Facts of Interest To Women Readers.

Symposium of Information, Partly Grave, Partly Gossipy and Partly Gay.

SOMEWHAT:

Aren't you weary, stranger, weary, Of the "Coming Woman" fad, And the woman who is naughty For the sake of being bad? Aren't you tired, sick and tired Of the London high-life scandals, And the new erotic rantings Of these literary vandals? Yes, indeedy!

Aren't you weary, neighbor, weary Of this mania for counts, And this gushing over titles That are sold for large amounts? Aren't you tired, solely tired Of this question, Who shall lead In the ranks of the Four Hundred, Who shall follow, who shall precede? I should smile!

Aren't you weary, neighbor, weary Of this squabbling over Platt, And this wonder where, politically, Morton, Strong & Co. are at? Aren't you tired, deeply tired Of the Byrnes-and-Parkhurst row, And the harping, carping wonder How 'twill wind up anyhow?-Right you are!

Aren't you weary, friend, most weary Of the Beardsley craze in art? Of the knickerbocker bloomers That are thought to be so "smart"? Aren't you wred, tired, tired Of ten thousand other crazes That the faddist hounds us till we Feel like yelling, "Go to blazes!"?
Well, I guess!

. . .

"Amber" has been trying hard to get reconciled to the prospect of the new woman in bloomers. "I had hoped," she writes in the Times-Herald, "that I might die before I beheld the women whom I love, and their name is legion, spinning along on wheels, but there is that in even the best bohemian that falls in line behind the popular banner, now and then, even if he does object on general principles to what the world issued as its edict. The sight of a woman on a horse will horrify future generations as greatly as the sight of a woman on a wheel would have horrified my grandmother. And as for the ultimate fate of the fast vanishing horse, the girls of fifty years to come will run across his nicely articulated skeleton in a museum's collection, and wonder if such animals really ever existed this side the prehistoric epoch. A young man came into my office the other day, and when I told him that I was going out bleycle-hunting, to look up styles, types and costumes, he said: 'Amber, for heaven's sake, don't advocate bloomers. I heard a bright, healthy woman, who believes in out-door exer-cise for her sex, and who is most delightfully free from affectation of any kind, remark to her friend in the street car this morning, 'My husband says he will give me the handsomest wheel that money can buy if I'll wear bloomers, but somehow I don't want to. I can't!" I just wanted to take off my hat to that woman. I was glad to see one type of what you call the 'new woman' cling to her womanliness and repudiate bloom-What the young man said to me I find in the universal language of the men in whom the instinct of chivalry is not yet dead. They love to hold on to the heller that woman, at her best, was created no whit lower than the home worthy of the man can exist angels, and the idea of an angel in bloomers goes against the grain! Im- dence, truth and love do not reign. agine a picture of the lovely Madonna a a cut-away coat, a four-in-hand, and baggy trousers!

"Of course, however, if women are going to ride wheels, they must dress for it, and the great question of the day is how? A girl on a wheel in a tailorgown would be as awkward and out of place as a rose in a bonnet or a lark with spectacles. Incongruity is ugliness. If a custome is to be thought out therefore, for the woman blcyclist, let it be suitable and at the same time pretty. Beauty is its only excuse for being, and like truth will sail a fleet of errors. According to my way of thinking, the dress to be desired is the most picturesque that can be devised. Let there be color, plenty of it. Of course, this dress will be suited alone for young women and girls. Anything over 50 on a wheel should be amenable to law. So this question of costuming aged women need not be dis-cussed. If I had a daughter who was and wanted to ride a wheel she should do the provided she would allow me the privilege of a prayer or two that I might become reconciled to the Lord's will. Here is something of my idea of a suitable costume for a girl bleyelist. In the first place, a soft Mexican hat of tan felt, with a brim and a droop to it. Then a doublet and leggings of the same color slashed and faced with violet. A skirt of the richest broadcloth heavily shot, and reaching elow the knees. Tan gloves, and perhaps a violet cockade or algrette for the hat. The leggings should be of the softest undressed kid, and should wrinkle a little bit, like the wrist of a mosquetaire glove. A small shoulder cape of tan, lined with violet, and clasped with a silver buckle at the throat, might be added to the suit at pleasure. In my mind's eye a pretty woman with brown hair and golden gleam to her eyes would look well in such a suit. Any of the colors might be substituted for tan and violet, but there should be coloring to add picturesqueness to a costume very easily made grotesque and hideous."

