whose father demanded his discharge for the reason that he had enlisted under age without his father's consent. Carrington was covered with brass buttons, spangles and epaulets. Walpole, in his speech to the court, was denouncing the arbitrary measures of the government, and said that no "jack-legged President or one-horse Secretary of War had a right to invade the household and drag young children away from their parents." Carrington rose in a state of fury, declaring that he could not sit still and hear such epithets applied to his superior officers, and then, turning to Walpole, he said: "If you repeat such language I will arrest and imprison you at once." "My dear General," said Walpole appealingly, "won't you be so kind as to give me time to get in my winter's wood?" Everybody laughed, and after that Carrington and Walpole became great friends. The habeas corpus business came to an end soon after, when Lincoln issued his order suspending the writ.

Walpole's political career had closed when I first saw him here in 1857. His term as a Senator from Hancock had just expired. He was a wily politician, and for many years ran the Democratic machine in Hancock county just as he pleased. An opponent for the Legislature once challenged him to a joint canvass of the county. Walpole declined, but agreed to meet the challenger in one joint debate at the county seat on the Saturday before the election, saying that he had no time for the general canvass. The day came and a large mass meeting assembled in the courthouse yard. Walpole yielded the right to open and close to his adversary, who began the debate by an attack upon Walpole's record as a member of the Legislature. Walpole made a very short speech, taking no notice of the charges made against him. He said, however, that his opponent was too ignorant a man to represent such an intelligent constituency, and that it was unbecoming in him to attack one who had been honored so often by the voters of Hancock county. Continuing, he said: "To show how perfectly unfit this man is, I propose to ask him two or three simple questions that any bright schoolboy can answer, and if he answers a single one of them correctly I will give up the contest, and ask you to elect him unanimously." Then, turning to his victim, he said: "Now, my good friend, will you please tell this large and intelligent audience what the population of Hancock county was by the last census?" The man was nonplused. "Stand up, my son," said he, addressing his son Bryan, who was a school-boy, "and tell this ignoramus the population of the county he wishes to represent in the Legislature." The correct answer came. The next question was as to the population of the county seat, and the last as to the latitude and longitude of the town of Greenfield, with the same result. Walpole then said that he had no time to waste on a man who knew so little, and would leave it to the intelligent voters of Hancock county to decide whether they wished to be disgraced by having such a person to represent them in the Legislature. There was no answering such an attack, and the disgusted crowd went home huzzaing for Walpole. This is the story as I heard it, but it may be that Esquire Walpole may have a different version of it. His father was a man of warm friendships, and had a most ardent affection for his family and relatives. James G. Blaine was his cousin, and Walpole, who was his warm personal friend, had in large measure the audacity which characterized the great Republican leader.

W. P. FISHBACK.

A CLOWN FOR FIVE MINUTES.

He Made a Tremendous "Hit" and It Cost Him $800.

New York Tribune.

There sat in a fashionable restaurant the other evening a man of iron-gray hair and dignified bearing, who, if appearances could be relied upon, had never in his life done anything ridiculous. He was so dignified that he was almost stately. Portly, pink of complexion and erect, he was a picture of the gentleman of ease. And yet this man at one period in his life was a circus clown. Twenty-five years ago he lived in Norfolk, Va. His father, a wealthy Virginian, owned a steamboat and steamship line. To Norfolk one day came a circus. When it had closed its business there it engaged a steamboat to take it further south. The boat stopped at several places, but everywhere, as they would say now, the show was a "frost." When the end of the water route was reached the circus owed the boat $800 and had not a dollar to pay. On the boat to look after the interests of the steamship company was the son of the owner of the line. He telegraphed to his father explaining the situation.

"Let the circus go on," was the answer, "but go with it. Collect on account whenever you can."

So the young man—the same who, twenty-[illegible] years later, made so good an appearance in a fashionable New York restaurant became a stroller with a circus. He was [illegible] it to make collections on account, but [illegible]re was nothing to collect. Business got [illegible]rse; everybody, even the would-be collector, "went broke," and still the circus wandered on.

