some dignity, "that few have seen so much of the world as I have, in various countries and climes; and the most generous and hospitable people—generous and hospitable to the point of extravagance—I have ever met with have invariably been the Scotch. It may suit you to revile the country from which you get your living—"

"Oh, I meant nothing so serious, I assure you," the ponderous journalist said at once. "Come, tell me what I can do for you."

"I should like to look at the Postoffice directory first, if I may."

Courtnay Fox waddled across the room and returned with the heavy volume; Mr. Bethune turned to the street and number that had been furnished him by his spy, and discovered that the name given was Harland Harris—no doubt Vincent Harris' father.

"Ah, yes," the old man said. "Now I can tell you what I want; and I am certain I have come to the right place for information. For while you revile my countrymen, Mr. Fox, because you don't know them, I wonder whom among your own countrymen—who have any position at all—you don't know?"

This was an adroit piece of flattery; for it was a foible of the fat correspondent to affect that he knew everybody—and knew no good of anybody.

"Of course the man I mean may be a nobody—or a nonentity—and a very respectable person as well," continued Mr. Bethune, "but his son, whose acquaintance I have made, talks as if his name were familiar to the public. Mr. Harland Harris—"

"Harland Harris!" the journalist exclaimed—but with much complacency, for he might have been found wanting. "Don't you know Harland Harris?—or, at least, haven't you heard of him?"

"I have lived much out of England," the old man said.

"And you want me to tell you who and what Harland Harris is? Is that it? Well, then, I will. To begin with, proceeded Mr. Courtnay Fox, with a baleful light in his small, twinkling eyes, "he is a solemn and portentous ass—a pedantic prig—a combination of a drill sergeant and a schoolmaster, with the self-sufficiency of—o!—I don't know what. He is an enormously wealthy man—who preaches the Divine Beauty of Poverty; a socialist—who would abolish the income tax, and have all taxation indirect; a communist—who can eat only off gold plate. This sham Jean Jacques would not only abandon his children, he would let the whole human race go to mischief, as long as you left him on a pinnacle, with a leeture in his hand. Harland Harris! Do you want to know any more? Well, I will tell you this, that long ago his vanity would have inflated and burst him only that he was defeated in his candidature for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University—and that let out a little of the gas. But even now his inconsistencies are colossal—almost a madness; I think he must be drunk with a sense of his own superiority, as George Sand says—"

"He does not seem to have made a very favorable impression on you," said Mr. Bethune, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Did he ever on any human being?" the other retorted. "Not anyone that ever I heard of!"

"And his son—do you know anything of him?"

Mr. Courtney Fox was not likely to admit that he knew nothing.

"Oh," said he, scornfully, "the enfant gate of the political world, Mr. Grandison, has made a pet of him; and so people imagine there is something in him. Of course he'll talk for a few years about universal brotherhood and the advancement of humanity and that kind of stuff; and then, when he succeeds to his father's money, he'll make a bid for a peerage, or else marry a widowed and withered old Countess, and subside into a solid, substantial, beef-headed bulwark of the Tory party. That's the way they all go!"

"Well, I'm very much obliged," said old George Bethune, rising. "And sorry to have interrupted you. Good night—and thanks."

"Good night," said the journalist, curtly, as he turned to his desk again, and its litter of reports and telegrams.

Next morning, when they were about to set forth on their accustomed stroll, Maisrie paused at the door for a second, and said—with a very curious hesitation, and a face grown rose-red—

"Grandfather, what shall I tell Mrs. Hobson you would like for dinner?"

He did not notice her confusion; he answered, carelessly:

"Oh, never mind just now. Later on we will see. Food is not of much importance in this hot weather."

Therefore she was silent for some considerable time. It was not until they had got down to the Serpentine, and when he was about to take out his newspaper, that she ventured again to address him.

"Grandfather," she said, timidly, "do you think—Mr. Harris—expects us—expects that we should dine together again this evening? He did ask if we had no engagement—and—and perhaps he may imagine there is some understanding—"

"Well, Maisrie," the old man made answer, with a playful irony, "if your way of it is to be carried out, the arrangement wouldn't last very long. I don't suppose our little income could comfortably support three for any great space of time."

"Oh, but, grandfather," she said, persuasively, "you know it was but right you should pay; we were two, and he only one; of course, if we were to dine together again—and he wished it to be his turn—you might divide——"

"I think, Maisrie," said he, somewhat sententiously, "it would be better for you to leave our small financial affairs in my hands. These things are well understood as between men; it is easy to make an arrangement. Especially easy if you are the only son of a very wealthy man—what are a few shillings or a few sovereigns one way or the other to him? And I wish you to remember that a young lady's purse is not usually produced at a restaurant."

"I am sorry if I did anything wrong, grandfather," she said humbly; but—but I thought—before a stranger—or almost a stranger—it was a pity you had forgotten——"

He had opened the newspaper, so that the subject was dismissed; and Maisrie was left to her absent dreams and reveries.

