GENERATION OF AMAZONS NEXT. was empty.

The man who had opened the second door, returned silently to his seat, while neither advanced toward the chair before which the

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR 1 NEW YORK, April 19. EAUTY has made boudoir of her carriage. Indeed nothing is cosier and sweeter than the satin - lined, soft-

cushioned carriage one of those tiny coupes that the ladies make their calls ping in, but it so happened that a certain young gentleman of an explora-

ory he relates is a startling one. Being entirely alone he examined all the beautiful fittings of the carriage, and even investigated the racks and orifices where any strange utensils or ornament might linger. What he found he will only tell in part. There was a powder puff, of course, and sever I handkerchiefs, perfumery, bonbons, gloves, a good many letters addressed in va-rious masculine hands, a photograph of a noted actor, a pair of opera glasses, a res-taurant bill of fare with two expensive Burgundies underscored, a faded bunch of vio-lets, a broken bracelet, a tiny false curl, two eloquent white buttons, and, let it be lightly mentioned, a broken package of cigarettes.

A GENERATION OF AMAZONS. Has it ever occurred to you that the fad of New York women for physical culture and manly sports is really pointing toward a future generation of Amazons? What else can come of it when women fence and prac-tice with the broad-sword, and handle rifle or shotgun, pistol or saber, without a morse of fear. Some of our most lovely and dela cately reared women are perfectly at home with weapons that a short time ago would have sent one of the sex into hysterics only to look at them. They mean business, too. One of our young ladies, a belle at home and abroad, not only bears herself creditably in riding to hounds, but shows a daring and endurance on foot in the shoot-ing season that is rarely excelled by men. She wears skirts, a foot from the ground, leathern leggings, and strong boots, carries her own rifle or shot-gun, and her game-bag, fairly outclimbs and outruns the men of her party, and with no apparent fatigue. She brings down birds, squirrels and rabbits with unerring skill, and is planning a bear hunt in some of the Western wilds for next summer. She says she shall not be satisfied till she has shot her grizzly. Yet this girl in society is as sweet and womanly as if she had never handled a weapon more formidable than a hairpin. How opposed all this is to the old ideas of what is lovely in a woman. What the harvest will be of such a vigorous seedtime it would be hard to predict. This is what an elderly masculine observer says:

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT NEXT. "The most serious question of the day is: What will our women do next? They've gono into everything—college, the profes-sions, business, literature, and now they are clean daft on physical culture. They car make themselves over from lean scarecrows to plump bewitching Hebes; they've thrown off the clinging invalidism of my time, and stand shoulder to shoulder with men in pluck and endurance; and that isn't all— they have clubs, and clubs, where they handie all sorts of subjects without gloves. Get a woman once to talking on things and she'll rush in where-well, where we men fear to tread. Then some of them are studying the Constitution and political economy, while parliamentary laws are mere a, b, c'

IT WAS A CATCHY SCHEME.

more lace and ribbon by courtesy an apron. A corsage bouquet would have looked out of place with the chatchaine that bore tiny nutmeg graters, egg-beaters, rolling pins and saucepans, if anything so sweet could have looked out of place in that particular vicinity. In fact it was the most bewildering group of cooks that a man's eyes ever were blest with, and made even these guests forget the expected dinner. But they were not long permitted to enjoy the sweet oblivion. They were ushered to a table where the decorations were not more artistic and beautiful than the viands were appetizing and delicious. Everything in both departments, they were told, had been done by these girlish hands, and as course a ter course served the gallantry and credulity of the guests were laid under severe bondage. No

flaw could be found anywhere. Various little burns, cuts and bruises were displayed on delicate hands in eviother testimony was brought forward which convinced the gentlemen that the promises of their hostesses had been fully redeemed What follows? Why "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," is it not? Six engagements are likely to be announced just as the designing dears hoped and planned for. I told you in the first place

that it was a catchy scheme. CLARA BELLE. QUEEN VICTORIA'S TOYS.

Quaint Playthings Still Preserved in the Palace at Kensington. The Illustrated American.]

are still preserved in the nursery of Kensington Palace, which, by the by, is untenanted and fast becoming dilapidated. On the mantlepiece is a headless horsewoman; in a box, care ully wrapped in tissue paper, is a doll clothed in muslin, with a delicately worked lace cap tied under the chin; against

With the Breath of Spring.

PROFITS OF A LITTLE GARDEN.

Innate Perversity of Weeds, and the Persistency of Insects.

PLEA FOR THE SPRINGTIME POETS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

This is the time when nearly everybody takes the spring fever in some form, or fashion, or degree-if not the feeling of dullness and lassitude, ordinarily known as such that comes with the first warm days, then the ardent desire to dig in the dirt, and plant something, the fondness for seeing things grow, the louging to "go to grass," to hear the robins sing, to watch the bursting of buds and blossoms and to hail the balm and breezes of the glad spring time. The need of the invigorating influences

of the vernal airs and earthly odors is shown in the pent-up cities by the languor caressing billows in same story to his friends that he tells to and tired-out feeling of the multitudes, one of those tiny Laura; and she, like all dutiful girls, be who are shut out by their environwho are shut out by their environments from the full enjoyment of these country adjuncts. Clad in sunshine spring comes to make the sad heart gay; the verdure fresh, the scented buds bring health and hope and joy, and put a spirit of youth into everything, say the poets, but most peo-ple, in the city at least, know that it makes them lazy. It creates in them a desire to sit around on the steps or any place, where as somebody puts it, they can soak in the sunshine and breatne the airs that tell of the affodil's bloom and the violet's birth.

