

THE WAY TO WEAR CLOTHES.

As Much or More Depends Upon This as Upon the Make Up of the Garments-Ideas Drawn From the Stage-The Suggestiveness of the Suit.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCELL After all that has been said and written in regard to individual style; in seeking out that style, then selecting to suit it (and

> est supporter than "Yours Truly," yet, is there not quite as much in knowing how to wear one's clothes as there is in knowing how to select them? Is it a certainty that one style is more becoming than any one of several others could be made to be? If so, let some one

please "rise and explain" how it is actresses can adopt any style with equal grace and becomingness. Have we not all

seen such an one in a cast of character requiring a slender, clinging, long-waisted, long-trained toilet, a la Bernhardt, upon one occasion; and upon another, representing a living exponent of a Holbein subject with her waist relegated to her arm-pits, her dress short, full, ungored, undraped, and as opposite to the first fairy-like creature as pictured types of beauty depicted by an artist of a modern French school are to the

old Dutch masters?

The wonder of it all lies not in the spec tacular effect of these styles (for we women know form is more made than born, softly be it spoken), but in the manner of wear ing; in the infusion of that subtle, intangible, indefinable element which makes the material a part of the wearer, giving to it life, character, influence.

A LESSON FROM BERNHARDT.

Those of us who have seen the incomparable Bernhardt will always remember how much a part of her graceful self seemed her train. How alive, sinuous, and instinct with reason appeared those yards of inanimate material, never under foot, never more



The Tailor-Made Gown.

of an impediment than were her expressive hands; but, like them, largely assisting her significant eyes to translate intelligent French into intelligible English. This art belongs to the profession, you say. Well, is it not the degree we may take? Would such study be a waste of time that could be more profitably spent? I think the game would be well worth the candle, for where is the profit in buying expensive clothing, then making a deed for our house and lot to a conscienceless modiste with a foreign name to get it manufactured into fashionable shape, if we don't know how to wear it to the best advantage? I tell you more women look like carleatures of the ideal than is realized, (more is the blessing!) so many seem to have gotten into clothes belonging to someone else, so at variance are they

It is no unusual sight to see persons who seem to be trying to get away from their clothes, and sometimes the clothes seem to be making a determined effort to keep up with the wearer and to keep on; but, again, clothes and person seem to be at logger heads, pulling in opposite directions, especially at the waist line, where the basque should fit so snugly over the skirt as leave no line of demarkation, unless this effect be a part of the plan, in which case trimming is adjusted so as to tell where the one leaves off and the other begins.

HOW CLOTHING SUGGESTS.

In the suggestion which a dress convey lies the charm, There are several equally attractive ways of dressing and each if consistently carried out, attracts in its own way by its peculiar suggestiveness. To enumerate: There is the close fit with everything trimly buttoned up; the little stiff shirt front, collar and cuffs; the nobby hat and tightly furled parasol which would scarcely be hoisted when occasion required since that would be a departure from the original idea of primness. This whole toilet suggests a precision which a touch would imperil, and guarantees an unhandled, unapproached and provokingly self-possessed personality. Such a one is the tailor-made girl of our such a one is the tailor-made girr of our illustration. Her dress is made of blue and brown shell and plaid, the back is pleated and the front laps well over to the left side. The undershirt is of brown camel's hair the undershirt is of brown camel's hair to be the content. serge, the jacket has a vest of white corded For gowns after this model the present season's supply of cloths, flannels, and suitings,

ders, is much in excess of any season pre-In sharp contrast to this precise style comes the careless, lopped on, who-cares-how-it-looks toilet. The blouse waist is denned for comfort, and the straight full skirt for convenience. The round full throat bared that breath may not be fretted. The sakles are untrammeled by a long skirt friends, or 25 cents each from a quartet of that the wearer may move with perfect freedom. Everything about this costume sugnether than the sakles are untrammeled by a long skirt friends, or 25 cents each from a quartet of friends. Just one penny—only this and nothing more—is the indispensably "swag-The skles are untrammeled by a long skirt gests a warm, vigorous, well-put-together | ger" essence of the fad.

plaids, stripes, figures and bor-

being; the sort of wholesome humanity

COURAGE AND STRENGTH are sufficient adornment. An ideal suit this, in which not merely to exist, but to live, move and have our being, during a summer out of doors; alike suitable for

this theory has had up to date, no more earn-est supporter than

Still another style in equal contrast to both these, and more bewitching than any,



What the Season Calls For is that adapted to soit clinging draperies which follow the natural outlines of the form; the hair worn loose or half caught with a drooping flower, as represented in the old-fashioned picture marked "A Lady," the shoulders hardly covered by the lace drawn over them. No exposure, but everything denoting unstudied grace. The charm lies in the seductive self-conscious insecurity about it all. Apparently at a touch the draperies would unwind; a kiss would bring down the hair.
The fact that both hair and drapery hold
their position is assurance that neither
touch nor kiss has been given; but it would
be so easy. Ah, well! All so very attractive, isn't it?

MEG.

COST OF WOMEN'S DRESSES.