All that day there came no message from the other side of the street; and likewise the afternoon wore away in silence; while Maisrie, whatever she hoped or feared, had not again asked her grandfather what arrangements he proposed for the evening. About 6 o'clock, however, there came a rap at the door below. Maisrie was in her room upstairs. Her grandfather was seated at the little table in the parlor, drawing out in water-color a coat of arms; and he had already finished the Bethune part of it—that is to say, the first and fourth quarters of the shield were argent, with a fesse between three muscles, or; and likewise he had surmounted it with the crest—an otter's head, erased, ppr.; but as the second and third quarters were still vacant it was impossible to say with which other family he proposed to claim alliance. At this moment Vin Harris made his appearance at the door, looking very cheerful and good-humored, and modest withal; and he came into the room as if he already felt quite at home there.

"I have taken a little liberty," said he, "with regard to this evening. I understood that you and Miss Bethune had no engagement, and might think of going to that same restaurant again; but then I thought you might prefer a change; and so I have ordered dinner at the—" And he named a well-known hotel in the neighborhood of Burlington Gardens.

"Oh, you have ordered dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said Vincent, respectfully; and then seeing there was no objection, he went on with a gayer air: "It does seem absurd that when people want to meet each other, and to talk, and get thoroughly acquainted, they must needs sit down and eat together; but there is some sense in it, too; for of course we have all of us our different occupations during the day; and dinner time is the time at which we all find ourselves free, so that the meeting is easily arranged. I hope Miss Bethune wasn't fatigued after her long walk of last evening—"

"Oh, no, no," said her grandfather, rising and going to the door. "I must call and tell her we are going out by and by—"

"Yes, but of course she is coming too!" the young man said quickly.

"If she likes—if she likes. I myself should prefer it: I will ask her."

And on this occasion also, when she came downstairs, Maisrie Bethune appeared in that simple dress of cream-colored cashmere; and again he was struck by the alteration in her aspect; she was no longer the shy and timid schoolgirl he had first imagined her to be, but a young woman, of quite sufficient self-possession, tall, and elegant of bearing, and with more than a touch of graceful dignity in her manner. This time she smiled as she gave him her hand for a moment; and then she turned away; always she seemed to assume that this newly found acquaintanceship existed only as between her grandfather and the young man, that she was outside of it, and only to be called in as an adjunct, now and again when it happened to suit him.

Nevertheless, as they by and by walked away down to Burlington Gardens, she was much more animated and talkative than he had before seen her; and he observed, too, that her grandfather paid heed to her opinions. Nay, she addressed the younger of her two companions also, occasionally; and now she was not afraid to let a smile dwell in her eyes when she chanced to turn to him. He was bewildered by it all; it was more, far more, than he dared have hoped for; in fact he was the last person in the world to suspect that his own bearing—the buoyant, unconscious audacity, the winning frankness, as well as a certain youthful modesty—was at the root of the mystery of this sudden friendship. For one thing, he had told them a good deal about himself and his circumstances during that morning in Hyde Park and during the previous afternoon and evening; and there was something in the position of these three folk, now brought together after wide wanderings through the world, that seemed to invite confidence and intimacy. Then old George Bethune had an excellent fund of good-fellowship, so long as the present moment was an enjoyable one.

And, as it turned out this evening, proved to be one of those enjoyable moments. The small festivity to which Vincent had invited his new acquaintances was not in the least the haphazard affair he had half intimated it to be; he had arranged it with care. They found themselves in a pretty room, with plenty of flowers on the table, while the little banquet itself was far more elaborate, both as regards food and wine, than there was any call for. The old gentleman did not protest; anything that happened, so long as it was pleasant—was welcome to him, and he declared the claret to be as excellent as any he had met with for years back. He could not understand why their youthful host would not join him (as if it were likely that Vincent was going to drink wine, now that he discovered that Maisrie Bethune drank only water!) but he had all the more for himself; and he waxed eloquent and enthusiastic on his favorite theme.

"Why, sir," he said, with a kind of proud elation in his tone, "I have heard Henry Ward Beecher pronounce these words in the City Hall of Glasgow—'I have been reared in a country whose history is brief. So vast is it, that one might travel night and day for all the week, and yet scarcely touch historic ground. Its history is yet to be written; it is yet to be acted. But I come to this land which, though small, is as full of memories as the heaven is full of stars, and almost as bright. There is not the most insignificant piece of water that does not make my heart thrill with some story of heroism, and some remembered poem; for not only has Scotland had the good fortune to have men who knew how to make history heroic, but she has reared those bards who have known how to sing their deeds. And every steep and every valley, and almost every single league on which my feet have trod have made me feel as if I were walking in a dream. I never expected to find my eyes overflow with tears of gladness that I have been permitted, in the prime of life, to look upon this beloved land.' Well spoken—nobly spoken! When I take my granddaughter here to visit her native country—for to that country she belongs, in all the essentials of blood and tradition and descent—I hope she will be in a similarly receptive mood; and will see—not the bare hills, not the lonely islands, not the desolate moors—but a land filled with the magic of association, and concentrated by the love and devotion of a thousand song writers, known and unknown. I will say with Johnson, 'That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Bannockburn, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona'—"

"Not Bannockburn; Marathon, wasn't it, grandfather?" said Maisrie in her gentle way.

