1890.

be essentially a revolution of the old, and I claim that my reasons therefor are sound. Looking over the country at present, perhaps the most gorgeous specimens of architecture are to be found in the cities where wealth and affluence do not necessarily or always go hand in hand with elegance, beauty and comfort, but the exhibitions there of true home-building are very rare indeed. It is in the country very rare indeed. It is in the country round about the cities of the North, or in very remote places in the South that the work. Even in the cities the newer squatsort of patchwork-architecture is slowly but surely taking on suggestions of the old.

The old tower has been long in fashion but here you find a bit of old Corinthian pillar or cornice, there a jot of the Doric in the matter of dome or turret or balcouy; here, again, in decoration, an idea as old as Dam-acus, there, in outdoor surrounding, some-thing strongly remindful of the hanging gardens of old, or perhaps, of what Eden once was.

WE MAY WEAR OLD CLOTHES.

And this is all called new, original and beautiful; yet it is old, very old, and unin proved indeed by any of what could poss bly be called new. Often we hear that a and so has just finished up a room, a whol room, with everything strangely new, but all so beautifully old. Huge old fireplaces, quaint old andirons and tongues and fend ers, quaint carpetings and rugs and skins and old lewel-like Italian frames and po traits, quaint old clocks, and fire-screens and horns, and snuff boxes, and leathe trunks, and quaint old everything. I think

this indicates something.

I think it is something, too, that the admiration for the picturesque short clothes and apparel of the gentlemen of the past century is growing stronger and more uni-versal, and threatens even a revolution in the matter of dress. This may seem to have little to do with architecture, and so it has, but the indication is most sure and certain, and not to be mistaken.

And when these beautiful old homes, now

And when these beautiful old homes, now so eagerly sought for, and now so surely going into decay, shall have gotten fewer, others will spring up in their stead and about them, and then the revolution will be upon us, and the beginning of it will be down here in old Virginia. Mark it.

WILMER WELLINGTON.

HE HAULED BRONSON ALCOTT.

Pretty Little Story of the Philosopher Told by a Politician.

Sherman Hoar, the brilliant young lawyer and Mugwump politician, younger son of E. Rockwood Hour, of Concord, tells with a

relish this story at his own expense: "Some years ago I was at Concord spend ing a vacation. I wasn't putting on much style, but was having a thoroughly good time. One day I was out in a rustic rig used about the farm, and was dressed in hayseed clothes. Bronson Alcott was alive then, and coming down the road I overtook th

"'Hold on, young man,' he said, 'I want you to drive me to the station. It is nearly time for my train, and I am afraid I shall

'All right, sir,' I replied, 'get in.'
"He did so, and we started for the station On the way down we passed my sister. She bowed and of course I returned her saluta-Mr. Alcott seemed to be surprised and pleased.

"'That is charming' he said. 'The sweet city maiden salutes the rustic swain, and knight-like, acknowledges her salutation. They meet on a common level.

of Rustle Contentment.

e termed a few ceremonious occasions.

toston Globe. 1

"I said nothing, and when we reached the station he said, 'Young man, what is the 'A quarter,' I responded, and he paid it. I have the piece now, and I never look at it without smiling and thinking how eas-

ily I earned it." CLEVELAND ON HIS OUTING.

Dressed in Rough Clothes He is the Picture tion to-day come from the variety and Mr. Cleveland and his wife have been

halls. They form the training school of the

"Who are, in your opinion, the leading soubrettes of the American stage to-day?" THE LEADING SOUBRETTES.

'Natural Gas;' Della Fox, now playing at the Broadway in 'Castles in the Air;' Kate Davis, with Monroe and Rice; Lena Merville and Marion Elmore, both graduates of the London music halls. Lena Merville is in the 'Sea King' this week: Marion Elmon has married and retired, you know. There is Flora Moore, whom I have just engaged as soubrette with my new play. 'The Hustlers,' who is pretty well known by those who have seen 'The Bunch of Keys' and Mestayer's productions. She is also a graduate of Tony Pastor's and the variety theaters and is one of the most high-priced soubrettes on the American stage. There are Lillian and Daisy Ramsden, who came from the music halls of London. Olije Archmere, a Calitornia girl, and Carrie Tutien. Both sing in con.ic opera now, but go with farce comedy the coming season. There are Vivian, Emily and Veevie, sisters, who formerly did sketches in the variety business, but who also now go with larce comedy. The latter played in 'The Still Alarm' last season. There are the Irwin sinters and latter appears in the 'Three Rose Buds' and dances the skirt dance. There are the French sisters who are wives of Evans and Hoey of 'Parlor Match' notoriety. And there is Alice Harrison, who has also been with 'The City Directory' recently. Patrice, who was with Roland Reed, 'Lost in New York, etc.; Annie Lewis, with 'Later On, Patti Rosa, who is now starring, and Flora Walsh, Hoyt's wife, who goes next season

never see her with the mob. "The imported soubrette is not as good as her American sister. She has not the natural sprightliners and keen sense of humor that are a part of almost every American girl. The character of humor which she brings from London would put out of the house. The English souhrette

omedy parts." "Where go the dramatic agencies come

FIELD OF THE DRAMATIC AGENCIES. "Some of the managers use dramatic agents to secure their people. This is be-cause they are not posted themselves as to the individual record of the parties to be engaged. The first-class farce comedy manager only uses agents in securing the addresses, and is able to judge of their abilities himself. The man who has not been

ACTOR AND MANAGER. dramatic agent is the medium between the out-of-town manager and the traveling manager as well as between the performer and his or her employer. There are at least a dozen well known dramatic agencies in New York. In a large building, a few doors from the *Dramatic News* office, on Thirtieth street, is one of the most prominent. It is an old residence building remodeled on the lower floors, three of which are occupied by the business. At times there are within