The Little Angels That Always Look Pretty on \$300 a Year. New York Sun. 1

There are plenty of women who dress and dress well on \$300 a year, but they don't wear tailor dresses, or, if they do, one gown in the course of two or three years is indeed a great luxury. They are rather the tasty, observing, deft-handed little women who trim and dye and make and remake their dresses, with the aid of a seamstress, and trim their own jaunty little hats from models seen in the shop windows, and they don't have their shoes made at all, but buy them at the cheapest place they can find. And those women are remarkably welldressed and genteel-looking individuals, for they usually have that happy knack of wearing their clothes well, which is indeed a gitt of divine Providence quite as much as is a voice like the great diva's.

Five hundred dollars will give a woman of good taste and judgment a handsome dress each season, with its requisite accom-paniment of gloves, bonnets and boots, and enable her to look like a lady born on all occasions if she has the faculty of lending a hand in the fashioning of her cheaper gowns, remodeling the old ones, and directing the less expensive mantua makers in the construction of traveling and street gowns. And such a woman, despite her reputation for extravagance, could give any man points on economy that would make

his head swim. The Thing for an Outing. A cool, pretty, and becoming hat for the athletic out-of-door girl of the season is



THE FRIENDSHIP RING.

of the Straits. Detroit Free Press.] Your Detroit maiden encounters a friend on the street, in the stores, at church, in her home-anywhere, everywhere-and imme-

diately prefers a request for a penny. "A penny!" you exclaim. "My dear Miss Dorothy, why, yes-of course. But w-what in the world do you want of a penny?"

Then the merry maiden laughs and explains that when she gets around to an even 100 friends and extracts from each one of them the coveted penny, she darts into the nearest jeweler's and buys a friendship ring.

And what is a friendship ring?

Merely a ring of fine gold wire with "friendship knot" attachment. It sells for \$1 and every one of them that you see on the Detroit girls' fingers represents 100 friends who have been assessed 1 cent each. It won't do to accept 10 cents each from ten

A HANDSOME WEDDING GOWN.

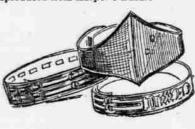
The Latest is Something of a Novelty bu Certainly Plensing.

is the latest thing in a wedding gown, which, despite the multiplicity of nuptial toilets, is indeed a novelty. The materials are of satin, and poplin, of course, in the conventional color and the trimmings rare old lace of priceless worth. The court train 334 yards in length to be carried by pages is of poplin lined with satin, and has

one corner turned up, on which reposes a huge bunch of orange blossoms.

The bodice of poplin has high sleeves and Medici collar of the same material, the latter lined with lace. Across the front of the bodice fell a drapery of lace and a wreath of orange blossoms, while the exquisite lace petticoat, lined with satin, fell over a ruchng of orange blossoms.

Handsome Leather Belts. The costumes that will be all the rage this season need belts, and the furnishers have designed some pretty ones. Here are three reproduced from Harper's Bazar:



TRIUMPH OF THE CATERER.

Newadays He Can Send a Meal to Your Flat and Have it Fresh.

Brooklyn Eagle.] The caterers have now advanced their business to such a point that they can serve an admirable dinner in a flator apartment at any hour's notice and the diner cannot tell that the meal was not cooked in the house. Oysters are opened, packed in ice on plates, precisely as they are to be served, clamped in flat tin boxes and delivered all ready for the table. Bouillon is also sent packed in ice and so are the creams and salads. Terrapin or lobster is delivered in a chafing dish, so that all it needs is a lighted match. Then it can be set on the table and served exactly as it is at Delmonico's. Game is prepared for the fire with a card attached giving instructions to the amateur cook for warming it up.

The caterers have in a word solved the

problem of housekeeping made easy—but not cheaply. Their prices are enormous and the premium on laziness is in propor-

Russian Leather Gloves.

Ladies who rejoice in the pungent perfame of Russia leather will welcome a glove made of this odorous kid. The leather works up well for the chevrette style, and makes a soft and elastic as well as a delightfully perfumed glove. The latest even-ing glove is made in pale lilae suede with stitching of black French cotton. Biarritz gloves for children, made without buttons, will be found useful, as they draw on and off with ease, and fit with the loose comfort that a child enjoys.

Making Gowns for the Judges. One woman has made the silk gowns of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court for the past 40 years, and she gets \$100 for each one of them. They are all made alike, the only difference being in the mate-rial, the Chief Justice wearing black Chinese satin, while his associates are robed in black silk. The Chief Justice always wears a new gown when he swears in a President.

A Pretty Jet Bonnet. The following is one of the latest designs in jet for early summer wear. It is taken from Harper's Bazar:



Women of the Supreme Court. Miss Carrie Burnham Kilgore, of Phila delphia, has just been admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. sought for or obtained this distinction. The other three women practitioners are Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Laura De Force Gordon, and Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, of Ne-braska.

HOW TO TAKE STIMULANTS.

It is Always More or Less Isjurious to Take Liquor Without Food.

