exclaimed impatiently.
"But who is he then?" she persisted.
"What is he? Where is his family? Where

"What does he do then? How does he He was beginning to resent this cross-ex-

amination; but yet he said civilly enough— "I am not in the habit of making inquir-ies about the income of every one I meet; but I understand they have some small sum of money between them—not much; and then he has published books, and he writes for the Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle. Is that

"Where does he live?"

"In Maytair."
"I don't believe a word of it," she said, and she even ventured to laugh in a half-embarrassed way. "I believe he dwells in a cave—he is a troglodyte—he comes out at dusk—and wanders about with a lantern and dusk—and wanders about with a lantern and a pickax. Really, when I looked at his shaggy eyebrows, and his piercing eyes, and his venerable beard, I thought he must be some Druid come back to life again—or perhaps one of those mythical island doctors surviving from the fourteenth century—"
"At all events, aunt," Vincent said, with an ominous distinctness of tone, "his age and what he has come through might preand what he has come through might pro-cure for him a little respect. It isn't like you to jeer and jibe simply because a man is old—"

"My dear boy, I am not jibing and jeer-ing!" she protested. "I tell you I am puz-zled. There's something about that old man can't make out."

"How could you expect to understand anybody—in half an hour's talk at Henley Regatta!" he said, indignantly. "I gave you the opportunity of getting to know them both, if you had come along this evening, and spent some time with them. I am not aware that either of them wants to conceal anything. They are not ashamed of their poverty. Perhaps the old man talks too much; you, at least, pretend to find what he said interesting. And as for the girl, no doubt she was silent; she isn't used to be stared at and examined by critical and un-

sympathetic eyes."

The young widow elevated her brows;
here was something unexpected!
"Vin Harris," she said, solemnly, "are you quarreling with me because—because I am not glamoured? Is it as bad as that? am not glamoured? Is it was bad as that?
If so, then I am extremely glad I did not
accept your invitation for this evening. I
am compromised far enough already—"
"What do you mean by compromised?"

But just at this moment she had to call to him to look out, for they had almost ar-rived at the Villeggiatura. He glanced over his shoulder, pulled a stroke with his right oar, shipped the other, and then, having gripped the stern of the house boat, he affixed the painter of the gig. and, letting her back into the stream, returned to the thwart he had occupied.

thwart he had occupied.

"I wish to ask you, aunt, said he, in a sufficiently stiff and formal tone, "how you consider you have been compromised through meeting any friends of mine."

"Oh," said she, half inclined to laugh, yet a little bit afraid to, "don't ask me. It isn't as serious as that—I mean, I didn't think you would take it seriously. No doubt it's all right. Vin. your choosing your doubt it's all right, Vin, your choosing your own friends, and I have nothing to say against them; only I would rather you left me out, if you don't mind. You see, I don't know your intentions-

"Supposing I have none?" he demanded "Well, no one can say what may happen," not like to be appealed to—Now, now, Vin, don't be so passionate!—have I said a single word against your new friends? Not one. I fully confess that I'm a selfish and comfort-loving woman, and I don't wish to be drawn into any family strife. There may be no family strife? Very well; so much the better. But my having no further acquaintance with Mr. Bethune and Miss Bethune—my having no knowledge of them whatever, for it practically comes to that whatever, for it practically comes to that-cannot injure them; and leaves me free from responsibility. Now, don't quarrel with me, Vin; for I will not allow it; I have been talking common sense to you—but I sup-pose that is what no man of 25 understands." He hauled up the gig to the stern of the houseboat, as an intimation that she could "There," said she, as she gave him her hand in parting, "I see I have offended you; but what I have said has been for your sake

as well as mine." as well as mine."

Well, he was vexed, disappointed, and a little inclined to be angry. But all that darkness fled from his spirit—he forgot all about Mrs. Ellison's friendly monitions he had no care for any speculations as to the future—when he was back again in the White Rose, sitting by Maisrie Bethune, he and she together looking abroad on the gay crowd, and the boats, and the trembling willows, and the slow-moving skies now growing warmer with the afternoon sun. Then, when the last of the races was over, came dinner; and as twilight stole over the river and the meadows, the illuminations began, the rows or colored lanterns showing one after the other, like so many fire-files in the dusk. Of course they were sitting out-side now—on this placed summer night—in

fairyland. [To be Continued Next Sunday.]

HUNTING WHITE-COATS.

Methods of the Atlantic Sealers That Certainly Approach Cruelty. New York Tribune.]

The chorus of fear set up by the "whiteoats" or Atlantic seals at the first signs of the approach of a foe, is often the first indication hunters have of the presence of their game. Soon, however, the black spots on the ice appear in the distance, and the ship is thrown at once into the wildest confusion. Craftily, like a cat charming a bird, she noves through the icefield, creeping along antil it is plain that the men can safely reach their prey. Then she lays to, and at once a swarm or hunters, 200 or 300 of them, spring upon the ice, and, with gaff and knife, they rush at the "white-coats."

The shouts of the men, the low but never ceasing grinding of the ice, like distant thunder rumbling in the sky, the injuriated roars of the mother seal, and the terrified pitiful cries of their cubs, for all the world like the sobbing of a child in distress, pro-duce a confusion of sounds that is dreadful

It is the young seal, the cub, that was born only from three to six weeks before, that the hunters are after. The skin is then in its finest condition. The coat is white and almost fur-like, and the heavy lining of fat directly under the skin by which the carcass is protected against the cold, con-tains its greatest percentage of oil. A single blow with the gaff on the "white coat's" nose is enough to stun and often to kill him. That delivered, the hunter whips out his knife and in another second the skin and fat are stripped away and the poor little creature's carcass is left steaming, bleeding and quivering on the ice.

The Summer Resort Bill. Guest at summer hotel (politely)-Mr. Landlord, will you oblige me by putting a

rope and pulley on this bill? Landlord (amazed)-Rope and sir? What do you want with that? SECRETS OF SOCIETY

ington's Upper Crust Shows.

of the Capital City.

