FLEEING THE GRIP.

Experience of a Dispatch Correspondent in South America.

CAUGHT AT LAST IN BOLIVIA.

Nature's Wonders Beyond the Andes Near

the Amazon Headwaters.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF YUNGAS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, May 24.-We have been fleeing, far and fast, before the dreadful grip, but with indifferent success. It was hoped that the indefatigable traveler, which has nearly circumnavigated the globe, might somehow miss South America, but like a thief in the night it came, appearing simultaneously on both sides of the continent, in Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso and Lima, soon making sad havor in all the

coast cities At that time we were in the midst of some most interesting researches in Peru; but as one of our party is a consumptive, traveling expressly to prolong his span of life, and another had been repeatedly warned by physicians to escape influenza at any cost, on account of chronic throat trouble, we stood not upon the order of going, but went at once. Stopping awhile in Arequipa, a lovely old city in Eastern Peru, it happened one day that the whole garrison of wretched soldiers fell down as one man under the stern grasp of the grip. Then we fled to Bolivia, the great but almost unknown republic that lies, cornerwise, between Peru, Brazil, the Argentine country and Chili, in the vain hope that the disease might expend its force near sea level and not cross the intervening cordilleras of the Andes, the seven successive walls, snow-topped and sky-piercing, with the deserts and great lake that lie between.

RELENTLESS IN ITS PURSUIT. But at La Paz again we had reckoned without our host, and one fine morning awakened to the knowledge that fully 75 per cent of the city's population were wrest-ling with the scourge! There was but one way of escape, to run away into the interior. An arriero, or muleteer, was quickly en-gaged, who supplied a mule for each person and several for carrying our beds, provision, hampers and other luggage; a mozo, or man-servant, was taken in tow, and early one

morning the flight into Egypt began.

But alas! The enemy from which we fied went with us, in the throat of the arriero. The second day out he developed the grip in its worst form, which speedily ran into pneumonia. We were compelled to leave the poor fellow at a farmhouse, after doing all that was possible for his comfort, leaving medicines and money with the people who took him in charge; but in little more than a week he was dead. While on the influenza subject, it may

not be amiss to add a few facts concerning its caprices on the Southern Continent. In the higher altitudes the disease has been uniformly light, unless the lungs became involved, in which case death was almost sure to ensue. Among the people of the coast a larger percentage of cases have been fatal. The Chilian newspapers state, with what truth I do not know, that the disease returned to some villages which it had already devastated and in many instances attacked the same victims a second time. ALONG A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY.

The round trip between the cities of La Paz and Chulumani, the latter being the capital of the department of Yungas, is a distance of about 272 Yankee miles. Though most of the products that are used in and exported from Bolivia come from the narrow Yongas Valley, and though the Government annualty expends a large sum on the alleged road thereto, the only highway of centuries is mostly a parrow trail. cut round and round the edges of mountains, sometimes zigzagging to and fro over their perpendicular faces, like the tacking or a ship. Llamas, those strange animals that are found only in the Andes, are also used as beasts of burden in the mountains, but as they cannot live below a certain elevation they are never seen near

The wonder is that any road at all could ever have been made in these stupendous heights. On the first day out, about 18 miles from La Paz and 4,000 feet above it, the highest point is attained, called Alto del Cruz, which is 2,400 teet higher than the very top of Pike's Peak, or about 16,000 feet nearer the stars than you are at home. The "Alto" extends almost on a dead level for several miles before a gradual descent begins. At any time of year the traveler away up here is apt to encounter a anow storm, the big, round fi kes that look like hall melting as they fall, wetting his carments through and through, while stinging wind chills him to the marrow. In addition to the usual programme a thunder storm was thrown in for our entertainment, lightning playing in the clouds below and bollow echoes reverbrating from peak to peak. Of course, our animals suffered severely and were obliged to halt every few moments, panting painfully; while we, between the wet and bitter cold, had not a breath to spare with which to urge them onward.

FOUND DEAD IN THE BOAD. To add to the general melancholy of this most desolate spot, we passed the body of a dead man lying prone across the road, with glassy eyes staring up to the cheerless sky. Whether he had been murdered or had died from natural causes, we dured not pause to investigate, for if the former the finder of the corpse might be held for months in La Paz to give testimony in the slow process of the Bolivian courts. A number of Indians had just discovered the unfortunate and to

their care we left him.

From time immemorial these lovely moun tains have been intested with bands of highwaymen, who murder even the poor Indian on his return to Yungas from the sale of his little crop of cocos for the sake of the few dollars his half-year's work has gained. At intervals all along the uninhabited part of the highway the Government has caused places of shelter for man and beast to be erected. These are called tambos, and each is in charge of a family. The evening meal, which is called by courtesy consists of two things, viz: coffee and chupe, the latter a kind of thick soup, made of dried sheep which has been stewed to the tenderness of an old boot top, mixed with a good deal of rice, various seeds and vegetables, prominent among which are onions, all made hotter than so many spoonfuls of live coals by means of red peppers and sji. It is the national dist of Bolivia, among all classes, high and low and thousands of families subsist entirely upon it. Sometimes another dish is added to the menu, but as a rule, if you are so un-reasonable as to imitate Oliver Twist in calling for more, you must supply it from your own stores.

