STEP LIVELY, PLEASE

Interesting Everyday Scenes on the Great Brooklyn Bridge.

TALES STRICTLY TRUE,

Though Perhaps Strictly Varnished, Told by Howard Fielding.

WHERE GOTHAMITES GET THE AIR

Of Dignified Composure Which Distinguishes Them From Outsiders.

THE FINALE OF A SHOPPING TOUR

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—It has been my privilege, from time to time, to lay before the readers of THE DISPATCH pen pictures of New York life, of our business methods, our manners (if any), our politics, our private character and other things for which we hope to be mercifully pardoned hereafter. It is related that the editor of a paper in Blue Nose, Aroostook county, Me., wrote up the town in a perfectly truthful manner for the purpose of inducing the enraged inhabitants to drive him out, as he had long been trying vainly to raise the amount of the stage fare from his subscribers. But I have stuck to the truth from the love of it, and shall not break my record in the simple narrative which follows. It portrays an everyday incident here.

We had been shopping, and when I shook my fist at a cabdriver on Park Row, opposite the Brooklyn bridge, various fragile articles in parcels suspended from each of my fingers clashed together with a sound as of cymbals. At this the cab horse stopped in the act of stepping on me, and, opening his toothless jaws, emitted a wild neigh of astonishment and about a pint of green foam, which delicately mottled the surface of my new winter overcoat.

A Little Entertainment Lost.

But the vast crowd of people rushing across the street carried me along, and I lost a portion of the cabdriver's forceful and entertaining remarks. A great trench extended along the middle of the street. Some corporation was putting down something or digging up something, I forget which, but I know it must have "put up something" first, or it wouldn't have got its franchise. The trench was roofed with boards, except where holes were left for the workmen to come up when they wanted to and the rest of us to fall down when we didn't. Along this roof of boards horse cars dashed madly in both directions, so that the crowd was caught as in a great pair of scissors, and why hundreds were not killed I know not, unless Providence interposed to save the railway corporation from suits for damages.

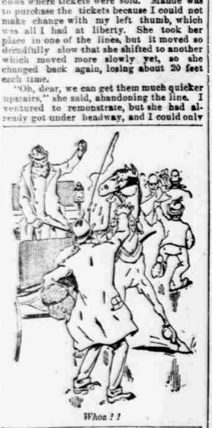

Move On, Please!"

Before us yawned the bridge entrance, a dark gulf into which the immense throngs from all sides seemed to be drawn by a vast, uncanny suction. To the right such vehicles as had been forced through the press of traffic on the Row were plowing their way through the cross current of human beings. A gigantic policeman was restraining the rush of wagons by means of his great and ornate vocabulary, which surpassed even that of the drivers, who, as a class, are not to my knowledge outcussed by any other. In the midst of this unearthly tumult, little newsboys—a majority of whom had lost a leg, and were in a fair way to lose the other—plied their trade with true metropolitan sagacity. Their game, I believe, is to work in pairs. One of them gets under the wayfarer's feet and trips him up. Then the wayfarer, to spite the boy, buys a paper of the other, and the two divide the spoil. No wonder that we have millionaires who have arisen from this humble, but honest calling.

Not Making Much Progress.

Long lines had formed before the windows where tickets were sold. Maude was to purchase the tickets because I could not make change with my left thumb, which was all I had at liberty. She took her place in one of the lines, but it moved so dreadfully slow that she shifted to another which moved more slowly yet, so she changed back again, losing about 20 feet each time.

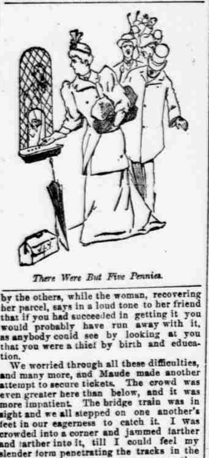
"Oh, dear, we can get them much quicker upstairs," she said, abandoning the line. I ventured to remonstrate, but she had already got under headway, and I could only chase her. To get upstairs it was necessary to cross the roadway for vehicles. Maude did it in the feminine style. She bestowed one vicious dig upon a person who was not in her way at all, and then, shutting her eyes, she dashed across the roadway and butted the fat policeman so violently that the impact of her head stopped the big tin watch in his waistcoat pocket. I might have laughed at his dismay had not a woman, launched suddenly from the opposite side, struck me in almost the same place. Not having the resisting power of the big policeman's equatorial diameter, I was doubled up like a jack-knife, and in this attitude I slid under the stomach of a tall horse and joined Maude, who was engaged in picking her hairpins out of the policeman's uniform.


Whoa ! !

A Wonderfully Impressive Sight.

Then we ascended the stairs. It is a wonderfully impressive sight one sees as he gazes along that broad line of hats crowded so close that they look like the black back of some great serpent winding up the stairs and writhing through the covered passage. I have seen it hundreds of times, but some new poetical thought always hits me and makes me open my mouth to say a good thing just as somebody higher up the stairs decides to dispense with his chewing gum. They are good shots these penny-in-the-slot fellows, and it doesn't do to give them such a tempting mark as that which I have indicated. Then, too, a man has to keep his wits about him in such circumstances that he may successfully evade the woman who is always going up just ahead of him with a parasol sticking out behind her to the great peril of his eyes.