COMMODORE PORTER'S LOVE MAKING

WASHINGTON, August 9. For me to sit here and At them here. crat His blue blood and all Are so queer Washington socie

may be lurking un mouth ago one of our his name in the midhimself B. Shepherd

ted of Senators' daughters and the boon companion of Generals' sons. A few days later he fled to Kentucky as a 5-cent defaulter and was captured in the very presence of two of our most brilliant society girls. We imagined his blood had the tinge of the sky and we are horrified to find it charged that his father was a Boston whitewasher and that his most distinguished ancestors ate their meat on the banks of the Congo. He now rests in the Washington fail and the fair ones who have corresponded with him are lying awake at night wondering whether their love letters will come for-ward in evidence. An effort will undoubt-edly be made to prevent his case coming to trial, but such hopes are vain, and he will probably wear a louder suit within a few weeks than than he has yet had in his ward-robe. In other words he will go to the peni-

Washington society is so constituted that it is impossible to guard it like Ward McAlister's Four Hundred of New York, or like the bon ton society of any other city or village. Every season people change. Every Congress a new batch of maidens and a new set of hangers - on ap-pear on the scene, and every four

years a new administration turns the social world topsy turvy and the old order gives place to new. Under such conditions anyone can go into society. The introduction of a Senator or a Representative or a of a Senator or a Representative or a politician is the opening wedge, and this in these democratic days is free to all. There have been noted ladies in Washington society who had more blue blood than money, and who for a consideration have taken up ladies whose venous fluid was less aristocratically colored and have pushed them into the best of Washington society. I know other people in Washington society who rank here higher than they do at their

have all the situations of a three-volume novel. George Bancroft's daughter a year long ago a Senator's son was drowned in the Potomac when out boating with a lady most noted men in the country died here within the past five years. A bottle labeled that Senator Tabor is making money right along and that he will soon be in a position opera house brings him in over \$00,000 a year and he is making money hand over fist in buying and selling mines. The beautiful woman whom he brought to Washington as his second wife is now the mother of a pretty child, and the two live in Denver not lar off from the rich Mrs. Tabor No. 1. Washington society was badly taken in by Tabor.

a divorce in a very questionable way and had been married, in a musty little law office at St. Louis, to her several months before this second great ceremony took place at Washington. All Washington thought it was the first marriage.

A RABE BEAUTY. I don't think any more beautiful woman than the second Mrs. Tabor has ever ap-peared at Washington. I can see her now us she sat in the Senate gallery one day watching her black-baired husband trot rom one Senator to another with an autograph their signatures. She was dressed in black, and she had a pair of diamonds in her ears that were worth a fortune. They were great solitaires, and they sparkled under the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the Senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the soft light of the senate than her and the senate than her and the senate than her and the senate that the soft light of the senate than her and the senate that the se monds, however, were no brighter than her big, black eyes, and there was not a Senator in the chamber below who did not now and then steal glances at her. She has a warm, rich, dark complexion. Her forehead is low, her leatures regular and her form that of the Venus de Medici. I saw even George Frisbie Hoar stealing sly winks at her, and I know that his blood jumped at a quicker pace through his veins as he looked

pace through his veins as he looked
She was, you know, at this time, only
about half Tabor's age and she had been
married before. Still when the wedding of
Tabor was announced she was spoken of in
the papers as Miss and had reassumed her
maiden name. After two divorces were
gotten they were married, and at the second
marriage here Tabor gave his bride a necklace which contained \$50,000 worth of diamonds. The day after the wedding he sent monds. The day after the wedding he sent out cards which were bound in silver threequarters of an inch deep, and shortly after this he blossomed out in that gorgeous coach that outranked that of Attorney General

BEYERSE OF THE PICTURE. \$! The first Mrs. Tabor I saw not long ago at Denver. She is by no means a bad looking woman and you would know she is a lady anywhere. She is apparently about 45 years of age and she went out with Tabor to

years of age and she went out with Tabor to the West in a wagon over the plains. She took boarders and kept store and supplied the feed for the prospectors who struck the Little Pittsburg mine that made Tabor's first fortune. When the suit was decided she got a slice of Tabor's fortune as alimony and this slice was worth perhaps \$300,000. It has grown in value right along, and Mrs. Tabor is probably worth \$1,000,000 to-day. She has a good income and she is much re-She has a good income and she is much respected in Denver. She lived with Tabor for 20 years, and I am told that she has con siderable charity for him to-day, and that if he lost his fortune he might get a stake from her to found another. I am sure that had he stuck to her and brought her on to Wash-

ington she would not have disgraced him.
This runaway match of Admiral Porter's This runaway match of Admiral Porter's grandniece is to a certain extent the result of heredity. The Porters have always been bold in their love-making, and Commodore David Porter, who was, I think, the father of Admiral Porter, bulldozed his sweetheart's family into allowing him to marry his wife. Porter was a Commander at the time, and Miss Evelina Anderson, the daughter of William Anderson, a rich member of Concress of Pennsylvania, was visitber of Congress of Pennsylvania, was visit-ing at the navy yard. Evelina was only 15 years old, and she was playing with a doll when Commander Porter met her.

BULLDOZED THE PAMILY. He fell head over ears in love with her and straightway proposed. She referred the matter to her father, though she was perfectly willing herself. The family, how-ever, did not think much of young Porter, and Miss Anderson's brother, who was and Miss Anderson's brother, who was thought to be a very brave young man, was deputed to receive him and give him his refusal. When Porter called he was received by this young man in the parlor and was asked his business. Porter replied that he had not come to see him, that he wanted to see his father, whereupon the young brother jumped up and said: "Well, sir, you've come on a fol's errand. My father can't see you, and you cannot marry my sister or be connected with this family."

Commander Porter jumped from his chair. His eyes flashed fire, and he stepped up toward young Anderson and said: "Sir, you toward young Anderson and said: "Sir, you are meddling in a matter that does not concern you. I came here about marrying your sister. I didn't come to marry you, and if you don't leave the room I'll throw you out of the window." The young man was decidedly frightened, and he went out and told his father that Porter would cut everybodies throat if he didn't get the girl in marriage. The result was that Father Anderson came in and got acquainted with derson came in and got acquainted with Porter. He liked him, and upon their wedding he gave the young couple a very handsome residence. Admiral Porter is authority for the above story.

Miss Grundy, Jr.

TRUFFLE-HUNTING PIGS.

Animals Are Trained to Uncover the Succulent Plants.

Truffles, that are a popular dish in the Old World, and are often served at high-cut spreads in this country, are, like mushrooms, a species of earth fungi. They are cryptogamic plants, and subterranean in their habits, their position beneath the soil varying from 2 or 3 inches to 2 feet in depth.