SLEEP THE ONLY LUXURY. Everybody sleeps the dreamless sleep of the weary, until aroused next morning by the watch ul arriero at the first glimmer of dawning. Then one's troubles begin afresh. For example, such an article as a washbowl is an unknown quantity, on the road to Yungas. Break ast consists of nothing on earth but bitter coffee without milk, unless you choose to add to it a butterless lump of your own bread, This you swallow shiver-ingly in the pale morning twilight of the mountains; and having paid as much for the entertainment as for the same length of time in a New York hotel, the mules are brought up, and again you sally forth, thanking Heaven or having preserved you thus iar, but seeling extremely doubt us as to the future. Almuerzo, or second, breakfast, consisting also of chupe and coffee, is sure to be found somewhere along the road, be-tween 10 and 2 o'clock; and by that time your appetite is "sharp set" enough to en-

joy it.
The greatest artist that ever lived could not convey with brush and colors an ade-quate idea of the awe-inspiring grandeur of of the thickets.

the Andes; and certainly no pen-picture can do them faintest justice. Seen from a distance, their bare and totally inaccessible sides look as black as ink, in contrast with the extensive snow-fields above, which the foot of man or beast has never trodden. Occasionally a condor is seen—the poet's "proud bird of the Andes"—slowly circling to his home above the clouds.

NATION'S WONDERLAND.

Such waterfalls and cascades as come tumbling down from unknown heights to the valley far, far below; some of them rivaling in magnificence our own Niagara, or anything the Yosemite can show; while the river which fills the center of the narrow valley, so far below our aerial track that it looks like a thread of silver, is in reality a raging cataract, dashing over giant boulders with a noise loke thunder, for more than 50 miles outdoing the rapids above Niagara, and nowhere navigable in all its course. There are mountains on every hand, mount ains everywhere, stretching away to the horizon; while the range on the opposite side of the vailey, parallel to this we are slowly

traversing, appears almost near enough to
toss a stone from one to the other.

When the lowlands were reached, came
the new experience of fording the many
small rivers, but we found it preferable to most of the bridges along the route—frail structures swung from tree to tree, and swaying like cradles beneath us. When once in the valley, no words can tell the beauty of the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation in solitudes where "Near to Nature's Heart" is not an empty idea. There were groves of wild banana trees, whose broad leaves of brightest green are each large enough for a tent; towering palms of many species, wonderful orchids, shining foliage, beauti ul flowers, and enormous ferns whose perfect tronds waved high above our heads. And then the birds of brilliant plumage-parrots, macaws, paro-quets-the monkeys chattering among the trees, gorgeous butterflies as large as the palm of your hand, beetles dressed in green palm of your hand, beetles dressed in green and blue and gold, and other wonders encountered at every step!

PRODUCTS OF THE VALLEY. A portion of the highway to Yungas' capital is a mere foot path running through the coffee groves of private plantations, and between orange and lime trees crowded so closely together as to rake off our hats with their branches, and render imminent the fate of Absalom. The lower hillsides are mostly laid out in terraced slopes for the cultivation of cocoa, the great industry of

the valley. There are many grottoes, or miniature caverns by the wayside, formed by springs or waterialis forcing their way through heaped-up boulders, where every inch of rock is thickly covered with the most beau-tiful mosses and delicate maiden-hair ferus, overhung by gigantic fronds and brilliant flowers. Passing one of these, we saw in-side a number of half-naked Indian women washing their clothes in the clear cascade, while their lazy lords sat by circulating sundry jugs and bottles among themselves. It happened at the moment that the doctor and I were lagging in the rear, and as we rode by the customary "Buenos dias" (good day) on our part, and "Ma-Ma" on theirs were exchanged—the latter word not meaning mother, as might be interred, but in Quichua länguage a token of greeting and

CHASED BY DEUNKEN INDIANS. To our surprise, up sprang three of the Indians calling on us to stop, and who, in spite of all our efforts at speed, kept almost within reach of us. Up hill and down we went a mile or more, until, in a particularly bad piece of road where the narrow trail had not only the usual precipice on one side and wall of rock on the other, but turned an abrupt curve that hid us from sight of our companions, we were stopped short by the hand of an Indian grasping the bridle of

Naturally, we imagined them to be part of the robber gang; but while the doctor fumbled in his saddle hags for a pistol which wasn't there, the third Indian, with the lowest of salaams, held up a bottle and tiny glass and humbly insisted on drinking healths with us. To resist their drunken healths with us. To resist their drunken caprice would have been folly, so we both put the dirty glass to our lips with due ceremony and "Salud," (to our health) of course without tasting the beverage, whatever it may have been, and then, whipping up our weary nags, we tossed some small coin to the couvivial Quichuas, and left them appy by the waysic

FANNIE B. WARD.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S TRIUMPH. Miss Philippa Fawcett's Great Feat Lesson to the Cynics.

ondon Spectator. 1 It must be pleasant to Miss Philippa Fawcett to know that while winning a name for herself and the possibility of a career, she has delighted all the women in the kingdom cultivated enough to understand her tri umph. She has gratified to the full a jealousy of sex which has, we suspect helped for many years past to stimulate English women to intellectual exertion. That jealousy has probably been felt by oble women in all ages and all countries, by the great Roman lady as by the Indian Begum or Ranee; but of late, and in En-gland, circumstances have developed it

into something like a passion.

