THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1890.

GAY WATER NYMPHS.

Peeps at the Pretty Pittsburg Ladies Who Are Learning to Swim at the Natatorium.

MORE APT THAN THEIR BROTHERS.

They Float Light as Cork and Glide Along the Surface With the Grace of Mythical Mermaids.

EXPERTS IN THE RIVER BATHING POOL.

Tricks at Diving and Clever Performances That Astonish the Beginners.

WOMAN is a natural floater. She proves her claim to that honor two days in every week down at the Natatorium

on Duquesne way. Watch heras she stands poised upon the springing board, ready for a dive into the swimming pool! Her whole attitude is one of grace, even though she is just a beginner. With arms outstretched and partially raised, the palms of the hands touch each other, and, with an airy leap, she makes the plunge. See how quickly her light body comes to the surface from the depths below. The pretty arms and lithe limbs strike out with that peculiar, wil-

lowy ease that makes poetry out of motion. Her buoyancy keeps her nearly to the top of the water, so that every stroke is discernable. A man would sink lower down, because of his heavier build. The ethereal form of woman, skimming almost on the surface; the feathery disturbance of the water touching her natty bathing suit with a soft fringe of spray; crystal ringlets encireling her neck as they widen and interlink with each beat of the water; liquid drops quivering on her tresses like pendant dia-monds—she is a floater of exquisite beauty.

THEY'RE QUICKER THAN THE MEN. But of course you don't see her yourself. You must take the word of the natatorium instructors for it all. They will tell you that since the swimming school opened their most apt pupils have been the ladies. Women learn to swim quicker than men. Not only are they light in form and sylphlike in motion, but they are pliable. They come to the water's edge periectly ignorant of how to swim. They are willing to confess this, nay they cannot hide it. A teacher takes them in charge. If this instructor is a man they place perfect confidence in his ability to teach them, for he is strong and muscular, and swimming, after all, seems to a woman to be a part of a

A man is hard to teach, because he genthe woman, knowing nothing, is willing to



The Water's a Bit Cold.

learn from the letter "A" up. When they do learn they surpass the men, for the pretty reasons set forth in the foregoing. The male swimmer must always display his muscular powers. The nymph, from the very absence of this, is distinguished for the grace and ease of motion she possesses. LACKING IN CONFIDENCE.

Of course a woman makes an awful lot of fuss in learning. But that is to be expected, and does not bother the teachers one bit. Joseph McCune and Jimmy Taylor are the instructors at the natatorium. Thus far they have saved three persons from drowning in the big salt-water pool there, and all three of these unfortunates were males—two men and one boy. So that with all their fuss the women get along admirably as far as safety is concerned. The trouble with females generally is they lack confidence in themselves, and fear they are in danger when they are really as far away from it as possible. Mr. McCune tells me that one of the prettiest swimmers in the school on ladies' day is constantly bewailing the fact that she cannot learn to swim, and always fears she will sink out of sight. She swims well, but cannot bring enough confidence t bear in herself to believe that fact.

In river or ocean disasters this lack of confidence in herself is forcibly shown by woman. She will cling with a death-clutch to her male rescuer, when, if she only would believe, she is calculated by nature to be an easier swimmer than man, and may learn the art more readily. All women ought to learn to swim, but it would be of no use to them in emergencies unless they would also learn to exercise presence of mind. THE A. B. C'S OF IT.

Girls and women of all ages come to the natatorium to learn. The first lessons given them by Messrs, McCone and Taylor are in the arm motions of the breast stroke. From pulleys in the ceiling ropes drop to the water. These are fastened by means of belts around the bathing clothes to the waist. The rope is adjusted to support the body just high enough to let the head rebody just high enough to let the near main out of water. Then the pupils are shown how to stretch out the arms, bringing shown how to stretch out the arms, bringing the palms together in front of the race. The second movement is to swing the arms back, and the third is, by a downward motion to carry them forward again. After the person is made familiar with these exercises, the instructors go into the water and by swimming close to the surface, demonstrate the peculiar frog-like motion of the limbs. Just here occurs the greatest difficulty with all beginners, both male and female, although in this instance again, the woman breaks herself quickest of the false motion. breaks herself quickest of the Jalse motion. In swimming the body should be kept under the water at an angle of about 45 degrees. The limbs should be spread apart, frog-like, under the water. In learning, a person's first and persistent/inclination is to best the legs up and down upon the surface of the water. Of course they will go down as long as they do that, and it is only by the sinking experience that they are liable to learn the most thoroughly not to do it.

THE FIRST FEW STROKES. When both the arm and limb motions are When both the arm and limb motions are taught the pupils are suddenly swung loose from the rope, and supported about the belt by the instructor. The first feeble and timid strokes are seldom successful, but in a very short time, if the subject is at all confident of his or her powers, the learner will be able to swim alone for two or three strokes. This is increased one stroke at each swim possibly until the pupil masters 40 feet of the pool in about 20 strokes. An expert would do it in 15 strokes.

