PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1890.

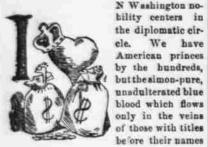
Celebrities Among the Diplomats at Washington.

BEAUTY FROM THE ORIENT.

No Activity in the Market for Titles, Money and Hearts.

PEN PICTURES OF THE NOTABLES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE,] WASHINGTON, June 7.



the diplomatic circle. We have American princes by the hundreds, but the simon-pure,

is almost confined to the families of the foreign ministers. Every legation has its Count or Baron and there are Countesses and Baronesses by the score. The most mawkish, sentimental whippersnapper among the attaches has enough titles before and after his name to fill a sheet of note paper, and the toadies of our society are constantly bending the knee

before nominal greatness.

Not a few of the Counts are bonafide and some of the Barons are noble, both in name and in deed. The Baron de Struve, the head of the Russian legation, has had a long diplomatic career, and he comes of a family which embraced the great astronomer who was the first director of the Imperial Observatory at St. Petersburg. There was no brighter woman in Washington than was Madame de Struve, and General Grant called her the most accomplished lady he had ever met. Baron de Struve is one of the richest of the Washington ministers. He gets about \$40,000 yearly for entertaining and he has a number of rich men among his attaches.

A REAL RUSSIAN DROSCHEY.

Everyone has heard of Alexander Greger, who started Washington society to paper chasing the last administration, and who is such a patron of outdoor sports. He has the finest horses in Washington, and he has a Russian groom as broad as he is long, who drives him about in a Russian droschky. One of his horses has a pedigree of 120 years, and Mr. Greger is one of the best-looking diplomats in the saddle.

The English Minister has a title. Queen Victoria knighted him in 1874, and he is a knight of the Commander of the Bath and has also grand cross of St. Michael and St. George. Lady Pauncefote is the daughter of a noted Indian army officer. Her name was Cubbitt, and she is descended from the famous Lord Mayor of that name. She has had a long experience in English society and she is well fitted to aid Sir Julian in getting rid of the \$40,000 which the English Government allows him for wining and dining. The British Legation here is perhaps the best house for entertaining in Washington. It is an immense red brick and stone structure and it belongs to John



A Blue-Blooded Russian Bull. The English Government gives its

dence and pays for his furniture, and Sir Julian is said to have a forlightful one. He has three daughters, one of whom, Miss Maud Pauncefote, has appeared in society this winter. DEVOTED TO AMERICAN WAYS.

ordinary attainments and culture. She is fond of novels, is devoted to horses and dogs, likes music and is apparently as fond of American things as the other Washington girls are fond of English fads. She ses well, and her mother has some of the finest diamonds in Washington. At one of the receptions here Sir Julian wore about his neck the red ribbon of the order of the Bath and his other knightly decorations, and the attaches and Secretaries of the Legation came out with brass buttons on their dress coats, which, by the way, were adorned with velvet. Sir Julian's servants are dressed in livery and his coachmen and foot-

The French Minister is a count. His name is Theodore de Roustan. He is a short, round, dark-faced man of 40 or 45, and is a great favorite with the ladies of Washington society. He was a diplomat at Tunis be ore he came here, and he has now been in Washington for some years. He is a bachelor, too, and the title-hunters have been after him, but without avail. He still sticks to single blessedness, and though he smiles often he gives his favors indiscrimin-Count Sala, one of his secretaries, is another handsome member of the diplomatic corps. He is married, but the Countess Bala prefers Paris to Washington, and indeed the Count seems to bear his enforced widowerhood very well. He is very popu-Washington society and has lots of

AN ADMIRAL COUNT.

The girls atl admire the new German Minister, Count Arco Valley. I wish I could paint him as he looks at a Washington reception. He is over six feet tall picture of physical beauty. His face is as rosy as the rising sun, and his monocle, which he screws into his left eye, is as big around as a trade dollar. He has a gorgeous turnout. His lootman is more wonderful turnout. His footman is more wonderful than Solomon in his giory, and he had for a time a man to oven his carriage door almost as tall as himself who wore a sword and military cap. He either does not care whether he attracts attention or not, or he whether he attracts attention or not or doing something which creates comment.

vania avenue with two immense b lowing a string which he held in his hand, and of course everyone looked. The Count is a bacheior, and it he wishes a desirable catch with a lew millions attached be can get it here. He comes of an old German family, and he has a royal salary as Minister. His Government owns its legation building, and a bright American girl could make things hum if she would marry him, FROM THE ORIENT.