New York Star. 1 Any honest physician will admit that the primary action of alcohol, the incitement of body and mind to make their best effort, cannot be prolonged; in general the first dose excites mentally and quickens the circulation; then ollow relaxation and depression. It vitality is so far exhausted as to require this sharp recall, combine with the spirit some absolute nutriment which will not tax the organs of digestion. Several are well known. The gravy of beef cooked rare; a thick beefsteak broiled rare, deeply and closely scored with a sharp knife on both sides and then squeezed between two platters or in a lemon press; the juice of clams, fresh oysters broiled, roasted, or even raw; a cup of cocoa or a glass of milk containing a teaspoonful of phosphates, a glass of cocoa extract or wine, some fine raisins or fresh grapes, some

chocolate eaten with fruit. As soon as possible follow this with a substantial meal of beeisteak or chops and some bread and fruit, and rest as soon therebe received by the system. It is always more or less injurious to drink liquor of any

kind without eating some substantial food. SHE WAS A MASCOT.

Extraordinary Fortune of Mrs. Millais, Ex Wife of John Ruskin.

Mrs. Millais, wife of the famous artist, and ex-wife of John Ruskin, is said to be the happiest woman in all France. By the painter she is regarded as his mascot, his luck having changed almost immediately after her divorce from the art critic. Her hus-band is worth over \$1,000,000 and the model and inspiration of his pictures lives like a royal princess, followed by a staff of artistically dressed servants and sur-rounded by every luxury that money and skill can devise

In face and figure she is still beautiful and her manners and accomplishments are most captivating. There are Oriental couches in all the apartments, and so beau-tiful are her Greek dresses and so graceful her poses that every one is an artist's study.

ELECTRIC Portrait Copying Company, 10 and 12 Sixth st., copy and enlarge photos in crayon, water colors, etc.; best work;

IRISH RURAL MAIDS.

The Duchess Sketches the Typical Heroine of Her Novels.

A SLAVE TO THE FARMER'S WIFE. Diversions in Church on Sundays and

Dancing on the Road.

FROM BIG HOUSE TO LITTLE CABIN

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The Irish peasant woman—I allude to the laboring class—is, as a rule, an almost fixed one, distinctly respectable, both in mind and conduct. While still a little slip of a Arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye Arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye arrah look at him arrah one, distinctly respectable, both in mind and conduct. While still a little slip of a work. She is then draughted from her mother's cabin into the house of the nearest farmer, there to learn how to milk cows, clean pans for the dairy feed vice. clean pans for the dairy, feed pigs, see to clean pans for the dairy, feed pigs, see to
the poultry and the eggs, boil potatoes, cabbage and bacon, and learn besides to wash
and dress the "gossoons" (little bays) and and dress the "gossoons" (little boys) and the "colleens" (little girls) of the family; and, in fact, do all that has to be done in the house, helped, of course, by the mistress,

Barefooted and with the short blue flannel skirt that they weave themselves with a small handloom, and that reaches barely up (a coarse porridge) and boiled potatoes. to the knee at first, and becomes considerably above it as youth asserts itself and the inches grow, our little heroine scrambles through a long day's work-in a slipshod fashion at first, no doubt, and with many an round her to find a place for her in som angry word from the mistress and often an indignant push. But time rounds all things, even the hardest pebble, and after a while the small, insignificant creature becomes even the hardest pebble, and after a while the small, insignificant creature becomes somebody—"The Girl." At first she was only Biddy, or Kitty, or Maggie; now she is "The Girl"—a great distinction. All through the week she labors cheerfully, merrily, with a jest for every one and a sweet word always for the babies. IN SUNDAY ARRAY.

And now comes Sunday, that blessed day of rest, without which surely the world of toil could not have lasted. In its institu-tions lies an infallible proof to my mind of the divinity that shapes all our ends, that rules the earth, and reduces the sea to its limits, and guards and regulates each movement of each pigmy who struts his movement of each pigmy who struts his little hour upon our human stage. Well, this Sunday is the one recreation of the poor, both in town and country. But with the country only I am dealing now.

Our little heroine with the first streak of dawn rises, flings aside the toil-worn garden, the country of the rest week.

dawn rises, llings aside the toll-worn gar-ments she has worn during the past week and will wear for so many weeks again, and dons a new skirt, of the same texture and hue, however, and (this is the crowning glory of her toilette) encases her feet that for six long days have run uncovered in stockings and laced shoes. To appear in chapel without shoes and stockings would e indeed a disgrace. One must save, starve, scrimp to go decent to mass on Sun-day! And surely there is much to be admired in this regard for decency, this de-termination to appear in one's best bib and tucker on the Lord's day, to do honor to

And now arrayed in Sabbath clothes, away to the parish chapel—a bare, bald edifice, situated close to the little village that hangs over the sea on a picturesque spot that is dear to me for a thousand reasons, that I was born there among others. Up over the trees of the schoolhouse rises the spire of the church, an ancient cathedral dedicated to some old Irish saint whose name was St. Faughnan, and whose image carved in stone is sunk in the wall beneath the beifry. The crows caw all day long in the schoolhouse trees, and the two bells, chanel and church, commingle as the Protestants and the Roman Catholics all stream down from the hills that adorn the little seaside town on all sides to their several places of worship.

THE HAPPENINGS IN CHURCH. Our little heroine, now a pretty "colleen bawn" of 16, makes her way, accompanied by throngs of friends, all Roman Catholics, to the chapel, there to hear Father Jerry, or Father Michael, or Father John, as the case may be, mumble through the Latin prayers, that not one member among his congregation can understand. She kneels, she sits, she glances round her, she works through her 'beads' most systematically and earnestly. and having done her duty, rises to go out into the churchyard, where, having before service sprinkled herself with the holy water in the stone outside, she now feels herself free to receive the attentions of the "boys," who, if she is pretty, as many of the peasants are. will surround her, and pay her extravagant compliments.

