Char

Scene in a Bazaar,

THE VIEW FROM THE RIVER.

erations had worshiped before Michael An-

The water is blue as though colored by

the oars like pearly beads. Some caiques

Greece, or may be there is an armed attend-

ant in gorgeous vestments, a native of Montenegro—the mountain eyrie which has

AN EASTERN AMBASSADOR.

Here comes the splendid caique of an

Eastern Ambassador, curtained with shawle

or finest fabric and warm and changeful

hues. Madam l'Ambassadrice, robed with

soft raiment in wrought with gold, reclines in

derful dark eye, and looks about in eager delight. At the age of 14 she will be veiled and guarded. On her tiny hand is a flaming

The mother wears a veil of flowered gauze

through which we cannot see her features, but elsewhere I have been allowed to behold

THE SULTAN'S MOTHER.

cedar and stone, with traceries light as lace

summer houses, picture-like shapes floate

up out of the depths and resting on air.

Oh, how its beauty comes back to me now SUSAN E. WALLACE.

GOULD GROWS GLOOMY.

His Love for Russell Sage's Jokes.

Mr. Gould is said to be growing gloomy

of late. He was never a particularly jolly

Stewart in his quiet and almost embarrassed

laugh, and used to chuckle with a great

most millionaire speculators when they

reach an advanced age. It is now exceed-

ingly difficult to get the great financier even

to listen to propositions, and he has drilled his sons into such conservative habits that

instinctive antagonism. It would appear

that Mr. Gould knows when he has enough

POLLY'S DYING WORDS.

Herself for a Cent.

Philadelphia Times.]

Brooklyn Eagle.]

The Suitana Valide (Sultan's mother) is

her a little daughter.

it was carried in the march.

"The conspiracy of which you have been said Vladimir unexpectedly, who had entalking now for three months has already tered unnoticed and had heard the conversabeen discovered by some secret police. Colonel Palkin is close on their tracks. The whole merit and all the advantages thus fall again into the hands of the gendarmes. Mr. Schelm, I warn you; if this continue, you might lose your place! I cannot meddle with such matters, and it looks as if you were not equal to such difficulties. They actually accuse you of making up artificial conspiracies! I repeat, therefore, Mr. Schelm bowed very low, but did not show

any signs of fear.
"Your Excellency, the conspiracy is in our hands; to end the matter finally, how-ever, requires means which I do not possess. I do not have the whole secret police at my disposal. I have to pay high for my agents. I have spent much already of my own, but did not wish to mention it to Your Excel-

"Why did you not tell me that before?" asked the Minister. "Is there not a secret fund at our disposal? How much do you

want to-day?"
"Two hundred thousand rubles, Your Excellency. Amazed at such an enormous demand, the

Minister looked at his head of division suspiciously and curiously.
"I have spent already 50,000 rubles," said Schelm, "and in order to wind up the matter in a week I must bribe the man who is the soul of this conspiracy. He is an in-dependent man, but would not be able to resist a large sum. In that case I warrant

The Minister interrupted him. "The thing must succeed! That is abso-He took up a blank sheet of paper and be-

gan to write. Schelm, who stood near, added humbly: "Your Excellency will have the kindness to write: 'for expenses already incurred and still to come,' considering that I have

advanced money."
"Well," said the Count, writing: 'toward the discovery of the conspiracy. "What name shall we give to this famous conspiracy? How is it spoken of in the

'As the conspiracy Lanin," replied Schelm, coolly. The Minister sprang up. "As the conspiracy Lanin, your Ex-

"General Count Lanin, one of the Ad jutants-General, special savorite of the Czar, a conspirator? Mr. Schelm, you must "I am not speaking of the General, but of

his nephew, a young man, very prominent on account of his revolutionary ideas." The Minister shook his head increduously. "But are you quite sure of your man?"

"As sure as a man can be. "And this man, who has one of the largest fortunes in Petersburg, you mean to bribe with 2,000 rubles?"
"No, Your Excellency; I spoke of the

soul, the leader of the conspiracy. A man of wonderful shrewdness, whom your Ex-cellency will learn to know at the proper 'You are not mistaken, Schelm? consider A biunder might cost you dear."
"I opine your Excellency, I am not mis

aken. I assume every responsibility."
The minister wrote in big letters, "Conspiracy Lanin," and signed his name and titles, then he handed the paper to Schelm, saying:
"Now act as will be best for your advan-

tage and mine."
Schelm went himself to the treasury and drew the money; then he returned to his office. He had well 100,000 rubles in his pocket. He was only pleased with the situation and now, to crown his joy, Miller was announced.

The head of division assumed a very cool

mir to receive Miller, but Miller gave him no time to utter his phrases, and cried, even while at the door:
"Excellency, I bring good news!"