Washington has several nobles from Asia. The dark-laced Turkish Minister, Mavoreyni, is a Bey, and that is equal to the title of Sir in England. He is not over 40, talks English well, and is a polite and accom-

COUNTS AND BARONS, plished gentleman. It is true that he has in all probability a half dozen wives in Turkey, but the Sultan does not limit him, and if there are any American girls who wish to marry a Turk they can attack Mavoreyni.
All that he will have to do in order to show
a clear title will be to say four times to his
Turkish wives: "I divorce you. I divorce
you. I divorce you. I divorce you." This
done he will be a single man once more, and
will be as tree.

will be a single man once more, and will be as free to mate again as any grass widower in the United States.

The Coreans are nobles, but both men are married, and very much married, too, for they have anumber of wives and concubines in their own Hermit Kingdom. They have each a wife here with them, and the Corean ladies are among the bright, picture-sque curiosities of the diplomatic circle. Their complexions are Jersey cream. Their eyes are brown, and their lips are as red as cherries when ripe. They wear a quaint dress of bright-colored silks, have silk caps on their heads, and they have so broken through the customs of their country as to attend with their lords at the fashionable drawingrooms and receptions.

ENJOY AMERICAN FREEDOM. They have learned to talk a little English and delight in making calls. They have a piano and sewing machine at the legation building and their ironing and washing for both themselves and their husbands is done at the laundry. In Corea a woman's chief work is ironing her husband's clothes. She unadulterated blue blood which flows can sit at the front windows and look out on the street. They have shown themselves very adaptable to our civilization and they will probably be missionaries in the march of civilization when they get back home. I saw them at the White House reception, and was introduced to them there by their husbands. I am delighted with them and they are much prettier in my eyes than the



Our German Count small-footed woman who presides over the Chinese legation. The Chinese Minister comes of the best blood of China, but there is no nobility among the Celestials and the Minister has attained his rank only through his high standing at the public examinations. The Chinese Minister's wife is named Tani K wo Y in and according to the custom Tsni Kwo Yin, and according to the custom of the Chinese she does not go out of her home. She has not been to a reception this winter, and if she went she would have to be supported by two maids, for her feet are so small that she can hardly stand upon

A NOVEL THEATER PARTY. Her only appearance at any public place this winter was at the theater where she came one night and occupied a box with several other Chinese ladies. The Corean ladies had another box the same night and the Corean men sat in the same box. The ladies had the front seat and both the Chinese and the Corean box bluzed with the bright colors of the jar East. The wife of bright colors of the far East. The wife of the Corean charge d'affaires wore a short waist of bright blue silk with a wine-colored silk skirt and the other Corean lady wore a short waist of lemon-colored silk with a blue silk skirt. Hermann, the conjuror, was the attraction and the Chinese Minister's wife evidently thought that the man had a devil while the Corean girls laughed. The Chinese Minister did not appear with his wife though it is said he paid for the boxes.

The Dean of the Italian Diplomatic Corps

is Baron de Fava, and his wife is as blue-blooded as her husband. She is a very beautilul woman, and she has for the past ten years been one of the leading figures of Washington society. She is descended from a Lombard samily of eminence in politics and science, and her father was one of the most noted physicians of Italy. He was a great politician as well, and he was one of the chief movers in the revolution which made Victor Emanuel King. The Baroness de Fava is a very fine musician She sings well and when she was a girl thought somewhat of going on the operatic stage. Her family frowned down the idea and she withheld her talents for private life. She has a son in Washington who is noted as an She is a tall, graceful girl of more than engineer and architect, and is a professor of one of the universities. A BIT OF ROMANCE.

I heard a curious story the other day about the Spanish Minister, Senor Muruaga,



Nobility From the Orient.

which may be true and may not be. He was Secretary of Legation here years ago, and was educated at the Jesuit College in Georgetown. While he was Secretary of Legation he fell in love with the young daughter of W.W. Corcoran, who died some years ago leaving about \$10,000,000. Mr. Corcoran was very popular with all the Ministers, but though he entertained them he did not care to have any of them in his tamily. He learned that Muruaga had his eves upon his daughter, and he called upon the Spanish Minister, accompanied by one of the United States Senstors, and informed weighs a tenth of a ton and is a magnificent | him that he must break off the affair between his Secretary and his daughter. It seems that an engagement had already been

The Spanish Minister set his foot down delights in being noticed, for he is always Buchanan, who was then Secretary of State, and demanded that he should stop the affair by requesting the recall of the young man to Spain. Buchanan refused to do this, and the young couple continued their billing When opposition ceased they found, however, that they did not care so much for each other after all, and the engagement was broken off. Miss Corcoran married George Eustis, a member of Congress from Louisiana, and the bulk of the Coreoran estate went to her e ildren. Senor Muruaga married a Russian lady who died while he was minister to Mexico, and the Minister's stepdaughter married Mr. Yturbe, of one of the ancient families

and largest land owners of Mexico. The Mexican Minister, Count Matins

Romero, has one of the brightest American Romero, has one of the brightest American women for his wife. She is the daughter of an old Virginia tamily and was a Philadelphian when the Minister married her. Mme. Romero is one of the fine looking women of Washington and one of the most accomplished. She speaks several languages and she entertains magnificently at the Mexican Legation, within a stone's throw of the White House. Her husband is one of the closest friends of the Presidento! Mexico, and he was his Colonel and Chief of Staff when he was at the head of the Mexican army during the French invasion. He is one of the most efficient diplomats in Washington the most efficient diplomats in Washington as well as one of the most popular. One of the most remarkable things about him was his friendship for Grant, whom he offered \$1,000 at the time of the failure of Grant &