At times, however, the service within does not end thus tamely. A "great divarsion" occurs that fills all hearts with a delightful expectation, As, for example, when the priest is known to be about to denounce from the high altar some culprit among his flock. The unlucky or guilty one has during the week forgotten to pay his "dues" (money collected from the parishioners according to the amounts of their several incomes, which with fees in weddings and funerals make up the priest's stipend), or else has defrauded his neighbor, or stolen comething he is determined not to return, or otherwise broken the law. Breathless is the excitement as the priest arrives at that point when his denunciation may be exprit's friends and relatives. The culprit himself has generally a bad cold or a headache on these occasions and is confined to his own house or cabin.

THE CULPRIT WILL HEAR IT. This fact, however, does not stay the priest's wrath. He well knows that every word he utters will be carried home to the criminal by his neighbors and will rankle there until remorse and the fear that his spiritual pastor and master will refuse to arrives drives him to make confession and pay what is stolen or owing. After this desome bread and fruit, and rest as soon thereafter as possible. Unless there is entire collapse it is unwise to depend upon the action of stimulants. When it seems impossible to avoid their use take also some digestible bread, a cracker or simple cake, and eat a plain, nutritious meal as soon after as can be received by the system. It is always to the neighborhood where it stands. It means the neighborhood where it stands. It means the neighborhood where it stands. s square spot where four roads meet, and the "pattern" means simply a "dance." Here all the young people meet on a Sunday or a holiday, and, a circle being formed by the onlookers, trip it to and fro upon the hard and dusty road with all the deter-mination and twice the gusto that one may see in a polished and fashionable ballroom. Of late years this custom, that was very pretty and harmless and innocent, is dying out; but I remember my father telling me of a very celebrated old peasant (Flaherty was his name) who was master of this ceremony for miles round; who used to attend

every pattern to direct the proceedings, and who on week days was what might be called the dancing master of the entire district. All odd hours, minutes, moments even, he was attacked on all sides by men and maidens filled with a laudable desire to emulate Terpsichore. His method of teach ing was a novel one, and as it may be or use to modern and fashionable teachers I give it

A PICTURESQUE DANCING MASTER. It was simple as it was elegant and effi-cacious. Round the right blue-stockinged leg of his male pupil he would bind a small rope made of hay and then commence opera-tions. He would first tune up the bagpipes he invariably carried under his arm, and

then bid his pupil step forward. The first notes of the jig were played; the pupil, filled with ardor on hearing the beloved pipes, would begin a grand and no doubt picturesque war dance all his own, but he is stopped by a stern reprimand from Plaherty.

stopped by a stern reprimand from Flaherty.

No; he must conform to rules.

"Now, thin, me boy," says Mr. Flaherty,
"ve'll do as I bid ye, or I'll be off to Kitty
Mahoney's house, who's dead bate for the
want o' me this minnit, an' the natthern to
be at her cross next Sunday. Whin I play
the fifth note ye'll rise upon 'sougaun' (hay
rope) an' at the seventh ye'll sink upon
'gad;' and now begin, an' to the divil wid
ye if ye can't do it before one-half hour is
up."

And now the screech of the pipes begins.

The famous "Rakes o' Mallow" is in full swing, but above and over all sounds the voice of Misther Flaherty yelling at his

PRETTY PICTURE IN THE BOADWAY. Well, you must make a picture for yourself of our Irish peasant footing it gaily to and fro on the hard road with her partner the farmer's wife, who works as hard as her opposite to her, and a little crowd surround-maid. For this our little enterer into life ing them, making a ring, as it were—s receives but poor wages, or, perhaps, no wages at all for the first year, her keep and houseroom and permission to learn being accounted equivalent to a salary of late. accounted equivalent to a salary. Of late years, however, the latter arrangement has fallen through, the salary, however small, being always demanded, and with justice, too.

Barefooted and with the short blue flannel about half naked and with nothing in their pretty, round little stomachs save stirabout

> However, to get back to our heroine. When she has learned all she can from her first mistress—the farmer's wife—that is, how to boil and wash, and how not to break plates and dishes, her mother instantly looks that little, wild, and ignorant specimen of humanity, and when the latter has absorbed humanity, and when the latter has absorbed all that she can learn and when her mistress has become accustomed to her, and might responshly be supposed to expect some comfort from her, the girl calmly gives her warning, and, aided and abetted by her mother, leaves her "to better herself." So the poor farmer's wife is left to commence all over again—to take in another girl, who will undoubtedly take her in in the same manner a little later on.