Most feats of our day being civil feats, and most successes achieved by intellectual capacity, able women have felt that they could do or could achieve them all if they had only a fair chance, and have waxed wroth in their hearts, sometimes, indeed, also with their tongues, because able men did not, as they thought, willingly acknowledge their mental equality with themselves. They wanted to prove it, not only by pro-duction, which in some fields of literature they had already done, but by some directly competitive test, the genuineness of which no educated man, however cynical as to their claims, would have the hardile deny. They were not contented with George Eliot or Mrs. Browning, for these women possessed genius, and genius proves nothing, that wind blowing where it listeth; but they were grateful to Miss Prideaux for winning that broad gold medal so seldom granted even to male anatomists; more rateful to Miss Agneta Ramsey for beating all the men of her year in classical attainments; most grateful to Miss Fawcett for coming out in the mathematical tripos well

in advance of the Senior Wrangler. It was in the study of exact science that moudent men said that women were sure to fail, and to triumph in mathematics over the whole academic world was indeed sweet, -so sweet, so contenting, so productive of mental rest, that it would not surprise us if temale energy showed for a year or two symptoms of falling off. At least, it will be felt, women have been first in the men's special field for intellectual athletics. They have won the chariot race at Olympia, and must be qualified for the reins.

AVOIDING POISON VINES.

mple Rules Against Two of the Terrors of Flower-Loving Mankind.

Harper's Young People.]
There need be no trouble in identifying the poison ivy in any of its forms. The hairy trunk will often serve us, but there are two other features which are of much ore value. First let us remember that its leaves are always grouped in threes what-ever the outlines of their more or less wayy margins. In some sections the plant is al-ways called the "three-leaved ivy."

Four things need to be committed to memory to msure salety against our poison-

First—The tiffee-leaved ivy is dangerous. Second—The five-leaved is harmless. Third—The poison-sumachs have white ber-Fourth-No red-berried sumach is poisor

Both the poison ivy and the poison sumach, though unlike in appearance of foliage, have similar white berries growing in small slender clusters from the axile of the leaves. In all other sumachs the berries are red and in close bunches at the ends of the branches, and far from being dangerous, yield a trosty-looking acid which is most agreeable to the taste, and wholesome withal. With these simple precepts fixed in the mind, no one need fear the dangers

TYPICAL OUTING.

Fielding Investigates a Sample New York Summer Excursion.

BARELY ESCAPES WITH HIS LIFE.

The Merry Dance on the Deck and Athletic Sports on Shore.

SETTLING AN ELECTION CONTEST,

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) I have been making a study of the summer excursion, which is with us once more, and which, in common with other season-able complaints, will be checked only by the approach of cold weather. The conclusion at which I have arrived after a personal investigation almost fatally thorough, and occupying nearly the whole of the longest day of my life, is that the summer excursion as a source of joy is less desirable than malaria, though slightly preferable to hydrophobia, which it resembles in many important particulars, among which may be mentioned its unruffled serenity and its

aversion to water as a beverage. I am inclined to the belief that the kind of excursion which I shall describe is confined to New York Bay and adjacent waters. I know that Down East where I was born, when Deluge Fire Engine No. 2 went across the bay and contested with No. 3, of Belfast, Me., in a competition designed to show the relative capacities of the engines for water and the companies for rum-and-mo lasses, we used to think that two men dead and a half dozen in jail was a very fair sort of an excursion; but, bless you, for real ad-



ranced civilation, that is no more to be com pared to the New York or Jersey City out-ing than the ox teams standing outside our hall on town meeting day are to the Black Horse Cavalry at Albany.

HONORS IT IN SPIRIT. For the purpose of my investigation I bought a ticket which entitled me as a "gent" to taste the delights of the John B. Smith Association's tenth grand annual excursion. This pleasure trip was designed to celebrate the 45th birthday of the distinguished patron, Mr. Smith. That eminent statesman of the Fourth ward accepts these grand annual compliments gratefully, but he attends the excursions only in the spirit, of which he always sends a large quantity from his saloon, accompanied by one of his lieutenants to whom the bar privileges have

been let for the day.

If Mr. Smith had begun the practice of annual" occurred, the association would now be named after somebody else, because Mr. Smith would be where excursions on the cool and rippling waters are ardently desired, but wholly unobtainable. The boys excuse his absence because "Smith's a good feller, but he's no use in a fight." The day set for the excursion dawned red hot, and as I made my way to the pier I congratulated myself that I was to sail away from the heated city. When I saw the barge upon which most of the party had already embarked I was much disappointed.

NOT DUMB ANIMALS THIS TIME. river and had supposed that it was used for transferring Western cattle across the Hudson. My sympathies had been enlisted on behalf of the poor dumb animals. The barge had been empty on that but it was now crowded and the animals were not dumb. A gang was hanging over the rail on the upper deck and loudly disputing



with a similar gang on the lower deck. As the arguments consisted principally of bee bottles the upper deck seemed likely to win. Meanwhile a band, concealed as one might suppose for its own protection, was maltreating a popular tune in a very satisfactory manner. I had long felt a desire to see that tune get what it deserved, and the time had come. Encouraged by this act of justice, I boarded the boat, and made my way to the upper deck without bloodshed There I found most of the younger "gents' and the ladies. A space was being cleared either for a dance or a ring fight or both. By this time we were under way and headed for Staten Island, but I had little sympathy for the island. I know the place and it deserves all it gets. Varieties of maiaria and mosquitoes which are only a little too good to live in New Jersey make their home in Staten Island; the beer is very bad; and the little malodorous waves that grease the shore consist principally of refuse from the Standard oil refineries at Constable

I joined the crowd that was watching the merry dance and shutting off the air from the dancers. The John B. Smith Association understands its business in the hali-room, either affoat or ashore, and when its ficor manager asks a gent to fill a set in a quadrille, he fills it or his coffin. I was fortunate enough to recognize this fact by intuition so that I did not bandy words with Floor Manager Gilligan ("Stumpy" Gilligan, middle weight; bested Tommy the Kid in four rounds, and fought the Long Island City Terror to a draw in the spring of '81') when he said: "Come, fill in dere, Slim Jim. Take de lady to ver right. Miss Astor, Mr. Rothschild; look slippy now, for de band's just goin' to take a fall

out of another tune. out of another tune."