The time, of course, in which a person is able to learn to swim differs. Some ladies

able to learn to swim differs. Some ladies learn in two hours, others not for two weeks. Last Friday a well-known society belle mastered the breast-stroke in an hour, and, developing a peculiarity of holding her head straight up out of the water, won the title armag her especiates of being "a pertitle among her associates of being "a per-fect swan." The next style of swimming taught, if

The next style of swimming taught, if persons desire to learn the fancy methods, is the "side-stroke." A few Pittsburg women thus far have accomplished this. The "overarm stroke" comes next. This is quite a difficult feat for women on account of the muscular power necessary, and has not yet been taught them. Neither is it a pretty movement to look at, being used entirely for the purpose of speed and endurance by mea. "Sculling" is a very pretty style of swimming, which some women have expressed a strong desire to learn. It involves the principle of a screw propeller, volves the principle of a screw propeller, the quick and oscillating best of the water by the hands alone, or the feet slone, while the body is held almost perfectly rigid.

MARING THE TUEN. The pool in the Pittsburg Natatorium favors one novel class of swimming accom-plishments for women. That is what is



called "turning." The pool is 67 feet long, and suppose a race was to be run for four or and suppose a race was to be run for four or six lengths of it. The place where one op-ponent could get the advantage of another is in the turn he makes at either wall of the pool. Instructor McCune is an expert Scotch swimmer, and he showed me his method of turning. It is a strange combi-nation of a push and a dive when he reaches the wall, which sends his body back through the wall, which sends his body back through the pool with an impetus that carries him two or three yards without a stroke. He has a system about the turn, where a novice would turn to go in the other direction as best he could, losing time and strength both. The "turn" can be readily learned by women, and would be capable of furnishing much sport.

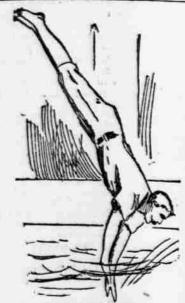
An observant lady who has paironized the bath since it was opened tells me that she tried to study the way women express them-

A man is hard to teach, because he generally has ideas of proper swimming, more or less fixed, or if he hasn't he learns very quickly to watch other swimmers rather than to submit to routine instructions from a practical master. It is hard for a man to handle a man in a matter of this kind, but the women, knowing nothing, is willing to in this tashion at the Natatorium yelled at once to be "taken home, oh." And when two of them were helped to the wall they remained long enough to get their breath, and then floundered back into the pool. THEY HARDLY EVER SCREAM.

Few women scream at the natatorium. Twenty-five are noted down in this lady's memorandum as murmuring something about being "lost." One fat lady forgot herself and called lustily to bring her husband for her; that she was going down for the last time. She then found that the water was only four feet deep where she had lost her footing, and therefore countermanded her order, remembering that it was "ladies' day," and that gentlemen were

I visited the natatorium one afternoon when probably a dozen gentlemen were swimming. Two of them were preachers who were taking their first lessons. They had just come out on the promenade for an airing when an expert swimmer, who I think was a mill worker, took a powerful dive from the springing-board. He had twisted himself in a peculiar manner, as though indicating, as he struck the water, in what direction he intended to reappear.

The prescripts, ioining a group of sweet. The preachers, joining a group of several other greenhorns, watched for the diver to come up in that corner of the pool. A full minute passed and the swimmer did not re-



appear. They all got slarmed. Quickly they gathered around the corner, and as the seconds passed they grew excited. They looked for bubbles, and one man ran hur-ridely down the steps. To the man ran hurridely down the steps to the water to exam-ine the surface, thinking that the diver had ine the surface, thinking that the diver had killed himself by striking his head against the asphaltum bottom. It was two minutes and a half, and he had not yet come up. The group was breathless with anxiety, when all of a sudden there came a loud of the streems corner at the other guffaw from the extreme corner at the other end of the pool. The astonished group saw the diver sitting on the wall with his hands locked across his knee, rocking with laugh-ter. His dive had ended in another part of the pool than the crowd had been led to

One of the Instructors

WHAT EXPERTS CAN DO.

expect.