Ward, and to whom he stood ready at any time to do anything in his power.

There are a number of blue blooded diplomats here from South America, and there were a dozen counts and barons among the Pan-Americans. The most of them, however, were poor, and though not a few of them were evidently ready to marry rich American girls, the rich American girls did not seem to be ready to marry them. The result is that the Congress has come and

gone and we have no engagements to chron-icle. THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET. In fact, there are fewer marriages of dip-lomats than you would suppose. The single men among the various legations are not backward in saying that they would not object to an American heiress for a wife, and there was a giddy young secretary here last year who said that he was bound to have an heiress who had all the qualities of an angel and \$5,000,000 to boot. At last ac-counts he has not found her. The secretary of the Brazilian Legation, Mr. Gomez, is the only diplomat who has contracted an American alliance for many years. He married an Indianapolis heiress, who had spent the most of her life abroad, and who spoke French more easily than English. She had, however, dark eyes and hair, and her man-ner is so foreign that she is seldom taken for an American by strangers. At one time about half the diplomatic corps had American wives, but the most of these have been promoted and have been advanced to

I see that Prince Iturbide, the grandson of King Maximilian, of Mexico, was lately arrested in that country. He has been spending a good deal of his time here, and his mother was a Miss Green, of Georgetown. Iturbide, the Emperor's son went to Georgetown College after his father was ex-ecuted and fell in love with Miss Green and married her. He was brought up near Washington, and Maximilian adopted him. He is much toadied whenever he is here.

THE MOST NOBLE BLOOD. The most noble blood in Washington, however, is that of the Bonapartes. Colonel Jerome Bonaparte owns a house here. He is the great grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, the King of Westphalia, and the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, who came to this country and fell in love with the beautiful Betsy Patterson, of Baltimore, and married her. Betsy Patterson died only a few years ago, and the family is, I understand, weaithy. Jerome Bonaparte was educated at West Point, and he left our army about 1856 to enter the Household Guards of Louis Napoleon. He was a great favorite of the Empress Eugenie, and he distin-guished himself in the Franco-Prussian War. He had to flee from France at the close of that war to save his life, and then

close of that war to save his life, and then he came back to this country.

He married Miss Edgar, a grand-daughter of Daniel Webster, and took up his residence in Washington. He has been here until a year or so ago, and he is, I think, now traveling in Europe. He must be about 60 years of age, and he looks remarkably like Napoleon Bonaparte. He is a well educated man, though his education is altogether military. His younger brother, Charles, is a lawyer in Baltimore, but Jerome is more of a man about town than Jerome is more of a man about town than anything else. He is very quiet in his tastes, takes long walks and is very fond of horseback riding. There is nothing estentatious about him, and if the wheels of life and death and those of the ups and downs of French governments should ever elevate him to the throne he will maintain his part MISS GRUNDY, JR.

TRICK OF THE TAILOR

How He Pleases the Man Who Judges by the Cost of His Suit Only.

Nearly every man judges the quality of clothing-above a certain grade-by the price, and a certain tailor in this town, knowing this fact, takes advantage of his customers in this way. He has wide tables, in which are drawers containing his samples. These drawers extend across the tables and can be pulled out from either side. When a customer comes in a line of samples are taken out and shown him.

He will probably say he wants something "better," and then the shrewd tailor goes around to the other side of the table, pulls out the same drawer and takes out the samples; but this time he adds say 50 per cent to the price, and the customer, who judges by price, finds a piece that suits him, gives his order, and goes his way, thinking that he could have obtained a suit of the same material at much less cost

ELEPHANTS IN AMERICA. Wonderful Remains of Animals That Roomed Centuries Ago.

