The Saucy Swing-Swing That Keeps the

Skirt Off the Ground.

COSTUMES FOR THE BICYCLE GIRL

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1

not play tennis may as well die, or, worse

still, make up her mind to being an old

maid. She is more of a wall flower than

the girl who does not dance the german.

From the famous arens of the Fewport ten-

nis courts, where every summer exciting

struggles for the championship are fought

and won in the pressure of a patrician crowd, to the ivy-clad slopes of the Hud-

son and velvety Lenox lawns, tennis is the

sport of the season.

And not a day goes by that the game is

not mixed up with the game of love. Cupid

just revels in the opportunities afforded by secluded groups of palms, orchid filled

greenhouses, graperies galore and vine sheltered arbors. Why always is every

rustic seat and bench filled with interested

spectators, if it is not to eaten a glimpse of the comedy and tragedy of fashionable life,

sure to be carried on within the limits of

Tennis and Tes Go Together.

This season tennis and tea have joined

hands. The tea table stands close by the

court and when the afternoon shadows be-

gin to deepen, or the players pause from sheer fatigue after a most exciting game, then what more tempting than the cup of tea poured by fair hands or the shreds of

bread and butter served on the rackets as

waiters? It is a gay scene, all light, color and sparkle.

Quite the belle of a tennis club at Tarry-

Quite the belle of a tennis club at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, is a Miss Lee, an ideal blonde, with an abundance of rippling, sunny hair. Her suit this year is very dainty. It is a dark blue diagonal serge bell skirt, with a striped shirt waist in light blue and white. Her jacket, or rather her coat, is an Eton in soft crinkley white crepon, with its wide revers laced with white surah. A new and exceedingly pretty feature are her cuffs of silk to match the shirt waist, which are quite deep, finished with a frill and worn outside of jacket sleeves. Her cap is a soft blue and white tennis cap. She wears white shoes tied with blue ribbons.

A Vision in Bright Bed.

A Vision in Bright Red.

season is the bright red serge, which has its long jacket and skirt of plain rich red, un-relieved by any other color, except the creamy tint of the silken shirt waist. If

added to such a suit, the wearer chooses a red straw sailor trimmed with a red quill

pompon on one side of crown, out of which darts a red aigrette, then this daring maid looks as much like an imp of Satan as any-one could. It is effective in the lawn and is

generally worn by the girl, who would not hesitate to bet on her favorite horse at the

race, or flirt with her dearest friend's sweet-

heart. More often this glaring red is broken by a cream stripe, with a white belt, plain white cap and white shoes, tied with red

ribbons.

Girls with plenty of money go for Red-

fern's novelties, which are made of serge, homespun, sacking or tweed, and which are lined as a rule with shot tafferas in gay

colors, as for example a suit of navy blue serge is lined throughout with blue and pink shot silk. The sacking spoken of is a

woven wool fabric of lighter weight than serge. Running in the other day for pointers, I noticed a white serge with a yellow silk blouse, trimmed with yellow and white cable cord, also all sorts of odd fanding the server of th

What an Apt Girl Can Do.

brated artist's tag on the inside of her jacket. If she is deft at embroidery, she will

perhaps select a serviceable, sensible

This Goes With Tennis and Tea.

A Creation in Light Silk.

belt of gold galloon, passing underneath at the sides and clasping in front over the

shirt waist.

Many girls see to it that the same suit
answeres for tennis and bicycling, for which

purpose one of dark blue serge trimmed with white braid is most appropriate, ac-companied by a visor cap and tan canvas

By all odds the dashing tennis suit of the

an aristocratic tennis court?

NEW YORK, July 30.—The girl who does

IT'S A LOST CAUSE.

Dress Reform Has Been and Ever Will Be Vanquished by Dame Fashion.

APPEARANCES ARE FIRST

In the Pretty Head of the Woman of the End of the Century.

AND GIRLS ARE NOT DYING OFF.

In Spite of the Chantangus Verdict Against Corsets, Etc.

FAMOUS SPIRITS SLAVES TO STILE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.]

All of the preaching and praying and goings on of the dress reformers at all of the Chautauquas on the continent will amount to little or nothing, unless their ideas are indorsed by "the fashion." After the revival last year at Chautauqua, and the growth in grace and the change of heart there announced to have taken place, it may have been supposed that good women would cease to wipe up the streets with their skirts, or carry them as an ungraceful load in their hands.

But have they? Not at all. The train still triumphs. The finest silks, the divinest brocades, the richest materials of all kinds are still made up in the style to gather up the dust, to wipe up the tobacco juice, and to secure a good stock of disease germs at the decree of tashion. The good old girls, who tell us how vain are all things here below, still come to church and prayer meeting in trail-ing gowns that are pronounced unhealthy, and petticoats that are held by the reformers to be barbarous and destructive of all that is beautiful in the form of a woman. These good Christian teachers still wear the unholy corset—that villainous invention which, as we are told by Frances Willard, sends countless levely women to the tomb.