"Well, well," he said, not heeding the interruption. "'Almost every single league,' says Ward Beecher; and that is true. I could make a pilgrimage throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, guided by the finger of Scottish song. Indeed, I have often thought I should like, if the years were spared to me, to collect materials for a volume—a splendid and magnificent volume—on the Scotland of the Scotch songs and ballads. The words and the music are already there; and I would have the pencil add its charm; so that Scotland, in her noblest and fairest aspects, might be placed before the stranger, and might be welcomed once again by her own sons. I would have the lonely Braes o' Balwhidder, and Rob Roy's grave in the little churchyard on the hillside; I would have Tannahill's Arranteenie—that is on Loch Long side, I think; and the Bonnie House o' Airlie:

It fell on a day, a bonnie summer's day,
When the corn grew green and fairly.
That the great Argyle, wi' a' his men,
Cam' to plunder the bounie house o' Airlie.

Then the Vale of Yarrow—well, perhaps that would have to be a figure subject—the grief-stricken maiden bending over the body of her slain lover—

Pale though thow art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!—
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

And Colonsay—Leyden's Colonsay—the haunted island that mourns like a seashell—

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

Gala Water—" the old man continued, in a sort of exalted rhapsody; and his eyes were absent, as if he were beholding a succession of visions. "Hunting Tower—Craigie-burn Wood—the solitude sought out by Bessie Bell and her girl companion when they fled from the plague—Ettrick Banks—the bush aboon Traquair—in short, an endless series! And where the pencil may fail, imagination must come in—

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!

It would be something to do for the sake of 'puir auld Scotland;' and think what an enchanted wandering that would be for both Maisrie and myself. Tweed and Teviot—the silver Forth—the stately Clyde; well, perhaps she would be better pleased to gather a flower or two—a lucken-gowan or a speedwell—on 'the bonnie banks o' Ayr.'"

"But grandfather," Maisrie Bethune interposed, "before you can begin such a book or even think of it, you know there is something else to be done."

"I suppose it would be an expensive volume to bring out?" Vincent suggested inquiringly.

"Oh, yes, yes," the old man said—and now he had relinquished that rhapsodical strain, and had assumed his usual dignified, not to say grandiose, demeanor. "The drawings must be done by the first artists; they must not fall below the poetic pitch of the old ballads and the still older airs. It would be an expensive book to bring out, no doubt; but then it would be a noble undertaking; it would be a sumptuous and valuable work. I should think, now," he went on reflectively, "that there ought to be a large paper edition—and perhaps five guineas would not be too much to charge—quarto, I mean—quarto—and five guineas for such a handsome volume mightn't be too much—"

"Five guineas?" repeated Vincent. "Well, sir, if you choose to bring out the book by subscription, I will undertake to get you 50 subscribers for that edition." And then he added, recklessly, "A hundred—I will assure you a hundred subscribers!"

"No, Mr. Harris," said Maisrie, and she addressed herself in a more direct manner than she had ever yet done to the young man, "it is not to be thought of. My grandfather has work to be finished before entertaining any other schemes. It would be simply wasting time to begin and arrange about another book."

He felt himself silenced and humbled, he hardly knew why. Had she construed his proffered assistance into an offer of charity, and resented it accordingly? But he could find no trace of offended pride in the refined and gentle features when next he ventured to look at her. She had said her say; and that was enough. And her grandfather seemed to know she was in the right; nothing further was mentioned about the new proposal—at least at this particular time. Dessert had come; and the business of choosing from among those abundant fruits made a kind of break.

When at length they were about to depart, there was no confusion about the bill, for Vincent intimated to the old man that he had already arranged about that; and Mr. Bethune seemed satisfied, while Maisrie had passed on in front and did not hear. She was very light-hearted and talkative as they walked away home. Her protest against the proposed publication, if it showed a little firmness at the time, had left no pained feeling behind it, she was now as blithe as a bird; to Vincent she seemed to shed a radiance around him, as if she were some supernatural being, as she passed through those twilit streets. Once she said something in French—in Canadian French—to her grandfather; and the young man thought that never in all his life had he heard anything so sweet and fascinating as the soft and blurred sound of the r's. He was to hear a little more of that Canadian French on this evening. When they reached their lodgings, the old gentleman again asked his young friend to come in for a little while; the temptation was too great; he yielded; and followed them up into the dusky small parlor.