Trained Pigs Rooting Up Truffles. They have no root, stem or leaf, and are of diffierent shades of color, from light brown continues to conjure with, have left but a shrunken record. Moses was a man of some account. So was Plato. So was Paul. Take the recorded history of all three; add to black. They are more or less globular in form, and vary in size from that of a filbert to that of a large duck's egg. Their surface is knotty or warty and covered with a skin, which forms a sort of net work of serpentine

veins. In some parts of France-Poiton and Perigord, for instance—pigs are trained for ired, for instance—pigs are trained for truffle-hunting; and there need be no great wonder at the employment of pigs in this business, for these nearly omnivorous animals are amongst the most keen-scented of quadrupeds. The animals are muzzled so they cannot are the training. they cannot eat the tempting morsels, and thus they have their labor for their pains.

WHY GEORGIE DIDN'T COMP

Papa Wajes Was Afraid Some An Belle Would Captivate Him. New York World.]

It is positively asserted by an Englishman of eminent official consideration in this country that the failure of Prince George of Wales to visit Newport was the result of a direct prohibition from his father. It may be remembered that some years ago a story got into print according to which it was pro posed to marry one of the young Princes to an American heiress. The report was absurd upon its face, but it traveled and kept persistently alive.

Probably no one in America believed it. but in England it aroused a perfect howl of indignation. The idea that wives for the Princes could not be found at home set the lighter-witted Britons, who will swallow any fable to the discredit of America, fairly crazy, especially as it came directly upon crazy, especially as it came directly upon the marriages of a number of titled or sothe marriages of a number of titled or so-cially prominent Englishmen with Ameri-cans of money, to the desolation of a good many English girls without that desirable commodity. So violent did the expression of popular opinion on the subject become that the court found it actually expedient to authorize what amounted to an officia denial of it in order to secure its own peac

It is to avoid another such explosion, says this authority, that an interdict was placed by the Prince of Wales upon his son's acceptance of the wild hurran of hospitalities with which the loyal Americans o Newport proposed to receive him. It was not leared that some American girl would capture the Prince and elope with him, but it was anticipated that the mere fact of his accepting hese American attentions would give the anti-American party in England an excuse for a new and annoying outbreak against the court, and arouse the opposition party in the colonies to vindictive fury.

Curious Provision for the Disposal of Remains Found in a Will.

In the first volume of the "Wars of Frederick the Great," just published in Germany, there is the following will written by Frederick during the first Silesian war in 1741: "I am only King so long as I am
free. If they kill me I wish my body to be
burnt in Roman fashion and my ashes to be
inclosed in an urn at Rheinsberg. In this
case Kuobelsdorf (his architect) shall construct a monument for me like that of Horace at Tusculum." A GLANCE BACKWARD The Lessons of an Eye-Straining Into

the Misty Past Before

Perspective of Time.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

lust of ages. What of that? Nothing; only

the dust of ages-much of it-is the dust of

dead people. In dry weather we sprinkle the ground to keep down the dust of remote

ancestors. In wet weather we wade through

mud compounded of forgotten generations.

We are curiously thoughtless of all that,

We fence in our cemeteries and protect the graves there with reverent care. The man

rho carelessly steps on a sodded mound feels that he has desecrated the home of the dead. Yet he will tramp for miles along

roads and across fields with never a thought

Plenty of people are alraid to live near

or even to pass through, a grave yard be-cause of possible ghosts. If ghosts rise

from graves, think of the disembodied In-

dians and Mound Builders likely to exhale

from every cellar in America! We moralize over the skull of poor Yorick, because it happens to have kept its shape. But when the dead Cœsar has turned to clay we plaster up a crack with him, never bothering

ter up a crack with him, never bothering our brains about the wonderful man he used to be. Well, that is as it should be. It is natural, inevitable and very desirable. For

there would be small cheer in life for any of the would be small cheer in life for any of us if we had to keep thinking of the dead people who count up the largest total of the human census. There are so many of them that we never could think of anything else

if we thought much of them. - And in com-

fortably forgetting them we may justify ourselves, if we choose, with this reflection. A thousand years from now our posterity will be dealing with us precisely as we are

dealing to-day with those old ancestors of

Beyond Tradition's Grasp.

That fact, if we would consider it, would

help us to a point of view from which we

might see many curious things. As we are

to-day so was every man, woman and child

a thousand or a million years ago. At

least, allowing for the eras of barbarism sandwiched in between civilizations, a

goodly proportion of forgotten humanity has

goodly proportion of forgotten humanity has been such as we are. Every individual of every generation had his life tragedy and comedy and romance, as we have. Every one of them held himself as important as any of us. Every one of them aspired and grieved, and loved and hated, and hoped

est of which we have no geography at all. History names a few near-by mountains for

us. Tradition hints at a few a little farther

History Docan't Tell All.

In the later times that history deals with

history puts us off with scraps. There was

plenty of greatnesss only a little less than

the greatest. But the men who were less

than Cleopatra might as well have been

We simply know nothing about them,

Even those whose names the world still

the written words they contributed to the permanent wisdom of the race, and the sum

total will be something less than the official record of one short session of Congress; con-

siderable less than the literature of one political campaign! Probably not more than one or two men in the present Congress might conscientiously declared the peers of Moses or Plato or Paul; but look at the

relative amount of space to-day's politician fills in to-day's field of vision!

So the wholesome reflection is suggested to us that we are all in a manner subject to

fellows of a goodly size. The greatest among us will grow small as they fall into per-spective; and by the time there is perspective

spective, and by the time there is perspective enough to justify a picture of our time those less than the greatest will have quite disap-peared behind the vanishing point. And the picture will not be crowded.

It is worth while to stop and think on that fact just for a moment. There is wholesome correction in the thought that our descendants, many generations in the future, will not care a fig whether we were elected or deleated; whether we moved in

of it; whether such persons as we ever existed at all or not. There is 'urther wholesome correc-tion in the thought that, if we can look

griefs and joys, those pains and ecstacies, those triumphs and deleats of in ancy could ever have been so important to him. They were only trifles. In a still later stage of

his immortality, if he can remember these years as he now remembers those, he will smile again at much of the childishness

Looking Backward.