But alas the daily grind must go on. The little folks, who would fain play in the sun, have to hustle into school to poke over lessons, write upon slates the livelong day, and breathe the dusty atmosphere that most pervades the schoolrooms. The toilers in the factories, the shops, the works, the offices, the kitchens of the great city have little change to scarre of the great city have little chance to secure the new spirit of youth, to breathe the healthful air, to feel "the infusive force of spring on man," for it is

Work-work-work From weary chime to chime. They can say with Tom Hood: Oh but to breathe the breath
Of the cowship and primrose sweet
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal,

What a boon and a blessing is the city park that gives the toiling thousands a taste of the sweets of groves and gardens, running streams and flowery fields! God made the country and man made the

What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts That can alone make sweet the bitter draught That life holds out to all, should most abound And least be threatened in the fields and

is how Cowper puts it, so if man makes the country in a town, it is plain he promotes the cause of health and virtue, and the two noblest things, which are sweetness and

THE SPRING POETS.

The invigorating forces of the wakening earth and rising sap affect people differently. In the poets, it takes the form of odes to spring, songs of May, sobbing April days, May musings, pastoral lays and "sich." By editors generally these are held in derision, and spring poets are refused a license to warble, and are reduced to singing for the waste baskets. But what, may we ask, are the poets to do? When the inspiration seizes them through force of nature's waking loveliness and the coming of "Hoar winhow are they to bung up their raptures, untune their lyres, and voiceless view the buds and blossoms, the smiling verdure, the fragall of those in the pursuit of happiness should aim at the possession of a home of should aim at the possession of a home of ter's blooming child, delightful spring," rant flowers, the dandelioned grass? How can they fail to lapse into rhyme and meter when they list to the anthems of the water- of ground in which they can dally with the the "unlocking of the flowers to paint the laughing soil"-more especially, too, when they have such illustrious examples before

It is no discredit for the spring poets to follow in the footsteps of their immortal Milton, and Shakespeare, and Goethe, and Pope, and Tennyson, and Longfellow, and Gray, and Keats, and Shelley et al. If Milton did not disdain to write spring poetry, why should they? If Goethe tuned

his lay to sound the glories of the May, why should they not sing in unison? If Shakespeare made no bones of sending down the ages his sonnet as to When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,

and of committing to the keeping of immortal fame his remark as to parell'd April treading on the heel of limpng winter," there can assuredly be nothing grong in poets to-day lisping in numbers of the gentle spring.

Milton had no scruples as to spreading himself on "Airs, vernal airs, breathing the nell of field and grove, attune the tremb ling leaves," and "the bowers where revels the spruce and jocund spring," while Pope waxes poetic upon the same subject and wakes his muse to sing of

That soft season when descending showers Call forth the greens and wake the rising flow ers; When opening buds salute the welcome day, And earth relenting feels the genial ray.

THEY MIGHT SING SMALL.

It may be said that our small nineteenth century poets cannot sing the glories of the beauteous spring as could these giants of beauteous spring as could these grant beauteous spring as could these grant beauteous spring as could these grant of those stale from the market. We speak the past, but that is no reason why they should not sing small, if the spirit moves from narrow experience to be sure, but it sufficeth for those who have been there. them. Why should spring poets be re-pressed any more than play writers, or atory tellers, or poets of passion? The play writers of to-day cannot write as Shakespeare, the immortal, wrote upon the loves, and follies, and passions of mankind, but they can write society plays-the pictures of the time-and make more mo either Shakespeare or Milton did. Poets of passion pile stocks of fame and hard cash, ever

alas the spring poet with all his wealth of inspiration and flow of gush has alas the genial current of his soul frozen up be cause of the stony prejudice of editors against the genius that blooms in the spring -the muse that sings when the sap risesthe divine afflatus that wakens into some when the glad time comes around when mankind delights to dig in the dirt and plant onions.

The following spring poem we doubt not would go plump into the waste basket, and yet it is the work of a great mind, the man said to be the most distinguished thinker of his age, to hold the supreme intellectual place in Europe, to have the power as a poet and philosopher to beautify, even this 'rag-gathering age" with beams of divine r-the man lauded and magnified as a second Shakespeare—a German Voltaire, and whose name is Goethe. He devotes the power of his intellect to spring thus:

Light and silvery cloudlets hover In the air, as yet scarce warm; Mild with glimmer soft tinged over, Peeps the sun through fragant balm, Gently rois and heaves the ocean As its waves the bank o'erflow,

And with ever residess motion Moves the verjure to and fro, Mirrored, brightly, far below.

This, of course, is sweetly poetic, but strange to say there is a crushing prejudice in an editor's mind against "cloudlets" and 'birdlets" and little emotional tender turn lets of any sort, and we are burdened with the thought that they would not pay a cent for even spring poetry of the Goethe order or the Miltonic stripe—they might not per-haps decry the grandeur of the genius which inspired them, but would be likely

of their papers.

It inspires everybody who has a bit of ground with the burning desire to have something of a garden. If it is only A Human Desire Fanned Into Being a scrap of space in the back yard there is pleasure and satisfaction found in

Powdered Dinners Are the Latest Among Gotham Entertainers.

silence was not interrupted.