> Within are two long lines of stalls which strongly resemble pews in the old-tashioned colonial churches. These stalls with the desks and fixtures are rented by theatrical managers who come to New York to book their annual attractions at the rate of \$75 to \$500 per annum. This is not merely for desk privilege, but is also the compensation of the agency which acts as middle man be-tween the traveling and the local manager. Just now nearly every one of these stalls is daily occupied by its temporary owner, who is busily engaged in arranging dates for the plays that are being booked for his theater or circuit of theaters in some section of the country. Here he may be sound and here he gets his mail. Sometimes he does the business here and sometimes on the curb in the vicinity. If in the latter instance you will see him pull from his vest pocket a little book called a "date book," in which he has arranged seriatim the engagements already made, and which shows at a glance

The dramatic agency as here represented is a thing of comparatively recent growth. Theatrical managers, as a rule, deery the theatrical agency, but are compelled to patronize it because the shrewdness and energy of those who have built up the system has made it an essential part of the business.

dramatic agency as it is to-day the outsider must naturally inquire why the National Dramatic Managers' Association does not have a well conducted bureau of its own in New York to insure the desired results with less friction and at less expense to all parties. In a business involving, as this does, millions of dollars every year, and the well being of thousands connected with it, it would seem that those who are most interested might devise a better system of

Fresh Air and Care of the Diet Would Save a Great Many Little Lives. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

ravenous tiger. The human frame has become enervated by the long rainy season of April and May, the pores of old earth have opened wide and the atmosphere is murky and clings to the flesh and the lungs like wet wool, robbing the muscles of strength and leaving no soundness of nerve within us. Our appetites cry out against the ordinary consumption of food, and our digestions adapt themselves but languidly to their duties.

It is a critical period for grown people, but how much more for child-life and those poor little morsels of humanity who have not yet weathered their second summer. How many city babies have I seen enjoying slow, sullen June suns, so particularly trying to babies everywhere, have visibly and mysteriously changed these conditions. The pretty head droops and sways like a slowly withering flower, the once hard muscles be-come fluccid, and the breathing grows more and more labored in the still bot air. He eagerly craves liquid nourishment, and the poor little stomach soon rejects the unse-customed quantity of food; his eyes grow dull and heavy, or perhaps unnaturally large and clear, until the poor mother's

few country boarding houses and hotels baby's needs, and inviting rather than slighting the little charges.

It is a ridiculous prejudice to suppose that the second summer of a baby's life is more precarious than the first. It demands fewer victims, and any sensible physician will indorse my statement. But the second organs not permitted to become diseased fa-al cases might be averted. Now it is usualhat causes their non-observance. Can any-

"What does the child eat?" was the first question asked by a dear old German physiman, tamous for his treatment of children's

the table," was the usual reply.
"Ei! Ei!" he would exclaim. "Candy, sour milk, fresh bread, sausage, coffee and tea, raw fruit and vegetables. The result? Of course, diarrheel diseases and death! And then you say the cause of death was second summer! Ach, mein Gott!"

America Tears Through Life With Big Fires in the Furnace

AND THE SAFETY VALVESNORTING.

Instances in Every Day Events of Energy

Worse Than Wasted.

DELIBERATION ACCOMPLISHES MOST IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

We Americans are a restless, rollicking set of mortals, always on the move, and never content unless things are going at full pressure. A slow train is a nuisance, an old plug of a horse is an abomination and a singgish steamboat is a perfect trial. Nor is this characteristic peculiar to the native born American alone. The plodaing Englishman or the phlegmatic German for a few years, it may be goes on the he walks quicker, talks quicker and drinks his beer with as much avidity as one to the manor

beer with as much avidity as one to the manor born. The motive influence must be in the air we breathe. When the American atmosphere can be critically and quantitively analyzed we shall find there is something wonderfully stimulating about it.

Now a large part of this hurry and scurry is needless, and is simply a sad waste of energy. If we could take a census of the needless pulse beats of this great nation what a mighty aggregate it would make. Waste is always disastrous, sooner or later; yea, is not willful waste a sin. Its usual product, woeful want, proves that at least it is foolish. Deliberation in the long run accomplishes more than heedless hurry, if that deliberation does not degenerate into absurd sluggishness and pig-headed conservatism.

How Mankind Resembles Hogkind.

In Summit county, O., a few days ago a farmer, worth \$100,000, 6 feet high, and weighing 180 pounds, who had never seen a day's sickness in his life, undertook on a wager to eat 26 hard-boiled eggs. Ho ate them all and covered himself with glory, but his celebrity was short-lived, for in three weeks the clods of was short-lived, for in three weeks the clods of the valley covered his stalwart body, and he be-came food for the worms. One would think that a man who could accumulate \$100,000 at farming would not make such an idiot of him-self for so brief a notoriety. His gastronomi-cal energy was commendable if his object was to show the close affinity that exists between mankind and hogkind, but his discretion was abominably out of gear. He wasted his energy.

Two-thirds of the well-to-do families of our

large cities are even now proving the truth of our proposition. In the city of Pittsburg, for instance, there are hundreds of pleasant homes with every conceivable modern convenience— bathrooms, large, lofty apartments, shady lawns and somnambulent nocks and corners in-doors and out, where weary bodies might find needed rest; choice estables in abundance, rapid transit without stint, and a thousand and rapid transit without stint, and a thousand and one comforts that country people know nothing of. And yet these city folks will soon leave, or have left, these pleasant homes in the city to spend seven or eight weeks in some gigantic caravansary, where hundreds of weary mortals congregate, or they will go to some remote farmhouse to sleep in stuffy rooms, cat sait meat and drink water that too often owes its flavor to the close proximity of the barnyard. To do this requires a vast amount of self-denial and energy. How much of this is wasted energy?

The Summer Resort Craze.

