

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

24

Miss Kate Drexel's Flans for Helping the Negro and the Indian-Odds and Ends of Fashion-Fads and Foibles of the Sex-Personal Gossip.

It is probable that Miss Kate Drezel, daughter of the late Francis Drexel, of Philadelphia, will be a resident of Washington during the greater part of next year. It will be remembered that Miss Drexel, who inherited from her father a fortune of about \$5,000,000, took the veil in March 1689, to become a nun. Her two years' novitiate will expire the coming March, and it is then that she is expected to go to Washington. Miss Drexel, or Sister Kathrina, i the head of the Order of the Blessed Sacra ment, which she founded. She has purchased 65 acres of ground at Andalusia near Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvani Railroad, and there will creet the nome the order, at a cost of \$40,000 to \$50,000 The building will be begun next sprin; and cannot be completed before the fall Miss Drexel proposes to live in Washington while the work of construction is going on. The special field to which she is directing her efforts is missionary work among the Indians and negroes. One advantage she will gain by her proposed temporary residence in Washington is the opportunity to inform herself thoroughly of the work of the Catholic church among the above men-tioned races, through the Catholic Indian Bureau located at Washington. The build-ing which Miss Drexel will erect at Andalusia will be an institution for the education of missionaries for work among the Indians and negroes, Miss Drexel and her sister, Mrs. Morrell, contributed the bulk of the money for the Catho lic Seminary at Baltimore for the same pur-Miss Drexel has already spent at east \$600,000 for the work among the Indians. Hereafter the larger part of her con-tributions will probably be for the missionary work among the negroes. Some time ago Father J. A. Stephan, director of the Catholie Indian Bureau, purchased 220 neres of land at Arundel station, 26 miles from Washington, says the Post of that city, and on this property Miss Drexel will build a school for colored children. The building will be put up next year. At first, only a plain building for a day school will be erected. Afterward, the school may be enarged, and a more comprehensive plan

Here is the very latest thing to be seen on the London streets, according to Pall Mall Budget. Not much can be said for its



much opposed to it. "Why can't they let him alone and let him die in peace? He is too old for any such nonsense," she exclaimed. When the race was over and he was defeated she explained: "Oh, I've changed my mind. I wanted him to be elected Vice President, and am very much

disappointed that he was not." Henry Grady's "New South" meant to the great orator far more than new industries and a rejuvenated commerce. It may never come to pass that all his hopes are realized, but that the South shall build up a literature of its own is now no longer a hope, but a truth. In this respect it is not necessary to take into consideration the older writers. to take into consideration the older writers. Lafendio Hern, a master, if there ever was one; George W. Cable, Amelie Rives, who, with all her faults, has a singular and unde-niable genius; Miss Muttree, Miss Seawell, Thomas Nelson Page, the chronicler of the negro, and Madison Cawein, the poet. Here seven writers, each of whom has said omething new in a new way; and in what ther manner is a distinct literature made? Following these, as yet less widely known, but destined for celebrity, acknown,



cording to their several deserts, come a host of young writers. One of these is Margaret Ellen O'Brien, daughter of Frank P. O'Brien, editor of the Birmingham Age-Herald. She is 20 years of age, and has written poetry which not only has its own excellences, but prophesies greater things for her future. Her grandfather was Michael Andrew O'Brien, editor of the Dublin Naion, and it is from him, no doubt, that she

inherits her literary instinct. She was eduated in a convent at Loretto, Ky, She

draws and paints creditably, a talent trans-mitted to her by her tather, who has strong artistic tendencies. Her first poem was published but little more than a year ago. Since then she has gone on in her chosen work. writing not always well, but never poorly, and with a vigor and strength which will, if allowed to move her without check, bring her rapidly to the front.

She was at once surrounded by a crowd. The police came and made the people stand back, and a kindly-faced old lady did what she could to comfort the unfortunate girl-By-the-by, do you know how the Chinese liv is made? By chance I dropped in a chine sh local Chinese shop the other day, says a and they came with saws, hammers and crowbars and set about breaking one of the writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, just when the owner was busy in the mysteries bars of the iron grating so as to release the imprisoned foot. It took fully a half hour, of making the famous lily. The way I saw and the crowd got bigger and bigger every was this: He took the bulb of one of those minute, but finally the iron bar was sawed through, and the pretty girl was freed from lilies and with a pen-knife and two sharp instruments he cut and slit the bulb into the most awkward situation of her life. Then she took a carriage and went home. quarters, yet without separating it. He then took the knife, scraping some of the - **1**74 soit interior from the quarter, so that the The Jersey Lily "tubs" her esteemed form lily when grown will come out with curved and curled leaves instead of straight ones, in a solid silver bath, made by a London silversmith for a great Eastern prince. It was then placed in a large Jananess oowl which was filled with water and earth A queer story is in circulation about a or sand. The lily will there sprout and in form will closely resemble a hyacinth. The Chinese sacred lily, however, is different. difference between the Queen and the Prince of Wales. It is customary for the Prince to It is rightly called the narcissus tazetta. It hold levees in behalf of Her Majesty, and is easily grown and seems to need little admission to one of these receptions is, acmore than a proper supply of fresh water for its development when placed in a bowl cording to court etiquette, equivalent in all and in a suitable position. An ex-perimenter says: "We took an old blue and white Chinese bowl, upon the bottom of which we placed a respects to a presentation to the Queen. It appears that at a levee held the past season an American lady was admitted who is not exactly in good standing in the royal opinlayer of dry, not dyed moss, on which we laid the bulb and imbedded it in moss. The ion, the Queen being apt to draw lines somewhat rigidly. Her Majesty heard of bowl was then nearly filled with water and the act recently, probably through one of her chamber women, who, by the way, are all of them scions of nobility, and she was the arrangement was complete. The plant was exposed to light and air and sunshine at a window with a southeast exposure, and very angry. She called the Prince to task, left to itself, except that water was added as needed and the bowl occasionally turned and aristocratic gossip has it that words were not spared in chastising His Royal Highness; that the latter took it all very coolly and respectfully, and that after around. Although a fire was not made every day in the room, the bulb threw out seven stems, six of which hore flowers, the leaving the maternal presence he deliberate-ly wrote a note to the lady's husband inmain stem with its flowers rising to the height of 29 inches in all. Perhaps the most viting them both to spend the evening with curious part of it was the stems of their own him. This was also reported to the Queen, and now Albert Edward and his mother are accord formed a line through the greatest length of oval-quite an unlooked for event. and now after the ward and his mother are said to be on very ceremonial terms. The attentions of the Prince to the lady in ques-tion and the complacency of the husband are the talk of people posted upon such sub-The graceful and fragrant flowers lasted for a long time and, with the long leaves from the bulb, formed one of the prettiest groups imaginable. jects, and are viewed with regret by those who had hoped that the future King of The two illustrations which follow are facsimiles of some particularly costly and England had settled down to be an example handsome gowns forming part of the winter ent last night at the installation of his son, the Duke of Clarence, as Provincial Grand outfit of a fortunate woman. One is of terra cotta habit cloth, with a black Master of the Berkshire Masons. The young velvet waist, ornamented with gold Duke, like his father, is thoroughly devoted