The clock struck 6:30. Miller drew a key from his pocket, opened the strong box, took a letter from it, read it and rang the bell. Two men entered and took two of the

Ace of Clubs was lying; he spoke to no one

brilliant uniform of the Imperial Guard

ouce more. "Gentlemen," he said in a low voice, "the Ace of Clubs cannot attend our meeting today. I have been duly informed and author-

"Before we discuss the measure to be decided upon in this, our last meeting but one, I must excuse the absent members. Ten of Spades is ill, King of Clubs, Knave of Hearts, and Eight of Hearts are prevented, being on official duty. The secretary will take down details and deposit them in the strong box. We count, therefore, to-day only

pose not to admit any more. How do you There came a unanimous reply, "agreed!" "Secretary General! what was decided at

41 men, but as we are so near the end I pro-

The man who had first admitted the arrivals rose and sald:
"Ace of Hearts, Knave of Diamonds and Ten of Diamonds spoke to the satisfaction of all and the plan proposed by them was unanimously adopted. In to-day's session, Teu of Hearts, called 'Power,' is to report as to the measures taken." "Ten of Hearts has the floor," said

Department, will be active for us."
"I am ready even to steal for the benefit of our country," said a man of 40, as he rose.
"What I have said once I say for all times. There are 8,000,000 of roubles in the money chest, intrusted to me. On the appointed day I shall hand the whole sum to our

sents might, the Treasury, which means in-telligence; in all classes of society, in every department of the administration, we have men belonging to our conspiracy. To my mind, gentlemen, every moment's delay only increases the danger. Thanks to our energy, thanks especially to the secret pro-tection of a high and influential person, who has not yet made himself known to us, we have been able to form this gigantic plan at the very doors of the home of tyrauny-a case so far unknown in the history of despot-

name of the army I repeat: On, for Rus-

The Colonel sat down having produced a protound impression. Almost all the conday; you can go and drive with Mr. Miller in the city, and at night take a box at the Michael Theater. I and Rita will join you spirators gave signs of assent, but a few of the older men shook their heads.

> of satisfaction manifested itself. (To be continued next Sunday.)

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ored by the grim reaper, though if deaths from accident are included, the noon hour appears to be the most fatal one."

A GIFT TO COLUMBUS.

be Exhibited at the World's Fair. four sides represent the "Battle of the Amazons." Medallion portraits figure on

NOT ALL SINGERS IN THE CHOIR.

Coveted Position. adjes' Home Journal.

different cities its powers are differently limited; while, on the one hand, in some it is almost no value at all, in others it is of

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT

The Novel Discoveries a Young Man

The dismal looking, cold hall might very well have belonged to a gambling hell, but nobody thought of playing and the deep

empty chairs. They were the men who had watched at the doors, admitting the members as they arrived. Miller then rang the bell

ity has been conterred upon me in the usual way."
He seated himself in the President's chair

and rang the bell a third time.
"Gentlemen the session is opened."
All the members present listened attentively while Miller spoke to them.

Miller. "I am certainly exceptionally good,"

now what a soldier's honor means; they hate slavery, as we do, and the bodily punish-ments, which demoralizes man. As soon as the hour strikes for action you will find me ready. Two of Clubs is able to exercise you virtually command a large part of the army now in the capital. Nine of Diamonds, represented by the Treasurer in the Finance

The Colonel continued:
"Thus we control the army which repre-"Certainly. In Paris they have already such a club. The ladies have invented the

> "We, the leaders of all Russians, who demand an account from the Czar for letting 60,000,000 of subjects suffer in slavery, we can no longer stem the current, if we do not open a sluice somewhere. In the name of the army I demand the signal for action. Gentlemen, say the word for which we are impatiently waiting! Delay no longer! In

sia's sacred liberty.

Miller rose and said:
"I second the proposition with all my heart. The time for action has come. can hardly go on without arousing the attention of the Government. I therefore propose that we hold our last meeting next Saturday at 10 o'clock. Then we can assign the duties and begin to live in deed and no longer in word alone. We shall cease to be conspirators, we shall be archangels of freedom, or die as martyrs!"

All noisy demonstration had to be avoided in this hall. In Petersburg the walls have ears and the people are alert at every un-usual sound. Nevertheless a low murmur

lieve in either cause or effect, and I notice that a New York physician has killed the delusion by classifying the hours at which 15,000 deaths occurred. Every hour in the 24 seems to have been about equally hon-

Volce Not Always Requisite to Secure

equal, and sometimes even of greater im-portance than the voice itself.

"Why, dat's der Dutchy of Marlbro' goin' up to see der Vanderbilts."

If the girl in the heliotrope dress heard

that remark I have no doubt her heart heat with even greater pride than it had felt be-TALE OF A GIFT WATCH.

A gift received by a very lovely and eminently vivacious girl living almost on the
crown of Murray Hill is not at all to her
liking. Her Christian name is Laura, and
she promised to marry a bright, lively
young man only one month ago. Her birthday and all other festal occasions during the past year have been commemorated by pretty and often valuable trinkets from the SIX PRETTY MISSES WHO CAN COOK ing her say that she needed a watch the guardian of her destinies sent one to her with all possible haste. It was a little love

of a watch, and on the front case the mono-grams of both lovers were affectionately intertwined in tiny diamonds.

Laura's heart bounded with true feminine gladness when the beautiful thing lay before her, and, like all great examples of her sex, proceeded at once to give it a minute examination. Desiring to see the wheels go round, she opened the inside case. At that instant a shadow gradually deepened over her face, cushioned carriage and tears came into her pretty blue eyes, of a luxurious and She then put the watch down, flung herself elegant woman. It on a sofa and had a good cry. The cause of this sudden grief were some words engraved on the inner lid of the watch. The inscripis permitted to sink back among the Jack to Alice, June 4, 1881." Jack tells the lieves her lover, while his friends smile elo-quently at his excuses. Jack is tortunate dies make their calls enough to have a sister Alice, but as she was and do their shop- born only two months before the date inscribed on the watch, there is some doubt of the 9-year-old child wishing to present the sweetheart of her big brother with a watch that he himself gave to her at her birth. But the little girl bears Jack out in his explana-tion, and Laura kisses them both for their

kindness. Jack, by the way, presented an-other watch to his accommodating sister last THE LATEST FAD IN DINNERS. The very latest whim is a powdered dinner. All the guests, male and semale, come with hair powdered white as the driven snow. There must be no chandelier-only tapers, covered with small sliding shades o pink silk. The powdered heads compose