Mrs. Grundy is a tyrant, and, at her irra-tional dictum, society must bow. Recreation and oxygen are what our city people are after, they tell us. Well, if it be recreation to sit at a public dining table with hundreds of strang-ers all through the torrid heat of summer, ers all through the torrid heat of summer, surely they get it. As to the oxygen, is it not possible, as already hinted, that some of it may be imbited in liquid form? Poor, frail mortals, who, when at home, cannot submit to the slightest inconvenience, will endure anything to please the old lady mentioned above. Would it not be better, as some indeed do, to spend the hottest sungmer months at home, if it be such a home as those described, and then, when the delightful fall comes, with its health-giving, bracing breezes and its changing health-giving, bracing breezes and its changing leaves, to sea, to forest and to mountain his them? Recuperation would naturally follow such a course, and instead of commencing the such a course, and instead of commencing the winter season worn out with summer ramblings as some do, our society ladies would, like the rosy fruits of fair October, bear the bloom of healthy beauty, instead of the frail, faded hue so often seen. Unnecessary exertion indulged in to keep on good terms with Mrs. Grundy

The Modern Church Festival. There is a vast amount of unnecessary en (God bless them), will and do occupy two or three days getting up a festival or supper. They contribute time, money and strength in pre-paring, and then are generally the best cus-tomers themselves. A cash contribution from each family interested, exceeding not more than is usually spent upon such affairs, would than is usually spent upon such affairs, would in many cases net as much profit as is gained when all the endeavor has been expended. Why people should rather stuff themselves with ice cream, cake, strawberries, oysters and indigestion is a question reason refuses to answer. Is it not possible to have enjoyable social intercourse without punishing the stomach? Is that organ the only avenue to the purses of the sterner sex? A man of good digestive powers who cannot be placated by a good dinner is little less than a heathen, but at least one half of them do not possess the powers of assimilation that the majority of people impute to them. Taking it all in all and striking an average, a church festival is a piece of wasted energy.

Folly Among Laborers.

As a rule, the easiest way is always the best Let an observant and thoughtful man watch two or three laboring men at work where lift-ing and moving of heavy weights is a feature, Unless directed by a "hoss," whose mind is at work, they will use a large amount of unneceswork, they will use a large amount of unnecessary physical strength. They seem to forget that there is such a thing as leverage. Is it right to use to its full tension all your strength when it can be so easily economized? It is said that out of every five persons engaged in anything like muscular labor, one will be found to wear trusses or some other kind of appliance to render a rupture tolerable. The majority of these cases are undoubtedly the fruit of a profligate expenditure of energy. Men of unusual attempth sometimes delight to show their physical provess, and, as a result of such exhibitions, they bring upon themselves disastrous weakness. Many an apparently gigantic body is harnessed with invisible supports without is harnessed with invisible supports without which it would be little less than a wreck. Energy wasted; yes, worse than wasted

Waste in the Pulpit.

As a necessary accomplishment for ordination to the gospel ministry a knowledge of Greek and Hebrow is considered essential. Religious papers are loudly and vainly calling for men to fill vacant pulpits. Adequate preparation for the office of minister is attained by
about ten years of incressant study, a great part
of that time being occupied in twisting around
the gymnasticisms of Greek verbs and Hebrew
hieroglyphics. If the Bible has been translated
correctly by the brightest intellects of the agea,
and is rendered in the best English possible,
why is it necessary for every student to
seek to qualify himself to do that which has
been so well done by others? Not one in fifty
of our preachers are really Greek scholars, and
very often the pri ciple that "a little learning
is a dangerous thing" meets with affirmation in
this connection. It is a great temptation to a
man po sessing a smattering of Greek of
Hebrew to air that fact before his congregation. It is very flattering to see the audience
shake their heads at each other and to hear
them at the church door say "isn't he smart?"
If some of us ministers who at times forges our men to till vacant pulpits. Adequate preparathem at the church door say the street of us ministers who at times forget our sacred duty in showing off our attainments in a literary or oratoric sense, would spend more of our time feeding hungry souls there would be less wasted energy in the pulpit and out of it.

A COUNTRY PARSON.

MANAGING A HORSE.

If He Gets Crapky Give Him More of the Fancies Than He Intended to Take. .- When a horse stops and proposes to turn

around," said a Fifth avenue liveryman the other day, "don't resist the turn, but give him a quiet horizontal pull in the direction he wants to turn, so as to carry him further around than he intended to go, and if possible keep him going around half a dozen times. In most cases this will upset all his calculations, and he will go quietly on with-out much ado. If six turns will not do give

"In fact, if he will keep on turning to your rein you are sure to conquer, as enough turning will certainly confuse him, and leave him at your command. If he will not turn and will back to the rein, keep him going backward in the direction you want to go. He will soon get tired of that and prefer to go with the right end forward; but before you let him go give him decidedly more backing than he likes."

clusion, "you will see me to-morrow; if you do not see me I shall be at rest in the world

forever. I cannot be unhappier in hell than With these words she vanished to fall lifeless under the oul murderer's hand.

My assistant, Grope, brought me a number of letters he found in poor Ella's room.

These were all written by Cyril Durand. They ran through nearly a year. Arranging them in proper order I reached the follow-ing facts: The earlier letters were all in one tene, that of the deepest leve. The man, Durand, regrets his poverty—he was an inventor, the creator of some kind of electrical machine of which he had the highest hopes, but which he could not sell, as it was supposed to infringe on some other enough to go to law, but he was ever on the lookeut for some moneyed individual who would take an interest in him. One of the sentences from an early letter I extract as of some bearing on the case in hand. some bearing on the case in hand. It read: "Oh, Ella, darling, if you only had a little fortune, a few thousand dollars, we could speedily become millionaires. But there is no luck for us, and you must labor and I starve." The question of money was always cropping out, and by degrees it seemed to absorb his love. The letters became more formal and business-like, until they developed into a note like this: "Dear Illa—I shall not see you for some time. I "Wh hear there is a project of lighting Eglatine frown. Hill by electricity, and I am told that it I can prove my claims to priority of invention I shall have a chance. I am going down there. Please, now, put a chain on your impetuosity; don't dog my footsteps. In place of being a stimulant, you are a weight on me, with your wild jealousy. My success means happiness to both. If you

love me, trust me; otherwise I am in de-From this point the letters grew savage; now and then there break out little phrases of tenderness and remorse, but as the rule the words must have been poisoned arrows to a tender heart. Here are some specimen sentences extracted frem several letters; "You must not come here again. Your per-petual dogging is an humiliation. If you insist on playing the tyrant, I will kill my-self! I must have money, and I will have it. Your jealousy and persecution drive me to drink and the gaming table. I am becoming reckless and cruel. I have ceased to be worthy of you. My hopes are shattered, and I only know peace when I have dulled my brain by alcohol. Do not come near me now; I am more brutish than human! My poor little Ella! That was a sigh from the dead past. Forget me."