"Now we will have a serious smoke," said George Bethune, with decision, as he took down his long clay pipe. "A cigarette after dinner is a mere trivolity. Maisrie, lass, bring over that box of cigars for Mr. Harris."

But Mr. Harris firmly declined to smoke, even as he had declined to take any wine: what was he going to sacrifice next as a subtle little tribute to the exalted character of this young creature? Maisrie Bethune seemed hardly to understand, and was a little surprised; but now she had to go away upstairs, to lay aside her things: so the two men were left alone, to chat about the affairs of the day until her return.

When she came down again, her grandfather said—

"Sing something, Maisrie."

"You know I can't sing, grandfather, but never refuse you, for it is not of any use," said she, contentedly as she took the violin out of its case. "But Mr. Harris has had enough of Scotch songs this evening. I must try something else. And perhaps you may have heard the air in Canada," she added, addressing the young man from out of the partial darkness.

And now what was this new enchantment she was about to disclose and practice? In plain truth, she had very little voice; but he did not notice that; it was the curiously naive, and simple, and sincere expression of tone that thrilled through his heart, as she proceeded to recite rather than to sing the well-known "C' etait une fregate," the violin aiding her with its low and plaintive notes:

C' etait une fregate
(Mon joli cœur de rose)
Dans la mer a touche
(Joli cœur d' un rosier).

And here again were those softly slurred r's—not sharply trilled, as in the English fashion—but gentle and half concealed, as it were. The simple story preceeded:

Y avait une demoiselle
(Mon joli cœur de rose)
Su' l' bord d' la mer pleurait,
(Joli cœur d' un rosier).

—Dites-moi donc, la belle,
(Mon joli cœur de rose)
Qu' a' vous q tant pleurer?
(Joli cœur d' un rosier).

—Je pleur' mon anneau d' or,
(Mon joli cœur de rose)
Dans la mer est tombe,
(Joli cœur de un rosier).

Then he asks the weeping damsel what she would give to anyone who would find for her her ring of gold that has fallen into the sea:

—Je suis trop pauvre fille,
(Mon joli cœur de rose),
Je ne puis rien donner,
(Joli cœur d' un rosier).

Yu' mon cœur en mariage
(Mon joli cœur de rose)
Pour mon anneau dore
(Joli cœur d' un rosier).

But the young man sitting there in the twilight hardly heard further than that. The phrase "qu' mon cœur en mariage" had something more beautiful in it than even the soft sound of the r's as she pronounced them; it dwelt in his heart with a mysterious charm; even as she went on to tell how the bold gallant who dived for the ring of gold was drowned, what he still seemed to hear was "Je ne puis rien donner, qu' mon cœur en mariage;" and when she had finished, and there was silence, he did not speak; there was a kind of bewilderment in the tones of her voice; and he could not offer her commonplace thanks.

"Now I am going to light the gas," she said cheerfully, as she laid aside her violin, "and, grandfather, you can challenge Mr. Harris to a game of chess, or draughts, or dominoes, whichever he likes best, so that I may get to my work, for it can't always be playtime."

And so it was that, when the gas had been lit, she returned to her own corner and to her needlework, while her grandfather and Vin Harris took to dominoes, the old man having his hot water and whisky brought to him to accompany his second pipe. Dominoes is a mechanical game; you can play well enough even if there is the refrain of a song ringing through your memory; the young man did not care who won; and, indeed, he had quite forgotten who was the victor as he shortly thereafter made his way south through the lamp-lit streets.

Well, this was but the beginning of a series of evenings, until it came to be understood that these three dined together each night, subsequently returning to Mr. Bethune's rooms for a little music or dominoes before parting. Vin Harris assumed the management of these modest little merry-makings; varied the scene of them as much as possible; and so arranged matters that no financial question came up to ask for Maisrie Bethune's interference. It is true, she sometimes seemed inclined to remain at home, so as to leave the men greater freedom, perhaps; but he would not hear of that; and his ever increasing intimacy now lent him a franker authority. He was high-handed in his ways; she smiled, and yielded.

At last there came a proposition that was somewhat startling in its boldness. Cunningly he deferred bringing it forward until the very end of the evening, for then he knew that the old gentleman would be more inclined to welcome any gay and audacious scheme, without particularly weighing pros and cons. Accordingly having chosen his opportunity, he informed them that he had been offered the use of a houseboat during the Henley week (which was literally true: he had been offered it—for the sum of £30), and said that he had a great mind to accept if only he could persuade Mr. Bethune and his granddaughter to go down as his guests.

