BEAUTY AT THE TUB.

The Lovely Laundresses of Paris Are Subjects for the Artists' Brush.

CHEEKS LIKE THE ROSES.

Hair in Glossy Raven Locks and Ankles Rare in Shoes of Wood.

THE PUBLIC WASHING HOUSES.

Scenes Along the Streams When the Pretty Women Are at Work.

GORGEOUS STREET PARADE EACH YEAR

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



canopy the Department of the Seine, the table linen-not forgening that a French napkin is always large enough for a tea cloth-the bed linen, etc., etc., and we have a startling heap of

The cleansing of this mountain is not done | times most entertaining quarreling. Now

clothes are rinsed and blued. They look white enough, but the transformation is not all due to the paddle and brush. Unfortunately for the Parisian linen, the laun dresses use ruinous quantities of a fluid which rots things shockingly.

If the washer can afford it she can now From Inspector Byrnes' Diary.

garments. It makes the drying much easier

-and drying is a grave question where space is limited and custom large. The laundries along the Seine and many

of those in the city have drying rooms above the washrooms. Here the clothes are

A Family Washing for Fifty Cents.

as thousands in our American cities must wash in their one living room or not at all.

This unfortunate alternative philanthropi

Parisians have been trying at intervals fo

40 years and more to change by establish-

made in 1850, the Government having ap-propriated \$150,000 to testing the English

system of public baths and laundries. The experiment failed. Several reasons are given for the failure. A curious but plaus-

le one is that the new laundry followed

the English plan and separated the stalls by high screens so that a worker was cut off

entirely from her neighbors. Anyone who

has watched the scene of sociability in a

French laundry, or who has read Zola's faithful description of it in "L'Assom-

moir," will appreciate this explanation. Fifty to 100 women gather at their tubs, and

above their beating, splashing and brushing

rises a torrent of chaff, gossip and some

cents a hanging is charged.

healthy

have her clothes put through an iron wringer for 5 cents. This machine is of great usefulness in the Paris laundries, for A PRETTY LITTLE PICKPOCKET, it practically exhausts the water from the

Then a Bold Blackmailer and Then a High

A FAIR ADVENTURESS

Roller in Europe. HER DARING ESCAPS FROM SING SING

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

hung very close together. The sides of the building are made of shutters and the clothes are dried by cold air. Twenty-four hours in these rooms cost 4 cents a few laundries have hot-air drying rooms where 5 A newspaper in Detroit, Mich., recently published a series of articles written by a woman, now a resident of that city, whose career of crime and adventure is without a It is estimated here that the cost of a family washing, which requires not over two hours of the woman's time at the laun-dry, is, including her time, about 50 cents. It is plain that for a great many Parisian parallel in history. This woman has been known by many aliases in America and Europe, but her real name is Mrs. Sophia Lyons. She was a professional workmen this expense is too great. Many compromise, soaking their linen at home, criminal and adventuress for 30 years, and carrying it to the laundry to wash, wringing it by hand and drying it either before their her last arrest, which occurred in Paris in 1888, came near developing into an interfire or from the window. Many, of course, national question. She was then living in perform the entire operation in the family Paris under the assumed name of De Varney, and having plenty of money she This practice all the world admits is unlived in the best style, and no one suspected healthy. Worse, it is ruinous to the com-fort and the good nature of everybody in

Pittsburg. the vicinity. It anything will drive hus-band and children away from home it is to have to sit within reach of the steam of a When she was arrested her friends appealed to the American Minister in her wash tub, yet hundreds of families in Paris behalf, and by that means obtained her release, and she was able to get out of the country before her identity could be established. The remarkable history of this woman is told for the first time in this story, a complete record of her crime and adventures having been kept by Inspector Byrnes, of New York City, the whole making one of the most interesting chapters of his diary.

> Too Pretty to Be Prosecuted. In 1859 a pretty girl 12 years old was arreited on the streets of New York for picking pockets. She was identified as Sophia Elkins, of Jersey City. She was caught in the act of taking a purse from a lady's pocket, but on account of her beauty and tender years she was not prosecuted. Within a month after her release she was arrested three times for the same offense, but each time the parties she had robbed refused to prosecute because she was so young. The police investigated her case and found that she was working for Kate Gorham, a notorious pickpocket of that day. Still no one would prosecute her and she was al-

lowed to go. At the age of 16 the girl met Maury Harris, a famous pickpocket and thief, and after a brief courtship they were married. Two weeks after the wedding the bride was arrested for picking pockets, was tried, con-victed and sent to State's prison for two years. She served the full term and after her release turned shoplifter, at which she was successful for a time. She met and fell in love with Henry Newman, alias Dutch Heindrick, a bank robber and sneak thief, and the two lived together for awhile as nan and wife. After a few months they marreled and separated and the woman then met and married Ned Lyons, an all around thief. This marriage was legal, the woman's first husband, Harris, having died ome time before.

She Robbed Millionaire Stewart.