The young Virginian, who was at first regarded as a persecuting demon, to make himself less objectionable to the circus people, began to offer his services in various ways. He collected tickets, sold them, and made himself generally agreeable. One evening in a little town 'way down South in Dixie a clown fell ill. It was necessary to have two clowns, for one said all his funny things to a second. A circus without a clown is worse than "Hamlet" with the sweet prince eliminated, and so the manager went to the young Virginian.

"You'll have to be second clown tonight," he said. "There will be nothing for you to do. We'll paint you, chalk you and make you up."

So second clown the son of Norfolk prepared to be.

The two clowns were accustomed to make their entrance by turning a double somersault off a springboard, landing in the ring. When the time came on that evening the Virginian made a sudden resolve. In his boyhood he had turned handsprings and somersaults. He would try it again. The first clown, the real article, made his entrance in approved style. Then came the substitute. He ran out boldly on the board and sprang. He was shot high into the air, thrown over and over, and came down with a terrific thud flat on his back. Slowly he arose, staggering weakly around the ring, on his face that look of comical agony which a man wears who has had the wind knocked out of him. He was greeted with a storm of applause. The spectators thought that that was his part—that he was a trick clown. They shouted, clapped their hands and howled with delight. Painfully bowing, he staggered out of the ring and then threw himself to the ground, gasping to get back his breath. Outside, in the ring, the crowd was roaring for him to appear again. The ringmaster came to him.

"They're crazy over you," he said. "You'll have to do that again for them."

"My God!" groaned the new clown, clasping his stomach. "Do that again? See here, you owe us $800. Let me off from doing that again, and we'll call it square."

RUSSIA'S CAPITAL CITY.

Possibility that the Center of Authority May Be Removed to Kiev.

London Spectator.

The latest intelligence from St. Petersburg may prove to be important not only to the Russian empire, but to the future history of Europe. It is stated in a telegram, which the officials at first delayed and then passed, that the Czar, since his recent and severe attack of influenza, has betrayed symptoms of a permanent affection of the lungs, and that his trusted medical adviser, Prof. Sakharin, has condemned the climate of St. Petersburg, and has recommended him to reside, if not permanently, at least for a long period, either at Kiev, the ancient capital of southwestern Russia, or in Perekop, the isthmus that links the Crimea to the empire.

The reasons which induced Peter the Great to build himself a capital at the northwestern extremity of his dominions has lost much of its force now that Sweden has ceased to be an important state. The population of Russia for nearly a generation has been slipping southward in search of culturable soil, and the living forces of the empire are now far nearer to Kiev and the Dneiper than to the Neva and St. Petersburg. If to these reasons the argument of health is added, we can well believe that the Czar has decided on a permanent change of residence, and, if he has, he must also have decided on a permanent change of capital. He cannot live twenty years away from the administrative center.

The foreign embassadors, the great departments, the men who govern Russia, must attend the sovereign; and, if they attend him, they must, for convenience sake, as well as for the sake of their own dignity, begin to build. There is ample room on the Dneiper for a great city, plenty of stone procurable, as the ancient monuments attest, and a supply of labor at least as abundant as that which maintains St. Petersburg. There is no historic prejudice to be offended, for Kiev is far more nearly connected with Russian history than St. Petersburg; and no religious opposition is to be feared, for Russian religious feeling, so far as it has a center, turns toward Constantinople rather than toward St. Petersburg, which is, indeed, far too modern for any sentiment of the kind.

It is quite possible, therefore, if the Czar lives, and finds that Kiev suits his constitution and his children's, that the old city on the Dnieper may develop into a stately capital, the seat of government, and the focus of the railway system of the empire.

Amatory Philosophy.

Atchison Globe.

There are two cases in Atchison where the girl is so much in love that bets are freely made that there will be no wedding. There is such a thing as loving a man too much; it scares him.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

Little Sketches Taken from the Everyday Life of the City.

Troubles of a Rural Couple at the Union Station—Trials of a Dramatic Critic.

