS.

A Kiss Impressed on Love's Missives the Latest Sentimental Thing.

DIGNITY OF LADIES IN THE STREET

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, March 1. IETY in Lent is palpable here in New York, and a goodly proportion of it is unquestionably sincere. Not only do our fashionable women forego some of their social pleasures, but even in church their manners are more devout than usual. I

am not writing care-

lessly. What I mean is that women go more worshipfully to religious services during Lent than at other times. You may know that our Rev. Dr. Heber Newton has just taken his congregation into a Fifth avenue church, and has thereby become more modish. Well, it was there that I saw a pleasant exhibition of Lenten spirit. It was a pretty instance of gentle courtesy florded to the 200 strongers who were wait ing for seats. The strangers were huddled together in one corner of the church near a side entrance, while pew-holders forced their way through the crowd to the peril of their own and the waiters' apparel. Among the

PEEBLE OLD WOMAN,

habbily dressed and leaning on a staff. It was hard for the poor creature to stand even in the best situation; it was almost impossi-ble to keep her footing in the jam. A beauble to keep her looting in the jam. A beau-tiful and richly attired young woman en-tered by this side door and passed close by the feeble creature as she pushed her way to the pew. After her devotions she raised her head, turned to look at the old woman, half rose, hesitated, then with heightened color and softened eyes she returned to the woman's side, held out her hand and whis-"Come and sit with me. I have plenty

of room, and it will be some time before the ushers can attend to you." The old woman looked into the beautiful face a moment, while her own betrayed strong emotion. Then she placed her trembling, ungloved hand in the dainty

yalm held out to her, and soon the two were seated side by side in the luxurious pew. Heber Newton's eloquent sermon failed to impress a portion of his audience as pro-toundly as had this unexpected and noble act of courtesy. A swell girl may not dance in Lent, but she may go to the opera, and that is why the three semi-circles of boxes at the Metro-politan are all abuzz with gossip. The sea-son of social festivities has so recently ex-pired that its themes are still fresh, and the

opera is a favorite place for chatter. Not only do the beaux go from box to box during the performance, but the belles, too, interchange visits. So I will write of what I heard said at the Metropolitan in a single evening. Of course it will give a trivial and thoughtless insight of "society," but if the reader will please to consider that, underneath all this froth, there is a greater quantity of good, admirable and sedate material, no injustice will have been done. To begin with, a rumor went the round of the boxes that night at the opera that a diamond brooch, one of the finest in Mrs. William Astor's collection, had been stolen. HOW THE GOSSIPS EXPLAINED IT.

"It happened this way," said the inform-nt. "You know that she has a watchman who keeps in protective distance whenever she goes to or departs from a public gather ing at which she wears valuable jewels. Well, at the Bradley-Martin ball, somehow guardian and he managed to steal the

But it was not so, as I soon ascertained: and I quote it only to show how much more trustworthy is the news that is printed than that which is spoken. Some night, however, there is going to be a big crime in connec-tion with some social affair. A bold and well-planned raid will be made on Fifth avenue on an Astor or Vanderbilt carriage, \$100,000 worth of diamonds will be jerked from the person of the lady inside, and the highwaymen will likely escape with their plunder. As I glanced around at the mat-rons in half a dozen boxes, and tried to estimate the value of the jewels in sight, I mar-veled why some of those Western gangs of train robbers did not come out of the wilde ness into New York for tensible plunder. How dull, how incomplete, a box of women looks without any men. They may be beautiful, and they may be beautifully dressed; but their feminine charms require the contrast afforded by the broad sho and more solid, manly beauty of their male relations to show them to real advantage. The ornamental part of a man's toilet can never be so intricate as a woman's and therefore never quite so interesting, but it is none the less real; and a man's clothes should be equally good. There should be a perfect fit and cut about his suit, and exact harmony with his surroundings. There should be a freshness and spruceness about his whole appearance, and nothing slovenly or untidy. In a word, he should be so

dressed that he feels

PERFECTLY AT EASE So take a woman's advice, you men, and patronize the tailors and clothiers judiciously. A fop is a man who devotes the greater part of his life to dressing; and this is not the least necessary or desirable for those who would dress well. The majority of mankind do not have many new suits in the year, and it would not take much valuable to choose these care ully, and see that they fitted well, and were all good of their kind. In clothes, as in most things, "the dearest is often the cheapest in the end." Far be it from me to encourage foppishness, or dressing well as the main object of anyone's life; but if a few of those men—of whom all of us know some—who habitually dress badly from sheer indolence could be roused to take a wholesome interest in their personal appearance it would be an extremely cial change for themselves and all about them. It can never be anything but a good quality to dress well; and a really pleasing exterior is almost invariably indicative of deeper and nobler qualities within.