"I understood you to say," he continued, without giving either of them time to reply, "that you had never seen Henley at the regatta time. But it is a thing you ought to see—it is the prettiest sight in England—it is perfectly unique—there is nothing else like it in the world. And then they make those house boats so comfortable; it is simply a small floating home; or, on the other hand, you can sit outside and be in the very midst of all the fun. There is no scramble—no crowd—no hustling—so far as we are concerned; and we shall have our own cook and steward. If you do not care to stay the whole week, we could go down on Tuesday afternoon—the races begin on Wednesday—and remain for the illumination and fireworks on Friday night. It would be awfully good-natured of you both; of course I could not think of going down and occupying a house boat by myself. Now what do you say, Miss Bethune?—I appeal first to you."

"Yes, what do you say, Maisrie?" the old man said, seeing that his granddaughter hesitated; and then he added with a condescending smile: "A question of dress, is it? I have heard that the costumes at Henley are rather extravagant."

"Oh, I assure you, no," the young man protested (he would have sworn that the sky was pea-green if that would have helped). "They are quite simple summer dresses—light in color, of course—oh, yes—but quite plain and simple; who would take gorgeous gowns to go boating?"

"Very well, very well," Mr. Bethune said, with an easy good nature. "I will answer for both Maisrie and myself: we shall be delighted. Let us know the conditions; let us know what may be expected of us; we are old travelers and ready for anything. And don't you be over particular about your preparations, my young friend; we can rough it; and indeed I'm afraid of late we've been falling into somewhat too luxurious ways. Not that I am an anchorite; no—God forbid; if the present moment commends itself, I welcome it; I see no wisdom in schooling one's self to bear hardships that may not arise. Yes, I have heard of Henley—the Thames in July—the brilliant company."

"It is awfully kind of you," said Vincent, rising, and preparing to go. "I am sure you won't regret it; it is the very prettiest thing in England. And to-morrow night I will let you know all the arrangements."

Full of joy was the heart of this young man as he strode away down to Grosvenor place; and reckless and extravagant were the projects crowding in upon his brain as to how he should play the part of host. For one thing, he had the wherewithal; apart from the allowance given him by his father, an uncle had died leaving him a considerable sum; while his own personal habits were of the most inexpensive kind; so that he had plenty of money—too much money—to spend when any whim entered his head. And now, for the first time, old George Bethune and the fair Maisrie were to be openly and ostensibly his guests; and what was he not going to do in the way of entertaining them? If only he could make sure that Maisrie's cream-colored costume would go well with calceolarias?—then with masses of calceolarias that house-boat would be smothered from stem to stern!

Nor did the knowledge that Mrs. Ellison would very likely be at Henley trouble him one bit. He was not ashamed of this recently-formed friendship; no; he was ready to proclaim it to all the world. Supposing Mrs. Ellison—shrewd eyes and all—were to come and inspect them, where could she find two more interesting human beings—the old man with his splendid nerve and proud spirit; amid all his misfortunes, and in his old age, too, still holding his head erect; firm and unyielding as his own Craig-Royston—the young girl with her pensive and mysterious beauty, her clear-shining, timid eyes, her maidenly dignity, her patience with the old man, and pursuasive and affectionate guidance? Ashamed of his friendship?—he was more inclined to parade it, to boast of it; he would have scorned himself otherwise. At all events, he thought he would ask Maisrie to take her violin down to Henley with her, just in case Mrs. Ellison should some evening pay a visit to the White Rose.

[*To be Continued Next Sunday.*]

A CENTRAL AMERICAN BEAUTY.

How the Relict of an Assassinated Dictator of Guatemala Lives in New York.

Illustrated American.]

Donna Francisca Apaucia vel Vescuciadiayo de Quesaltenango Barrios is very possibly the most interesting feminine feature of New York society at this present moment. The immense wealth, uncommon beauty, and strange romantic life of the fair Guatemalanese only add to the abounding charm she possesses by right of her delightful personality. Very few who know that Madame Barrios is the mother of seven handsome children can realize that she is only 29 years of age, has the freshness and slenderness of a girl, and adores dancing above all other forms of recreation. This is so, nevertheless, and when she appears in the thin black gowns of her choice, wearing $300,000 worth of diamonds, her southern skin richly tinted with health and youth, the President's fair relict very generally outshines all other women present.

She lives in a palatial home on Fifth avenue, and divides her time very equally between caring for her small sons and daughters and practicing the classical music of which she is passionately fond. Mme. Barrios has an endless train of admirers, but remains absolutely indifferent to the most brilliant men in New York. She acknowledges her fondness for society, but avows her intention of remaining faithful to the memory of her soldier husband.

The story of how the General won her hand is well known, but only her closest friends are aware of his devotion that sealed her love as a wife. It is both interesting and pathetic to hear her tell the story of how she arrayed herself in all her jewels, and, surrounded by the leading women of Guatemala, sat in a box at the theater waiting for Barrios to be proclaimed dictator. She never once doubted his success; but when the curtain fell prematurely, showing the martial picture of the President rent in twain, she knew the temper of the people too well to question the result. She was hurried out of a side entrance, her life in jeopardy, learned of the assassination of Barrios, and the next morning fled from her native land.

