But we cannot all afford solid silver belta.

It doesn't matter much, for there are many

perfectly plain solid silver buckle, having

After a Parthan Fancy

passing, if necessary, a good-sized figure and size together again to fit the petit form of the little body, who inherited it

with other treasures from a wealthy mother, but who now works hard for her daily

bread with little else to remind her of former luxuries, through a father's villainy.

dark and light crape, with chenille dotted and satin striped borders, costing \$1 50

each. They are to be worn crossed in the

back and brought forward under the chin. They are becoming, especially if age is be-ginning to leave its marks round the ears

or blue, arranged in a butterfly bow on a

stiff foundation. Enamel butterfly pins

Large jabots of lace or chiffon are becom-

ing to tall women, but should be avoided

Sham fronts of polks dotted silk imitating

blouses to be worn with cutaways, cost

\$3 and \$4, but can be made at home for half

A white blezer is sure to be one of the

ecessities of the summer wardrobe, to be

Chatelaines continue to have trinkets of

every variety possible, to which must be

added the shut up or pocket fan, prettily

Scented fans, grotesquely painted, are in

WOLCOTT KNOWS A GOOD THING.

His Reply to a l'ostscript to a Lette

Requesting a Railroad Pass.

Edward O. Wolcott, the man who nom-

inated Blaine at Minneapolis, has almost as

magnetic and striking personality as the

England dinner speeches. His gifts of or-

atory, his fluent diction, his brilliant wit.

conspicuous in a body of dignified states-

His mouth is large, and is expressive of

one of his distinguishing characteristics—determination. His voice is resonant and

genuine conoclast, and is constantly over-throwing precedents and violating the proprieties. He is the only United States

senator who ever attended a session of that

body attired in a neglige shirt of the race course pattern, a silk sash, a variegated

tie, and russet shoes. He is one of the most fascinating men and

the Senator was quite a young man is in-

desired a pass to Denver. She wrote to a

lady friend, who was well acquainted with Mr. Wolcott, asking her to request a pass from him. And then, like all women, she wrote a postscript, which in this instance was as follows:

P. S.-I wish you would also send me one

of those P. D. corsets; the kind you wore when I was last in Denver. I think they are

The lady received the letter, being in

very much of a hurry, and momentarily torgetting all about the postscript, indorsed a request on the back and forwarded the

her number. Very respectfully, E. O. Wolcort.

Old Memories,

Of children on the grassied leas, Of daisy blooms and humming bees, Of shadowed mounds bedewed with tears, Old memories.

And through the gathered mysteries, That hang like veiling mists or seas, You bring us where the bound'ry near The world in which our dead appears, But only touch the minor keys— Old memories.

Mary Hausen in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Old memories with ballowed glees,

You echo in your melodies, Your songs are of the other years, Or other joys and other cheers, In other chords and harmonies.

ust too lovely for anything.

promptly as follows: Dear Madam-I end

DOT DIMMICK.

ornamented with silver.

a public speaker.

worn with a white veil and white parasol.

share favor with the bow knot.

by the stout.

that sum.

Imported veils are seen two yards long in

Novel Sights at the Break of Day Where London Gets Its Food Supply.

FLOWERS IN PROFUSION.

Hardy Women Who Carry Prodigious Burdens on Their Heads.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH COMBINED.

A Pathetic Picture of the Career of Mrs. James Brown Potter.

LITTLE MARSHALL WILDER'S SUCCESS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.) LONDON, July 1 .- Covent Garden Market in the early morning is one of the sights of London-a sight, however, that visitors more often promise themselves to see than see. Working London isn't up and about as early as is Pittsburg-whether owing to the dull sky or the overnight beer I can't ray; and the market at 6 o'clock in the r orning is reached without meeting half a dozen people in a 20 minutes' walk, those one meets being usually the drabs and wrecks, soggy with gin or beer, who are staggering from their doorway lodgings, rubbing their eves and stretching their limbs to grovel through another day.

Convent Garden Market is the great

wholesale supply depot from which London is fed, where all the small dealers buy their fruit, vegetables and flowers, and in the three divisions there are acres of crates, boxes, burrels and hampers, particularly hampers, for the English rather run to hampers, filled with tons of vegetables and fruit, and thousands of pots of flowers. This is one place where there are life and movement at dawn, and plenty of them. There is quick buying and selling-that is, it's quick considering that it's English, for an Englishman must live a very long life indeed to accomplish much in the leisurely manner things are done here.

Where Aristocrat and Pieblan Meet. There are buyers from all parts of London-big, prosperous looking Englishmen laying in the good things for the lordly stomachs of Mayfair, and dirty chaps from the East End getting the supply for the less fastidious folk down Whitechapel way. Women are scarce in the vegetable and fruit divisions, except women who sell, and It's just as well that they are so, for, with the boxes and crates and hampers being hurried through the aisles, five minutes is a long interval during which not to get a whack on the head from a projecting corner or not to be involuntarily enthroned on a erate of potatoes or barrel of cabbages, while the light and airy persiflage of the hucksters and green grocers is quite enough in itself to induce women to stay at home The flower market is the place for them, however, and they are there in armies, from the tourist to the porteress. The flower trade is an immense one. There are few English tables, except of the humbles that are not decorated with potted plants of cut flowers, and a tew houses of any preten-sion that are without flowers in the windows, along the balconies, or in the back yard-which is dignified into a "garden" here, and not decorated with an ash heap, empty cans or broken china and tinware that has outlived its usefulness.