Speaking about diving, Messrs. McCune and Taylor are expert themselves at that sort of thing. McCune will dive sometimes sort of thing. McCune will dive sometimes from the springboard, and after swimming underneath the surface to the other end of the pool, will return the entire length of 67 feet, under water still, and reappear at the board from which he started. Mr. Taylor, who is only 21, ten years younger than Mc-Cune, will swim under water one length of the pool. Taylor is a son of the well-known English oarsman.

endurance that a man has in the water. Miss Theresa Johnston made the quickest mile ever swam by a woman. It was in open water, and was done in 35 minutes. A mile



The River Good Enough for Them. Collier, in 28:29. These are the great inter-

national records. Will the growing culture of swimming in Pittsburg among both sexes Physicians welcome the new era in Physicians welcome the new era in aquatics in Pittsburg. They say it will make a race of strong, healthy men and women. It has been an art that has been neglected heretotore. Although surrounded by rivers, the city's water front has never been adapted to swimming in late years. The Allegheny is too oily as a general thing, the Monongahela is lined with too many industries and filled with an enormous amount of traffic and the Ohio is too for amount of traffic, and the Ohio is too far away.

THE PEOPLE WANT IT. The public wants to swim. The records of the natatorium show that. On any Saturday fully 400 men and boys patronize the institution. The attendance averages. La-dies' day two weeks witnessed the attenddies' day two weeks witnessed the attendance of 300 of the fairer sex. Last Tuesday found 150 in the pool. A club has been formed by 60 East End women, who hire the pool for their exclusive use two hours on Monday and Thursday mornings. Professional men are taking to the fad with wonderful avidity. Doctors and lawyers especially attend in the morning.

The best swimmers who go down to Jordan's river bath boat on the Allegheny river front, just opposite the natatorium.

gan's river bath boat on the Allegheny river front, just opposite the natatorium, are the big swarthy iron workers and the tiny newsboys. "Anybody that is tough and hardy physically," explains Mr. Jordan, "can swim like a fish, and you bet the Pittsburg newsboys are at home in the water. Here we have trapeze and rings for muscular exercise as well as water sport."

Some of the newsboys start at one and of Some of the newsboys start at one end of Jordan's boathouse and skip from one trapeze to another until they miss one and fall into the water. It's better than a dive, some of them think, and such boys as "Jimmy the Tough" would laugh at the idea of having an instructor, clad in bright blue trunks, to teach him "the biz."
"What for we want salt water?" said one of the youngsters. "The river is good 'nutf

LYNCH LAW WITH SAVAGES. Malagasy Thiof Pounded Into Mincemen

L. E. STOFIEL.

With Heavy Clubs. A writer in the St. Louis Republic thus describes the death of a thief among the describes the death of a thief among the Malagasy savages: The thief was chased by a mob, and finally caught in a hut. All at once three powerful men of the Booroozaneo tribe emerged from the crowd, armed with heavy clubs. The unarmed, wounded, fainting wretch sank upon his knees with piteous screams for mercy. But one big brute swung his club and brought it down with terrific force upon the shoulder of the kneeling thief.

Soor a rich landlord to use a patch of bare rock, and then carried up soil enough about, they said:

"Why, haven't you heard? It's too good. Several American young ladies and their escorts came home from Minister Reid's receiption last night, got stuck in the elevator between the third and fourth floors, and them sausage skins?"

But the thrift and economy of the Parisian astounds me. It is no uncommon thing to the passenger adjusts himself, and the

We distinctly heard the blow from our balcony and saw the blood spurt out upon the self-appointed executioner. A second and third attack speedily followed, and the poor wretch's shrieks were appalling. We saw the poor creature's limbs stretch out; his cries changed to low moans, and it was clear that death was near at hand.

Yet the inhuman savages did not cease pounding the carcass until it was a shape-less mass of mangled flesh, the bones of the feet being the only ones in the whole body which were not broken. With a refinement of cruelty, the murderers refrained from striking their victim on the head and more vital parts, so as to prolong his agony. Nor was it until some time after his death that they broke open his skull for the dogs to devour his brains; that, according to the Malagasy custom, the remains might be re-

moved for interment. The murder was not finished until nearly 4 o'clock, and the disfigured body, from which nearly all semblance of humanity gore, and after sunset, by means of a couple of poles, the body was thrust into an adjacent gully.

ANTIQUITY OF THE CENSUS.

Enumerators Autedate the Christian Era, but Weren't Always So Inquisitive. Boston Herald, 1

As the late S. S. Cox, of New York, said on February 18, 1879, in addressing the House of Representatives relative to the bill authorizing the tenth census: "A census is no new thing under the sun. It antedates the Christian era. It illustrates the Chinese, Japanese, Hebraic, Grecian and Roma

The Jewish census listed the first born and first fruits, and was at first a religious custom. Afterward it was used for fighting purposesse. In Rome the period of taking the census was five years, or, as the Romans distinctively called it, a lustrum; and the completion of the work was celebrated as a national holiday, the day of lustration, when good citizens were rewarded and bad citizens were held up to public

ignominy.

Despite its antiquity, however, the census never reached beyond a mere enumeration or counting of the people until the United States extended its significance. Statistics themselves first entered the scientific phase in 1749, when the new science received its name and the first complete statement of its principles by Prof. Achenwall of Gottingen. It is only during the past two generations that statistical activity touched all varieties of human employment and resource. When the Constitution of the United States was formed there was no Government on earth that provided in its fundamental law for taking a census.