Soon after her second marriage the woman began robbing the store of A. T. Stewart. She was soon detected and one day was arrested with a stolen cloak in her possession. She was convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for five years. Ned Lyons was much attached to his wife and as soon as the prison doors closed on her he began making plans for her rescue. After she had been in prison a short time, her conduct hav-ing been good, she was allowed the liberty of the big prison yard during the day. This was the opportunity

Lyons had been waiting for. He engaged a fine carriage and employed John Killoran, a noted thief, as driver. Taking a well-dressed woman with him, Lyons drove to the Sing Sing prison on a sight-seeing tour. They were admitted and Lyons told his cariage driver, Killoran, to wait for them in the prison yard. Sophia Lyons was in the prison yard when the carriage entered and recognized the driver. He managed to speak to her and she got in the carriage without being seen by the guards and hid under the seat. In this way she was carried out safely. As soon as they were out of the prison Lyons drove his wife to the railroad

station and put her on a train with a ticket to Canada. She got out of the country safely, and in a few months later Lyons bought a house in Detroit, where his wife Bought a flouse With Stolen Money. The house was paid for with money stolen from a bank at Waterford, N. Y., and a few months afterward Lyons was arrested for the robbery, brought back and sent to Sing Sing. Lyons lett his wife in Detroit pennibut she was well able to take care of herself. One day she sent a note to a prominent and wealthy citizen of the town, a man wellknown throughout the country at that time, inviting him to call at her house.

He went and was invited into a private room. As soon as he entered the room she induced him on some pretext to remove his coat. Then she took the coat and threw it out of a window, and drawing a pistol compelled the man to sign a check for \$10,000, payable to bearer. She got the check cashed and her victim would not prosecute her, preferring to lose the money rather than have the matter become public. For a time Mrs. Lyons lived in good style, and when her funds were low she would resort to blackmail.

Finally, the Detroit police found out who she was and she fled to avoid arrest. She went to Boston and, taking rooms at a fash-ionable hotel, lived there for awhile in the character of a wealthy widow from the West. She made many acquaintances, and finally selected a wealthy merchant as a victim for blackmail. She tried the same olan with him that she had so successfully worked in Detroit, only the check was for \$50,000 this time. She got the check, but her intended victim beat her to the bank and stopped payment on it, and she did not get the money

A Duel in New York City. While in Boston Mrs. Lyons made the acquaintance of a gambler and man about town of the name of Brock. They came to New York together. When her husband was released from Sing Sing, he heard the story of his wife's new love, and as soon as he could obtain money enough he purchased a pistol and started out to kill Brock. He walked into the latter's place of business and began shooting at him without a word.

wounding him badly. As soon as she learned that her husband was shot Mrs.

Lyons hurrfed to his side and nursed him back to health. When he recovered they agreed to forget the past and lived together They decided to leave New York and started out to work country fairs, plying their old trade of picking pockets. Lyons soon got into prison again. His wife, after securing a large sum of money, sailed for Europe, where she assumed the name of Mrs. De Varney and the role of a wealthy American lady traveling for her health. She went to Monte Carlo and played heavily, losing large sums of money. she visited various places of interest and finally went to Paris to live. Mrs. Lyons

was getting old at this time, 1888, but

still retained much of her beauty, and, being a woman of considerable intelligence,

she was able to make a good impression and made friends easily. Won an English Nobleman's Heart In Paris she met an English nobleman who became her devoted admirer. In the French capital she lived in good style and her funds were soon exhausted. She had determined to marry the Englishman, and she knew that it was necessary to keep up a show of wealth. When her money was all gone she resorted to her old trade of

release. He appealed to the authorities and invoked the aid of the American Minister. The woman was released after three days' confinement and told that her arrest was a mistake. When she left the prison was a mistake. When she left the prison she forgot her money and jewels. The following day she returned for them and was again arrested and locked up. Her English lover did not desert her and in a few days he had made the matter a sensation in France and America. Long dispatches were sent to American newspapers from Paris about the case, and it was said that the American Minister would demand that the woman he released and a suitable

Fled to the City of the Straits. Many American residents of Paris took an interest in the matter and declared that the arrest was an outrage. The Englishman brought such strong pressure to bear on the brought such strong pressure to bear on the police officers they again released the woman without bail, pending a full investigation of the case. But they were not ratisfied of her innocence, and sent her photograph to Inspector Byrnes with a request that he inform them if he knew the woman.

Mrs. Lyons in some way learned that her photograph had been sent to New York, where it would be compared with the one in the Bounes' Gallery takes saveral years he.

the Rogues' Gallery, taken several years be fore, and without saying goodby to her noble English lover or kind American friends, she left Paris and returned to this country under a new name. She went back to the old home in Detroit, which she still owned. She is living there quietly, and has never been arrested since her return from France. Recently she began writing articles for the newspapers over another name.

Five children were born to Ned and
Sophia Lyons. The eldest, a boy, became a

MEMORIES OF BEECHER.

TALES OF HIS CHILDHOOD THAT

Playing Preacher in the Haymow-His Father's Enthusiasm for Rod and Line -A Hot-Headed Old Fellow Who Didn't Care for Criticism.