It seems almost incredible that this busy, bustling and prosperous country was once a bustling and prosperous country was once a grazing ground for the elephant. But there are indisputable evidences that it abounded Duke of Wellington." from the equator to the Arctic Ocean either as the mammoth, mastodon, pygmy ele-phant or dinotherium. Tusks and bones of mammoths have been plenty in some of the Middle and Southern America. Recent revelations also show



A Tooth Found in Pennsylvania that the "Elephas Americanus" roamed the bills and valleys of the Pacific Slope. Be-tween Los Angeles and San Diego fragments of a gigantic skeleton were discovered, there being plenty to disclose that the animal in life must have been one of the largest ever known. The tusks were at the largest part as big around as a child's body, and stretched out in grace'ul curves 16 feet in length. One of the teeth weighed five pounds, and had the parallel dentive ridges peculiar to the elephant. The elephant has eight teeth

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Chilly Morning Services in Far-Famed St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE POPULARITY OF BRET HARTE. Draw-Backs of the Gorgeous Display in the

Queen's Drawing Room. OUR MINERAL WATERS AND KEROSENE.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, May 31. UNDAY in London. I have been good all day to-day by law and custom. by act of Parliament and the grace of the Queen. I shivered in St. Paut's Cathedral in the morning, and sat with cold feet in Westminster Abbey in the

afternoon. The thermometer was down to 40, the stone floors were damp, and I believe the poor worship ers took home more pneumonia than religion. St. Paul's is a \$10,000,000 church, with a great dome, but with little religion. The shivering worshipers looked poor. They were literally poor sinners. Next to me sat a very devout man. He followed the prayers religiously and cast up his eyes like St. Jerome. But, alas! it was all business with him, for after the Litany he held out his hand and whispered: "Pleasegive me a penny. I am starving."

On one side of the beggar was the great marble sarcophagus of the Duke of Wellington, and on the other the marble effigy of Lord Nelson. There is here a magnificent monument to Cornwallis, who lost a nation, but no monument to Christ who saved a



The above sketch is from a photograph and represents about 400 tollets seen at the Queen's Drawing Room. It is thus described by Poucerot & Longstaff, the dressmakers who made it. "Miss Taylor (presented by Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe).—Bodice and train of faille and veloute stripe, prettily-trimmed tulle, and large bouquets of daisies and heath, petticoats of satin, veiled rulle, with clusters of daisies and heath. Oraments, pearl necklace; headdress plume and veilt bouquet, daisies and heath. Ostrich feathers in hair."

world. There is a pile of marble for Chinese Gordon, who died in England, but not a slab or the martyred disciples and a Savior who died for humanity. The services in St. Paul were cold and sensuous. Not a word n song intonation or sermon could be understood, and the whole service was as empty of ideas as a brass band. We might as well have listened to the Mohammedan service in Constantinople. DOESN'T SUIT A METHODIST.

As we passed out a warm-blooded Methodist from Kansas came in. Stepping up to a cossacked attendant he said, while his eyes glowed with Christian enthusiasm; "This is Christ's greatest church, isn't "No," said the servant, "this is St. Paul's

Cathedral." When the Methodist minister came out,

but as I sat in this great tomb, I felt that it would be a relief to see the great live Brooklynite jump into the arena with a section of the Sea of Galilee in one hand, and the

cedar of Lebanon in the other, and pound s

little warm religion into the frozen Brit-

Bret Harte is now living in a quiet cot-tage in Grove End road, near St. John's Wood. He is getting old and his hair is white, but the novelist still retains all his old fire. His books sell immensely in England-more than those of any other Ameri-can writer. Mr. Harte's family is not with him, and the general impression in London is that he is a widower. Mr. Joseph Hat-ton, a warm friend and neighbor of Mr. Harte, informs me that he is not now in the Consular service. No American is invited nto the best English society more than Bret Harte. His American stories warm the English heart. They never tire of the novelist's story about the first jury trial in California, and this is the way he told it the

ONE OF BRET HARTE'S STORIES "It was over in the Mariposa Gulch i '50. They had never had a jury trial there. If a man stole a horse they lynched him, and that settled it. But the people, many of whom came from Massachusetts, began to tire of lynch law, and sigh for the good old jury trial of the East. So one day, when Bill Stevens had jumped a poor man's claim, the Massachusetts fellows resolved to give him a good old-fashioned jury trial.

They took him into the back end of the board postoffice, selected a jury, and the trial commenced. Dozens of witnesses were called, and finally the jury retired to agree on a verdict. When they had about concluded that Jim was innocent, the boys outside came banging at the door.

"'What do you fellows want?' asked the foreman through the keyhole.