For some time already Schelm had no longer allowed Miller to treat him unceremoniously. He spoke to him as a subordinate and required to be called "Excellency

"Tell it then, quickly." The conspiracy is at last ready. at their usual meeting place."
"And how about him?" exclaimed Schelm. "I have mentioned his name al-ready to the Minister. Will he escape you

"It will be just as you wish. To be sure, I promised you 42 conspirators, guilty of high treason, and now I can hand you over

enly 11."
"Why?" asked Schelm, angrily. Miller's voice betrayed an unusually soft emotion and sounded almost sorrowful. "It cannot be helped. At the last me ment my conscience smote me. I let the small fry escape and only kept the big fish, selecting nine victims, the most dangerous, because eminent in intelligence, also in courage. But that is nothing to you. The conspiracy exists and you will yourself tremble when you hear of its importance and extent. The army, the finances and the dministration are all three represented in their ranks! Next Saturday they were all to rise like one man! It was determined to ask for reform. If refused, opinions were divided. Some were for murdering the Czar, others proposed to place themselves at the head of the army, to storm the Winter Palace and to force the Czar to abdicate! It was a splendid conspiracy! We never met with a single impediment! We conspired

under the protection of your Excellency!
Oh! It was a splendid conspiracy."
"You are right," said the Minister, "to
call it a splendid conspiracy. I'll write to Palkin at once and ask him to send me his gendarmes. What a revenge!" At this moment Miller sprang up with

wild, dark look is his epes.
"Excellency," he said, "I shall, of course, be arrested with the others; but I count upon you! You send me abroad, where I can live quietly and forgotten. Perhaps I shall be able under another sky to forget

settled long ago. But, Miller, you tell me nothing about him. You do not know how I hate him! Yesterday I met his wife and was presented to her. A splendid woman. I hate that man! Without him the whole story is nothing to me.' Miller replied: "I hope to deliver him

soon into your hands." "He is one of the conspirators is he?"

"How then will you get him implicated?" "Excellency, you know the words of a Roman Senator: 'It my shirt knew my secret. I would burn it instantle!

Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock Lina, Popoff's mother, now an upper servant in the Lanin palace, had finished her work. She had given the necessary orders and dropped, now very tired, into an armchair. Nicholas, standing by her, smiled at her.

"This active life suits you, dear mother?" "Admirably, my son. I thank God every day that He has brought us to such a master. How good and gracious he is

"And all this we owe to neighbor Miller?"
"Yes, indeed, a precious friend. But he also is better off-you know his inheritance in Courland."

"I do not know how that is," said Popoff. "Miller does not like to speak of it. There is some secret behind it."

"But to speak of another subject. My dear son, why do you never mention Helen now. Have you given her up?" "On the contrary, mother, my feelings are still the same, but there is no hurry; my po-

sition is very insecure as yet." She was here yesterday and very sad. She doubts your attachment, and her father repeats to her: 'You see, child, when he was

repeats to her: 'You see, child, when he was
poor he wanted you because he hoped to get
a good dower with you. Now he no longer
cares. That is the way with them all.'
"Dear mother, I tell you my feelings
toward Helen have never changed, and my
apparent coldness arises purely from the
desire to collect as much money as I can,
that her father may not refuse me a second
time."

tered unnoticed and had heard the conversa-tion between mother and son. "Why did you not mention that before? We should soon have removed all impediments "Oh, Count," exclaimed Popoff, deeply

Behind Lanin, Miller also had entered, As a good huntsman he did not lose sight of his game, and was a daily guest at the palace. "May God reward you a hundred-fold," said the housekeeper.
"I only regard the good deeds of your son. My dear secretary," he said, turning

to Popoff, "do you know, by chance, if my wife is at home? "The Countess ordered her carriage," answered Lina. "It has just come up. But The door opened and Jana entered in

company with a lady in a magnificent cos-tume. Popoff and Lina withdrew, with a deep bow.
"I thank chance for meeting vou on a day in which I had been sentenced not to see you at all," said the Count, half in jest

She threatened him with her finger. "Is it chance alone that brought it about? At all events I pardon you. We must not

ask too much. "Dear Rita," she said, then turning to her companion, "permit me to present my husband to you. If you wish to make him one of your admirers you must be warned. He does not like you. Permit me also to ntroduce our best friend, Mr. Miller, o Millertown,

The gentleman bowed and Vladimir began quite embarrassed to say: "But, wife, how can you-?"

The Frenchwoman, however, did nim go on; she said eagerly:
"Do not apologize! I understand your feelings. The happy man who is Jana's husband must be jealous of all who also



Schelm Gets the Necessary Money. love her and slightly claim her. I am one of them. I capture Jama now and then, and mean to do it again. Instead of being angry with me, you had better come and join us, even though it be at my house. I shall be pleased to see you there very

Vladimir bowed silently and Mme. de Dugarcy offered him her fair hand.
"You see we shall soon be reconciled!" "We'll meet you at the theater, won't

we?" asked Jana. "May I ask at what hour the ladies will appear," asked Miller.
"We cannot possibly fix the time," said Mme, de Dugarey laughing. "You may expect us between 9 and 11. We have much

to do to day." "To be sure!" said Vladimir. "In your Ladies' Club. "But now it is time to be on," said the Frenchwoman. "They will be waiting for us, I tear. Goodby."

your men in readiness. Saturday, at 10 o'clock, you can catch all the conspirators at their usual meeting place."

On the threshold Jana turned round.

"Oh, I am glad I remembered it! Guess, Vladimir, who had himself introduced to me last night at the Minister's. Mr. Schelm Why, he is a very Minister! He apologized, however, for his daring aspirations so very cleverly that I was entirely disarmed and almost repented the bad joke we permitted ourselves to play upon him. I did not know what kind of a man he is. At all events, he

is a very able man." I entirely agree with you," said her husband, and still laughing, the two ladies went out. Vladimir took Miller to his

"Did you notice," he asked there, "how anxiously the Frenchwoman talked? I fear innovations from abroad, into which she wishes to inveigle your wife. Vladimir pressed his friend's hand. "You are right. She is no fit companior

for Jana, and I dislike her very much. I do not know, but I feel as if some great mistortune was impending on us. That is childish, but still I cannot tell you how depressed and unhappy I feel!"
"You have a right to be jealous. Your wife is too much in the world, too little at home. But now, goodby. We shall soon meet again. We dine together, I hope."
"Certainly!"