"They are a loving couple," was the opinion of the officers at the Union Station the other morning as an apparent countryman and his wife sat conversing while waiting for the arrival of their train. At last the conversation came to an end, when the husband stepped up to the caller and asked: "Is the train in for Connersville?"

"Yes, sir. It has been in for some time, and is about ready to start. If you are going to take it you had better be in a hurry about it."

"Mary, for goodness sake, pick up the things and come with me," said the manly side of the house as he rushed for the gate, naturally supposing that she would have no difficulty in doing so. But George, as he soon learned, had forgotten for the moment that the "things" meant three valises, somewhere near a trunk in weight and size. George reached the gate and looked around for Mary, but saw that she was not with him. He simply tore back to the waiting room, where he found his wife vainly attempting to hold the valises, a load that the average man would have hesitated to carry. There were no words wasted as the two managed in an unexplainable manner to drag their baggage to the gate.

"Tickets, please," asked the keeper as the two attempted to rush by without going through that act.

"My goodness, do you have to show your tickets?" queried the redoubtable George, as he went through every pocket before he succeeded in finding them.

"Third train to the left," were the directions of the officer as the two passed out of hearing.

"Which train did he say?" asked Mary of George, as she tried hard to keep up with her better half, who crossed the first track at one stride.

"It must be this train," he replied as he boarded the Big Four train for Anderson, which was on the third track, "for I am sure he said on the third track."

"No, he didn't. He said the third train."

"There you are again. Always so bullheaded. If you don't care about getting home to-day, why, go and get on some other train."

Mary said not a word, but choked back the sobs and wiped away the tears as she watched George arrange everything according to his judgment, which was anything but the right way.

The brakeman just then stuck his head in the door and asked: "Where to?"

"To Connersville."

"You're on the wrong train. Next train."

Mary's tears would not stay back now, and George looked as if he was in the Sahara desert. "Well," said he, "this ain't getting on the right train. Come on," as he grabbed two valises and left the third for Mary to wrestle.

It is not at present known just how it was that they chanced to seat themselves in the "Jeff" train for Louisville, or in just what manner, after being informed that Connersville was not on that road, that they succeeded in losing themselves on the I., D. & W. train, which was about to back over to Mooresfield, but they did it just the same. They emerged from the latter just as the C., H. & D. train was seen disappearing around the bend.

George was bewildered, while Mary, to use George's expression, "flowed barrels of tears." Their predicament was soon discovered by an officer, who assisted them back to the waiting room, where they silently mingled their tears until four hours afterwards, when the caller was heard to announce "The C., H. & D. train for Connersville; third train to the left." George and Mary slowly made their way to the gate. The kind day officer, noticing the expression of loneliness on their faces, judged that they were an invalid couple and assisted them to the train. When last seen they were congratulating themselves that at Connersville such trouble in boarding the right train was a thing unknown.

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"As you occasionally tell the public about the 'inwards' of newspaper work," said the retired old reporter to the Journal man the other day, "you can have another item if you want it. Some years ago when I was on the Missouri Democrat, and doing the dramatics and amusements, I had the usual experiences familiar to 'amusement editors.' If there ever was a popular theater manager he was the jolly Ben De Bar, proprietor of the opera house on Pine street, St. Louis. He was a man of generous sympathies in his benefactions. Many a time he would open his boards to some actor or actress of talent, or company members who had emerged from dull business in other cities to try their luck in St. Louis, and this, too, after other managers had said 'no.' One day the billboards and advertisements announced a two weeks' engagement at De Bar's of the talented star, Miss H——. At that particular period theatrical business in St. Louis happened to be slow, and stage attractions failed to draw well.

"The amusement writers of the daily press did not give much criticism, kindly ignoring any minor faults in the performances, hoping thereby to aid the worthy manager and reward him for his kindness to Miss H——. After the play one night I sought counsel of our managing editor, General S——. I asked, 'What shall I do with the show to-night at De Bar's? Miss H—— has been giving some good work in her previous performances, but has had poor houses. I want to help her if I can, yet I cannot conscientiously praise up this evening's acting by the star. Our paper has a reputation to be preserved as much as the actress has.' 'How did she dress her character?' quickly asked the editorial chief. 'Magnificently,' was the truthful reply. 'Simple enough,' continued General S——; 'just praise the lady's wardrobe.'"