They Forget About Example, Arrayed in all their fripperies of high sleeves, empire waists, bell skirts, and dust-pan talls, how do they expect that their precepts as to the cultivation of simplicity of attire and the graces of the soul are to overweigh the power of their example? The teacher of a Bibie class of girls presented about as amusing a picture as can well be imagined in her innocence and apparent ig-norance of her own inconsistency. Whether she imagined she was a creature of another sphere, or so far removed from those she addressed as to be an exception to her own teachings, is hard to tell. The richness of the ridiculous situation was that she, with diamonds in her ears, false, fluffy bangs, a great, bent-up Leghorn hat, loaded with ribbons and flowers, tight corsets, trailing bell skirt, high-heeled shoes, tight-fitting gloves, with all the flying ribbons and little additions that go to the making up of great style, was talking to her Sunday school girls about the vanities of this world, and urging them to give themselves over to a cultiva-tion of the graces of meekness and a quiet spirit—to study the Bible as a rule of life, and to make sure that to gain heaven, at the sacrifice of earthly joys, was something tor which all should most especially strive. Whether the demure girls under her tongue saw the point or not is not known, but nothing is surer than that her teaching would be of no effects of ar as inducing them to adjure fashion by casting off corsets, wearing no bangs, or adorning themselves after the manner of mere worldlings was

oncerned. An Orator in Fine Toggery. 'Great goodness, what can that creature do for the advancement of women with such clothes on?" said a plain up-and-down country delegate at the recent convention of the Federation of Woman's Clubs in Chicago, as a lady, elegantly attired in pale lavender silk trimmed with rich point lace, advanced the trout of the platform and calmly gazed upon the crowd that filled the Opera House. The country delegate was considerably taken down when that beautiful grayhaired woman in her rich attire, set off by costly diamonds, made one of the very best speeches of the occasion, which is best speeches of the occasion, which is saying a good deal. A woman without corsets, with a Dutch waist after the Venus of Milo pattern, with her hair combed straight back like Amelia Edwards, or plastered plainly down like the veriest Quaker, and arrayed in a black alpaca gown with straight gathered-all-around short skirt guiltless of ruffle or flounce, could have been no more magnetic or elo

It is not the dress, but the woman that is in it, it should be remembered. Great Women Slaves to Fashlor

In the days of Elizabeth of England it was the fashion to wear wigs. The great Queen, it is said, had eighty curled wigs to keep her going. She wore buckram "stays" that, compared with the flexible corsets of to-day, would appear like a suit of armor Her dresses were innumerable, her rufts tremendous. She had a love for jewels, out she had the heart of a king, the talents of a great statesman, and the courage and which made her the greatest queen of Christendom.

Mary Stuart, too, wore the stiff stays of her day, but it was the axe that killed her, and not her corsets. In spite of them, and the French lashions, she was strong and vigorous "Her frame," says Green, "was of iron—she was incapable of fatigue; she galloped 90 miles after her last defeat with-out a pause, save to change horses." With the staiwart women of England in view, who from that day down have worn corsets and still wear them, the dress-reformers should be a little more chary in denouncing them so extremely. Corsets for a cause may fill the grave yards, as they say, but it is none the less certain that there are still plenty of women left who wear them, and strong healthy women at that. Fools there are always with us in galore, and those of them who choose to lace themselves in until good for nothing but to be laid away in the cold, cold ground-why the world is all the better without them.

Fashlon Stronger Than Pesson. That the fight against fashion will be a losing one is the testimony of history. An appeal to common sense goes for nothing where fashion is concerned. The virtue of self-sacrifice is hardly recognized if it in-volves an attire out of style. One of the objections urged against women nurses in the hospital in Washington during the Civil War was that many of them were capable of any heroism, save that of giving up their hoops. The patriotic women who rushed to the front to aid in nursing found the nuns preferred on the score of their dress. It is a matter of comfort that there has been an advancement in this respect since the uniform of a trained hurse is inexorably prescribed by as absolute rule, as that of a uniform for railroad employes or fire and

police departments. The crusade against the "big hat" by all the power of the press on the continent, the ees of ridicule, the appeals to conscience, was poweriess against the mysterious god

fashion which made it the style. In Addison's day the war was waged against hoops without avail. The Spectator was full of chapters against them. Punch poked pictures at them in vain. The world growled over them from end to end, but not until a decree of fashion pronounced them old and gone out, we ther given up. When brought into vogue again by Eugenie of France the same howl was raised the world over, but with as little effect, until Sara

Bernhart brought lankness into style.

scraggy neck, hence high choking collars for all women. The collars will last prob-ably until she goes out. The "Langtry bang" has withstood all the powers of ridicule, exhausted all the powers of ridi-cule, exhausted all the resources of satire and caricature, and defied all the denuncia-tions of the pious brethren, but it still fluffily waves, notwithstanding the effects of some to re-establish the "Pompadour."
The skirts of a year or two ago which cleared the ground have gone back to the trailers and street sweepers at the behest of

"No woman wants to look like a dowdy and make herself ridiculous by being out of the fashion," said one woman to another as she passed through the Union station. "There," she exclaimed, pointing out a Norwegian emigrant. "There is the ideal costume as described by the dress-reformers

costume as described by the dress-reformers at Chautauqua. No corseta, the Venus waist—or rather no waist—short skirts, no high heels, no high choking band, perfect freedom in motion. What does she look like? Picturesque? Truly. But what would I look like in that costume going down Fifth avenue? More comfortable? Certainly. I just envy her that short dark blue skirt, but I could no more face the world in that style than could a man go down to business style than could a man go down to business in his bathing suit."