Interest in Henry Ward Beecher having rent concerning him in the village of his

Litchfield, the shire-town of the county of the same name in the northeast corner of Connecticut, 1s an aristocratic village with a population of a thousand in the winter and perhaps three times as many in the summer. Its broad streets are lined with regular rows of majestic elms and maples, and flanked with the smoothest and greenest of lawns; it is, in short, a perfect type of the ocautiful New England village. And here it was that from 1810 to 1826 the Beecher home was located. The old Beecher corner is the state of th is still pointed out on one of the principal streets, although the family mansion has been moved a quarter of a mile distant, and forms one of a group of buildings used as a private insane asylum. The old-fashioned windows with their process. windows with their narrow panes are just as they were when the youthful Harriet and Henry Ward peeped from them three-quar

Late in his life the venerable Lyman Beecher revisited Litchfield, and, pointing to the cemetery, said: "There lies my congregation." If not true at that time, it is to day, although about the town are still found a few men who as boys listened to the cidents which follow are related by these eterans, and came from them either direct ly or indirectly to the writer while a resi of Litchfield.

In bygone days one Betsy Collins managed the village school, and at least two of these old men were under the rule of her rod at the same time as the embryo illus trious divine. They describe the wouthfu Henry Ward as a stout but stocky lad shock-headed, with a florid moony face and fair hair. A short jacket reached somewhere toward the middle of his back, and on his temples his hair was plastered down in the old-fashioned "soap locks." As a student he was inattentive and listless, thinking more of leisure than of lessons; but occa sionally he would become interested and surprise the prim old teacher by his ability. This was most often the case on the week! afternoon for "speaking pieces," at which he is described as being "smart as fury;" then it was that the seed germinated which finally flowered in the oratory which in the sixties turned the sympathies of the En-glish people from the Southern Confeder-

A Pulpit in a Haymow. shoulders in sight, would pour forth a torrent of inarticulate sounds, aptly mimic ing the peculiarities of his venerable sire. Then kicking away his pulpit, he would roll heels over head to the edge of the mow

old nag to an unheard-of pace, and rush into the church breathless and annoyed,

even on one occasion Pulling a Fish From His Pocket which the independent parson, as he drew forth a glistening beauty, replied, "then I'll make it respectable.

Of his sermons the schoolmates of his illustrious children do not remember much. But they were vivid and realistic, and full of sulphur, and burning lakes may be imagined from the fact that one of these old

New England divine who was wont to exhort his people "to do as he said, not as he did;" he also played the fiddle. Dyspepsis was one of his foes, and when his digestive organs would become unusually intractable, he would withdraw himself to his study, and there in solitude would saw forth plaintive groanings and grindings of his stomach would be soothed by the doleful

Is the standard. Its many cures have won it praise from Maine to California. Every family and every traveler should be pro-vided with it at all times. No other remedy can take its place or do its work. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.



hearts of the poetry-loving of England, is a tragedy entitled "The Sisters." It is dedicated to Lady Mary Gordon, aunt of the poet. Advance sheets have been secured by THE

DISPATCH, and this is the first American publication.

The interest centers in four young people. Two, Mabel and Anne Dilston, are twin sisters and co-heiresses, and formerly wards of Sir Arthur Clavering. Frank Dilston is the son of Sir Francis Dilston and cousin of the sisters. The hero, so to speak, is Reginald Clavering, cousin of Sir Arthur and just returned from Waterloo, where he is wounded and hence glorified on account of Napoleon's downfall. The scene is Clavering Hall Northumberland.

Reginald thinks that Mabel would be happy only with Frank and, imagining that Frank' love for her is the deeper, asks Frank to take her and never, after the wedding, to mar her happiness by telling her the story of his love. But Frank learns that Mabel loves Reginald, and seeing that Mabel would be most happy with him sets about to bring the two lovers to an understanding, though it cost him his own happiness. He tells Mabel to let Reginald know her teelings. She does so, and a betrothal follows.

When Annie hears of it she says. "I cannot bear it; and I cannot die." The young

quartet are arranging for a play—a tragedy that Reginald has written. In it the characters are strangely like those of the real life the poet is describing. Poison is introduced by which the character Anne assumes kills her rival—the character Mabel assumes. The character Frank assumes stabs that carried by Reginald, and in the play Reginald and Mabel die in each other's arms, while Frank, learning of the poisoning, stabs Anne, and she dies For use in the tragedy, instead of make-believe poison, Anne manages to get hold o some real poison and conceals it on her person after the play is over. Mabel discovers the tempting looking fluid and begs a drink of it. Anne gives her the flask. She drinks and hands the flask to Reginald, who also takes a Jraught. So they die in each other's arms. Mabel and Reginald, in their dying moments, divine the truth, but with their last breaths insist that it was only a terrible accident, for which no one is to blame.

There are nine stanzas in the prelude

sea No less than ever lovely, bright as hope Could hover, or as happiness can be: Fair as of old the lawns to seaward slope. The fields to seaward slant and close and

The springs of earth may slacken, and the

and free, As all the world is girdled with the sea.

Reginald's sacrifice of his love in response him is put in these lines:

that.
I think mock-modesty a mineing lie—
The dirtiest form of self-conceit that is,
Quite, and in either sense the valuest. You
She may not love just yet—but me, I know,
She never will. I ought to say "Thank Being poor, and knowing myself unworthy

-A younger son's son, with a closed career If I on my side loved her as I should And if I knew she would be, as I fear-No, hope she will, happier with you

I should be just a little less unfit To dream that she could love me—which I don't.