She Must Shoot Her Grizzly. up delightfully under the soft, rose-colored light. The damask table cloth is decorated in this manner: Take Parma violets, remove the stems, and with very small pins work out the bottom of the cloth in violets. White roses and white lilies in low, cut-glass vases ornament the table. White boutonniers await the guests. The menu is entirely made up of white dishes-white sauces, white meats, white sorbet and white dessert. To attain the finest effect invite only dark-eyed guests. The effect is simply bewildering. Try one of these powdered dinners. The thing ought not to cost over \$10 a head—12 guests \$120—say \$150 for a powdered dinner. It's nothing for a man who puts \$10,000 in a single piece of horse-

Rich patronesses of the leading restaurand favorite waiters, who are permitted by the proprietor to tilt the chairs at such a table if they have even a suspicion that The favorite is ant to be a handsome man. and some churlish old fault finder might object that he puts his face too near to milady's while taking her order. But she doesn't object. He is no more to her

THAN A LAP DOG. She smiles her sweetest upon him, and while he is serving the tenderloin of trout or the canape lorenze, she calls the attention of her guests to the whiteness of his hands, the beauty of his eyes, the polish of his manners, and his tournure generally. Happy Jules, with his liberal fees. But all waiters can't be Jules. Many of them must content themselves with the boys and quar-

Six girls devised a scheme that was both unique and catching. They invited six gentlemen, whose good opinion they valued, to a dinner, every course of which, they promised, should be prepared—aye, cooked -by their own hands. The invitations were accepted, of course, but one condition was imposed, namely, that the cooks should receive the guests in cooks attire, and that proof positive should be given that they had actually cooked the dinner. This may have suggested to the culinary creatures some dainty notions regarding the dress of a cook, for even in the cooking class which the sly things had been attending unknown to their admirers nothing had ever been seen just like the suits they adopted for this occasion. At the appointed hour the guests were welcomed by six unusually rosy maidens in gowns that reached a modest distance below the knee, but which revealed a tantalizing bit of stocking and coquettishv slippered feet. Bodices were cut V-shape shoulders and free of ornaments, as were the hands. A bit of rich lace and a knot of ribbon made believe there was a cap, and

The toys which amused Queen Victoria

the wall stands a full-rigged ship, and near it a large red dolls' house, furnished from attic to kitchen.

DIGGING IN THE DIRT.

digging it up, and putting in a few seeds or plants—every leaf and bud of which will be watched with anxious solicitude-or if it is nly a pot or two, or a box, on a city window-

sill, it is still a manifestation of the natural love of everybody for dirt and what comes of it-a certain affinity perhaps between them and that of which they are made. All men do not want the earth, but all doubtless would like a little share of it to call their "To own a bit of ground to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing a man can do," says Charles Dudley Warner. This is one of the pleasures that come in spring and

one of the pleasures that come in spring and all of those in city homes or suburban places, who have any ground to go on, are proceeding to make the most of it during the spring passion for digging in the dirt and trying to make something grow. On all hands are to be seen the preliminary processes of agriculture and horticulture. With what buoyant enthusiasm men begin to garden, and with what cheerful unanimty they "peter out" when the sun grows not in the summer, and the weeds with ap-

palling celerity and indestructible vigor weaken their courage and abute their real.

THE PERVERSITY OF WEEDS. An amateus gardener has no show before the wickedness of weeds. Though he riseth up early in the morning and worketh until overtaken by darkness in the evening, yet still will the "devil grass," the crawling cartwheels," the malignant "pusley," the rampant rag weed, the flaunting robbers that exhaust the soil and choke the desired plants over run and make themselves dominant lords of the soil. He has a tough struggle until he discovers that a man's powers are no match for the vigor and persistence of weeds. Potato bugs, rose slugs, green flies, worms, caterpillars and the neighbors' chickens seom like small things, but their power to promote profanity, to magnify madness and to take the heart out

of the amateur gardener is something amaz-Still withal, there is a pleasure in cultivating a garden that no other work or amusement can bestow—that is, when there is not too much of it. To furnish your own table with the fruits of your own industry is a triumph to gloat over. It fills the soul of the agriculturist with a glow of satisfaction and honest pride. The peas and beans and corn and tomatoes he has raised have a fla-vor beyond the common—a sweetness and freshness that the market cannot furnish. Moreover he can enjoy the comfort and satisfaction of being

A BENEFACTOR TO HIS RACE.

If it is admitted that whoever could make two ears of corn or two bindes of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of man-kind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together, as Dean Swift somewhere wisely observes. This, as a farmer remarks, may be morally and philosophically true, but it does not fall in with financial notions, since he makes more money oftentimes on a

short crop than on a rich harvest. Epicurus, the eminent Greek philosopher, who taught that pleasure or happiness was the supreme good, did not think the best joys of life attainable without a garden. Bacon affirms that in its cultivation men find the purest of human pleasures, and Locke seconds him by saying it furnishes the fittest, sweetest and healthiest of recreations for men of business. Men of wealth reach the highest delight of living in their country homes. Men of letters find inspira-tion and recreation amid the rural scenes of country life. Carlyle, in the solitude of his farm upon the moors, had his happiest days, and has said he could do twice as much, and better work in a given time there than in London. Men of business find in a small garden and greenhouse both pleasure and

ice, and cultivate for their own health and The first bower of bliss was the Garden of Eden, where the first love story was told mid leafy groves, where birds sang joyous songs, gentle breezes set the green leaves whisper-ing, flowers dispensed luxurious fragrance, and spicy shrubs spread sweetest odors to enhance its joys. Not likely until after Eve, with a woman's craving for knowledge, ate the fated apple was Adam condemned to dig and delve for a living and Eve to keep

use outside the walls of Paradise. WHAT ADAM'S PALL BROUGHT

With the fall of Adam, which developed original sin and instituted total depravity, it is likely that the ineradicable weeds entered the world to become the untiring foes of not only the first gardener Adam, but of all others since the dust of the earth and the fruits of tilling it were invented.