Mme. Barrios has two sisters unmarried and both living in New York City. They are several years younger than she is, independently wealthy and both very brilliant types of Central American brunettes.

WHALING OFF NORWAY.

Bombs That Are Attached to the Harpoons and How They Work.

Newcastle, England, Chronicle.]

Whales off Norway are harpooned with an instrument of peculiar construction. It consists of a shank, into which two barbs fold; these spring out and sit fast in the animal's flesh when a strain comes on the line attached to the harpoon. The harpoon is fired from a cannon mounted on a swivel carried in the bow of the steamer. The head of the harpoon carries an explosive shell, which is fired by the breaking of a glass tube filled with sulphuric acid, and the tube is broken the moment the animal strains the line attached to the harpoon, in its dash to escape after being struck.

The line attached consists of a length of chain next the harpoon, and then a stout cable, and the two are connected by an accumulator spring, which takes and breaks the first strain of the animal's dash. Usually the explosion of the shell is immediately fatal, but it does happen occasionally that the explosion of the shell fails to strike a vital part, and in that case the whale is apt to show fight.

The steamers employed are vessels built of iron, about 60 to 100 tons register, with engines of 25 to 40 horse power nominal. Such a vessel with its sails backed and engines working full speed astern, and with a long length of cable dragging through the water, presents a very powerful obstruction, but yet monster whales often prove powerful enough to move the steamer with considerable speed.

A NEW ARC LAMP.

It is Said to Afford 1,750 Candle-Power on a Low Tension Current.

The Springfield *Republican* tells of a new arc lamp (the Ward) now on exhibition at Holyoke, which is to be used on the low tension circuits, such as are employed for incandescent lighting. Two of these lamps are said to afford 3,500 candle-power, or 1,750 candle-power each, and require only the current usually furnished in operating 16 of the 16-candle-power incandescent lamps, which would give only an aggregate of 256 candle-power. The lamp is designed to go with isolated incandescent plants, where it is desired to light large areas. If this lamp will do what is claimed for it on low tension circuits, without conversion of the current to high tension, and will give nearly 14 times the amount of light that can be obtained from the incandescent filament—why, then, it is a "big thing" in electric lighting.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Prince George of England Makes Newport Beaux Disconsolate.

ONE HAS THE MITTEN ALREADY.

The Modern Baby Must Have a Good Stomach to Survive Long.

A NICE GIRL'S STRIKE FOR DOLLARS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, August 2.

EVEN in this sunburnt and humidly perspiring city the Augustouting girl is numerous. We see her on Broadway in a costume fit only for the woods, and her tan-colored shoes patter the pavement with curious incongruity. She has come into town to do a bit of shopping; or is on her way from Tuxedo to Newport, or, possibly she hasn't been away at all, and is fooling the spectators by means of her costume. I know a soubrette who colors her face brown in order to make it corroborate her account of a trip to the White Mountains, the fact being that the highest altitude she has attained this summer is the fourth story of a New York boarding house. And while we have the merry maiden with us we are not dull. She is so provocative of pleasant incidents.

Whenever I desire to see something diverting in femininity, I take a trip to one of the popular day resorts down the bay. On the deck of a Coney Island steamboat my attention was attracted by a young mother engaged, with a bottle, gratifying the appetite of her baby. About five minutes after the child was satisfied, his father came on deck bringing with him a glass of beer for the wife. The baby, upon seeing this, desired it for himself, and the fond parents immediately poured a share of it into his open mouth.

A BABY OF CAPACITY.

The child enjoyed the beer exceedingly. The husband went below again, and brought back to his wife a sandwich and a large pickle. The pickle became an immediate object of great interest to the baby, who demanded it for himself, and received it without remonstrance from his parents, cheerfully inserting one end of it between his lips and smiling his satisfaction at its acidity. Presently the steamer ran out of the smooth water in the bay, and began rolling a little

He Was a Real, Live Prince.

in the waves of the sparkling sea. At just about that time the baby permitted the pickle to drop from his pudgy fingers, and fixed his young eyes into space, as though he was giving deep thought to some problem that had suddenly struck him. Then he made up a face, dug his fists into his eye, and, after a spasmodic gulp, set up a howl of distress. The young mother, conscious that he had had sufficient to eat, could not make out what ailed the young one. She danced him up and down, clucked and cooed at him, shook a rattle at him, tried to get him interested in passing objects, but to no purpose; the boy screamed till it seemed as though he would split.

"There must be a pin sticking into him," said an old lady sitting near.

"Cutting his teeth, I suppose," said another.

The whistle of the steamer blew, but the boy brought it to a stop in short order with his superior whoop. After some moments of this a mild-eyed old gentleman stepped up to the young mother and said:

AN ALLOPATHIC SUGGESTION.

"You have not yet given it any pineapple or watermelon."