Miller was busy all day long between the Ministry and the tavern, where we have seen him. About 7 o'clock he met Lanin at the restaurant and after dinner they ad-

journed to the theater.

They came just as the operetta closed.
The curtain fell amid the applause of the enthusiastic audience. The theater looked as usual. The Imperial box was still empty, but the public hoped that at least one of the Grand Dukes would yet appear. In the boxes the aristocracy of St. Peters-burg displayed its beauty and its jewels, surpassed, however, in toilets by a number of French ladies who had come to St. Peself." tersburg attracted by the wealth and the luxuries of the bazzars of Russia. In the auditorium the gorgeous uniforms of the army formed a magnificent spectacle. Officers of all the 26 regiments of the Guards; Generals in gala uniform with innumerable stars and crosses in diamonds; lancers in red, with gold and silver epaulets, while here and there a bashful black dress coat

hid itself in a corner. Between the acts Prince Max, a young "He conspire? In his presence such a thing cannot even be mentioned. The Emperor has no more faithful servant. In all Russia there is no better patriot than he is!" kindly.

At the same time two gentlemen rose who had been sitting in the front row of the pit by the side of a General covered with dec tions and looked around. Miller, who had With these words he bowed himself out of been in the front part of the box, quickly drew back and threw himself into a chair.

Vladimir handed Prince Max his opera glasses, and then, resting on the velvet cov-ered edge of the box, looked into the auditorium, nodding to many acquaintances. The him, and as they spoke loud he could hear all they said.

"How on earth did you get all these details," said one. "Simply because I was one of the chosen ones and I shall not forget it through all my life. Unfortunately, I shall never have that

pleasure again. I am forgotten and so I do not consider myself bound any louger to preserve secrecy."
- "But why did Count Halm choose you?" "He knows nothing of it. I got it through the ladies." "What self-conceit!"

"You are very much mistaken. I am no exception. It is enough to be well dressed well mannered and especially to be known in the world, to be admitted. A certain Dugarcy, a Frenchwoman, is at the head of the elub. Count Halm knows how to profit by everything. He is fully initiated, but of no weight in society.

"Viadimir!" said just then the young prince. "Look at that lady opposite us; how strangely her coffure looks." Lanin begged him to be silent. "Hush," he said. "Just listen to these men say."

Miller also invited him to come and smoke a cigar in the passage, but Vladimir begged him also not to disturb him. The thread of the conversation, however, had been broken.

At last he heard these words which seemed refer to the same subject:
"You say Batoff square, No. 17?"

"Yes. Under the pretense of playing— and there is really baccarat going on in the second story—the Frenchman has organized a kind of Ladies' Club. You know how love to surround everything with secrecy. The club took thus very well with many ladies. Count Halm became their confidant. He rented a house and does the ladies. Count Halm became their "I can hardly trust my ears when I hear

such nonsense. It sounds like a novel."

The Prince and Lanin listened with almost painful attention. Miller seemed t suffer torture. He managed to smile in redulously whenever Vladimir glanced at

"That is the romance of these fair ladies," continued the first speaker. "As to what happens in that house, who visits them during the day and who belongs to the happy chosen ones who are admitted in the evening—Mme. de Dugarcy alone can answer, and, being a Frenchwoman, no doubt the knows the mysteries of Paris perfectly. The club is, however, admirably organized. No one is admitted who does not have the watchword. 'What do you desire?' Count

watchword. 'What do you desire?' Count Halm asks you. 'The Great Partie!' you answer. 'You are?' 'Ace of Clubs.' Then the door is opened."

"But do the police permit such things?"

"The police do not trouble themselves with anything but politics. Mme. de Dugarcy is, besides, a toreigner. She stands well at court, and the ladies who visit her belong to the highest clarge of society. The relief the highest classes of society. The police do not see them."

do not see them."
And these meetings take place daily?"
No! To-night, however, an unusually large assembly is expected to meet there.
When I left home I saw the Frenchwoman, accompanied by the beautiful Countess Lanin, drive up to the door. They sent the carriage back." Vladimir sprang up. The Prince turned

"Miller, what are these men talking Miller could hardly stand up. He pressed his friend's hand.

"At first," continued the speaker below,
"I was not a little surprised seeing the
beautiful Jana in such company, but our
great ladies must always have some novhis friend's hand.

"Pray," said Vladimir to the Prince, "go to this gentleman and ask him for his card. There is mine. You know what else you have to do. I shall wait for you at

"Count upon me!" replied the young man, and went at once.
"I shall convince myself with my own eyes how matters stand," said Vladimir in a low voice. "Batoff square, No. 17, to the Great Partie, Ace of Clubs. I remember it all. Every word has stabbed my heart." At the same time he seized Miller by the arm; the latter trembled at sight of his

"I must go there-convince myself-and yet he must have lied, Miller-he must have nvented the whole story."
"Brother, I know that house!" Lanin passed his hand over his brow.

"I believe I am losing my mind. Is it a bad dream, or can it really be so? Till to-"I shall follow you, Vladimir. I cannot leave you. You know I have heard the whole story !"
"Come!" cried Vladimir, almost beside

himself. "If that man has lied I must kill him like a mad dog, and if he has told the truth—the world no longer exists for me! Let us make haste!" He sprang into a droschke. "A hundred silver rubles if you drive fast!"