In the same paper Dr. Julia Holmer Smith thus discourses upon the physiological aspects of the bicycle fad among omen: "So far as in her lies it surely is the highest, hollest duty in each woman's life to fit herself to be the mother of a virile race. She should make and keep her body strong, her mind clear, her intellect keen, her emotions in subtion, and if to this end the use of mount her on the wheel and encourage a wise amount of exercise of the bodily and mental faculties in God's free all and sunshine. I use the words mental ulties advisely, for it sems to me that no woman can thread her way our crowded streets and thronged park driveways without most careful attention and great self-con-trol. Attention is one of the highest attributes of the mind, which is di-restly under the control of the will, and its cultivation should be one of the and its cultivation should be one of the primary objects of all mental discipline. To attain perfection in bicycling a woman must have her faculty of attention so developed that it will act automatically, and while chatting with friends, or enjoying the beauty of nature's panorama, she will readily avoid danger—and in the event of sudden surprise self-control should be so well de-

veloped that hysteria need not result, but emergencies of a broken wheel or an accident be calmly met. Such improved faculties are surely transmissible and in process of generation may become in their highly improved state an integral part of the race. But we must wait for the chiseling of time to work such changes in humanity. The duty which lies nigh us today is to warn women of dangers which come from over enthusiasm in the pursuit of this pleasure. Two-thirds of the women ride wheels foolishly, because ig-norantly. The saddle is too low, giving pay him whatever he asks. Oh, my poor a cramped position. They subject themselves to jars quite unnecessarily by jumping off instead of gliding from the wheel. A woman should be taught to mount and dismount, as men do, and should be careful to have the saddle exactly of suitable size. In every academy for teaching the riding of the bicycle should be a sign posted: 'No short time, too!'
pupils received wearing corsets; tight "Why don't you open the telegraft, belts forbidden,' and the woman's own conscience and common sense should forbid her favorite exercise at physiclogical periods when nature claims a

"For one," writes Kate Field, "I am weary of this idiotic babble about the THE ARTIFICIAL GIRL: 'new woman.' " "There ain't no sich person," declared Betsy Prig. Sairey Gump, when that portentous person flaunted 'Mrs. Harris' in her rival's face for the last time, which breaks the camel's back and makes patience cease to be a virtue. There is no new woman. So much nonsense is written about my sex nowadays as to make earnest women hide their heads in shame and long to be another kind of creature that might quietly go about its business and be judged purely on its merits. No self-respecting woman wants to be judged by sex if she be a worker. All she asks is justice. What with woman buildings, woman editions, woman columns generally devoted to twaddle, fulsome flattery, horridly distorted fashion plates and cooking recipes for indigestible dishes, the real woman is lost sight of. She is not new. She represents the glorious trinity of love, devotion and self-sacrifice. She bathed Christ's feet in tears, and was first at the cross. She sold her jewels that Columbus might discover America. led the armies of France to victory, and was burned at the stake for her patriotism. She was torn to pieces for her beauty and learning in this republic. where she dares to think for herself and disagree with self-organized saints who mistake their livers their conscience. She gave the Graechi to Rome, and sent her sons to fight for our union while scraping lint for the wounded in her desolate home. She wrote lyrics in Greece, 'Aurora Leigh' and 'Adam Bede' in modern England, and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in our own country. From the beginning of history she has been the half creation and the complement of man. With advancing civilization the real woman waxes in seifknowledge and begins to realize the grandeur of her mission. The tag and slave are gradually disappearing. No wherein reason, intelligence, confi-Without such homes this republic cannot last. Scales are fast falling from the eyes of despairing men. They see, as never before, that the salvation of our institutions depends upon homes that can only be redeemed by a noble and exalted womanhood. The woman movement is a war of sense against folly; of reason against prejudice. If there be a war at all, it is a war between two kinds of women-dolls and

brains. Men are merely spectators,

Whatever the majority of woman want

men will accord cheerfully. That

brains will be victorious ere many

years is as inevitable as progress. The

world does not retrograde, though

Silurlans still walk the earth and for-

Equally pertinent is "Amber's" re-

get the age to which they belong."