"'We want to know if you h'aint about agreed on a verdict. If you h'aint, you'll have to get out. We want this room to lay the elephant. The elephant has eight teeth at a time, two on each side of each jaw, 24 growing in the course of a regular life-time. They come first in the back part of the jaw, and gradually move to the front as they are ground away, being pushed forward by the new tests forming behind.

out the corpse in! "

We took a private letter from Mr. Blaine with the idea of going through the ordeal of a presentation at the Queen's drawing room, but we found it so troublesome and expensive that we preferred to use the money for opera tickets and carriage rides

on Rotten Row. On inquiring we found that every lady presented had to have A DRESS ESPECIALLY MADE

by certain court dressmakers and the gen-tlemen a court suit. The dress had to be cut very low in the neck and had a train 12 feet long. The gentleman's court suit is a swallow tail, trimmed with gold, a cocked hat, and knickerbocker trousers with knee buckles and silk stockings. The hair of every lady has to be surmounted with three white ostrich features. After buying these clothes at an expensive place, a court coacher has to be employed to train the de-butante in the art of bowing and carrying a

To back away from the Queen with a four yard train is no easy matter, and when a lady steps on her train and sprawls over the floor like a steamer chair, people want to laugh, but, being in the presence of the Queen, they don't. The cost of presentation in the cheapest possible form is about \$400 or \$500 for a lady and \$100 for a gentleman. No words are spoken at the presentation. It begins and ends with a ceremonious bow, an artificial excitors apply and the best an artifical, cust-iron smile, and the best



back out that a lady can make with a train four yards long.

A gentleman to-day told me that he saw both Seward and Reverdy Johnson in knick-

"Reverdy looked very well," he said,
"but Seward—well Seward's calves made me ashamed of my country."

AMERICA HAS THE MINERAL WATERS AMERICA HAS THE MINERAL WATERS
I have been comparing American and
European mineral waters. I find Congress
water, or rather the Hathorn spring water
of Saratoga is precisely the same as the
"Elisabethan Quelle" in Homburg. The
white sulphur water of West Virginia is
identical with the waters of Wiesbaden and
Carlabad, while the hot sulphur springs
of Arkanses and Glenwood Cal, cannot be of Arkansas and Glenwood, Col., cannot be distinguished from the waters of Aix-lesany sick Americans to come to Europe for ineral waters. We have the same waters at home. The waters of Leamington, England, are salt like the sea and a barrel of Saginaw salt will make a backyard full of If you dive into the Hudson at Sing Sing

on an ebb tide, you'll think you are in a Leamington bath. There were several American bank cashiers in Leamington, who, so far as the water is concerned, might have gone to Sing Sing just as well. The English are slow to adopt new ideas.
Strange as it may seem, the people are still using tallow candles all over the country.
They didn't know what kerosene was in Warwick and Bakewell. They had never used it. At the Warwick Arms Hotel and Charing Cross Hotel in London, we had to go to our room with one tallow candle, and

sit with it, too, or pay sixpence for an extra EXPERIENCE WITH TALLOW DIPS.

After writing by our splendid kerosene lights in America, this trying to write by the light of tallow candles is something dreadful. It is going back to barbarism At Oxford I got fairly exasperated, and calling the porter, I asked him if he couldn't go out and buy me a kerosene lamp. "What be that their?" he asked in

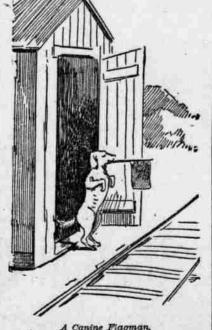
'Why, something to burn-to give a good light," I said. "Lor yeas. I do know whar' to find that their," and off he started. But what do you think the fool brought me? Why, six tal-low candles! Light them? Why, of course I did, and if you'd seen me trying to write with eight tallow candles in a row, you would have taken my table for a altar and the writer for a bald-headed

In London they are just beginning to use kerosene a little. They call it paraphene, but it has the same old Oil City smell. One snuff convinced me that I had struck oil. The smell was pleasanter to me than the perfume of flowers. The dealer told me he sold it at 16 and 24 cents per gallon. They have no splendid lamps to burn it in yet, but that will come in time. They tell me the French are burning our kerosene very generally, and that they have beautiful lamps. ELI PERKINS.

CURLY IS A FLAGMAN.

A St. Louis Dog That Warns Tenmsters of Approaching Trains. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Scarcely anyone who passes the point of intersection of the Gravois road and the St. Louis and Oak Hill Railway fails to notice a little dog, acting as flagman at the railway This little animal is named crossing. This little animal is named Curly, and is the property and assistant of Flagman Edward Howard. One day as Howard was busy cleaning the lamps a train dashed into sight around the curve. Several wagons were approaching the crossmeeting with a serious accident had not the little animal rushed past its



master and begun barking furiously, which had the desired effect of stopping the teams. An idea then struck the master to train the dog to hold a flag. She could stand on her hind feet with perfect ease and to hold a red signal flag in her mouth would be a great help to him, as the passing trains are numerous. It took but very little time "to break her in" to held a little red flag, and now every time a train whistles she runs to fetch it, and, standing on her hind legs, holds it aloft to warn drivers of the danger. The engineers all know the little dog and work, Curly performs a variety of tricks and is a good mimic. Just now she is rearing a family, but every time an approaching train whistles she gets her flag and does her duty.