All this is rather humbling, no doubt,

but there is no use in trying to push it to

one side. It is simply the conclusion of

cold and implacable racts, and will not be

nushed to one side: We may shut our eyes

and turn our backs, but that will make no

difference. The facts and the conclusion

will be there just the same. Perhaps the

more sensible thing to do would be to ac-cept the standpoint of the future and make it, to some extent at least, the standpoint of

it, to some extent at least, the standpoint of the present. What a revision of life codes there would be if that were done! Men and women would modify their standards to such a degree that life would be even better worth living than it is now. For there are plenty of things in the compass of every human life well worth taking account of no matter whether prosperity—or even cotemporaries—take account of them or not. The point is to change the focus so that the really important matters shall be estimated at their full value, and the trifling matters shall be seen as trifles.

which now possesses him.

tions began.

ours.

of the mortality beneath him.

All the world is covered thick with the

such may be interesting. Whether it has any bearing on what I have here written depends a good deal on the point of view from which it is regarded. The young from which it is regarded. The young woman in question is not by any means poverty stricken. Indeed she has a good deal of money, all her own. She was born into what is called a good social position and holds it with such grace that nobody envies her, while everybody admires her. She is not remarkably beautiful. She is into a stall was a such a second and social position. TRADITION OR HISTORY BEGAN. just a wholesome, pure-hearted, clear-mind-ed American girl, having plenty of the ideas that ought to belong to such a girl. Somewhere, in this country or in Europe, a Individuals Dwindle to Nothing in the foreign aristocrat made her acquaintance— she did not make his. After due inquiry in A CLEVER GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW, proper quarters as to her bank account he took counsel of his heart and found that he was greatly in love with this young girl, So he followed her home and offered to buy

Square Enough on His Side.

In other words he proposed to take her money and her, giving in return the title which he had inherited. This was a perfeetly fair offer from his point of view. He would give the only thing of any worth he possessed. He would receive the money he needed, and as the transaction could not be completed without the girl, why he was willing to take the girl also. So far the story lacks flavor of originality. There is hardly a city in the land that cannot produce the mate to it. Here is the variations duce the mate to it. Here is the variations. The girl did not accept the offer made by this peddler of worthless goods. She deliberately, and with some emphasis, rejected this opportunity for a "brilliant marriage." She might have stunned the senses of sober people by a fashionable wedding. She might have enjoyed the rapture of seeing a church crowded in her honor by values and the sense of the series and the sense of the se gar people who would fight for places, and who would stand up on the backs of pews to behold the spectacle of her marriage. She might have enjoyed the further rapture of knowing that she was, by purchase and sufferance, the possessor of a petty minor title. But she would none of it. She did not even spend any effort in finding out whether the title was genuine. She simply did not want the man, and therefore he might have offered her half a dozen titles, each one a dozen times more impressive not have accepted them with him as an in-cumbrance. A rather significant departure, that, from the routine we have become sadly

accustomed to. The Accepted Sulter.

The friends of this whimsical young woman had not yet done protesting against her decision, or applauding it, according to their bent, before she gave them fresh cause to exclaim. She had refused to make a "brilliant marriage," but she had no notion of not making any marriage at all. The breath of the worldly-wise-or unwise-was quite taken away from them by the announcement that the girl was to be married after all. She had refused a foreigner who offered her a title, and yet she had accepted a native of her own city who had not even the highest social position. True, the for-tunate young fellow was as manly a man and as goodly a man as one might wish to see. His morals were good, he had keen intelligence, his reputation was without a blemish and his spiritual and physical per-fections were many. So far as he himself fections were many. So far as he himself was concerned he was worthy to be the husband, even of this young woman, and that was saving a great deal,

grieved, and loved and hated, and hoped and despaired, and rejoiced and suffered just as we do. When one of them prospered he thought the world was advancing and growing much better. When one of them failed in his purposes he thought the world was going to the dogs.

And the world has kept calmly on with the spining and has foresteen all short its spinning, and has forgotten all about them. Multitudes of them were very wise and very great. Other multitudes were de-But a marriage with him would be rather disappointing misalliance for the girl who might have been a High Mightistructively crozy and phenomenally bad.
All of them figure now simply as indistinct ness in Bulgaria. You see, he and others, could just remember seeing his grandfather in the process of gaining an honest liveli-All of them figure now simply as indistinct factors in the world's great average. As individuals they left not a trace in the dust that overlays the earth. History is a very modern affair; tradition is only a little older. Stretching away beyond the farthest and faintest mile-stone tradition set up bears of the strength of the stren nothing to offer his lady love but himself, his honest affection and a very moderate amount of this world's goods.

And yet she accounts fore history began its measurements, is a wast desert of human life and human inter-

And yet she accepted him. What on earth could she be thinking of? Perhaps off. Beyond them are fog and mystery.

Had the world of men no greatness, then, in that forgotten past? Men as imperial as Cæsar lived and ruled, we may be sure. But we know nothing of them. Even tradition had forgotten them before our traditions had forgotten them before our traditions.

BIRTH OF THE MINT JULEP

A Traveler Initiated a Farmer Who Forthwith Drank Himself to Death.

Mint juleps are the most refreshing bey erage known to modest drinkers this very than Antony, and the women who were less warm weather. There is much demand for the essence of the sweet-smelling leaf but of pigmies for all their power to impress us, all those who smack their lips after tasting the delicious mixture there are few that know the origin of the very pleasing drink. Some years ago when passing by a farm in the State of Kentucky, a traveler stopped at the farmer's house on the road side and getting off his horse asked the smiling old lord of the big estate if he could have a glass of water.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "and maybe you would not object to a little of the good old stuff in it."

"Not a bit, my friend," answered the traveler, and away the old man went to supply the wants of the weary rider. While on his nission of charity the traveler's nasal organ mission of charity the traveler's massio organ came in contact with the sweet odor that emanated from a large bed of mint in the adjoining kitchen garden, and on being given a glass of clear spring water with a bumper of "genuine old grog" thrown in, he asked his benefactor if he would not kindly give him a bunch of the mint. He got it and dipped it into his glass several times until nicely flavored and then drank. The old gentleman was surprised and asked what in the name of heaven he had

done that for, to which the thankful trav-eler replied by asking if he would permit him to mix one for him. The farmer sented, and after drinking smacked his lips and said, "Grand." The traveler continued his way after thanking his host for the hospitality shown him, having mixed the first

mint julep heard of.