The following is the last letter; if the woman was sensitive, she would not have

felt her death blow after reading it.

"Your suspicions are right. Make the most of my admission. I warn you to keep away from me now, for I am dangerous. I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! Curse the world! myself included. Think of me as you please, but keep away from me, or I totil kill you. (I, Detective Fox, italicize these significant words.) I have lost my self-respect; I am ground groveling in the dust; I am a beast, a coward, a hypocrite, a slave. I hate von, and, knowing my cowardly nature, you know what that means. Any change is presented to my present con-dition, which I have brought on myself, and deserve. You must not see me again. If you do, you will take the consequences of meeting a human hound who deadens his

This letter was written and posted two days before the murder, and to it, no doubt, poor Eila referred in her parting with her landlady. I will, add that Grope questioned the conductor of the train that stops at Egremembers having received on the day of the murder the fare from a young woman whose description corresponds with that of Ella Constant. He recognized her, as she had been a frequent passenger on his train, and always attracted his attention by her nervousness and anxiety. Three times on the day in question she had said to him: "Be sure and step at Eglantine Hill!"

-Under the circumstances the arrest of Cyril urand was imperative; but it was equally Imperative that I should not leave my present field of research. I had sent one message to the city concerning this man, and by Grope I now sent another urging a particular lockout for Cyril Durand, whom I again described for the benefit of our polit-

only added to my energy. Having dispatched my agent to the city, I strolled in the direction of the old bouse by the pond, trying to hammer into shape certain ideas that were baunting me. actions were mechanical, but when the decaved old building loomed in front of me I determined to give it one more search. Glancing down at the pond I saw that the water had risen above the line of the footprints that I had measured yesterday, but nowhere was it over a toot deep, and I could see clear through it to the bottom mud. It was alive with tadpoles, and a couple of

bare-footed boys were amusing themselves by siming at the harmless animals with I was sorry for him. On my way home to Entering the old house I gave a compre

hensive glance around me, and I was willing to swear that some person or persons had been here in the intervals between my two visits. In the first place, I discovered the stump of a candle, which I am willing to swear was not in the house when I first visited it; in the next place, the ground everywhere had the appearance of having heen disturbed. Here and there the tall grass was rooted up in patches, and over in a corner a large colony of toad stools had been deliberately knocked off their stems. What surprised me was that the party or parties made no attempt to conceal their depredations, they had seemingly acted in defiance of the fact that the lynx eyes of a detective were surveying the entire field of action. What were they niter? People don't come to out-of-the-wa places, and tear up grass for the fun of the thing; and it was a natural conclusion that the unknown visitor or visitors, had come for the purpose of finding something. Was it something they had lost? I did not think so, and for this reason—the crass was only torn up in certain places. When a thing is lost it might be lost anywhere; the depreda tins in this place suggested system. Were they looking or anything? That is, for something that had been hidden and not lost. It was probable. Traveling over the ground en hands or knees this probability became a certainty, for here and there found the ground disturbed as if somebody had been digging into it. I saw the marks of feet on the mould as if somebody had been pressing it down to conceal their work. I counted five disturbed I determined to indulge a little exploration on my own account. took out my penkuise and amused myself by digging in the same places in which the visitor had dug, and was more than rewarded for my pains. The third spot I attacked me unexpected treasures, for I dug up a tin box in which druggists do up serdlitz powders, and on cutting the string that tied the box I found the following articles: One solitaire diamond ring, one emerald ring surrounded with pearls, one bracelet representing a serpent, and a plain gold chain neckiace; in fact, the same arti-cles that Mrs. Glaye described as stolen from

her. Evidently she had been robbed after

all; but it was equally evident that the thief

who had hidden the articles had been robbed

affairs. The party who tore up the grass

and dug into the ground did not want the

lewelry, but only the papers. On the other

wanted both jewelry and papers. Here was

another nut to crack ! What persons liv-

our at Eglaptine Hill were interested in

Mrs. Glaye's personal affairs? Twist the

surject as I might, I could find nobody but the adopted daughter, Bertha, who would fit in the vacant position. If

way, she was only interested in stealing the papers, and she had taken the jewel simply

the supposition the papers contained some-

papers relating to Mrs. Glaye's personal

by another thie for the papers were missing,

more I thought of it, the more willing was I to accept this provisional explanation. But who was the second robber, and bow was the discovery made that the stolen papers were hidden in this deserted old building? I am willing to contess that I had no answer to this question. Perhaps, when the nature of the contents of the papers was revealed to me, the object of both robberies would be made plain. I determined to question. tion Mrs. Glaye on this point. Did the papers have any bearing on the murder? That also remained to be found out. Perhaps Durand had his finger in this pie, as he had his finger in the other pie. Perhaps it was pull devil, pull baker between Durand and Bertha, both struggling for the money that Mrs. Glaye held on such precarious terms. I thrust the jewels in my pocket, and

I harried to the wharf and found Morton alone in a rowboat just about to go out fishing in deep water. I descended the steps, leaped into the boat and smilingly hoped I was not disturbing him.
"It you have a second fishing line, Mr.
Morton, I will willingly be your com-

"Who are you?" he asked, with an angry "Detective Fox, at your service!"

He glared at me for a moment, then seized the oars and rowed out into the cur-"What do you want with me?" he asked,

after a little pause.

"Several things; but first of all to assure you that I would be your friend if you are willing to meet me half way. To be frank with you, I think I have discovered the murderer, but without help I'm atraid that

the innocent may be harmed before I reach the guilty parties. "Do you refer to Miss Glaye?" he asked, auxiously.

"Yes, and it will be a pity!"
"You do not suspect her?" he said, with a dangerous light in his eyes.
"With your help, I hope to remove her out of the line of investigation "To save her from an hour's pain, I would "I will not ask so much," I answered.

dryly. "I shall only demand what you, as an honest man, should be willing to answer. "Then drive ahead." "Why did you tell Miss Glaye that you were in the city on the night of the mur-He stared at me with ludicrous amazement, then said: "To save her from knowing what I

"You saw Mrs. Amelia Glaye on the night of the murder? Again he stared at me. "Yes."
"Would you mind telling me about it?" He paused, rested on his oars, frowned,

said gloomily.