FLOWING WITH FUN.

Pens of Prominent Paragraphers Plied for Public Pleasure.

LIVING LINES ON LOVE AND LORE.

Amusing Anecdotes, Penetrating Philosophy, Distracting Dialect.

TITILLATING TRIFLES PUT IN TYPE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. I Thy Colin Sighs. Thy Colin sighs and sighs in vain! Sweet Physiis, doth a strong man's pain Afflict thee naught, whose eyes grow wet To see within a spicer's net Some fly by cruel cunning slain?
A loyal heart implores thy reign.
If thou wouldst prove its truth, but deign
To gaze within—ah, gay coquette—
Thy Colin's eyes!

His laden heart must still complain
Until love mocks thy fine disdain;
For hope attunes his measure yet—
And let that rival not forget,
Who boasis thy favor—juckless swain—
Thy Colin's size!
Eva WILDER McGLASSON.

Polk's Jokes. MARY'S FAITH. Little Mary (who lives on the thirteenth floor of the Excelsior flats): "Mamms, is heaven higher than this?"

"Yes, indeed, Mary."
"And when we die, are we going to "I hope so, darling."
"Mamma, if we are real good maybe we can get to move down on the second floor

SOMEBODY WORE THE BREECHES.

"I don't see the good," remarked Mr. Lamson, as he looked up from his paper, "of all this argyfyin' about whether it's properer to say 'I wear trousers,' or 'I wear pants.' To my way o' thinkin' narry one of them ain't no better nor just plain 'I wear "Shut up, James Lamson! What do you know about wearin' anything?" snapped

Mrs. Lamson.
Whereupon Mr. Lamson withdrew behind his paper and buried himself in the obituary column, until Mrs. Lamson snatched the sheet away, with the information that she needed it for putting her hair in "curl papers."

The Girl in the Gainsborough Hat. She wore a hat with a curving brim

And a gleaming plume of white,
That nodded and laughed o'er the dusky rim
Like foam in the morning light.
I cave one glance; 'twas enough—and more—
For my heart went away with that.
My comrades smiled as I watched from the The girl in the gainsborough hat.

Her locks were as dark as the blackbird's wing.

Her lashes a fringe of jet;

Her eyes were the kind that the poets sing.

And a soldier can never forget.

I looked. I sighed. How should I begin

The game I would fain be at?

I knew by her mien no sigh would win

The girl in the gainsborough hat.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and so-One twist of my long mustache, And boldly I marched to meet the foe, Where the darts of Jupid flash. When a stammering lover grows dumb, they A kiss is better than chat;
And that is the way I won, that day,
The girl in the gainsborough hat,
SAMUEL MINTURN PROK.

A Sort of Original Package. Cadley-Jovel Bronson is a case, isn't Highflier-Not always. I've seen him

CARLYLE SMITH. They're havin' protracted meetin's down't the village all this week, An' all the Meth'dist brethren are called upon

to speak; An' lots o' bollerin' "glory!" an' singin' hymns is done, An' old an' young folks both are havin' a heap So I dropped in last evenin' ter hear the pars

preach-The new one thet is spreadin' religion fur's
't'll reach;
An' words o' sease an' wisdom I calkerlate he Thet, put in practice, couldn't fail ter help us Fer instance, he was sayin' that the Lord He loved us all,
An' couldn't bear ter see the weakest, poorest
sinner fall;
An' he made hold at last ter say, right in the

deacon's face,
"Onless the devil's in your heart, he ain't in
any place." "Some think," says he, "the devil lives inter a pack o' cards, Or theaters, or ball rooms they claim his best regards; But of he never teched you ontel you cut that

pack, You needn't fear but in the game you'll keep the inside track. "An' if ye never cotten ter the Evil One outel Ye step inside a show room ter see a play done well, He won't come there an' grab ye and make ye fall from grace— Onless the devil's in your heart be ain't in any

"'Ef you've lived up ter the present time an' kep' a good, pure heart, An' never give him any show, he can't now git Ef in the game o' life right's trumps an' you have held the ace.
The devil hain't been in your heart, an' ther'-fore hain't no place,"

Lots more he said; but them 'ere words struck me as 'bout the best, Ef we c'n keep him outn' us, no matter fer the ter run our race,
'Twill keep the devil from our hearts, an' he
won't have no place.

—Helen M. Winslow.

He Knew. Mrs. DeSmith-"My dear, I have a little onundrum for you; why does a woman change her mind oftener than a man?" Mr. DeSmith (still reading)-"Because woman's mind needs changing oftener than a man's." (Silence.)

his face when preparing to call on his sweetheart. It is equally bad form for him to powder his face while he is with her. "Does the weather seem to affect the mar ket, Mr Trimmer?"
"Yes, indeed. On rainy days umbrellas

Pellets From Various Pestles.