A well-known theater manager is talking to a friend, as they stand together in the vestibule. A woman of showy figure and striking countenance passes in with a young man. She smiles pleasantly at the manager and bows.
"By jove," exclaims the gentleman who

is with the manager, "that's a stunning looking woman. Who is she?" HOW THESE GIRLS WORK.

The manager smiled slightly, and said: 'No one you know. She is new about here. Expects to go on the stage next season. But she's a type, I teil you. I wonder if you know the way her class of woman manages things. Some of the showy comic opera girls are just like her. They are a clear type and are interesting. They have more admiration for men than they can take care of, but they make no account of it except from precisely three different sources. Yes that is the limit. Three just finish the con bination. First there must be a financial backer. He is usually a middle-aged man with large resources, and he carries on his intrigue on the strictest plan of secrecy. This part of the triumvirate is the least lucky of the lot, for his share of the business consists principally of paying the bills.

But he is, nevertheless, ingeniously kept on the list. Then comes the handsome young gentleman who has money enough to dress ribbon the other day and he matched it.

We have a Delsarte movement on Vinegar Hill. I had long felt the need of such a movement, and so heartly joined it. Early association with Blackfeet and Flat-

elegantly, to buy dinners, hire carriages and so on, but who is not expected to provide any regular funds or make expensive presents. He is sweet and will carry bundles when asked, or even air the lady's pet dog if she but smiles on him. Last of all comes the 'terrier,' who may be a cheap actor, a baseball player, a gambler, or even a theater manager. That lady who just passed in was with the nice little admirer."

KISSES BY MAIL. A bean took a letter from his pocket, in order to read something from it to a fair cousin who sat by his side.

"Ah; she mailed you a kiss," the girl remarked.

"Look there," and she pointed to s crinkled place, down at the corner of the sheet, such as a damp spot might have left. Haven't you learned the latest sentimental Art should interest by the true. Art should move by the beautiful thing? A girl presses the paper to her lips, leaving a mark like that, and so encloses a Art should persuade by the good. Art should interest by the true to illumine th

"Not that I know of," was the fellow's

kiss without writing a word of confession.
That's what Jennie did, and you, goose that
you are, never noticed it."
The next thing the stationers will turn out may be ready-kissed paper, with a faint tint of red lips and a delicious scent of fra-

tint of red lips and a delicious scent of fragrant breath pertaining thereto. Art is ever quick to beat nature.

A young author of note in New York has a face extraordinary for its pure Greek beauty. A book dealer on Broadway begged the father of the young man to permit him to exhibit a fine portrait of him in his window. The father readily acquiesced. Among all that gazed upon the young man's handsome features none was so deeply interested as the father, who made a practice of going every morning at a certain hour, in of going every morning at a certain hour, in rain and in shine, to view the picture, and listen to the compliments. One day he went as usual to the shop and carefully put an his glasses to enjoy the painting.

INSTANTLY HE STARTED BACK in astonishment for the portrait was gone from the window. Hurrying into the shop he confronted the proprietor of the place and asked him excitedly what had become

of his son's portrait.
"My dear sir," said the shopkeeper, "I was compelled to take it from the window. It was spoiling my business and irritating all my employes.

"Why, what do you mean, sir?" sput-tered the irate father. "How could my boy's picture harm your business?" "I will tell you if you will be calm," re-plied the bookdealer. "You see, your son is unusually handsome, so handsome indeed that for the last number of weeks this store has been beset from morning till night by young women who wanted to ask about him. Every time the door opened it was to let in some girl who inquired who the gentleman in the window was. This was our only reason for removing the portrait, and we certainly meant no disrespect to your

The old father smiled. The idea pleased him. He ordered the painting sent home, and at the opera he was telling the story with great gusto to his intimate friends.