Four years later he passed the same way
again and stopped at the same old farmer's
house for a glass of water. Instead of his house for a grass of water. Instead of his old !riend he was met at the door by an old lady wearing a nicely-bordered cap. "May I have a glass of water, ma'am!" asked the traveler. "Certainly," was the kind reply. traveler. "Certainly," was the kind reply. "But where is your husband," asked the stranger as he drauk a glass of plain water. "Well, you see, sir, about four years ago a stranger passed this way and taught my poor husband how to drink his whisky with grass in it. He never drank his whisky after that without grass in it, and when the grass gave out he died."

KEEPS WELL TO THE FORE.

Mrs. James G. Sinine, Jr., One of the Reign ing Ladics of Saratoga. New York World, 1

Although Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., has only been in Saratoga a matter of two or three weeks she is already one of the most

gards the common necessities of life-for these are but of small account-but the deeper necessities of sympathy and hope and confidence. Stand fast Craig-Royston!this rock shall fly, from its firm base as soo as I! Well, my young friend," he continued, quite cheerfully and bravely, "you have seen me in a mood that is not common with me; you will say nothing about it-to her, especially. She puts her trust in me; and so far, I think, I have not failed her. I have said to her 'Come the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them; all fortune buffets uselessly against man's unconquerable mind. She knows the race she comes of, and the motto of that race: Craig Royston holds its front! Well, well; now held met hank you for this beautiful avaning. let me thank you for this beautiful evening; and on her behalf, too. She is at the time when the mind should be stored with pleasant memories. Perhaps I have been over-communicative, and made you the victim of idle fears; but there will be no more of

and no one has ever yet found us down-hearted. 'We've are been provided or, and see will we yet;' I do not mean as re-

that; to-morrow you shall find me in my He held out his hand. The young man did not know what to say—there was so much to say! He could only make offer of some further little hospitalities, which Mr. Bethune declined. Then the steward was summoned to put out the lamps and make other preparations, so that the White Rose abould fold its petals together, for the slum-ber of the night. And presently a profound peace reigned from stem to stern, and the last plashing of the oars outside had

died away. But it was not to sleep that Vincentide woted the early hours of this night and morning. His mind was tossed this way and that by all kinds of moods and projects, the former piteous and the latter wildly im-practicable. He had never before fully practicable. He had never before fully realized how curiously solitary was the lot of these two wanderers, how strange was their isolation, how uncertain was their future. And while the old man's courage and bold front provoked his admiration, he could not help looking at the other side of the shield; what was to become of her, when her only protector was taken from her? He knew that they were none too well off, those two; and what would she do when left alone? But if on the very next day he were to go to Mrs. Ellison and borrow £10, 000 from her, which he would have mysteriously conveyed to old George Bethune? He could repay the money, partly by the sacrifice of his own small fortune, and partly by the assigning over of the paternal allowance, while he could go away to Birmingham, or Sheffield, or wherever the place was and earn his living by becoming Mr. Ogden's private secretary. They need never know from whom this bounty came and it would render them secure from all the assaults of fortune. Away up there in the Black Country he would think of them; and it would lighten the wearisome toil of the desk if he could imagine that Maisrie Bethune had left the roar and squalor of London, and was perhaps wandering through these very Thames-side meadows, or floating in some white-garnitured boat, under the shade of the willows. There would be rest for the pilgrims at last, after their world-buffetings. And so be lay and dreamed and pitied and planned, until in the window of the small state-room there appeared the first blue-gray of the dawn, about which time be finally fell

But the next morning all was briskness and activity around them—flags flying, colored awnings being stretched, pale swirls of smoke rising from the stovepipes, the picnickers in the meadows lighting their spiritlamps for the breakfast tea. The sun was shining brightly, but there was a co breeze to temper the heat; the surface of the stream was stirred into silver; the willows and rushes were shivering and swaving; scent of newmown hay was in the air. Already there were plenty of craft afloat, on business or on pleasure bent; early visits being paid, or masses of flowers, ferns and palms being brought along for purchasers. Maisrie was the first to be up and out; then old George Bethune could be heard gaily singing in his stateroom, as an accompani ment to his totlet:

Hey, Jonnie Cope, are ye wankin yet, And are your drums a beatin yet, If ye were wankin, I would wait. To meet Jonnie Cope in the morning?

Finally when Vincent, with many apologies he found the old man comfortably seated in the stern-sheets, under the pink and white awning, reading a newspaper he had pro-cured somewhere, while Maisrie was on the upper deck of the houseboat watering the flowers with a can that she had got from the

And indeed to this young man it appeared a truly wonderful thing that these three, some little while thereafter, in the cool twilight of the saloon, should be seated at breakfast together; they seemed to form a little family by themselves, isolated and remote from the rest of the world. They forgot the crowded Thames outside and the crowded meadows; here there was quiet and a charming companionship; a band that was playing somewhere was so distant as to be hardly audible. Then the saloon itself was so pretty; for though the boat was named the White Rose, there was a good deal of pale pink in its decorations; the flutings and cornice were pink where they were not gold, and pink were the muslin curtains drawn around the small windows; while the profusion of deep crimson roses a round the long room, and the masses of grapes and pineapples on the break ast table made up a picture slmost typical of

summer, in the height of its luxuriance and shaded coolness. "This seems very nice," said the young host, "even supposing there were no river and no racing. I don't see why a caravan like this shouldn't be put on wheels and taken away through the country. There is an idea for you, Mr. Bethune, when you set out on your prilgrimage through Scotland; wouldn't a moveable of this kind be the very thing for Miss Bethune and you?--you could set it affoat if you wanted to go down

a river, or put it on a lorry when you wanted to take the road." "I'm afraid all this luxury would be out of place in 'Caledonia, stern and wild,'''
the old man said. "No, no; these things
are for the gay South. When Maisrie and
I seek out the misty solitudes of the North,
and the graves of Renwick and Cargill, it will be on foot; and if we bring away with us some little trifle to remind us of Logan's streams and Ettrick's shaws, it will be a simple thing-a bluebell or a bit of yellow m. I have been thinking that perhaps

this autumn we might begin-"Oh, no, grandfather," Maisrie interposed once. "That is impossible. You know you have the American volume to do first, What a pity it would be," she went on, with an insidious and persuasive gentleness which the young man had seen her adopt before in humoring her grandiather, "if someone else were to bring out a book on the name subject before you. You know no one understands it so thoroughly as you do, grandfather; and with your extraordinary memory you can say exactly what you require; so th t you could send over, and get the materials you want without any

"Very well, very well," the old man said, curtly. "But we need not talk business at such a time as this."