"Far better now than at any other time, for Miss Bertha's sake." I answered, with meaning emphasis. "What did you see?" "Durand had begged me to meet him at a

then began to row again.

ment, then continued:
"It was a dark, unpleasant evening, and I was returning over the fields when I heard easy business in the darkness. I crept down toward the pond and easily hid myself. The woman was Mrs. Amelia Glaye, the man was Cyril Durand. He was begging, she was threatening; then he begged and she threatened. The quarrel was about some woman whom Durand had promised to meet that night. Mrs. Glaye forbade him to meet and teeth inflicted. what she called the 'creature,' and he in-sisted that he must meet her. She got into terrible passion, and said these words, that hand, and demonstrably of still ring in my ears: 'Cyril Durand, if the murder was committed: kill you and I will kill her. If you have ceased to love me, so much the worse for you; but I will hold you to your promise even if I stain my hands with the blood of She strode from him and he fellowed, and I seen lost the sound of their voices. I thought nothing of the words at the time, imagining they were merely the ordinary threats of a jealous woman. But imagining that Durand might still need me I returned to his house and waited. I waited and waited, but he did not return. I took a little walk and then went back to the house. He was still absent. I did not like him, but

the hotel I met Dr. Brandt. That was my experience on the evening in question. When I heard of the murder you may imagine what horrid meaning I found in the frenzied words of the jealons woman." ration from his face, then quietly continued

his rowing.
"This is all very important, Mr. Morton: but it the woman, Mrs. Glaye, committed the murder how did she dispose of the body. Surely she was not strong enough to drag it down to the wharf and throw it over." "I do not understand you."

I gave him a brief account of the doctor's theory and of my discoveries, not forgetting the shoe and the bannet. "I can't explain what puzzles Detective Fox. What I heard I heard; for

the rest you must draw your own conclu-"Good. Let us now return to anothe an adopted daughter of Mrs. Glaye?" "I know it, and rejoice that that woman's blood does not flow in her veins."

"I believe that Miss Bertha has no mone of her own?" "She has none." "You know of no papers in Mrs. Glaye's Miss Bertha; that is, papers which, if de-stroyed, may harm the young lady you are

"I have heard the young lady speak of certain papers that she would like to have in her possession, but I do not know their nature, as I had no right to ask."

"Miss Bertha spoke on this subject more than once?' "Several times, but never in detail, and it was a joke of mine to laughingly ask her, when we met, if she had got those papers

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Morton, and if you would row me to land I shining through the chinks of the rotter promise not to trouble you again." "You intend to arrest her?" "Not just yet; she is safe enough wher she is, and my investigations are not finished. You need not alarm Miss Bertha vet; an fact, you will be wise it you say

nothing of the business to her."
"You need not 'ear," he answered earnestly; "she shall not hear any bad news from my lips." He rowed me back to the wharf, and leaped out. Glancing toward the hotel, I saw two figures pacing slowly up and down on the veranda at the back of the house. That is, I caught glimpses of them at odd intervals as they emerged from the shadow of the house into unobstructed view at either end of the veranda. The figures were those of Mrs. Amelia Glaye and Miss Ione Grande. The sightgave me an inspiration. I hastened toward the notel and entered it. Whispering a tew words in the clerk's ear, I as-Glaye's room; the door was locked, but I had little difficulty in opening it. Ouce in Bertha was the guilty party, I argued this the room, I advanced toward the little desk, way, she was only interested in stealing the gained, I pressed a certain spr secret door flew open. I did not touch the little jewel case, but I boldly abstracted the

I then left the room, and closed and locked the door behind me.

Everything seemed plain enough now, if one were only willing to leap at conclusions; but the trouble was that there were several items that disturbed me, and would be the better for explanation. It is a maxim of mine that nothing is gained by haste, and that a quick ending is generally a very unsatisfactory ending. I now began to see a case where wheels were working within case where wheels were working within wheels, where large crimes and small crimes were mingled together in tempting but annoying comparison. A hasty step or actio were now worse than a mistake; it was nothing worse than disaster. There must

be some guiding thread through this maze, a thread which I must discover. And it

sponded exactly with certain footprints that I had measured in the mud of the pond.

came soon enough, sooner than I expected or even hoped. But it is more frequently accident than design which leads to success, and conquest is not so much wisdom as op portunity. Once more in the open air, I breathed freely, and walked onward with brisk strides. Glancing back, I saw Miss Ione Grande standing on the end of the veranda facing me, at the back of the house. She recognized me and bowed, and although somewhat annoyed at being seen, I gallantly took off my hat and returned the salute. I then continued my journey, but now plunged down to the shore and walked onward. When I was behind the shelter of a high rock, I paused and drew the dagger out of my pocket. The ornamental metal case did not interest me, and so I drew out the blade and studied it. The end of the polished mesal was stained; yes, and stained

with blood. A few fragments of the dried elotted stuff dropped into my hand. I did not return to Dr. Brandt's cottage until the dinner hour, when he again treated me to the most tempting repast. The spray of goldenrod that I had seen in the morning in the window still remained there, owing that the doctor did not share th little Ione's anxiety. I was more chary of drinking wine on this evening, for I believe it was drugged for the kind purpose of putting me into a sound sleep, as on the even-ing before, although then it had only muddled me. Not to arouse the Doctor's sus-picion I pretended to drink it, but the handkerchief, a large red one, with which I wiped my mouth, received the larger portion of my share. If Dr. Brandt was cunning, Lecoq Fox could give him points and still

I retired to my room that night, but not bed. I sat down and patiently pieced together the fragments of letters that I had found in the waste basket in the man Durand's house. With one exception, there is no need of literally transcribing them; they simply re-enforced facts already There were three touching letters from Ella Constant to her indifferent lover: letters that almost moved a world-toughened man like I am to tears; letters pleading for love or death, written with the life blood of an agonized lover. If at that moment my fingers had been on the man Durand's throat, the hangman would have been saved some labor. There were five letters from Amelia Glaye; the letters of a furiously jealous woman. She had evidently taken ssession of Durand, and, tigress like, was guarding him. The letters fairly foamed with love and jealousy, and I was staggered to believe they had been written by the placid matron who had certain hour in the evening, as he wished me to question her in her room.