The Men are Slaves, Too.

Nor are men in the main any more inde-Nor are men in the main any more inde-pendent of the all powerful god who, in the darkness of mystery, arranges what a man shall wear to look right. The height of his hat, the width of his trousers, the length of his cont tails, the cut of his vest, are laid down with the force of the Ten Command-ments. President Harrison would not have the courage to walk out of the White House in his grandfather's hat. James G. Blaine, with all his great mind, could hardly be induced to appear in public in the queer cut coat, high black satin stocks, and huge white collar up to his ears in which Henry Clay appeared so distin-guished and elegant. When Daniel Web-ster "got himself up" in the way of attire to appear in the Senate to make his celebrated speech in reply to General Hayne, of South Carolina, he wore "a blue dress coat with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and a high white cravat." Imagine Camand a high white cravat. Imagine Cam-eron, or Quay, or Carlisle, or Vest in such a rig nowadays, handsome as it was! The laugh would go round the world, because it is out of style. In days agone in Washington Congressmen wore green and blue, and mulberry colored coats in the evening—two or three waistcoats of differ-ent colors, ruffled shirts, high stock, knee breeches, and silk stockings. A load of dangling seals were also flourished. Their hair was arranged in what is known as a "roach." They must have looked "real sweet." But such fashion has gone by. But who knows that it may not come up again? The women are getting back to Marie Antoinette and Josephine styles, so it would not be surprising if by a caprice of Fashion, men should be called upon to array themselves after the pattern of Napoleon Bonaparte or George Washington.

Bessie Bramble.

MANY JARS IN THE WALLS.

Strange Feature Explained About Som-Ancient English Churches. t. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

One of the most singular features of the older churches in England and Western Europe is the presence in the walls of large numbers of jars. They are imbedded in the masonry, with the neck turned toward the interior of the church and the mouth opening into the audience room.

For a long time the openings were sup-posed to be holes in the walls, but a closer examination, a num ber of years ago, on one or two of these old buildings, disclosed the fact that the openings were the necks of jugs, and led to no little speculation as to why they had been placed there. All old churches—that is to say, churches erected from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries—have them, and in some they are present in great numbers. A church in Leeds, England, has over 50, while this number is considerably exceeded in same of the old French churches, nearly 200 having been counted in the Cathedral of Angou-

The explanation of their presence is easy. They were placed in the walls with a view to bettering the accountic properties of the building. The idea is as old as Vitravius, who, in a work on the Roman theater, ad vises that earthenware jars be placed in the walls for the purpose of increasing the resonance of the building. In several Roman structures such jugs have been wound, used in the way atterward adonted by the archi tects of the Middle Ages. As to the efficiency of the device, its employment is open to question. For increasing the acoustic properties of the rooms the jugs are probably useless, but no one can certainly say that they are so until the experimen been tried of constructing two room with jugs in the walls of one and the walls of the other solid. A test made under these conditions would determine the question which otherwise must remain unsettled.

A FISH AS A MOTHER.

One of the Finny Tribe Battles Bravely for Her Youngsters.

Mr. Gunther, in his valuable work on "The Study of Fishes," states that the only species of the fish in which the mother takes any care of her offspring are of the genera Aspredo and Solenostoma, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. But I have seen the common catfish guarding her young in the most devoted manner; it may, however, been the male, but I don't be-It was in July, 1882, and I was on the

west shore of Long Lake, in the great northern wilderness of New York State. The ern wilderness of New York State. Inc catfish had got her young (50 or 60 in the school I should say) into a little bay so shallow that her enemies could not swim in it. The young catfishes were very small in-deed, and looked like little tadpoles. Whenever any one of the little fellows ventured into a deepish place he was sure to be seized by some large fish—the large fish seemed to be perch, and there were half a dozen or so of them. Every perch that came near was attacked by the mother-fish and driven back several feet or yards, but whenever the mother fish turned to go back to her young, one or more of the perch would bite he Her caudal fin, or tail, was torn in pieces.

I watched the battle for some time. The old catfish was getting the worst of it, and when I left she was making a brave but losing fight. One by one her offspring were picked off, the perch occasionally rushing into the shallow water close to the school of young fishes. I do not know whether my observation is the only one of the kind

LANDING A BLACK BASS.