The bewildered young woman looked up into the speaker's eyes. She did not understand his sarcasm. She drew back, quietly, got out the milk bottle, and soon the child was silent.

"Hungry, that's all," said the old ladies.

By the time the boat reached the iron pier the baby was once more joining his mother in a glass of lager. And still we wonder that poor New York babies die by the hundreds when the hot weather strikes into town.

The understanding that Prince George was to be at Newport for a few days quite upset the pretty girls down there, and, if we are to credit the gossip of the hour, some of the pronounced belles were actually preparing to set their caps for the royal young chap. I know for a fact that one splendid creature, who has been made famous by the society papers, acknowledged that she considered her chances of subjugating the youth to be quite favorable. Just as the sun was setting on a hot evening recently a very sad looking young man shambled into the Knickerbocker Club and sat down dejectedly in a corner of the room. He was accosted by an older man.

"Hallo, Jack," said the latter. "What are you doing here? Thought you were at Newport?"

"Was," responded Jack; "came up today. Going to stay up."

"Anything gone wrong?" inquired his friend.

"Not yet. It won't be her fault, though, if she doesn't go, later on," replied Jack.

KNOCKED OUT BY ROYALTY.

"Why, you astonish me, my boy. Are you talking about Sallie?"

"Yes," growled Jack.

"Who's your rival?"

"Prince George, confound him."

After cocktails were secured and the conversation was brought round into complete intelligibility, Jack took a note from his pocket and passed it over to his friend. It read as follows:

"Dearie Jack—I have just learned that Prince George has been told about me and has expressed a desire to meet me. You must see how important it is that I should have nothing else on my mind while he is here, so I wanted to suggest that you go to New York. If he learned that I was engaged to you he might lose interest. You will understand, I am sure, like the good boy that you are. Your own, Sallie."

Jack's friend folded up the note and gave it back to the boy. The latter had tears in his eyes. He looked through them at the man before him: "Shall I punch the Prince's head?" he asked, clenching his fist.

"No," said his friend. "Jilt Sallie before she gets a chance to jilt you."

At 12 o'clock that night a fashionably attired young man was lifted down over the steps of a house in Thirteenth street and put into a cab.

"Will you give me your name and address, sir," asked the driver.

"Prinsh George, Buck'n'm Palice. Drive like the deuce."

It was Jack, drowning out the face of Sallie. What an absurd world it is.

SHE LOOKS A COUNTESS.

In the way of titled tourists, there are two of them atop of Kaaterskill Mountain. They are the Count Bela Bettyany and his bride. The Count is a Hungarian, and rich in lucre as well as aristocracy. The Countess wasn't born so, and mark you how foolish is the dime novel and melodrama idea of blood-blooded daintiness and plebian coarseness. Count Bela is a nice looking young fellow, amiable and polite, but absolutely without distinction in person or bearing, and he would not seem out of place behind a counter in the ribbon department of a dry-goods store. Yet he is a born and bred aristocrat.

But, O! the Countess! She is the ideal of a ladye faire. She is a small embodiment of the countess of fiction, it is true, but so fine in her beauty, so shapely, so exquisite, so self-poised, that it is almost a pity to write it that she wasn't born to a title, but got it by marriage. She is a Bavarian and only 20 years old. A thousand guests were crowded into the big hotel at Kaaterskill summit, doing the gay round of music, dancing, pedestrianism, etc., at the time I observed the Battyanys, and a goodly proportion of the girls were admirable specimens of the best American maidenhood; yet this beautiful little Countess not only got the almost worshipful attention of the men and women, but also the homage of our own girls, not a few of whom were quite as lovely as she. That seems to show that we are more disposed than we should be to rate titled folks above other folks.

THE HUNT FOR DOLLARS.

Do you believe the following story? It is told on the authority of the brother of the girl with whom it deals. Alas, if it is true, then the wail of the pessimist has some cause for making itself heard, and life is not a raging success after all. Agnes is a girl that the society paragraphers went into raptures over last winter, when she appeared at the subscription dances. She is a creamy blonde, with tender blue eyes and a general appearance of angelicism, minus the wings. She had no end of offers in her first season, but let them all go by.

When her family went to Newport, a few weeks ago, she visited a young friend of hers up on the Hudson. The adjoining place was that of an old gentleman famous for his millions, whose lively young grandson, a suitor for the hand of Agnes, lived with him. It was supposed by all interested parties that Agnes would find this arrangement very pleasing, and that she and the ardent youth would have a grand opportunity to make love together. One day the mother of Agnes received a short note from her daughter. It read:

"Dearest mamma: Mr. Postlewaite has asked me to be his wife and I have accepted him. What do you say?"

DEAR MAMMA'S IDEAS.

To this came a reply from the mother at Newport, saying:

"My dear daughter: Mr. Postlewaite hasn't a cent and will not have until his grandfather dies. What do you mean?"