Frank—You don't mean that you want me—

Reginald—I do mean I want her to be happy;

What made you go campaigning and come A hero?

Frank says to Reginald that Mabel ought indeed to love him if she only knew how well he loved her. To this Reginald re-

You'll play the traitor, not to me but her— Make her unhappy for the minute. Don't, She would be sorrier than I'm worth, you know,
To think of any sorrow not her own nd given by her unconsciously. She had ways the sweetest heart a girl could have, weetheart!" she might have been the first

girl born Whose lover ever called her by the name. The conclusion of Frank's dialogue with Mabel, in which he discovers her

I love you; but I see how you love him; And think you are right. He loves you more than I— Yes, more than I can—more than most men

chance

The interview between Mabel and Regi-

Will you not tell me what you thought of

Macet—Nothing?
Reginuid—Nothing I can tell you of.
Macet—Was all a mist and whirlwind—like
the shore
Out youder when the northeast wind is
high?

Mabel—And where Has Frank concealed her from all eyes but You are too sharp-sighted, Redgie. Reginald—Did she not Ask me just now what if she knew-she

Have known the answer that I could not make-It was not right or kind to ask!

That ever made a man-untrustworthy. You did not dream or think of any old

friend-Anne, Frank, or me—when you were lying, cut down, Helpless, that hideous summer night? And now

now You will not speak or stir? O, Reginald Must I say everything—and more—and you Nothine? Reginald-My love! Mabell What can It

Mabel—Say
Just that again.
Reginald—How can it bef
Mabel—My love,
How could it be?

Reginald—How have I deserved This? This?

Mabel—How can I tell you? Do you tell me
Now, what you would not fell Frank's
wife.

Reginald—You know
I need not tell you.

Mabel—Tell me, though.

Reginald—I thought
Between the shoots and swoonings, off and
on.

On, How hard it was, if anything was hard When one was dying for England, not Mabel, when I could see the stars, I thought How sweet it was to know they shone on

Asleep or waking, here at home. I thought I could have wished, and should not wish, My whole heart's love back as my life went To find her here and clasp her close and

What I could never—how much I had loved

Then
I thought how base and bad a fool I was
To dream of wishing what would griev
her. Then
I think I fell asleep.

Mabel—And that was all,
Pertured.

Redgie? Re-ainald—And that was all, Mabel. ginald—And that was all, Mabel. tabe!—You did— You did not think, if she had known—if

Asleep and dreaming here, had dreamed of What love she would have sent you back

Yours-how could she be worth it? Did you See, as you lay-know, as your pain sank And died and left you yet not quite usleep—
How past all words she loved you? Reg-

You did not?

Reginate—How should I have dreamed of heaven? I'm not a saint, Mabel, Mabel—And what am I

Mabel—And what am I
Who ask a man what, being the man he is,
He will not ask me—and am not ashamed.
Reginald—You are more than ever a man
whom heaven loved best
Saw shining out of heaven in dreams—
more dear,
More wonderful than angels. How you
can can Care for me really and truly—care for me,

It beats my wits to guess.

Mabel—It's very strange.

Of course; what is there in you to be loved?

Reginald—There's many a true word said in Why, all the world might fall down at your

And you not find a man in all the world Worth reaching out your hand to raise. And It The best luck never finds the best man They say; but no man living could de-

Mabel.—Well, you always were the best to me The brightest, bravest, kindest boy yo were were
That ever let a girl misuse him—make
His loving sense of honor, courage, faith,
Devotion, rods to whip him—literally.
You know—and never by one word or look
Protested. You were born a hero, sir.
Deny it, and tell a louder lie than when
You used to take my faults upon you. How
I loved you then, and always! Now, at last,
You see you make me tell it; which is nor. You see you make me tell it: which is not As kind as might be, or as then you were, leginald—I never was or could be fit for yo To glance on or to tread on. You, wh

Was always all the light of all the world ers, The wonder of all wonders—and your smile The light that lit the dawn up, and your voice A charm that might have thrilled and stilled the sea— You, to put out that heavenly hand of yours And lift up me to heaven, above all stars But those God gave you for your eyes on earth That all might know His angel!

Here is the dialogue between Mabel and Anne after the latter has learned the truth: Anne-I'm sure
I cannot tell you, Mabel. All your thoughts
Are flowers, you say, and flowers as sweet
as these
Whose perfume makes the rose's conns these
Whose perfume makes the rose's coarse
and dull:
And how then could I tell you how to thank
God? He has given you something—
thought or truth,
If truth and thought are not the same—
which I

Cannot, you know, imagine.

Mabel—Ah, you will
Some day, and soon—you must and will. That. Can the world supply me, do you

With such another Redgief
Mabel—That's not fair.
Anne—I must put up with something second rate? Frank, for example—if he'd have me? No, Dear Mabel: be content with happiness; And do not dream it gives you power to play Providence, or a prophet. Is he not Waiting for you—there, by the hawthorns

—there— And, certainly, not wanting mef Mabel—He is! I told him not to come and wait for me.