Now there was attached to the White Some a rowing boat; and a very elegant row-ng boat it was, too, of varnished pine; and by and by Vincent proposed to his two guests that they should get into the stern-sheets, and he would take a short pair of sculls, and pull them up to the bridge, to show them the other house-boats, and she people, and the fun of the fair generally. "But wouldn't you take the longer oars,"

"But wouldn't you take the longer oars," said Maisrie, looking down into the shapely gig, "and let me have one?"

"Oh, would you like that?" he said, with eager delight. "Yes, by all means, if you care to row. It is a light boat though it's long; you won't find it hard pulling. By the way, I hunted about everywhere to get a gondola for you, and I couldn't."

"But who told you I had ever tried an oar in a gondola?" she asked, with a smile.

"Why, you yourself. Was I likely to forget it?" he said, reproachfully.

And oh! want't he a proud young man And oh! wasn't he a proud young man when he saw this rare and radiant creature -clad all in white she was, save for a bunch of yellow king-cups in her white sailor-hat

and a belt of dull gold satin at her waistwhen he saw her step down into the boat and take her place, and put out the stroke-our with er prettily-shaped hands. Her grandtather was already in the stern-sheets, in possession of the tiller-ropes. When they moved off into mid-stream it was very gently, for the river was already beginning to swarm, and he observed that she pulled as one accustomed to pulling, and with ease; while, tomed to pulling, and with ease; while, as he was responsible for keeping time, they had nothing to be ashamed of as they slowly moved up the course. Indeed, they were only paddling; sometimes they had to call a halt altogether, when there was a confusion, and this not unwelcome leisure they devoted to an observation of the various crews—girls in the lightest of spreams reconstructs. in the lightest of summer costumes, young men in violent blazers—or to a covert in-spection of the other house-boats, with their parterres and festoons of flowers, their huge Japanese sunshades and tinted awnings, and the brilliant groups of laughing and chat-

ting visitors.
"Ob, Mr. Harris, do look—isn't that a preity one!" Maisrie exclaimed, in an

He glanced in the direction indicated, and there beheld a very haudsome house-boat, all of rich-hued manogany, its chief decora-tion being flower boxes in blue tiles filled with marguerites. At the same instant he found that a pair of eyes were fixed on him—eyes that were familiar—and the next moment he knew that Mrs. Ellison, from the upper deck of that mahogany house-boat, was regarding him and his companions with an intense curiosity. But so swift was her scrutiny, and so impassive her face, that ere he could guess at the result of her investiga-tion she had made him a formal little bow and turned away to talk to her friends. course, with one hand on the oar effect of this sudden recognition was to leave him rather breathless and bewildered. It is true, he had half expected her to be there; but all the same he was not quite prepared; and—and he was wondering what she was thinking now. However, the officials were beginning to clear the course for the first race; so the gig was run in behind one of the tall white poles; and there the small party of three remained until the rival crews had

gone swi tly by, when it was permitted them to return to the White Rose. After luncheon he said he would leave his guests to themselves for a little while, as he wished to pay a visit to a triend he had seen on one of the other house-boats; then he jumped into the gig, made his way along to the Villeggiatura, got on board, went up the steps, and found himself among a crowd the steps, and found himself among a crowd of people. Mrs. Ellison, noticing him, discreetly left the group she was with, and came to him, taking him in a measure apart, "Wait a moment, Vin," she said, regarding the young man. "If you wish it—if you prefer it—I have seen nothing."
"What do you mean, aunt?" he said, with some inclination to anger. "Why should I seek any concealment? I want you to come along that I may introduce to you

to come along that I may introduce to you two friends of mine." Instinctively she seemed to draw back little-almost as if she were afraid.
"Oh, no; thanks, Vin. No, thanks. Please "Why?" he demanded.

The pretty young widow was embarrassed and troubled; for she knew the fiery nature of young men; and did not want to provoke or young men; and did not want to provoke any quarrel by an unguarded expression. "Well—it is simply this, you know—they are strangers—I mean—I suppose that neither your father nor any of the family have met them—they seemed somehow like strangers—unusual looking—and—and I shouldn't like to be the first. Leave me out, there's a good boy."
"Why?" he demanded again.

So she was driven to conlession. "Well, look here, Vin; I may be wrong, but aren't these new friends somehow con-nected with your being so much away from home of late—with your being in those lodgings? Was it there you made their acquaintance?

"If you want to know, I saw them first at Lord Musseiburgh's." said he with an amazing audacity; for although the state-ment was literally true, it was entirely mis-And apparently it staggered the pleasant eyed young widow.
"Ob, at Lord Musselburgh's?" said she.

"Because," said he, "they have never met any member of our family; and, as you are the most good-natured and the prettiest, I

want to produce a favorable impression at She laughed, and was not displeased. "There are some other qualities that seen to characterize our family-impudence for one," she observed. Well, come along, Vin; where are your friends?'

"In a house-boat down there-the White "The White Rose? I noticed it yesterday very pretty-whose is it?"
"Mine for the present; I rented it for the week," he replied.
"Who are the other members of your

party?" "None-only those two." But here she paused at the top of the steps; and said in an undertone—
"Really, Vin, this is too much! You, a roung man entertaining those two-and He turned and looked at her with straight

eyes.

"Oh, it's quite right," she said, hastily.
"It's quite right, of course—but—but so much en evidence—so prominent—people might talk—"

"I never try to hinder people from talk "I never try to hinder people from talking," said he, with a certain scorn. "And it they busy themselves with my small affairs, they are welcome to ring their discoveries from the tops of the steeples. I did not ask anybody's permission when I invited two friends of mine, who had never been to Henley before, to be my guests during the regatta week."

"Of course not, of course not," she said, sently: "but you are doing it in such a

gently: "but you are doing it in such marked way-" "Come, come, aunt," said he, "it isn't like you to niggle about nothing. You are not a prude; you have too much good nature— and too much common sense. And I don't want you to go on board the White Rose with any kind of prejudice in your mind." They could not get away just then, however, for the course was being cleared for the race; so they lingered there until they objects like water insects, with slender quick-moving legs, coming rapidly along. The dull murmur of the crowd became a roar as the boats drew nearer. Then the needle-like craft shot by, almost neek and neck; and loud were the shouts that cheered this one or that; while straining eyes fol-lowed them along the goal. The sudden wave of enthusiasm almost immediately subsided; the surface of the river was again being crowded by the boats that had been confined behind the white poles; and now Vincent got his fair companion down into the gig and, with some little difficulty and delay, rowed her along to the Wnite Rose.

