Men the Greatest Talkers.

Clay and Webster Fnjoyed Themselves

Telling of Small Events,

SENATOR QUAY'S POLITICAL MOTTO

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

It is rather odd that the sex most dis-

tinguished for talking is most forward in

disclaiming the tendency toward loquacity.

Socrates Was a Great Gab.

Although the wisest and most virtuous of

pagans, he had the gift of gab, and never

neglected an opportunity to talk. He was

so full of wisdom and words "golden and

divine" that he went to the markets in the

one inspired. In fact, he thought that divine

He Could Out-Talk Xantippe.

of Athens. He did not, as do many of the

wise brethren of the present, commit him-

talker, he had the courage to maintain his

lost sight of in the great thoughts that shut

With His Head Among the Stars.

It is likely that he was somewhat of

cross to Xantippe, who did not understand him or appreciate his greatness. A philos-

opher in his own house is seldom agreeable. With his head among the stars, it is hard to call him down to the plain realties of

everyday life. Carlyle had a horror of kitchen doings.

His wile stood between him and them. She was the barrier that shielded him from

everything that was unpleasant and dis-

agreeable. Beyond her the bores never got. Fond of talking as he was, he could not

bear to waste his tongue or time upon those he deemed unworthy, or to bestow his

thoughts uselessly upon people whose un-derstanding was beneath his own. More-

over, if there was talking to be done, he wanted to do it all himself. He had no pa-

Horace Walpole was a famous gossip in his day. His life and letters and memoirs show that the business to which he devoted

himself was to talk of trifles and tell stories

concerning the people he knew to anyone who would listen. He was what Artenna

Ward calls an "amusin" cusa." He knew everything about everybody in society, and made himself popular by telling of "behind

the scenes" in families in the most interest

ing tashion. His knowledge of skeletons

in the closets of the great was extensive, and he did not hesitate to embellish his

Smith himself, be it remarked, was a

smith himself, be it remarked, was a talker of no small fame. He had stories and jokes to fit in everywhere, but when Macaulay got started he had little chance of getting them into play. Both men were such talkers, and so full of the richness of

loquence that it was considered somewhat

of a misfortune when they were invited together to the same table. On such oc-casions one had to be quiet—a great hard-

ship-while the other rattled away so vigor-

ously that no one else could get in a word. After a long absence from England Sydney

Smith said that really Macaulay had improved—inasmuch as he now had "flashes

of silence." Stenographers were not in vogue in their day, hence the brilliant

gossip of those famous dinners and break-fasts is lost and forgotten. The few recorded remarks seem in this age to be stale and flat.

Webster and Clay Could Gossip.

the statesman, and gave himself up to gos-sip and hilarity. The news of the day

he talked at the wrong time. He gave him-

self away to his enemies, and they were not

out all lesser ideas.

tience to listen.

views even when most obnoxious to his

depth of his own ignorance.

oo little and who say too much."

But is it true?

POSING AS ARTISTS.

How Good People Make Fools of Themselves at the Royal Academy.

IT'S VERY PROPER TO GO

And More Proper to Appear to Know All About the Pictures.

GREAT NAMES ON THE CANVAS.

An American Woman Tells Just What There Was to Please Hen.

THE WORK THAT MAKES AN IMPRESSION

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.] LONDON, July 30 .- No one who makes even the slightest pretentions to culture (when one makes pretentions to culture one always spells it with a big "C") would even think of leaving London without paving a visit to the Royal Academy, or at any rate reading up on the exhibition and stoutly maintaining he had paid it a visit. The Royal Academy of Arts has its home in Burlington House, where the very essence of learning, as represented by the Royal Astronomical Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Geological, the Chemical, and and the Linnman societies, is sheltered by one roof.

Now and then one or another of these socleties holds a reception to which learned folk come and wonder why they give receptions anyhow, and frivolous folk come and wonder what the society is about when it isn't holding a reception, and a great many folk who don't wonder or think at all come because "it looks well to be seen there."

Burlington House, "a fine, imposing name that looks well on an invitation card," as a socially ambitious little friend musingly remarked on receiving her "bid" to one of these dry-as-dust receptions, is a really handsome building surrounding a courtyard. One steps from the life and courtyard. One steps from the life and gaiety and, it must be admitted, the wickedness of Piccadilly, through great gateways which are barred after hours by beautiful gates like iron lace work, across the cobblestones of the courtyard into the quiet and the high-pressure atmosphere of art of the Royal Academy.

The Private Views at the Academy. This exhibition is a part of the "season's" tife. It lasts from May until August, and with the weather and one's health forms one of the stock subjects of polite conversation. The private views at the academy are very swell affairs, indeed, calling out the smart set, the æsthetic set, the moneyed set (as possible buyers) and the Bohemian set, that brilliant set which is just wicked mough to be fascinating and clever, and lasteful enough to retain its "good form." A private view is a really important ocial event. Fashionable women have A private view is a really important social event. Fashionable women have special gowns for it, just as they have for Ascot and Goodwood and Henley, and royal garden parties. The actresses who have a leaning toward art, and the artists who have a leaning toward art, and the artists who have a leaning toward art, are present. The critics, literary, dramatic and artistic are there, the authors and newspaper folk, the ismous people and the "faddy" people all come under the private view net. As the gowns for Ascot must be very smart and those for Henley chic, the gowns for gowns for Ascot must be very smart and those for Henley chie, the gowns for the Academy must be esthetic and artistic as to color and cut, and the "picture gowns" on the floor outvie the picture gowns in the

pictures, and pause before one to Really, now, that's not half bad," "Very much better than last year," o - must be losing form. This doesn't come up to the picture be sent last year." It's End Form Not to Understand. And then when a really-truly artist take them in tow it's beautiful to see the "ol dear, yes; I understand perfectly" expression they hang out, while he goes into tech nical detail. But everyone who wants to see the pictures doesn't go to a private view, and consequently the eleven room where the oil paintings are, being the the black and white room, the architectural room and the statuary rooms are every day. during exhibiting hours, thronged with per the shuffling and burzing about. There are