Anne-I cannot bear it: and I cannot die. A song which occurs in Reginald's play which the young people put on their little stage is given here:

Winter breathed again, and spring Cowered and shrank with wounded wing Down out of sight. May, with all her loves laid low, Baw no flowers but flowers of snow That mocked her flight.

In the fifth act a soliloquy is put into

And always put the time off, tremblingly, As if I loved to live thus, would be worse Than death and meaner than the sin to die. The sin to kill myself—or think of it—I have sinned that sin already. Not a day That brings the day I cannot live to see Nearer, but burns my heart like flames and makes

makes
My thoughts within me serpents fanged with

fire.

He would not weep if I were dead, and she Would. If I make no better haste to die, I shall go mad and tell him—pray to him, If not for love, for mercy on me—cry "Look at me once—not as you look at her, But not as every day you look at me—And see who loves you, Reginald." Ah, God,

God,
That one should yearn at heart to do or say
What if it ever could be said or done
Would strike one dead with shame!

For love of death it is that all things live, And all joys bring forth sorrows. Sorrow and death

Love rose up with crownless head Smiling down on springtime dead, On wintry May. Sorrow, like a cloud that flies Like a cloud in clearing skies, Passed away.

Anne's mouth thus:

Love and Sorrow met in May Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray, And Sorrow smiled. Scarce a bird of all the spring Durst between them pass and sing, And scarce a child.

Love put forth his hand to take Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake, A Workman Poisoned by Too Frequently Her grown of rue.
Sorrow cast before her down
Even for love's sake Love's own crown,
Crowned with dew. Testing for Currents

NEW METHOD OF TEMPERING SPRINGS

The storage battery is slowly, but surely, water is being pumped into the tank or feed cut for the stable. Any intelligent man employed about the grounds can learn to do all that is necessary in the charging and

ell invaluable, as it is found powerful and reliable in the heaviest cautery work.

It is superseding steam and naphtha for pleasure boats in Europe, and there are signs that it will soon come into extensive use for the same purpose in this country. The problem of using stored electricity

for traction work seems every year to be drawing nearer to solution. An installation has just been made in Wurtemburg which German engineers believe is destined at no distant date to remove the distrust which obtains against storage battery traction and prove the commercial practicability of the system on a large scale. The line is two and half miles long, and the locomotive is arranged both to haul a wagon and to carry passengers and light goods inside. The seats for passengers are on either side of the wagon, and under the seats are arranged the storage batteries which energize the motor. The cells are of the Oerlikon type, with a gelatinous electrolyte. They number 100, and weight two tons, the total weight of the locomotive being eight tons.

The line upon which the wagon runs is of normal gauge, with very light gradients.

A fully loaded goods wagon containing 20 tons can be hauled the full length of the line in 20 minutes, and the battery is handled by one of the machine attendants without the supervision of an electrical engineer. That this can be safely and efficiently accom-plished is attributed to the use of the gelatinous electrolyte in the cells, which is

claimed to insure a greater working safety than the usual fluid electrolyte.

An interesting evidence of the importance attached in Europe to developments in this field is the fact that a leading Italian electrical paper has offered a price of \$100. electrical paper has offered a prize of \$400 for the best primary battery fulfilling certain conditions. The competition closes at the end of August.

Advances in Electric Traction.

There are now in America over 450 electric roads, using 10,000 motors, and representing an investment of \$75,000,000, and the efficiency of the electric locomotive is increasing with its adoption. Barely a year ago a leading metropolitan paper ex-pressed a doubt as to whether it was possible to produce an electro-motor that would draw a train of cars at a speed of 20 miles an hour. At a meeting of the New York Rapid Transit Commission last week the question of an underground electric road for the city was considered, and the representatives of a well-known electric company stated their readiness to submit a guaranteed bid for the construction of motors within ten days from the time it should be notified that they were wanted and furthermore that such motors would weigh 60 tons and be capable of drawing 40 cars of the ordinary elevated road type at a speed of 60 miles an of burning out or other trouble.

The Electric Light in Mining.

A great improvement is recorded in the evesight of miners, who by the use of the electric light have been saved from the usual visual strain. The ordinary safety lamp has been found to be responsible for the great prevalence of eye diseases, such as nystagmus, night blindness, etc., and these no longer obtain where the portable electric lamps designed especially for mining work are employed. In these the light-giving body is highly protected, very little heat and neither smell nor smoke is pro-duced. The air is thus unvitiated by nox-

Polsoning by Electricity. The attention of electricians is drawn to singular incident which occurred in Berlin. An electrical workman in testing his cells to see if the current was flowing was in the babit of putting the two ends of the wires in his mouth. He gradually absorbed so much of the soluble salts of copper from the wires as to cause his death. The galvanometer is now substituted in the Berlin workshop for the rough and ready test for-

Some interesting tests with alternating feit coins. The method of a genuine coin, being a good conductor, was held between he poles of the magnet, but a bad coin, not possessing that necessary qualification, imnediately dropped when placed in position.

Tempering Gun Springs by Electricity. The electric current is now used in a French gun factory for tempering gun springs. The springs consist of steel wire, wound spirally, and when they have been brought to a high temperature by the passage of the current the circuit is broken and they are dropped into a trough of water. It is stated that by this method a workman can temper 2,400 springs a day.