I tried to be cheerful and exclaimed:
"On with the dance!" in tones intended to
express great joy, but Gilligan said: "No
back talk, young feller. De cook says he's
short o' cold meat, an' there's no knowin'
who'll fill de vacancy. See?"

partner's existence as if she had been brought up on Fifth avenue. The spectral unconcern of the girl who dances with a fellow when she would prefer somebody else

is one of the things that has driven me to a nore serious life.

I observed, however, that she was much interested in the young man with whom she waltzed after the quadrille was over. The young gents of the John B. Smith Association understand waltzing. They don't waste any time skipping about, except when they see a clear space on the floor and take a slide for it out of the crowd. When they get the needed room they simply spin round in it, the young man turning heatward on in it, the young man turning backward on one foot as a pivot and dragging the heel of the other foot after him, while the sole of his shoe sticks up nearly straight like a grave-stone. His chin, meanwhile, reclines on the young woman's shoulder, but not hard enough to keep his mouth shut, and his eyes look up at her bang with an ex-pression suggestive of Raphael's cherubs. THE BACKETS DOWN BELOW.

I wandered away from the dancers and made my way to the lower deck to learn, if possible, the drigin of an especially infernal racket which suddenly arose in that quarter. There had been many infernal rackets on the lower deck before, but this one, as I have said was especially so. It proved to be said, was especially so. It proved to be nothing more serious than a small fight. When I got there it was over, but that was os no consequence to me, as several others were about to begin. I found a young man, whom I recognized as a reporter named Adams, getting points about the fight from a big-headed man, who proved to be one of Mr. Smith's Lieutenants. The conversation showed that the Lieutenant's sympathies were strongly with the victors in the little unpleasantness, and when he moved away I asked Adams why he didn't get the other eide of the story from the vanquished. "Con't," he said; "too late; they've all gone overboard."

We landed at a pier near the little town of New Cologne, so named as an antidote to the oil works above mentioned. There we had some athletic sports, consisting of racing, wrestling, fighting and a baseball match for a keg of beer, which was empty be ore the end of the second inning. These interested some of the younger members of the party, but the older ones found a much better game in the village. MILLIGAN CARRIES THE ELECTION.

There was an election in progress in New Cologne, and Milligan discovered that one of the candidates had been a friend of his at school. I inquired, in some surprise, what school Mr. Milligan had ever attended, and the reply was: Reform school, you -!" but I protest that I am not as big a fool as this man said I was.
At this moment Mr. Milligan appeared on

the scene and said: "Now, boys, are yez wid me or agin me? My friend Johnson is 20 votes behind. Shall we snow de other eller under?" "Will we?" howled the gang, "well,

Then Milligan led the way to the polls. There was naturally some protest on the



part of the election officers, but in one hour from that time the man who hadn't voted at Four' ward," as Mr. Milligan expressed it. When the Johnson faction received this formidable addition to its ranks, the constables and other officers of the law quietly slipped away to secure assistance, and at the end of the hour they returned so well rein-forced that Mr. Milligan ordered a retreat. It was a running fight from there to the boat. I am exceptionally good at that kind of a fight, and I was the first man to cross the gang-plank.

THEY SAILED AWAY UNCAPTURED. I never fully realized why it was called that kind of a plank till I saw the others come aboard. It was considerably past the hour for leaving when they arrived, so that the main body of the excursionists was on board when the Milligan party, pursued by the constables, arrived. Some of the more courageous of the latter followed, but the captain cut his lines and we sailed away. The constables left the boat within the first hundred yards from the shore without having made any arrests.

Just then I observed Mr. Adams ap-

proach Mr. Milligan with his notebook in his hand. Milligan turned on him in "Yez want to put dis t'ing in de paper, do yez?" he yelled; "Yez want to cast ojum on the John B. Smith Association? I'll kick

At this moment Mr. Adams left the boat. I saw him leave just as I climbed a flag-staff in order to be out of the way, for I hate to intrude. I remained at half-mast, so to speak, during the rest of the voyage.

HOWARD FIELDING.

FRIGHTENED BY A WOMAN.

Burgiar, Who Atterward Killed a Man. Fled Before a Delicate Lady. "I remember a desperate burglar," said a New York police officer the other day, "who was hanged for killing a man whose hopse he had been caught robbing, telling me that the only time he actually felt scared at that the only time he actually felt scared at finding himself face to face with one of the can pick out a valuable hint, but the houseismates of the house he was 'cracking' was when a slight, delicate woman, clad only in her night dress, came running down the stairs and, putting her hand on his arm, in-

stairs and, putched tone: quired in a terrified tone: ""What's the matter? Is there a burglar in the house? Oh, protect me!" "In her terror she did not think of him as the robber, and the evident comfort it gave her to find some one to 'protect' her

gave him a new sensation altogether. "He was staggered a moment by the sit-uation, but hearing other inmates moving upstairs who had evidently been aroused by upstairs who had evidently been broused by her loud exclamations, he quickly said: 'Certainly, ma'am; I'll protect you—have no lear. Just stand here behind the door while I look in the kitchen, where the noise

seems to come from.'
"'Oh, thank you,' she replied, as he slipped out into the kitchen, picked up his shoes and vanished out of the window, leaving the booty piled upon the floor in a tablecloth, which he was just tying up when the woman came upon him.

A WOMAN DID IT.