It is bad form for a young man to powder

Profanity is like the tramp's cost-s bad habit, that is at its best when it is worn off. Brooklyn people brag about their great

go up and cocktails go down.

bridge and say that it has no equals. fact remains that it has two piers.

"They say Queen Victoria greatly dis-likes Lord Wolesley?"
"I am not surprised. She is very jealous

'Yes. Wolesley has been called En-land's only General, and the Queen has an dea, from the number of her military titles,



THE STORY OF THE DOCTOR AND THE DETECTIVE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

> DR. PHILIP WOOLF, Author of "Who is Guilty?"

> > SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The narrator of the story is a physician who has sought rest at the seashers. In the hots, near his cottage lived Mrs. Amelia Glaye, an eccentric wildow, who makes him her physician Her charming daughter, Bertha, had engaged herself to Cyril Durand, who had squandered most of his fortune, and had promised to wed another woman, who clung closely to him. One night the doctor hears a shriek. He sees a tall figure in overcoat or cloak slinking away, and discovers the body of a young woman stabbed to the heart. Taking from the body a breastpin and ring, he runs for help. Returning, he finds the body gone, with evidence that it had been thrown into the sea. A piece of shoe was found there. Two servants enter a deserted cabin. Instantly their torches are dashed to the ground, and a tall figure vanishes in the darkness. In the cabin a diamond earring is found. The body had only plain gold earrings.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. GLAYE'S STRANGE COMPOSURE. I reached my little cottage without further incident worthy of being set down. I had undergone great exertions, and as I have said, I was very hungry. I am not a great eater, but I am methodical by instinct, and was prepared for emergencies like the present. I opened a can of truffled woodcock, a bottle of Wiesbaden apricots in anticipation of a sweet for dessert, and with the assistance of bread, canned asparagus, a morsel of pate de fois gras, a bottle of Clos de Vougeot and a cigar, I made a simple but appetizing little lunch, my appetite somewhat spoiled by my sad experiences of the evening. I eat leisurely, for I have a profound respect for my stomach, and, having eaten, I sat down to write out this narrative for the amusement and instruction of the beloved reader, should it ever be read by anyone but myself, which I doubt. I had not written many pages when I was disturbed by a loud ringing of the bell. I glanced at my watch with a frown; it was glanced at my watch with a frown; it was 11:30, and I was angered that my well-earned solitude should be invaded at this late hour. I opened the door and a young lady tripped hastily into the room. I immediately recognized the charming Miss Ione Grande, the maid, semme de chambre to grande, the maid, semme de chambre to grande. lady tripped hastly into the room. I immediately recognized the charming Miss Ione Grande, the maid, semme de chambre and companion of Mrs. Amelia Glaye.

blush, "but Mrs. Glaye has one of her nerv-ous attacks again and needs your assist-

"Pardon me, doctor, for disturbing you," said, severely. "I have lost no earring, said the intruder with a charming little and I am in excellent health. I thank you

ance."
"What has disturbed the good lady this time, my dear?" I asked, not pleased at again facing the chilly night air. When

"I don't know." "Has she ever met him?"
"She has never told me," was the dry answer. Not wishing to arouse the sus-picious of my charming companion I spoke no more, and she did not tempt me to break my resolution by opening her pretty lips.
On reaching the hotel I found my patient unusually calm; in fact, in all my experiences of her I had never seen her so calm. She was sitting in arm chair reading, and on

my appearance she glanced up at me in un-mistakable surprise.

"It is a late hour for a visit, doctor," she said, in a tranquil voice. "You should have told him, Ione, that I was not prepared for even his presence."
"My instinct told me that you were ill, madam, and I hastened to him."
"I never felt better in my life, doctor."

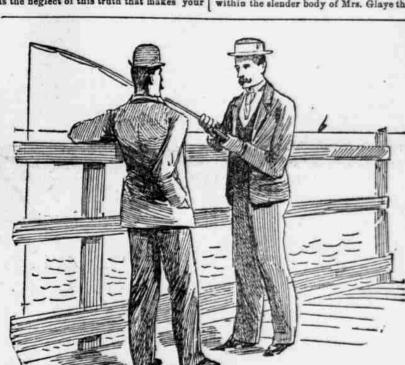
I glanced down at her scratched and still bleeding hands, and said: "Surely your hauds, at least, must pain

you." She laid aside her book, and a frown gathered over her face, as she studied the "The next time you indulge in a prome-

nade, Mrs. Glaye, you must take a com-

ring?"
"It is a late hour in which to joke," she for your anxiety on my account; but just now I do not need your valuable assist-

I glanced toward the quiet Ione and was amused by the startled expression in her face. In her innocence and inexperience one has eaten, one needs rest that the process of digestion may continue undisturbed. It is the neglect of this truth that makes your within the slender body of Mrs. Glaye there



SEEKING A CLEW AT THE WHARF.