trimmed with a scroll of jet embroidery caught up at intervals in bow knots. LITTLE PARIS. On exhibition at Tiffany's, in a separate Lillian Spencer Finds Brussels a case, are a number of newly imported Vienna fans which are well worth seeing. They are Most Magnificent City. of lace and of gauze, and illustrate the new features in mounting and in applique work. Besides these the regular stock embraces hundreds of fans of rarest design and every THE SIGHTS TO BE SEEN THERE. variety of make, ranging in price from \$5 Living Cheap in the Most Popular Parts of

a favorite decoration.

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texture, made especially for her, with a wide lace border showing a lining of pink satin. Her table is always decorated with

Gloire de Paris roses, their exquisite shade of pink matching exactly the satin under-

One youthful personage has views of his

fame. He is Postmaster General Wana-

maker's grandchild, who cannot be induced, it is said, to look upon the President's de-

"Baby" McKee is mentioned, evidently be-lieving that children should be seen and

to the mystic fraternity, and very popular

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Sec. 1.

not heard-of.

to \$500. The highest price represents fans of point lace, the pattern of which is partly outlined in small diamonds, or others of the same material decorated with a monogram of diamonds on the guard stick. A solitaire set in the rivet is quite a favorite decoration Belgium's Capital

FRAUD ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

New York has become a city of extrava-BRUSSELS, Nov. 22 .- We walked into gance in dinner-giving, and many of these Brussels at 5 o'clock in the evening lookentertainments, with all the delicacies of the ing more like drowned rats than eminently season and rare wines, cost from \$20 to \$100 respectable American women walking per cover. Of course the latter is the outthrough Europe in quest of pleasure, bealth side figure; but reckoning that one gives a and adventure. It isn't nice to be wet! dinner once a week to a party of, say 15, at Damp, draggled skirts and soaked boots are the first named figure it will prove a sung intolerable under any circumstances; but fancy our predicament! We had nothing sum at the end of the year. In order to render these dinners complete and perfect the hostess must possess a dinner service more or less elaborate, and it is rarely, if ever, that the majority of outsiders stop to to put on in their stead; our trunks were in Liverpool, for we had not thought of a litthe thing like rain. In fact, it never occonsider what these consist of and how much money is speat in this direction. In the old Roman days no greater magnificence could have existed in the way of table decoration, curred to us that any contingency -would arise necessitating a change of apparel. We supposed it was always fair weatherout of New York.

have existed in the way of table decoration, wines and service, than a millionaire New Yorker displays when his wife gives a large dinner. The Astor family possesses a gold dinner service that is the envy of every woman who has ever seen it. It is one of Details are always an abomination, but re gods, how wet the wet of this country is! How the water does diffuse itself. It ran down in round the hem of my flannel sailor woman who has ever seen it. It is one of the most costly in this country. It is val-ued at \$50,000, and is now the property of Mrs. William Astor. It has been in the family's possession a long time; it would be gown and swelled out my beautiful English walking boots until I looked indeed a sailor-a sailor walking in family's possession a long time; it would be hard to describe, as it was made in different parts of the world and was picked up on odd occasions. It is unique and has been talked about more than any other dinner a boat, or rather a pair of boats. Health-seeking walkers who follow in my footsteps may profit by my experience and send a small steamer trunk ahead by rail. It won't cost a great deal. In any event, the amount expended can't equal the Beitalked about more than any other dinner set in this country. The larger dishes con-sist of an immense platter and center piece, end pieces, candelabras, wine coolers and pitchers. In the design is represented fruit of all description, together with the unicorn and lion in repousse work. Mrs. Astor uses a white linen table cloth of the fuest instance and the fuest gium doctor's bill. Nothing can possibly equal that, unless it be the Belgium doctor's asiminity.

INTO DRIPPING BRUSSELS.