LADIES ON THE STREETS. An assertion discussed by a box full of swell women was that it is more dangerous for a pretty woman to go on the streets alone during the daytime than at night. From personal observations, one matron declared that the time would come ere long when New York parents will adopt the rule of the French, and never permit a young woman to go on the street alone without an attend-ant. I do not know whether the advent of so many foreigners here has brought about the present reprehensible system of street mashing, but certain it is that ladies while walking are now exposed to more rudeness than ever before. Several mashers have been complained of to the police lately, and a few arrests have been made. It is a fact that those arrested have all been foreigners. A very shrewd girl was disposed to rate her own

sex for the increase of the petty depravity.

"I believe," said she, "that this city has its full share of good and dignified men and women, but I also know that there are thousands of women who influence badly the habits of the street. As our careless men natits of the street. As our careless men go about they find at every turn some woman who encourages them to be insulting. The lightweights among them gradually grow to consider the entire female sex from one point of view, and end by being impudent to any woman that at all attracts their

COMPELLED TO SUFFER.

"And that is why you see men sidle up alongside of a pretty girl when she stops to look in at a shop window, or crowd unnecessarily close to her in a street car. She may despise their advances, but she is compelled to suffer an infliction reared by her own sex. Those insulting men have on more than one occasion been met with encouragement, and, not being philosophers, have taken the contemptible smiles of unworthy women as signs of the best feminine preference. I cer-tainly do blame my own sex for the increase of masculine brutality. There will surely be wholly admirable men in a city like New York, but beastliness must have something to feed upon, and can do no more than exist in a passive state if it finds no means of sus-

I found considerable truth in these words when, next day, my attention was attracted to a truly royal example of the female sex walking alone on Fifth avenue. She was a

young, tall, golden-haired girl, A PERFECT BEAUTY, and her features were as delicate and highbred as those of an ideal princess. As she moved grandly along a man with black, ugly eyes, a short, pointed beard, and an air of inexpressible conceit, came up swiftly from behind and passed her. As he did so he deliberately turned and stared at her face, not for an instant merely, but protractedly and insolently, in the unmis-takable manner of the professional masher. The lovely girl was an honor to her sex at that moment. She held her head at the same angle as before, gazed proudly straight ahead, and never gave the slightest sign that the staring brute was in the world. Within a half minute the masher dropped behind and gave up the game. It was easy enough to see then that if all young women were as safe in their own pride as that fair girl, street mashing would be a starvation employment in very short order. CLARA BELLE,

AGAINST A DIAMOND BROOCH.

The Queer Title of a Suit Brought in the United States Court.

New York Star.] "We have many queer suits like this one on hand at times," said Clerk Gilchrist of the United States District Court to me yesterday, handing me a parcel of law papers entitled "the United States against a dia-mond brooch." "That diamond brooch," explained Mr. Gilchrist, was seized by Custom House inspectors, who found it con-cealed among some baggage which came over on the steamer Etruria. The brooch, which is very valuable, was placed where it was found by its owner with the hope that it would escape detection by the officers. When it was discovered and seized, the person to whom it belonged did not come forward and claim it. I suppose he or she was afraid of the iron hand of the law, and rather than be hauled up on a man. If you do not want it printed and charge of smuggling, allowed the matter to would like to keep it in the background and

appearance papers are made out and sent to this court and a suit is instituted by the He ag: proceeds go to swell Uncle Sam's Treas-

Conclusive Evidence of Greatness Lippincott's Magazine.] Miss Redingote-No. Aunt Brindle, I am

not engaged. When I marry it will be a great man. Mrs. Brindle (doubtfully)-Well, I dunno. You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Joshua-

Miss Redingote—Now, you don't mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished

NYETALKS DELSARTE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH]

intelligence, Move by the beautiful to regenerate the life,

One beautiful day in July last I floated

along down the bosom of the Thames in a

brown study, also in a cance that had tried

the sunlit waters of nearly every American

rather noted English stream. Harry Wel-

come paddled and I smoked an American

cigar. I did not paddle for the reason that

not familiar. This is one of them. To pad-

die a birch bark canoe so that it will run

straight is not an industry, however. It is

an art. Punting seemed to be more in my line, Punting looks more simple. Punting

on the Thames is conducted by means of a long pole and a flat-bottomed gondola. The puntist rams his pole into the bottom of the river, and by a dexterous push sends

the boat along at an even and delightful gait. I had poled a raft on the upper Mis-

ersuade by the good to perfect the heart.