The horses flew as if they had wings. The night was dark and cool, but neither of the two men noticed anything. Not a word was

"No! It cannot be true! Jana is too proud, too noble!"
"I hope so with all my heart, for your sake," whispered Miller. "But remember, her father has spoilt her a little, and this French woman " I warned you this

In five minutes they reached the bouse. Lanin rang the bell. The door opened. "I have the watchword; but, as you say you know the house, you can lead me."
"The cardroom is in the second story; we shall have to go up to the third, I suppose,

answered Miller.

In the little cell of the porter three men were assembled, who seemed to converse eagerly, but at the sight of Lanin and Miller they suddenly stopped, and one of them whispered a few words in the ear of the

"Gentlemen," cried the latter, "where are you going? "I am the Ace of Clubs," said Lanin without turning. "And I am Ace of Diamonds," added "If every Ace is admitted here, I Miller. presume they will not retuse me."
"Lanin saw nothing and heard nothing;
he did not notice Miller's strange conduct.

The porter exclaimed:
"Very well, gentlemen! Please go up stairs!" One of the three men made an entry in his notebook. Vladimir had hastened in ad-vance, and went so fast that Miller could notebook. hardly overtake them.

When they reached the third story Miller

said in a completely altered voice:
"It must be here! Ring the bell, Vladi-Lanin almost broke the bell rope; a small window opened, and the door groaned on its hinges. Vladimir rushed in like a madman

"To the Great Partiel I am the Ace of

"Trav!" said the man at the door. It was not Count Halm and this circumaroused new suspicions

"To-day it is probably another man's turn!" he hissed through his teeth. Miller was about to knock at the second door, Lanin's excitement was so great, however, that he drove in the folding doors with his foot; they flew open and he found himself suddenly in the hall where the delegates were assembled. The Ten of

spirators all turned around. Dazzled by the brilliant lights, astonished at seeing only men before him, and dumfounded by the words he had heard, Lanin stopped on the threshold as it struck by lightning. He could not master his thoughts. A moment later he recognized some of the members of the assembly.

At the same time several voices cried "What is that? You, Lanin, you are ou Ace of Clubs, Hurrah for Lanin

Vladimir was utterly dumfounded. Where am I? What is the meaning of this? Miller, explain!" Miller was as pale as death; perspiration stood in great drops on his forehead; he in-tended to reply, but was too late. The Secretary had to-day attended the door alone and let in the two friends. Now he rushed in out of breath, barely able to cry:

A saber cut struck him down; he fell cov-ered with blood. In an instant the doors and windows were broken to pieces, and through every opening gendarmes armed to the teeth rushed in and fell upon the conspirators.
Colonel Palkin's thundering voicedrowned every voice. Seize these rascals who threaten to kill

"The police!"

the Emperor! Bind them at once!" (To be continued next Sunday.) Copyright, 1890, by Meta de Vera. TRIMMING CORNS.

Blood Polsoning Often Results From Using Knife That is Unclean. People who trim their own corns should be very careful about what instruments they use. I am called upon every day, says a St. Louis chiropodist, to minister to some swollen and painful foot, which is the result of the patient having undertaken to cut his corn with a dirty razor, or perhaps the same kuife with which he cuts his pencils or his obacco, producing blood poisoning often to

BOSPORUS.

The Only Sovereign Whose Lineage Goes Back Four Centuries.

A SUNDAY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Interesting Letter From Mrs. Lew Wallace on Turkish Royalty.

SAILING ON TURKEY'S FAMED RIVER

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ! HE stranger entering Constantinople at noon might think the rushing stream of life on Galata Bridge represents a people of industrious habits and tireless energy. In reality it is one of the idlest of cities, and repose of mind and body-taking kief (i. e., lazing) is the Turk's supreme happiness. Time has no value to the Moslem. Immovable fatalism

makes the future, what-pure white, touched with pink and and the ambitions and gold, and graceful as a lily on the ver it be, acceptable, and the ambitions and ndustries of restless Christian nations are unknown to the descendants of men who ravaged the earth under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.

famerlane. the stern is a gilded peacock, and the siry Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, is the craft skims the waves like some swift bird most delightful of all the week. It is an in swimming flight. interruption to labor, if there be any, because then the Sultan makes his only outing; the whole population rouses and goes to see the one sovereign of Europe who can trace his lineage through four centuries, an unbroken succession, without the scepter once declining to the distaff, and without once declining to the distaff, and without the accession of a collateral branch. He is thirty-first ruler of the house of Othman, reaching back to Sheik Ertogrul of glorious memory, founder of the Ottoman dynasty, fragile things have no ballast but the occuwho was buried at Eske Scheher 1238.

A TRIUMPHAL MARCH. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Commander of the Faithful leaves Yildiz—Palace of the Star—mounted usually on a milk white Arabian, which he manages with a delicate and skillful hand. He wears the uniform of an army officer, without ornament except a slight dress sword. His bearing is kingly, his face thin and colorless, eyes black and keen as a falcon's; in his lofty case there is a mingling of fierceness and gentleness, as becomes the de-scendant of the most illustrious warrior of Islam, the successful wooer of the fair Malkhatoon.

Malkhatoon.

If the old Tartar blood is dominant in Abdul Hamid Second, one would not suspect it while he bows right and left, as though by lifelong contact with different races he had caught and united in himself the graces of them all. Seeing him thus we readily believe that the wearer of the sword of Othman, uncontrolled master of fifty millions, has so kindly a nature he has never signed a death warrant. His manner is al-ways winsome and gracious, in the throne-room the perfection of that subtle attraction conveyed to our minds by the word courtly -a charm far beyond the reach of mere personal appearance.