Sicilian Awnings, perfectly sun fast, at



A SCENE ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

at home as is usual with us. Paris houses are not furnished with laundries. There is place for neither tubs nor drying racks or lines. Everybody puts his linen out. The weekly washing thus becomes a public ques-

tion in Paris. You Get Your Washing Once a Week.

To the rich it is a matter of small consequence. All through the city there are to be seen neat little black-faced shops over whose doors are printed in white letters the worp Blanchisserie, and in whose windows are specimens of the work done withinbeautiful linea carments, immaculate in whiteness, and ironed and folded so as to look as if just from the factory. These shops employ 10, 15 or 20 girls who Monday more ing go to the homes of the customers for the Tuesday and Wednesday they wash It at a public washing house in the vicinity of the shap, and the rest of the week they spend in ironing. Sunday the linen is returned. The customer pays a good price for good work, and unless he is a foreigner

does not complain if his clothes fall to pieces rapidly. But for the modest Paris household of one servant where economy rules; for the poor who have no servant; for the wives of workingmen who not only manage the household, but work away from home 10 or 12 hours of every day, the weekly washing is a more serious matter. To accommodate their needs, as well as those of the laundresses of the rich, some 400 public laun-dries baye been established in Paris. Many of these are on river, others are quiet streets just off the great boulevards.

A Public Laundry of Paris. A visit to one of these places compels the breathing of a great deal of soap-sudsy steam and the soaking of the boots in the pools and rivulets on the floor, but it is by to means an uninteresting pilgrimage. A preliminary trip should be made about 4 clock in the atternoon of any day save Saturday or Sunday, to see the clothes put stak. At that time the patrons of the place are out in force, the bundles in arms, tell faithfully enough the situation of the bearer-a pitiful tale it is, too, sometimes, Each package handed in is numbered and aped into the big sonking tub where it stays until morning when the owner comes to sock it, paying 2 to 4 cents according to size for its night's lodging, and to do her washing. The laundry is in one reserved room. Near the door is a space reserved over which are sold soap, washing fluid and other necessary supplies for the big soaking tubs and for the great iron wringer. The rest of the room is divided into stalls. It is one of these stalls which the washwoman rents. For I cent an hour, 4 cents a half-day or 8 cents a full day she has the use of a pail, three tubs, a washing box-s rooden box of three sides, waist-high, in which she stands when before her tub and ich protects her from the splashings-e washing brush and paddle and to as much cold water as she wants. She pays a cent a pail for hot water or suds.

She Uses a Paddle and a Brush. Thus equipped, she cleans her linen, but not in the orthodox American way by rubbing on a board. Instead, she spreads the garments one by one on the rough pine able with which her stall is furnished. by turn beats them with a wooden paddle and rubs them with a stiff brush

and then a wandering merchant enters sell ing pins, ornaments, ribbons, what-not, There is a large class of these retailers who make a specialty of the laundries, and the women greet them with joy, gathering about in groups which, if damp, are none the less picturesque, for these healthy Parisian laundresses, wooden shoes on their feet, petti-

coats turned up about their waists, arms moist and curling, are sights for painters. No doubt the best exclanation of the failwash along the Seine or in the courts of the

disappeared, or from the windows.

The publicity of laundry work in France the provinces and to an extent in Pari itself. One cannot go the length of the Seine inside of the city without seeing men in the streams and has given rise to a belief common among strangers in Paris, that the

this unfriendly instrument; a mistake, the quantities of washing fluid do the mischief. A peculiarity of the laundry business in personnel give to each other and their at Mi-Careme-the third Thursday of Lent

A Very Novel Celebration. elects from among its regular habitues a queen. These queens meet with the proprietors of the establishments and elect laundries are busy preparing chariots and costumes for their grand parade. It is costly business, for the price of decorating chariot is from \$20 to \$50, and a show ostume rarely rents for less than \$10. But then Mi-Careme comes but once a year, and

filled with the laundry people, and preceded by cavalry and followed by fantastic adversements on wheels make a long tour of the city. The entire Parisian world turn out to see and help on the tun. Mi-Careine of the present year was the merriest the city has seen for a long time, so old Parisians say. One reason for this was the introduction of novelty-paper confetti. The plaster confetti used so long in Italy has been largely replaced there by tiny round pieces of paper of various colors. Paris, however, has never seen any of this until Mardi Gras of this year. It was a success, and large quantities were prepared for Mi-Careme. The laundresses had the joy of seeing their day celebrated by confetti battles which lasted for hours in the great boulevards and squares, which filled the air with tiny disks until it seemed like a fall of snow, and which left a carpet several inches thick for

the street sweepers of the next day to wrestle with. Little wonder that the Parisians love their aundresses, and celebrate them in song and story and picture since, added to their story and picture queness, they give usefulness and picturesqueness, they give them one of the gayest days of all their gay year. IDA M. TARBELL

bare, cheeks rosy with exercise black locks. ure of the laundry is that the people were wedded to their ways and preferred to houses (a practice then tolerated but never

seen now) and to dry in the vacant lots which were frequent then but have since has given it some novel features. Washing out-of-doors in the streams still prevails in on the quays scrubbing their linen and without finding near the walls women kneeling in their wooden washing boxes pound-ing with a stone the family clothes. The stone is generally used by those who wade

early disintegration of their linen is due to Paris is its compact organization and the loyal allegiance and londness which its At no time is this shown so well as

-a day given up entirely by the city to the laundresses and their merry-making. The preparation for the celebration begins weeks before hand. Each laundry neen or queens. From that time on the Brock drew a pistol and shot Lyons down

have they not been saving for it for months? When the great day comes these chariots

picking pockets, and that was the beginning

of the end of the romance of her life. The Englishman was in love with her, and his heart and title had been laid at her feet. They were all he had to offer her, but she accepted him.

July 17, 1888, she was arrested on a charge of being a pickpocket, and put in prison. Her English lover was furious at what he termed an outrage on an American lady, and he at once went to work to secure her

the woman be released and a suitable apology made to her.

her real character. She once operated in

professional thief at an early age, and died in Auburn prison several years ago. Three daughters grew up respectable women, and one of them is now an inmate of a wellknown convent in New York.

WALTER L. HAWLEY.

LINGER IN LITCHFIELD.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. been reawakened by the recent articles of his wife, it may not be inopportune to make public certain local traditions which are curchildhood

ters of a century ago.

Beecher as a Boy.

In these early days his pulpit power likewise had its beginning. Not far from the schoolhouse was a barn in which the boys played. Here he would climb to the mow, make of hay a barricade somewhat resem-bling his father's piano-box pulpit, and standing behind it with only his head and

and jump down among his highly satisfied and appreciative audience.

Both Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," were born in Litchfield. Their father was a man of decided only the same and the s of decided opinions as well as ability, and was accustomed to do pretty much as he was inclined without regard to the thoughts of the elders and prominent pillars of his parish. To relieve the monotony of his regular duties he was accustomed to lure with rod and line the finny tribe, a sport in which he greatly delighted. It is claimed that not infrequently while fishing at "The Pond" a mile away, he would forget all about an afternoon service, and would re member it only when he heard the ringing of the bell. Then he would urge his staid

is he ascended the pulpit steps. One unfrequented road, when he was interrupted by one of the deacons. This grave old man remonstrated with his pastor, saying that uch recreation was not even respectable; to

entlemen recalls that "they scared even us oys like thunder." Fishing was not the only fault of this old

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhos



The latest work of Algernon Charles Swinburne, who stands next to Tennyson in the

Hall, Northumberland. Both sisters are in love with Reginald. The two young men are in love with Mabel.

SOME OF THE POETIC PASSAGES.

which are the embodiment of a child's re membrance. The last two stanzas follow: Sun, moon, and stars behold the land and

But where of old from strong and sleepless wells
The exulting fountains fed their shapely shells,
Where light once dweit in water, dust now dwells.

Sun
Find no more laughing lustre to relume
Where once the sunlight and the spring
seemed one;
But not on heart or soul may time or doom
Cast aught of drought or lower with aught
of gloom
If past and future, hope and memory, be
Ringed round about with love, last bound
and free.

She does not. Come, we need not talk of

I can't do that, quite; if I could, and did,

as for you,

If I don't want you to be miserable
It only shows I am not quite a cur.

Frank—You never were; but if you meant m

And that, please God, she never will. When And she are married, if you tell her so,

Reginald, is:

Love even you. You are no mate for me, I am no mate for you, the song says. Well, So be it, God send you happiness with him! He has done more than give you up—give All chance of you-he would not take the That honor, as he thought, forbade. Do you Reward him.

Mabel—You remember our old rides—
Tell me about your ride at Waterloo.
Reginald—More like a swim against a charge It was, than like a race across the moor Yonder. fabe:—But when a breaker got you down. When you lay hurt it might have been

That I can fancy. But when sense came back
You thought of nothing you can tell me of,
Reginald? nothing?
Reginald—Nothing I can tell Any one—least of all, women or men, Frank's wife that is to be, Mable.

Mabel—Not she.
Reginatd—Nable!
Moble—She's innocent, at least.
Reginald—You mean—?
Mable—I mean she is not here. Nor anywhere But in the sillest dreamest brain alive— The blindest head cheating the trusties

Have need of life and love to prey upon Lest they too die as these do. What am I That I should live? A thousand times it seems
I have drawn this flasket out to look on it and dream of dying, since first I seized it —stole,
And Arthur never missed it. Yet again
The thought strikes back and stabs me,
what are they,
What are they all, that they should live,
and I

Die? Arthur told me, surely, that this Was pangless-swift and soft as when be-We slok away to sleep. If sin it is, I will die praying for pardon: God must see
I am no more fit to live than is a bird
Wounded to death;
fabel—Indeed we did. Is that a property You have kept about you?

dand—What? where? this—ah no,

A—something for a touch of cold I caught
Last night—I think at least it was last

night.
Arthur prescribed it for me.
Arthur prescribed it for me.
I am hourse—I am sure I must be hourse to-day With rattling out all Redgie's rant-much more
Than you did.
Anne—No; you do not want it.
Mabel—Anne!