You Must Constantly Watch Its Movements Through the Line. "When a black bass is hooked, the only

way you can judge of his movements and intentions is by the sense of feeling exerted through the rod and line, and by watching the line at its point of contact with the surface of the water-from which point never remove your eye until he is brought safely to bag," says Charles Frederick Danforth in the July New England Magazine "He will resort to every means in his power to get rid of the remorseless steel, sometimes breaking water four or five times. When a fish is seen to be making pell-mell for the surface, and is bound to get there no matter what happens, he can often be checked, just before he breaks water, by checked, just before he breaks water, by moving the rod quickly and stealily to the right or left, keeping a taut line, of course, all the while; but, should this not succeed and he breaks water in spite of you, lower the point of the rod a little, otherwise it may be smashed. Care must be taken in this, in order that he may not the wind the wind the water force. throw his weight and bring the whole force of his jump to bear on the straight taut line or fall back on the taut line—either of which is extremely fiable to produce the

AN ALL-ROUND GENIUS.

She Runs a Cattle Ranch, a Silver Mine and a Hospitable Home.

THEY CALL HER A CATTLE QUEEN. Can Pick Out a Horse Thief in a Crowd by His Face and His Manner.

WITHAL SHE'S A CULTIVATED WOMAN

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WHITE OAKS, N. M., July 28. CATTLE QUEEN! That is what Eastern people love to call independent ranch - woman who takes upon her slender shoulders the bur. den too heavy for any but the strongest man to carry

run of bare, hot, dusty ranch houses in plain countries.

The range is general here in New Mexico, not under tence, as it is in Texas, and to secure a certain amount of pasturage it is only necessary to own the watering places, mounfain springs and streams. The range thus controlled by the Three Rivers ranch is very large, and the books show about 8,000 cattle belonging to the company; some of these being at pasture in the Texas Panhandle and some in Kansas.

Her Remarkable Judgment of Men.

Her Remarkable Judgment of Men. Mrs. Barber has two non-resident partners. They both live in Milwaukee, but
she is manager, as she was the originator of
the entire enterprise, having acquired the
property in the beginning by taking the
land up directly, or purchasing from
settlers. It is she who buys, sells, ships
and transfers the cattle from one State to
another.

another.
She selects, employs and controls her me with unerring instinct and discrimination. and says she has never yet found hersel burdened or troubled with a "bad man," a shirk, scamp or weakling of her own choosing and employing. Her instinct and judgment are as quick and unfailing in the matter of four-footed cattle as they are with the two-footed sort, and she yearly buys and sells a large number of the former for other parties.

It has seemed to me that aside from the

phrase calls up visions of a dashing Amazon in cow-girll toggery, riding a snorting bronco—tor the Cattle Queen's the Cattle Queen's throne must certainly be the saddle. Now I have recently met a Cattle Queen, and, while I do not think the title in any way above her deserts, my ideas are somewhat modified as to the manner of her royalty.

A dozen miles from White Oaks is the ranch of Mrs. Barber. You might meet Mrs. Barber at her house in White Oaks, where she spends a portion of her time, and where she dispenses very graceful hospitality; but if you want to see the "Cattle"

and bearing like print, and knows a scamp, as meak or an untrustworthy man as surely as neak or an untrustworthy man as surely as the wonderful dog in the good little stories. Apropos of this faculty, she stories. Apropos of this faculty. Stories. Apropos of this faculty, she stories. Apropos of this faculty. Stories. Apropos of th



MRS. BARBER, THE CATTLE QUEEN.

Queen" you have heard so much about, you will go ten or twelve miles out over the dusty road, under the all-too-ardent New Mexican sun, to meet her upon her own ground, amid her appropriate surroundings,

on the Three Rivers ranch. the form of an aquarelle, from the hand of a muster who is fond of washing in strong primary tints, and the low, white-walled rauch house smothered in gay blooming vines and flowers, with its great, deep green cottonwoods about it, and the glowing, 1 speckless blue sky above it, is a picture almost Japanese in its gay, unshaded vivid-

It, and everything about it, and the pros perity that supports it, are the creation of Mrs. Barber's strong, slender fingers, and her alert, active brain. An almost girlish figure she is, with handsome dark hair, a pair of great black eyes under full heavy lids, a mouth that reveals a flashing row of lids, a mouth that reveals a flashing row of white teeth when she amiles—which is not unfrequently, for she has all the good fellowship, and good-natured liberality of a man—and a Western, man at that—along with the teader heart, quick sympathies and intuitions of her sex. She sings charmingly, and is fond of her piano and guitar, though she complains that the hands that drive a lively team and hold the rein on an enthusiastic saddie pony, for thousands of miles yearly, which are liable to handle all sorts of tools and implements, from a very small needle or a delicate water color brush, to an adz, a saw or a jack plane, will be a little clumsy and "bronco" sometimes at corralling the guitar strings or "cutting out" the ivory keys. .

Her Hu-band Murdered Before Her Eyes Mrs. Barber came to Lincoln county, a very young bride, in 1874—which gives the inquisitive minded and arithmetically in-clined a conjectural sum in addition by which to fix upon her present age. She has been twice married, her first husband, Mr. McSwayne, having been murdered be-fore her eyes in that bloody struggle between law-abiding citizens, corrupt officials and horse and cattle thieves, which is known in the history of New Mexico as the Lin

coln county war.