DECLINE OF PHYSICAL BEAUTY. Some of the royal family have had great beauty inherited from Circassian mothers An English artist who painted Abdul Medjid, father to the present Sultan, declared he had never seen so fine a mouth; it was a perfect Cupid's bow. Physically, the house has declined since Turkish corsairs softraiment inwrought with gold, rectines in scoured the Mediterranean country for quietude among her silky pillows, placid women worthy the name of Sultana, and and content as the cushat in her nest; beside

Imperial harem.

There must be no umbrellas opened in resence of the Shadow of God upon earth. Time was when raising a parasol in front of jewel so precious we may well believe the



The Sultan's New Palace. majesty would be the signal and mark for musket shot from a sentinel. This peaceful furling of parasols is a far away reminder of the tyranny of Amurath Fourth (1623), who opened batteries on boats impeding his view, and sent all on board to the bottom. delegates were assembled. The Ten of Hearts was in the act of muttering these words:

"Gentlemen, if the Emperor refuses, death awaits him!"

At the breaking open of the door the continuous and the bostom. Those were the days of the sword and the bostom an when summoned to appear at the Sublime before entering the presence of the despot. He it was who, amid small murders, be-

headed his chief musician for singing a

Persian air, and decreed: "Those of my illustrious offspring who ascend the throne may put their brothers to death in order to secure the peace of the world." NOT SO IMPOSING AS OF OLD. The whole ceremony of marching to the Mosque is much changed since the Oriental dress has vanished. The flowing robes crusted with precious stones, the jeweled turbans and eimeters dazzling the sight are now to be seen only in museums and treas-ure houses. Anciently the war horse of the King of a hundred kings pranced on carpets soft as plush spread along the way from Seraglio Point to St. Sophia, to be taken up and then distributed among the crowd. Still the troops are of martial and impos ing carriage-picked men of the Empire from the Soudan to Albania. Turkish cavalry has long been admitted the finest in Europe; and first among them are the Cir-cassians, bodyguard of the Sultan, whom Russell, of the London Times, called the most picturesque scoundrels in the world. They are bloodthirsty and treacherous, renowned for reckless bravery and matchle beauty of the pure Caucasian type. Even among the meanest of them you see noble, well-set heads of finest mold, testifying to unmixed blood of the most perfect of living races. They wear curious arms and silver cartridge pockets at their preasts in memory of a 25 years' struggle against Russia under their prophet chief, Schamyl, when their power was first shattered and broken.

OFF FOR THE BOSPORUS. The Sultan enters the Mosque with one Imam to offer the prayer none other is en-titled to utter. The ranking officers of the army and navy in full uniform, with jeweled orders and decorations, wait at the entrance,
The stay within is short; the half hour soon
passes, the royal suppliant reappears, remounts the fretting desert-born, the guards
close round him, the multitude cheer, "Long live the Padisha," and the immense crowd breaks away for the pleasant afternoon on the banks of the Bosporus. Formerly the Suitan spent his holiday on WASHINGTON GOWNS.

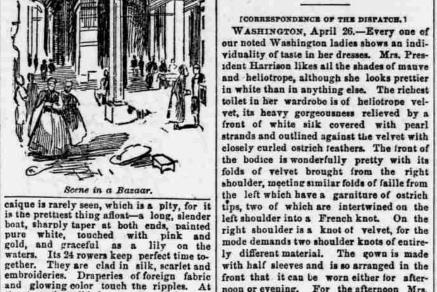
the water, but the present dispenser of crowns to monarchs leaves Yildiz only to Colors and Costumes That Delight the Leaders of Society. seek the nearest Mosque, so the imperial

BIG AND LITTLE-FOOTED LADIES.

Wives Who Use Titles in Addressing Their

Statesmen Husbands.

THE BUSTLE AND DIVIDED SKIRT



while for dinner and evening she wears it A generation ago there were 80,000 semi-decollette. caiques plying up and down, darting in every direction lightly as butterflies. Now there are less than half that number. The Few people guess the effect that one evening's wearing has on a handsome toilet. They see the mistress of the White House natives call them swallow boats. Thin planks of tulip and beechwood appear too frail to oppose any force, and the passengers standing in line for an hour or two, her rich dress tresh and elegant, and never dream that when she takes it off her maid will raise her bands in horror at the ruin of that one short evening. From hem fully half a yard up the back dirt is ingrained so that the train has either to be turned or sent to the cleaner's, whence it comes spotless, but with a soit fuzz on its surface that makes it

all the more susceptible to dust.

The stream-really a rapid river between two seas-is two miles wide. Look back at HAVOC OF A STATE DINNER. seraglio Point, the scene of imperial wars State dinners are the most rumous on and loves, the residence of masters of Byzan-tium 1,000 years before the Turks crossed into Europe. In the tideless land-locked harbor we call the Golden Horn, ironelads clothes, for in spite of every precaution the floors in the East Room are literally loaded with dust from the plants which fill the room at that time. As there is only a day bought in England are idly lying. Beyond them westward, vast and dark, is the leaden and a half given to the work of dece the dust has no time to settle before the last roof of St. Sophia, the temple where 40 gensweeping, and it certainly is a sight to see the handsome dresses after they trail through gelo, in the valley of vision, beheld against the big parlor down the corridor to the the sky of Italy the peerless dome of St. dining room. Many a woman has shed a barrel of tears over the havoc wrought by