000 odd works of art in the catalogue, and

artists, the academicians, and their friends

and it is really a very pretty scene when these well-dressed folk with an intelligent

appreciation of art, or clever assumption of it, go about looking for their dear friends'

he average number of visitors each day is one to each art work. They are people who come again and again, artists who bring their friends, artas' triends who bring their friends, tourists from everywhere, townspeople and country people. They go about, some with opera glasses (although the special use of opera glasses in the small rooms, I, with my crude practicality, couldn't divine) some with lorgnettes, some with single glasses, and some with no glasses at all Some of them look laughably sentimental before the pictures that "tell a story," some look still more laughably wise before the pictures that look as if they should be reenrkable for the "technique" or chiaro-oscura" or the "atmosphere," some equally intangible reason that they can prattie about, for they are remarkable for nothing else. There's a deal of mum mery and flummery in it all, and even i one has no appreciation of art as somethin to "paw up after," as a jolly cowboy put it, there's plenty of human nature to be had

for the shilling admission. Fiirtations Before the Paintings.

There's plenty of flirtation going on with an utter disregard to the improvement of the mind. There are appointments made and some clever bits of acting done by the people who keep them, deceiving maser lines worrying around to find the dear girl, and when they see her sauntering abo looking at the pictures and professing the most lively surprise when they do come nlump before her. There's the opposite his in the man who doesn't care a-well, I won't mention what-"for a ten-sere ull of your old daubs," who says he'll meet his wife, who does care, at a certain hour and who always finds her in the last room after he has jostled and trodden on the toe of everyone in every other room, and the bristly way in which he approaches her quenches the soft light of romantic pleasare in her eyes, and makes one wonder what there is in the marriage ceremony anyhow that so surely murders sympathy But, to get back to the two-thousandworks of art, and looking at them through of every hundred are average and come to see the interesting pictures), it is astonish ing to find so many artists devoting the years they must to the study of art, and afterward so much actual labor, thought, hope and artistic skill to the production of

commonplace. A Definition of a Great Picture.

I made a quick trip through the galleries-a comparatively quick trip, giving three hours to the oil paintings-as an experiment. An artist, an academician, said to me not long ago: "There is something more in art than producing a technically perfect bit of work on canvas. I would as soon make a perfect and intricate piece of needlework as paint a picture that appealed only to the professional eye of an artist and required an understanding of the technique of art to appreciate it. The picture that is

a success is the picture that holds the interest and cannot be forgotten!"

I made my trip with his words in my mind. I didn't look at the names of the

mind. I didn't look at the names of the artista. When I saw a picture that "stood out" from the rest and caught my interest I turned to the catalogue to see who painted it. There were many beautiful pictures, beautifully painted, the work of master hands, but so commonplace, oh, so commonplace, that I telt like calling a meeting of these industrious artists of pretty, smooth, neat, decorous thoughts, and exhorting them to take their brains out of the cotton wool wrappings, and let the fresh breezes of unhampered creativeness revive them again.

There were portraits, a mile of them, I should say, well painted for the most part,

should say, well painted for the most part, and interesting, because human faces are always interesting, but even they roused a wish that women could realize when the time comes for them to stop sitting for artists. Youth, age, and individuality are the only things one wants fixed on carves. the only things one wants fixed on canvas. If a woman is plain and commonplace, or if she was pretty and is commonplace—no matter if her heart is as good as gold, he temper as sweet as sorghum 'lasses, and her soul as white as a dove—she ought not to let an artist perpetuate her commonplace

Discovering Mark Twain's Portrait. Among the portraits there was one that quite caught my fancy—a pleasant looking chap, one who looked as if he "thunk his own thoughts," as Bill Nye puts it; a chap with a tawny drooping mustache, a corneob pipe in his mouth, a pleasant, ahrewd, friendly twinkle in his eyes, a thick, curl-ing mass of tawny hair well tinged with gray, hair that looked as if it was used to having fingers run through it. I struck up quite a friendship with this chap. It seemed too bad, too, to me, that he should be hanging in a corner, second row, light none too good, and I was wondering where I had seen some one like him. I got quite puzzled about it till I bethought me to look at my catalogue and found it, "Mark Twain (S. L. Clemens, Esq.)—J. Carroll Beck-with."

The oil paintings numbered 1,044, and among them all I found—I'm not setting this "I" up arrogantly, for it is but an atom—not more than half a dozen that I couldn't forget.