In that desperate time her house was burned from over her head and she went through such heart-breaking and horrifying experiences, and endured such hardships nd anguish of mind as would have cowed the spirit of most women, and sent them, old and broken before their time, to finish the remnant of their days as pitiful de-pendants in the homes of relatives. But she was made of sterner—and braver—stuff, and in '83 widowed and thrown entirely upon her own resources, she come to White Oaks and embarked in cattle ranching. It was in that year the pretty white-walled ranch house was built, and its construction was most unique. We often hear it said that woman is the builder of the home, and Mrs. Barber is a home-builder in a literal sense, as the skilled work on this house was done mostly with her own small hands. Help was very hard to get—none but Mexi-can labor could be obtained; she had the choice between their clumsy work and her

own, and she chose the latter.

Made Her House With Her Own Hands. The house is built on the plan of a Mexican jacal, of upright poles set close together, plastered on the outside with adobe, having an adobe roof, and being plastered inside and finished with a coat of gypsum, as white and hard and smooth as plaster of paris. Mrs. Barber laid every floor, hung every door, made every door-casing, and, in short, was the only carpenter employed on the house—the Mexicans being only rude helpers—and when it was finished she gathered within it, as her means permitted and opportunity served, all the softness and refinements a woman loves to surround heraelt with—pretty carpets, rich ourtains and hangings, books, pictures, music, dainty white and silver

hangings, books, pictures, music, dainty china and silver.

The ranch itself lies at the foot of the White Mountains, out from which flows or lall back on the taut line—either of which is extremely liable to produce the result spoken of. If you get a strike when trolling, keep the line taut and the boat in motion, slackening its speed somewhat, of the R-ason for the High Collar.

The Princess of Wales has a lean, long,

tried for horse stealing. He's got off-'Yes,' said I, 'but he's guilty.'
She Runs a Silver Mine, Too.

A year or so ago when there was a special stir over mines and mining interests in New Mexico, Mrs. Barber was infected with the the Three Rivers ranch.

The Strong Colors of the Orient.

Every view here in New Mexico takes

fever. A sort of outfit or procession, familiarly seen about in the White Mountains to the south of Three Rivers, con-Bucephalus, with Pompey, her factotum, trotting along behind on whatever sort of quadruped could be caught up.

She is a skillful and intelligent prospector, and can instruct you in a most prac-

> tical and scientific way upon "leads," "contacts." etc. etc.
> She prospected all down through the
> Rinconada country in the White Mountains, where her outfit and cattle then were, but it was up nearer the ranch, only seven miles distant from it, that she finally found the rich and valuable silver mine of which she now owns a half interest, the other half

> being held by several prominent capitalists.
>
> Mrs. Barber says she doesn't care to vote, and isn't interested in Woman's Rights, but she is herself a most powerful argument in their favor.
> She entertains very handsomely at her

house in White Oaks; gives progressive whist and euchre parties, little dances and occasionally a german; and it seems to me that a woman who can run a ranch, manage a mine and engineer a successful german is fairly entitled to the designation of an allround genius. ALICE MACGOWAN.

AN OLD EXPRESSION EXPLAINED. Oil on Troubled Waters Was First Thought to Be a Miracle.

Boston Herald.1 The idea contained in the expression 'pouring oil on troubled waters," has been traced as far back as Pliny (A. D. 23-79). who speaks in his "Natural History" of the results of pouring oil on a stormy sea. Mr. David E. Stone, of the New York Journal of Commerce, found an interesting account of the phenomenon in Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" (book 3, chapter 15), written in Latin more than 1,100 years ago (from 716

to 731 A. D.)
"The venerable Bede is speaking of Bishop Aidan, who was permitted to work miracles," he says: "A priest called Vtta (Utta) was sent into Kent to feton Eanfiede, King Edwine's daughter, who was to be married to King Oswirra. He was to go by land but to return by water. Before he departed Vtta visited the Bishop and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The Bishop blessed him, and predicting for his return a great tempest and a contrary wind that should rise suddenly, gave him a pot of

oil, saying:
"Remember that you east into the sea this remember that you east into the sea this oyle that I give you, and anon, the winds being laied, comfortable layer weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you againe with as pleasant a passage as you have wished.

"The tempest came as predicted, the

sailors essayed to cast 'ancar' in vain, the water began to fill the ship, and 'nothing but present death was looked for.' At the near approach of death came the thought of the Bishop and the pot of oil. Taking it into his band the priest cast the oil into the sea, when, as if by magic, it became quiet and calm, and the ship was delivered."

Herculite, a new French explosive, is yellowish gray powder, composed of saw-dust, camphor, nitrate of potash, and sevdust, camphor, nitrate of potash, and several substances that are kept secret. It cannot be fired by sparks, flame, or detonation. At a trial, a half-pound charge of the compound was inserted in a blast hole, about four feet in depth, tamped with sand and earth, and fired by a special igniter. A block of stone about 30 tons was displaced.