Then there is that other woman who always drops a parcel just as you are swinging around the corner of the crowded passage. Some times you fall over her, and are stepped on, and she accuses you of being responsible for all the damage. Again, you are polite, and stoop to pick up her parcel, in which case she dives for it herself and you bump heads with her and are cursed by those behind you, and ridiculed by the others, while the woman, recovering her parcel, says in a loud tone to her friend that if you had succeeded in getting it you would probably have run away with it, as anybody could see by looking at you that you were a thief by birth and education.


There Were But Five Pennies.

We worried through all these difficulties, and many more, and Maude made another attempt to secure tickets. The crowd was even greater here than below, and it was more impatient. The bridge train was in sight and we all stepped on one another's feet in our eagerness to catch it. I was crowded into a corner and jammed farther and farther into it, till I could feel my slender form penetrating the tracks in the wall, and the thought came over me that they would have to wash me out of there with a mop. Presently I saw Maude cast up before the ticket window like a bit of wreckage on the Johnstown flood. She had pennies in her hand. She counted them. There were but five, and the fare is 3 cents. Then she went for her pocketbook. It wasn't in her pocket. People behind her were howling for her to hurry up and get out of the way. She accused everybody in general of having picked her pocket; and then suddenly she remembered where it was.

And the Crowd Howled.

"Howdy!" she screamed, "give me my pocketbook!"

The crowd howled. I attempted to get out of the crack in the wall, but 300 or 400 people in front of me somewhat interfered with my movements. Maude was pushed away from the window, and carried by the box in which the tickets have to be deposited.

"Ticket!" yelled the man at the box. Maude endeavored to tell him her story. I did not wait to see how he bore this affliction. I made a break for the ticket window. I inserted my unoccupied thumb into my pocket, and pulled out a coin. It was a penny; I thought it was a dime. Then I tried it again, and pulled out the same penny once more. I knew that there were 11 dimes and only one penny in that pocket, so relying on the theory of probabilities I let the penny slip back and tried a third time. I knew by the feeling of the coin which came out that it must be the penny again, so I dropped it on the floor. It proved to be a dime. I stopped to pick it up, and a tall man carrying something which, from the nature of the impression it made when he dropped it on my head, I took to be a small cooking stove, fell over me, followed by his wife and three children. However, I recovered the dime, and succeeded in working my way up to the window. I laid down the dime with my thumb, and endeavored to pick up 4 cents change with the same member. Anybody who thinks he can do that, can get a good bet on with me at any time. Finally, a kind-hearted gentleman picked them up for me; and a few seconds later I found myself on the other side of the box, where in a swirling eddy of the crowd, our family was reunited.

Worse Than a Football Game.

But it was now necessary to board the train. The surging sea of people bore us up another flight of steps, and we found ourselves upon the platform whence the trains start. Here policemen whose labors make those of Horatius and his companions, at that other bridge, seem like a Sunday school picnic, shouted: "Pass up forward. Plenty of room up forward!" They are obliged to say that, or the crowd would overwhelm them. It is shocking to think that men, by the nature of their employment, should be compelled to lie more than 2,000,000 times in the course of a single afternoon.

We went up forward, not because we believed the police, but because we could not help it. The crowd was going that way, and that settled it. Presently a train was pulled up to the platform. The gates were opened. There was a mad rush, such as Heffelfinger, late of Yale, never dreamed of in his most murderous moments. Directly in front of me was a woman. It wasn't Maude, for she was already inside. She has a faculty for going through crowds which is very valuable to her, and deleterious to others. But the woman in front of me appeared to be having a hard time. I tried to shield her from the crush. I bent my back, and dug my heels into the platform, and it seemed as if several thousand pounds of dead weight lay on my shoulders. At last we were inside. My overcoat was twisted so that it buttoned in the back; parcels in my hands were crushed to shapeless masses; but I had one consolation, I had done my best as a gentleman to save the woman in front of me. She turned toward me in the car, and I prepared to receive with modesty the expression of her gratitude, bus she only turned to her companion and said, in a voice audible above the groans and laughter of the crowd: "I should think that great, tall monster would be ashamed to push a woman so."

An Interrupted Defense.

Maude had secured a seat, and I edged over in front of her. I bent down to say something in defense of my conduct regarding the other woman, when a man sitting beside Maude suddenly arose and my face went through the top of his derby hat. He had intended to give his seat to the only pretty girl in the car, but in the confusion incident to our collision a big woman with a basket, which I think contained Limburger cheese and a boiled dinner, got the seat.

So we pushed one another about, and girls giggled and men opened newspapers in such a way as to hit somebody in the nose with each hand, and at last we reached the other side of the bridge. Then the gateman opened the gates and we all rushed pell mell through them, while the policemen uttered their very best joke: "Step lively, please!" addressed to a crowd that was simply tearing its way along.

HOWARD FIELDING.

LADIES take Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters when low spirited.

THE END TO SMOKE

Anxiously Awaited by Londoners as the Result of a New Plan.

FOGS NOW WORSE THAN EVER.

Progress Being Made in Various Lines of Science and Industry.