Paintings by the tireat Artists After going through the galleries and looking at the pictures that stood out from the rest, the peaks of strength, interest and originality above the plain of the common place, I turned the leaves of my catalogue and found great names like Millet, Alma Tadema, Hubert, Herkomer, Sir Frederick Leighton and the like, names that in the corner of a canvas stamp a work as "great" and add ciphers on the good side of the sell-

names that went with them. Good pictures they are that have these great names on them. "Masterly, incomparable," an artist and a fine judge told me they are, but it takes the connoisseur to appreciate them. They are uninteresting. ELIZABETH A. TOMPKINS.

AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS.

Grange-Labor Day at Lily Dale-Pleas for Woman Suffrage-The Labor Situation as a Woman Sees It-Calamity Howiers Proud of Their Work.

LILY DALE, Aug. 5. - [Special]-Wednesday was Grange-Labor Day and Chautauqua and adjoining counties emptied their grangers, laborers and their sympathizers into Lily Dale. The speakers of the day were Hon. Mortimer Wnitchead, Hon. Robert Schilling and Miss Kate O. Peate.

The prime cause of strikes and riots rested. said the speaker, in usury, that when a man paid 1 per cent for the use of money, he paid for all the labor required to produce that money, and anything further was extortion. She summed up her arguments by holding that interest was usury which

among bankera. The existing evils and corruptions of the present relations of capital and labor were well pointed out and were loudly ap-plauded, both by cowhides and patent leathers, but she did not, unfortunately,

suggest the remedy.

Hon. Mortimer Whitehead, national lea turer of the Grange, was then introduced and made a strong plea to his "brother farmers" to join the organization. The excuse of over-production being the cause of cuse of over-production being the cause of increasing mortgages upon farms was lacetiously dwelt upon, and the story told of a Southern planter who learned that he had produced so much cotton that his wife couldn't have a calice dress. The anomaly of miners lying idle with inexhaustible stores of coal at their feet while the city poor shivered with cold was touched upon

and pronounced unnecessary.

Hon. Robert Schilling, the Calamity
Howler, as he termed himself, followed with a strong argument in favor of the Farmers' Alliance. The American Government, said he, is in reality a monopoly government. What can we say of the jus-tice of our laws, asked the speaker, which will disenfranchise one-half of its citizens Is it civilization that compels a woman to obey laws she cannot make and pay taxes she cannot dispose of? He rejoiced the Spiritualists present by representing him-self as one of them, and declared that it needed the feminine element in politics t make a perfect balance.

ART STUDENTS IN ITALY.

Too Many Americans Make a Mistake i Going to the Sunny Land.

"Every year sends more of our countryromen to Italy to prepare themselves for the stage, whose qualifications of voice and person, however flattered in America, by no means fit them for a successful career in that country, in which indeed their very sex, instead of being of some protection, as in America, is quite the reverse," says Ex-Governor Crosby in the North American Re-

"Their position in the meanwhile is aggravated by their ignorance or disregard of habits and opinions very foreign to those they have been accustomed to at home. From the outset they are liable to be victimized by being insidiously encouraged by interested persons to pursue, at a heavy expense for years, studies to fit them for the operatic stage, only at last, after paying an extravagant fee for a debut trial, to utterly fail, either from absolute inability or through the plots of jealous rivals.

"For every success there are many failures; at the same time, when the conditions are favorable, there is no country that has such great facilities for the training of an opera singer, and the beginning of a successful career. It is true there have been examples of remarkable and praiseworthy success under most adverse circumstances, due entirely to the energy and ability displayed by the young ladies themselves. In thus plainly presenting the disadvantages and trials which all must more or less meet, I do not wish to discourage anyone from atonly to state the adverse facts for the co sideration of the persons most interested."

Diarrhos in Kentucky

There has been a continued tendency to bowel disease here this season," says G. W. Shivell, druggist, Wickliffe, Ky., "and an unusual demand for Chamberlain's Colie, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy. I have sold four bottles of it this morning. Some remarkable cures have been effected by it and in all cases it has proved successful.

For sale by druggista.

Without



RED BLANKET, Tex., Aug. 4.—The Eastern idea of a Teras horse is a ewenecked, low-headed, narrow-chested, cathammed little beggar, with blood in his eye and as many devils in his disposition as there are cockle burrs in his tail.

I wish some of the people who imagine that droves of such little beasts are the horses generally raised on Texas ranches, could see Jim McQueen's Cinco. His sire was a four-mile horse whose ancestry ran vaguely back toward Kentucky; and he unites with the beauty, speed, smooth coat, good temper and larger size of this stock the indomitable pluck and hardihood, and the inexhaustible bottom of his native Texas blood. Jim traded five ponies for him when he was a raw, slim-legged yearling, and called him Cinco in commemoration. He is six years old now, and has never known the feeling of a collar. It is true that if some uninstructed outsider should insist on putting him into harness, Cinco would probably end by kicking the vehicle into kindling wood, and himself clean of every scrap of harness; but this would be simply a contemptuous protest-s forcible explanation of the fact that he wasn't built to haul loads.

A Very Accomplished Animal,

Cinco is the best horse in this, a country of good horses. His qualifications and accomplishments are varied. He is an unapproachable cow-horse, a finished expert in all the horse maneuvers incident to rounding up, roping and cutting out; a perfect mine of endurance and good spirits on the trail, and always wins all the long distance and handicap races at the county fair. He won his last handicap shout a month ago, under circumstances of thrilling interest to a romance-loving frontier society.

a romance-loving frontier society.