The English Revel in Flowers. elimate, and are one of the regular items in every good housekeeper's expense account. flower market is quite as big as either of the others, and there are pyramids and tiers and shelves of potted plants and cut flowers in it. Ask the price of them, and you are told the rate per dozen, for the trade is so big that the dealers never suspect a buyer as wanting such a trifle as one or two pots. It is a beautiful display and one that would delight a woman's heart if she could view it calmly, but there's such a confusion of hasty buying and selling that one only gathers a jumbled impression of a color-hash and a notion that the Garden of Eden must have smelled like this.

Everything, from the rarest of orchids, at a guinea a pot, to our common field daisy, at 6 shillings for a dozen pots, is on sale. There are ten roses and moss roses lying or beds of cotton; soft, pale prinroses-that are poor little things after all to have inspired a poet-tied up in bunches like bunches of cress and piled in masses on the stands; there's the "wee modest, crimsontipped flower" that Bobby Burns said tender things about, at sixpence a pot; there are palms as tall as I am, waiting to stand guard round some dainty woman's tea table; there are roses, with stems half a yard long, in which a duchess' nose may be buried, hob-nobbing in a friendly way with gay, sancy little nasturtiums, that may find their way to an attic window and a humble heart.

Blossoms for Funera's and Weddings. There are tiny white blossoms that may be gently laid in waxen fingers on calm dead hearts, cuddling close to warm-tinted carnations, rose buds, and the like, that are destined to be worn in the buttonhole of some careless youth of hopeful age. There's mignonette, with its pretentious shyness with its over-rated sweetness pansies, "for thoughts," dear, kindly-faced companions; ox-eye daisies, jolly tellows; graceful sweet peas; tulips, flaunting vulgarians; lilies of the valley, with "tremulous bells, whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale;" feathery kiss-me-quick, jaunty bachelors' buttons, tiresomely decorative hydrangeas, great, coarse flowery rhododendrons, flowing geraniums, and it

does seem all things green and bright that were made to beautify the earth. One buys and wonders what to do with them. A pudgy woman wearing an apron-tied round an ample waist, and a wadded black roll like a good big sausage curled round on her head, volunteers to "Tike 'um' ome fur you liedy," and "tike 'um" she will for a shilling or so, according to the distance. All the porter work in the flower market is done by women. They are licensed to do it, and it is truly marvelous to see them carrying the great bas-kets on their heads. Just think of carrying a big basket filled with 10 or 20 flower pe each filled with earth and flowers, on one's head for half an hour, crossing busy streets and dodging carts and cabs the while! They do it, and carry them as steadily as though

they were nailed to them. Women Who Farm Out Their Work, Some of the old women, wise in their day, farm out the work. They possess the licenses, contract to do the work, and indeed go so far as to carry the baskets out of the market house when a shambling fellow or stocky, cow-taced young woman appears on the scene, takes the basket from the old woman and trudges along with it while the boss of the job trots along behind, gives her orders and pays two or three pence for the labor. Sometimes the portresses strike for higher pay when they set their burdens down at a buyer's door, and if they don't get it—and a policeman isn't in sight—they express their disappointment in language that stamps a longehoreman's remarks under high pressure as choice and elegant diction

Picturesque figures they are trudging along the streets in the early morning with a veritable garden of gav flowers nodding their pretty heaps over the sides of the basket, but at times they carry with them a suggestion of such grim poverty that the flowers seem cruelly gay. I've met them

coming from the market, one a little, bent old creature wearing a black satin skirt trimmed with jet which she must have fished out of an ash barrel, a blue silk bodice so tattered it must have been bodice so tattered it must have been through a threshing machine, and her face so deeply wrinkled that the creases were too deep to ever hope of washing the dirt out of their depths. One gannt creature I saw walking erect and never wavering under a double load—two baskets, one set crosswise on the other, holding nearly three dozen pots of plants. Another I saw with a babe on her bosom and a load of flowers on her head. The baby was sleeping, the early sunshine falling full on its peaceful, dirty, upturned face, and she was carrying it in a sling made by an old shawl tied round her neck, thus having both arms free to manage her burden.

to manage her burden. Speculations of the Flower Cirls. If one goes to the market early enough one can see the street flower venders laying in their stock in trade for the day. Girls of 15 or 16 as blase and depraved, begging a copper here and there from some well-to-do visitor in the market, and then bargaining sharply to get its worth from a gardener. There are old women, doddering, blear-eyed old things, who have been standing at the same corner year in and year out for so long they've forgotten when they began; there are crippled men and flippant boys, and the choice of the flowers they make is a pretty sure guide to the locality they sell If one goes to the market early enough pretty sure guide to the locality they sell in. They all bargain well, and get a bit of green thrown in if they can, watch like hawks to see a blossom drop from someone's basket, and snap it up eagerly as so much

Slovenly wretches they are for the most part, with flower trave under their arms and occasionally a toddler at their heels or and occasionally a toddler at their heels or in their arms—a little, dirty bundle from which a faint, queruluous, hopeless cry comes now and then to let one know there is a human being in it. One of these little bundles was in the girl-mother's way when buying, so she plumped it down flat upon the damp brick floor, and some careless toot knocked the contents of a watering pot over it. Did she mind it? it. Did she mind it? Not a bit, but she let it lie there, drenched, till she got through with the business in hand, then caught it up and carried it away swung under her arm. All around the market these flower vender squat on the curbstone and arrange the loose flowers into little bouquets with a skill that is wonderful when one looks at their filthy, unkempt selves. Poor Little Mrs. Potter.

Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown Potter maundered through "Hero and Leander" for two weeks at the Shaftesbury theatre here, and from the time the curtain fell on the first night's performance the play was doomed and the "notices" given to the company. Mrs. Potter—I always feel like saying "poor little Mrs. Potter," for there is
something so infinitely pathetic in her attempts at acting and the remembrance of
what she cast aside and what she reaped—is thinner both as to person and power than ever. There's a querulous, tired look about her mouth and in her eyes now that wasn't there when I saw her last in Washington as Cleopatra, and, to quote one of her unprofessional critics, "there's not enough flesh on her to keep her bones from rattling."

Since "Hero and Leander" was taken off

the story goes that Bellew has found a younger, fairer and plumper leading lady to take her place, and that she will probably return to America and Mr. James Brown Potter, who has kept her room just as she left it, and who has always faithfully believed she would come back to him
—as she very probably will. If she does
go, and he in the tenderness of his heart
opens the door to her and closes it again
in the face of public opinion, wouldn't it
be a graceful, gentle return, and a most unworldly one to forget that there ever was worldly one, to forget that there ever was a misguided, vain, sentimental little women who recited "Ostler Joe?"

Marshall Wilder Makes a Hit. Americans have assumed nearly all re-sponsibility to entertain the British social public, and they're doing it fairly well, although now and then it is quite impossible to smother the wish that the sea had swallowed the ambition at least, if not the body, of some aspirants for glory as draw-ing-room reciters. Marshall Wilder spent several days with Patti at the castle in Wales, and came back with a searf pin of rubies and diamonds so brilliant that he wears a shade over it to avoid damaging his eyes. At one of Charles Wyndham's matinees at the Criterion he was the pet of the day and was called out three imes-told fresh stories each time, too.

Club just before sailing for home, and Jen-nie O'Neill Potter does her monologue "Flirts and Matrons" at the Criterion on One of the most successful of fashionable entertainments of the season was given by the Lyric Club, at which Mrs. Margaret Moulton Merrill, who is well known in Washington and New York as a graceful writer and reciter, was the chief attraction.
It was given under the patronage of the
Countess Somers, Baroness Bolsover, Lady
Henry Somerset, Sir Augustus and Lady Odderley, Mrs. Home Payne, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Ronalds, Minister Lincoln and others,

Mrs. Alice Shaw whistles at the Lyric

a fashionable audience.
Lillian Russell, William Sanford and Colonel Ochiltree made "a very noticeable" group in a hox at the Shaftesbury a few To enter the royal inclosure at Ascot be

and the little theater was well filled with

quite the seventh heaven of bliss, socially. some of the Americans who sported roval inclosure badges and sat on the lawn in the Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Hecksher, Lieut. and Mrs. Emory. Mrs. Vivian (formerly Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts), Mrs. Naylor Leyland (formerly Jennie Chamberlain), Mr. and Mrs. William Hayne Belvin, Gen. and Mrs. George R. Williams, and Col. Ochiltree.
ELIZABETH A. TOMPKINS.

### CARING FOR THE DEAD.

A Novel Trust for the Maintenance of Cemetery Lot.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.] The Union Trust Company was yesterday made the trustee of a large sum of money deposited with it by the family of the late Colonel John J. O'Fallon upon a trust which is to continue for a great number of years, the object of which is to secure the maintenance of the O'Fallon lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery. The duties of the trustees are to see to it that this sum and the income from it are from time to time applied as occasion requires in keeping up in first-class style the monument and sur

rounding grounds in the family lot.

This trust is something unusual, but suggests a most effective and satisfactory method whereby persons may absolutely insure the perpetual care of the last resting place of members of their family. Doubt-less the example of the O'Fallons will be followed by many others now that such a satisfactory method has been pointed out.

### A MAN WITH A MEMORY.

ladstone's Power of Remembering Something Astonishing.

Detroit Free Press.] Mr. Gladstone is known among his colleagues in public life as "the man with the

facts that other men make memoranda of and forget.
When he was Prime Minister it was his practice to keep the run of all the details of business with the execution of which three secretaries were intrusted. Mr. Gladstone possesses the invaluable ac-

## BARGAINS IN SEASON

How Madame of an Economical Turn Can Be Absolutely Correct.

ONE SUIT THAT SUMMER DEMANDS.

AN ARTIST'S CHOICE OF ORNAMENTS

Happy Combinations of Parisian Fancies and American Ideas.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.