TENNYSON'S HABITS.

He Often Gets Through Most of His Work Before the Breakfast Hour.

rowle in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.] Like almost all authors, Tennyson does the greater part of his literary work in the morning hours, between breakfast and luncheon, and sometimes breaks the back of his work before breakfast. His invariable habit is to take a long stroll before luncheon, accompanied often by a triend, and always by two of his dogs. The afternoon and evening are given up to rest and social re-

The poet is seldom, as we have said, seen in the streets of the metropolis; but occasionally his tall, sturdy form, his broad soft who is only 21, ten years younger than Mo-Dune, will swim under water one length of the pool. Taylor is a son of the well-known English carsman.

But, after all, Pittsburg women must not

Paul's. ECONOMY IN PARIS.

The Proverbial Thrift of the New England Yankee Outdone.

ONE STOVE FOR A WHOLE HOUSE.

French Belles Wear Ounce Hats and Sleeves Like Flour Barrels.

THEODORS TILION ENJOYING LIPE

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) PARIS, June 12 .- About the first familiar face I met on the Boulevard de Capucines,

Paris, was Theodore Tilton. He was sitting, with the crowd in front of the Grand Hotel, sipping his after-dinner coffee, and conversing in French with a gentleman and two beautiful French

some man. He is a

rich juices from Burgundy; but now he looks spirituelle again. When I asked him about returning to America, he said:
"No, I shall never go back. I love Paris,



The Economical Store

and I have a fortune large enough to enable me to live here. I am a man without a country, but I have expatriated myself. Society has committed a crime against me, I defended myself and was beaten." I am sorry for Mr. Tilton. He believes that he has an honest grievance. To him that grievance is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

WONDERFUL FRENCH ECONOMY.

I thought I saw economy up in Ireland, where a poor Killarney farmer got permission from a rich landlord to use a patch of

a paper cigarette to get the stub. A cigar atub is a gold mine to this man, and a whole Pittsburg toby would cause him to sing the "Marseillaise." A Frenchman named Duval has 26 res-

taurants in Paris, and feeds 20,000 people daily. The debris from his tables would not make a wagon load, but even this is sold again, and after the poor have finished with it, a poodle would starve on it. The lights of an animal which we throw away, are as choice as sweet breads to the Frenchman, and the dear old lame horses are not wasted; they are ground into sausage meat and Hamburg steak.

THE ECONOMICAL PARIS STOVE. The economy of a French stove would hypnotize an American. The stove is about the size of an ice water tank in a Pullman car. It is loaded with two quarts of coal, the small three-inch pipe adjusted to the



chimney and the coal lighted. After burn-

ing awhile the draft is shut off and the stove s wheeled around the room.

The room is warmed in sections. First it is wheeled up to the old man who throws out his fingers, then across to the old lady who embraces it, and then up to the baby. Then it is wheeled back to the chimney, the draft opened and the fire rekindled. There are usually two chimney holes about the room. After one room has been treated to a fire, the stove is rolled into the hall or into another room, or taken by the handle and carried upstairs. The same stove is used in the bedroom to dress by, rolled into the breakfast room like a baby carriage, then into the sitting room. It is multum in parvo. It is a cookstove, fireplace and furnace. The American who burns ten tons of coal in range, 12 tons in a furnace, and two tons in grates, is amazed when he sees a whole house in Paris warmed with one ton of coal. The 20 tons used by the American would warm the Boulevard des Italiens.

NO SMOKE IN PARIS.

Poor people in France do not warm with fire at all. They sing the "Boulanger March," clap their hands and smother themselves in old clothes. The poor fellow who has inherited an old fur coat is envied The coal burned is bituminous, but 4,000,000 Parisians don't make enough smoke to be visible. The air of Paris is as clear as the air in the middle of Lake Erie. The smoke in Chicago or Cincinnati one day would supply all France for a year. The smoke of Cincinnati, Cleveland or Chicago would fill a shivering Frenchman with joy, for it Parisians don't make enough smoke to be would suggest to him that someone was warm. Pittsburg smoke, now a thing of the past, would have paralyzed a Parisian.