Mins Lydin Booth Had Money Intended fo n Hospital Used to Found Vassar College.

Vassar College owes its existence to woman, Miss Lydia Booth, a cousin of the ounder, Matthew Vassar, Mr. Vassar was short o' cold meat, an' there's no knowin' who'll fill de vacancy. See?"

THROUGH THE MAZY FIGURES.

Thus encouraged I took my place; Stumpy called "time" and the band came up smiling. I must contess that I had little cause to complain of "Miss Astor." She went through the figures correctly, with exactly as much semnambalistic indifference to her planning a hospital on the plan of Guy's

SAGES WHO ADVISE.

Sometimes They Are Worth Listening to, but More Often Not.

THE INEXPERIENCED TALK MOST.

Theoretical Nonsense Won't Stand Against Practical Sense.

A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FACT

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The best way to cheer and comfort a troubled child is to bid it "never mind;" at least that is the method adopted by all grown-up English speaking people. I tried to soothe a small friend of mine in that way once, and her reply epitomized a large share of the philosophy of human life: "It's easy for them that's got nothing the matter with 'em to say never mind!"

It is a fact, universally known and very generally admitted, that the place to have a boil is on some other person's nose. So long as you have it there you know exactly how to treat it, and can study it in a spirit devoid of all narrow prejudice; whereas if you have it elsewhere—on your own nose, for example—you find much difficulty in maintaining that calm balance of mind which is so essential to the proper consideration of boils, as of other afflicting ills. I forget whether it was Charles Lamb, or Douglass Jerrold, or neither of them, who said that he never read a book before re-viewing it "because it prejudices a man so!" The People Who Give Advice.

Truly I think all these things must have been considered by many of the people who thrust so much advice upon us by word of mouth and by stroke of pen. A little examination of their teachings brings conviction that old bachelors and spinsters are bent on telling us just how to manage our children; women who live in boarding houses give copious counsel to housekeepers; men who never earned a dollar or saved a cent because of necessity, tell us how to economize: people who never go from home tell us how to travel with the greatest comfort and profit; persons living on the equator give instructions for finding the North Pole, and millionaires preach contentment to the very Not all of our advice comes from such un-

practiced sources: but a vast amount of it can be explained in no other way, unless we would be uncharitable to those who bestow Well, why complain? There are certain principles which govern every condition of life, and those principles can be understood through study. Experience is not always necessary. A man don't have to be in a railroad wreck to help other people out of it. A rich man may understand the governing forces of poverty better than a poor man. A person who never painted a picture may know more about art than an-other who earns his bread by it. A woman who never scrubbed a floor may know exactly what is essential to the perfection of housekeeping. In short, the looker-on sees more of the game than the players; and in the philosophical division of labor it is meet that he should give advice, and that the others should follow it. Experience of a House Wife.

Perhaps. But on the other hand practical conditions are apt to have their way in spite of theories. The man who never was in the water cannot be a very reliable instructor in swimming; and the woman who never saw a vashboard is not likely to give very valuable advice about washing day. In one of her rare moments of leisure I surprised a busy house wife with pencil and paper in her hands. She had just finished a calculation, and announced the result with a sigh

"I find the day would have to be just 48 hours long," she said. "That would give me 47 hours and a half for work, and half an hour for sleep. By not polishing the bottom of my teakettle I might squeeze in an hour's sleep. But the day would have to be 48 hours long any way. And that with no children to take up my time. It I had children, every day would have to ru over into next week-or else I'd have to leave some of the things undone.

She pointed to a pile of periodicals beside her. "I've been studying a series of household articles here. They were written for the benefit of women who have to d their own work, and the object is to establish such a thorough system that every minute may be turned to the best possible account. I suppose you have read just such things. Pretty nearly everything that's printed has them in one shape or another. This writer fairly revels in detail. I think it must be a man. A woman who knew so much would know a little more, Anyhow he tells ex-actly what must be done, exactly how to do it, and exactly when, so as to keep the system straight.

"And under this system the woman who does her own work is to spend the latter part of every day dressed up. She is to keep up with her church work; leave no social duty unattended to; keer abreast of the current literature; by no means let go of her music; keep her accounts to the smallest decimal point; take up a special subject for study or reading; entertain now and then; keep a supply of smiles to give her husband the minute he come in; and whatever else happens, never let her husband see her in her kitchen dress. Don't it sound de-lightful? Well, all that is part of the sys-

"I feel very wicked because I never really adopted the system. But at one time or another I have done most of the things prescribed, so I know just about how much time each one requires. I've made a little list of the various duties, and opposite each item, I've put the time it would take. Then I've added up and averaged the time; and nd that each day's work would require at least 4714 hours. And even then I'm afraid John would catch me sometimes in my kitchen dress, and without a smile. And I wouldn't be able to entertain as much as I'd

keeper who would try to carry out such a system would come to grief in short order. Of course a well woman can keep her house in good trim and have some enjoyment be-side. Plenty of them do it who never bothered their heads with any printed advice. But there is just so much strength in a woman's back, and there are just so many hours in the day; and every woman has to do the best she can under those restrictions and let the rest go. She must judge for herself what she'll let go-whether it shall be kitchen work, so-cial dut, music, reading, dressing up, or those smites for her husband. I try to keep the smiles, and as much else as I can."
This was a wise woman; and if the one who devised the system had made an estimate with paper and pencil to begin with, why, she-or he-would have been minus the income from that series of articles.