Brussels was dripping when we entered it. It had been raining continuously for three days. The streets were overflowing. So were we-with ill humor. But a hotel had to be found, and considerable tramping done. For once luck favored us. We repeat the visit.

stepped into a hallway to get a breathing spell, and there was the sign, "Chambre a Louer." Room to rent. "We'll take it," I cried recklessly. And

own upon the extent to which the name of we did. The woman wanted 3 francs a day, and I saw perfectly well that the rooms were worth it. There were two, a parlor "Baby" McKee fills the sounding trump of and bedroom, but I was savage as a Turk, and I stood there and beat her down to 11/2 francs. Thirty cents! Think of it, and in scendant with anything but disfavor. He maintains a dignified silence whenever listance. Brussels, in a central location. There is this to be said in my extenuation, however. My haggling was done in French.

I am not diffident on general principles, but I frankly confess I shouldn't have had the *** Several hundred people crowded the street in front of a jewelry store in Washington perve to do it in English. You see in French I don't always quite understand what I say, the other morning, according to the Post, of hence my boldness in saying it. This is a great advantage to me. It can't be said that that city, attracted by the sorry plight of a those who are trying to make me out are similarly benefited, but that is no business of mine. I hold a trump card. I play it. Do you the same—in Belgium. comely young woman, who sat on the flagstones right in front of one of the big windows. One daintily shod foot peeped per-

BRUSSELS AS GOOD AS PARIS.

force from under her skirts, and the other was down in the coal hole under the side-Paris is, of course, the queen of continenwalk. It seems that the iron and glass tal cities. It is the mecca, the paradise, the eden par excellence. Everybody but a tool wants to go to Paris. But everybody can't get there. To those unfavored indiwaik. It seems that the iron and grass grating that lights the vault under the side-walk just before the plate-glass window, was broken. The hole did not seem large enough for a child's foot to slip through. The young woman, a pretty blonde in a handsome dark green dress, stopped to look at the jeweler's wares in the window. Suddenly she gave a little shriek, and seemed to lose half a foot of her stature. She was avidently much viduals let me say Brussels will do just as well. Brussels is a "little Paris," not half so expensive and quite as enjoyable, on a small scale. If you have the least imagina-tion, you have only to walk around Brus-sels and say to yourself, "I am in Paris," and-presto-you are in Paris. You look of her stature. She was evidently much distressed at something, and little wonder. Her French boot had slipped through the hole in the grating and her leg had followed and-presso-you are in Paris. You look at the same white houses, the same gilded dome, the same boulevards, the same avenues of spreading trees, the same smooth, clean streets, the same superb shops and cafes, all white and gold and mirrored, and last but not least the same stylish women, who are Par-tion from the source of the is month. it halt way to the knee, as far as it could go. She tried to pull it, out, but it was wedged fast. So she sat down on the flagstones and began to cry from fright and pain and mortification. isian from the crown of their jaunty Parisian hats down to the points of their dainty high-

heeled Parisian boots. Besides all these hints of Paris, you have for a couple of me the same language. Everybody speaks the French tongue, and the same glum, selfimportant ponderous coachman, who sits upon his box seat as a king sits upon his hrone-calm, upruffled, unconscious. He knows you for a foreigner before you realize the fact yourself, and you might stand and talk your best boarding-school French to him until doomsday and he would still sit there and glare at you and swear he didn't understand his own tongue until he was black in the face-if such a red face could turn black out of the hangman's noose.

not that he particularly merits his distinc-tion, but from the fact that he long since caught the popular fancy by his bizarre, but periectly natural, method of furnishing the water of the fountain. Manikin goes about on week days without very much clothing, but during fetes he blooms out gorgeously. He is only a statue, to be sure, but a statue has feeling! And when Louis XV. took the city he presented Manikin with a beau-tiful white cockade for his hat. The cock-ade dio't keep his fat form very warm, it

ade didn't keep his fat form very warm, it is true, but the Government of Holland afterward looked into this important matter and rectified the oversight by presenting

and rectified the oversight by presenting him with an orange-colored blouse. King Leopold II, the reigning sovereign just to be outdone by his predecessors, has Manikin decorated with the tunic of the Civil Guard on all state occasions. It is sad to relate, but Manikin has not borne his honors well. He has waxed proud and haughty and supercillious, and when an ancient dame died and left him a legacy of 1000 forcing he turned up his small brouge ancient dame died and leit him a legacy of 1,000 florins, he turned up his small bronze nose and snapped his small bronze finzers and said: "That! A paltry 1,000 florins! I am already rich in rents, and I have eight costumes, and Louis XV. has conferred on me the 'Cross of St. Louis.'" All of which is no vain boast on the part of his little bronze majesty, but quite true and a matter of history, for that matter.