VALUE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC TESTIMONY

The inhabitants of London, who are just now undergoing, almost daily, the discomforts and inconveniences of stifling fogs, are awaiting with some anxiety and not a little hope, the outcome of a new invention, which promises if not to remove the source of the murkiness of the London air, to at all events deprive it of much of its exasperating density and pungency. Four years ago, London had a fog one day in four, and last year there were 150 foggy days out of the 365, and not only are the fogs increasing in number but becoming more dense. This is hardly surprising when it is remembered that London has a million and a half chimneys, and every winter's day there are burned in the ordinary fireplaces of the city 40,000 tons of soft coal, which throws off into the atmosphere 40 tons of sulphur. The real trouble arises, not from the smoke of the manufacturers' chimneys, but from that of household fires. The English Meteorological Society states that nineteen-twentieths of the smoke in the London fog comes from the ordinary fireplaces. A member of the British Parliament, on being questioned as to the desirability of appointing a royal commission with a view to the suppression of the smoke nuisance, answered that the evil rose chiefly from the domestic fires, and a select committee had found the difficulty could only be overcome by the use of anthracite, the substitution of coke for coal, or the adoption of improved grates. If there is anything the English domestic resents more than another it is being obliged to use hard coal; and coke is almost equally unpopular. Moreover, one of the most cherished home privileges an Englishman possesses is the right to jam the poker into the smoldering coal, and evoke the magic of a cheerful, brightly blazing fire. There thus remains on the list of practicable remedies, an improved form of grate, and this has now been devised by a long-headed Yorkshireman. The principle of the invention is of the simplest description. It has been proved that failure of combustion is due not to want of air, but to the absence of a sufficiently high degree of heat to promote the combination of carbon with oxygen, and the consequent evolution of carbonic acid. There have been hundreds of patents taken out for the effectual consumption of smoke, combined with the economy of fuel, but before now the scientific principle of bringing a sufficient supply of the oxygen of the air into intimate contact with the carbon of the fuel, previous to the formation of what is called "smoke," has never been thoroughly utilized. It is the practical demonstration of this idea that constitutes the claim of the new invention to be regarded as the ideal system of smoke consumption, and doubtless explains the high scientific recognition with which it has been received in England. Instead of having frigid iron bars in front of the fire, as in the ordinary kitchen range, the improved grate has three iron "louvres," or venetian blinds, which may be opened and closed by means of a lever. The bottom of the firebox consists of two grooved or cogged rollers, which can be manipulated with ease so as to stir the fuel and remove the ash. The fire chamber is divided into two parts by a fireproof screen of brick, suspended from and fastened to a fixed iron plate at the top. The fireplace consists, in fact, of a V-shaped tube, on the top of the front arm of which the fuel is placed, and the air is admitted downwards through the venetian blinds in front. It will thus be seen that the chimney is at the bottom instead of at the top of the fire, and as the products of combustion, by means of the downward draught, must always pass through the hottest parts of the fire the smoke is practically consumed. An inferior grade of coal can be used, and between the reduced cost of coal and the actual saving in fuel, an economy of not less than 50 per cent is effected. The practical value of this invention is seen from the fact that it can easily be applied in the homes of all classes of the population. It has been already successfully used in the working of a vertical boiler, in which a pressure of 60 pounds was obtained without the slightest smoke, and designs are now being prepared with a view to its application to factory and marine work. Should this system fulfill its promise, one of the most important problems of the day will have been solved, and the solution affects not only large sections of English communities, but many cities in this and other countries where soft coal is the staple fuel, and where the general adoption of electric heating is likely to be long deferred.

Nervousness and Its Cure.

Dr. Bilsinger, in an article on the cure of neurasthenia, or modern nervousness, which is pervading all classes of society in an increasing degree, insists that each individual has the means, to a certain extent, in his own hands, of alleviating by a rational mode of life the general harm to which modern man is exposed under the influences which contribute to nervousness. But the majority of the people seem to prefer to remain ignorant, and more or less gradually impair their nervous systems by special indulgences, abuse of stimulants, too early and excessive use of tobacco smoke, etc. Among the early symptoms of derangement from these causes are crossness, a tendency to be overcome by trifles or a sensibility to nervous disturbances. But even in apparently critical cases a surprisingly favorable result may be reached by the exercise of a little patience combined with a proper and intelligently directed general hygiene. Nervous patients must school themselves religiously to avoid, as much as possible, all drug remedies. Benumbing narcotics should especially be foresworn, no matter how seductive they may appear at first, for in the end they to a certainty do more harm than good. Of immensely greater value than drugs to nervous patients are the natural factors of pure air, light, water, quiet and exercise. Fresh air, and especially mountain air, is invaluable, and can be indulged in without fear of excess. The same, however, cannot be said of water. This most sovereign of all remedies has come into discredit in nervous diseases because of its flagrant abuse. A too indiscriminate application of water is a double poison to nervous patients. On the other hand, combined with the air cure and certain respiratory muscular exercises, as well as massage, it is of the greatest benefit. Gardening is one of the best and simplest cures for disordered nerves, and an arm and chest strengthener, which expands the chest, regulates the activity of the heart, and strengthens the muscles, can be used with great advantage, provided the exercise is taken in a well aired room. The diet should be light, slightly stimulating, and frequently changed; strong soup, fruit, green vegetables and milk and grain dishes are recommended. A suitable mental treatment should go hand in hand with hygienic and dietetic measures, and above everything, patience and rest must be insisted upon.

Removing Foreign Bodies From the Eye.