But with all its drawbacks of devoncine insects, and obstinate and overpowering weeds, there is pleasure and profit in a garden—not such profit perhaps as can be measured by money, but by the pleasure of the imagination, the joys of anticipation, and the felicity that passeth understanding. As to what to plant-don't plant onions. You can remorselessly weed a bed of onions through the whole blessed summer and not have more than 20 cents worth of a harvest. Don't count upon a crop of crisp, sweet lettuce, because yours will not be prime until everybody is sick and tired of it. Potatoes are a poor lay out if time is

money, for a battle with the bugs is gen-erally a losing game for an amateur. The crops that pay him best are peas, tomatoes, Lima beans, asparagus and corn. In a recent journal women, who desire to make money at home, are advised to start a kitchen garden if they have taste and faculty that way. In every neighborhood are to be found people who want vegetables, fresh from the garden, and are willing to pay for superior quality, Women who are disposed to work in such line may find this a valuable suggestion, not only as to health, but money and a plain road to success, since choice fruits, fine flowers and fresh vegetables are always in demand and never go out of fashion

BESSIE BRAMBLE

SUNDAY CARD PLATING. Some Historical Facts That May Severely Shock Many Good People.

The Illustrated American.] Not very long ago the majority of good Christians in this country looked upon card playing as sinful in itself. It was classed with theater going and other crimes of like magnitude. But to-day good churchmen have no scruple in taking a hand at whist or euchre, or even at a friendly game of poker, i. e. a game in which the gambling feature is eliminated. Nevertheless, it must shock them to learn that in Germany card playing is a favorite Sunday pastime, even in the devoutest households. Nay, it is even told there how a venerable clergyman reproved his boys for playing eards on a week day, since they certainly had more useful work to do then, while they had all Sunday for

enjoying themselves.

Indeed, the Puritan Sabbath has never found favor in the birthplace of the Reformation, and the Protestants rely on Luther's authority for the right to reasonable ment. Further, they urge that the Puritan Sabbath is an innovation even in England, and Reinhardt, in his "Whist-scores," cites John Evelyn and Hayward to prove that in the seventeenth century, and even later, clergymen used to meet of a Sunday evening

say they were not adapted to the columns HOW IT STRIKES OTHER PEOPLE.

But while the spring poets have hard lines, the spirit of the season strikes plainer and more practical people in another way.

letter? Quick!" The letter ran thus: The letter ran thus:

I send you the money untouched. I have
convinced myself that you wished me to disappear, and I have handed the whole sum to my
chief of bureau in the presence of witnesses. I
possess a copy of your receipt signed by you,
but I shall use this weapon only when I am attacked. You wanted me to disappear. Be
calm, I do disappear. But I shall know how to
defend myself when I should be attacked.

Schelm trembled from rage and terror combined. He shouted at his subordinate "Pursue bim! Arrest him! Kill him!"

not knowing what it all meant.

"Whom? Popoff? Is the amount not Schelm recovered himself. "No! no! It is all right! I did not mean to say that. What was it I meant to say?"

His eyes were wandering around. He

The official stood there staring at him and

"A hundred thousand rubles! And a

looked like a madman. "Ohl the rascal!" he cried at last. "Petroff make haste, go to the police and tell them I had made a mistake. Tell them to stop all proceedings. Why do you stand

The poor bewildered man left the room, and Schelm fell almost fainting into an arm-

CHAPTER VI. young Lauin took place. The day before Vladimir had appointed Nicholas Popoff his secretary, upon Miller's special and emphatic recommendation. The latter, having found out that the young couple meant to spend the honeymoon on the estates which old Wernin possessed in the

The following Sunday the marriage of Crimea, asked and obtained leave to go shead and prepare everything properly. On the day after the wedding therefore, Popoff left Petersburg, after having handed his

mother a considerable sum of money, which Vindimir had advanced him on his salary. Miller went immediately after his remarkable interview with Schelm to Vladimir. He explained the change in his circumstances, which was very striking, by an inheritance he had made in Aurland. He slonged to a wealthy family there and Lauin had once upon a time known him in better class of society, and thus he readily believed the story and congratulated his friend very heartily. Both had met in a whirlwind of amuse

mir had soon wearied of easily purchased joys, while Miller had been forced to do the same by the stress of necessity, but had held on to Lanin as his last friend, even after he had been completely ruined. Toward evening of the same day on which Miller had made known this welcome change in his circumstances, he had taken the sum of 1,514 roubles and given it to his friend on the plea that he owed him this amount. Vladimir had often leut his friend small sums of money, he refused, however, to accept this amount, till Miller becoming slightly angry, forced him to consent. The man from Aurland then told him how conscientiously he had year after year put down every penny he had borrowed hoping one of these days to be able to make a return. This

great delicacy made a great impression upon anin and deeply interested him in the untion of his old schoolmate He offered Miller the rooms he had him self occupied as long as he was a bachelor leaving behind nearly the whole of the fur niture, and even introduced him at the En-glish Club where he had, up to this time, spent nearly every moment he could not be near his betrothed. As was mentioned be fore, Miller had in his early years, lived much in good society and had met here some of his earliest companions. No won-der, that when they heard of his inheritance they all recognized him again and greeted him most kindly. Vladimir, since his engagement, had a heart overflowing with love and kindness toward all men, and thus

he told all, to whom he introduced his old "This is my best triend, Mr. Miller, of Millerstown,' On Tuesday, November 2, 1849, Vladimir and Jana turned their faces southward, after ller had first been presented to the new Countess and made to promise that he would come and pay them a visit in the

Crimen.