The prices of different foods in Paris are

The prices of different foods in Paris are enormous. A good glass of milk costs 10 cents, beer is 6 cents, crackers, which in New York cost 8 cents, are 20 cents; bacon which sells in Chicago wholesale at 5½ cents brings 14 cents, a dish of fried potatoes

brings 12 cents in the cheapest Duval res-taurant. Sirloin beefsteaks are 30 cents a pound in every butcher's shop, and the best cuts 40 cents. Good sweet farm butter costs

Still the people live cheap because every-Still the people live cheap because everything is eaten up. Americans at home waste more than they eat. If people in Chicago ate as ecomically as they do in Paris, they could live twice as cheaply as they do in Paris. The first cost of provisions in Chicago is less than half the cost in Paris. In fact any American can live cheaper in America than in Europe if he eats in America as he does here, but New York or Chicago throws away more than Paris eats. And right now I can hear some idiot in America, tooting up in a falsetto idiot in America, tooting up in a falsetto

"But \$1 goes so much further in Europe "Yes, my son, it does. It has to."

NOTHING BUT LABOR IS CHEAP. Mon's clothing is no cheaper here than in America. There is no good \$3 shoe in France. When I showed an ordinary tailor a \$25 check suit from Union Square, New York, he held up both hands in amazement. An ordinary Oxford hat which you can buy in Pittsburg for \$2 50 is marked from 12 to 15 francs here. Hack hire is cheaper here than in America because that represents labor.

girls.

Mr. Tilton has grown old, and his hair is white; but he is still the same handsome man. He is a Theodore Titton.

Some man. He is a cents for poor steak. His cotton blouse, shoes and hat cost as much here as in America, he throws amusing to see the people turn around to away his bowl of cheap soup and hard bread look at him. When I saw him here six years ago, he had a voluptuous look as if he was surrendering himself to Epicurus and supplanting the waters of the Seine with the rich juices from Burgundy; but now he lessed and thrice blessed are you in Americal America!

ARTICLES FOR THE LADIES. It is only laces, gloves, embroideries and articles created by cheap labor that are cheaper here than in America. That is, labor is cheap, while raw materials are dear. My wife, atter interviewing dozens of dress-makers and milliners here, from Worth to the Bon Marche, tells me to-day that she can buy nothing here cheaper than in America except gloves, laces and embroideries. Buhl turniture is no cheaper or bet-ter than when made in Grand Rapids, and Vernais Martin furniture—well, the price for it is simply fabulous!

Parts always runs to extremes. Now the sensation is little bonnets and big sleeves. I saw bonnets to-day no bigger than your hand. One weighed an ounce. It was simply a headdress built in the shape of a bonnet. It was made of flowers and lace. The big sleeve has no expectation. big sleeve has no especial name. Some-times it is called the "full top sleeve." It even obstructs the view in the theater. The comic papers are all caricaturing it. The accompanying sketch of the little bonnet and big sleeve is done with a little exagger-ation from a Kodak photographer. ation from a Kodak photographer.

THE FRENCH ELEVATOR. I don't believe there are twenty-five ele-I don't believe there are twenty-five elevators in all London. Many of the large
hotels, like the Temple, expect guests to
walk up four stories. On the other hand, in
Paris, the elevator is becoming epidemic.
But such elevators! They are hydraulic
elevators and are run without an elevator
boy. As water is dear in Paris, they run at
a snail's pace. Sometimes they stand still
between two floors and refuse to move for an
hour. They were laughing over in the Amerihour. They were laughing over in the American quarter by the Arch of Triumph to-day, and when I asked them what it was all

astounds me. It is no uncommon thing to the passenger adjusts himself, and they see a Frenchman following a man smoking were all ignorant as to how to stop or go

COSTUMES FOR SERVANTS

Mrs. Keudal Insists on What American Girls Would Never Submit to. Illustrated News. 1

Mrs. Kendal, who is once more in London, has something to say about American servants. "They dress too well," she says. Most English servants have a costan e prescribed. No girl in my house can wear a fringe, or, as they call it in the States, a bang. I tell her plainly she must part her hair, and comb it neatly back behind a cap, and she must wear an apron, and no ornaments but a ribbon 'round her neck. Only a lady's-maid may wear a brooch and go without the cap, but she must wear an apron They must wear their caps at the theater too. Why, if they didn't, I would wear one myself. There must be a distinction made

No one can wonder that a lady whose main life is in the stage and its traditions should incline to a picturesque make-up in her own household. A caste costume is certainly more picturesque than the ordi-nary civilian garb; but, when it reaches the point where it can only be maintained by compulsion, the means of compelling must be considered. Every tourist deplores the steady disappearance of costume all the world over; it has vanished from Scotland, is almost extinct in Switzerland, is disap-pearing in the Tyrol, and beginning to tot-

Only two things can preserve it-law and money. In a country where it is hard to get a good housemaid even if encumbered with a bonnet, it is impossible to make it always a part of the bargain that she should wear a cap; nor can an employer risk the loss of a cook for the sake of a breastpin, when she lives in terror lest the cook be tempted away from her any day for a plain gold ring.

THAT SETTLED IT.

Effect of a Buture Papasin-Law's Cordinity on a Bashful Young Man. (WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.)