THE ROYAL MARIONETTES. They have a marionette show at Brusselsthe Royal Imperial, world-famous, incom-parable, unparalleled marionettes. Have you ever seen an entertainment of this kind? No? You are lucky. The word marionette ought to be enough for some sensible people. But it isn't. It suggests to the non-initated

all manner of out-of-the-way amusements. And the amusement is out of the way-of musement One pays a frane to go in, and would

willingly pay two to go out if he could. But he can't. The doors are locked. This is a wise precaution on the part of the manage-ment. The audience would otherwise make ment. The authence would otherwise make for the street. The Royal Imperial Marion-ettes, gigantic monstrosities in the shape of human beings, are a lot of wooden figures, manipulated by wires in full view of the spectator, badly painted, clumsily made and atrociously dressed. Their movements are a successive of epileptic jerks and their songs and dances, words fail me! I don't know what to say. I have never seen or heard

anything in that line bad enough to compare them with. And yet everybody goes to see the Royal Imperial Marionettes in Brussels -once. I will venture to wager they don't THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

No one leaves Brussels without going to Waterloo and standing on the famous battle ground where Napoleon lost his all. Of course, we walked it. Not in one day, but in two, for it is a good long stretch, and poots that have been wet through are apt to be stiff. This was our excuse to ourselves for the jog-trot way in which we covered the

Why anyone should ever want to go to Waterloo is more of a mystery than ever, aiter one has been there. It is much pleas-anter and decidedly more profitable to take one's ease in one's inn and read Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." He, at all events, had the art of extracting sermons from stopes and books from carrot fields. I have not. Of course, there is a battlefield, and it is

doubtless very interesting. There is a "Chateau de Hougoumont," where King Jerome had a brush with the English, and there is the form of Haie Sainte, and the

ditch where the dead were buried, and an altar of the Virgin, and the little Christ with the toes burned off, and the chateau where one gets excellent milk for 2 sous a glass, and this is the field of Waterloo. If one didn't know that that little hillock was MountSt. Jean, one would certainly not look twice at it, and the carrot field; to the right and left are much like everyday carrot

fields! NOTHING LEFT BUT THE POEM. Now there was that house in Brussels Now there was that house in Drussels which was just as great a fraud; worse, for it doesn't exist at all! Doubtless there was a "sound of revelry by night," and "Bel-gium's chivalry was gathered there," but there is not a brick to tell the story to-day. Nothing but the half brick which Mimi carries about in her knapsack. First, the old hell coom become a browery and alter old ball-room became a brewery and after having taken to drink, it went rapidly to the dogs. So a few months ago the Burgo-master ordained it out of existence.

And Waterioo is a delusion, too. There is

LOVE IN THE STREET And these two are engaged. HEROES OF THE STAGE.

The Shock That Came to a Couple Who Doted on Transparencies.

BROKEN HEART AND A NAME.

Perfume Has Its Uses, But Sometimes Its Absence is a Charm.

STAGE REROES BELONG TO ANYBODY

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. NEW YORK, Dec. 6. ATRIMONY'S faand December, and the annual output of brides for this winter is unusually large. When you come to

consider that the average maiden is seated on the stool of pathe desired man to ask her to arise and stand before the altar of wedlock, you can realize why the subject

of courtship and marriage can never grow stale with my sex. Anything connected with sweethearting is alertly observed. And how the doings of the wooers abound in humor.

A pair of lovers stood on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street on a recent night, gazing up at the stereoptic transparency that shines continually at that point. That they were lovers was apparent point. That they were lovers was apparents by the sympathetic manner of the girl in leading heavily against her escort. One of her hands was in his overcoat pocket, and her check almost touched his shoulder. They were the typical John and Julia out sparking. He had a noticeably clean shave and her hair had been in curling papers all day. CUPID AND THE TRANSPARENCY.

Such simple persons will stand on Twenty-third street for an hour at a time and gain delight from a study of the trans-parency with its advertisements for tailors and shirt makers. Possibly the man who was working the machine last night was aware that a John and Julia were down on the corner. At all events he flashed over the canvas a series of advertisements that

appealed to that class of individuals. "We'll need furniture, John. Let's g down to that place on the Bowery," said Julia, as the man shot out the name of a furniture dealer. "We'll, I wonder if I could get to m work at 7:30 if we went out to that place to live," said John, as the flide showed an an-

nouncement from a New Jersey real estate agent advising everyone to own a house at next to nothing a year. "Oh, I want a canary bird the first

did you? sent my card."

All girlkind loves the theatrical leading actor, yet regards him more as a pet poolle than as a man. Some of our nicest girls will flirt with a handsome actor, but would will fillt with a handsome actor, but would resent the advances of a gentleman whom they respected. Some of them, while possessed of ordinary gentility and modesty, are dangerously indiscreet when fooling with the mock heroes of the stage, and it is a wonder that more of them do not get into serious scrapes. Two of the especially lively sort were swinging down Fifth avenue at a lively pace the other morning when one of them espied a tall, sturdy, handsomely

dressed young man on the other side of the street, who appeared to be very much obarmed by their pretty figures. Both girls agreed at once that the young man was no other than Mr. Kelcey, whose

lustrous and curling mustache and sympa-thetic eyes are so well known and adored by ATRIMONY'S fa-vorite months in this city are November and December, and inspired in the handsome gentleman, and as they glanced sidelong across the street at him the emotion in their young souls flashed from their eyes into his.

AN ACTOB WAS WELCOME.

to stroll among the stalls even if no I do not know by just what processes it came about, but a few minutes later the tall purchases are contemplated. came about, but a lew minutes later the tail young man was walking by the side of the two girls. He was very courteons, suave and soothing, while they were beaming, en-couraging and vivacious. He suggested that they turn off Fifth avenue and seek the onister naichberhead every on Madison were and The market here consists of a large open common, much like the Haymarket square, of Chicago, which in Pittsburg or Alle gheny, would be considered desirable ground for a park. One large brick building frontquieter neighborhood over on Madison ave-nue. This was done, and as the trio strolled leisurely through the cross street, the young ing the main street, has accommodations for ing the main street, has accommodations for about 100 market women, who stand in rows, behind long narrow tables, their wares ex-posed for sale in the space before them. There butter, eggs, cheese, turkeys, ducks, chickens and fancy articles from stockings and mittens to small rustic tables are to be man drew his watch from his pocket, remarked that it was getting on toward 1



She Didn't Use Perfume.

new acquaintances to become his guests at a Innche

"Mr. what?" echoed the young man. "Mr. what?" echoed the young man. "Mr. Kelcey," repeated the girl. "Oh, we know you, of course. You didn't think we could take up with a perfect stranger,

SOME WAY-DOWN PRICES.