Strangely enough Miller in consequence of his much changed circumstances, and Lanin on account of his marriage, had entirely forgotten Popoff. His name was not once mentioned. When, therefore, Miller went to spend, as he had promised, the Christmas holidays in the Crimea and found Nicholas here installed as his (riend's secretary, he was greatly surprised. not the slightest idea of what had happened between Schelm and Nicholas, but, as by instinct, he thought Popoff's presence here his intimacy looked very suspicious. When Lanin, sitting down at the table said to Miller: "I thank you, dear triend, for having made me acquainted with Mr. Popoff," the latter had simply replied by a

cool bow. At night Popoff managed to find himself a moment alone with Milier. "Believe me, neighbor," he said to him "I am here with no evil intentions, since I am as happy here as I could be at home in my own family. It is you to whom I owe everything, and I am under eternal obligations to you. My people at home need fear nothing as long as I remain in my present

position and am not attacked.' Although Miller could not understand the meaning of the last words he was at least freed from all doubts as to Popoff. When the latter noticed a few days later that Miller made no secret of his former poverty he related at dinner how very kind the latter had been to his mother, and this sympathy of a man, then so very poor, with other poor people, deeply affected Jana, so that the tears started to her beautiful eyes while Lanin cordially pressed his friend's hand. Miller gradually became convinced that Nicholas had none but thoroughly honest intentions and renewed his old friendship

and, as if fortune favored him, no unpleasant visitor interrupted them during this time, so that he became daily more intimate with husband and wife. He had very good manners, conversed well, had his share of wit and possessed an unusual stock of informa-In a short time Jana had become very fond of him and everybody liked him.

long without Rita!" The happy young couple, loving each other daily more tenderly, would have liked to prolong their honeymoon in this enchanting solitude, but Vladimir's leave of sane. And this Count Halm who passes for

MILLER BAISED THE HEAVY PORTIERE AND KNOCKED THREE TIMES. it was, a few words were whispered, and then a maid came saying:
"The Count begs to know whether the Countess will have the kindness to receive

> "Let him be so kind as to wait a few minutes," replied Jana; "how late is it?"
> "Half past 5!"

> her husband know that she was waiting for She was just buttoning the last butto of her long gloves when Vladimir entered; his features spoke of great impatience, but

"Be careful, Vladimir! You spoil my He drew back, surprised. "You do not love me any more, do you he whispered. She laughed aloud. "You men make strange demands upo us! You doubt our love if we do not spend

as much as ever; perhaps even more than before, but we need not ruffle and crumple my beautiful dress on that account,' He fell into a meditation. 'We were so happy with each other in the

"My dear Viadimir," she said, resting of his arm, "don't trouble yourself, and be ieve me that I love you with all my heart No one was happier than I was when w were alone. But here, in Petersburg, have to consider my father, my old friends

"where I cannot accompany you. During these five weeks I doubt if I have seen you three hours daily. If you are not dre you are resting or you are undressing. Dis as if I hardly knew you. If you receive at home I must stay away. Believe me, Jana,

Jana laughed again. "You are incomparable, Vladimir, and a "And now I must tell you my lord and master how I mean to spend the day. Dinner with Sophie and Countess Halm at

well. At 11 I'll come home and then we'll take tea together. How do you like my plan?" "I cannot tell you how much, my angel But let me make one little remark. Thi Rita, of whom you are always speaking, i not a suitable companion for a woman of your age and in your position; and besides

can they say against Rita?" French woman has turned everything topsy her liveries all excite attention. Her whole

of a French Secretary of Legation, who, like his countrymen, seems to think he can do whatever he chooses." "Why," replied Jana, "you develop no small diplomacy by appealing to my self love. But, remember! She is almost ugly, while I reign by my beauty. She is poor. I have a large fortune. No one will ever count me her equal. Her eccentricities arise all from her naturally gay and cheer-ful temper. You surely would not have me

"I repeat, my darling, her name is too vell known. A woman who is much talked of always arouses mistrust. Sophie and the

"Quick! Dress me as quickly as you playing. So much the worse for husbands can, for it is late!" she exclaimed, rising at like you, Vladimir. You will have to suffer It was not ten minutes later when the

when he beheld the magnificent figure of his wife, as she smiled upon him, he quickly drew her to his heart. Jana slightly held

the whole day in assuring and swearing that we love you! My dear Vladimir, I love you

and kinsfolk. Let me enjoy the world a little longer-and then we'll be so happy again in our solitude."
"Ah! that world!" he repeated sadly ners, balls, parties, promenades, and if we come together by chance I have to behave

a man who wants to live in society ought not to love his wife. If he does, it is all pain and serrow.

Rita's; next to the Princess Olga, where an important affair is to be discussed, of which shall hear something it you behave

had whistled, and he also, like Miller, had at once began a low conversation. who knows if her name is not unstained?" Jana bit her lips.