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There is a widow in the city who owns a number of houses and the rents she derives from them is her support. As is the case with most people of this class, she does not like to spend a cent on the houses unless it is absolutely necessary. Not very long ago one of her tenants reported that there was something the matter under the floor of a house. The woman said she would be around in a few days to look at it and see what was needed. She came and found that there was a place in the side of the house which would admit the body of a small man, if he would consent to squeeze himself through, and if she could find the right man it would save her a good bit of expense by not having to tear up the ground and the foundation. She went to a contractor and told him of the job she wanted done, but she said, "I guess I'll go to a smaller man." Thinking she wanted a man who did business on a smaller scale than himself, he sent her to the one he thought she wanted, but when she saw the man he was still larger than the one from whom she had just come, so she made the same remark to him, that she wanted a smaller man. He in turn recommended her to a contractor, and this man also was a great big German. Finally, in her desperation, she went to the first one again and told him it was small in physique that she meant, and the man was duly supplied, but it was a close call to get in, and his clothes were so damaged by his crawling in that he charged her extra for the work.

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A few days ago a gentleman from the rural districts dropped in a drug store on West Washington street and asked permission to refer to the City Directory for the address of a person whom he was seeking.

"You will find the directory lying upon the counter back by the scales," answered the druggist, pointing to the rear of the store and proceeding to wait upon a customer. He paid no more attention to the gentleman who had asked for the directory till his attention was called to him by another inquiry.

"I can't find the address of that feller in here," said the inquirer.

"You will find the address immediately following the name," answered the druggist, and then, having attended to the wants of the customer, he walked to the rear of the store to assist the inquirer. He found his visitor had been searching through Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for the information.

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There were hundreds of women at the beauty lecture Tuesday afternoon, and when the Madame said she would give a few recipes for beauty there was a cyclone of papers and hundreds of pencils came out of hidden places. One of the recipes was supposed to make one fat, and it was to eat a farinaceous food and drink cream and koumiss. Directly she said "koumiss" the word was repeated all over the house, and from the way in which it was wafted about more than one wondered what in the world koumiss meant. Finally, the spelling of it was asked by one woman of another, and this was heard: "How do you spell it?" "I don't know, but I should think it was c-u-m-i-s." —:—

Just before Washington's birthday the teacher in one of the lower grades of the schools read the story of George Washington, and the next day she requested the children to write a story of George Washington from what she had read them. One little girl's composition appeared in this form: "George Washington was the best man that ever lived, probably, except Jesus Christ. He never did anything bad except a few things that did not amount to much."

THE PROFESSION OF LALUN.

The Hindoo Monk, Kananda, Says It Is Not Proper to Talk of It.

Detroit Tribune.

"Lalun is a member of the most ancient profession in the world. Lilith was her very great-grandmamma, and that was before the days of Eve, as everyone knows. In the West people say rude things about Lalun's profession and write lectures about it, and distribute the lectures to young persons in order that morality may be preserved. In the East, where the profession is hereditary, descending from mother to daughter, nobody writes lectures or takes any notice."

The story of which the sentences that precede this one are a paragraph, were written in India. They were written by Rudyard Kipling, from whom most of us have learned all that we definitely know about India, with the exception of the fact that India raises wheat enough to be a great competitor of our own farmers, that men work there for 2 cents a day and that women throw their babies into the Ganges, which is the sacred river of the country.

But Vive Kananda, since he came to this country, has exploded the story about the women of India feeding their babies to the alligators and now he says that he never heard of Rudyard Kipling until he came to America and that it is not proper in India to talk of such a profession as that of Lalun, out of which Mr. Kipling has made one of his most delightful and instructive tales.