"Your father was exceedingly, I should say unusually, cordial in his manner to me, to-night," said the bashful young man, after the old gentleman had passed on up-stairs. "Indeed, did he impress you so?" asked the fair creature who sat at his side. "And what do you think, he said this morning? O, "I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea."
"Such a joke! He said—he said that as he passed through the hall last night he

was sure he heard you-heard you-kiss me! Why, er-why, I never did such a thing The old gentleman will have a new son-in-law next month. Polk Swalps.

A DISASTOUS CENSUS.

How David and Joab Counted a Lot of Poople Who Died Right Away. Boston Herald. 1

It will be remembered by students of the Bible that an enumeration of the people of Judea by Joab, seting under the orders of King David, was followed by a three days pestilence, which carried off some 70,000 of the recently counted individuals. It was thought at the time that David and his super-intendent of census, Joab, had no authority to do this thing, and the nation suffered for

LADY MONEY MAKERS.

Fortunes for Society Belles in Washington Real Estate.

RECEIPTS OF BOARDING HOUSES. Pretty Girls Busy Clicking Out Bank Rolls on Typewriters.

ICE CREAM FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 WASHINGTON, June 21 .- There are lots of women in the Capital City who make money in real estate. Mrs. Patten, the wite of the California millionaire, added materially to her fortune in this way before she died, and there are a number of other society ladies who speculate in houses and lots on the sly. Not a few of the fortunes of Washington are founded on real estate, and a large part of that left by Corcoran comes from the rise of Washington property. One

of the most aristocratic families in the Northwest dates its origin back to a lot which the grandfater of the high-toned young ladies of to-day owned. This grandfather was a butcher and he had a very pretty daughter whom the cook of Sir Charles Vaughn, the British Minister to the United States a decade or so ago, saw and fell in love with. When Vaughn went back to England the cook remained and married the daughter of the butcher. The butcher died, leaving his lot, which was sold at an enormous figure, and which formed the foundation of the present family's for-

tune.

Not long ago the butcher's daughter, whose origin had, as she supposed, been forgotten, took it upon herself to criticize the admission of the daughters of a poor, but blue-blooded naval officer, into Washington society. In speaking to one of the most refined ladies of Washington about it this butcher's daughter said: "What an idea, Mrs. Blank. I don't think we ought to admit these people to our circle. Washington society is growing so common, and we really must draw the line somewhere."

must draw the line somewhere. "Yes, Madam," replied the lady sarcastic-ally; "that may be true, but where shall we draw the line, at the sirloin or the tender-

BOARDING HOUSES AND ANCESTRY. This story makes me think of the boarding house women of Washington, some of whom belong to that class known as reduced gentlewomen. Not a few boast the bluest of blood, and a Congressman from Michigan told me his experiences with one of these the other day. Table board in Washington costs from \$20 to \$30 per month, and this Congressman wanted to get a good boarding place where he could run in and get his meals. He was met at the door by a gray-haired old man who told him that his wife, the lady of the house, was not at home.

"But," said he, "I would inform you, sah, that this lady, sah, is a descendant of George Washington's family, sah, and she is sure to suit you, sah."

My Congressional friend said he would be glad to board with so distinguished a character and made some inquiries about the meals. The old man to his repeated questions answered shortly, but always turned This story makes me think of the board-

meals. The old man to his repeated questions answered shortly, but always turned the conversation to the George Washington end of his family, until finally the Congressman exclaimed, "I don't care a blankety blank whether my landlady is George Washington's niece or George Washington's cook. All that I want is to have good hot rolls and oatmeal for breakfast and I want my meat cooked rare." Whether he got it or not I don't know.

CASE IN CONGRESSMEN'S STOMACHS. Quite a number of Washington women have made money in keeping boarders. There is one within a few blocks of the at least \$40,000, the whole or which she has made out of Congressmen's stomachs, and I know of another who boards Government clerks and clears \$2,000 a year. Another perance advocate keeps a big hotel here and another has three houses filled with all kinds of officials from Cabinent Ministers to Treasury clerks. She has different rates according to rank, and the Senator pay \$25 a month for what the Representative gets for \$22.50 and which the clerks gets for \$20. She has a negro steward and he is such a good caterer that he is said to receive \$1,200

year for his services. Furnished rooms bring very high rates in Washington. You cannot get any kind of a room in the better part of the city for less than \$20 per month and suits of two rooms range from \$40 up to several hundred dollars. It used to be that a Congressman had to pay at least \$100 a month for any kind of rooming accommodations, but the big flats which have lately sprung up in Washington have reduced the prices of rooms and the room-renting women of the capital are not making so much.