her first state dinner.
Mrs. Harrison's maid, Josephine, takes entire charge of her wardrobe. She stays up to undress her mistress after any entertainment, and it it is apt to be very late lies down and takes a nap with her clothes on, indigo, clear as crystal, and sparkles fall off being ready for her duties as soon as her mistress appears. She hangs the gowns in are gilt, richly carved and inlaid with pre-cious woods. Perhaps the rowers are named the press for the night, and about the first sight one sees in the morning is Josephine Aristides and Themistocles, showing they have not forgotten the glory that was bustling through the rooms with the dress slung over her arm lamenting its ruin. She takes it to her little room, goes over the ground with the skill of a veteran, and always does one of three things. If not past hope she gives it a dry cleaning. If that is futlle she shows it to Mrs. Harrison, and defied the Sultan and all his hosts 400 asks her advice about sending it to the eleaner, and if it has already been to that worthy she sits down at once and turns the train, which is usually the only part the least bit soiled. Fortunately she is a needle-woman, and before the mistress of the White House took her for a maid she sewed in the Harrison family in Indianapolis for a

MRS. MORTON AND MRS. WANAMAKER. That glorious color, Venetian red, seems to please Mrs. Morton's eye above all other hades in the spectrum and she wears it in dinner and reception gowns. One sees it in her parlor carpets, in her butler's "westcut" and in the wheels of her cabriolet, her landau and her daughter's cart. That she has always fancied it is shown by the Bonnat portrait of her which hangs in her library and which was painted several years ago when she was in Paris. She is here represented in a robe of this same color and the texture of the velvet, which is the material of the gown, is warmly reproduced against the white skin. That her taste for dress is as permanent as her love for a cercolor is proved by the fact that the gown in the picture is almost exactly of the style worn this winter, cut rounded from shoulder to shoulder, the narrow sleeves falling below the shoulder points, very lit-tle trimming being used, the whole thing depending for its peculiarly elegant effect on the richness of the color and the material. It is hard to say which is the prettiest gown

in her wardrobe, although a toilet of luster-less white silk heavily garnished with pearl embroidery has received highest praise. Mrs. Wanamaker likes the Quaker shades, while her winsome daughter Minnie has a leaning toward the fairly tintless art shades of blue and pink. The toilet which is the sweetest in her whole wardrobe is also the least expensive. Any girl in the land could have it although her whole in-come might not be equal to Miss Wanamaker's pin money. It is white French foulard with little sprigs of pale blue for-get-me-nots and is made like a baby's dress.

A NOTED TOILET IN BLACK. The quaintest frock of this whole winter of galeties was worn by Mrs. John King, of Philadelphia, who was a guest of Mrs. Philadelphia, who was a guest of Mrs.
Eugene Hale for a month. She is a
widow and perhaps people admired
her the more because her life Fenr of Losing His Fortune Has Killed covered a most touching tragedy. Six years ago she was one of the Quaker City's most admired young married women. She lived with her husband and three lovely man, but he was not unlike the late A. T. little daughters in a fashionable hotel, the destruction of which by fire startled the enjoyment of a joke. Mr. Gould had a way world a few years ago. Her apartments were in the fourth story, and when she was awakened her room had already filled with smoke. Calling her husband to follow, she of folding his arms and bumping his shoulders forward when he was going to snatched her baby from its cradle, ran to the window and leaped to the ground. When deal of enjoyment over Russell Sage's saturnine comments on men and things whenever the two millionaires lunched toshe recovered she found that her husband and two children had been burned to death and that all that was let to her was the This was a year or two ago, however.

For a twelvemonth past Mr. Gould's jokes
have been few and far between and Mr. Sage does not play the comedian with as much success as formerly. It is said by his intimates that Mr. Gould has the morbid horror of losing his fortune that attacks

This was the first winter since that terrible event that she has appeared in society, and she still wore half-mourning. The gown which attracted everyone's attention was of dead black Canton crepe, made demi-train, with a fan-shaped panel at the right of white mull. The bodice was quite low, but it had an old-fashioned tucker that made one admire the sweet modesty of our grandmas, for it was exactly like they wore. It was of white mull, about two inches wide and shirred close to the lovely throat, and not a bit of jewelry or lace was worn. The womawas so lovely and her attire so modest that one involuntarily recalled her pathetic his-

ONE OF MRS. LOGAN'S GOWNS. Another lovely widow's dress was worn by

After a Thorough Roasting She Would Sell Mrs. John A. Logan at the first dinner at the White House. It was her first appearance in any but her own drawing room since General Logan's death. The dress was of A professor in the Michigan University, pinkish gray lustrous silk, so heavy that it but they are just as much breeches as the would realize the old saying, and stand kind Adam made the pattern for. It may who was on a visit to the Sandwich Islands was presented with a fine parrot that was alone. It was made with a very long train, a low bodice finished with a single flounce of able to speak a good many English words. sheer Valenciennes lace at the bust. There were no sleeves, and gray gloves were worn, reaching to the elbow. I do not think any On the professor's way home he gave the bird to a boy on the ship to take care of. The boy, thinking Polly needed warmth, put her in a close room next to the boiler. When her master went to look at her the next day he found her completely prostrated with the heat, and removing her immediately to his own state room he did his best to She did rally for a little while, but only long enough to say in a very solemn man-ner: "I'd sell myself for a cent!" A few minutes later she was dead.

that it is the proper thing for a woman to speak of her husband simply as Mr. Blank, no matter how big his title is, but dozens of no matter how big his title is, but dozens of the dear proud women can't bring themselves to do it 'They love to roll off "General" or "Colonel," and who will blame them for their little mistake. They say that Mrs. Hayes, even if talking to a prince, would call her husband "Rutherford, dear," and Mrs. Harrison has the same little shrinking at the cold, offish title of "The President." She acknowledges that it was hard for her She acknowledges that it was hard for her at first to get used to saying it, and even yet in private conversation she speaks of him as "Mr." or "General Harrison."