"Perhaps nothing more than that he name is on everybody's tongue. This turvy in society. Her dress, her carriages, sire to be independent. She has succeeded in charming everybody, so that her eccenwhen I see you continually in the company

be more fastidious in the choice of my friends than the Empress—who cannot get

Crimea! There the world did not part us There were no soirces, no beautiful dresse we lived for and in each other."

a reward you shall have a sweet kiss. But

'I cannot bear evil tongues, dearest, What manner is marked with an irrepressible detricities and her bold, original ways are for-given. I prize you so highly that I suffer

Miller raised the heavy portiere, behind which was a door, knocked three times and was admitted. He entered a large hall lighted by lamps that hung from the celling. In the center was a ered with cloth. Around it some 30 men

Among the youthful men a few graybeards who is always with you everywhere, is not a were visible. Before each lay a card fastened to the green cloth, which marked the seat and the name of the owner; on the table lay a second pack of cards. The assembly was evidently not complete as yet; severa places were marked, but not occupied. Ace of Clubs evidently marked the place of the presiding officer, because this card was lying between a bell and a strong box. The chair

desirable companion for a good woman. Jana went to the mirror.
"Have I not listened long enough pa tiently? But now it is enough, if you do not wish to make me angry. You know I do not like to be contradicted. Rather tell me,

absence draws near its end and old Wernin | ever so many years now for a Don Giovanni,

longed for his daughter. Toward the end of February they began to think of returning.

Popoff again went in advance to prepare a

house. He and changed so completely that lew could have recognized him. The poor

official in his shabby uniform was now a

young man of elegant appearance and the

manners of a gentleman. The name of Popoff is far spread in Russia, and thus

Nieholas could return without fear to Pe-

In the first days of March the young peo-

ple returned to Petersburg, and Vladimir immediately informed Miller of their ar-

rival. Easter week the highest of Russian

festivals, was drawing to a close, and the

balls and entertainments which usually close

Jana was sitting in her boudoir, sur-rounded by all the splendor and the luxury

the winter season were beginning.

Vladimir turned very pale. He went up to his wife and said with a tremor in his

tersburg, where he rented a superb palace in a fashionable street for Count Lanin. He "Jana, do you know what jealousy is?" She turned round quickly; her eyes flashed was permitted to lodge his mother in one of the outbuildings, although he dared not "Do not repeat that word before me! I visit her yet, even in the new home to which she had moved in the meantime. When he at last met his mother he heard with joy that no inquiries had been made after him.

look upon it as an insult. If there are women who are humble enough to pardon their husband for being jealous I am not one of them. If you love me more than all things else, Vladimir, you must never pain me again by such a mean idea! I demand not only love but esteem!"

Vladimir loved his wife passionately, and was so accustomed to see her everywhere adorned and worshiped that he now bent

his knee before her and said, deeply moved:
"What a woman you are Jana! And how
I love you and feel unworthy of you."
She held out her enchanting little foot and laughed: "Humble yourself, then, and kiss!"

of the Orient; magic odors were wafted through the air and everywhere works of highest art and best taste were visible.
Stretched out on a luxurious couch Jana
was giving her foot to a maid kneeling on
the thick carpet, who was trying on her tiny He pressed it to his lips, while she kissed him on his forehead and said laughing: "The little boot you can luckily not insatin slippers. Another maid was busy putting some white camelias into her jure! If you will only leave me alone and not contradict me, you do not know how happy we shall be." abundant raven-black hair. Near by two "So I must again dine along with Miller."

more maids were standing, busy holding other articles of ornamentation for Jana. One was doing something to her gloves, the "Is he here?" other was arranging the folds o her ball "Yes, he is waiting for me in the salon. I dress. The mistress herself, draped in a shall take him to a restaurant, for at home I can eat nothing." gorgeous morning gown, trimmed with matchless lace, seemed to be dreaming. "And you do not even tell him to come A slight knock aroused the attention of here and see me in my splendor. I have 15 some of the servants. One went to see who

minutes to spare." She rang the bell and soon Miller appeared. The way in which he entered the room showed at once the tooting on which he stood in the house. He went up to Jana, kissed her hand and exclaimed, clapping his hands in affected delight and admira-

"Is there anything r ore beautiful in the world than a fair woman in evening cos-tume? Pray turn round a little so that I may admire your side also. Vladmir, what can be grander than your wife? See how graciously she accepts homage and allows herself to be admired."

"I would not trust that goodness very far. May I venture to ask where the Countess will display this splendor?"
"At Madame de Dugar's; I shall meet Sophie von Linska and Count Halm there." "If I were Viadimir I might be a little jealous," said Miller. "This man Halm is such at Don Giovanni."
"You see, Jana," said Lanin, "Miller says what I also said and you do not scold

laughed Jana.

sarmed Jana.

"What is excused in a stranger is not allowed to you. Let drop that subject, how-ever. I leave you to my husband, for I hear you are going to dine together. That pleasure, Ly the way, you will enjoy on "Again? "Yes, indeed," she said, laughing. Lanin hung his head and this resignation

or later," she said to Lanin. "I will tell you a secret that nobody else knows as yet. This is nothing less than a conspiracy. We This is nothing less than a conspiracy. We -Sophie, Olga, Rita and I-have determined to meet once a week at Rita's; no gentlemen are to be admitted. Halm alone is expected in his capacity as secretary, but he must stav in another room. This will give us a kind of club like yours. Saturday is the first day when we meet; then we shall draw up the statutes and found the "How pretty. And then we shall not see each other on certain days at all.