mark upon the same subject; "When by our own volution we threst ourselves out into the world with men, when we square our chins, roll up our sleeves and put our arms akimbo, declaring ourselves abundantly able to fight our own battles, what wonder that men abandon their primal instincts of chivalry, dub us 'new women,' and bid us brought upon ourselves by leaving the pedestal we were placed upon and getting down to run foot races with men in the dirt. The old woman was smart enough for me. She had all her rights. She occupied a place in history and in the hearts of men, second to nothing that God has yet created, and she has smell of the orange flowers that sweeten Pasadena. As for me I would ask no higher tribute than to be written with the obsolete race of women. I desire no loftler meed of glory than was granted the nameless host of mothers whose sons have carried forward their blessings in lives consecrated to all that was truest and best. The new woman may vote, but no ballot that she can ever cast will equal the prayer the 'old woman' offered when she buckled the sword to the side of her boy and sent him into battle, or when, by patient precept, she guided him into useful citizenship and splendid manhood. The new woman may ride a wheel, be glib in parliamentary debate, manage real business concerns, whip the men singlehanded, organize clubs, and wear trousers; she may be bright and brave, active, hustling and vivacious, able to take care of herself and her husband, too, plant potatoes, plow cornfields, and break colts, but I shall turn her down with my last existing breath unless she preserves her womanhood through it all. She cannot do that, my dear, any more than you can preserve the flavor of a wild strawberry after it is canned. or the perfume of a wood violet when you have cultivated it along with gar-lic. Give me a leader, but let it be the one we are used to. The new one will do for a circus ring, but not for the gar

NOTED BEAUTIES:

that leads over the hill to the grave.'

dens, the meadow-lands, nor the path

with regular features and very large, expressive blue eyes.

The Empress Elizabeth of Russia was one of the stoutest women of her time.

The Fair Rosamond was an English blonde, with fair hair and blue or light-

gray eyes.

Mme. de Montespan had beautiful eyes.
Several of the poets of her time celebrated
their praises.

Catalini, the famous soprano, was of

medium height, and had irregular though very pleasing features.

Jazebel, the queen of Ahab, according to one of the rabbis, had "black eyes that were set on fire of hell."

The Empress Anna of Russia was very portly, and the fleshness of her face great-ly detracted from its good looks,

JUST LIKE A WOMAN:

"What is it, Mamie?" "It's a boy, mum, with a telegraft."
"A telegram! Oh, ask him if James is

"He says all he knows about it is that it's marked 'collect' and he wants his money."
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home in an ambulance, Mamie?' "I s'puse so, mum. Maybe you'd better read the telegraft."

"I can't, I can't. Oh, it serves me right for not kissing him but three times when he left. And we've been married such a

mum? "Well, I suppose I must, but, oh, I can" tell you how I dread it!"
Reads telegram: "Will bring friend

ome to dinser. James,"
"The heartless beast!"—New York Morning Journal.

She was young and she was pretty. Sh wore a bunch of violets, but they were artificial. She also wore a smile; that, too was artificial. She crowded into an ele was artificial. She crowded into an ele-vated car and sat down back to back with an old lady who had got on at another station. She leaved back in her seat, her wide-brimmed hat conflicting with the old lady's bonnet. She pretended not to notice. The old lady changed her seat Still the smile, placed and artificial. A station or two further on an acquaint ance joined her.

"You were not at the mission today, reproachfully.
"N-no," from the violet girl. "But you promised me you would

there, and I depended on you."
"I was not feeling well." "You are here." "Yes, but I didn't feel like having the dirty little ragamoffins climbing over w you know," and she lifted up her prett face, with its artful smile, for the other

benefit. The mission girl turned away with expressive shrug, it did not disturb the

smile. - New York Herald. I never could guite understand it.

That the woman forever demanding be Is the one who gets left every time

Labouchere, in a moment of despose

ency, to which we are all alas, subject at times, once wrote: Science has dimin-ished hope, snowledge destroyed our illusions and experience has deprived us of interest. Here, then, is the authorized dictionary of discontant:

What is creation? A failure, What is live? A bore. What is man? A fraud. What is noman? Both a fraud and

were monkeys?

What is secutiv? A deception What is love? A disease. What is marriage? A mistake What is a wife? A trial. What is the devil? A table, What is good? Hypogray. What is evil? Petention What is stadom? Self-shness. has a bapuir asa? A delusion-What is friendship? Humbig. What is generosity? Imbedints. What is money? Everything. And what is everything? Nothing Were we perhaps, not happier when t

SELECTED RECIPES: Strawberr, Ice Cream Pudding -Whi one quart rich sweet cream until three ad two cuts powdered suger, and leath atte one quart rips strawberries throng the cream; fill this into a pudding form god put a strip of bettered paper around the cage of the cover so that the water can enter; have ready a large pail or butter tub, out some cracked the on the bot cover the top of form with ice, the whole with a piece of carpet or a cloth, and ser in a cool place for four hours When ready to serve lift from ice, remove the water, turn the pudding into a dish and

serve at once Soft Saell Crabs a la Maltre d'Hotel. Clean, we'rn well and wine dry six softshell crabs; brush over with merced but-ter or oil, season with one even table spoonful sait, one-half even teaspoonfer pepper; put them on a brotter and brot over the clear fire about five minutes or accept a fair field and no favors? Let each side. Serve at once on a hot distus not make complaint of discourteous on buttered toast with one ounce mailine or disagreeable treatment that we have d'hotel butter spread over. In place of toast six small sinces bread fried in butte may be laid under the crass.