WOMEN ADMIRE BRAVE MEN. No matter how many titles a man has a

military one, for it suggests the thing dear-est to their hearts, a brave man. Mrs. Mc-Kee is equally loth to use the formal title. No matter to whom she is talking she always lovingly says "Father." In the im-mediate family Mrs. Russell Harrison is the only one who says "The President." They have many precedents for not using the title, for even that royal matron, Martha

Washington, always spoke of her husband as "Mr. Washington."

Mrs. Clevelaud, being a younger woman, caught up with the fad easier, and never failed either in addressing or referring to her husband to call him "The President." She endeared herself to all Marylanders folds of velvet brought from the right once by saying to Mr. Robert Garrett, who shoulder, meeting similar folds of faille from was about to lead her into a ballroom in Baltimore ahead of her husband, "The President always goes first, Mr. Garrett," tips, two of which are intertwined on the left shoulder into a French knot. On the right shoulder is a knot of velvet, for the mode demands two shoulder knots of entirematter. It was at the first state dinner she gave. She of course sat opposite the Vice President, and waiting until there was a full in the conversation she made some 're noon or evening. For the afternoon Mrs. mark, and leaning slightly forward said, Harrison puts in masses of white silk tulle, could hear: "Is it not so, Vice Priedent?" Dozens of women never speak of their lerds as anything but "The Senator," and one good lady calls her husband "The Boys' Pa," giving the sound to the "a" that sheep give when they say "baa."

MRS. RUSSELL HARRISON'S GOWN.

About the smartest gown of the season was worn by Mrs. Russell Harrison at one of the afternoon receptions at the White House. Remember, she is the blondest of blond women and yet she wore a gown as yellow as mustard. It was successful, too. The cloth was silk embossed with yellow and zouave jacket front. She wore it over a petticoat of yellow crepe as pale as corn-husks. It was laid in accordion plaits and at the throat had laces scarcely lighter than the crepe. She wore a big diamond star pendant from a strand of pearls on her throat, which is as pink as a girl's of 16, and many people who saw her vowed that she was by all odds the prettiest and best dressed woman any of the later Presidents had had in their immediate families.

The night before she was at a reception at the Postmaster General's, and a funny little incident happened which proves conclusively that she is a beauty. All the men were admiring a girl whom no one seemed to know. By men I mean men. Not the mannikins whom "swagger girls" distin-guish by the title. Even that altogether business-like gentleman, Elijah W. Halford, walked around the room to get a better view of her as she posed on a sofa with a benign old gentleman. For she did pose as soon as she caught sight of the eyes turned in

SPYING OUT THE BEAUTY. Who she was no one knew, although dozens of scouts were trying to find out. "Lovely girl, that-know her?" was passed from mouth to mouth. Finally General Harry M. Bingham, the Pennsylvania member, came into the room. He was met by a gentleman who had first discovered the beauty, and addressed him in the following manner: "Bingham, the loveliest woman on God's earth is in this room, and none of us can find out who she is. Perhaps

you'll know her."
"But where is she?" responded the Phila-"She just went into the room with an old man. Follow her quick. You can easily

pick her out." In a few minutes General Bingham returned, his rosy tace flushed crimson with triumph. "I found her the first thing, but she wasn't with an old man. She was talking with Gibson, of Maryland. I knew she must be the one you meant, for she was the prettiest woman in the room, and the minute I could catch her eye I winked at Gibshe was, and who do you suppose the beauty was but Mrs. Russell Harrison." General Bingham thought he had made

a great discovery and no one en-lightened him. He probably thinks to this day that he discovered the unknown beauty of the Wanamaker ball room. The gentleman who first accosted him gave up the search in despair and Beauty departed as

she came, unknown. FEET AND SHOES IN WASHINGTON. Women's feet are getting larger, although Southerner will take his oath on it that Mrs. Willie Allen, who danced the minuet at the Colonial ball in Richmond this year, wore No. 1 slippers—last AA on her twink-ling feet. But then she was a Virginian born and bred. Other women certainly have big feet. It is no longer a secret that Mrs. Cleveland wore No. 5 walking shoes and had her slippers made only a half size smaller, Mrs. Harrison's foot is short and plump. She can easily wear No. 3's, but she prefers a longer boot, and usually has them made half a size longer and a last narrower. She gets all her shoes made in Washington, and a little while ago she had a pair of bronze slippers made at a downtown store, for which she insisted on having heels hardly one inch high. She argued that a woman who stood as constantly as she was forced to do should never be on the stilts of a ballet

lancer. I notice that she wears them constantly at her receptions.

But she is about the only one here who shows an atom of sense in the matter. The feet look all right when they peep from under a ball dress, but it would make Anthony Comstock turn in his grave to see them when they make their pilgrimage from coupe to door. Mrs. Hawley, the wife of Senator Joseph D. Hawley, is not one of the Chinese footed kind. She is an English woman, and she wears shoes in which she can comfortably walk when making her calls, which she usually makes afoot. Mrs. Senator Davis is another woman who encases a shapely foot in a sensible boot. generous in the matter of footgear, and like ost English women they have large feet.