NEW YORK, July & OMEN, fashionably dressed and beautiful, still make brillian the streets of Gotham though the big Sarato gas of the elite left the city, weeks ago. For the most part these are the econom ically inclined who have been studying the most prominen styles and are now providing themselves from the bargains with a summer outfit, which, however expensive, shall yet be ab-

It is certain that one suit must be a dark blue serge, out bell skirt and blazer. There is a great variety of detail even for this particular design, but, after all, that is the most natty which has the bell skirt fastened to a perfect fitting girdle of the goods, known as the "corselet skirt," and closing fast in the back with hooks and eyes or lacings. This requires a silk blouse in dark blue, dotted or striped to suit the wearer's tancy. Blue dotted with yellow or red, are two very popular combinations. If you choose the latter complete the suit with a blue straw sailor, trimmed with a band of blue ribbon dotted with red, a variety that is a great specialty with one store only, and a red parasol. The cutaway jacket may have front facings of red silk. Among the foremost of the bargains at this season are complete blazer suits as well as blouses and jackets separate.

There are sailor hats and sailor hats; some of them are hideous. So many 'make the mistake of getting one with too high a erown and too wide a brim. This is not nearly as apt to be becoming as one with low crown and narrow brim. The wing or loops used for trimming should be on the left side. A very jaunty sailor shown in a large window, containing nothing else, has a big loose bunch of narrow red satin ribbon loops on the side, with a wider band

surrounding the crown. Blue and red is one of the picture sque ombinations of the season. A girl who



Two Builts of the Season,

very exclusive in all her belongings, but especially so this year, just after her en gagement to one of the city swells, has for her rough and ready suit a dark blue serge eut bell skirt and short bodice, the latter fashioned with a round yoke of rich red, trimmed with narrow bands of blue, edged with jet and following the yoke outline, Full sleeves of the blue fall over deep cuffs of red banded in the same way. Her hat is a stiff blue straw, after those known as the 830 design, with high loops of ribbon and Prince of Wales tips standing up against the stove pipe crown. It is plain that Mademoiselle objects to the blazer suit as almost too common for her refined tastes; hence this is the substitute.

There are women who are not happy un less they have a gown patterned after the very latest Parisian fancy. I was chatting with the head dressmaker of a large New York house, who had received orders from a Newport customer to make her at once a corduroy crepon, striped in black and pink, the stripes to go round the figure, which is one of the modes of the moment in gay Parls. These striped stuffs are made gener ally a la princess, with only a black lace pelerine round the shoulders, but in this case the gown was to be a copy of one im-ported model, with the stripes of the double skirt portion running round the figure, with those of the waist running up and down. The best that can be said of such a fashion is that it affords variety to the woman who spends her whole summer in a constant change of costly gowns, but is not appropriate for a limited wardrobe.

It is also the fancy over there to trim gowns with lace lined with ribbon, showing how great is the tendency of the Parisian to overdo matters of dress, the result bring a bewildering combination of materials and colors often less satisfactory than more simple designs. A pale gray crepon, trimmed with bands of white lace lined with pale blue ribbon, is not so bad, but not satisfied with gray, white and blue, the famous modiste adds to the draped bodice a plaited frill of yellow material silk, which, accord-ing to the ideas of some, is no improvement. The Parisian fanatic, however, will declare that oil of yellow gives character to the dress and stamps it as the work of a great dress and stamps it as the work or a great artist. Be this as it may, every time an American woman wishes her country women were more patriotic, with more of the spirit of the Princess of Wales, who deliberately chooses unpopular English goods for the dresses of herself and daughters in order to increase their sale.

ers, in order to increase their sale. The wife of a wealthy New York artist, whose costumes are often suggested by her husband, deems it necessary to pay as great attention to the ornaments and finish. ing touches of a gown as to the materials and style of cutting. As a result of this care her suits attract marked attention, whether she wears them at Bar Harbor, Lenox or Newport. One of these, which is terrible memory," and yet it has been said of him that he has forgotten more than most British statesmen ever knew. His memory has always been good, but he has improved it greatly by forcing it to retain facis that other men make memoranda of sleeves are three-quarter, edged with a frill headed with three rows of cord. The blouse heared with three rows of cord. The blouse is made scant over the bust so that she can wear a very elegant black lace Figaro, the fronts of which are held by silver fleur de lys pins set with diamonds. The belt, which is really the most elegant feature of the toilette, is composed of sterling silver blocks, held together by fleur de lys. It is interested to the sterling silver blocks, held together by fleur de lys. It is just such a gown as one might expect the wife of an artist to wear, whose dining room is one of the prettiest in the city, with a large swell window in the back, shut off

### hung with ferns and vines and filled with such a profusion of palms and orchids as to look like a scene in fairyland. The fleur de FORGOT ABOUT WOMEN. lys ornaments and the belt are the making

Bessie Bramble Criticises the Fourth of July Celebration.

others that are really very pretty. The WAR THE BURDEN OF THE TALK. stores are all making a great display of belts and girdles. It is a satisfaction, how-

ever, to have fewer ornaments and have But Not a Word About the Work of the those few good. It was rather a bright idea, Foremothers of the Land. that of a girl, who went into a store celebrated for its silver novelties and chose a

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

her initials engraved on one side, which she means to wear with different home-made belts. The very oddest belt I have seen this year is an old heirloom. It is silver and opens out to suit different waists, com-[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. "As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers, than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters," is a remark made by Gibbon, that came to mind when the magnates and educators of the city lauded and glorified the heroes of war as the greatest among men at the celebra-tion on the Fourth of July. The history of the world is war, war, war. Blood, and sudden death, poverty, misery, murder, desolation, devastation and ruin are its accompaniments.