> AT THE LANDLORD'S HOUSE. It is, in fact, a general "merry-go-ound," and being expected on both sides, is seldom resented by the farmer's wife. The landlord's house is the one chosen by the girl's mother for her next venture, if by any chance an opening there presents itself
>
> —"the big house," as the tenants usually
> call it. Here our heroine begins as kitchen maid, grows (if she proves a good girl) to under housemaid, from that in process of time to upper housemaid or parlor maid, or perhaps is given over to the young ladies of

> the family if she proves handy with her needle and develops a good appearance.
>
> As a rule, however, their servitude en-dures but a short time. The laborer's daughter, happier than the daughter born in the grade above her—namely the farming class—can marry as fancy dictates, and long before youth has ceased to be a joy she gen-erally meets her mate, a stalwart laborer, in all probability, on the landlord's farm, and marries him. She leaves her comfortable quarters as housemaid to be mistress and wife, and, as "Artemus Ward" would have it, a very "numerous mother" in a small, comfortless cabin—there, indeed, to rule supreme, if that is any amelioration of the discomfort that awaits her to her life's end. If the Irish peasant woman, however, marsuch compensations as accrue from a good and faithful husband and a quiver full of those small creatures who make life blessed

THE DUCHESS. CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS. Why the Mongolian Persists in Sleeping With

His Head to the East. Ladies' Home Journal. 1 It has often been a matter of conjecture why a Chinaman should be so particular in sleeping with his head toward the east When at home, or traveling, or visiting, the Celestial, if among strangers, exercises no little care to avoid sleeping in any other position than the one which he has been brought up to look upon as the most correct

and healthful to his mind. According to the Chinese superstition it is exceedingly dangerous to sleep with the head toward the setting sun. The sleeper might justly fear darkness, unhappiness and death; that is, of course, if he is a believer. From the north comes coldness, loneliness and barrenness, and to sleep with his head in that direction would be to bring down upon himself and family these products of

the pole.

The south signifies passing glory; a limitation of wealth, health and happiness, Therefore, that is extremely undesirable But to the east—the source of the rising sun in all its splendor—is where the Celestial looks for all his good gitts. From it come (so he believes) light, life, wealth and happiness. No misery, or wretchedness, or want can come from the glorious east, so he must sleep with his head in that direction in order to get the full benefit of the good gifts which will come to him.

Often, in traveling, Chinamen carry a mariner's pocket compass, in order that, when the time comes to retire, they may dis-cover which way to point their heads. If they make a mistake and sleep the wrong way, they are likely to lose just so much way, they are likely to lose just so much health and happiness. With a dead Chinaman this is reversed; for we believe that after death the body has nothing to lose, and the head, therefore, is placed before the

THE CHINESE INVENTED IT.

Like Civil Service Reform the Xylophone Came from the Celestinis.

New York Mail and Express.] "The xylophone is generally looked upon as a modern instrument," said a Brooklyn musician yesterday, "but the Chinese 'fang hieng' corresponds with the instrument we now use. It was made of 16 slabs of wood of oblong shape and of equal length, but of different thicknesses, laid on a wooden frame. As long ago as 2000 B. C. the Chinese had an instrument made of 16 pieces of 'yu,' a peculiar kind of stone which polishes easily, is of a beautiful color, and gives out an extremely sweet sound when struck. These pieces were hung on a frame and toned to Chinese inter-vals called "lu," of which there were 12 in the compass of an octave. The instrument was called a "ikang," and was played by striking the stone with a wooden mallet. It was only used in religious services, and was "The modern xylophone is now quite com-

mon. Formerly they were to be heard only in some of the theaters. Now you find them everywhere, most of them being of a cheap grade. I get \$15 for the instruments I make, but you can buy them for as little as 50 Horrid Torture.

This is often felt in every joint and muscle of the body by turns, by people who, experiencing the earliest twinges of rheumatism, neglect to arrest the malady as they may easily do with Hostetter's Stomach Pters, a professionally authenticated remedy for the agonizing complaint. Recollect that rheumatism unchecked often lasts a lifetime, or abrubily terminates it when the malady attacks the heart. The Bitters also remedies chills and fever, dpspepsia and liver complaint.

BEAUTY ON HORSES.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KEEP A STEED

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.] WASHINGTON, May 10. HE equestriennes of

the capital are numbered by hundreds. You see them in parties on every country road about Washington, and their fresh young faces glow as they ride across country, leaping hedges, jumping ditches and following the wild paper chase. The last administration set the fashion for out-of-door sports. Mrs. Whitney and her husband patronized the Country Club, and the diplomates joined in with her in the encourage-

Cleveland distributed prizes of diamond horseshoe scarf pins, and nearly every mem-Mrs. Davis.

ber of Cleveland's

Cabinet rode. Secretary Fairchild had a good horse, and ook a turn in the country daily. Secretary Whitney donned a riding costume every afternoon, and even Justice Lamar, who was then Secretary of the Interior, pottered around Washington on a pot-bellied horse, The President mounted a horse now and then, and Mrs. Cleveland took some rides from her country seat. Bayard was an ardent horseman, and his daughters accom-panied him in his rides across country. I remember seeing Kate Bayard dashing around the ring at the race track one season and leaping the hurdles and ditches of the steeplechase.

SENATORS' WIVES WHO RIDE. The craze started then has since steadily grown, and there are now 500 thoroughbres saddle horses in Washington and fully 200 maidens are out riding every week. It seems to me that the girls have better com-

plexions than they have ever had before, and the sallow, doughy, pasty faces of Washington society are fast disappearing. You will find no better complexion in the world than that of Mrs. Senator Davis. Her tace is a beautiful one, and its skin is as soft and fair as that of a baby, and her cheeks shine with the roses of the fairest maidens of Dublin. She has so much color in them that people have charged her with painting, but this is slander. She uses no rouge and her only cosmetics are horseback riding, good walking and a love for oatmeal

porridge.

She is one of the finest looking equestriennes of the capital, and her tall, Juno-like form, perfectly rounded, shows to good advantage in her riding costume of black jersey. She has her own ideas about her clothes, and her riding habit is made a la princess, with a doubleskirt, and it fits her form like a glove. She does not wear riding trousers like many of the cicle. riding trousers, like many of the girls of Washington, but she has a costume of her own under this skirt which ands in his transfer of the fively companions of future paper chases.

Mr. Bancroft has not been riding much this year, and the long rides which the paper chases. own under this skirt which ends in high top boots. She is a good rider, and she has a number of sisters among the Senators' wives who sit their horses well. Mrs. Senator Hawley learned to ride in England. She has ridden after the hounds, can jump as wide a ditch as any woman in Washing-

ton, and often rides out with her soldierly OFFICIALS IN THE SADDLE.

Mrs. Senator Spooner is frequently seen riding along with the Honorable John. A horse is no new thing to her, for she and Senator Spooner have ridden together for a score of years and they enjoy their gallops just as much to-day as when they were mar-



A Historian on Horseback. ried. Senator Edmunds frequently rides out with his daughters. He has good horses, and sits erect whatever be the gait. He wears a slouch hat when he rides, and even his white beard cannot give him the dignity on horseback that he holds in the Senate. Senator Sherman rides occasionally, and there are a number of Congressmen who get their open air exercise on horseback. Tom Bayne is a good rider, and both Mr. and Mrs. Representative Hitt love the saddle. Mr. Hitt has seven fine thoroughbreds in his stables, and Don Cameron has a number of good horses and both he and Mrs. Cameron ride them. Mrs. Cameron is a good rider. Her figure is trim and she sits a horse well.

I have not yet seen President Harrison or horseback, and President Cleveland, though he was a member of the riding school, took but few horseback rides. Arthur rode every day, and James Buchanan used to go dash ing about Washington on horseback with Harriet Lane. Uncle Jerry Rusk, the Sec-retary of Agriculture, has a tall Kentucky horse which he rides almost daily, and he sits his steed like a Centaur. The Vice President's daughters are all fond of horses, and take their regular riding lessons. Vice President Morton frequently rides out with them. Secretary Blaine's daughters are good riders, though I doubt whether they can manage their steeds as well as the Bayard girls did. Blaine himself I have not seen on horseback lately. Postmaster General Wanamaker has a mouse-colored mare upon which he sometimes accompanies his daughters in their rides.

SOME NOTED STEEPLECHASERS. Two of the most daring equestriennes of the capital are Miss Ethel Chase Sprague, the daughter of Kate Chase Sprague, and Miss May McCulloch. Both of them sit Miss May McCulloch. Both of them sit their horses as though they were a part of them, and both of them can ride faster, jump further and dare more than any girls in Washington. Ethel Chase Sprague learned to ride when she was in short clothes. Her father had a number of Shetland ponies at his home at Narragansett, and she was one day discovered sitting on the back of one of these astride and riding it without a bridle after the other ponies in the inclosure. She has had a number of good horses since she has been riding in

Washington, and she is not afraid to ride

BEAUTY ON HORSES.

Washington, and she is not afraid to ride anywhere. Her favorite horse at present is a big bay named Star, which Senator Fair gave to her, and which she thinks is one of the finest horses in the world. She knows all about a horse, and she sometimes takes care of Star herself, even to currying and feeding him. Miss McCulloch sits a horse equally well and she rides out daily.

A number of our Southern girls are fond of horses. Miss Lulie Eustis, the heiress of the Corcoran estate, is a splendid rider. She is a blonde, with red-gold hair and eyes of turquoise blue, and she has ridden over the long steeplechase course at Ivy City, water jump and all. All of the Eustis family are flue riders, and Senator Eustis could if he steeples of the corcoran estate, is a splendid rider. She is a blonde, with red-gold hair and eyes of turquoise blue, and she has ridden over the long steeplechase course at Ivy City, water jump and all. All of the Eustis family are flue riders, and Senator Eustis could if he steeples of the corcoran estate is a splendid rider. She is a blonde, with red-gold hair and eyes of turquoise blue, and she has ridden over the long steeplechase course at Ivy City, water jump and all. All of the Eustis family are flue riders, and Senator Eustis could if he fine riders, and Senator Eustis could if he would equal many of the younger riders of the Capital. Senator Vance rides horseback SLEEPING IN A BACHELOR'S GARDEN frequently.

A ONE-LEGGED RIDER. Senator Butler, though he has but one Senator Butler, though he has but one leg, is a good horseman, and his daughters are noted for their riding. The Butler estate in South Carolina is in the country and the Butler girls spend a great part of their vacations in the saddle. Miss Annie Ayer is a South American girl who looks well in the saddle and is perfectly fearless. Upon two occasions the horse has fallen with her in impring a sail fonce has the with her in jumping a rail fence, but she kept a tight hold on the reins and kept

her seat each time.

The little tots of the saddle are more nusome little miss of six or eight perched on a high horse, with a groom in livery riding behind her. There is a score of babies under 10 attending the Washington riding-school, among them little Marion Thurber, daughter of Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, an excellent horsewoman. John Hay's daughter is another good rider, and Colonel Hay has a boy of 14 who can sit a horse well. Sense and they require attents with a more sense and they require attents. brings down the applause of the school when she rides. She goes out with her maid and ment of long rides she is periectly learless. The Misses Pot-ter, the granddaughters of Bishop Potter, of New York, are other good horsewomen. about Washington. At one of the paper chases Mrs. President

A DASHING BABY RIDER. As I was going down P street yesterday I saw a little figure descending from the steps of the Blaine mansion. She was in charge of a maid and was starting out for the riding



Two Gay Equestriennes. school. It was little Daisy Leiter, the daughter of the millionaire Chicago merchant, who is barely 12 years old, and who is one of the brightest baby riders of the Capital. She were atlight gray habit, and beneath her jaunty riding skirt and falling over cute little boots were a pair of close-fitting trousers, at which she peeped with great complaisance. I dropped into the riding school as I went by and I saw her whirling around the ring with the instructor at her elbow. She sits her saddle so well,

Librarian Spofford used to take into the country have been discontinued. The old historian has been confined to his house all winter, and though it was only a year ago that he told me he could ride 30 miles without tiring, he has for this year given up riding entirely. Mr. Bancroft sits a borse very well. Mr. Spofford now rides out with his daughter, and Miss Spofford is a very graceful rider. One of Chief Justice Fuller's daughters is learning to ride, and she prom-

ises to be one of the good riders of the Capital. DIPLOMATIC RIDERS. # All of the diplomats ride more or less, and Alexander Gregor, of the Russian Legation, has probably done more to encourage horseback riding in Washington than any other man. He is immensely wealthy, has large estates in Russia and has plenty of money to spend in Washington. He has managed a number of paper chases, and it was he in connection with Mrs. Whitney who started them. The Chinese Legation has no riders this season, but Dr. Yow, of the last Legation, was a good rider. He wore his costume of Chinese silk in the saddle and tastened his queue by pinning it into his coat before he mounted his horse. He would grow wildly excited during a paper hunt, and he was more picturesque than any woman who rode with him. The Baron de Struve, the Russian Minister, rides a good horse, and Mr. Levery, of the Danish Legation, is often in the saddle.

Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, while he was here in Washington, frequently rode with Madame Bonaparte, and the two made a striking picture as they went along the country roads. Jerome Napoleon looks very nuch like Louis Napoleon, and he wears in the saddle high military boots and sits his horse as erect as a statue. His horse was a dark bay of large build, and his wife gal-loped along beside him on a similar animal. Mrs. Bonaparte is quite as good a rider as her husband, and the two sometimes went

along at an almost reckless gait. It costs something to own a horse in Washington and since riding has become so fashionable it takes a rich man to learn to ride. The rates at the riding school when the thing opened and President Cleveland was a member were \$100 per season and you fur-nished your own horse. A good riding horse costs \$200 and upward and it takes just \$25 a month to board him at the livery stable. If he is a highly bred animal you have to be very careful of him and there is always danger of killing a horse in paper

hasing or hunting. EASILY A THOUSAND A YEAR The riding outfit, including the pigskin saddle, an expensive riding costume and other little etceteras run the bill very close to \$500 for the season's fun, and if you are an aristocratic young maiden with a desire to be conventional, you can add another \$300 for the expense of keeping a groom to go out with you. In this case you have got to have two horses, and your groom must be

clothed in a costly livery.
"They come high, I know," said a mill-"They come high, I know," said a millionaire's daughter the other day to me, "but we have to have them." You cannot have much fun in this world without paying for it, and if you get the fun and have the money to spend, it is worth it. Girls who have incomes of \$5,000 a year for pin money can easily afford \$1,000 for horse-back riding, and the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to read the chances are that their tathers are the chances are that their tathers are the chances are the chan back riding, and the chances are that their tathers will be allowed to pay these bills roses, her dark curls were strewn with them, roses, her dark curls were strewn with them, and her flushed cheeks were cushioned upon and her flushed cheeks were cushioned upon

confidence in their judgment of horses to buy their own steeds, and the Bayard girls can tell the weak and sound points of a horse as well as a jockey. Miss Alice Maury, one of the fashionable riders of the Capital, has a mare that Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, gave her when it was a colt. She broke this horse and trained it herself. Miss Maury is posted on horse flesh, and there is no danger of her making any mistake in a purchase. Miss Carlotta French, the daughter of ex-Congressman French, is another good judge of horses. She is a fine rider, and though she is small, has a good right arm and is not afraid of a tumble.
MISS GRUNDY, JR.