He was very anxious as he conducted her on board; but he affected a splendid care 'Mr. Bethune," said he, "let me intro-duce you to my aunt, Mrs. Ellison—Miss Bethune, Mrs. Ellison—now come away in-side, and we'll get some tea or strawberries

Henley—"
"It isn't anything at all, as far as I have seen," said Mrs. Ellison, good-humoredly, as she followed her nephew into the saloon. "Well, this is very pretty—very pretty indeed—one of the simplest and prettiest—so cool-looking. I hear this is your first visit to Henley," she coutinued, addressing the old man, when they had taken their seats: Vincent meanwhile, bustling about to get wine and bisonits and fruit, for the steward

"It is," said he, "and I am glad that my grandd ughter has seen it in such favorable circumstances. Although she has travelled much, I doubt whether she has ever seen snything more charming, more perfect in its kind. We missed the more perfect in its kind. We missed the Student's Serenade at Naples last year; but that would have been entirely different, no doubt; but this is a vast water picnic, among English meadows, at the fairest time of the year, and with such a brilliancy

stern of the gig, while her nephew put out the sculls. When they were well ont of hearing, Mrs. Ellison said—with a curious of color that the eye is delighted in every look in her eyes of perplexity and half

of color that the eye is delighted in every direction."

He was self-possessed enough (whatever their eagerly solicitous young host may have been); and he went ou in a somewhat lofty and sententious fashion, to describe certain of the great public festivals and spectacles he had witnessed in various parts of the world. Mrs. Ellison was apparently listening, as she ate a strawberry or two; but in reality she was covertly observing the young girl (who sat somewhat apart) and taking note of every line and lineament of her features, and even every detail of her dress. Vincent brought Mr. Bethune a tumbler of claret with a lump of ice in it; he drained a deep draught; and resumed his story of pageants. Maisrie was sileut, her cycs averted; the young man asked himself whether the beautiful profile, the fine nostrils, the sensitive mouth, would not plead for favor, even though she did not speak. It seemed a thousand pities that her grandfather should be in this garrulous mood. Why did not Mrs. Ellison turn to the girl direct? He felt sure there would be an interest twents the street these two if only look in her eyes of perplexity and half frightened amusement—
"Vin, who is that old man?"
"Well, you saw, aunt," he made answer.
"Oh, yes, I saw. I saw. But I am none the wiser. I could not make him out at all. Sometimes I thought he was a self-conceited old donkey, who was simply gabbling at random; and again he seemed really to believe what he was saying, about his connection with those Beatons and de Bethunes and the Scotch kings. But there's something behind it all, Vin; I tell you there is; and I can't make it out. There's something mysterious about him—"
"There's nothing mysterious at all!" he exclaimed impatiently.

are his relatives?
"I don't think he has any, if it comes to that, except his granddaughter," her nephew direct? He felt sure there would be an in-stant sympathy between those two, if only Maisrie would appeal with her wonderful true eyes. What on earth did anyone want

to know about the resplendent appearance of the White Cuirassiers of the Prussian Guard, as they rode into Prague a week or two after the battle of Koniggratz, with their dusty and swarthy faces and their copperhued breastplates lit up by the westering But, on the other hand, Mrs. Ellison was not displeased by this one-sided conversa-tion; quite the contrary; she wanted to know all about these strange people with whom her nephnew had taken up; and the more the old man talked the better she re-sented the intervention of a race which Mas-ter Vin dragged them all away to see, and

as soon as it was over—they were now seated in the stern sheets of the boat—she turned to Mr. Bethune with a question.
"I understand," she said, in a casual sor of way, burgh?" "that you know Lord Mussel

At this Maisrie looked up startled.
"Oh, yes," said her grandfather, in his serene and stately fashion. "Oh, yes. A most promising young man—a young man who will make his mark. Perhaps he is riding too many hobbies; and yet it might not be prudent to interfere and sevine; a young man in his position is apt to be hot-beaded—"

"Mrs. Ellison," interposed Maisrie, "we are only slightly acquainted with Lord Musselburgh—very slightly indeed. The fact is, he was kind enough to interest him-self in a book that my grandfather hopes to bring out shortly."
"Ob, really," said the pretty widow with

"Oh, really," said the pretty widow when a most charming smile (perhaps she was glad of this opportunity of talking to the young lady herself) "and may I ask—par-don my curiosity—what the subject is. "It is a collection of poems written by Sotchmen living in America and Canada," answered Maisrie, quite simply. "My grandfather made the acquaintance of sev-eral of them, and heard of others; and he thought that a volume of extracts, with thought that a volume of extracts, with a few short biographical notices, might be in-teresting to the Scotch people over here. For it is about Scotland that they mostly write, I think, and of their recollections— perhaps that is only natural."

"And when may we expect it?" was the

next question.

Maisrie turned to her grandfather. "Oh, well," the old man made answer, with an air of magnificent unconcern, "that is difficult to say. The book is not of such great importance; it may have to stand aside for a time. For one thing, I should most likely have to return to the other side to collect materials; whereas, while we are here in the old country, there are so many opporin the old country, there are so many opportunities for research in other and more valuable directions, that it would be a thousand
pities to neglect them. For example, now,"
he continued, seeing that Mrs. Ellison listened meekly, "I have undertaken to write
for my friend Carmichael, of the Edinburgh
Chronicle a series of papers on a branch of
our own family that attained to great distinction in the Western Isles during the
reign of the Scotch Jameses—the learned
Beatons, of Islay and Mull."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Ellison, affecting
much interest.