Mabel—Anne:
Anne—You cannot want it, Mabel.
Mobel—How can you
Know? Don't be positive—and selfish. Anne-ThereTake it. No-do not taste it, Mabel.
Mabel-Look.
Redgie, how strange a pretty color! Why.
One wants a name to praise it—and it Like miles on miles of almond blossom,

Like miles on miles of almond blossom, all
Condensed in one full flower. If this had been
The poison Anne and you prepared for me, I really would have taken it last night And not pretended, as I did, to sip, And kept my lips dry.

Reginald—Does the flavor match
The color?

Maotel—It's a sweet strange taste. Don't you Try; you won't like it.

Reginald—Let me know, at least. [Drinks. Anne—You do not yet; or do you now know? Mintel—Anne!
What have we done—and you? What is it?

Anne-Death,
Mahel. You see, you would not let me die
And leave you living:
Mobel-Death? She is mad-she is mad!
Reginald, help us-her and me-but her
First. -I can hardly help n

Regintal—1 can nardly help myself
Sit you down by me.
Anne—Can the sun still shine?
I did not mean to murder you.
Mubel—And yet
We are dying, are we not—dying? To die, and never sin again or see How happy past all dreams of happiness You, whom he loved, and he, who loved you, were.

BABY'S RECORD FOR AN HOUR.

Bachelor Uncle Makes a List of His

Nephew's Little Escapades. Chicago Inter-Ocean. 1 Mr. T. Dumley Ragor is the good-natured bachelor of the family, and uncle to the child, and was left in charge of the baby while everyone else was away. Out of curiosity he made a list of what the baby did in one hour: 1, yelled 15 minutes without taking breath; 2, pulled enough hair from his uncles hair and whiskers to stuff a sofa pillow: 3, further decorated the wall paper as high as he could reach with the poker; 4, broke a glass vase by sitting down on it: 5, swallowed six buttons and a good part of a skein of thread; 6, emptied the contents of his mother's workbasket into the fireplace; 7, tried to squeeze the head of the cat into a cup, and was badly scratched in the at-tempt; 8, knocked the head off a fine wax doll belonging to his sister by trying to drive a tack into a toy wagon with it; 9, fell off the edge of the sota, and brough down two costly vases, which were ruined: 10, broke two panes of glass with a stick his uncle let him have; 11, fell into coal scuttle and spoiled his white dress, 12, set fire to carpet while uncle was out of the room hunting up somthing to amuse him; 13, crawled under the sofa, and would not ome out unless uncle gave him the jampot; 14, got twisted among the legs of a chair which had to be broken to get him out 15, poured a jug of milk into his mother's slippers; 16, finally, when he saw his mother coming, he ran to the door and tumbled off the steps, making his nose bleed and tearing hole a foot square in his dress.

And still the youngster's uncle thinks that the boy will make something yet. Electric Ounckery.

A despicable trading on the popular faith n the virtue of electricity is recorded in the English electrical papers. In the window of a store in Fleet street, London, is exhibited a pair of shoes labeled "electro-force shoes." These shoes are slowly revolved by clockwork, and their gyrations cause erratic movements on two large magnets placed near them. The window is constantly surrounded by a gaping crowd, gazing at the "greatest invention of the age." The public are requested to step inside and re-ceive a pamphlet explanatory of the phenomenon. The pamphlet starts off by say-ing that "electricity, magnetism and odic force are the mighty forces of nature no employed in so many ways for the benefit of mankind." These shoes are charged with die magnetism and are patronized, "of course," by members of royal families. Odie force is continuous in its action and passes through any known substance as demonstrated by its action on a balanced magnetic needle. This odic force "cures ender feet, cramp, chilblains and even bronchitis, and the electro-force shoes soothe the nerves and renew brain power." The magnet which is concealed in the sole affects th needle, and thence the eye and the pocket of the nurchaser, and that is all magnetism" or "odic force" is an unmean-ing term, and is simply part of a quack attempt to promise cures under guise of plausible names.

What is more refreshing than a good night's sleep! But you can't sleep in a bed full of bedbugs. Bugine will clean them out effectually. 25 cents at all dealers.

CABRARA AWNINGS-Don't fail to see if you want awnings. At Mamaux & Son's, 339 Penn avenue. Tel. 1972. Thau STORAGE A SUCCESS.

It Will Not Be Long Before the Battery Is Made Practicable.

NONSENSE OF AN ELECTRIC SHOE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

asserting itself. A recent electrical invention is a portable storage cell, which is delivered, charged, by the company owning it, at any house in the city, and called for at a given time for recharging, a charged cell being left in its place. The average cost for horse power used will be a little higher, but no extra expense for labor is incurred. The storage cell, either provided charged or fed from the dynamo of the user, is now employed for innumerable purposes where an extra supply is needed, in factories, stores and warehouses, office buildings, theaters and public halls, hotels and apartment houses and electric light stations. A country house provided with a small engine may have electricity stored for evening use while

management of the battery.

Physicians and surgeons find the storage

ious fumes, and a common source of danger, the temptation to trim the light or to light

merly employed, the danger of which was not before realized. Electric Test for Spurious Coins. currents and a particular form of magnet have been made in England. Among the experiments shown was one which illustrated a new method of detecting counter-