They might rather have been written by a was to tell me when I met him. The hour manine. If Durand was the moral coward was to tell me when I met him. The hour he appointed was 7 o'clock; but I was uniortunately detained beyond that hour in the hotel, and when I reached his house he been a luxury to the position he held. In the letters were these words: "Come one of the letters were these words: "Come to me! If you dare to see that vile woman woman again, I will murder you and her. You have lied to me, and you will lie to two people speaking angrily together. It me again, but look out. If I am insane, as was up under the trees near the pond. For you call me, so much the worse for you and reasons which satisfied myself then, as they satisfy me now, I determined to listen, an their crimes. Come, then, and lie to me. and while looking at you I will believe

you and be happy. You are mine now, and nothing shall tear you from me." The good lady was evidently in earnest, and Durand must have felt that the money that would come to her on her marriage

The following brief letter is quoted in full. It was written in a woman's disguised hand, and demonstrably on the day after ical superintendent. My duty was more at still ring in my ears: 'Cyril Durand, if the murder was committed: after what I have heard, you dare to meet Put wings on your coward feet and fly, or Put wings on your coward feet and fly, or Put wings on your coward feet and fly, or Put wings on your coward feet and fly, or put wings on your coward feet and fly or put wings on your coward feet and fly or put wings on your coward feet and fly or put wings on your coward feet and fly or put wings on your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or put wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and fly or your wings or your coward feet and fly or you wings or your coward feet and your wings or your wings or your w wone coward soul will rust in, iail Flet not for your own sake, for the sake of oth ers. Look into your heart for the reason and, if you can discover none, remain and tempt all. Murder calls aloud for revenge

MURDER! Take the warning you do not deserve and fly. As I have said, the letter was in a dis guised hand, but I saw no reason to doubt that it had been written by Mrs. Glaye, and re-en orced an old thought of mine that she had witnessed the murder, if she had not participated in it. Woman-like she still loved the wretch, and love, as usual, made

her lose her wits.

The patching together of these fragments took me into the early morning hours. Nothing of a suspicious nature occurred in the house up to this point so far as I knew The dector's snore from a neighboring room had saluted me uninterruptedly for several hours, and when fagged out I jumped into bed it was still vibrating through the house. I slept like a top until the morning sun plazed into my eyes with its welcome light. I raised myself into a sitting position, and was dazed at discovering I was still sur-rounded by darkness. Through the window I saw the stars still shining in the pale sky, and the chill night air set my teeth chatter ing. I was waked by the light, and I had not dreamed. I assured myself that my door was still locked, and that nobody was in my room but myselt. While I was puz zling myself over the matter another flash of light came into my room, tollowed by a small stone flung against the window pane. I then remembered these were the signals agreed on in case Policeman Blind needed me in the night. I quietly dressed myself, all but my shoes, which carried in my hands. I listened for a mo ment; the doctor was still snoring. I raised my window, stepped out on the verands roof, closed the window behind me, and climbing down the trellis work soon stood ossession that would have any interest for diss Bertha; that is, papers which, if de-

briefly what you have to tell while I am putting on my shoes," "She has left the hotel. I mean Mr Glave, and she is wandering about the fields. She first went to the blackberry bushes where the body was found, and the to the deserted old house by the pond, where I le't her to run to you. She's got a lighted candle and is poking around the place as if

she is looking for something.. You can se the light from here." I glanced in the direction pointed out, and, true enough, I saw streaks of light house.

Blind, from the safe retreat of the bushe yonder, I will take care of my lady." With the words I started off at a brisk trot toward the house by the pond. I puffed like a miniature steam engine when I reached it, but peering in through a chink, I was rewarded by discovering Mrs. Glaye still wandering about with a lighted candle in her hand carefully studying the mouldy funguseated floor of the room. sed in the same attire in which she received me, with the additions of a bonnet, and the shawl from which a fragment has been torn by the blackberry bushes on the night of the murder. Her face was flushed and excited, and her lips continually moved as if she was speaking to herself. At intervals she groaned as if in grie! or pain, and

[To be continued next Sunday.]

once she uttered in a voice that was almost

We Can Give John Bull Pointers. ston Herald.)

a shrick, the word "Murder!"

England is following in American foot steps. She now proposes having a rapid dething in which she was interested Granting this hypothesis, the robbery became a simple matter; for Bertha had free access to her mother's room at all times and free opportunity to rob at her unsuspected leisure. The

only one the artist had to offer, he said) that a wing could be run out toward the west, with gabled roof, and over the end a tower. And so it was done. NEW ERA IN HOMES IT WAS AN OLD IDEA.

Builders Waking Up to the Beauty of Old Virginia Palaces. PAST STYLES COMING IN AGAIN. What Energetic Northerners Are Doing With Crumbling Ruins. THE APPAREL OF THE CENTURY GONE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. N a balcony at night, and in England once said a gentleman: "Those old Virginians surely know how to live; and though I am native here, I do confess that in some instances they approached nearer the a ccomplishment of

the ideal English home than ever we did ourselves. They seem to have embouleu style bits of the beautiful of all the arts and architectures, and to have known just where the meaning of the Saxon word home begins and ends-just where a home runs into something too great, too public, too palatial to bear any longer the term so dear to the heart of every true son of

And this from a gentleman, a scholar, a critic and a poet, whose name is seen every

British blood "

, belle when the county

The Tulcyries, Clarke County, Va. day in print, and whose songs are on the lips of half the singing world. Coming from one whose opportunities have been large, and to whose judgment all the Nation bows with at least the show of deference, this was a great deal to say, and speaks well for the genius of the old Virgintans. Whether it be true or not, one cannot well visit Ar-lington, Carter Hall, The Tuleyries, Mon-ticello, Montpelier, Harewood, Claymont Court, Westover, Brandon, Carter's Grove, Shirley, or any other of those fine old mansions which dot the beautiful country throughout Virginia without giving voice to a similar expression. BITS OF OLD WORLD ARCHITECTURE.