"In India," said Kananda yesterday, "we do not discuss such things. No one ever speaks of those unfortunate women. When a woman is discovered to be unchaste in India she is hurled out from her caste. No one thereafter can touch or speak to her. If she went into the house they would take up and clean the carpets and wash the walls she breathed against. No one can have anything to do with such a person. There are no women who are not virtuous in Indian society. It is not at all as it is in this country. Here there are bad women living side by side with virtuous women in your society. One cannot know who is bad and who is good in America. But in India once a woman slips she is an outcast forever, she and her children, sons and daughters. It is terrible, I admit, but it keeps society pure."

"How about the men?" was asked. "Does the same rule hold in regard to them? Are they outcasts when they are proven to be unchaste?"

"Oh, no. It is quite different with them. It would be so, perhaps, if they could be found out. But the men move about. They can go from place to place. It is not possible to discover them. The women are shut up in the house. They are certainly discovered if they do anything wrong. And when they are discovered they are thrown out. Nothing can save them. Sometimes it is very hard when a father has to give up his daughter or a husband his wife. But if they do not give them up they will be banished with them, too. It is very different in this country. Women cannot go about there and make associations as they do here. It is very terrible, but it makes society pure.

"I think that unchastity is the one great sin of your country. It must be so, there is so much luxury here. A poor girl would sell herself for a new bonnet. It must be so where there is so much luxury."

Mr. Kipling says this about Lalun and her profession: "Lalun's real husband, for even ladies of Lalun's profession have husbands in the East, was a great big jujube tree. Her mamma, who had married a fig, spent ten thousand rupees on Lalun's wedding, which was blessed by forty-seven clergymen of mamma's church, and distributed 5,000 rupees in charity to the poor. And that was a custom of the land."

In India when a woman is unfaithful to her husband she loses her caste, but none of her civil or religious rights. She can still own property, and the temples are still open to her.

"Yes," said Kananda, "a bad woman is not allowed to marry. She cannot marry anyone without their being an outcast like herself, so she marries a tree, or sometimes a sword. It is the custom. Sometimes these women grow very rich and become very charitable, but they can never regain their caste. In the interior towns, where they still adhere to the old customs, she cannot ride in a carriage, no matter how wealthy she may be; the best that she is allowed is a pair of bullocks. And then in India she has to wear a dress of her own, so that she can be distinguished. You can see these people going by, but no one ever speaks to them. The greatest number of these women is in the cities. A good many of them are foreigners. There are a great many Germans and Americans. A good many of them are Jews too, but they all have different quarters of the cities, you know. They all live apart. It is a singular thing that bad as they are, they will not admit a Christian lover. They will not eat with them or touch them—the 'omniverous barbarians,' as they call them. They call them that because they eat everything. Do you know what that disease, the unspeakable disease, is called in India? It is called 'Bad Faringan,' which means 'the Christian disease.' It was the Christians that brought it into India."

"Has there been any attempt in India to solve this question? Is it a public question the way it is in America?"

"No; there has been very little done in India. There is a great field for women missionaries if they would convert the prostitutes of India. They do nothing in India—very little. There is one sect, the Veshnava, who try to reclaim these women. This is a religious sect. I think about 90 per cent. of all prostitutes belong to this sect. This sect does not believe in caste, and they go everywhere without reference to caste. There are certain temples, as the Temple of Jagatnot, where there is no caste. Everybody who goes into that town takes off his caste while he is there because that is holy ground and everything is supposed to be pure there. When he goes outside he resumes it again, for caste is a mere worldly thing. You know some of the castes are so particular that they will not eat any food unless it is prepared by themselves. They will not touch any one outside of their caste. But in this city they all live together. This is the only sect in India that makes proselytes. It makes everybody a member of its church. It goes into the Himalayas and converts the wild men. You perhaps did not know that there were wild men in India. Yes, there are. They dwell at the foot of the Himalayas."

"Is there any ceremony by which a woman is declared unchaste, a civil process?" Kananda was asked.

"No, it is not a civil process. It is just custom. Sometimes there is a formal ceremony and sometimes there is not. They simply make pariahs of them. When any woman is suspected sometimes they get together and give her a sort of a trial, and if it is decided that she is guilty then a note is sent around to all the other members of the caste and she is banished.