Jim is the junior partner at the bachelor Gillespie & McQueen sheep and cattle ranch on Boggy Run. Their nearest neighbor, five miles above, is the Austell ranch, at Crockett's Well. Miss Chummie Austell at Crockett's Well. Miss Chummie Austell, when she came out to the ranch a year ago from some East Texas school, had as easy a walkover of the undisputed belleship of the whole county as Cinco would have in an open race against a field of cowponies, and without an ounce of handicap. It was Jim, with his good looks, boyish spirits, and what Wade Keener bitterly strend withis blanca vinnight wars." who first styled "his blame winnin' ways," who first gained her maiden preference, and held it so long, in the face of so much and such spirited, not to say desperate rivalry, that it looked as though the course of true love might be going to run smooth once, just to show its West Texas originality.

An Unromantic Drifter Arrives.

But now came upon the scene the cause of discord, misunderstanding, jealousy and reproaches, spirited retorts and secret tears and finally angry separation, in the person of a sheepman, a 'drifter," from somewhere up in the Panhandle. Spurr was a most unromantic figure, about five or six feet in height and three feet across, with a sort of air of good-fellowship about him, and giving a vakue impression, somehow, of great and abounding wealth.

Now a "drifting" sheepman is, generally speaking, not very kindly taken to by cattlemen, or even by sheep ranchers. He is a man who may have 10,000, 15,000 or 20,000 sheep, and grow rich off the wool and mutton without ever owning a foot of land. But old man Austell and Mrs. Austell were undeniably impressed by the atmosphere of wealth that went about with Spurr, and then he laid violent siege to Chummie's affections he got more or less support from the family-even the boys, who were Jim's special friends, standing off neutral. Jim, hurt and angry, rode over to see Chummie and demanded that she give that chump his , right straight.

ramos, right straight.

It's hard for a pretty girl who knows her power to accede gracefully and promptly to an order like that, even from the man she oves, and the result was an angry rupture.

Spur Was an Agressive Sultor. For some weeks they never met, and all this time Spurr was staying at the Austell ranch or camping close to it, pushing his suit with Chumnie; and Chumnie, with the retion of the weaker sex-thinking to scare Jim into repentance-allowed herself to be drawn into a sort of promise, which Spurr immediately fastened upon, sent to San Antonio for an immense diamond solitaire and, with the support of the old people, hurried on the marriage, so that before she realized where she stood, the frightened and unhappy girl was actually putting on her And Jim?

The season was bad, there had been no rain for long, Boggy Run was run out, the grass was dry as tinder and the stock was beginning to suffer. The sheep could do where they were—a well-regulated Texas sheep can come as near dispensing with drinking water as a Kentucky colonel—but the cattle were rounded up and started out on the trail for "the territory." Jim, who usually stayed with the sheep, took charge of the cattle this year. There was a most uncomfortable soreness in the region of his heart, which it seemed somewhat to him might be more or less worked off in the toil managing a herd of trail cattle, lamming recalcitrant steers, fighting to keep the bunch to the trail in the face of a norther, or struggling to prevent or to quell an in-

Jim Quick y Took the Home Trail. They had been out on the trail nearly a week, and were pretty well up toward the State line, when Bob English rode into their camp one evening. After supper, when Jim's two cowbors were out riding round the herd, getting them bedded down for the night, Bob remarked confidentially to Jim. "The wedding, a coming of the state of the "The weddin's a-comin' off next Thursday. You done the very thing to jest

skip. She's sorry enough—Goo dGod, Jim!
I thought you knew all about it!"
In two hours' time Jim was far from his camp and Bob's, headed for Boggy Run on the best pony in the saddle band and leading another, cursing his folly for thinking Cinco too good for so hard a trip. Four days later, on a Thursday, he rode up to the ranch house door at Boggy Run about noon and threw himself upon the bed without a word, while Gillespie, equally speechless with amazement, arose from his solitary dinner and attended to the used up horses. dinner and attended to the user up not see That evening Jim was saying to Gillespie (an older man and a hard-headed Scotch-man), while he blacked his boots vigorously, turned the little ranch house upside down turned the little ranch house upside down and dragged out all his own and Gillespie's

entire wardrobe to make a suitable full dress toilet: "Let up, John. There's no use talk ing. I'm goin' over there an' look at her—
that's all. It this is her own deal and she's
sattsfied, why I'm bound to be. If it isn't
—it that little old swelled up prairie dog
an' the old tolks have sort of rushed it in on her- No, you can't go, nor Billy. I'm just going by myself, all peacable an' natural."

They were waiting for the preacher at the Austell ranch—he was an hour overdue. There was a sort of strained uneasiness in the air since Jim's unexpected arrival, despite his quiet manner and friendly greet-

ing.

He only needed one glance at Chummie's little tace; and her look of half terrified delight would have melted a more obdurated and injured lover. Presently some lively young spirit out on a porch exclaimed, "O, let's play hide and seek; the moon's bright as day."

Jim watched Chummie, and, as she crossed a darkened entry, caught her in his arms an instant, whispering, "Hide out at the far instant, whispering, "Hide out at the far one inspired. In fact, bethought that divine

a durkened entry, caught her in his arms an instant, whispering, "Hide out at the far side of the corral—Cinco's there, hitched." She slipped around a back way unseen, while Jim walked boldly over in front, and there, behind the 8-foot stockade, they met You don't want him, do you, darling?"