Thoughts Expressed by Various Movements of the Human Body. THE IDEAS INVOLVED IN A KICK

Experience in Punting on the River Thames Before a Great Crowd. REMINISCENCES OF MR. OSCAR WILDE

and we can already fall down two flights of stairs without injuring them.

We are are also embled to analyze motion and physical displacements and muscular disintegrations. We can also "relax." Likewise "devitalize" ourselves, and although we "decompose," there are as yet no flies on us.

Browning says, you know: What is he but a brute Whose flesh hath soul to suit, Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want

play?
To man propose this test—
Thy body at its best, how far can that project thy soul on its lone way?
We are engaged now in the analysis of physical motion. All motion of the body play? or limbs is eloquent if we will pay atten-tion. Art comes to our aid and lets us in on the ground floor. The higher education opens up a mighty vista in this direction, all new and untrodden. It shows us that what we thought, for instance, a courteous river before it came to visit this quiet but

bow was, after all, a poorly concealed in-sult. We see now that it was a reluctant compliance with an old custom. Instead of meaning "I acknowledge your worth and I do not know how. I enjoy industry, but there are lines of industry with which I am lower my colors to your superiority," it means that "I comply with the statutes in such case made and provided, and I exter-nally bow to you while internally biting my thumb at vou. I simply bow in a way to convince bystanders that I am a gentleman, whether you are or not." ELEVATED RAILROAD ETIQUETTE. That is not true art. That is elevated

railroad etiquette—a bow with a string to it.
The higher education is really a refined and
durable style of Christianity. It is the kind
that teaches us things which will not only be of use to us here, but also aid us in entertaining an angel unawares.

What would some of our elevated railroad gentlemen do if only a male angel dropped in to spend the evening, or if one of them tried to ride down with him from Harlem to

City Hall? He would step on his wings and jab his wet umbrella into his ribs. We learn here that each organ of the body has its significance and meaning, when we come to analyze people and their conduct toward us from day to day. The head, we will say, it the mental division. If I bow the head only to you I signify that I lower my wisdom or mental jag to yours. I say, externally at least: "You know more than I do. It may be an interior order of knowledge, but we will let that go. I bow to you to signify that I recognize your wonderful ability, such as it is."

You then return the bow by giving a similar one, which means: "O no, now, partner. Come off. Come off. That is a mistake. You are my mental superior, and so here is your old bow returned with thanks." To go still farther, if I bow more extensively, involving the entire body, or torso as we call it, I say by this action: "I am highly inferior to you

MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY. "Your eyes are as the diamonds bright, sissippi, broken a jam and been a director on a rope ferry, 25 years ago, so I knew enough of aquatics to punt, I should say. Mr. Fisher said I might punt awhile, so he my eyes to yours and douse my ecular peak to yourn. Your hair is superior in quality to yourn. Your hair is superior in quality and knocks me silly as to quantity. I therefore lower my hair to you. I also recognize that my other features, when compared with yours, look like a misunderstanding in the House of Representatives. I therefore make an obeisance with my other features. My voice also lacks the timber and other building material to be found in yours, and so I bow my voice. My I rose to my full height, and, as I did so, baring my brow to the soft kiss of the clover-scented afternoon, I was recognized by other Americans who were assisting me found in yours, and so I bow my voice. My

last summer in making times easy in Paris and also in bringing about an era of prosperity in London. A round of applause greeted me from along the river bank also, for I am almost as well known abroad as I am in my own country, and in fact all summer lengtit was a nin and track between me mer long it was nip and tuck between me and old Bouillon Jay to see which would get the most press notices.

So I bowed a Delsarte bow and spat on my hands in a languid way. Another burst of applause that echoed down past the lock and out toward Hampton Court swelled my heart with a pardonable pride as I raised the punt pole high in air and socked it into The swift and rather slick craft shot away with its gay and well-dressed burden, but I did not join them. I remained. The punt pole has a tendency to stick in the clay bot tom of the Thames, but I did not know this Clinging to the pole, of course I missed my connection with the boat, and a loud plunk followed by a merry peal of laughter, closed the sad scene. I did not furnish the laugh-

I Raised the Punt Pole High in Air.