THE ANTI-BUSTLE MANIA. Anothersensible whim of fashion that has followers only on paper is the natural-back Plump women won't go bustleless, because they say it makes their dresses lop in too much around their feet, and thin women ob ject because nine out of ten of them are hol-low backed. Belva Lockwood and Dr. Mary Walker are therefore about the only ones who live according to nature in the matter. Some people prophesy that if Cleveland had been re-elected there wouldn't have been a bustle in the land by this time, as Mrs. Cleveland sticks to her plan of not wearing them, but the present mistress of the White House has a little roll put into every one of her gowns, which she further has helped out by one very short reed placed

ionable people are adopting here but quite on the sly. They call them divided skirts, have its drawbacks, but the girl who wears breeches is the only one who looks genuinely modish, in the straight clinging skirts of the period. Not satisfied with this innovation she

exactly 12 inches below the waist.

There is one reform fad that lots of fash-

A NEAT BRICK HOUSE

Plans for a Residence With Very Complete Accommodations

THAT COSTS BUT THREE THOUSAND.

A New Feature is a Well Ventilated Range Room Off the Kitchen.

MODIFICATIONS THAT ARE PEASIBLE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) Following are plans for a handsome brick

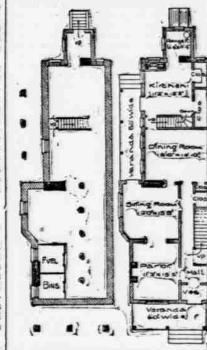
house suitable for a 25-foot lot. It has very complete accommodations including a new and desirable feature-a range room. General dimensions: Width, through sitting room and hall, 22 feet 4 inches; depth, including veranda and range room,



69 feet 4 inches. Heights of stories: Cellar 8 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet; attie, 8 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundations, stone and brick; first and second stories, brick; gables, shingles; roofs, dark blue slate. Outside blinds to windows of dining room and kitchen extension.

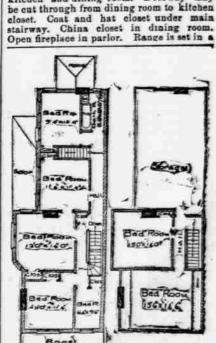
Interior finish: Hard white plaster, with plaster centers in parlor, sitting and dining room, and hall. White pine flooring in first and second stories; spruce flooring in attic. White pine trim throughout. Main stairway ash. Wainscot in kitchen. Pic-ture moldings in principal rooms and hall



of first story. Inside folding bline windows in main part of house. All in-terior woodwork finished in hard oil. Colors: Brickwork cleaned down at com pletion and repointed. Trim, outside doors

and blinds dark green. Sashes and rain-

conductors, Pompeian red. Veranda floor, seal brown. Veranda ceiling, vellow stone Gable shingles dipped in and brush coated with brownish stain. Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar under whole house, the floor plans. Cellar under whole I with inside and outside entrance. with inside and outside entrance. Iwo rooms and hallway finished in attic. Skylight set in roof over hall. Width of house suitable for 25-toot lot. This design would appear well as a double house. A back stairway conveniently accessible from kitchen and dining room. Doorway may



small, well-ventilated room off the kitches proper, which prevents over-heating of kitchen and keeps odors from the house Sliding doors between parlor and sitting

room. Cost: \$3,000, not including mantels, range

and heater. The estimate is based on Ne York prices.

Feasible modifications: Heights of stories, sizes of rooms, kinds of materials stories, sizes of rooms, kinds of materials and colors may be changed. Open fire-places may be introduced in sitting room, dining room, and three bedrooms, or all open fireplaces may be omitted. Sliding doors, part or all plumbing, part or all of side veranda, and attic finish, may be omitted. The one-step platform at foot of main stairway may be omitted the science. main stairway may be omitted, thus giving more space to front hall. Two front bedrooms on second story may be combined to form one large room. R. W. SHOPPELL.

IT WAS KEMMLER'S LIKENESS. A Woman Who Once Knew the Murdere Faints at a Wax Execution Scene,

New York Morning Journal.] A woman's shriek startled the hundreds o visitors to one of the dime museums yester day afternoon, and a handsome, well-dressed woman fell to the floor in a faint. The lady had hardly glauced at the group entitled "Execution by Electricity," in which the principal figure is a life-like rep-resentation of Kemmler, the Buffalo mur-derer, when she shieked and swooned. The lady was Mrs. Adam W. Goss, the

reaching to the elbow. I do not think any one ever saw a more queenly woman than Mrs. Logan as she marched down the long red corridor, her white hair piled a la pompadour on her shapely head and her pale cheeks glowing as she recalled the time she had made the same journey on the arm of the man whom she always speaks of as "The General."

That makes one think of what women call their husbands. Of course everyone knows stissified with this innovation she innovation she wears black silk gauze underwear which fit wite of a merchant in Bufinlo. In giving an explanation of her exettement and agitation, Mrs. Goss said: "Kenmler used to work for my husband, and I knew him well coils like a watch spring, which give with dealing chair, with all the paraphernalia of the leg as the skin gives to pulsations. She's a healthy girl and keeps right up with the procession in the matter of style.

Miss Grundy, Jr.

The lady was Mrs. Adam W. Goss, the wite of a merchant in Bufinlo. In giving an explanation of her exettement and agitation, Mrs. Goss said: "Kenmler used to work for my husband, and I knew him well. When I saw his figure sitting in the death-dealing chair, with all the paraphernalia of an electrical execution surrounding him, their husbands. Of course everyone knows