I think it is easy to see that settlers of a new country, separate from the old by an ocean, in casting about for models after which to rear their homes, should gather together bits of what is good and beautiful of the Old World architecture and embody it in a style that would be peculiarly and distinctively their own; for there is nothing here to imitate or build upon.

It is easy, too, to understand how this phase of architecture was from time to time copied and modified for good or bad and for the period of the past century, until now there is nothing of the new to outdo or eclipse the old. In time it may be, when the old, which is most purely American, shall have been merged into the new, or the new into the old. There has been for some years a passion for something so modern even if—as it not unfrequently happens—it is painfully and sadly so. That which has satisfied the taste for beautiful home building and met with the approval of the ages is ignored in this mad hunt for something



Carter Hall, Near Millwood, Va. new. Hence it is that the architecture of the present day and of America has no national significance; nothing distinctive is now typical of us unless it be shreds and patches and grafts from every other nation of the world, and which must some day seem reliquize of the stuff of which night-

A RESURRECTION OF THE OLD. But there is coming on a revolution in architecture, and it will be essentially a resurrection of the old. Down here in Virginia come gentlemen of wealth and enter-prise from New York, Boston and the North, gathering together what are now almost a mass of ruins, propping up old pillars, polishing rusty domes, gilding turrets, setting fountains spinning, building huge walls, enclosing parks and pleasure grounds, grading beautiful lawns, breeding beautiful horses, driving magnificent coaches, blaz-oned here and there with gold and filigreed metal, and set with monograms of purest gold. The old lions on the old gate posts are restored to their perch, and the tradi-tional family flunkey and footman have somehow been found again after all these years of wandering, and the glad new days

spin as screnely now at some of these old Virginia homes as come our dreams by night of the picturesque, palatial pass. As an instance, there is now in the neigh-berhood of Charleston, W. Va., an old house, once the home of Bushrod Washington, but at present the property of a gentle-man from Philadelphia, which bespeaks the splender of the Southern home as truly now as it did in the long ago. There are the noble pillars, fountains and gardens, noble trees and beautiful lawns, statues and turrets, domes and spires, balconies, lovely carriage ways and walks, and all the old

world paraphernalia. WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, Every one knows how Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, or New York, has made Monticello once more the palatial dwelling it was in the time of Jefferson, and how Mr. L. F. Detrick, of Baltimore, made of the tottering ruin of Montpelier the beautiful home it is at present. Colonel U. L. Boyce, the happy possessor of the Tuleyries, said to me once in conversation "that he could only hope to restore the old place to its former beauty. for there was not a new idea among all the architects with whom he had conversed upon the subject which would in the least aid or embellish the old."

To one of these fine old places an archi-

tect of New York was called to see if he could not improve some of the old work, which was fast going to rack; "and," said the gentleman, "I do not only want the old repaired, but I wish you to study out a plan by which we can run out a wing in some direction so as to give us more room, and, perhaps, add something to the beauty of the place."

but the party was well protected by oil and rubber clothing. THE SULTAN AT DINNER His Highness Believes Fingers Were In vented Before Forks.

we make tracks for home.

The Larder.] The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles. and never uses a table, and rarely a knife or fork-a spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handler. It requires just twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him.

The whole household is at liberty to take

meals where it suits him or her best, and thus every one is served with a small tray, with a spoon, a great chunk of bread, and Nearly one ton of rice per day is required for the inevitable pillaffe, 600 pounds of sugar, as much coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables and meat. Rice and mutton and bread form the greater part o the food for the majority of Turks,

together with fish, sweetmeats, confection ery, nuts, and dried and fresh iruits.

That there is enormous waste and extravathat enough is thrown away daily to mainfamilies. All the water for the Sultan's use and the drinking water for the houshold is brought in barrels from two pretty streams at different places in the Bos-phorus toward the Black Sea.

PAT COLLINS' WALKS. He Owes His Good Health to His Persistence na a Pedestrinu. Boston Globe.] Washington street pedestrians will not

see the tall and familiar form of General Patrick A. Collins for some weeks to come. He has gone far out to Idaho on business. For the past year hardly a day has gone by that he did not walk in from his Dorchester home to his office, a distance of four miles. "I can make it in about an hour," he said, "and it gives me health and appetite. perhaps, add something to the beauty of the place."

So the architect made his drawings and went homeward. After some while back came a drawing and suggestion (the back came a drawing a the feature of the dramatic agency. The dramatic agent is the medium between the GOING WITH A RUSH.

How Both Are Sweltering With Heat and Anxiety in New York.

GRAND RUSH OF THE SOUBRETTES. The Field Occupied by the Dramatic Agency

POPULAR LADIES NOW ON THE STAGE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, June 28 .- Ot the hundred and odd thousands of people who attend the theaters nightly throughout the country, few, perhaps, give a thought to the labor involved in the formation of a theatrical company necessary to the production of the entertainment. Those that do probably know nothing about it. I thought of this the other day while sitting in the office of a well-known theatrical manager, Mr. Thomas H. Davis, who is also Secretary of the Dramatic Managers' Association. This is the season of the year when managers of the various combinations which are to go upon the road next season are making up their list of performers and arranging dates for the production of their plays. At this season the office of a New York manager is As old a theater-goer as I am myself, I confess that I had very little idea of the

routine necessary to bring the actor and the the open dates which he has yet to fill. manager together. Nearly all of the plays that are produced under the combination system are cast here in New York. For this eason the metropolis is the Mecca for actors and actresses of all grades and specialties. A large number of these people swarm about the managerial offices and press their own claims with energy and spility. THE LADIES AREN'T BACKWARD. On the particular occasion of which I speak, half a dozen women called within half an hour, and taking the manager aside briefly filled him up, so to speak, with their individual merits and professional charms.