"Will you risk it with me and Cinco?" "O yes! Quick!"
"They'll follow. Where's the saddles and bridles? I'll put you on Rascal."

Two Figures on a Flying Horse, Jim lifted the little figure instantly upon Cinco behind the saddle, swept the bridle rein up from the snag over which it hung and sprang into the saddle in front of her; and her arms were round him. Even while he wheeled Cinco at the corral gate, dashed in, and, circling once round it, drove the horses snorting out before them with swing-ing quirt, Jim thrilled within that encircling girdle, and remembered how once, riding over from Boggy Run, he had found her afoot at the far end of the ranch, Rascal having given her the slip, how he had taken her up behind him on Cinco, and how

A Loud Whoop of Defiance

Touching Cinco with the spurs, he sprang forward and dashed down the trail, close his hat, remarked in the tone of an intox

fax! I have got you now! Let's see you help yourselves!" And so the gentlemen to whom it was addressed received it. But Cinco accepted it as only regular, straightout horse talk—the most pressing form of exhortation to "git" known to his tribe; and he "got" forthwith.

pausing to question and debate a little, were caught and saddled, and the Austell boys and some others followed over to Boggy Run. Gillespie came out and told them, with the grim, chuckling enjoyment of an sober old fellow over a beloved youngster's dashing prank, that Jim and Chummie, or Cinco and Gillespie's best pony, had ridden down to be married at Del Rio and take the morning train to Uvalde, where Jim's per ple live.

nanimous and say nothing to the old folks, when we heard last week that Spurr was living meekly at Dallas with a very ag-gressive wife and four children, that came out from the East somewhere and rounded up and corralled that gay butterfly. ALICE MACGOWAN.

Sparkling at Day and Night. The biggest diamonds in Saratoga do not belong to any of the women who are stopping at the big hotels. They are the property of the stout woman who has a cottage on one of the streets leading up from Con-gress Hall. And she wears her gems day and night. She has them on when the sun is shining brightly, and later when the sun has gone down and the stars have come out Wherever she goes there goeth also the flash and the sparkle of the big gema.

A LITTLE PARABLE

To think mine own hands drove the nails! I sang a merry song, And chose the heaviest wood I had To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have built a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!
—Anne Reeve Aldrick.

Always First to Settle. The following flustrates the prompt with which the Home Life Insurance pany, of New York, settles its claims. Thompson held policies in two other

panies, the folia being hist to meet its obligations.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 1, 1892.

H. B. Moeser, Manager, Pittsburg, Pa.

Dear Sir—Permit me on behalf of the beneficiary under policy No. 37,592. James A. Thompson, to thank you for the promptness with which your company settled the ciaim. Proofs of death were forwarded July 28, 1892, and draft for \$2,500 forwarded July 30, 1892. This prompt, (almost instantaneous tender ()) payment deserves special notice, (and I write to acknowledge it.) Your most excellent company is worthy of the full confidence of the insuring public, which it now enjoys. Yours truly, D. F. McKer.

For information and illustration of cost,

"All on the back porch—there isn't time anyhow—O, listen!"

taken her up behind him on Cinco, and how he had grieviously spurred and mistreated that unoffending and astonished friend, and put him into a dead run, for the rare delight of feeling those shy arms about him.

It would have been prudent to start north and circle round to the trail, avoiding the house. But it wouldn't have been Jimnor it wouldn't have been Texas. When he felt himself in that swaret class as love and a living Source and the present, commit himself to "expressive silence."

He did not believe in the gods then worshipped as divine, but, like many nowadays, "he was a living certificate of the meanness of the community in which he lived." He rather courted, it would appear, the martyrdom which fell to his share, but would it not have been better to have had a living Source. felt himself in that sweet class, so long desired, so barely snatched and won at last, when it would seem lost for good, with those frightened arms elinging about him, the small hands locking themselves together below his heart, Jim felt like a warrior

behind the string of clattering, snorting saddle ponies, right past the open front door and the whole assembled company, in the clear white light of a Texas full moon. As they came up to the group, Jim, in a reckless burst of unrestrainable delight and riumph, rose in the stirrups, and, swinging cated steam whistle, "Whirr-00-00-irp

Whocoirp! Whoo-oo-ooey!"
Translated freely this reads, "Go to Hali-

The ponies scattered out and let them pass. Several of the older and soberer ones,

Jim and Chummie could afford to be mag-

gossip concerning them with frills that lacked foundation in truth. Macaulay Could Talk an Arm Off. Perhaps no man has won higher fame as a talker than Macauley. Eminent as a historian and as a writer, he was even yet more noted among his friends as a talker, whose flow of language was apparently in-exhaustible. His quickness of thought, his power of memory, his disposition to keep his tongue going was something mar-velous. Among his chosen triends, when there was no let or hindrance to his powers of speech, he flowed over and "stood in the alop," as Sidney Smith somewhere says of

Scribner's Magazine. I made the cross myself, whose weight Was later laid on me. ight adds anguish as I toll Up life's steep Calvary.

For information and illustration of cost, profit and investment secured by a policy in the Home, address, stating age, H. B. Mosser, Manager, \$15 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa. was

master's undoing" is a truth so plain that the greatest wonder of the world is that men will talk so unthinkingly. A spend-WOMEN'S GIFT OF GAB. shrift with his tongue is sure to come to Bessie Bramble Says History Makes

grief.

Women take high rank as gossips. They are held as talking too much and thinking too little the most of the time, but history too little the most of the time, but history as talken who lave gives the palm to men as talkers, who lov "to hear themselves and will speak more in a minute than they will staud in a month." SOCRATES WAS A GREAT GOSSIP.

A Famous Woman Who Could Talk. One woman, famous as a talker, was Madame De Stael. Even as a child she was Madame De Stael. Even as a child she was remarkable for her ability to converse with the most famous men of her day. But her tongue and pen were a terror to Napolean, the conquerer of Europe. He could not live in peace, unless she was 130 miles away from him. He cared to hear no voice but his own. She read him through and through, and he knew it. He called her "a crow"—"a bird of 111 omen," but while he could suppress her in his flush of victories, he had no power to control her tongue, or silence her pen.

Letters have come to hand which assert tongue, or silence her pen.
Somebody says that "much tongue and over and over again that women have always been greatly given to talk and noted someoody says that much tongue and much judgment seldom go together." This is true perhaps of the gossips in general, but many men can talk and talk, and yet say nothing. They can give three-minute speeches without saying a word the inter-viewer wants to hear. They can so bridle as "chroniclers of small beer, who think Are women the talkers of the race? Tradition and superstition give them the credit of being the gossips of the universe, but their tongues that not a secret can escape to make a decent item. But how few are those who can exercise discretion in speech! history applies to women this honor only incidentally. Socrates, the celebrated Greek "Learn to hold your tongue," is the advice of wise men all adown the ages. Quay's political catechism summed up in two words is, "Don't talk." He knows the virtue of silence in political matters. "Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zachaphilosopher, comes to mind as the most re-nowned of all talkers. He talked from Monday morning until Saturday night, and for that matter, all day on Sunday, as there was no Law and Order autocrats in his day rias 40 weeks of silence," says Fuller. If the angels could impose such silence upon men nowadays what a relief it would be octo make him keep it holy by silence. He "prattled without end," say the historians. BESSIE BRAMBLE

TREATING BABIES IN CHINA.

Over 200,000 Small Girls Are Tearly Sacrific-d to a Celestial Joss. Pearson's Weekly.]

morning to hold converse with the country people. He went to what nowadays is called Congress at mid-day to discourse upon philosophy with those he esteemed learned in the law. He sought every assemblage, every meeting, every place where he could have an opportunity to set forth his idea as to the world's construction, and the philosophy of living Marketing and In China tens of thousands of recently born girls among the poorer classes are thrown out to perish, and at Shanghai I saw a tower formerly used to facilitate this infanticide. It is practiced in every part of China, but especially in the interior and in the Loess district.

As soon as we get many miles from the coast, it is quite usual to see near a joss house, or place of worship, a small stone tower from 10 to 30 feet high, with no door, but a hole in one side reaching into a pit in the center. The children that parents wish to be rid of are thrown into this hole, and quick-lime soon consumes the lifeless little instruction was given to him by supernat-ural power. As estimated by the philos-ophers and his friends and disciples, Socrates, and not Solomon, was the wisest of all men, but according to himself his wisdom consisted simply in knowing the

It is said that the priests take charge of this cruel work. It has been estimated that every year 200,000 female babies are brutally slaughtered in the empire. One Chinaman being interrogated about the destruction of his recently-born girl, said: "The wife cry and cry, but kill allee same."

In every large city in China there are asylums for the care of orphaus, supported and conducted by foreigners, who save yearly from slaughter tens of thousands of female infants. At Hankow, which is 600 It is the time-hoary story that Xantippe, his wife, was a common scold, but it is much more likely that, considering the ability of Socrates to use his tongue, she was the weaker vessel, judging from the standpoint of to-day, it would not be surmiles inland, I visited a Roman Catholic orphanage for children that have thus been prising to learn that he talked her to death. With him always talking, it was likely that she got very little chance to speak her mind. He gave up the trade to which he had been brought up, and devoted himself, to talking and thinking. Whether the interview fiend existed at the time is not clearly made out, but it expanse along the cast out to perish. Mother Paula Vismara, the lady superior of the institution, in-formed me that she had received seven that day, and on one day 30 were brought in. of course these had never been consigned to a baby tower. terview nend existed at the time is not clearly made out, but it appears plain that his tongue got him into trouble, since he was accused of teaching false doctrines, and of corrupting the minds of the young men

Sometimes they are found wrapped in sometimes they are found wrapped in paper and left at the edge of the river; sometimes they are buried alive by the father, but while yet living are dug up by someone else, and brought to this institution. Several women are employed by the mother superior in looking about for the little victims.

ANALYSIS OF ERNEST RENAM.

His Brilliant Mind is Able to see Many Sides to One Thing.

"An enchanting and multiform artist in have had a living Socrates, rather than a dead lion? With his everlasting tongue, he must have been a sore trial to his wife. ideas, a curious mind implanted in an amorphous body, M. Renan offers in his writings a brilliant monument of concrete He was very far from handsome, according to all accounts. Second to none as a scepticism and a complete exposition and apology of that dilettanteism which is certainly ravaging the intellectual classes of hearers. He was benevolent, sweet natured and affectionate in his disposition. He was careless in his dress. The little niceties that give token of the careful mind were modern France," says Theodore Child in Harper's Magazine.