whole thing to punish you gentiemen, for

your fondness for race courses and hazard

"Since you must know everything sooner

Miller broke out into uproarious laughter, 'May the whole concern go to the land where pepper grows, and the insane French woman who has invented it with it!" cried he, more in jest than in real carnest. Jana laughed now. "You can do nothing against us, husband! You had better submit to your fate and get used to it. Now, for instance, next Saturday you will not see me at all the whole

there, as I have not seen the French yet. You may expect us between 9 and 10. And now, goodby! Six o'clock! I must make haste! 'Well, goodby, Jana. Come back soon!" sighed Vladimir. "All right!" she replied, and disappeared behind the velvet portieres. Vladimir took the Courlander's arm. "What shall we do till dinner; I do not

at 8 o'clock sharp."
"That is very nice!" said Lanin, angrily. What can you have so much to do."
"I call that pretty good. Such aniosity and such egotism as you married people po sess, has no limits. You forget that I am a

think you will care to drive before 7?"
"To-day, not before 8; I have much to do

and must leave you. It you insist upon din-

ing with me, you may expect me at Dusaux,

"Well, adien, then! I shall have to take drive through town," soid Vladimir, Miller, who had already opened the door, turned back once more.
"I shall go by the theater—shall I order a 'Very well! Do so.' after leaving Vladimir's palace, Miller, hastened his steps along the canal for some distance, then turning into a wretched side

street, a mere lane, he stopped, raised the fur

collar of his closk to entirely conceal his

features, stepped into the doorway of one of

the houses and waited patiently.

He began to whistle a curious air; then ook off his sable cap, as if to smooth his hair, and began to stroke his cap with his This must have been a preconcerted sign, for after repeating it several times, he pro-ceeded on his way and entered a low tavern. Taking a seat on a bench near the window ne ordered a glass of beer. Almost at the same time with Miller, poorly clad man entered, whistling to him self, as it seemed, the same air which Miller

man arose, when Miller said to him: "Do not forget; Saturday, at the Michael Theater two decently well-dressed agents. At night I will give you the number, but there can be no mistake, as I shall sit in the same box." "All right," said the other man, bowed and went out. Miller paid the score for both, left the tavern, stepped into the entry of the next house and quickly ran up to the

A little flap in the door opened from with-

in and a cautious eye scanned the new-comer. Slowiy a latch was drawn back and

Miller was admitted. He found himself

moothed his cap with his sleeve. The last comer sat down by Miller; and

when he had his glass of beer before him he

Alter a while the insignificant looking

in an ante-room which looked like an office. Opposite the door an iron railing prevented intrusion and there stood a man, who 'You want?" "The great party." "Who are you?" "Your name as a player?" 'You may enter."

third story, where he rang the bell.

tive turn of mind recently did so, and the

A young man, Colonel of one of the regiments of the Foot Guards, rose and said:
"Gentlemen, my regiment follows me
wherever I go. For six months since the work of regeneration assembled 42 bold hearts around this table and formed this our union: I have been able to point out to them the sacred rights of man. They know a thorough influence on all the regiments of the guards; the six Colonels and seven captains who belong to us make themselves per-sonally responsible for their battalions and their companies. In this way, gentlemen

WHEN THE GRIM REAPER COMES. The Old Bellef That the Early Morning Was His Favorite Exploded. "I have often wondered, "says Dr. L. C. Berry, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, 'at the implicit belief in the tradition-for it is nothing else—that a majority of deaths take place in the early morning, just before daybreak. I have been assured by nurses that at daybreak the human system is subject to an extra strain, and that when life is nearly extinct this acts as the last straw. "During 30 years of active practice I have never seen anything to make me be-

Wonderful Ivory Jewel Casket Which Will A gentleman of New York has purchased for \$1,125 a wonderful ivory jewel casket which he will exhibit at the World's Fair. It was given to Columbus by their Majesties Elizabeth Queen of Castile and Ferdinand King of Arragon, on his return from his third expedition loaded with chains by his enemies. The casket measured in length about nine inches, and breadth six inches, and in height between seven and eight inches. There are strong traces of gilding and color which have almost entirely worn off. A female figure on top is armed with a bow and javelin. The panels on the

I wish I might say that the one great requirement for obtaining a position in a city choir is a voice. But, unfortunately, I cannot. Influence, youth, a pretty or intelligent face, taste in dress, and a good address will each and all have their value in this, as in other pursuits and professions. All of the latter, however, are of only the slightest mportance in comparison with the power wielded by the first of them—influence. In

to these Portias. And still they dress and pose with an art that takes a man right off his feet, and they dance and sing and flirt till he can't tell whether he is on terra firma or whirling through the ether in a balloon. There's where the danger is, by gad! They can shoot and fence, swing a cutlass and ride bareback man-fashion, and what if they

should turn next to politics. They're not going to stop here. What if they should rise in a body and demand to vote. By the

great god Mars! We should all give in,

every mother's son of us. When women

can quote the Constitution and crack a pis

can quote the Constitution and Constitution to in defense of it, petiticoat government isn't a great ways off. Oh, deliver us!"

Imagine the chorus of silvery laughter and the beautiful defiance of bright eyes that answer this poor old croaker. A SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE. It is now the custom for the ladies to array themselves in the delicate finery of springtime and parade Fifth avenue Sunday, but a very pretty, though not thoroughly informed young woman, scorned the latter edict of fashion and resolved to par alyze the inhabitants of the city with a sight of herself in vernal raiment. She was a re-markable picture as she floated airily along in the breeze, and the throng going hon from church was so dazzled th it stopped to watch her pass. Her head was laden with a multitudinous bunch of pink and white roses, while her dainty heliotrope gown seemed spun by spiders. No one on the avenue was quite so well satisfied as she. and, albeit she shivered slightly when th searching breeze caressed her thinly covered should have been the most striking and stylish woman on the promenade at a time when all were striving to secure that dis-

sidewalk.
"Hey, Bonesy," called one, "luk at dat."
Bonesy was looking already, and after a
moment turned with a look of supreme con-"Don't yer know who dat is?"
"Naw," was the reply.

At the corner of Forty-second street two

ragged urchins of about 10 years of age stopped short in the middle of the avenue and stared at the fluttering girl as she swept like a butterfly through the crowd on the