A CANADIAN MARKET.

Prices at Belleville, Ont., Compared

With Those of Pittsburg,

FIGURES THAT EXCITE ENVY.

Customs That Are an Improvement on

Those That Obtain Here.

FARMERS SELL THEIR OWN PRODUCTS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BELLEVILLE, ONT., Dec. 4-There is a

marked difference in the prices of every-

thing eatable in the markets of Pittsburg

and those of this Canadian city, Belleville,

Ont., and in the markets themselves. Pitts-

burg's large market buildings afford warmth

and shelter for the sellers as for the buyers,

as also do the covered stalls out of doors,

though in a lesser degree; but there a finer display is made of the products of farms or

orchards and vineyards, and it is a pleasure

procured at prices which make Pittsburg

eyes open very wide in astonishment, not because of the high price but because of

DISPLATS ON THE WAGONS.

Out of doors, upon the market days, Tues-days, Thursdays and Saturdays, there are

row upon row of farm wagons, carriages and buggies of every description, their tongues

out on a clean white cloth. The butcher is

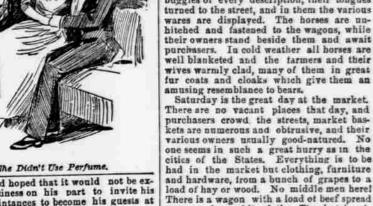
their cheapness.

The best beefsteaks from round to porter-house are 10 cents to 15 cents a pound. A rib roast is 10 cents a pound. Down farther is another wagon which displays pork in is about r wagod which displays pork in tempting array, and all the products of pork-sausages, lard, head cheese and pigs feet, fresh and pickled. Pork, all cuts and parts, is 10 cents to 12 cents a pound, lard is A SAD AWARENING. 9 cents per pound, sausage 10 cents per pound, head cheese only 5 cents a pound.

Next is a wagon load of vegetables. Potatoes are selling for 75 cents per bushel; cabbages, 3 cents each; celery, 10 cents per dozen bunches; turnips, 10 cents a peck; sweet potatoes are 40 cents a peck; tomatoes, 30 cents a peck; beets, six bunches, 10 cents; onions, 5 cents a quarter peck; parsnips, carrots, squashes and pumpkins in propor ion. Now comes a wagon filled with fall fruits;

the other. "Ob, what shall we ever do if we meet

apples 40 cents a peck, beautiful grapes 25 cents a basket. Herbs and nuts may be the stock in trade of the next dealer; apples and nice sweet eider of another; eider at 20 cents a gallon, eider vinegar at 25 cents a gallon and wine vinegar 30 cents a gallon. A load of flour is offered by a farmer farther down the line at \$1 25 a sack of 50 pounds for fine "Oh, we shan't," rejoined her companwheat flour, and \$2 a sack for buckwheat "You may be sure he is not in our set Bread of the best quality is sold at the bakeries in two-pound loaves at 6 cents a loaf.



o'clock, and hoped that it would not be ex-cessive boldness on his part to invite his

but on a clean white cloth. The butcher is the farmer in big fur coat and cap, a long apron covering his clothes, and he will cut and weigh the meat for you and do it up and deposit it in your basket as defly as any professional butcher. "Oh, really, Mr. Kelcey," began one of

'Well," responded the gentleman, "you really have the advantage of me. I pre-sume you must have met me before, but you have my name confused. Allow me to pre-

The young man handed the bit of paste-board to one of the girls. It contained the

name of Mr. Somebody else entirely, and the address was the Union Club. A look of fright came into the faces of the young women, and they stood stockstill gazing women, and they add they add then at the silently first at each other and then at the smilling young man. Then, with a few in-coherent phrases of apology, regret and em-barrassment, they turned back to Fifth avenue and hurried away, leaving the young man alone to gaze after them and wonder at

"I was never so ashamed in my life," said one of the misses to the other when they had "He's the perfect image of Kelcey," said

beauty perhaps, but it has the much greater merit of comfort. That goes for a good dea with the modern English maiden.

A very practical and much needed enterprise has been recently started in Washington by two ladies. It is a nursery where mothers of every nation and rank are taught how to feed and bathe their bables scieptifically as well as sensibly, and how to put their troublesome charges to sleep.

Upon one occasion when Mrs. Allen G. Thurman's daughter, Miss Mary Thurman, was a prominent figure in Washington society, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, where they were spending the winter, there was some grand social function at the Presidental Mansion at which the young lady was eager to be present. She coaxed coaxed her mother in vain to accompany her, and finding her obdurate ordered the carriage, and taking some lady friend along started off. She had not more than left the ouse when Mrs. Thurman repented her decision, and ordered in great haste a carriage from a livery. None were to be had for love or money suitable for her use. This did not disconcert her, for she ordered any-thing they had, and soon a sorry rattle trap with coachman to match stood before her door, which she entered and drove off to the White House as well content as if seated in her own elegant equipage. So far all went well. She arrived in safety, had her roteric of friends shout her and glimpsed occasionally at her daughter, who won-n-red creatly at her mother's appearance upon the scene. After a time everyone was leaving, the portico was filled with guests, Miss Mary Thurman among them, awaiting the superb turnouts which stood in line out side. "Senator Thurman's carriage," shouted a factotum at his post, and before the family coachman could wheel in line, the rattle-trap which had borne Mrs. Thurman to the sestive scene furched forward, and Mrs. Thurman, nothing daunted, stepped in. The supersupuated coachman. proud of the honorable position which he at that moment occupied, cracked his whip with gusto; the borses sprang forward, and lo, the string which tied the old harness to gether in many places, burst asunder, and there they were stranded, blocking the way

until the damage could be repaired. Miss Mary was mortified beyond endurance. Mrs. Thurman thought her discomfiture a capital inke, which she loved to tell in her own inmitable style to her friends.