A PRETTY ICE CREAM VENDER. Quite a number of women make money here by catering, and there is a little French lady, Madam Demont, who has made a fortune by furnishing ice creams for White House dinners and who has furnished cream

thousands and they are the most expert of their kind in the United States. The their kind in the United States. The greater part of the typewriting of the departments is done by them and scores of them have offices and take in work from Congressmen, lobbyists, claimants and attorneys. They come from all parts of the country and I am told there are 1,500 who make a living outside of that given through the civil service by Uncle Sam. I chatted with one of these yesterday about her business. She said: ness. She said:

CLICKING OUT A FORTUNE. "Of course I like it. I get more pay here than I could get in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, and I make enough to buy a lot now and then. I was offered a \$1,200 clerkship in the Treasury a few months ago and I would not take it. I can make more outside and I would not have my life ground out by, the Government machine, nor will I let one of those smirky chiefs boss me around. I have a number of Congress: whose correspondence I attend to. They come here in the morning and dictate their work in shorthand and I often go the office of a Senator or to his committee room at the Capitol when there is a hig job on hand.

"Of course I ges hig prices for such labor and I have often received a dollar an hour. Senator Stanford pays the highest prices and he often employs typewriters. Such Senator Stanford pays the highest prices and he often employs typewriters. Such copying as I do I get paid for by the folio of a hundred words and the average rate paid here is 60 cents per 1,000 words. I sometimes do work for reporters and I once had an arrangement with Amos Cummings to give him three hours every evening. He dictated directly to the typewriter and he paid me \$20 a week."

MISS GRUNDY, JR. MISS GRUNDY, JR.

Remedy for Dysentery

An efficacious remedy for dysentery has been found by Dr. Jakobleff, a Russian physician, in bisulphide of carbon, largely diluted. The quantity given per day was from three grains to five grains in half a tumbler of water or milk, with a little peppermine. First of all, however, one or two
grains of calomel were administered hourly
until its effects were perceptible, and during
this time enemats containing 1½ grains of
sulphide of carbon in 1½ ounces of water
were administered twice daily.



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 seashore. In the hotel near his cottage lives Mrs. Amelia Glaye, an eccentric widow, who makes him her physician. Her charming daughter, Bertha, has engaged herself to Cyril Durand, who has squandered most of his fortune, and has promised to wed another woman, who clings closely to him. One night the doctor hears a shriek. He sees a tall figure in overcoat or cloak slinking away, and discoverathe 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. Just before retiring that night the doctor is summoned by lone Grande, are Glaye's mald, who says her mistress is very nervous and wretched. She tells the doctor Mrs. Glaye's mald, who says her mistress is very nervous and wretched. She tells the doctor Mrs. Glaye went out walking in the evening alone and came back with her dress and hands torn by briars and a diamond earring missing. Arriving, the doctor, to his surprise, finds Mrs. Glaye more caim than he had ever seen her. She resents the visit, says she has no need for the physician, and treats the briar seratches and loss of the earring as jokes. Next day Detective Fox starts to work on the case, accuring many clews in which are mixed up the names of Mrs. Glaye, her daughter, Berthal Cyril Durand, Otto Morton and a mysterious Elia Constant. Finally he calls on Mrs. Glaye, confessing the object of his visit. She tells him Bertha is an adopted daughter. Years ago she loved a man named Glaye in Europe. He had a rich rival. They met and Glaye was killed. Later the rich man died, leaving all his property to his love providing she would marry. She had promised Glaye to remain

CHAPTER V.

I was now prepared to look up Mr. Cyril Durand, and I accordingly directed my steps toward his house. That he was one of the guilty parties I was convinced, and henceforward until I arrested him I felt it my duty to keep him under observation. It would be throwing away my best card to arrest him at once, for I felt sure that, free, he would in some way or other communicate with his accomplices, and "Lecoq" Fox was just the kind of man to detect that little

I walked briskly along the shore and soon reached the little cottage inhabited by Mr. Durand. I leaped up the wooden steps and in my absorption gave the door bell a tremendous pull. Nobody answered it, and I pulled again and again. There was no response, and glancing up and about me I saw that all the windows were closed. Evidently fear had been greater than logic, and the man Durand had taken to his heels. It was an easy matter to open the blinds from the outside of the house, and this I did. To lift the window and leap into the front room was equally easy, and this act I also per-The house was as silent as an Egyptian

"Because the milkman didn't find him, the baker didn't find him, and the butcher didn't find him. The house has been closed

all morning."
"Do you think he has gone away for the "Perhaps; but it's a cheating of honest poor folks, for he's run away without paying his honest debts."

"Was he seen yesterday?"
"Yes, and last night, too. I seen him with my own eyes when I was taking down the

swill to dump in the water."
"At what time?"
"At about 6 o'clock." "What was he doing?" "Sitting on the stone beyonst there." She pointed to a large rounded stone that was half submerged at full tide.
"What was he doing?"
"Amusing himself by tearing up paper

and watching it float on the water."
"Did he spenk to you?"
"Yes, told me to tell my son to call for his money in the morning. My son you know is the milkman, but it's little money that he'll get for his last month's 31 quarts of

"At what time did your son call at the

"At the usual time, 7 o'clock in the mo ing. You won't see Mr. Durand, and no loss to you, sir."