"Mind you," he exclaimed, "I do not mean to say that this is a solution of the question. The custom is terribly rigid. But you have no solution of the question, either. It is a terrible thing. It is the great wrong of the western world."

A CEYLON WILDERNESS.

By Day It Is Wrapped in Silence and at Night Given Over to Animals.

Cornhill Magazine.

We were in the absolute wilderness of upland Ceylon, where the virgin beauty and freshness of nature unspoiled by man instills a new sensation into every soul which vibrates to her mysterious voice. The rolling green patenas are cut off sheer and straight from the encircling belts of jungle as though measured off by human hands, a striking feature of these elevated regions which has never been satisfactorily explained. The mountain ranges which inclose the grassy plains are clothed from base to summit with primeval forest, heavily draped with moss which forms a green fringe hanging from every bough.

An appalling loneliness broods over the scene, no song of birds stirs the silence, and the deathlike hush which reigns over the gloomy forest is unbroken even by the rustle of a leaf, for noon is the midnight of the tropics, and the black depths of the haunted jungle are wrapped in spellbound sleep. At nightfall the lithe cheetah glides stealthily through the shadows and crouches for his prey among the crowding trees. The branching antlers of the elk rise above the tangled undergrowth and the moose deer browses in the shade of the mossy boughs along which the wildcat creeps, while the savage boar roots among the fallen leaves.

When the rising moon illuminates the lonely landscape, herds of wild elephants emerge from the dark jungle and roam over the vast expanse of desolate country which still renders the interior of Ceylon almost an unknown land. The elephant grass, which breaks the uniformity of the undulating plain with rustling sheaves of long green spears, is the forage for which the stragglers of the herd scour the patenas, and many Cingalese superstitions linger round this elevated tableland.

The recent spoor of an elephant marks our track and ceases at a deep pool known to be a favorite drinking place of the wild animals which haunt the jungle. A deaf elephant frequently perambulates the Elk plains. He is supposed to be sacred to Buddha, and, therefore, invulnerable, no sportsman having hitherto succeeded in piercing his hide—a fact probably due to the great age of the animal.

LIVING TOGETHER IN AMITY.

In the Sierra Ancha Mountains Man and Bear Mutually Tolerant.

Phoenix Gazette.

Up in the Sierra Ancha mountains of Gila county there are plenty of bears, great big bears, as big as four-year-old steers, and with claws on them that leave a mark like a butcher's cleaver in the snow. There are not many people in the Sierra Anchas, though some years, in the month of May, a few people go up among the pines and plant potatoes. And the potatoes they harvest before the snow comes in the fall are the finest in the world. Well, these potato farmers have an inexhaustible fund of bear stories. Of course, there is plenty of other game—the residents principally live on wild turkey and deer meat, and esteem bacon and beef in the light of delicacies. But as to bears. The potato farmer will prop himself against a tree in the woods at night, gaze into the huge fire of pitch pine deadwood and, between puffs of his comforting pipe, tell a story something like this:

"Ye see, I was a-goin' over the saddle near Mount Lookout, not noticin' like, and all of a sudden I heard ahead of me a kind of a sound like a horse was startied. An' right thar before me eyes was the biggest, woolliest bar I ever seed in my born days. Why, he was about as big as the cabin I built that year over near the head o' Coon creek. Well, I was skeered clean out of my boots, and the bar appeared to wonder what I was doin' occupyin' that trail. Well, we surveyed each other for a few minutes, when I stepped off politely to one side into the timber, and the bar went off down the trail."

"Why," exclaimed a man who heard this story, "didn't you have a gun?"

"Why, of course; never stir out without my old Winchester 45."

"Why din't you shoot him, then?"

"Good Lord, youngster, do I look like a blame fool? I hain't lost no bar. Bar's all right, only you just let him alone when you meet him on the trail and he'll return the compliment."

Nobody shoots bears in that country. Bear and human live together with mutual respect, if not amity, and neither side cares to break the truce.

For the Afternoon Tea.

New York Herald.