"We say "ravaging" intentionally, because great and exquisite as may be the joys progured by dilet auteism, they are of a nonreative and unvirile kind. Indeed, if we had not imposed upon ourselves the impersonal attitude of the compiler of an inventory, we should be tempted to call attention to the harmony of M. Renan's physical and intellectual personality, to compare that great shapeless body to some huge polype or anemone, ris-ing or sinking, inclining to the right or to the left, as instinct or a ray of sunlight or the hazards of a current may inspire; but in any case merely floating and otherwise incapable of choosing a direction following it.
"So M. Renan's mind, thanks to multiform appreciation combined with vast inat-tention, is amused and fascinated by the many-sidedness of phenomena. It sees at once 10 or 20 phases, and being incapable of the effort necessary to decide which is the best, it sinks back into the joys of submarine mirage, and reflects the beauty of things on its polychrome facets that have the prismatic and illusory charm of sea

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY.

It Is to Displace the Steam Engine and

Revolutionize Cooking. "Since in obtaining power from fuel by neans of steam engines, upward of 90 per cent is wasted in unused heat, while the power obtainable for use represents scarcely more than 10 per cent of the real value of the fuel; under the very best conditions the question arises whether there may not be iscoverable a plan whereby a much larger percentage of the real value of the fuel may be turned to account as electricity, and through the latter as heat, light, or power," says Prof. Elihu Thomson, the eminent electrical inventor and expert, in the July New England Magazine.

"This question has at present no answer. The subject has been alive in the minds of our most able engineers and inventors for years, and some have striven hard to find a solution to the problem. Records of scientific discovery have been earnestly ransacked to find some clew; or, as it were, a guiding post to point the way for the uncertain explorer. It now appears that we may be compelled to await some new discovery, some new adaptation, or some new generalization before the way to the much desired solution may be found. The effect on the general industrial and economic deelopment in electricity which would tollow the discovery of some not too complex means for realizing an economy of even 40 or 50 per cent of the energy value of fuel is ndeed almost incalculable

"Then truly would electricity become the almost universal agent in the production as well as the transmission of power. The steam engine would go out of use almost entirely. We should burn our coal, not under steam boilers; it would be consumed in electric generators. Our steamships would have their machinery replaced by Daniel Webster it is said was a famous talker, apart from public life. With his intimate friends, he dropped the dignity of such generators, and their propellers would be turned by gigantic electric motors, connected with the generators. The speed would be increased so as to still further sip and hilarity. The news of the day around home was as well suited to the temper of his mind as is the small talk of the church to the women who keep it going.

Henry Clay would have been called a gossip, if he had been a woman. "Look at the size of his mouth" says a critte. Did any one with that sort of a countenance ever keep his own counsel or his head shut? He talked too much, or like James G. Blaine, he talked at the wrong time. He caye him. shorten the time of an ocean voyage. The uses of electricity as a heating agent would be vastly extended, and it goes without saving that our lighting would be accomplished at much less cost."

Street car parties are the fashion at Burington, Io. The hostess hires a special car in which she and her guests make a tour of

CARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

How to Get In and Out of One and How to Care for a Guest.

A RULE FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Silk Handkerchiefs as Important as Fire Escapes In a Hotel.

EATING GREEN APPLES WITH SALT

Carriage manners are a distinct departnent of fashionable etiquette. How to leave and enter a carriage may seem a very simple thing to many people, but there is, nevertheless, a right and wrong way to perform these movements. In some finishing schools in New York in an upper room is arranged a set of boxes in simulation of carriage steps and seat, by means of which the pupils are taught methods of mounting and descending. In neither case must the head precede the feet. The ducking motion is at all times to be avoided. To put the head out of a carriage first and then double the body up to follow shows a significant want of familiarity with the vehicle of luxury. Retain a sitting position till one foot, pre-ferably the left, is on the step, then with the other step easily down. This is simple and natural in a victoria or brougham; mo difficult in a higher hung cart or road

To mount a coach or drag is worse than either. A woman should touch the vehicle with one hand only while the other rests on the shoulder of the groom or gentleman who is assisting her. And the woman who is accorded the high privilege of the box seat should be careful of her ribbons and parasol. There should be no loose ends of the one and the second should be carefully kept away from the driver, who, managing his four-in-hand, can be greatly annoyed by a jostled hat from a parasol rib or a slap of flying ribbon across the eyes at a critical noment. A French woman when acting the hostess in a drive is very particular to enter the carriage first, seating herself so that her guest is at her right hand, never failing to indicate by a phrase as, "At my right, madam," that this is the place of honor. The exception, of course, is when paths the modern woman will tread for the hosters is also driver. the hostess is also driver.

The flower muffs which were occasionally seen last season are rather more in evidence this summer. They are made over frames of ribbon wire lined and covered with white silk. The flowers, usually in long sprays,



Trimmed Out in Flowers are sewed on to cover the silk. The "muff," so-called, is merely an excuse for an addernamentation of the garden party or brides maid costume. Sometimes the flowers are put on close and destitute of foliage, which gives the muff a more compact and warm look. Often boas of flowers are worn with

The summer piazza often evolves curiosities in needlework. The other day, on one, a woman was seen at work upon a pair o pillow shams, "crazy embroidery" she called it, with entire truth. With an ingenuity which some might think worthy a better cause she was fitting together in strips that were themselves composed of bits, samples of machine embroidery on sheer muslin. They were manufacturer's sample got through a friend in a store and were thus utilized as a large square which was to be edged with a rufile of embroidery to cover pillows. As an economical scheme the idea was a success; as a thing of beauty the covers were not to be desired.