THE DETECTIVE CLIMBED IN THE DESERTED ROOM.

tomb, and everywhere I saw evidences of a | As it was near the hour when the afterhasty departure; furniture in disorder; some unwashed dinner plates on the kitchen table —before fleeing the occupant had hurriedly little old lady with eyes as bright as those of any business woman of France and she understands how to charge high prices and get them.

Some of the prettiest girls in Washington are typewriters. They are numbered by the thousands and they are the most expert of their kind in the United States. The hasty departure; furniture in disorder; some ert of trunk, no handbag, no comb, no toothbrush,
The no doubt of it now; the man had run away, and thus foolishly revealed his guilt. In an absent manner I nibbled at a morsel of ham while walking from the kitchen into the front room. I opened the blinds to obtain more light, and then studied the fragments of paper that filled and overflowed a small straw basket. To properly assort the scraps was the labor of a week. All I intended to do at that time was to see if fate favored me, by learning some words or lines of a compromising nature. I may say at once that I discovered nothing directly bearing on the crime, though I strained my eves for some two hours in the effort. Never-theless I fished out a few useful hints and suggestions. In the necessarily hasty study I came across three specimens of the signa-ture of Ella Constant, the murdered woman. The poor creature evidently bored the man with her correspondence. An ominous scrap was "Yours till death, Ellal" Most of the fragments bore tracings of fair weman's hand; there were four or five dif-ferent styles of writing, but they were all feminine tracery. That they would bear more elaborate study I was convinced, and

so I wrapped every morsel in a newspaper, tied it up and brought it away with me.

Leaving the house by the window I went about seeking for some neighbor who could enlighten me as to when the missing man was last seen. Unfortunately, most of the was last seen. Unfortunately, most of the houses were closed, the occupants having departed for good. Two houses farther down I met an old woman who was washing the front steps. She was performing this duty before one of the most elaborate cottages I had yet seen in this out-of-the-way tages I had yet seen in this out-of-the-way place, an attractive building in the Queen Anne style, and with a kind of windmill at the back of it. The owners were people of taste, for in the garden I saw two or three sunflowers and some hollyhocks, the only cultivated plants in a place given over to golden rod and asters. The sunflowers looked flabby and the hollyhocks sickly, but an attempt had been made to connurs. but an attempt had been made to conquer the desolation of the place, and the intertility of the ground. I approached the old woman, and said: "Can you tell me where Mr. Durand

lives?"
"The last house yonder," she said, pointing with a very soapy hand, "but I guess said, in his peculiar English. "A woman is wiser; not that I refer to my good friend

noon train was to arrive, I temporarily re-Grope was a clever fellow when he had a superior anind to guide him, and I had no doubt that he would succeed, especially as I communicated to him certain information which I had obtained from the basket of torn-up letters. The other policeman I set to watch the hotel, especially Mrs. Amelia Glaye, should she venture out, and whom I minutely described. I hoped by this means, among other things, to discover the whereabouts of the runaway, Durand, for I had no doubt that the woman was fully ac-

no doubt that the woman was fully acquainted with the actions of the man. She had lived to learn that her heart was not dead and buried with her old lover; the impecunious and indifferent Durand undoubtpecunious and indifferent Durand undoubtedly knew that on her marriage she would
come into a fortune. She clung to him from
love, he to her from interest, and he would
not run away without giving his accomplice
information as to his retreat. A woman in
love is a woman without a mask, and that
the infatuated Mrs. Glaye would seek the
presence of the murderer was little less than
a certainty in my mind. The reader has all a certainty in my mind. The reader has all the facts I then possessed; if his suspicions are directed to other persons I can only envy

Night had come on by this time, and I was tired and hungry. I had promised to dine with Dr. Brandt, and I had no right to keep him waiting in his hospitality, especially as I needed his opinion on the case of Mrs. Glave.

Mrs. Glaye.
On reaching his cottage the good man On reaching his cottage the good man gave me the heartiest of welcomes, and in my absence had personally prepared the most tempting of dinners. He keeps no servanta, as he does not wish to be dependent on "wretched human, gabbling, chattering beings" as he calls them. I had no reason to object to the eccentricity, for I never sat down to a better dinner in my life; nor one better cooked. We drank our coffee and smoked our cigars in the sitting room, and here for the first time the doctor referred to the murder. I gave him a full account to the murder. I gave him a full account of my proceedings, especially of my interview with Mrs. Giaye, although I did not even hint at the personal history she had re-lated to me. He agreed with me in regarding the flight of the man Durand as a great