"Mrs. Glave has been nervous all even ars. Graye has been nervous an even-ing," said the modest little Ione, preferring to study the dimples in her pretty hands to the lines in my old face. "She thought she needed exercise and went out for a walk. She returned more composed, but when I assisted her to put on her night attire we discovered that she had lost one of her earrings, valuable solitaire diamond. She treasured it very highly, and the discovery made her wretchedly nervous, at least, that is the way I account for it."

I never lose my self-control; if I prize myself for any particular talent it is for the rare gift of preserving my wits, even under the most astounding circumstances. the open air at night, with diamond carrings in her ears.'

of such things." "Did you go with her?" "She went out all alone, and it was so dark when she went out that I am not surprised she got entangled in the blackberry bushes, ruining her dress and tearing her hands tearfully. It is clearer now, but I had some difficulty in escaping the treacher-

ous bushes in coming here."

I was surprised, but the simple Ione could not guess my thoughts in the gay smile with which I saluted her.
"We will visit Mrs. Glaye immediately, my dear. I am very much interested in her

Perplexity has a strange effect on me; it lightens my spirits, acts as a stimulant on my nerves. If I may be allowed to say so, I am the personification of pure reason, and that which exercises my brain exhibitrates my sentiments. In the open air I gallantly offered my arm to the timid Miss Ione, and we walked at a brisk pace through the night. A sea mist had spread over land and water, deepening every moment into a thick fog and bottling out the sky as well as the more familiar land marks. It was impossible to distinguish anything a few feet distant. The wind had died away but the air was cold, damp and unco able, strongly impregnated with the odor of seaweed, and distinctly saline to the taste. "It is a horrid night," said my companion,

elinging tightly to my arm.
"A matter of feeling, my dear. But still I would sooner be out of it than in it. Mrs. Glaye selected a peculiar evening for a promenade. Did you see her when she re-turned?"
"No; I was in my room reading. She

"Was she very much excited?" "She was pacing up and down wringing "She needs a husband to take care of

"He whom she would accept is indifferent to her, and yet she is a sweet, lovable

"You mean Cyril Durand?" "I mean nothing; but it is a pity to see her suffer." "She is obstinate to go the road where

nation, my dear reader, a nation of dyspep- | were a heart, will and determination of iron. I could only bow to the placid woman and retire. What she hoped to gain by uttering a demonstrable falsehood I could not guess. I puzzled over the subject on my way home, but the journey ended, I was and am still in doubt.

I shall summon a detective in the morn ing and make over the responsibility to him. If he sees his way clearly I shall be surprised as well as puzzled. As a scientist I am only warranted in drawing the conclusion that a murder has been committed. To this I am willing to swear; fortunately beyond this I am not required to go. For my own amusement shall I follow out the clews? I think I could place my finger on the guilty party; I think I can detect the motive for the crime; but I will give no hint until justice is at fault. I may be wrong; my knowledge of humanity may be less complete than I imagine it to be. In any case I end my narrative here. I may complete it at some suture time for my imaginary beloved readers' edification. At least I have impartially set down all the facts, as they are fresh in my mind. I am tempted to vindicate my skill- in analytical reasoning, and to reach the known from the unknown; but my brains and my fingers are tired, and I will no longer keep myself from the retreshing sleep I so much need. ' That I may not be accused of guessing the truth after the truth is discovered, I will

here imitate the old scientists and set down Ckrmt flub Agpw yghz o jqxtke lbpr m

This for the overthrow of the future doubter, should any exist; now for the peaceful sleep, won of exertion.

CHAPTER III.

NARRATIVE OF DETECTIVE FELIX FOX. In accordance with orders I went down to Eglantine Hill early in the day following the evening on which the murder had been discovered. Had there been telegraphic communication between this out-of-the-way little place, and the city a good deal of valuable time might have been saved. The dead body had been seen at 8 o'clock the night before. I reached the place about 11:30 next morning. Under the circumstances the murderer had some 15 hours' start of me. I was told that, on boarding the train, a

certain Karl Brandt would give me the information on which to start the case. I discovered Karl Brandt to be a man of some 50 years of age; a tall, strong, upright figure on an intellectual, cleanly-shaven face, much wrinkled, but with ruddy cheeks, blue eyes and an attractive smile. On acquaintance I found him to be a simple, eccentric fellow. who wore his heart on his sleeve; garrulous as all old people are, and fond of showing his learning and his knowledge of "humanity," as he called it. He told all he knew without any "pumping," and was childishly eager in offering his services to me. I was amused by his pomposity and simplicity; but won his good will forever by treating