And then Agnes dispatched another note at once:

"Dearest Mamma: I did not mean young Mr. Postlewaite. It is the old gentleman that has asked me to marry him."

The reply to this came in the form of a telegram: "Bless you, my child," it said.

The young fellow who tells this vouches for its truth, but gives it as his opinion that Agnes is playing a joke on her mother.

"I should be less surprised to hear that Aggie had eloped with Billy Postlewaite than that she had married the old man," says the brother. "In that case I could still be proud of her. In the other I think I should apologize to my friends for having that sort of a sister."

But how about the mother that would sell her only girl to a tottering old man?

CLARA BELLE.

SHIP SUNK BY A WHALE.

It Knocks a Hole in the Steamer After Being Wounded—A Wild Ride.

Beyer's Weekly News.]

A curious occurrence, resulting in the loss of a steamer, happened last Thursday off the Varanger Fiord in the north of Norway. A whale that had been harpooned by one of the steamers employed in those waters turned upon its pursuers and rammed the vessel, holing it so badly that it sank almost immediately, the crew having just time to escape from the sinking ship in the boats. The whales of the species frequenting the seas off the north coast, from the North Cape eastward to Varanger Fiord, are notoriously vicious when attacked, and if not killed at once by the explosion of the shell attached to the harpoon are apt to be dangerous.

We recollect a somewhat similar incident that happened 18 years ago. A whale was struck but not killed immediately, and it rushed off, towing the vessel after it by the harpoon line at a great speed. The engine of the steamer, about 30 horse power, was started at full speed astern to counteract the whale's strength, in the expestation that the animal would soon succumb, but without avail; then the sails were hoisted and backed, to still further increase the drag, but still the vessel continued to be towed at a high speed, on a direct north course, away from the coast. The vessel was towed in this way for nearly 50 miles without any sign of the animal giving in. At length the position became so critical, the vessel not being provided with an outfit for reaching the North Pole, that the tow rope was cut and the whale allowed to escape.

LIVING ON A POWDER.

How Alexander Jacques Explains His Ability to Fast so Long.

Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.]

Alexander Jacques, before he began his fast at the Aquarium, in London, was entertained at luncheon by the press representatives. It was explained that Jacques attributed his ability to go without food to the use of a powder composed of a number of herbs and plants which grow abundantly in this country, and which is compounded according to a recipe which has been a secret in his family for some generations.

He has frequently tested its efficacy, not only on himself but on others, notably during the siege of Belfort, in the Franco-German war, when he kept a number of his fellow soldiers alive on it for a number of days. Thirty days has hitherto been the limit of his fasts.

THE CHOLERA BELT.

A Comfort to the Naval Officers That Might be of Use Inland.

American naval officers who have adopted the cholera belt in the tropics find it so beneficial that they often retain it in all latitudes. It is simply a broad band of flannel worn night and day the year round tight about the waist, so as to protect the stomach from sudden changes of temperature.

Those who wear the contrivance insist that that it is an admirable promoter of digestion, and thousands regard it as well nigh an absolute preventive of stomachic disorders. Any person of sensitive abdominal nerves must recall the shock to the stomach that follows emergence from the dining room even into air of moderately low temperature. The cholera belt protects one from this sensation.

Boston Has Millers.

Boston Herald.]

The Gipsy moths in the suburbs north of Boston are rapidly turning into millers. The female millers are very small and white, and distinguishable from the males by being a little whiter in color. The story which has gained circulation, to the effect that the Commissioners are to offer school children 1 or 2 cents a dozen for all the Gipsy moth millers brought to them is unwarranted, as the Commissioners state that they have never seriously considered such a step.

HOMES FOR SUMMER.

Fancies in Finishings and Furnishings Within and Without.

MR. LORILLARD'S MODEL COTTAGE.

Suggestions That May Help Toward Harmony in Form and Color.

ANTIQUE OAK NO LONGER THE RAGE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Fashions in the colors of houses, outside as well as in, vary yearly, though such such change oftimes is anything but good taste or artistic. A house is something permanent, and its form and hue should be studied to please lastingly. The test of true art and taste is that they delight forever. The flaw in the taste will betray itself by tiring the very eye which chose it at first as soon as the sense grows acquainted with it.

Everyone to his taste is a risky and expensive rule unless the taste is right, simple and true in the first choosing. The art which paints German toy villages must preside over the Long Branch and Jersey cottages this year, for they glare in amber and terra cotta—the ground story red, the upper one amber or a brilliant pumpkin yellow, with brown trimmings, enhanced by vivid green Venetian shades, and green mattings drawn as roofs and enclosures for outdoor balconies. The discord of the three colors among the cool shades of grass and clustering boughs is fitly closed by ranks of scarlet and pink geraniums on the lawn—scarlet and pink at which a sensitive eye shrinks. The very god of flies and irritations generally must have studied to find assortments of color like those of commonplace gardening, which make lovely, silken leaved flowers a vulgar discord in repet