ROSES THAT PLEASE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) A small garden should at least contain one rosebed, and for those who have not even a small garden there still remain the pillar varieties, which can be made to climb over every spare sence and trellis. No plant yields a better return for the labor and care

bestowed upon it. "A stiff, loamy soil," says the head gardener at Hampton Court, near London, "is what they need. You must stir your soil often, keep it free from weeds and insects, place them in the full sunlight, prune them merous than ever this season. You see some little miss of six or eight perched on sprout in the spring, and you'll find roses

tor Hale's son, though he is still in short trousers, likes his horseback ride, and there is a little girl of six named Folsom who roses more than that of any other plant. Tobacco smoke kills the first most successfully; dose the second with the following decoction: A tablespoonful of white hellebere dissolved in two gallons of boiling water; let it cool, and then apply to the leaves with a paint brush or whisk, bathing the upper and under parts. The remedy for the third is to pick them off by remedy for the third is to pick them off by hand. In a cold or uncertain climate, without a hotbed or conservatory, the only satisfactory roses are the hybrid perpetuals, some of the moss roses and several varieties of the climbing roses, though the ever-blooming roses will, with proper treatment, keep on renewing their blossoms until nipped by

SOME BELIABLE VARIETIES.

Among the dark red are: Prince Albert, Among the dark red are: Prince Albert,
Louis Philippe, Count Bismarck and
George Washington. Alfred de Rougement
and Coquette des Bisnehes are pure white,
and La France, La Reine and La Normandie are bright pink. These flowers are all hardy, rich in coloring and very sweet. You can rely upon their blooming early in the season, and at intervals through the sum-mer and autumn. Do not feel disappointthe first year of planting, since they generally reserve their strength for the second spring "opening." Nothing can equal or eclipse a moss rose bud. She always has been, she always will be, the prime favorite in postary and or second spring "She have the prime favorite. in poetry and art. She best interprets the lauguage of youth and beauty, "half wrapped in her mossy envelope." In English gardens they are planted between the gooseberry and current bushes or under fruit trees, and seem to thrive wonderfully among almost all vegetables. They are favorites for boutonnieres. With us they are of slow growth and somewhat difficult to

In Southern Germany during the month of May the woods, fields and meadows are full of turquoise-hued forget-me-nots. The peasants make exquisite bouquets by massing them around a vivid pink moss rose bud, and then edging the blue with white-generally the delicate elder blos-som—sometimes lillies of the valley, and finishing with a fringe of small ferns. France is the home, par excellence, of the rose. In both their cultivated and savage conditions they run riot all over the beauti-ful land. The Gloire de Dijon covers many a house with its creamy, pinkish-white petals

and buff center, and its rich, glossy green

The stacks of flowers with which man fashionable people decorate their tables are coarse as compared with the artistic, skillful use of a few blossoms combined with beautiful foliage. I once attended a wedding where asparagus tops and hyacinths were the

only decorations. The effect was so pretty that it called for the heartiest praise. You will probably smile when I inform you that an onion, a good large one, too, planted near your rose bush, close enough to touch its roots, will increase its fragrance and the size of its blossoms. Neverth

it is a fact. I have before alluded to the magnificent gloire de dijon. It is perfect as a climber, has a continual succession of bloom and withers very slowly. Moreover, it grows rapidly and is perfect both in the half-opened bud and the full-blown rose. It can be trained to cover the side of a house—a southwestern side is best-or it may be blanted in the center of four posts about a foot apart, training the branches to grow outside the interlaced wire, and twine all over both stakes and chains. The gloria de rosamond is a lovely scarlet, and most de-sirable for pillar training. So is also sol-faterre, which is yellow, and the Washington, pure white. The lamarque is an oldfashioned climber, beloved by the dames who figured in the Directoire period. The buds o ten shade to a pale, pale yellow. You remember Josephine's love of roses and the hours she whiled away in her rose garden at Malmaison? No doubt she found a certain charm about her flowers which soothed in her loneliness Poets have long ago sung this queen of flowers into favor, and man has always found a fascination in its cultivation. I be lieve all womanly women and young girls have a passionate fondness for the flower, and consider it worthy of their greatest care

and devotion. FILLING A ROSE JAR.

Every lady should have a rose jar. When rose petals are dry place them in layers in your jar with alternate layers of salt, sprigs of lavender and a few drops of attar of roses. Spices, which are recommended in the usual formula, give an unpleasant smell after a little time, unless the damask rose is exclusively used. Keep the jartightly. Do not make the mistake of using odorless roses. The damask rose is grown by the acre in its own Asiatic home, solely for the purpose of manufacturing attar of roses and rose water. One bush in your garden will give you satisfying fragrance throughout the month of June.

A little 3-year-old whom I once knew in-

timately lived next door to an old bachelor, who prided himself on his rose garden. The small maid and the genial old gentleman were excellent friends, inasmuch as he always allowed her to pick as many of the pretty flowers as she chose and could reach without aid. One afternoon she was miss-ing. Mother, nurse and relatives all be-came anxious. Perhaps she had been stolen, for she was a lovely little witch, At pockets.
Some of the Washington girls have enough roses! It was the most charming sight imaginable, just such a picture as poets an painters love to draw. F. K. B. WADE.

I have been subject to headaches, and have suffered such tortures that at times I had to resort to hypodermic injections of morphine. I tried Krause's Headache Capsules, and they have not failed to cure or prevent all attacks. I weigh eight pounds more than ever before, and it is because I am free from those terrible headaches.

Traveling salesman for W. F. Youngerman's wholesale cigar house. For sale by druggists,