A South American sea turtle weighing 80 pounds was captured a few days ago off the coast of Massachusetts. The turtle is very common in Southern waters, but is very seldom seen in the North. This is the first one of the species ever taken along this coast, and the fishermen say that it must have struck in a northern current and came North by mistake. GOWNS FOR THE COURT. What the Belles Who Play Lawn Tennis Array Themselves In.

shoes. The very latest bioyele suit is the invention of a bright, pretty woman, Mrs. Lena Sittig, living at Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn; she is also the inventor of the "duck's back waterproof," which is just now creating such a stir. Her suit has been tried by lovers of the wheel and declared to be a great success. It is made of thin, black cravenette and will shed every drop of water, so that in such a rig, a girl could ride through the drenching summer showers witout getting the least bit wet.

Dresses That Interfers With the Score. RED, NAVY BLUE AND STRIPES GO.

Dresses That Interfere With the Score. One wonders that girls are not allowed to run and play tennis in so bething beside the clinging, long bell skirt, but fashion decrees to the contrary. The professionals, who play tennis in earnest, wear a short, fuller skirt than the bell and the old-fashioned loose blouse with turn-over collar and scarf.
They cannot be handicapped by a dress that
interferes their score. But if you should
remonstrate with the fashionably gowned tennis girl she might laugh in her sleeve as did a saucy New Yorker when an English did a saucy New Yorker when an English tailor tried to have her wear at least a short bell rather than the one with a long dip. Her ambition is to look thin, besides she has learned to keep her light cloth train absolutely unsoiled.

The secret of it—"Look and see," she says, as she glides away, turning back to cast a sly look over her shoulder at you in



Off for the Tennis Court.

your discomfiture. The fact is she has learned a certain swing-swing of gait, which keeps the dip from really settling on the ground, and as long as she can add a few inches to her height and thus increase her lenderness, you may be sure she will be in no hurry to give up the popular Paris

Gir's Do What Birds and Beasts Won't, Thus, in spite of the stern censure of the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," who says, "If any man can walk behind one of these women and see what she rakes up as she goes and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. Why, there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these greatures. through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses."

A soft gauntlet doeskin is the ideal tennis

Outing handkerchiefs are of linen cam-bric, with colored button-holed, scalloped edge, worked with white dots. White wool braid is the best for trimming

Belts of all kinds have clasps to harmon ize with costume; anchors for yachting, flags, rackets and wheels as the case may be.

DOT DIMMICK.

SOME YARNS ABOUT BIRDS.

cies, such as plastrons crossed with red, white and blue braid, or silk scarfs knotted What the Wild and Domestic Varieties Are But the girl who loves to play tennis can Doing This Summer, generally plan a pretty suit, without paying any unheard-of sum for the sake of a celerooklyn Citizen.]

In some parts of the South the people have a novel way of decimating what they deem a rest. The black red-headed wood pecker, in their opinion, does material damage to certain trees, and the following is the inexpensive method they adopt for his destruction: A pole is lashed to a tree or stuck into the ground for the woodpecker to alight on. When he does, a sharp blow is given the pole at the foot with a club or axe upon the side which the bird is. He drops

stone dead. Walter Farwell, of Scranton, Pa., witnessed a novel fight the other day between a gopher snake and a kingbird. The snake was a large one and capable of swallowing his feathered opponent with ease, but the bird was too active for him and came out winner. The bird would hover over the snake but a foot or two over his head, and would strike it on the head from time to time, the snake all the while trying to seize the bird, but was unable to do so on account of its rapid movements. After some twenty minutes his snakeship gave up the fight in disgust and hurried away to avoid the thrusts of his tormentor. A resident of Plumstead, Pa, has a turkey hen which is very aquatic in her habits. She recently hatched and is now caring for

fourteen ducklings. When they take to the water she wades in after them and keeps as near them as possible.

An eagle swooped down and carried off a rattlesnake in its claws near Harrisburg, recently. The snake's singing rattle could be distinctly heard as the bird ascended, but the latter had the reptile safe by the

Some Experiments With Iron.

Experiments with malleable cast iron by the Admiralty of Sebastopol, Russia, have been successful. A trial bar, heated to red heat, was folded and refolded several times navy blue serge, and then, not to be just like the other girls, she will work on the front breadth of the skirt, just above the hem, two tennis rackets with crossed handles. The skirt will be made a wide belt at in succession, and at the end only one scarcely perceptible crack showed. Another bar that was folded cold under hydraulic pressure, broke after taking a per-sistent curve. A third bar, heated to cherry waist or girdle, and here she will embroider two smaller ones. She can draw out the shapes herself, if she is the capable creature red, could be forged and lengthened into strips. Its tensile strength was almost equal to that of ordinary Siemens-Martin American girls are supposed to be. Her shirt waist is a fine white serge, with a racket in each corner of sailor collar. Colic and Cholers Morbus.