Pineapple Plomblere.-Pare and cut into ce one ripe pincapple, put into a dish and pour one pint cold sugar syrup over them; let it stand four hours; two hours before freezing put the fruit into a freezer and freeze until it begins to left an aroma in the world like the and let it remain a little while longer in the freezer; fill into a form, cover tightly, paste a strip of buttered paper around the edge of cover and pack in les and sait for hours; in serving dip form into hot water, quickly wipe it dry; turn the plomblere into a round dish and gainish with

Bread Fritters.-To a quart basinful of stale bread, broken small, put a quart of boiling milk, cover it for ten or fifteen minutes. When quite soft beat it with a spoon until smooth, and two well-beaten eggs, half a nutmeg grated, a tablespoon-ful of brandy, one of butter and a little salt. Beat it light. Make un omelet par hot, put in a small piece of butter, and when hot pour in sufficient batter to run over the pan, let it fry gently. When one side is a fine brown turn and brown the other. Lay on a hot plate, put butter, sugar and a little nutmeg over it; lay one

on the other, cut them through in quar-ters and serve them hot.

Malvern Apple Pudding.—Chop a pound of apples very small, mix them with two pounds of currants washed and picked, three or four large tablespoonfule of sugar, a glass of brandy, the grated rind of half a lemon, and four well-beaten eggs; add to the whole a pound of bread grated and to the whole a pound of the cloth; the very fine. Butter and flour the cloth; the strength, for when the supply of fuel is the pudding up quite loose or it will break cut off the fire burns low. The system hours. This quantity makes two large

puddings. Clam Chowder.-Forty clams, ope-half pound of fat pork, six large onlone, six large potatoes, three sods crackers, one quart can of tomatoes. Chop the pork and put in the kettle. When all the grease is extracted remove the scraps. Chop the clams fire, also the potatoes and onlone and add them to the grease in the kettle. Add the water and tomatoes and let all

ficient cold water to cover them, add one-quarter pound of sugar and the peel of half a lemon, and stew all gently for two hours; then pass the prunes through a wire sleve. Boak one-half ounce of gelatine in water and add it to the prunes; then break the prune stones, and add the kernels to the jelly. Boil altogether for two minutes, then pour into a mould, and the center filled up with whipped.

Miss Kaiser Concludes an In

and the center filled up with whipped cream. A dittle carmine improves the color, and claret is sometimes used in stead of water to stew the prunes in. Pound Seed Cake,—One pound butter beaten to a cream; one pound sifted lump beaten to a cream; one pound sitted future sugar; one pound flour, well dried; eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and caraway seeds to taste. Mix these ingredients and beat all well together for one hour; put the batter into a tin lined with paper and buttered; bake in a moder

ate oven for one and one-half hours.

Italian Cakes.—Half a pound of finelysifted flour, half a pound of well-washed
butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, three whole eggs, the yolks of three more and one tablespoonful of extract, Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs beaten and the extract and beat for ter minutes longer; add the flour. Form into small cakes and bake.

AN HONEST TRIBUTE.

The British Statistician, Michael G. Mul hall, Explains in Figures the Greatness of the United States and Its Enormous Possibilities.

from the Washington Post.

The people of the United States are more accustomed to abuse than flattery at the hands of foreign writers. They have ceased to care much for the for ner, and are, or ought to be, indifferent to the latter. What they have a right to expect is an honest effort to tell the truth, and they are glad to note an increasing tendency in that direction. Michael G. Mulhall is one of a considerable number of prominent and capable English writers who have studied America and the Americans without rejudice and written of them truthfully. In the North American Review for June Mr. Mulhall has a paper on the "Power and Wealth of the United States," which is filled with interesting facts and just conclusions. In his openng sentence he says: "If we take a survey of mankind in ancient or nodern times as regards the physical. mechanical, and intellectual force of nations we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895," and a "Ittle further on be adds: "The physical and mechanical power which has enabled a community of woodcutters and farmers to become in less than 190 years the greatst nation in the world is the aggregate of the strong arms of men and women, aided by horse power machinery, and steam power, applied to the useful arts and sciences of every-day