APPLAUSE GREETED HIM.

yielded his place to me.

the sau science. I do not the state in the range ter. I supplied the plunk.

A beautiful but rather impulsive dog belonging to Mrs. Sheldon plunged in and saved my life. He dragged me out on the bank by my clothing, as he thought, no doubt, but my clothing was not so thick as he had supposed. That is if a dog ever sup-poses. So I will always carry the marks of that rescue even to my grave. Punting is a very healthful exercise, but one should have may change as soon as he gets his punting

HOW OSCAR WILDE LOOKS.

But I started out to say that among the faces I seemed to recognize was one that was very English, and yet I thought I had seen it in America. It was the face of a man o forty odd, I would say. It was the face of very homely woman on the shoulders and body of a man. The features were as plain as those of a hippopotamus in repose, but as those of a hippopotamus in repose, but when lighted up with a smile they were as beautiful as those of Parish. The hair was abundant and about the color of a maple caramel that has been exposed to the elements all summer. It had evidently been worn long, but had been careful the need to be a summer. but had been cut off at the neck by means o a pinking iron and a set of burglar's tools His complexion was opaque and his teeth hung in rich clusters on the outside of his mouth when he smiled. He wore an Eton cap and lolled back in the cance while talented hired man at three bob a day and a shandy gaff paddled the frail bark along the Thames and exhibited this gifted curiosity to the wondering crowd. The gifted curiosity was Oscar Wilde.

I met him in the Territories 12 or 13 years ago, I think. He wore more of a coiffure at that time. Since then he has stuffed a sofa pillow with it. His hair at that time clustered around a horse's face apparently, and he wore a genuine store sombrero. It was he wore a genuine store sombrero. It was too new to look comfortable, as he had bought it at The Siding. Oc. wore a liver-colored cravat and a look of intense melancholy. I gave him a large green and gold card of mine, printed in our new job office by a bright young artist who had fed two or three of his most desirable fingers to our large blue job press while trying to pick a dodger out from among its back teeth.

MR. WILDE AHED.

MR. WILDE AHED. Mr. Wilde said "Ah!" I said we have beautiful climate here, and then he repeated his former statement. I said, "You can trust me, Oscar. I will not betray you. What you say will be as between man and man. If you do not want it printed and finally run for office and give us a safe, Hargo by default.

"In such cases the article seized is held by the Government for a reasonable length of time, and if the owner does not put in an mush in a weary land, I will respect your

He again ahed, and producing a large sitk handkerchief, the color of the coating Government against the article seized for the recovery of the duties. If no one appears in court, the article is sold and the wiped his wide waste of nose. Then he went in the car and lastened the door, to indicate that the interview was at an end.

Since then I have always regarded Oscar Wilde as a greatly overestimated man.

But art is not dead even though Oscar Wilde has had his hair cut by means of a can opener, and now the great Delsarte movement or cult is sweeping the country like a besom of wrath, I was going to say, but I hate to use the word besom at this time without consulting some authorities regard-ing its meaning. ing its meaning.

PROGRESS IN THE DELSARTE MOVEMENT.

head Indians, and a course of training afterward as a farm hand, had given me a plebeian manner in society which were sadly out of keeping with my pregnant mind. The Delsarte school teaches us to cultivate friendly relations between the mind and body; that good breeding is not shown by an artificial cultivation. Of course we have only advanced a little in our Vinegar Hill class, but we are getting on to the scheme, as you might say. We are all enthusiasm and earnestness. We have got some books, and we can already fall down two flights of stairs without injuring them.

Source of Much Revenue. PROMISCUOUS STYLE OF BETTING

> [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The passage from Hong Kong to the Philippine Islands is usually accounted the worst in the China seas. It is a sort of sailing sideways, through cross-currents and into the favorite haunt and very hatching place of the dreadful typhoon. Moreover, Manila is not the easiest place in the world to find, because no one knows its exact longitude and latitude. It is one of the most earthquaky places in the world, so when a British scientific and surveying expedition came some years ago to the Philippines to determine the precise latitude and longitude the islands were never steady enough to afford a satisfactory base for the instruments.

A VISIT TO MANILA.

The Land Famous for Fine Tobaccos,

Ropes and Earthquakes.

MAKING CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

Cockfighting the Chief Amusement and the

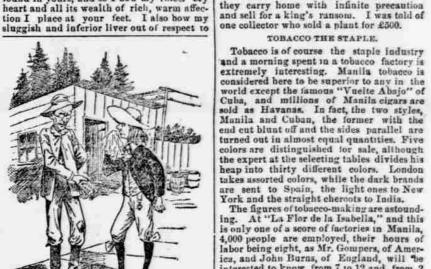
For myself, however, Manila will always be remembered as the place where for the first time I had my pockets publicly and officially searched. As soon as we anchored, a guard of soldiers came on board and assisted the custom house officials in minutely examining everything in one's baggage. When this was over I was stopped at the When this was over I was stopped at the head of the gangway by the lieutemant in command and courteously informed that before I could land he must be permitted to see what I had in my pockets. When it came to my pocket book he turned it over, separating every piece of paper in it. A bystander informed me that all this was to prevent the introduction of Mexican dollars, on which there is a high presume and on which there is a high premium, and a pamphlet attacking the priests, recently

published in Hong Kong. ITS PECULIAR ATTRACTIONS. Commerce now passes by without stopping, yet Manila is a place of peculiar attractions. The streets are dazzling with their "flowers of fire"—large trees ablaze with scarlet blossoms. The olive-skinued mestizas, balf-caste descendants of emigrated Spaniard and native Indian, step daintily blossoms. daintily along on bare feet encased in chinelas, embroidered heelless slippers, with gay fluttering garments of just, a woven mixture of silk and pine fibre, their loose

jet black hair reaching sometimes almost to the ground—one woman was pointed out to me whose hair was said to be 80 inches long-and their deep, dark eyes passing over you in languid surprise.

The native men are a community which has forgotten to tuck its shirt into its trous-ers. Their costume consists of a pair of white trousers and an elaborately pleated and starched shirt, with the tails left flying about. Every one is smoking a cheroot, and every other one has a game cock under

his arm, a constant companion and chief treasure, and sometimes chief source of in-Of the six characteristics of Manilatobacco, hemp, earthquakes, cock-fighting, priestcraft and orchids—the first two are known to all the world. Manila eigars and Manila rope are household words. Orchid hunters come here year after year, travel far into the virgin forests of the interior, and emerge again after months of absence, if fever and the Tagalos spare them, with a few baskets full of strange flowers which they carry home with infinite precaution and sell for a king's ransom. I was told of one collector who sold a plant for £500.



interested to knew, from 7 to 12 and from 2 to 50 clock. And from the huge "Imperiales" to the tiny "Coquetas" and the twisted "Culebras," 4,000,000 in Manila style and 1,500,000 in Cuban style are made

I Gave Him My Card. But eigarette-making caps the climar. The tobacco leaves are cut into "Hebra" or your active and self-reliant liver. I bow thread, which we call "long-cut," and the whole process of making is done by one my gastrie works also, knowing how poor they are and how unreliable and prone to keep me awake of nights. I therefore bow muchine. I saw nine of these hard at work my entire system of assimilation, mastica-tion, digestion, chylification, chymification, and each turns out 12,000 in a day. It is a simple sum: 9x12,000x30x12 say 38,000,000 eigarettes a year from one factory. What a heritage of palpitation and dyspepsial SCENES IN THE COCKPIT.

lactification, gastrification, bilification, pan-crification, deglutition, dentition, ossification and perspiration to yours."