There are few more painful things than the presence of a piece of rock, steel or other foreign substance in the eye, and the danger from inflammation in consequence of the irritant nature of the intruding material may be so great as to necessitate a surgical operation. When the object is of such a size as to be readily visible in an ordinary mirror, it can generally be removed by the sufferer without aid by using a finely-pointed piece of soft pine, the extremity of which is moistened and bruised between the teeth and made pliable and

brush-like. Often the foreign body is so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye, and in such cases the concave or magnifying mirror must be used. When the offending substance consists of finely divided particles, such as sand or dust, a wet camel's hair brush may be advantageously used. When the substance cannot be removed an oculist should be immediately resorted to. G. M. Hopkins recommends as a substitute for the magnifying mirror, which is not always available, a pocket magnifier, having a diameter of 1 or 1¼ inches and about 2½ or 3-inch focus. This may be used in connection with an ordinary mirror by placing the magnifier in contact with the face of the glass. A speck in the eye can often be discovered in this way that would otherwise be invisible.

Value of Photographic Testimony.

Photography now plays such an important part in providing testimony for inquests and law courts that many railway companies retain permanently the services of a photographer, whose duty it is to hasten to the scene of a collision, or any kind of railway accident, and secure a picture with the slightest possible delay. The value of photography at a time of intense excitement, when reliable testimony is difficult to secure, was shown recently in the Carnegie riot, when rioters were afterward brought to trial by the evidence of photographs. Another instance of the safety and certainty of photography as a witness has occurred at a recent inquest. A servant fell while cleaning a window, and was killed. No one saw the accident; but her employer, who was an amateur photographer, took a photograph of the window before anything was disturbed. This photograph showed the position of the sashes, the washleather, dusters, etc., on the sill, and satisfied the coroner that the girl was sitting outside at the time she fell, and was not leaning out from the inside. It is suggested that the time is not far distant when a photographer will be officially attached to every division of police.

Photographic Tracing Paper.

A photographic paper for tracing purposes, which gives black lines on a white ground is being introduced. This paper has the advantage over ordinary blue prints of giving more suitable colors for the ground and lines, and further more, after exposure in the printing frame, the only treatment required for developing and fixing is the plain water bath. Such a paper has long been desired by engineers. The point which has hitherto baffled the researches of chemists and inventors appears to have been the discovery of an organic substance which could be bleached by the sun, but precipitated as a dark, purple powder when it and its suspending medium were brought into water. This has now been done. The powder used forms a dark deposit on the paper and is quite permanent. By the use of this paper the expense of developing chemicals is saved.

THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.

How the Instruments Are Arranged and How They Used to Be Placed—The Wind Pieces Are Now Close to the Leader —The Plan of the Dresden Opera.

Boston Journal.]

The orchestra is now arranged so that the wind instruments of wood and brass with the pulsatile instruments form a solid body directly in front of the leader. The strings stretch to the left and the right, and the double basses, divided, fringe the back of the stage and its further sides. The grouping is to be commended. It was thought in the eighteenth century that the double basses, 'cellos and bassoons should be dispersed throughout the orchestra.

As Rosseau quaintly expressed it, "It is the bass that should regulate and sustain all the other parts, and all the players should hear it equally. We know how the celebrated orchestra of the Dresden Opera under Hesse was arranged. The conductor was in the middle of the railed space, seated before a clavier. Behind him was a violincello as well as a double bass. The first violins were at his right hand in a line.

The second violins were on the same side, but nearer the stage. The other 'cellos and double basses were at the extreme ends. The violas were between the first and second violins. All of the wind instruments with the exception of the trumpets were on the left of the conductor. The oboes were nearest the stage, and the bassoons were close to the conductor. The drums and the trumpets were on the raised platforms at the sides.

The famous chorus and orchestra of the Paris Conservatory are arranged as follows: Sixteen first sopranos and 16 second sopranos are at the left of the conductor; at his right are ten first tenors and ten second tenors. Directly in front of him are ten first basses and the second basses. To the left of the basses, as the hearer faces the stage, are 15 first violins; to the right 14 second violins.

The first and the second violins face each other. Behind the basses is the harp. Then comes ten violas facing the conductor. The next line is made up of two clarinets, two oboes, two flutes, piccolo, four 'cellos and two double basses. Behind this line are four horns, four bassoons and four 'cellos. Behind them are two trumpets, three double basses, four 'cellos and two double basses. Three trombones and two double basses are next in order, and the tuba and pulsatile instruments bring up the rear.

HOLY PIGEONS AT ST. MARK'S.

Before the Fall of the Venetian Republic They Were Sacred Birds.

St. Louis Republic.]

It may be of interest to such readers as like to sentimentalize on sacred subjects to know that the "Holy Pigeons of St Mark's" have been recognized as such by the authorities of Venice for more than a thousand years—ever since 887. In olden times it was the custom of the sacristans of St. Mark's Church to release doves and pigeons, fettered with paper, after the religious services on Palm Sunday. The fetters partially disabled the poor birds, and such of those as did not escape were caught by the people, who fatted them for Easter dinner.

Sometimes one and sometimes a dozen of the poor fluttering creatures would manage to break the paper thongs which bound wings and feet together, whereupon they almost invariably sought refuge on the roof and in the steeples of the historic old church. All of the escaped birds assumed a sacredness, and, it being against the law to kill or harm them in any way, increased to enormous numbers. During the time of the Republic the "Sacred Pigeons of St. Mark's" became objects of national solicitude, tons of grain being annually supplied for their maintenance.

After the fall of the Republic thousands of them starved to death and all would have died but for provision made by a pious old lady, whose will perpetually provides for them.

A New Kind of Platform.