filigre

bodice is in the Louis XV. style, with deep side pieces, and skirt and bodice as well are ornamented with deep vandykes of astrakhan and rich Oriental embroidery.

imitable style to her friends. When Judge Thurman was nominated for Vice President, Mrs. Thurman was very

HE KNOWS HOW TO CHARGE.

Having impressed upon your unsuspect-ing mind that he can't understand a word you say, he will drive you about the most uninteresting part of the city at a dismal dead-and-alive pace, and calmly charge you for two hours instead of one, and double the rate at that. Then he will wrap himself up in his own importance more securely than ever and drive off in quest of another vic-

tim Like Paris, there are a great many sights to see in Brussels, a great many places to go and a great many agreeable things to do. Dining at the "table d'hote," for instance. That little expedition consumes an hour pleasaftly. Over the door of the cafe you will read that there are three "table d'hotes," one at 1 france and a half, one at 2 and another at 3 francs. If you are traveling on an allowance of 5 francs a day you will take the "table d'hote" at 1 franc and a halt. It will consist of the same viands as the others, but you will not be obliged to tax your digestive organs to the same degree, for there will not be an equal number of courses. And you won't want them, if you are not a gormand. I am not, and I was satisfied with a bowl of soup, a dish of fresh fish, roast rib of beef with potatoes, a yeal pie (always eat yeal in Belgium and France; it a avcellant) saiad cheese and cohese is excellent), salad, cheese and coffee. Thirty-five cents is the bill, with 10 centimes for the waiter, two cents or four at the

most. This is all that is expected. THE KING'S GREAT PICTURES.

After one has fortified the inner man (or woman, as the case may be) there is the "Palace of the King" to see. And here one may revel to one's heart's content among the masterpieces of Rubens, Vandyck, Hobbema, Franz Hols and Rembrandt. Kings have too many of this world's good things! It seems to me they might content them-selves with their superb palaces and dis-

quite a slender stem, and with the shade of white or yellow silk, fringed so as to retribute some of their priceless works of art among their friends. There is a magnificent semble the flower from which they take their garden connected with this palace. The Empress Josephine loved it very much. It was a favorite retreat of hers. But Napoleon loved her at that time and A well-known New York furnisher is

whatever he gave her found favor in her eyes. I think it was rather a quoted by the Clothier and Furnisher as follows: "I have considerable dealing with nice gift myself, this beautiful palace. But he should not have taken up his resiwomen all the year round-in fact, I make a positive bid for their custom. There are dence there with Marie-Louise as he did after he had tired of Josephine and divorced thousands of them pass the door every day, her. It was not good form. One looks for better things in a Napoleon. Then there is the Palais of the "Comte de and I have added little toilet articles to my

stock suitable equally for a gentleman's dressing room or a lady's boudoir. These I display conspicuously in the window. If you can once get them into the store it is easy enough to remind them that there are many pretty things on exhibit, and as every Flandre" with its decorated stairose, its Van der Stappen sculptuary and Wautus paintings. Above all, there is its four gobelin tapestries, representing the "Elements," of a value impossible to estimate; and the woman has some man, be he father, brother, husband or sweetheart, she cares for, the 'Palais des Academies'' and the "Palais de la Nation," built by Marie-Therese, and the "Royal Museum of Paintings," and idea has put many dollars in my pocket. I shall, of course, buy some specially decora-tive goods in neckwear, suspenders and in other articles where especial embellishment may be added, but not so heavily will I bank on the bad tastes of the ladies as here-tofore. Whether because of experience or "Gallery of Antiquities," and "Palace of Fine Arts," and "Sciences and Lectures," and heaven knows what all. Of course, one sees the "Hotel de Ville," and the "Bourse," and the new "Palace of Justice" buildings unparalleled in magnitude and splendor. ecause of the satire heaped upon them, or

FAMED IN SONG AND STORY.

for whatever reason, womankind seems to have developed a more practical view of what men would like to wear." And the lamous Manikin, that small, modest boy who has the manipulation of the water of the fountain in the Rue de l'Eluve, The fashionable woman has renounced one near the Rue de Chene. This little Manihear the represents a Cupid, dates back to into church with? the year 1619, and was the work of Du-quesnoy. He is famous in song and story, fance.

nothing real there but the relics, which the guide digs up before your very eyes. These are bullets and bits of old flint-locks, swords or even whole cannons. It does not take away from the reality to know that he buried them again to be dug up for the benefit of the next comers. They are perfectly real and come from the manufactory of "the relies of the battle of Waterloo," in the street of the Holy Ghost in Brussels. LILLIAN SPENCER.

OF REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

Curious Examples of What This Faculty of Man Hath Accomplished.