Expressed Statistically. Mr. Mulball is a statistician, and in hat character he has an envisble reputation for thoroughness and reliability. He calculates on the bas's that the average working power of an able hodied male adult is 200 foot tons daily. hat of a horse 3,000 tons, and of steam horse power 4,000 tons, and shows that the working power of sach inhabitant in this country has turreased from an average of 446 foot tons daily in 1820 to 1.940 foot tons in 1895, or more than quadrupled. Then we have a comparison of the working nower of the people of the United States with that of Europear countries: In the United States. 1,940 foot fons only per inhabitant; in Great Britain, 1,473 foot tons; in Wrange, 910 foot tons, and in Germany, 903 foot tons per innabitant. The average pro ductive energy of each person in the and meat, is 350 bushels of grain and Britain the same average productive

energy per inhabitant is 119 bushels of

grain and 1,000 pounds of meat, and in

Germany 75 bushels of grain and 380

pounds of meat. An ordinary farm

hend in the United States raises as

much grain as three in England, four

in France, and five in Germany. That the American people are not degenerating from a nation of workers to a nation of idlers, Mr. Muthall thinks, is proved by the fact that in 1860 the number of urban and rural workers was praced at 15,026,000, and in 1890, thirty years after, when the population had almost exactly doubled the workers had increased to 32,120,000 or more than wice as many. But the great change that has taken place in that time in the methods of production and in wages is evidenced in the fact that the annual accumulations per worker in cities has increased from \$44.70 in 1860 to \$72.30 in 880, while in the country they have

failen from \$105 in 1860 to \$47.30 in 1890.

Our Intellectual Supremacy.

But the most gratifying results of Mr Mulhall's researches have to do, not with the material, but with the intellectual progress of the United States. As compared with other countries the United States spends \$2.40 per inhabitant for school purposes, Great Britain \$1.30, France 80 cents, and Germany 50 cents, and the yearly letters per inhabitant in this country are more than iouble the average number written in Great Britain, France and Germany, These are not all the cheering conlusions found in Mr. Muihall's great statistical reservoir. He refers to the 41,000,000 instructed citizens in the United States, the average wealth of \$1,039 per capita, not including public lands, the money spent in building railroads, averaging \$1,000,000 a day for twenty years past, the money invested in houses in the same time, averaging an annual investment of \$12 per inhabstant, and the daily accumulation of averaging \$7,000,000-these facts, Mr. Mulhall concludes, "tell us wonderful country has sprung up be yond the Atlantic in a single century, and furnish a scathing commentary on the books written by English travelers only fifty years ago. Englishmen of today have more correct views and regard with honest pride and kindly good will the descendants of the pilgrim fathers, while the rest of mankind marks with wonder and admiration the onward march of the great Republic."

A Good Appetite Always accompanies good health, and ar absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The loss of a rational gets into a low state, and is liable to se-vere attacks of disease. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its great merit n restoring and sharpening the appetite in promoting healthy action of the direct o organs, and as a purifier of the blood constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Those who have never used Hood's Sarsaparilla should surely do so this season.

Miss Kaiser Concludes an Interesting Series friend or relative. It was on Monday, which is, with Wednesday, the best day Of Letters from the Great Metropolis.

oming wonderfully busy, and everybody in London, it seems, is constantly on the jump and go nowadays. At least we are, at any rate. There is so hear at this time of the season that the constant rushing about is something ilmost breathless. There is a restlessness of spirit that seems to have at tacked us all and no one stays at home specially of an evening, now, if one can possibly help it. Our mansion has contracted very bad habits in this respect, and directly dinner is over, the whole family immediately decamps Some make directly for a theater, where a fine play is running; others hie them selves off in dazzling full dress raiment to a good concert, and others to an engagement, perhaps. We never see each other then until we come home late at night and compare notes over our cocoa and biscutts. It certainly is a very busy life, indeed, and with the study and no other place where so much of the practice of the daytime, takes up quite all one's time. I am sure it does mine. rising and breakfast bells in the morn- sat very near us, to their intense satis not change this delightfully breatness ever, were in our neighborhood, way of living for any peaceful quiet in the world, just now, for I am learning all the time. I know, and my friends say that my taste in both musical and dramatic matters is no longer to be de spised, at which kind verdict I greatly refolce, I am sure. But it is simply lovely to go about this way, one night to the opera, another to see a fine actress or actor, another to a big orchestral concert, and so on.