Why is not every woman a born hostess? They are not, I am sorry to say, and for one reason solely. They do not consider the situation in all its details.

First, the invitation reads, "From 4 until 7." As a rule, no one arrives before 5; then a throng of people pours in, and it is from that moment, if you wish your tea to be talked about after it is over, that your generalship begins.

When a woman gets the afternoon tea fever upon her there are several requisites necessary. Her drawing room, above all things, should have an atmosphere. By that I mean an air of comfort that to every one who enters it is a charm unmistakable.

A bunch of carnations or roses in a pretty jug will quite set off the mantel, even if bric-a-brac is limited and drapery absent. Books, pictures and a screen or two will quite complete the scene if taste is exercised. If you live in a small apartment your tea table should occupy a corner. If your tea room is spacious then the center is the place for your afternoon refection. Tea and crackers are not quite enough, and, in fact, some trifle should be added in the way of a salad.

Of all the delicate bites the egg salad should surely have the palm. It is easily made and can be arranged early in the morning, leaving the dressing to be the very last duty before the guests arrive.

This salad of egg is really of stuffed eggs, and one cup should be given to each person.

Boil ten eggs twenty minutes. Peel off the shells and cut each egg in half, so as to form two cups. From the end of each cup cut a small slice so they will stand firm. Remove from each egg the yolk and put all the yolks in a bowl. Mix together in an earthen saucepan two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil until thick as custard and mix with the hard-boiled yolks. Fill the cups made from the white with the mixture and set on ice until cold. Serve each cup with a leaf of lettuce and pour over egg and lettuce some mayonnaise sauce. On the plate should also be a slice or two of thin bread and butter and a cup of Russian tea in which sugar and cream is added. A teaspoonful of rum is a great improvement.

Execution of Louis XVI.

Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier.

The crowd which surrounded the carriage closed around me, bore me along to the place of execution and placed me, so to speak, in front of the scaffold. I beheld the appalling spectacle. The crime had been hardly accomplished when a cry of "Vive la Nation" rose from the foot of the guillotine; it was repeated by the bystanders; it passed through the crowd. This cry was followed by silence most wonderful and most profound. Shame, horror and fear already hovered over the wide expanse. I passed over it a second time, carried along by the flood which had brought me thither. Every one walked slowly and scarcely ventured to look in his neighbor's face. The rest of the day was spent in deep stupor; it had spread over the whole city. I was obliged to go out twice, and found the streets deserted and silent. The assassins had lost their wonted daring; the public grief made itself felt and they quailed before it.

Sweet Enough.

Philadelphia Record.

Boarding House Mistress—Is your [illegible] sweet enough, Mr. Starboard?

Starboard—Oh, it's sweet enou[illegible] Starvem, but are you quite sure [illegible] didn't forget to put the coffee in [illegible]

THE NEW YORK STORE

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Spring Festivals

Every Day Last Week in the Millinery and Cloak Rooms

Buds and Blossoms in Spring Millinery bursting forth into the daintiest Hats and Bonnets. Our openings were largely attended, and the people were enthusiastic over such a delightful show. The great Easter rush is over, and now you can come and place your order without feeling that you are crowding us. Plenty of defty hands to place the fussy stuff to your liking.

CLOAKS

What a success! It would seem that we had some claim on the whole market, foreign and domestic; but we haven't. It's only the keen perception and broad knowledge of the business that places our buyer so far ahead of the ordinary. And how quickly the customers notice it—such a marked difference—the very latest thoughts and suggestions in Cloaks. Hence the big trade all last week.

On Sale To-Morrow

All-Wool fancy Cloth Jackets, $4 each. Others with Moire-trimmed Jacket and Pearl Buttons for $5 each. You'll readily pay the difference. Ten other good, popular styles, fancy and plain cloth, in all the new shades, at $5.

At $7.50 and $10 you will find all the latest novelties of the season, mostly 24 inches long.

Child's Reefer Jacket, Blue and Red, at $1 each.

Everything desirable in higher prices goods.

Ladies' and Misses' Capes from $2.98 to $10. More than 100 styles to select from, trimmed in ribbon; also, Ecru and Black Lace, 22 to 30 inches long, in the very newest shades.