Millions of men, in suswer to the demand for the glory of war, have died upon the battle field. Millions have died amid the privations and eruelties of prison life. Millions have suffered untold tortures from wounds, from siskness, far from friends and home, and subjected to every brutality that the enemy could inflict. To all this misery is to be added the suffering of women and children-mothers bereft of their sons, wives left widows to struggle with the world, children left fatherless and subject to charity and pauperism, broken hearts, blasted homes, the privations of poverty. Besides there is the burning of cities, the devastation of farms, the destruction of wealth, the ruin that everywhere follows

Where the Benefits Always Go. Does war ever pay? Are people who claim to be committed to the gospel of peace justified in promoting war? Are not the followers of the Prince of Peace wrong when they teach their children to glory in war, to find their heroes and ideals among the wielders of the sword and the shedders of blood, and to take greater pride in a warrior than in an inventor, a philosopher or the hero whose works have bestowed good rather than ruin upon mankind? Who benefits by the horrors of war? Not the millions who suffer and pay the taxes for it, but rather the commissaries, the con tractors, the makers of shoddy, the manu facturers of munitions of murder. These wax fat and grow rich, live in palaces and fare sumptuously and are arrayed in purple and fine linen every day, paid for by blood

and tears.
At the old-fashioned celebration of "the back and brought forward under the chin.
They are becoming, especially if age is beginning to leave its marks round the ears and neck.

Great fluffy bows are worn at the neck of polka dotted scarfs 11 inches wide and a yard and a half long. When held with a scarf ring these are known as the "Laralliere cravata." The feminine "dickey" is a delicate crepe de chine affair in pale pink or blue, arranged in a butterfly bow on a but mark you, good sisters, he made no mention of the women of America with either a big W or a little one.

The Mayor Forgot the Women. This was not a sin of commission, but rather of omission. He forgot all about them, unless he included them under the term of "the martyra." However, they can hardly lay even that little bit of flattering unction to their souls, since he afterward affirmed that the men who unsheathed their swords were "the undying examples of pa-triotism." Mayor Gourley is a fine speaker Hear this:

When Washington unsheathed his sword there appeared "with her feet upon the cloud, with her forehead among the stars, with her flaming sword in her hand, and with her great wings stretched into the open azure, Liberty, archangel of nations."

This is a very pretty sentiment as to sound. But what does it mean? If—as Brother Gourley seemed to imply-it meant that Washington on the earth in cahoot with Liberty and her "flaming sword" in the clouds bestowed freedom upon the citizens of the American Republic, he will admit, upon reflection, that Washington and Liberty, with her head among the stars, only carved out the full and fair thing for me-half of the people of this great country. After a whole century, in only one State— Wyoming—would Brother Gourley's re-mark apply, for only there has real liberty been established. Brother Gourley knows this and would be swift to admit it, but he

Plumed Knight himself. He first attracted national attention as an orator by his New A Little Mistake About Sovereigus. Looking over the speeches, it will be seen that the church was represented by two clergymen. The law was represented by W. D. Moore and Tom Marshall who torgot his energy and virility, gave him promi-nence, and caused him to be sought after as all about both the foremothers and the present mothers as well, as did also Judge He has a quick, nervous, impulsive way White. Then came to the front Brother Over who said "we are all sovereigns, everyone of us." Are we? The beloved of saying and doing things, and he seems to be always in a hurry. He would attract attention anywhere. He would be equally sisters will know where they stand, when he added: "We exercise our sovereignty through the ballot. Our right of suffrage is men, or at a riot. His physique is a com-promise between Hercules and Apollo. His large head has a blonde covering, a blonde moustache becomingly graces his upper lip. the greatest privilege we enjoy." Let it be here noted that this "greatest privilege" is denied to the most moral citizens of this Republic, and freely granted to the rabble and ignorance of foreign lands. Oh, my! Dear Judge Over, how you did give yourself clear as a bell. He is prodigal in his friendships, and bitter and uncompromising in his enmities. He is a and the brethren "dead away" in that little

Brother McKenna represented both the bar and "green old Ireland." He told the naked, shabby truth when he said "all men in this country, whether white or black, are born free and equal." This means, it would appear, that all women are born the other way. Superintendent Luckey, who represented

the cause of education and the public schools, is well known as a man of peace. always appreciates a good thing. In this connection an accident that occurred when War is one of the worst of evils, and Brother Luckey would be one of the last to the Senator was quite a young man is in-teresting. He was then, as now, attorney for several large railway corporations. He was regarded by the gentler sex as a con-firmed bachelor, proof against all the ad-vances and charms of matrimony. A lady residing in the southern part of the State inculcate the doctrine of the sword, yet he exalted Spartan mothers whose spirit he exalted Spartan mothers whose spirit he thinks should be inspired in every girl in

Women Do Not Train Murderers Now. Now these warlike mothers were all very well in their day when all education and training were to the making of a race of stern, cruel and rapacious warriors. But nowadays with the advancement of benevolence and the spirit that tends toward peace, mothers do not feel called upon to train men to murder and to fight the battles of rapine and revenge. A French statesman deploring the decay of population in France was considerably "set back" by a noted French women when she told him that his countrywomen were becoming alive to the folly of wasting their lives in training targets for German guns.