She buys a rough straw sailor for 25 cents and fastens round the crown tan leather straps at 39 cents a pair. If she has any money to spare she picks out a fancy stick pin, in racket or flag shape in blue and white enamel, or a tinted butterfly with a single small diamond in the center. She Colic, cholers morbus, cramps and many other affections of the stomach and bowels prevalent at this time of the year are due to two causes. First, the depressing effect of the hot weather upon the nervous system, and second, the use of green fruit, encum-bers, melons, etc. No one is sale from painful and even dangerous attacks of fasters her chatelaine watch with the bow knot in frosted gold, set with little tur-quoises which Tom or Dick gave her as a souvenir of the day which she did such wonders, and then, if either of said young these affections unless unusual precautions are taken at this time of year. A table-spoonful of Pe-ru-na taken before each meal men notices the carefully wrought suit, as he is sure to do, he admires her skill and inis a complete protection against these malaventive genius. He need not know she caught the suggestion out of a fashion ar-ticle, for, of course, he never reads "that dies. Pe-ru-na is not only a preventive of colic, cholera morbus, cramps, stomach ache, summer diarrhosa and cholera, but is also a prompt cure for these diseases. Where the attack is very severe and pain-A Creation in L'ght Silk.

A very dainty little maid, who likes her clothing to be as light as a feather, has selected this year a thin silk tennis suit. The skirt, instead of being the regulation bell, is a full one gathered to a girdle, the silk being a dark blue striped with hair lines of white. The shirt waist is a sheer white mull fastened with gold studs. The silk blazer fastens in front with a heavy white silk frog. Some of the newest blazers are belted in the back with a wide belt of gold galloon, passing underneath at ful a wineglassful of Pe-ru-na should be taken at once, followed by two tablespoontul doses until complete relief is obtained. This never fails in a single case. In cases of less severity a tablespoonful every hour is sufficient. No one should neglect the precaution of taking a dose of Pe-ru-na before each meal, until the hot sesson is over. Complete treatise on diseases of hot weather sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company,

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Lezs' photo studio, 10 and 13 Sixth street, first-class work, moderate prices, prompt delivery. Bring the babies.

THE SUMMER OUTING. | boiled water, and the truth of the statement

How an Ingenious Woman Made Up for Her Cottage's Lack of Closets.

CUSHIONS TO BE TAKEN ALONG.

The Cleopatra Girdle Set on Top of the Head Is the Season's Fall.

GOSSIP PROM MARGARET H. WELCH

"When I was shown into the summe uarters that I had engaged 'sight unseen' as the boys trade jack knives," said a woman recently, "my first sensation was one of delight over the big airy corner room, with two large beds that I and my three little girls were to occupy; my second, of dismay to discover not a closet nor wardrobe in its extent. Four trunks followed me upstairs and where, thought I, can I put their contents? Before a strap was lookened I ran down and asked for the village carpenter, and in 20 minutes I had him in that room. From one window to a corner there was a stretch of six feet blank space; there he put me a shelf on brackets with a row of hooks beneath; on the edge of the shelf the next day my maid and I shirred a cambric curtain and thus evolved a press for good gowns with a shelf for bonnet boxes and such light bulky impediments; one of the beds had a high head board of stained oak; we stood that across another corner of the room, tacked a valance of cambric to the lower edge of the headboard as a dust protector and in the triangular space thus secured, we piled neatly, on the floor, the children's heavy coats and play gowns for cool weather that we did not need every day, while to the pine reverse side of the headboard we nailed a bag of stout bedticking as a soiled linen hamper; one of my trunks was a flatnailed a bag of stout bedticking as a soiled linen hamper; one of my trunks was a flattopped, trayless packing trunk and in this we keep the starched dresses and skirts, my big shawl covering its unsightliness; a discarded soap box from the village grocery we have covered and use as a shoe receptacle, and with one cheap four-armed towel rack acrewed to the door for every-day wraps, and a second fastened to the headboard for odd wrappers and bed-gowns, we are as tidy and comfortable as Robinson Crusoe "in his desert island."

"It amuses me," says a Delsarte priestess, "to hear mothers tell their children to hold their shoulders up. It is not the shoulders but the chest which needs elevating. Hold the chest up and the shoulders fall into a proper position naturally. I tell my classes to fancy a ball at their throat which they must roll off over their chesta."

The summer piazza of the suburban and ountry home shows some novelties of furnishings. Portieres of awning cloth, hung on poles with rings, frequently take the newer than matting curtains, though these are still seen. Shirred half curtains between pillars are also a new notion this year. They are like sash curtains in win-dows, and are made of wash cretonnes or even cottage drapery in rather dark and figured effects. A cottage in the outskirts of Saratoga has these shirred curtains in Turkey red and the combination with stone and dark brown paint is not at all bad.

Quite the most often seen in the way of ead-dress this summer at the watering places is the Cleopatra girdle or some variation of it. On the old coins showing the head of the Egyptian Queen, it will be recalled that a bandeau is always seen. The nineteenth century woman has put the girdle a little higher on her head and transmed the knot at the nape of the neck to upright loops above the forehead, but she



The Cleopatra Girdle still calls it the Cleonatra girdle and fancies she takes on classic grace when she dons it. The hair is dressed low and the girdle is made of ribbon or velvet. A woman with lovely titian red hair was seen the other evening with a girdle of black velvet which was very effective. White and blue velvet were also seen, and the twist of pearls in very black hair had vel-vet wings in front studded with pearls.