Last night my landladies took me down to St. James' hall, where there of Mr. Moberly, who is one of the finest ers of strings, and very fine ones at of the highest social position in Engwise would be frittered away in fashionable galety. They play beautifully, and simply delighted me, all fiddling away looking so lovely, too, that I was perfectly happy all the evening. The audi- of lager and German sausages. ence present was a very large and brilliant one, and appreciated the refined work done by Mr. Moberly and his young ladies very much, indeed. The duchess of Albany, and the duke as front of us, with a number more of beleweled grandees. I could see her very well, indeed, and you may be sure, made the most of the opportunity; and afterward, when the concert was over, and we were waiting for our Miss Radical, who is Mr. Moberty's principal double bass in this orchestra, to come from the green room, I went and sat front of the royalties for programmes, out, just as the people had done, when the Duchess passed out earlier in the

Mr Moberly's Concert.

The night before that I had the great by one of the Liberal leaders in parliament to the Women's Liberal League of England. The company was a very interesting one, and I enjoyed watering them all very much, all by myself There were no speeches, it being a pure y social affair, and everybody was very kind and complimentary to me again.

Evening in Picture land. The following evening or so, I had the pleasure of attending one of the con versaziones of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, down on in pictureland, and where I had been engaged to sing two songs during the evening. It was a delightful evening; enjoyed the pictures and all the lovely people so much. Next Friday I am to try my wings again at a reception of the West Hampstead Art society, where I hope to sing to the credit of my teacher, if I only can. Then on Sunday afternoon my dear old teacher gives an "at home," at which he says I am to lift my voice again, so you see I am most dreadfully busy, what with these, and all the fine concerts, great actresses, the opera and my attendance at the Royal Academy of Music every day. It is quite divzying sometimes, and I often feel inclined, just as I am about rushing off on a fresh tangent, to stop and ask, with the member of our house at Washington, "where I am at."

The other evening we took in the Phil-harmonic again. We are religious Philharmonic goers, one of the other girls and I, and I am sure they do me a great deal of good and teach me a number of things. We have heard several symphony, written by one of the har meny masters at our school, and a solo from dear Madame Amy Sherwin, who sang better than I have heard her for a long time. The appearance of the evening, however, was that of dear dignified German Willy Burmester, who played such a fearful and wonderful concerto with that marvelous little violin of his that all the other violinists in the house went nearly mad, besides the excitement of the rest of us nonviolinists. He is certainly wonderful, and his playing seems more superb than ever with every succeeding hearing of

Stavenhagen Appears.

The much-talked-of Stavenhagen made his first reappearance in London after his American experiences by playing a concerto written by himself. It was, I suppose, a fit composition for bringing out and showing to their fullest advantage, all his best points. It was very well done and received an enreally did play beautifully that evening; not, however, on a Knabe Let us hope that his Knabe experiences are forever behind him, and us, too.

The other day I had a most tremendous piece of good luck. I had been positively languishing with wishing that I could go to the Richter concerts, which commenced this week, but as they are so expensive, the very cheapest seat being half a crown, and the best deny myself of them. But one after- not much room to be furnished. The

London, May 23 .- Life over here is be- | noon the postman came with an envelope for me, from the agent who manages these concerts, and in it were two of the fifteen-shilling tickets for each one of the four Richter affairs. very, very much to see and to do and to Think of it! How rich I felt, and how I did proceed to rejoice! So now we indulge in the Richters, and I take one of the ladies and we go in state and attend the Richter concerts. How grand we feel! Last Monday was the first, and we went and enjoyed both the concert and the audience immensly. There is no finer audience, from both a musical and a social point of view, than what one finds at a Richter, and we saw simply dozens of celebrities all over the house. Singers, violinists, planist, conductors, composers, all sorts of people in the musical world, can be seen here in a bunch, while the royal family is sure to be represented, along with the highest church dignitaries in the United Kingdom. There is really very best in all the branches of art can be seen to such an advantage as at a and my normal condition is getting to first night Richter, and we saw it all. be a very sleepy one, indeed, and the The duke and duchess of Edinburgh ing, late as they are, cannot be said to faction, no doubt, and several other have any charms for me. Still, I would grandees whom I did not know, how-

Picture of Richter.