The heroism of American women cannot be questioned although it is not of the brutal Spartan pattern. Moral courage is more to be encouraged and cultivated in school and out of it than that of the bulldog variety that finds its highest satisfaction in the thought that this country can "lick" kill creation and wipe up the earth with every little Chile and chump of a

country under the sun.

The men of Allegheny were represented by Mr. McMullen, who spoke glowing words as to the public schools. "Ninetenths of the merchants, farmers and skilled mechanics were pupils of the public schools," said Brother McMullen. "The education," he added, "you received there fitted you to fight the battles of life with any man." Will somebody speak out, and say who does the training in these schools?

minister, was entrusted the duty of representing the negro citizens who have been endowed with the "greatest privilege" that can be enjoyed by American men. "Country," said he, "has been transmitted ous by a long line of patriotic forefathers"—

us by a long line of patriotic foreinthers'—
the toremothers, as appears, weren't in it.
"Every American enjoys perfect freedom."
Well, well, Brother Boyden, who would
have thought that you, a minister of the
gospel, would tell such an "awful whopper"
right out in a public celebration. Every
American indeed!

American indeed!

Mayor Gourley laid out a very neat programme for the great occasion, but it seems plain that he totally forgot one great class of the citizens and taxpayers of Pittsburg. So far as can be learned, not a woman was invited to speak in their behalf, and not a invited to speak in their behalf, and not a whisper, as we read—was said as to the founders of the Republic, who wore petticoats. Not a Daughter of the Revolution was called upon to extol the heroism of the woman who inspired Joseph Warren, who toned the courage of John Adams up to the sticking points and who kent force of sticking point, and who kept fires of patrioism burning in the South, until the home of Mrs. Brevard was called 'The Hornet's Nest of America' by British offi-

Taxation Without Representation One hundred years ago the Revolutionary fathers waged a war against the Mother Country for attempting to collect a "tup-penny" tax upon tea without granting the right of representation in the government to the taxpayers. Now mark the slow ad-vance in the growth of justice in over a century, in the fact that the sons of these same sires collect taxes from every woman who owns property, and deny to her the representation for which their fathers fought in the Revolution. In the Treasury of Pittsburg are piled up thousands and thousands of dollars every year taken from women in taxes, who are one and all denied a voice in the way they shall be expended. Men without a dollar's worth of property at stake have all the say so," as a plainmeaking women calls it.

speaking woman calls it. This sort of thing was called "robbery" by the revolutionary fathers, but it goes on just the same as of old. George the Thirds sit in City Councils in Pittsburg and in the high seats of the Nation's Government to-day as did the stubborn old tyrant upon to-day as did the stubborn old tyrant upon his throne a century ago. Minds as small as his fill high positions in church and state in this much glorified Republic. The statesmen of England a century ago were dubbed "pick pockets." Would it be a "talse and scandalous libel" to say the same of some in these days?

Let us have a glorious celebration next year, but let us also have some improve-ments in accordance with the spirit of the age. Let us hope that some of the bar-barous features may be abated. Powder and dynamite are useful in promoting the arts of peace and in bringing in hidden mines of wealth, but as expressions of patriotism they are abominable. BESSIE BRAMBLE

A LOITERING LIZARD.

Re Is Now Securely Looked Up in a Quaker City Home. Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Clerk Daly, of Dooner's Hotel, yesterday afternoon rescued from the spiteful attacks of two sparrows a beautiful specimen of horned lizard that is believed to have been carried in the wind's vortex from far distant. The little reptile was discovered when the wind was highest, just before the

It was seeking escape across Tenth street from the tormenting birds which hindered its progress until almost run over by a car. It looked so desperate with its horny scales that great care was exercised in effecting the capture. It now sports a cigar box home

and a bed of water-cress.

The creature in appearance is broad and squatty. Its back is covered with thorny armor and a halo of horns encircle its head, which it carries elevated, as if listening.
It is of the agamidæ family, known to
natural science with an alphabet-exhausting name in Latin, but commonly called a

borned toad, frog or lizard, really belonging to the latter class.

Strangest of all is where the reptile could have come from. The cloud theory is urged because its kind is unknown in these parts, it being a native of the stony and sandy districts of Mexico. Texas, Oregon and California. The wind was blowing a gale just before it was seen, and was sufficient in velocity to have carried a creature of its size a great distance. Its ultimate destination will probably be the Academy of Natural Sciences. Meanwhile, Mr. Daly is teaded was recorded. Mr. Daly is tenderly nursing his odd pet.

### OF INTEREST TO CYCLISTS.

Some Recent Inventions Which Are Novel as Well as Useful. A combined crank and pedal pin made from one piece of metal, thereby saving nut, etc., necessary to connect the two in the ordinary way, is coming into vogue. This combination is intended chiefly for use on racing machines, where the saving of weight that it renders possible is a matter of great importance. An interesting novelty is a steam bicycle, to be run by a boiler 18 inches by 6 inches

suspended from the upper frame rod of an Armand model B, with gasoline for fuel. The boiler has a regular steam gauge and is supposed to stand a pressure of 50 pounds to the square inch. The cylinders are 2 inches and the piston rod is to act on gearing in the crank shaft. The gearing is arranged 5 to 1 for crank axle and 11/4 for rear wheel, which gives about a 60-inch gearing. In a recent list of patent theatrical liances is a device to aid in producing the It consists in a bicycle mounted to have its which it appears to run, its front and rear wheels geared together, and its pedals free to be operated by the rider. The supports of the machine are secured to and projected up from a carriage adapted to be moved over the stage. The carriage carries suitably arranged duct-making devices, operated by the motion of the bicycle wheels, whereby the illusory effect of the race is rendered more effective.