Advice for the Sleeping Car. My lively and philosophical friend does not travel very much; she has not the time, and passes are difficult to obtain. Other-wise I would call her attention to a very captivating article I read some time ago. This was a letter of advice addressed to all ladies who are so unhappy as to spend a night in a sleeping car. The writer gave simple and easily comprehended rules by the ollowing of which all lady travelers whatsoever may so re'resh and beautify themselves in the morning that there shall be no taint or stain of journeying upon

follow the rest of the instructions. Among follow the rest of the instructions. A mong these, as I recollect, is the direction to spread upon the floor the towels provided by the porter. On these the fair traveler is to stand while she takes a leisurely and copious sponge bath. Haste is to be avoided, as that is not restful or refreshing. Three-quarters of an hour is the time prescribed for the performance, and at the end of that time the follower of instructions is warranted to come forth as fresh as a daisy and without a care on her mind. For that matwithout a care on her mind. For that mat-ter she must have been pretty free from care all the time, or she would have given a little thought to the other half dozen women standing outside the door through all those weary and exasperating 45 minutes, waiting for a chance to wash their faces and give

their hair a hasty brushing before breakfast. Poverty is Expensive.

Poverty is much more expensive than wealth. The rich man has every opportunity to economize, and can turn every doitageous moment. The poor man can hardly economize at all. He can do without and he does; he can buy low-priced things, and he has to if he buys at all; and most people call this economy, but it is not. It is privation on the one hand and enforced extravagance on the other; for in the way of frequent renewals the low-priced things eventually cost more than the high-priced. To a man whom many years of bitter experience had filled ull of this dismal knowledge came a well-meaning triend who had wealth and had never known poverty.

"You should buy the best of everything that you do buy," he said. "I always do. It's the cheapest in the long run."

"The long run! It's all I can do to make the short run. I know it costs more. But I have a little money now and a little money next month. I never have enough at once to buy expensive things, and we can't wait to put the two sums together; must always have things right away." "You could manage it somehow. I always do. Now, in little things, like shoes. You buy ready made shoes, one pair at a time. You ought to buy custom shoes. I

always buy two or three pairs at once, and never wear the same pair two days in suc-cession. That saves them wonderfully. And I tell you the best is the cheapest." "Don't I know that? But it keeps me busy to buy one pair at a time for each of the children, and to get myold ones mended in between whiles, when I've the money to

"Well, at all events you make a mistake in not buying when you can buy at the best advantage. That's one thing that keeps people poor. They wait till winter to buy winter things, and so on. Buy out of season, when prices are down!"

"Strawberries, for instance. Look here,

neighbor! You know the whole theory obeing poor, and I know the whole theory being rich. Practice is another matter. I you had to practice being poor awhile you' do just as I do-the best you could. And if I was rich-well, I'd buy custom-made

About the Children. The strangest thing of all is that there should be any but healthy and properly trained children in the world. So much advice is given and given with such autherity concerning them that it seems impossible that any two parents should go first baby. As a matter of melancholy fact it is the first baby, the baby on which the most advice is expended, concerning which the most grievous mistakes are made. Its brothers and sisters come along serenely enough under the tostering hand of parental

experience.
"You spoil your children shamefully They just run over you. You are up nights with them, and do all sorts of things you ought not. Now, I have never lost an hour's sleep with my baby, and I never will. If he takes a notion to cry in the night I'll just put him in another room and let him cry it out. And when he gets older I'll govern him in just the same way."

This was the mother of a 2 months' old boy. She said it some years ago, and now she says nothing at all, but the neighbors say a good deal. For a more masterful, utterly spoiled youngster don't exist in the entire neighborhood. Those of us who have personal recollections of army experiences can recall going

The catching was a task as difficult as it was exciting, and the breaking was more difficult and exciting still. One thing always to be noticed was that the newly recruited teamster, the one who had never crossed the sence around the corral, was always the one who knew most about eatch ing and breaking army mules. He had his theory, to which all mules would have to conform when he got at them. But the teamster who had been in the corral was much more modest. He had learned that every fresh mule was a fresh problem. And in that particular army mules are good deal like babies. JAMES C. PURDY.

A TOY FOR THE EMPEROR.

The Miniature Railroad Which is in Opera tion in Li Hung Chang's City.

About two years ago they presented complete miniature railway to the Emperor through Li Hung Chang, and the line, which is about three miles long, is laid down within the imperial city. The young Emperor is very much interested in its workings, and spends a great deal of his time in riding to and fro in the beautifully

appointed little carriages.

He was greatly struck with the toy railway and its influence upon the recent decree has been very considerable. The old reactionary party among his advisers were advers to the miniature line being laid down with in the precincts of the sacred city and it was very near being returned to the donors But the Government was safraid lest it should give offense to the French, who are greatly feared and respected since they burned and sunk the Chinese fleet

At first the high authorities would not allow any foreigners to have a hand in laying down or working the model railway.

The result was when they started the little engine they could not stop it, and great consternation was occasioned to the occu-pants in the palace by their inability to control the strange contrivance of the foreigners, which dashed along the line till it was pulled up by coming in contact with a mound of earth.

Since then, however, a French driver has been procured, and the Emperor is a frequent traveler upon the cars. MUSHROOMS FROM TURNIPS.

Enterprising Fellow Counterfeits the Delicate Esculent. London Telegraph.

An individual living in the Department of the Aveyron, struck by the high price at which mushrooms were being sold in his district, conceived the idea of fabricating the delicacy out of turnips. He cut the turnips into rounds, dried them, and after giving them a dab of the paintbrush, disposed of them to unsuspecting customers as the genuine article. For some time he drove a thriving trade, but unluckily for him one day sold a batch to a gourmet who was not so easily to be taken in. Indignant at the trick played on him, the

gourmet brought an action, which has just resulted in the condemnation of the mushroom manuacturer to two months' imprison

St. Louis has a new slang word sprung on the town by a street gamin. The word is "lony," and it means a fraud, a fake, or anything that is not what it pretends to be. It is supposed to have its origin from the phonograph, because the phonograph imi-

Robert-Were you in your office when the collector called to see you?

Henry—Yes, and he dun me up too

AUTOGRAPH HUNTING

How Officials at Washington and Their Wives Are Annoyed.

GROVER CLEVELAND IS CAUTIOUS.

Something About the Penmanship of

BEN: PERLEY POORE'S COLLECTION.

Pew Well-Known Ladies,

|CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, June 28 .- Washington is one of the greatest autograph centers of the United States. Every society lady has lar to the best advantage at the most advan- her autograph album, and the pages of Congress get an income equal to their salaries by carrying around autograph books to the Senators, Representatives and Supreme Court Judges. The charges of one of them is \$5 for the Senate, \$3 for the Supreme Court and more than this amount for the House. The President receives hundreds of applications for autographs every day and I saw a great pile of morocco bound volumes lying on his messenger's desk when I went to the White House this afternoon. Mrs. Harrison's autograph is quite as much in demand as the President's, but is not so easy to get. She writes a fine, small hand, slanting her strokes in the true Spencerian manner and running the r's of the Harrison very much together.

> The most of her correspondence is done on the paper of the Executive Massion and these two words form the die of silver and gold at the head of her sheets. Shortly before President Harrison's inauguration a letter was written by one of his family, say-House an order was given for some royal Irish linen, which is the most popular paper with our society ladies. A great part of Mrs. Harrison's correspondence goes through the hands of her daughter, Mrs. McKee, and she saves the President's wife much time. Mary Harrison McKee is a beautiful writer. She signs herself "Yours most incerely" when writing to her most intimate friends and always puts the Harrison AFRAID OF FRAUD.

The Cabinet Ministers are almost as much

bothered for autographs as the President, and it is almost impossible to get the signa-tures of the Cabinet Ministers' wives. The Cabinet Ministers are in some instances chary about sending out their signatures broadcast and none of them like to give their autographs on blank sheets of paper. President Cleveland would not write his autograph anywhere except in a book, for the reason, he said, that something might be written over his signature by an unscrupulous person and used as an indorsement. Still it is not hard to get a signature like that of Jeremiah Rusk, the bluff old Secretary of Agriculture, who writes a big round schoolboy hand. You could crowd three of astray, even in the management of their his wife's signatures into one of his and Mrs. Rusk writes a plain, old-fashioned screed, with no frills or 'urbelows about it. It is much like herself and looks like the signature of a good motherly lady of the old school. Mrs. Secretary Windom would make a good writing teacher. She has an elegant handwriting and her lines are as

regular as those of a copybook.

It is different with the wife of the Secretary of the Interior. Mrs. Noble seems to have no rule whatever as to the formation of her letters, and it would take an expert forger to counter:eit one of her signatures. She is very decided in her views, is a woman of liess, and you can almost read her charac-ter in her handwriting. She signs herself Elizabeth H. Noble, uses plain paper and answers all of her correspondence herself. A CRUSTY JUSTICE.

By all odds the most aristocratic element outside of the diplomatic counts of our Washington circ' is that of the Supreme Court. The Justices are sure of \$10,000 a year for life, and they know they are bound to have enough to live in style to the end of their days. To they days the time to the end of the members of the Chinese their days. In time a certain code of etiquette has grown up around them, and the Supreme Court circle is like none other here. The autographs of the old judges are very easy to get, with one or two excep-tions, for the brainy ones among them are good natured and are always willing to oblige the autograph hunter.

There is one crusty man among them, however, and that is Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, who goes out hunting in an English shooting costume, and has lots of English fads about him, extending to that of exclusiveness. This exclusiveness prevents him from giving out his autographs promis-cuously, and leads himself to act at times in a most obnoxious way. His wife, however, is the daughter of the late Stanley Matthews, and she probably has more of the democratic manners of Ohio about her. Mrs. Stanley Matthews is not at all snobbish, and she is one o: the popular women of the Supreme Court circle. She is a good correspondent and she writes on linen paper in a straight

up and down hand. AUTOGRAPH OF TOM CORWIN. Mrs. Justice Matthews was married twice, and her first husband was Judge Theaker who was Commissioner of Patents under President Lincoln, and was a very distinguished man at the time of the war. This writing of autographs makes me think of a story he once told me. I met him here at Washington, and, knowing that he came from Ohio, asked him if he was acquainted

with Tom Corwin.
"Yes," he replied, "I knew Tom Corwin very well, and I have in fact one of his autographs in my pocket which cost me \$500."
"How is that Judge?" said I.

"How is that Judge?" said I.