"Yes," resumed old George Bethune "Ob, at Lord Musselburgh's?" said she, with much dignified complacency, "it will be a singular history if ever I find time to manner. "Oh, really, Lord Musselburgh's. trace it out. The whole of that family seem preserved; and even now, when a proverb is quoted in the Western Isles, they add 'as the sage of Mull said, or 'as the sage of Islay said.' For ullamh, I may inform you Mrs .-

Mrs .-"Ellison," she said kindly. "Mrs. Ellison-I beg your pardon-my hearing is not what it was, Ullamh, in the Gaelic tongue means at once a Doctor of Medicine and a wise man-"

"They distinguish between the terms in "They distinguish between the terms in English," put in Vincent.
"—and doctors most of them appear to have been," continued the old man, quite oblivious of interruption; indeed he seemed to be reading something out of his memory, rather than addressing particularly any one of his audience. "A certain Hector Beaton, indeed set a caridarship grant in Island. indeed, got a considerable grant in Islay for having cured one of the Jameses when all the Edinburgh faculty had failed; and I my-self have seen in the island of Iona the tombstone of the last of the Mull doctors of the name, but he died so late as 1657. Hic jacet Johannis Betonus Maclenorum familim fedicus; no doubt there must be some mention of those Beatons in the archives of the I daresay I could get a drawing of the tombstone—though I can remember the inscription well enough: Ecce cadit jaculo

victricis mortis inique qui alios solverat ipse mali. The coat of arms, too, has the three mascles of the Bethunes—"
"Or the Bethunes?—then you are of the same family?" said Mrs. Ellison, this time with a little genuine curiosity.

But the interruption had the effect of rousing him from his historical reverie.

"I would rather say," he observed, with some stiffness, "that they were originally of our family. The Norman de Bethune would easily be changed into the Scotch "Then there was Mary Beaton, of the Queen's Maries," Mrs. Ellison suggested. But at this the old man frowned; he did

not wish any fictitious characters brought into these authentic annals, "An idle tale—a popular rhyme," said e. "There is no real foundation for the story of Mary Hamilton that ever I could get hold of. Of course there may have been get hold of. Of course there may have been a Mary Beaton at Queen Mary's court—what more likely?—and Mary Beaton would come trippingly to the popular tongue in conjunction with Mary Seton; but that is all. It is with real people, and important people, I shall have to deal when I get to the Advocates Library in Edinburgh." "Oh, yes, certainly—of course—I quite nderstand," she said, humbly. And then

on, yes, certainly—or course—I duite understand," she said, humbly. And then she rose. "Well, I must be getting back to my friends, Vin, or they think I have alipped over the side and been drowned." "But won't you stay to dinner, aunt?" said be. "I wish you would!" "Oh, no, thanks, I really couldn't," she answered, with a sudden earnestness that came more intelligible to him afterward "I couldn't run away from my hosts like that; what would they think of me?"

"They would never notice your absence,

"Well, that is a pretty speech!"
"I' mean among such a crowd. Come; our small party needs making up, while they have got too many." "I really daren't, Vin, it would be too bad. Then she turned to Mr. Bethune and said, "Lord Musselburgh is coming down to-morrow—merely for the day—and he will be on board the Villeggiatura. Would you, all of you, like to come along and have a look over the boat; or shall I send him to

you to pay you a visit here?"

It was Maisrie who replied—with perfect lf-composure.
"Our acquaintance with Lord Mussel "Our acquaintance with Lord Mussel-burgh is so very slight, Mrs. Ellison," said she, "that it would hardly be worth while making either proposal. I doubt whether he would even remember our names."

Whereupon the young widow bade good-by to Maisrie with a pretty little amile; the old gentleman bowed to her with much dignity; and then she took her seat in the

What a Little Agitation of Wash-

SKELETONS IN MANY CLOSETS. How Millionaire Tabor Took in the Elite

ONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

ty is trembling over he possibilities that der the thin veil of the Upper Crust. A dudes, who parted dle and who called White, was the pet-

MISS PORTER'S HOTEL WAITER. On the heels of this scandal comes the marriage of Admiral Porter's grandulece to one of the waiters of a Washington hotel, and the story of how the loving couple met at the seashore and how the knight of beef-steak and white apron by tidbits of soft-shelled crabs and soft cuts of tenderloin wooed and won the fairest guess at his table, is being rolled about over the tongues of statesmen and their wives. They discuss it, however, with fearful hearts, and ask themselves as they look at their own daughters, What next?

own homes. ROMANCES OF WASHINGTON. or so ago trotted off on an elopement with one of the descendants of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. There was, however, nothing bad in this elopement, and the old historian was tickled to death over the match. Not friend, and the probability is that he died by accident. The daughter of one of the chloral was found in her room, and the evil-minded whispered that a love affair with a foreign diplomat was the cause of her over-dose. Another scandal relates to one of our own diplomats. His domestic troubles were caused not by a hotel waiter, but by the dudelike clerk of a summer boarding house. From private letters from Denver I learn to spend another fortune on politics. His opera house brings him in over \$50,000 a

WERE TWO CEREMONIES. Senator Tabor came to Washington as a millionaire from Colorado. No one knew whether he was married or not, and he was generally looked upon as a bachelor or a widower. Shortly after he took up his quarters at Willard's Hotel, he gave out hat he was about to be married. He showed the correspondent some wonderful night-shirts embroidered with old lace, containing double-breasted pockets, and it is my re-membrance that some of these cost \$200 apiece. The day was fixed for the wedding. A dinner was gotten up which would have been fit for Lucullis, and a noted priest per-

been fit for Lucullis, and a noted priest performed a ceremony. The most noted of our Statesmen were present, and President Arthur bowed in his most courtly way when he gave a rose to the bride.

All Washington sounded the praises of Mrs. Tabor's beauty, and the people kept on sounding them until they learned the story of the marriage. Tabor had fallen in love with Mrs. Doe while he was yet the husband of Mrs. Tabor No. 1. He had gotten a divorce in a very questionable way and

album as big as a Bible in his hand, ge

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

the trifling matters shall be seen as trifles.
Such a change as that would upset affairs in
a very interesting fashion!
Among the triends of a certain young
woman a little story is whispered in the
strict confidence of a ternoon to a gatherings.

familiar and attractive features of life at the springs. After dinner in the afternoon she is to be seen on the piazza overlooking Broadway, watching the moving panorama of the avenue with eager and interested eyes. Surely it is a delightful change to this charming woman after an entire winter spent within the four walls of a sick room, whose monotony was only varied by the con suitation of physicians and the operations they felt called upon to perform.

Mrs. Blaine tells me that she expects that

another operation will be necessary, and this will be accomplished some time in December, after the return of Dr. Rull. It is to be hoped that this operation will restore her rheumatic limb to its normal condition, and that ultimately she will regain her strength. In the meantime Saratoga simply has done wonders for her. She has gained something like 12 pounds since her arrival, and her face has taken on a roundness and a