### THE MAILS OF OLD.

How the Postal Service was Managed Many Years Ago.

Boston's first newspaper, the News-Letter, ontains the following advertisement, which is an exact copy of the original spelling, capitalization, etc: "By order of the Pos Master General of North America: These are to give Notice, That on Monday night, the Sixth of this Instant, December, the Western Post, Between Boston and New York, sets out at once a Fortnight the Three Winter Months of December, Janthree winter Months of December, January and February, and to go Alternately from Boston to Saybrook and Hartford to Exchange the Mayles of letters with the New York Byder on Saturday night the

11th Currant.
"And the second turn He sets out at Boston on Mouday Night the 20th Currant to meet the New York Ryder at Hartford on Saturday night the 25th Current to Ex-change Mayles. And all persons that send Letters from Boston to Connecticut from and after the 13th Instant are Hereby Notiied to first pay the Post-rates on the same.

Emperor William a Good Shot The German Superor is fond of shunting, particularly of following the boar, the spor n which his forefathers excelled. The Kais er rides a white horse when he goes hunt-ng and silver spurs jingle on the heels of his top-boots. He is a good marksman and has a record of putting three balls from a re-volver into the bull's-eye of a small target fifteen paces distant.

Absolute Free Trade Exists Nowhere. Free trade, in the strict sense of the term. s not found in any country, says the St. ducation," he added, "you received there itted you to fight the battles of life with my man." Will somebody speak out, and my who does the training in these schools?

No Mention of the Foremethers.

Then to Ber. J. A. Boyden, the colored any domestic industry.

## WOMEN'S SMALL TALK.

The Novel Employments Fair and Busy Hands Have Discovered.

A SMALL CORN UNDER A TOE-NAIL.

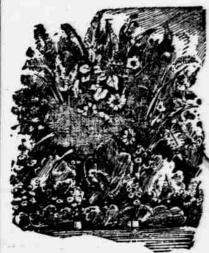
Low Shoes Are Comfortable, but Liable to Weaken the Ankles.

THE BLACK SEAL FOR MOURNING

A patriotic young woman in the suburbs who asked a party of friends out to her cottage for the Fourth introduced some novel effects at dinner. Silken flags hung over the lace draperies at the windows, and a perforated ball stuck full of tiny, mounted flags hung in the double doorway through which the guests passed to the dining room. The floral center piece of the table was a flat flag of red, white and blue flowers set in a rich frame of green; the white candles in the branching silver candelabra had gay shades fashioned of flags, the ices were large fire crackers estable even to the fuse of spun sugar, and the favors were boxes covered with silken flag material and filled with small fire orackers and tiny skyrockets whose bursting yielded chocolates and bonbons instead of gun powder.

It seems possible nowadays to buy almost any service or knowledge in almost any department of life. It is an age of "specialties" and "trained" functions. The woman who found a dozen years ago that her skill in making a certain pudding could be utilized to buy bread for her family when misfortune came was the pioneer of a long line of specific workers, chiefly women, many of whom have found fame and fortune. There are professional movers and house cleaners; professional bric-a-brac dusters and gray hair pullers, vocabulary of small talk can be secured for dollars and the art of conversation is on sale; whist teachers are a late entry into the field of "particulars," and a profes-sional giove-mender does not exactly cry her trade through the streets like the umher trace through the streets like the un-brella mender, but she may be had for the asking and paying. As says Carlyle: "Blessed is he (und she) who hath found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it."

"In the multitude of counsellors there is certainly safety," said a woman the other day. "A month or two ago I became aware of a serious pain in my right foot in the large toe; there was nothing to be seen, but there was much to be felt, and my discom-



The Bonk of Verdure.

my husband insisted I should see a doctor. As we are strangers here, it was a strange physician whom I sought, and he, after careful examination, told me there was an injury to one of the small bones of the toe, that an operation was necessary and an incision would have to be made, the bone reached and taken out; afterward I might have to sit with my foot up for some weeks.

"I was surprised and frightened, as you may guess, and said at once I should go home to be with my mother and have the operation performed by our family doctor.

So I made my eventuements took a tearful So I made my arrangements, took a tearful leave of my husband, who was to come on at the critical time, and went home. It took me two or three days to get up courage to go and see Dr. W—, but finally, with mother to keep my courage up, I sought the dreaded interview. He looked the toe over very carefully, heard the dictum of the other physician, smiled a little quizzically, then said: 'Before we begin to take out bones, go down to a chiropodist's and get that little corn under the nail removed.' And that was all the trouble—relieved in five min-

Black-edged paper is not used as much as formerly, white paper with a black seal being indicative of even the deepest mourn-

To screen an open fireplace during the summer is often a problem to the housekeeper. Two suggestions are offered in the accompanying illustrations. The bank of verdure is arranged with large pieces of fungus, behind which pots of ferns are and if liked, a creeper to fill in the green.