"It is just this," said he, and he thereupon pulled out his pocketbook and showed
me a note of Corwin's, in which he promised to par Judge Theaker \$500 within 30
days. "I gave Mr. Corwin this money,"
continued Mr. Theaker, "when I was Commissioner of Patents. He came into my office and told me that he wanted it. I had
no hank account in the city and I told him. no bank account in the city, and I told him I had not the money. He replied that if he could raise it in three days he could save himself \$2,000, and he said he could raise this if he had my check or \$500. I gave him the check on condition that he would not present it for two days, and after he left I borrowed the money and placed it to my credit in the bank. It was duly drawn, and a few days later Corwin went back to Ohio. This was in October, 1865. In December he died, and that was the last I saw of my money. He was always indorwing or other people and kept himself poor by paying bail debts." MRS. CLEVELAND'S WAS EXPENSIVE

Five hundred dollars is a pretty good price to pay or an autograph. Still a man offered that much for one of Mrs. Cleve-land's signatures when she was in the White House, and at an autograph sale in New York not long ago one o Martha Washington's letters sold for \$151. A manuscrint of Harriet Beecher Stowe's brought \$20 and other specimens of the penmanship of noted women brought equally high prices. Queen Victoria is a great autograph hunter, and she has one of the most remarkshe collections of autographs in existence. She has autographs of many of the noted leaders and generals of the late Civil War, and Colonel Boteler, who was a member of the Confederate Congress and who served here in the Department of Justice, added to her collection not long ago by sending her a letter written by Stonewall Jackson to him while he was a member of the Confederate Congress, in which Jackson said he hoped that Congress would pass bill prohibiting the delivery of mails on Sunday. Boteler was on Jackson's staff, and he says that Jackson would do nothing on Sunday and would not mail a letter at uch a time that it would have to travel or

CHARACTER IN SIGNATURES. We have in Washington many society ladies who think they can read character

through autographs, and they claim that they can tell as much about a person from his handwriting as from his or her photograph. This is true to a certain extent. The positive nature of Senator Cockrell's wife may be seen in the bold up and down strokes with which she pens her name, and by looking at the signature of the wife of Senator Blair you may see the influence of the Green Mountains of New Hampshirs and of the association with a man who has made himself famous in educational legisla-

The noted Southern ladies of Washington society are as a rule good writers. The most of them are finely educated. They come of good families and are women of culture. Mrs. Senator Butler writes a straight up and down hand and is one of the Congressional ladies who uses her hus-band's initials and puts the term of "Mrs." before them. This is the same with the wife of George T. Barnes, of Georgia, Mrs. Senator Jones, of Arkansas, and Mrs. Pet-tigrew, of South Dakota. Mrs. Silver Dollar Bland uses her husband's initials and so does Mrs. General Lee. The wife of the Senstor from Texas acts as her hus-band's private secretary. She knows quite as well how to prepare a bill as John H. Reagan and she can write a business letter which would read well in a business col-lege. She gets \$6 a day for helping her husband in this way. She signs herself Mrs. John H. Resgan. Mrs. Carlisle signs herself with her husband's initials and so does Mrs. Representative Caruth and Mrs. enator Bate.

MRS. LOGAN'S WORK. Mrs. General Logan is making lots of money by her pen. Her paper has reached a circulation, I am told, of nearly 100,000 a circulation, I am told, of nearly lovely copies, and she spends a part of every day in editorial work. She is very particular as to the paper she uses in her writing, and is fond of the tinted variety. Her private letters have a silver die at the head of the first sheet, and on the last page you will see in bold letters the signature "Mary S. Logan."

Mrs. Speaker Reed is a good writer, and if her signature is any index, she has quite ing that he would patronize American as much character as her husband. She paper makers. He does so to a certain extent, but shortly after he got into the White at the end of her signature. Mrs. Senator Spooner writes a very fair hand. She comes of a literary family, and has more than ordinary literary ability. She uses plain pa-per, and signs hersei! "Annie M. Spooner." One of the wealthiest ladies of Washing-ton is Mrs. Roswell P. Flower. Her husband is worth \$10,000,000, and Mrs. Flower's check is good for \$100,000 any day of the week. She is very liberal in her charities, and a great many checks signed by her find their way to poor people. She signs herself Sarah M. Flower, and she spends a good deal on paper. She uses the best of paper, and her invitations and dinner cards during a session cost as much as a clerk's salary. BEN: PERLEY POORE'S COLLECTION.

One of the best autograph collections of Washington was that of Ben: Perley Poore's, which sold for a song after his death. He had about 20,000 signatures of prominent men in this country and Europe, and he had the handwriting of the most noted ladies of the past century. The most inde-fatigable collector among the Senators was Tabor, of Colorado, who had a book as big as a family Bible, and who went around during the Senate sessions with this big book in one hand and a blotting pad in the other, asking his fellow Senators to sign for him. His beautiful wife sat and looked on from the gallery, and Tabor would point her out to the Senators as he went around. Some of the Senators do not like to sign in these autograph books and some noted ladies will not give their autographs. When Cleveland first came into the

White House the demand for autographs was so great that it was suggested that Cleveland let one of the clerks sign his name for him. He refused to do this and said: "I am able to use my right hand and arm and it does not take long to sign my name. It such a little thing pleases these people I will do it." He then had a lot of cards made with the

Executive Mansion printed in one corner and he signed these and gave them to his Secretary to send away in response to ap-REPROVED BY A CHINAMAN. The diplomats are often asked for auto-

graph on the back of it, together with a lot of characters which he called Chinese poetry. The girl who got the picture went to a Chinese scholar and got him to translate this. The Chinese gentlemen had written the following:
"In the Celestial Empire, where people "In the Celestial Empire, where people the considered the constant called pagans toil, it is not conside

becoming in a young maiden to ask for the picture of a young man, and such as would do so would be punished for immodesty; but in this land where civilization is at height young ladies permit themselves to do things which their heathen sisters would blush even to mention.'

Whether the girl kept the picture or not after this I do not know, but I don't believe she valued the autograph. Do you? MISS GRUNDY, JR.



Wolff's ACM EBlacking

Ask in Paint, Drug and House Furs Pik-Ron, which WILL STAIN OLD & NEW FURNITURE WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE WILL STAIN TIMWARE WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH AND PARIK-RON

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