But to proceed to Richter. What a reception this grand, old German did have seen him conduct. He is a large, and is the most beloved and adored of all the German conductors. His orin a hansom (which I dearly love) me, and I am Richter-mad, too. He conducts with no mannerisms at all, was one of Mr. Moberly's orchestral with a grand, large sweep of arm and concerts on. It was a great treat with a kindness of eye on his performto me to hear this splendld organiza- ern that makes them response to the ion play under the leadership very expression of his face. Once in a while when something has been particof English conductors. His orchestra ularly well done, you can see him sayonsists of ninety young ladies, all play- ing an approving word to his men and smilling at them. He impressed me that, three-fourths of them being ladies even more than Herr Levi, who is so clever, but not at all so lovely and land, who prefer to devote that time to fatherly as this grand, old man was. I the pursuits of musical art that other- happen to know his principal bass player, of whom he is a great friend, and who says that after the concerts are over, they go out and lunch together, up there in their pure white dresses and and if you would like to know what Richter has, it is just a pipe, a pint

A Glimpse at Parliament.

a whole afternoon. It was something least to me. We had an invitation from a government member, whom we know, and, starting at 2 we reached there at 3, and walked through th long, dim corridors to the outer lobby where we were to wait for our friend. the member of parliament, to meet us. Policemen abound here, and stand at every door and turning to offer you ductive energy of each person in the limited Sixtes, as measured in grain and put my score down on the little red they think you most need. Packages plush table which they always set in and parcels cannot be introduced here e explosi opera glasses, etc., and made the other contain some hidden infernal machine Madame Albani and Tamagno in Otelgirls got up and remain standing while which might blow up the place, and lo at the opera. It was simply magni-I swept past them grandly on my way you must leave them behind you. We ficent, and I draw great breaths of dehad some chocolates with us, with light now when I think of it, the whole which to stave off the pangs of hunger performance was so magnificent. Lonlater in the session, and we smuggled don is simply at Tamagno's feet, and I them in under our arms and in our pleasure of singing at a reception given beautiful all amost stately and am to have another plunge into Parabeautiful old pile, occupying over eight dise and hear Melba and Alverez in acres of ground, having four principal "Faust." Just think of it! The duke frontages and containing many queer open triangular and quadrangular of the principal boxes at "Otello," courts, besides numbers of royal state apartments, eighteen official residences but poorly. And, besides, the stage and 500 other apartments. The clock and what was on it took up all of my tower, with the great bell in it called Big Ben of Westminster, is very high, 320 feet, I think, and the hands of it are 14 and 12 feet long, while the little minute ticks or spaces are large enough for a man to stand within them. We did not remain long outside Piccadilly, where I enjoyed an evening but went, as I said, into the outer lobby or Octagon hall, where we met our member at 3. He then conducted u over the place and showed us all of it We saw the lord's committee room, the lord's robing room, and the lord's di vision lobby, where they go to be counted when there is a division. All of these places are very handsome chambers, indeed, being done in dark red carpet and leather, and ornamented with most beautiful and costly old carvings, pictures and dark, dim stained glass windows let in the walls they were most beautiful, and our him tell what has brought about friend told us almost priceless. From the division lobby we passed into the case to our representative: "I house of lords, which was not sitting then, and so we passed about seeing it

At Victoria's Throne.

The throne of Queen Victoria is at the head of this room, and on each side of it a smaller and lower throne chair for the Prince and Princess of Wales orchestral things, one of them, a new In front of this throne is the famous wool-sack, a red cushion, on which the lord chancellor sits. I asked our mem ber if I might touch it, and did, with his permission, but I did not sit in it. Having sat in the chair of the duchess of Albany I was quite content, in the line of chairs, at any rate. The lords sit on benches which run down the sides of the room, while the peeresses, when they wish to be present, sit in galleries at the side, parallel with the lords' benches. There are not so many lords as there are members of the house of commons, and the small number of four are a quorum to transact business, while in the house of commons forty members are necessary for the purpose. We passed from the lords' chamber

into the queen's robing room, where her majesty comes when she assumes robes of state for the purpose of open-ing parliament. All the furniture in this room, even to the fire irons and grate, are surmounted with her crest and crown, and on the walls are some very fine wood carvings representing events of English history from the time of Arthur of the Round Table down to the more modern episodes The house of commons was next in order, and thither our friend conducted us, taking us, of course, to the ladies gallery. This is a tiny room up above the reporter's gallery, and is very stuffy, having no windows at all, ones fifteen shillings—nearly \$4—of furnished as luxuriously as possible.

front of it faces the house, and is completely covered with an iron fretwork. through the holes of which the ladies peer and watch the proceedings and listen as they sit back of this cloister-like grating, through which the members below cannot see at all, even if they should wish to look up at a for debates, and so, after having had given to us a list of the questions before the house that day, so that we could see and understand about what the members were talking, we settled ourselves behind the mysterious iron screen and looked about us. This house is larger than that of the lords, and yet too small for all the members, should they by any chance all attend at once When you know that there are only between 600 and 700 of them, you can readily understand that it is rather small. It is very richly and comfortably furnished and has an air of quiet elegance, with its dark carvings, stained windows and beautiful lighting arrangements, and I liked it very

The Notables Present.