"For years," said a woman the other day, "I have never slept without seeing that a couple of silk handkerchiefs hung near my toilet stand and that the bowl was half full of water. When I was a young woman, not out of my teens, I was in a hotel which took fire. I should have been suffocated if my uncle, with whom I was traveling, had not thrown a wet silk handkerchief over my face. Thus protected I followed him through the hall filled with cheking smoke and down the stairs to safety. I have taught the practice to my children and it has be big ones and they must be wetted thor ly; then you may, if forced, endur hickest smoke for a considerable time.

What promises to be a serious impetus to the advancement of women in the industrial arts is foreshadowed by the new move on the part of the School of Applied Design for Women. About the middle of Septem ber at its rooms, corner Seventh avenue and Twenty-third street, New York, the school will inaugurate classes to teach women how to make designs for wall papers, prints, carpets and oilcloths, up-holstery materials and other manufactures where patterns are needed. This means a great deal to many women and to the country at large. Women have shown such aptitude and skill in the work with scant knowledge that great things are looked for with an opportunity to acquire technical learning.

The decoration of the library of the woman's building at the Columbian Exposition has been assigned to the State of New York. The committee reports that

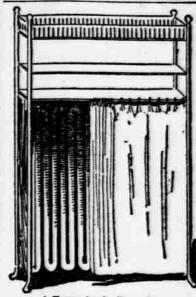
The care of little girls hair is often neglected by mothers very careful in other things. Good overlooking in their childhood days, however, is what gives to many young women the glory of a fine head of hair. It is most unwise to trust the daily combing to an impatient, often hurried nurse. Hasty combing breaks the hair, making it rough and uneven. Brush out as much of the tangle and mat as possible, and separate the hair to single strands before slow to take advantage.

'Many a man's tongue shakes out his served refreshments at the hostess' home. using the comb. It is a mistake to think

girls' hair should be often cut to grow thick. It makes the hair coarser but not thicker. Weak, thin hair is a sign of im-perfect health, and its existence should set

perfect health, and its existence should set a mother to a careful examination of her growing girl. She is not getting proper food, is not sleeping enough, or in some way her normal vitality is not being kept up. It is also a mistake to wash hair too often; it makes it dry and brittle.

Let the hair of growing children be uncovered and hang loosely just as much as possible. The hair of the Saxony peasant brings the highest market price; that always hangs from their heads in braids from babyhood. Perspiration is bad for the hair and for this reason light hats ought to be selected for the children in warm weather.



A Frame for the Steam Pipes.

one of the best cleansers and strengtheners for thin hair with a tendency to fall out is rosemary tea. Pour hot water over the leaves and let them boil for a few minutes before straining. Apply to the roots of the hair with a brush. Castor oil and quinine n alcohol with a little rosewater is also an excellent tonic; the oil may be omitted if the hair is not dry.

Toward the end of the season when flowers and ribbon and gauze are cheap I get up my garden hat," Said a New York woman recently. "Not," she added, "to wear, but to hang on my easel in the autumn. It is a bit of effective color and conveys a pleasurable hint of summer out-ings," which shows the deep and devious

The appearance of the early harvest apple is a time of anxiety to most mothers. Children will find and eat them in spite of almost all watchfulness. It is, perhaps, the best way out of the dilemma to permit two or three a day to be eaten under surveillance with a sprinkle of salt. This is the Southern notion which renders them quite harmless.

Steam heat pipes in summer are a distress to many housekeepers in their stiff unsightliness. Some women bave shallow tin boxes made to stand on them, in which are drooping vines and low growing foliage plants. A housekeeper who has used it for two years says only on the coldest days does she need to pull the curtains away to let out the heat. The frame is movable and is very easily made by any tolerable carpenter. Any finish desired may be given to the wood in the way of stain or enamel paint. A white and gold one is readily arranged for such an apartment. On the shelves should be stood a few light pieces of brie-a-brac of a character not to be inof bric-a-bine jured by the heat.

The mania for collecting something seems to attack most of us at one period or another of our lives. A young woman has a collection of samples of all her gowns with date of their existence and the most disworn; another has gathered the thimbles of famous women, making the goodly show of 30 after a few years' effort; still another resign and nationality, and the last heard from boasts a collection of 1,000 pairs of slippers. It goes without saving they are all small and dainty, but of every conceiv-able material, shape and finish.

A novel entertainment for a local charity took place recently at Saratoga. As a special inducement to the hotel guests, supposably surfeited with French cooking and the high art of the caterer, everything, including the bread, was homemade. Women of prominent social position contributed to the tables, each sending her specialty. A feature of the feast was a delicious, immense

and incomparable lemon pie.

Children Burned Up in a Cabin. LARE PROVIDENCE, LA., Aug. 1 -Three children of Robert Dorsey, colored, the eldest 7 years, being locked up in a cabin while the parents went to church, set





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