From Spare Momenta.] There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse 40,000 words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician, about 60 years ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without making a mis-take, although he had not read it for 20

years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the years. whole of Virgil's "Æneid" and could remember the first line and the last line of very page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he ecame blind. One kind of retentive memory may be

considered as the result of sheer work, a de-termination toward one particular achievenent without reference either to cultination or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in human life in regard to the Bible. Au old beggarman at Stirling, known 50 years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart, insomuch that if a sentence was read to him be ould name the book, chapter and verse; or if the book, chapter and verse were named, he could give the exact words.

A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal in-necuracy. Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat he ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the Book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied, "There is no such a verse. That chapter has only 89 verses." Gassendi has acquired by heart 6,000 Latin verses, and in order to give his memory ex-ercise he was in the habit daily of reciting 600 verses from different languages. dicted to it.

STORIES IN CONGRESS.

Nye Doesn't Respect the Man Who Can't Catch a New One There.

A Congressman who has served one term and cannot tell his constituents at least one good newstory-or new at least-ought not to be re-elected, says Bill Nye. I would as soon think of going to Duluth and building a big ice machine on the frapped bosom of that great American Bay of Naples as to attempt new story in the presence of a member of

after a day or two in the cloak rooms and restaurants of the Capitol, would go home and proceed to plow corn till called home by the hand of death.

Nothing, in Chicago. New York World.]

husband was present at the wedding and gave your eldest daughter away?

thing," went on Julia, when the canvas ion. displayed the advertisement of a man that sold bird cages. or he would not have flirted openly on Fifth

ship. One of the most beautiful, amiabl

and beloved ladies in New York society died

avenue with two strange girls." And in the innocence of their young and Just then the transparency changed to rather confusing sign: "Buy your baby car-risges at Bunkum & Co.'s." The lovers foolish hearts the two merry jades forgot the foolish hearts the morning. episode of the morning. CLARA BELLE. moved on.

HER DEAD LOVER'S NAME. Now let us consider a sad episode of court BATHING HABITS OF BIRDS.

The Spectator.]

Interesting Things Which a Watchful Scrutiny Will Reveal.

a few days ago, and now there is a senti-mental story concerning her. She was about 35 years old when she died, and had We never seen hawks or falcons bathing long been a mystery to her friends. Blessed when wild. Trained birds, in good health, with loveliness of person, grace of manner and abundant fortune she never showed any bathe almost daily, and the bath of a peredisposition to enjoy life, her greatest pleas-ure being what could be obtained from the grine falcon is a very careful performance But no nymph could be more jealous of a quietest of triendships with a few ladies of witness than these shy birds, and it middle age. Men she only tolerated, and is not until after many careful while she was relentlessly pursued by a host of ardent swains, she only smiled sadly and glances in every direction that the falcon descends from her block and refused their offers of marriage one by one. wades into the shallow bath. In her eyes there was a great shadow o Then, after more suspicious glances, she thrusts nelancholy, and the few who knew her well said there was a deep sorrow in her heart, of her broad head under the water and flings it on to her back, at the same time raising the which she never spoke. It was whispered which she never spoke. It was whispered that 15 years ago current gossip hinted of a probable marriage between this woman and a licetenant in the navy, but this licetenant went on a cruise to the East Indies and died there of a fever. Now, it is said, there is a feathers and letting the drops thoroughly soak them. After bathing head and back, she spreads her wings and tail fan-like on the water, and rapidly opens and shuts them, after which she stoops down and splashes the drops in every direction. The romance attached to the lady's life. No one bath over, she flies once more to the block, and turning her back to the sun spreads knows how the assertion was first started, but it is stated that she died a broken-hearted every feather of the wing and tail, raises woman, the victim of an ungratified love. It was only learned the other day that on her those on the body, and assists the process of arm, in blue India ink, was the name of the drying by a tremulous motion im narted to

every quill, looking more like an old cor-morant on a buoy than a peregrine. It man had nothing better to learn from the animals than the great lesson that clean-liness means health, the study of their habits would be well repaid, and it is not the least eproach to be brought against our own one that women cultivate with especial care. Zoological Gardens, that these fine hawks A perfume may be made to play an import-ant part in individual magnetism. A clever beauty may always suggest violets to such a delicate exteat that her presence and falcons, while deprived of liberty, are denied the only means of that cleanliness which would make captivity endurable. when would make captivity endurable. (The peregrine falcons at the Zoo are kept in a cage sanded like a canary bird's with no bath at all, and no room to spread their wings.) Sparrows chaffinches, robins, and, is the would be a caress to a blind man. No matwould be a caress to a bind man. No mat-ter how we may regard the use of periumery as a vulgarity—and it certainly is one when employed by vulgar persons—it can be ap-plied with a skill that must please the most fastidious of sentimentalists, and for that in the very early morning, rooks and wood nigeons bathe often. One robin we knew always took his bath in the falcon's bath af-ter the hawk had finished. The unfortunate reason nearly all fashionable women are ad-London sparrow has few shallow places in which he can bathe, and a pie dish on the leads delights him. If the dish be white, his grimy little body soon leaves evidence When once the peculiar fragrance of a particular woman is known, how delicious to eatch a slight flutter of it on a little note asking you to dine! Or, if one is not even

that his ablutions have been genuine.

Old Story of Cannibalism.

or at the time at the expense of those

An International Match.

(A Farce in Few Words.)

SHE: Money.

HE: Honey. PARSON: Done-y. MOBAL

York World, 1

BOOTS FILLED THE COFFIN. A St. Louis Phenomenon That Recalls an

There is a certain young Romeo in New York society whose manly form and beauti-ful countenance have succeeded already in providing him with half a dozen Juliets. Suddenly after successive escapades of more or less momentous nature, the remarkable fellow was confronted by a young maiden ually penetrated a lead coffin. Roger Will-iams, the Connecticut evangelist, had been buried for some years, and his coffin was dug up for removal to another cemetery. It was found that the apple tree root had not only penetrated the casket, but had act-ually filled the inside, and apparently nourished itself and flourished on the evancedist's remine. There was a good deal with large brown eyes of extraordinary in-mocence, clear, golden hair worn all simply in a single coil, a tender mouth and a neck like a lily. He courted her almost scornfully, while she fell in love with him seri ously. She seemed too ingenuous. His cynicism had taught him to mistrust all evangelist's remains. There was a good deal who had eaten the fruit of that intrusive womankind, and he made a wager with him-self that the girl with the brown eyes was apple tree, and who were charged

the greatest firt on his string of acquaint-ances. It so happened that the irresistible young man one day received a note from his pecies of cannibalism. New meek slave. After he had read it he lifted it to his face. Then he started as though

surprised. "It is not perfumed," he muttered; and he pressed it to his face again and repeated his observation. "Not perfumed; by Jovel thus little one is different from the others. I'll bet she's worth marrying." THEY DOTE ON POULTRY.

Poultry is abundant. Every other person who goes to market seems to purchese fowls of some description, and it is one of the most common of sights to see well-dressed persons with dressed poultry dangling from their hands or obstinately sticking out of crowded market baskets. By making a single purchase at certain stores upon the market streets, you can have any quantity of market produce sent to your address, so you will meander through the market filling your basket, then carry them to the store and purchase perhaps a can of fruit.

eggs, butter or flowers and within two hours all the purchases are at your door. The tenderest of chickens are 40 cents a pair; ducks are very abundant and can be had for 25 cents or 30 cents each, according to size. Turkeys are constantly in the market at 10 cents a pound. Quails are \$1 a dozen, pigeons are the same, but are not often seen in the market. Rabbits and squirels are 20 to 25 cents a pair; venison squireis are 20 to 20 cents a pair; venisou the same as in Pittsburg. Oysters are 50 cents a quart, higher than in Pitts-burg, but there is less demand for them here. Fish, however, are cheap

and delicous, as we are very near the lakes. White fish are 8 cents a pound, and all others in proportion. Cranberries are sold by the pound here, at 12 cents a pound. Eggs are 20 cents a dozen at present, and the choicest butter 20 cents a pound, the highest price; at wholesale it can be had for 18 cents a pound in tubs.

DAIRY PRODUCTS AND FRUIT.

The purest of creamery milk is to be had for 5 cents a quart, and is delivered every morning and evening. Cheese manufactured here sells for 10 cents a pound. Honey is cheap and delicious, being 12 cents a pound. Lemons are 40 cents a dozen, oranges are not in market and we hardly ever see a banana. California grapes, however, are quite common, retailing at 20 cents a pound. A Rhode Island gentleman, a confeo

tioner, who every year buys great quanti-ties of eggs here, says that besides being cheaper the Canadian eggs have a body, or strength, that makes them very desirable for confections. He now has to pay the McKinley law duty, but he still takes the eggs. Turkeys and eggs are being shipped to Great Britain from here. The turkeys cost 95 cents each in Montreal, and should they survive the journey they are expected to bring \$4 or \$5 each. Large quantities of eggs are being shipped also, packed in straw. They command high prices, and there is no reason why farmers should cur-

tail their egg production. But there are two things in this part of Canada which are certainly higher than in Pittsburg; they are coal and kerosene. Coal The intrusion of a root into a pipe at St. retails at \$5 50 a ton in the fall. Keroseno Louis, and growing until it filled the pipe from the Canadian oil wells is 25 cents gallon; the American product, i. e.: the Pennsylvania product, is 30 cents a gallon! and caused a small flood, recalls a case in the East in which an apple tree root act-

These prices are nearly the same as those in Toronto, and it is possible for people with limited income to live very comfortably here for much less than in Pittsburg. SYLVIA C. BALIS.

Queerest Order on Record. Kansas City Times.]

A retail groceryman in a country town can get more peculiar orders for goods than all other businesses combined. In fact, if I ever aspired to be a humorist at secondhand, I should watch the retail groceryman's mail. The Winchester Democraf, a Kentucky paper, the editor of which swears by his tripod to forsake all bourbon liquors and to driuk pale ale if his story be unitie, siys that a groceryman in his town received an order that read this way: "Dere sir-Ples send me 4 pounds of cofe and some te. My wife had a boy last night, also ten pounds of cheese and a rat trap. He wayed 9 pounds, and a hatchet and nails."

acquainted with a gentle correspondent, how one tries to judge her nature by the fla-vor contained in her note paper. Perfume is mighty; and yet, let me tell of an incident where its charm was not valued. NO SCENT TO THE PAPER.

Congress. Boccaccio, Arabian B. Knights, or Balzac,

Mr. Straitlace-I understand your first

Chicago Lady-Oh, yes, it was quite a family affair, My second husband played the organ, my third husband served the breaktast, my fourth husband was the offi-

Ciating clergyman-Mr. Straitlace-And your fi'th husband? Chicago Lady-Oh, I am getting a divorce from him. Mr. Straitlace-And whom did you come

Chicago Lady (surprisedly)-With my

lientenant that died when she was a young girl. POWER OF A PERFUME. The subtle charm of sweet odors is almos equal to that of music, and the art of being delight to the olfactory sense of man in