Those are the language of the deep and earnest bow. If I be the subject of an irritable, monarch whose wife makes head cheese every fall, sufficient to last through the winter. I bow myself still more and become article ways, thereby indicating this. The great cockpit of Manila at the "Fiesta del Pueblo" was one of the most remarka-ble spectacles I have ever seen. Imagine a huge circus with an arena raised to the height of the faces of those come entirely prone, thereby indicating this: standing; behind them tier upon tier grad-"Your Most Noble and Royal Corpulency— ually rising above the arena, which is in-I knock under to your nibs. You are my superior in regard to numbers, and I box of the farmer—the leading Chinaman of humiliate myself rather than be in the Manila, named Palanca; and a packed auditation of the state of the st soup or get my head cut off while still in its sins. I yield to thee, thou royal, apoplectic, polygamous reptile on thy father's side, because I haven't money enough to take me half Mestizos, while the officials walk about. half Mestizos, while the officials walk about. to Africa. I root in the sand at thy august Then two men enter the ring each carrying and ponderous feet rather than be beheaded a bird whose spur is shielded for the mo-ment in a leather scabbard. One wears his in order that thy multitudinous wife may make head cheese for the neighbors." hat—he is the owner of the challenging bird; the other, hatless, is the outsider who takes

WHERE SUPERIORITY IS SHOWN. up the challenge. An official calls out the sum for which he backs, and how much is All physical actions have their significance if we know how to analyze them properly, and our Vinegar Hill Delsarte class is gently but firmly getting there, as Rufus Choate used to say. How interesting it is, for instance, to study the genesis of a physical movement. We will say that you come to me when I am very, very busy, and you where, dollars pour in, without method, without ownership, without a bargain, so far as one can judge amid the deafening forget to go away, owing to a lapse of mem-ory, which has also interfered with your rec-ollection of the \$5 you borrowed two years ago, and you talk to me about yourself all the time, when I want you to talk about me and interest me, or else go away and let me -"loose them," and the fight begins. Some-times it lasts ten minutes, sometimes only a

Well, a thought wave in my central office goes over to the operator and writes out a red message which scoots along the main line of the spinal column, flushes in the eye, telis the biceps and muscles of the forearn to open the door, darts along the scintinerve and tells the muscles and tarsal and netatarsal bones to be on hand, or on foot, rather, and I then, more in sorrow than in anger, kick you downstairs. What does this mean? Why, it means: "I consider myself your superior. I feel above you. I dislike you in some respects. I do this to indicate it. Socially you are not my equal. I take this step in order to call your atten-

This is higher education. BILL NYE. A Public Benefactor.

Mr. C. J. Bennett, of Ormond, Pa., says he had a hard time getting Chamberlain's Cough Remedy started there, but now his customers think him a public benefactor. "No doubt about it." "It does the work." he says, and that is what makes it popular. For sale by E. G. Stuckey, Seventeenth and Twenty-fourth sta., Penn ave. and cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Markell Bros., or. Penn and Frankstown aves.; Theo. E. Ihrig, 3610 Fifth ave.; Carl Hartwig, 4,016 Butler st., Pittsburg, and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal st.; Thos.

WSu

HONOR AMONG THE BETTING CLASSES. The fight over, the betting master goes round handing money back recklessly, so it seems, to anybody who holds out a hand. I asked Senor Palanca how betting could possibly be carried on like this. He re-plied that each one asks for or takes the sum that belongs to him. But if anybody should put out his hand a another's money? He gave me to understand that it was never done; and that if anybody were detected doing so, he would probably have a dozen knives in his body on the spot. In the course of the afternoon I witnessed 105 confights. The anthropium wake a large cockfights. The authorities make a large revenue from the cockpit.

still lacking to make up the sum.

Then comes the most extraordinary scene of all. The moment the words are out of his month it rains dollars in the ring. From

those inside, from those who are within

throwing distance, apparently from every-

clamor. When the sums on the birds are equal, the betting master shouts: "Casadat"

"matched," literally "married," the farmer from his box on high yells: "Larga!"

second, the first shock leaving one bird a

mangled corpse.

Two other reminiscences may conclude my sketch of Manilla. One is that 100 people were dving every day of cholera while I was there, and several times my guide pushed me hastily back against the wall as we threaded our way along the narrow streets, and stuffed his campborated handkerchief in his mouth, muttering "Colerico!" as a couple of men passed bearing on their shoulders a long object wrapped in a sheet and slung be-tween two poles—the latest case going to the hospital. The other reminiscence is that the thermometer stood at 1050 in the shade, R. Morris, cor. Hanover and Preble aves.; F. H. Eggers, 172 Ohio st., and F. H. Eggers & Son, 199 Ohio st. and 11 Smith-told, during my visit.

HENRY NORMAN.