There was a large attendance of

nembers that day, and Miss Radical

showed me John Burns, member for

Battersea; Mr. Asquith, the home secretary; Tim Healy, Mr. Dillon, Admiral Field, Sir William Harcourt, and a great many other notables, most of whom we heard speak. It was a-"government night" and the members of Sir William Harcourt's cabinet were all there in full force, answering questions from the opposition as fast es they came shooting across from the other side, and when one side made a point they laughed and cheered, while the others groaned and tried to drown their noise with what they made themselves. The chief debate on was that of the disestablishment of the Church of England in get! They simply overwhelmed him, Wales, called for short "the Welsh and I do not blame them now, for I discetablishment bill," and we heard some very lively debating on this quesfine looking old man, with a kind tion, on the issue of which there were fatherly face, and a patriarchal beard, no less than two divisions, the opposition winning first and the government the next time. When they had the dichestra simply worship him, and so do visions all the members got up and some who are not of his orchestra. made for the door pell mell like a log You like him immediately. He is of boys running for a game of "scrub." made for the door pell mell like a lot Last night my landlades took he rou like him that least he was by as happy and eager as you can imagine grown-up old men to be, and when out in the division lobbles, were counted one by one on each side, and then came in again to hear the result read by one of the clerks, after which they made as much noise as possible, one side over the victory, the other over the defeat. They all wear very tall and shiny silk hats, and some of them keep them on, except when addressing the speaker or the house, and I looked all over the place for Keir Hardy in his deerstalker, but did not see him. He may have been there, however, as I had a very good view of the government side, but not of the opposition, to which he belongs. We had tea served us in a cute little old-world room in another part of the building and then returned to watch the wheels of government ro round, oh! so slowly, though, and I tired On Monday Miss Radical and I did of it after three or four hours of attmthe houses of parliament, taking for it tion to business, and went home leaving dear Miss Radical still fresh and well, were there, and sat not far in of a task, and very tiring, indeed, at interested, keeping tally with her house bills in her hand and listening with both ears. We met again late that night, and she informed me that I had missed a great deal that had been both interesting, instructive and over-exciting, but I could not help it; the ladies gallery had been too much for me, and I had as lief be put in a convent cell as there again for four or five hours at a

Unaffored Bliss. On Thursday night I had a verifiable 5, for fear they dip into unalloyed bliss, while hearly do not wonder. On Saturday night I and duchess of York were there in one so far away that I could only see her

attention, anyway. It was lovely, and

I am waiting for Saturday night to

Melba, too, at last. Sadie E. Kaiser,

come, when I shall hear the wonderful

Of Giving Up the Fight ... An Elmira Citizen's Last Resource

Proves a Success.

[From the Elmira Gazette.] Do you know Mr. J. S. Bodder, of 214 South Main street? He has been a busine manandpermanent resident of Elmira for over twenty years. A man whose statement cannot be disputed. Well, Mr. Bodway up high. The frescoes in these halls, also, must not be forgotten, as but doesn't suffer any more. We will let change. Here is how he spoke of his never been well since the closing of the war, where, in the service of my country, I contracted kidney and bladder disorders. The complaint has gradually been growing on me.sl had sharp pains in the small of my back, just back of the hips, and when they left it was only to be followed by a dull, heavy pain which remained continually. I could lie in but one or two positions in bed or the pain would be almost unbearable. I was always very sore over the kidneys, and the urine emitted a strong odor. At times I foll existence a task I tried. times I felt existence a task, this, that and the other thing, avail, and was on the verge of giving ur entirely when I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. I thought as a last resort I would give them a trial; they were highly recommended, and I would use just this one more remedy. I began taking them, and I am very glad indeed to give my statement, that suffering humanity may receive the same benefit I have. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills satisfied me they were helping me. Now, the pain is all gone, and I am entirely well—this, after years of sickness, My sleep at night is good and refreshing. I do not feel any more that tired feeling I used to on rising, all thanks due to Doan's Kidney Pills." Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all

dealers. Price, 50 cents per box; boxes for \$2.50. By mail on receipt price by Foster-Milburn company. B falo, N. Y., sole agents for United States,

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