In the modern tondness for bizarre effects people accomplish curious manifestations. A bachelor apartment in New York has a dado about the room with frequent oval and square openings, cabinet size, in which are inserted the photographs of his girl friends. It is an odd conceit, and one which interests everybody who visits the place. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her bungalow at Short Beach has a frieze of photographs around one of her rooms. The dado seems more sensible, as the pictures are not "skyed."

White duck hammock pillows embroidered in some sketchy athletic design, as tennis rackets, golf clubs crossed or a hunting cap and whip in colored flax are much

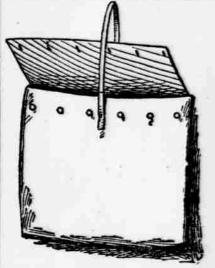
A private letter from Bar Harbor comments on the somber touch on the season there by reason of the Blaine and Vanderbilt bereavements. Several members of the latter family are at the Maine resort, though none of the direct Cornelius Vanderbilt household, which is summering very quietly at Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts. at Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts. The young man who died was quite the pride of the whole family, and it is more than complimentary mourning they are wearing for him. Since Mrs. Emmons Blaine has gone to Bar Harbor she is frequently seen driving out with her infant son, and it scarcely needs the heavy weeds of the young widow to make her presence a reminder to the most casual observer of the last crushing sorrow of the Blaine bouse-hold.

Tea talk seems to have been exhausted, but the good tea is still rare. The very simplicity of the process militates against its successful accomplishment. Like the New York woman with a French chef who found it impossible to get a bowl of palatable gruel made by him for her sick husband, a cup of tes, not too strong nor too weak but brewed to perfection, seems too small a result to provoke intelligent effort. Let every reader of this paragraph recall how many times in her comings and goings she has encountered tea, bitter with the tannin of too long brewing, flavorless from the oppo-site cause or rank with the steeping in half is emphasized.

To make tea properly there should be careful and perpetual measurement. Au even teaspoonful of English breakfast tea leaves in a hot earthenware pot over which a cupful of freshly boiled water is poured and allowed to stand two and a half minutes by the watch before being poured off, insures a single cup of an agreeable and harmless drink. To make tea for a considerable company the same proportions hold good, 20 teaspoonfuls of leaves to 20 cups of boiling water for 20 persons. For this quantity add half the quantity of water at first, letting the infusion stand two minutes, then add the other ten cups and allow three then add the other ten cups and allow three minutes more. At the end of five minutes pour off the tea into a second hot teapot and the twentieth person will receive a beverage of the same delicate flavor as gratified the first drinker. Don't let the tea remains the leaves of the same of the teapot and the first drinker. on the leaves and rely on reducing the bit-terness with not water—the delicacy of tea is like the bloom on a peach, once gone it can only be found again—on another peach.

In the tronsseau lingerie of the fashionable bride is now included a set of bed linen, six exquisitely fine linen sheets and he same number of pillow slips, each embroidered with the interlaced initials of the bride's maiden name. Sometimes this is s gift from a set of girl friends, each contrib-uting a pair of the cases or a pair of sheets, which permits a variety of embroidery de-sign. Halt a dozen embroidered linen pillow covers are also an acceptable gift to a man friend, particularly if he is in apartments. The desire for fine and costly bed trimmings is one of the features of this age of luxury, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's famous point lace bed and pillow covers representing the highest point which has yet been touched.

Everybody knows the comfort and conenience of piazza seats and cushions for the grass, but everybody is not as well informed how to secure them easily for the summer outing. "We go away six strong," said a woman the other day, "and it would add seriously to the bulk of



A Comfort for the Outing.

our luggage to take pillows and rugs for lawn and piazza. I make instead balf a dozen bags with a flap corner and a band attached to hang up by, and when I get out to the village boarding house where we stay I fill them with dry sweet hay, and they do excellent service.

White Dresden china lamps with white silk shades are the latest accessory to the white and gold rooms.

The summer girl who is "form" takes her constitutional before breakfast, swinging along the country roads in a tailor-made blazer suit of English storm serge, with a cheviot skirt and four-in-hand tie, and followed by from six to ten dogs, hounds, set-ters or terriers, as her taste inclines. She wears gauntlet gloves and carries dog whip, but with all her apparent contempt of fine ladvism she is execul to tie dark green or black fall over her sailor has a pretty face. MARGARET H. WELCH.

There is now on exhibition in Paris a boat which, it is said, is as exact a reproduction as can be made of the caravel which took Christopher Columbus to America. The ship floats around in a large basin whose America. edge is made to represent the shore of the island on which Columbus landed, and there are Indians and other accessories to give realism to the picture. A pantomime repshores of the New World is given.

N-w Use for Sing.

The quantity of heat wasted by slag has suggested projects for utilizing it in raising steam, but nothing practical has been attained until recently. At a mine in New South Wales the molten slag is run into the bottoms of iron chambers that can withstand internal steam pressure, and jets of water are torced on the slag. In a short time the chambers are filled with steam that can be utilized in other parts of the

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