Modesty is lost on a manager, and very little modesty will be observed among these applicants stating their own cases.
"It is a very difficult and trying matter," said the manager, "to find a woman who can fill the requirements of the modern soubrette. I am going to try an experiment this season with our soubrette parts in a single piece, and I hope to encourage such a rivalry between them as to draw out their best qualities. You know these people are very jealous of each other, as a general

very busy place.

and Its Usefulness.

"Please tell me something about son brettes. What are the requirements and what makes them so difficult to obtain? "This is the age of the soubrette," said the manager. "The farce comedy which is just now the rage brings that class into prominence never before known. The soubrette and the low comedian are the two real leading features of the American stage to-day in points of numbers and importance. Promensding up and down Broadway every afternoon are several hundred wom f various ages and more or less loudly dressed, who call themselves soubrettes They have played a small soubrette somewhere at some time, and from that time on besiege the managers for an engagement. A good many of these don't want an engagement, as they live by their wits.

VERY DIFFERENT FROM OLD TIMES. "The soubrette part is a very attractive one and requires peculiar talents wholly dissimilar to the demands of the stage of 20 years ago. It was then the women who could take emotional roles, society characters, leading business, juvenile parts, and so on. The present demand is for a woman anywhere between the age of 18 and 25, who is bright, petite, vivacious and sprightly of manner and who can sing and dance, as well as cleverly act. Personal attractiveness goes a great ways with the soubrest the above requirements she can make all the way from \$60 to \$150 a week. Beauty is not necessary, however, and is, in fact, rare among good soubrettes, but she must have

"Her early training is more than likely to have been received in the variety theaters. Most of the soubrettes of any reputa-

here since June 7, and the ex-President has been roughing in true seashore style. When To mention them by name seems invidi-ous, Let me see; there is Katie Hart, late of Tony Pastor's Variety Theater, now of I saw him he was all ready for a fishing trip which he had planned with Rev. Mr. Ful ler and Mr. Gilder, He wore old shoes, loose trousers, a flannel shirt, a light coa and a straw hat, and was the picture of rus-tic contentment. This has been his rig ever since his arrival here except on what might The ex-President is an early riser, and after his breakfast, looks over his mail, which is at no time small. Pleasant atternoons he spends on the fishing grounds. Skipper Royal Ryder of the sloop Allie is proud of the distinguished fisherman. This old tar has become very friendly with Mr. Cleveland and has many anecdotes to tell. He said to me that it was a pretty safe bet to make that if there were any fish in the vicinity of the boat Mr. Cleveland was sure to land them. He's the most persistent of fishermen, and becomes so interested in the sport that the sun goes down at times before Thursday night it was 8 o'clock before the

ex-President and his companions returned.
All had been lucky, and had strings of handsome bass. While they were on the fishing grounds a beavy shower passed over Rosa France in 'The City 'Directory,'

> with 'A Texas Steer,' are some others. SOUBRETTES THE MANAGERS HUNT. The popular and high-priced soubrettes are generally modest in attire and equally so in language. You never hear one of them using variety slang. She is in such demand that she does not have to hunt the managers, for the managers are bunting on Broadway, and that is the reason you

however, usually excels in dancing and singing, and the song and dance are a diffi-cult combination. She has enjoyed a better schooling in the variety business than is usually the case with the American girl. Her methods require a good deal of cor-rection before she is fitted for our farce

the business. At times there are within sight on these pretty days perhaps 100 individuals, and 75 out of the 100 are connected with the dramatic profession in som-STALLS LIKE OLD-FASHIONED PEWS. On the plate glass of the lower floor will be seen the names of 40 to 50 managers of the different combinations which will cater for the public amusement throughout the United States during the dramatic season.

NEGOTIATING PERSONAL ENGAGEMENTS. In this same building, on the third floor, a large, masculine looking woman sits all day, acting as a like intermedium for the actor and manager in the arrangements of personal engagements. The rooms are crowded just now with all classes of actors and actresses on the look out for contracts for the coming season. These rooms are very elabor-ately fitted up. On the walls are upward of 1,000 pictures, portraits of the men and women of to-day best known to the profession. In the crowd, waiting his or her turn, is every variety of player, from "Little Lord Fauntleroy" up to the old woman and old man of the legitimate.

From all the complaints heard of the

reaching the desired end.
CHARLES T. MURBAY.

BABYS' SECOND STIMMER.

The summer has leaped upon us like a

heart grows faint with nameless forebodmother to whom several children have a ready been granted, and it is true that while drugs in and of themselves alone never did cure and never can cure anybody, yet some bables must go out of town and have instant change of air and place, or else—go out of life. Early or late summer heats will surely undermine the vital strength of every city and town-bred baby. The young mother, no less than the one of three or more young children, should so order her domestic ar-rangements that a short sojourn in the counry can be undertaken at a day's notice. An abundance of pure, sun-warmed, living air, whether it be from the mountain or the sen, without exposure to damp draughts or to the direct rays of the midday sun; this is what baby needs, what you need, what we

In choosing a summering place for a family put baby's interests in the foreground.

Why is it that with such constant and increasing demand as there certainly is, so make a specialty of studying and supplying

summer costs more lives than it ought to The fault lies not with the second summer, nor with the children, but with the hear and the parents. Summer heat combined with bad diet frequently becomes fatal. All mothers know that sickness among children in summer is caused by some derangement of the digestive organs, and that were these her. She is a conscientious worker and a ly the second summer in which we begin the hard student, and has no time to be loafing artificial feeding of our babies. Hence it is to the ignorance and negligence in the selec-tion and cooking of the sood that we owe the slaughter of our innocents and not to the second summer. With proper food and in-telligent care tew, it any, babies need suffer from stomach or bowel troubles. And the rules for the wholesome seeding of children are so simple! Perhaps it is their simplicity thing be more preposterous in the matter of feeding children than allowing them to par-take of every possible article of food placed on the family table.

"Anything;" or, "It eats whatever is on

F. K. R. WADE,

The Demon of the Marsh,

The evil spirit that hovers about stagnant pools and inundated lowlands is no materialized in the business must rely more or less on the dramatic agent to fill his company, and in doing so he will very often get left with poor people. His mistakes cost him or his backer that much money."

In connection with this business, which is of so much p ominence in New York, is