A continuous lift for persons ascending from one flat to another has been brought out. It takes the form of an inclined platform, which continually moves on rollers, thus ascending and lifting anyone who steps on it to the next flat. The platform, being flexible and endless, returns to the bottom only to rise again, like the buckets of a dredger. Its motion is so slow that any person can step on and off without danger.

A French Astronomer on Mars.

The red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody but a French astronomer, who gives it as his opinion that the vegetation of that far away world is crimson instead of green. He also says that he hasn't the least doubt but that there are single flowers on the war god's surface which are as large as the incorporated limits of Paris.

THE WINTER BRIDES.

Present Prominence of the Costumer, Caterer and Decorator.

A LARGE CROP OF FOREIGNERS,

With and Without Titles, Who Are to Wed American Girls.

CEREMONIES OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

Summer saw the wooing, winter welcomes the wedding of belles who reign in New York society. This is the way fashion hurries engagements into marriages nowadays; she outstrips Love himself in her behests, but now the belles are ready for them both.

Discussion how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she looked and what he said.

That is what people do after the wedding, but why may we not anticipate the events by a few brief weeks?

The first names upon the lists are those of a belle with a fabulous dowry and an American paucity of title, and an Englishman with a titled brother and a British paucity of fortune. The belle is Miss Grace Wilson, of New York, and her fiance, Mr. Cecil Baring, second son of Lord Ravelstoke, whose title has been recently created. Miss Wilson does not seem to mind the fact that her fiance will never become a lord, however, and it is because she is so lovely and popular a girl that people say her marriage will be a happy international episode. It was dated for November, but it has been postponed on account of the death of Lady Ravelstoke, and it will be a quiet affair. Miss Wilson's dot is $1,000,000, but her handsome, blonde face may be her greatest fortune after all.

The Most Fashionable Event.

Probably the largest and most fashionable wedding of early winter will be that of Miss Maria del Valle, of New York, to the Marquis De Casa Argudin, of Madrid. This marriage of wealthy, highly-connected and handsome young society people is also an international event, with the flavor of romance about it. Miss del Valle is a remarkably handsome Parisian-bred girl, with a delicate oval face, long brown eyes and soft dark hair. The marquis is of the accepted type of Spanish good looks.

Both are very young, very well educated and much traveled, Miss del Valle having spent several months on the continent with her cousin, the Duchess of Manchester. The marquis—and in this he differs from most foreigners who marry American heiresses—is wealthy enough to own a fine house in Madrid, an elegant country establishment, and in New York large stables and numbers of good horses.

The engagement, which followed the third meeting of the two, will be of the precisely proper length—three months—and it will be merged into marriage at the proper hour—high noon of some January day. The marquis, who is too independent to belong to a regiment or to be connected with a legation, will take his bride abroad for the winter.

Mrs. Drexel-Penrose.

A Foreigner Without a Title.

"The prettiest girl at Tuxedo," Antoinette Guion, will shortly marry in a much-talked-about fashion. Again is the bridegroom an Englishman, and, moreover, an Englishman of untitled distinction. This is altogether right if he is to wed a girl who is tall enough, finely formed and brilliantly brunette enough to be described as the prettiest girl round about Tuxedo. Just at present her fiance, Horan B. Nugent, is on his way to Mexico to decide whether or not he wishes to accept the consulate offered him there. He is already British Vice Consul at New York, and people are hoping he will stay here with his popular bride.

Other weddings long whispered about beyond the hearing of the outside world are coming in now in dazzling array. Charlotte Hunnewell Winthrop, daughter of Edgerton J. Winthrop, will marry Henry Sergeant Cram, one of that large and well-known family of Crams, November 29, at Old Trinity Church, Newport. They will marry at high noon, with the caterer's and florist's latest whims, and they, too, will spend the winter in Europe. Miss Winthrop has lived in Paris so long that she is almost Parisian in her tastes.

In a Costume of 1832.

George H. Holt's daughter Nona will marry Alfred Hooper, of Detroit, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in New York, December 19. The society papers will describe it as a "crush church affair, with a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride," but the details are still hidden in the deep designs of caterer and florist. Not much more is known of Miss Jennie Foster's approaching marriage to William C. Bowers at Calvary Church, in New York, some time in January. Miss Foster is the daughter of General John A. Foster, and a certain clique is standing on tiptoe to learn something about something shrouded in bonded secrecy.

Neither Affirmed Nor Denied.

It is currently reported that Marie Havemeyer is engaged to Perry Tiffany, but this is is a somewhat dubious announcement in the form of fact. It's neither denied nor affirmed; it will be in a state of suspended agitation for some time probably.

Everything has paled temporarily before the luster of the Drexel-Penrose wedding on Thursday, the 17th. It was the very perfection of the wedding idea, but it was noticeably different in its floral decorations from the coming fashions of florists' creations. It was a white wedding, and the only flowers used were white chrysanthemums among forests of palms. Very lovely, indeed, but a bit wearisome as one went from chrysanthemum chancel to chrysanthemum breakfast.

But the bridesmaids in their white silk

gowns and broad white felt ostrich-tipped hats, the bride in her fluffs of exquisite point lace, and the solemnly chanting full choral service were beyond criticism. Both house and church decorations of the one flower banked in palms were gorgeous in their profusion, and in that Miss Drexel has set the fashion for the winter. Others of the brides whom I have mentioned will repudiate the one flower idea, however. A florist gave me his design for a December wedding which is so novel and magnificent that it is reproduced.

A canopy is to be draped across a corner of the drawing room over an immense mirror. Fastened above the mirror is a heavy curtain of smilax, bordered deeply with loose bunches of lilies of the valley. Broad white moire ribbon loops back the flower curtains. Just beneath the division of the curtains a large crescent wreath of Mermet roses is hung by pink ribbons. Palms are to stand as thickly as possible about the corner, and the mantels and tables are to be banked with American Beauty roses.

The Share of the Florist.

The bridemaid's bouquets will be of pink, the bride's white orchids, each tied with ribbons to match the colors of the flowers. It will be a very orgie of flora and a riot of color. Other brides, let us hope, will follow this bride's plan, and the florist's intention to make his share in the wedding more elaborately gorgeous than ever before.

The particular gown of 1832, which is going to astound the fashionable world, is a daring gown. Nothing like it has been worn by a bride for 50 years, and in it the young girl (she must be one of those above mentioned—which can it be?), Redfern assures me, looks marvelously sweet. He acknowledges that it is not pretty on a wooden dummy—but full of character and individualism clinging to the venturesome maiden. It is of a dead white Bengaline silk, fitted closely to a very short waist line. The shoulders are immensely long, and the leg o' mutton sleeve is fulled in all around and droops as closely as possible. At the elbow it is tight and fits snugly to the wrist, where it is just met by a one-button white kid glove. The neck is, of course, high, and so high that the shoulder appears longer than ever. A collar band of plain finish is a trifle over a quarter of an inch in width.

Miss Maria del Valle.

Bride cake, that old, much-loved fashion, lingeringly departs. It is no longer an honored institution, save occasionally, when, as at the Gardiner wedding, everything is extremely British. It is, however, still incumbent upon the young couple to display all their wedding gifts.

The gown is laced down the front. Two perfectly square revers of magnificent silver embroidery is the only bit of trimming. The skirt is gathered finely to the waist band, and falls full to the floor in front and to a train behind. The bride's hair will be drawn smoothly to the nape of the neck and coiled there. The veil, fastened well back, is of lovely net.

CARRIE CARELESS.

THE DENTISTS IN JAPAN.

By Means of Their Fingers They Extract the Most Troublesome Teeth.

Harper's Young People.]

The Japanese are highly skilled workmen in many branches of industry, and with the simplest tools contrive to make very beautiful furniture, porcelains and bronzes. They are also accomplished dentists, if the story of a traveler may be believed. "I was placed in a bamboo chair," he said, "and tilted slightly back. The dentist examined my teeth, talking volubly meanwhile. Suddenly his thumb and forefinger closed on the troublesome tooth, and before I had the faintest idea of what was going to happen he lifted it out and held it up before me, smiling at the same time that vacant smile peculiar to the children of the Orient.

"'You were waiting for the forceps, were you?' said the American resident, who accompanied him. 'They don't use 'em here. Look at this. Here is a young Jap taking his first lesson in dentistry.'

"A 12-year-old Japanese boy sat on the floor, having before him a board in which were a number of holes into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was attempting to extract the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. As the strength of this natural pair of forceps developed by practice the pegs would be driven in tighter. After a couple of years at peg-pulling, the young dentist would be able to lift the refractory molar in the same manner that he lifted wooden pegs."

NEW YORK IN 1665.

A Directory From That Year Showing the Streets and the Population.

New York Times.]

In one of the older manuals of the Common Council of New York there appears an interesting directory of that city for the year 1665.

Then there were exactly 20 streets and a population of 251. Broadway at that time was De Heere straat (the principal street). The Battery was Aen de Strandt van de N. Revier. Wall street was De Waal, Pearl street was De Perel straat, Whitehall street was De Winckel straat, William street was in de Smits Valey (In the Smith's Valley), and Broadway, above Wall street, was Buyten de Lant Poort (outside the land gate). All the residents were of Dutch extraction, except one, whose name appears in the list as Jacob, the Frenchman. There were Roosevelts, Beckmans, De Peysters, De Puys, Van Cortlandts and Verplancks in those days. Clams, oysters and fish formed the principal food of the settlers at that period.

Occasionally in the spring New York was visited by such "amazing flights of wild pigeons that the sun was hid by their flocks from shining on the earth for a considerable time; then it was that the natives laid in a great store of them against a day of need."

New Materials for Carbons.

The carbons for electric arc lamps are made by an American inventor with powdered graphite instead of coke with the object of lessening rate of consumption. He first compresses the dry powder in a mold of the desired form, and then adds a drying oil for serving as an agglutiant. It is stated that the resistance may be varied by adding to the graphite finely divided fiber in greater or less quantity.

Farmers Using Bison Bones.

Collecting the bones of bisons killed on the prairies of the Canadian Northwest in former years is now a profitable industry carried on by Indians and half breeds for the most part. The bones are transported to the settled districts and transformed into phosphates for the use of the farmers. The bone gatherers traverse the plains with carts, and deliver the skulls and bones at the nearest stations of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

FUTURE OF CORBETT.

The Pugilistic Champion Writes of His Plans and Programme.

MITCHELL TO GET FIRST CHANCE.

The California Boy Is Making $2,000 a Week and Is Satisfied.

SPECIMEN OF HIS LITERARY STYLE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

I DO not wish to appear vainglorious nor at all anxious to rush into print, but I am constrained in the present instance to do so owing to the numerous challenges which have been hurled at me ever since I had the good fortune to become champion of the world, and the perfect flood of inquiry from kind friends all over the Union as to what my intentions in the premises are.

I have been urged by well meaning but unreflecting admirers to pitch histrionic ambition to the winds, break forthwith theatrical contracts, faithfully entered into, and accept at once the defiances of Mitchell, Jackson, Goddard or any other ambitious fistic aspirant, whether they hail from England, Australia or from any other corner of the universe. I am told to uphold the glory of the Stars and Stripes, at all times and under all circumstances, against all comers, whatever their condition or color, else I will be untrue to my country.

Some of the Advice Given.

Many conservative gentlemen of an eminently practical turn of mind on the other hand advise me to make hay while the sun shines and to ignore all challengers, be they Americans, Englishmen or Australians. They sagely add that youth, health and strength will not always abide with me, and that I may be whipped. Jackson and Mitchell, I am told, are especially dangerous antagonists for anyone to face, and in the event of disaster I am reminded that my "drawing" powers as an actor will at once fade away, and that I myself will have killed the goose which laid the golden eggs.

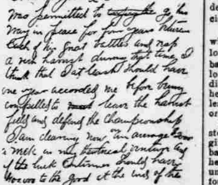
It would be a physical as well as literary impossibility to personally answer the myriad well meaning inquiries of friends. To do this, however, and at the same time reply to my challengers, I will deviate from a rule I had adopted. I had resolved never again to write an article for the newspapers on fistic subjects, as I deemed it the part of modesty to forbear. It is far better, in my judgment, to let the fellows who are striving to gain the goal of success enjoy that luxury, and for those who have succeeded to refrain from literary labor. They get enough of gold and glory without it.

I will, then, in this instance and for the last time, assume the role of scribe and state clearly and succinctly what my future rule of action will be. If I live I will carry out the theatrical contracts I have entered into. These will run up to a year almost from the present date.

When He Will Be Ready.

Then I will cheerfully meet Charles Mitchell, of England; Peter Jackson, of Australia, or any other man who is anxious to win fistic fame and wealth. I draw no color line, but I will give Mitchell the first chance, for good and substantial reasons. First, because he has never been defeated and has had the honor of having fought a draw with John L. Sullivan, when the renowned Bostonian was the acknowledged champion of the world. Jackson, on the other hand, was once defeated by Bill Farnham in Australia in the early part of his career, and in addition fought draws with Joe Goddard, of Australia, and myself. As Goddard and Jackson both claim to be champions of Australia, I think it would be eminently proper for them to settle the vexed question of superiority before seeking a battle with me. In addition to Mitchell's having a clearer title in the book of pugilistic deeds—if I may be allowed the expression—than Jackson I make no concealment of the fact that it would afford me, in the words of a distinguished statesman, much "personal comfort and satisfaction" to meet the Englishman in the roped arena. Why, people interested in sporting matters who remember a little incident at Miner's Bowery Theater a year ago can readily understand.

It matters not a particle to me where the contest may occur. I will battle with Mitchell, or Jackson, if he avoids an issue, at the time stated before the club offering the largest purse, be it at the North, South, East or West. All that I stipulate is that my adversary put up $10,000 as a side wager to prove his sincerity, and as a positive guarantee that he will be in the ring at the specified time. John L. Sullivan exacted this of me, and I, in turn, have the same right, all fair-minded men will admit, to make a similar demand from those who would seek to win the championship from me.



Now if John L. Sullivan ~~would~~
was permitted to ~~enjoy the~~ go his
way in peace for four years between
each of his great battles and reap
a rich harvest during that time, I
think that I at least should have
one year accorded me before being
compelled to ~~meet~~ leave the harvest
field and defend the championship
I am clearing now an average of
a week on my theatrical venture and
if the luck continues I should have
100,000 to the good at the end of the
year

Fac-Simile Bit of Corbett's Writing.

Confident of Defeating Mitchell.

Should good fortune remain with me in my contest with Mitchell, as I feel confident it will, I will again resume my stage career and not fight for a reasonable length of time, say one year. Then I will be prepared to meet Peter Jackson or the best pugilist at that period before the public. After that I will in all probability retire from the prize ring for good. I did not enter the arena from pure love of fighting, but to gain fame and the wealth which follows in its trail.

The talk of some aspiring pugilists, or rather of their astute managers, that I must fight within six months from the date of a challenge, backed by a forfeit, is ludicrous. That was the rule, I admit, in days gone by when the London prize ring was in its glory. That rule, however, like the "London Prize Ring" institution, is obsolete. It was formulated at a time when fighters were of an inferior order of intellect and had no other occupation save that of pleasing their noble (?) patrons. That was to fight whenever called upon for a wee sma' purse. This, of course, happened frequently and with great regularity. "Gentleman" Jackson, John Gully and Tom King were exceptions to this class of fighters, but exceptions only prove a rule.

No, the institution known as the "London prize ring" is dead. So are its rules. Here in America we have another system of fighting, which, while very effective, has none of the old time brutality about it, and is naturally very popular. As far as governing fighters, custom alone makes them. John L. Sullivan was champion of the world for 12 years, yet in that time he was only compelled to fight three times for the title after he had won it by defeating Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882, viz., with Charley Mitchell at Chantilly, France, in 1887; with Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., in 1889, and with your humble servant at New Orleans in September last.

A King Without a Scepter.

True, Jake Kilrain once claimed the title "by default." It was never accorded him by the people, and he was a king without a scepter. Now, if John L. Sullivan was permitted to go his way in peace for four years between each of his great battles and reap a rich harvest during that time I think that I at least should have one year accorded me before being compelled to leave the harvest field and defend the championship. I am clearing now on average $2,000 a week on my theatrical venture, and if luck continues should have $100,000 to the good at the end of the year.

What rank folly it is then to talk of my breaking contracts and throwing fortune to the dogs to oblige Mr. Mitchell or any other athletic gentlemen by fighting in February next, during the Mardi Gras season, at New Orleans, as astute pugilistic managers have suggested! I admit that I seriously considered at one time meeting Mitchell at the period mentioned solely for the pleasure of getting the eloquent Englishman into the ring, but gave up the idea after consulting with a friendly counselor and adviser, honest Phil Dwyer.

Even by agreeing to meet Mitchell next fall I will make considerable of a pecuniary sacrifice. The two months of abstention from theatrical work which the necessities of training would require and the cost of training itself would cause a deficit of about $25,000, but that sacrifice I will cheerfully make for being accorded the proud privilege of representing America in a battle for the world's championship against the best boxer of England.

JAMES J. CORBETT.

WHAT A BOOMERANG IS.

It Originated in Australian Children's Game With Dried Leaves.

Chicago Herald.]

The heavy, sharp, and pointed ironbark weapon has been known to transfix a man and certainly knocks over a kangeroo or wallaby or so cripples a cow that the marauding bushmen may easily come up with it and use their spears or clubs. Of its origin little has been learned. The scientists teach that it is an evolution of the stone axes used by all savages, and profess to find the boomerang type in the rood hatches of Africa and other lands.

But King Bill, after he had done his boomerang practice at Central Park, sat down and told a little story of the boomerang that was more plausible. It was that in Queensland there is the "bandanna" tree, with queer leaves shaped like boomerangs.

The sport of the black children is to skim the dry leaves through the air and see them return to the extended hands from which they were sent.

Bill said that as the legend had come down through the nation of black fellows it was from their leaves of the bandanna tree that the suggestion of the national weapon of the blacks came. Bill does not understand much English and is only a bushman, but he may be right.

RUBBER HEELS ON SHOES.

The New Contrivance Is a Good Cure for Some Nervous Troubles.

"I am surprised that people who are naturally nervous do not take more advantage of the rubber heel to shoes. The incessant jarring of a solid heel on a granitoid sidewalk is calculated to drive a nervous man half out of his mind, and to make people nervous who never realized before that they have any nerves at all," says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*.

"The first attempts in the direction of rubber heels were not wholly successful, because, while they checked the vibration, they did not last any length of time. Now, however, it is possible to get rubber heels which cannot be detected from leather ones except by the feel while walking on them, and, as there is a leather base, the question of durability does not come up at all. I was recommended some months ago to try the rubber heels on account of a prolonged nervous trouble, and I could not go back to the old kind now.

"Any pair of shoes can be fitted up in this way, and the comfort is so great that when the fact is generally discovered I doubt whether any shoes will be made at all without the precaution and convenience."

FOLLOWED THEM AFTER DEATH.

An Irate Maorian Father Pursues Two Lovers and Kills Himself.

The London Star.]

The Maories believed in the immortality of the soul long before the arrival of the missionaries; but the spirit land to which they imagined all men journeyed after death was as grossly material as the "happy hunting grounds" of the North American Indians. Such a legend as the following, which contains an instance of singularly determined parental interference, is sufficient evidence of this.

A young chief of high rank fell in love with a Maori maiden of great beauty, but low degree. His father "forbade the banns." Thereupon the usual results followed. The young chief refused to eat, and died of hunger, the beautiful maiden, heartbroken at the death of her lover, leaped down from the cliffs into the sea in order that she might follow him.

Now comes the extraordinary part of the story. The obdurate father, hearing of the girl's leap into the sea, rushed to the spot, battleax in hand. Using terrible language, he declared that he would prevent the union of the pair in the spirit land, and forthwith himself leaped down to follow them.

QUEEN VIC'S GOOD APPETITE.

She Gets Away With a Meal Big Enough for Two Ordinary Men.

New York Press.]

Queen Victoria, like her grandson, Emperor William of Germany, is the possessor of a good, wholesome appetite, which is rendered all the more keen by the crisp air of the Scottish mountains. At a luncheon at Mar Lodge, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, which is situated within easy driving distance of Balmoral, Her Majesty did full justice to the following repast:

Minced venison, boiled canons, ox tongue, cold roast chicken and York ham, cold grouse, cold roast sirloin of Scotch beef, pastry, cheddar cheese and salad, '84 champagne, dry biscuits and 30 years' old dry port.

Of course it is not suggested that the Queen partook of everything on the menu, but the solidity of the repast speaks volumes for the digestive capabilities of the Queen, who, as an old lady, enjoys her food and eats as heartily as she did at 18 years of age.

Buffet Drawing Room Cars Between Pittsburg and Buffalo.

Commencing November 25, the P. & L. E. R. R. will run through buffet cars in the new Buffalo express train, leaving Pittsburg at 11:15 A. M., central time, arriving in Buffalo at 7:20 P. M., only eight hours and five minutes. The night express, with through sleeping car, leaves Pittsburg at 10:25 P. M., central time, after close of places of amusement, and arrives at Buffalo at 6:20 A. M.