The common flag is a good plant for fireplaces, its ribbon leaves being effective, and
its flower a pretty bit of color. The second arrangement is merely to utilize a vase with a potted palm on an Indian seat. Screen the actual fireplace with a bamboo curtain and set the movables in front of it, as shown in the sketch. Another suggestion is to mount a mirror on an easel frame; pain bowers or grasses on the glass and paint the frame in white enamel or ebonize. If the skill to paint is lacking, a growing plant before the mirror is as pretty.

The revival of the use of old lace has developed a new wedding gift, for which the gods are to be praised, in the shape of a little box containing a set of gold or jeweled lace pins. Rare old lace ought never to be sewn on a dress, but attached with fine gold sewn on a dress, but attached with fine gold pins to be removed with each wearing. Sets of bonnet and dress pins are also pop-ular wedding gitts. Many of the fluffy gauze and sheer silk muslin toilets of the summer are closed only with the dainty enamel flower pins or more expensive jew-eled ones, while to pin down soft sashes or recreant ribbons they are most useful.

Low shoes for the growing lads and lasses of the household are cool and comfortable but are not to be recommended for general wear. A pair for the tennis court or for occasional use does no harm perhaps, but high shoes are to be preferred. Developing ankles need a support which these decap ble shoe for children's wear is a laced one ble shoe for children's wear is a laced one that permits of being drawn together as it stretches in wear, insuring a firm compress about the ankle joint. Little girls are wear-ing such in tan and russet leather with stockings to match; the combination at-fords a very stylish and excellent foot gear.

The grass cloth curtains sold at most Japanese stores can be cut up into admirable covers for the ubiquitous pillow. They come in fringed stripes seven feet long and 40 inches wide and cost \$1 50 per curtain. A single curtain makes one large fringe-trimmed cushion and a second plain one a size or two smaller. They are cool from their lightness and slippery feel and are exceedingly effective.

Asperagus makes a particularly delicate

pickle and is not at all difficult to do. Remove the tough end of the white part and soak the stalks in cold water for two and soak the stalks in cold water for two hours. Have ready some boiling, strongly salted water into which throw the loose asparagus, a few stalks at a time to scald till just tender. Take them out with a skimmer and spread on a clean cloth till cold. Prepare a pickling mixture with white wine vinegar, allowing to each gallon two numers and one fourth counters. two nutmegs and one-fourth ource of mace two nutmegs and one-fourth course of mace and whole peppers, white is the best. If bay salt can be got an ounce of this is an improvement. Heat this and pour hot over the asparagus, previously put into small stone crocks. Cover the crocks with folded cloths and leave for a week. Then strain off the liquor, heat and pour back; repeat this process at the end of the second week, after which seal the jar by pasting a cloth over the mouths. This will keep for a year or more.

A hall bench seen the other day was evolved, as its owner explained, from very humble elements. "To begin with," she said, "I bought a common wooden wash bench at a housefurnishing store. Then around its edges I tacked with gimp tacks this design of Linerusta Walton moulding,



which comes, you know, by the yard or rather by the foot. Then I painted the whole, bench and all, with carriage glass paint; I used Lucas, which gave it this rich finish and color. For the top I made this flat seat-cover out of an old quilt, folded the right size which I, covered with this piece of apple green silver brocade that was an old curtain from an auction shop. That, my dear, is another idea. At anctions sometimes a pair of beautiful silk tapestry or brocaded curtains will go for a song because one is faded or soiled. Buy them, though, if you get a chance, and work the good pieces up into chair scats, cushion covers, and hall bench tops."

Notwithstanding the fact that Illustraions and directions for flower-pot holders of silk and embroidery continue to appear, they are not to be recommended in any way. It is a tawdry, inartistic taste which will countenance such expedients. To set the earthen porous pots in the rich-hued porcelain jars that are to be had every-where adds to the effect, but to have the plant sprouting from a bag of silk or springing from a case of embroidery is un-suitable in the highest degree. Excellent plant pot coverings are the pulm and wicker baskets which come for the purpose. A large bow of ribbon the same shade as the flower, or in the case of a toliage plant of flower, or in the case of a toliage plant of the plant leaf, is attached to the handle, or preads itself against the side of the basket

At a June fete in the country a narrow tin of moss was fitted along the lower edge of the balustrade which covered the hand rail and filled close with sweet peas; on the newel post at the foot the same blooms ere massed in a large osier basket.

MARGARET H. WELCE.

MONTMENT TO GENERAL MAGRUDZE.

He Was the Last of the Confederate Go erals to Oppose a Northern Army. The Magridler camp of veterans of Galveston is raising a tund to be devoted to the erection of a monument to General water B. of Texas, New Mexico and Arisons, and the last of the Confederate Generals to oppose a Northern army in the field.

Magruder never surrendered, making his way to Mexico in May, 1865, where he entered the service of Maximilian. On his return to the United States, in broken health and fortunes, he endeavored to sup-port himself by lecturing in the principal Southern cities, but made a failure of it. When he died in Houston, Tex., February 19, 1871, he was in almost destitute stances. In physique and bearing der was one of the most dashing of the Confederate commanders.

Dr. Gordon's Favorite Pastime. The Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, to clever caricaturist, and often sketches

humorous trifles on bits of paper while awaiting a flow of ideas. One of his favorite designs represents yawning parishioners but it is believed that he could have found his models only in some other church the

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