Dress Goods---West Bargain Table

20 pieces Bannockburn mixtures, all wool and regular 50c quality, just 39c a yard.

Secure a dress if you can. It is a chance in fifty 38-inch all-Wool mixed Beiges at 39c a yard.

All-Wool Heather mixtures in suit patterns of six yards, 50 inches wide; that's ample, only $3.54.

52-inch all-wool fine broken Checks, so dainty and pretty—in fact, intended to retail at $1; but we secured the lot at a special price and shall sell them for 75c a yard.

Handsome novelty Dress Patterns, in exclusive styles, new, soft color combinations, and at a moderate price.

20 pieces Black all-Wool silk-finish Henrietta, just like the last lot, regular $1 value, for 69c a yard.

10 pieces all-Wool Black Serge, 45 inches wide, $1 the country over, but we share our bargains, so 75c will be the price on this lot.

SILKS---Center Bargain Counter

We pulled that manufacturer's coat tail so often who gave us that little lot of India Silks so much below regular, that he has at last consented to give us 25 pieces more at the same price. Of course he grumbled, but you won't at 49c a yard—75c goods, every one, and all new styles.

Dressmaking--Fifth Floor

Miss Trimble has returned from New York, where she attended several private openings. The finest display of models from Paris and Vienna ever exhibited in this country were thus at the service of Miss Trimble, who made good such a privileged opportunity, as will quickly be seen in the orders placed in her hands.

We shall give special attention to tailor-made gowns this season, and it will pay you to get our estimates; that is, superior work, fit and finish considered.

Miss Gould, in her department, has quickly become recognized as a designer of merit, and as the price for stuff dresses in her department is but $9, business is coming in rapidly.

WASH GOODS--West

A choice collection of fine Imported Wash Goods, beautiful styles and colorings.

Cotton Bengalines, new patterns, 20c a yard.

Fancy Dimities, 15c.

Printed Lawns, 12½c.

Jaconets, extra wide, 12½c.

Big line new Sateens at 20c.

Infants' and Children's Wear

Pretty Cambric Dresses 25c, 50c and 75c.

A handsome line of Gingham Dresses at 75c, $1 and up.

Just see our new line of Children's Aprons from 35c up.

Baby Hats and Bonnets from 25c up.

LINENS--Center Aisle

50 dozen Cream Terry Towels, size 25x50, for 19c each.

72-inch Cream Damask, extra quality, 65c a yard.

Snowy White Linens at 85c and $1, 72 inches wide.

BASEMENT

Japanese Cups and Saucers 10c.

Japanese Bread and Milk Bowls 5c.

400 Jap Toothpicks and Holder only 5c.

Japanese Double Screen Fans 10c and 25c.

Imitation Cut Glass

Table Tumblers only 4c; 1 dozen to each customer.

The largest and best 12-piece Toilet Set for $4.50 in the market.

Decorated Vase Lamp only $1.89; a great bargain.

Children's Tricycles at just half price; $7 ones for $3.50, $8 ones for $4, $11.50 size for $5.75.

Children's Garden Sets—Shovel, Rake and Hoe—only 10c. Garden Trowels 5c.

Complete stock of Flower and Vegetable Seeds now ready. Your choice of 150 varieties for 3c a paper.

Also a large assortment of Bulbs at extra low prices. Tuberose Bulbs 10c dozen.

Gladiolus 3c each.

The best Stepladder in the city for the least money. See 4-foot Ironbound Stepladders, with hardwood steps, only 35c, 5-foot size for 47c, 6-foot size 59c.

We have received a large consignment of Tissue and Crepe Tissue Paper, together with novelties in Lamp and Candle Shades, Flowers, German Favors, Dolls, Bon-Bon boxes, etc. The whole affair is interesting, and goes to show what can be done with the paper. We sell the paper by the yard, and you will find ladies in attendance who can explain how the thing is done. But a mere look at the samples is sufficient. You will find this display in the art room, third floor, commencing to-morrow morning.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO