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THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Yesterday was Disaster's own day on the rail.

Mr. STEVENSON appears to be getting quite solid in the solid South.

The sea serpent has appeared off the coast of Aberdeenshire. Quite a traveller, in his old age.

The Weaver-Lease combination is having a lively canvass, even if it is not gaining converts.

It is a difficult thing to convince a man that the tariff has raised his wages when he is not getting any more money.

To change the name of the Bowery would be like whitewashing Trinity Church to improve its appearance.

It seems likely that a Paper Trust is to be perfected to take a leaf out of the book of the other monopolists of the age.

LABOUCHERE doesn't propose to let GLADSTONE believe for a moment that it is his *Truth* which lies at the bottom of a well.

The trotters must try again. Bicyclist JOHNSON, riding on the kite-shaped track at Independence, has done a mile in 2.04 3-5.

HANS BEATTIE has written a novel. He could fill several volumes with the subject, "What I Don't Know About Street Cleaning."

The movement to change the name of the Bowery should be promptly squelched. Reason and sentiment are against it.

The man who attempted suicide by cutting his throat in order to escape the surgeon's knife, did not show a sharp discrimination in his choice of blades.

If the officials at Camp Low and Quarantine keep all their guns trained on the cholera ships as they should they won't find an opportunity to bombard each other.

About fifty of the women and girls quarantined on Fire Island are said to be recruits for the Mormon Church in Utah. Their moral sense is in need of disinfection in such a case.

Vassar College begins its twenty-eighth year to-morrow with a grand flourish of trumpets, and Rutgers College smiles patronizingly and chalks up its one hundred and twenty-seventh birthday.

If Mr. JAMES CORBETT succeeds in punching Mr. CHARLES MITCHELL out of the ring, sporting America will doubtless quickly forgive him his late presumption in whipping Mr. JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Almost the limit of the ridiculous has been reached by the lawyers in their questions as to the scruples of candidates [illegible]

second appearance on the charge of murder. Perhaps some day there will be such a reform that a jury will be selected to try a murder case on its own actual merits, regardless of a man's ideas on horse racing and other outside issues.

THE FISH AND FRUIT SCARE.

That extremity of precaution which is as inevitable as the extremity of carelessness under such circumstances as those of the passing cholera scare is exhibited by those good people who are at present studiously refraining from indulgence in fish and fruit. Doubtless, were one able to look into the minds of these people he would discover diverting mental pictures of the scaly creatures of the deep feeding placidly on spirillums and bacilluses, or of the tempting peach, pear or plum cleverly hiding the dangerous comma beneath a skin which would seem to be the outward sign of a fair and wholesome nature. But it will be difficult to impress the citizen of ordinary calmness of judgment with the idea that these pictures are in any way realistic.

Reason is very apt to suggest that fruit which is ripe and fresh enough to eat at any other time is just as much so when cholera lurks down the bay. The pest does not spring from vine nor orchard. And the same reason will also have it that a properly cooked fish is not the instrument through which even the most reckless and undiscriminating bacteria would assert themselves. Indeed, the doctors agree that a good cooking or boiling destroys all forms of bacilli which happen to be included in the operation.

Finally, reason will dictate to very many people who think it over that any departure from the ordinary habits of the diet, providing always that those have been good ones, is not only uncalled for, but may in itself produce uncomfortable results in a stomachic system long accustomed to having its wants attended to in a certain regular fashion with certain regular material.

GIVING THE NEWS.

The news of the day which appeared in yesterday's EVENING WORLD included the two dreadful railroad accidents, the arrival of Mrs. HARRISON at Washington, the indictment of PECK, the resignation of Minister PORTER, the pardon of DEACON, the session of the G. A. R. delegates, the conference on the question of cremating garbage, the return of DON M. DICKINSON alone from Gray Gables, the strike of the Iowa telegraphers, the appearance of CORBETT at the New Jersey State Fair, the book of SEATTIE, the return of TALMAGE, the robbery of Principal MCNARY, full and complete reports of the cholera situation at every point, besides the full cable news of the Associated Press, Wall street, shipping news and other news specialties too numerous to mention. The readers of THE EVENING WORLD may always feel secure in the conviction that in addition to the varied and interesting reading matter of the special features in the paper they get all the news of the day, fresh, accurate and crisp, and all for a cent.

BURN THE GARBAGE.

By all means burn the city's garbage. The present method of disposing of it is not only primitive but expensive, and our harbor channels are gradually filling up with refuse, while beaches of seaside resorts are polluted.

In this respect New York is far behind other large cities where garbage is carted to established crematories and effectually disposed of.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment are to meet to-morrow to discuss the final disposition of refuse, but burning it is the only safe and reasonable method, and steps should be taken at once to select sites and erect crematories.

POLLUTION IN THE PASSAIC RIVER.

The report of THOMAS W. LEAKE, Inspector of Pollution of the Passaic River, reveals a state of affairs as dangerous as it is disgusting. The river banks are lined with factories, every one of which discharges its sewage into the river, while at points its surface is covered with oil, coal tar and dye stuffs containing arsenic. Passaic, Orange, Belleville and other towns all have sewage outlets into the river. There are fifteen hundred connections now in use from private dwellings and more to follow soon. Chemical tests made of the river water between Newark and Avondale showed traces of sewage, and at times the water from pipes in Jersey City is dark in color and has an offensive odor.

And yet many physicians in good standing contend that Passaic River water is pure and wholesome. To those who are obliged to drink it, boiling is recommended, but that does not destroy the thought of its contamination. As the population increases and industries grow the future of the pretty Passaic River seems to be an evolution into a vast sewer.

THE TARIFF AS A HOME-DESTROYER.

Women are climbing over the ropes into the political arena as fast as their petticoats will allow them. They attend State and National Conventions as delegates. They flit from stump to stump and make campaign speeches. They organize influence clubs, and they wear Cleveland and Harrison buttons and badges with as much grace and gusto as the uttermost fanatic in this free-and-easy Republic.

Lately they have transcended all previous recklessness in this regard and taken to writing letters for publication about the tariff. And woman has begun to talk about the tariff, too. If she goes to a dry-goods shop and the saleswoman forgets to attend to her wants immediately she hurries home mad and sticks a hat-pin right through the heart of the McKinley bill. Some time during the day she will let the bread burn in the oven while she is hanging out of the kitchen window discussing free wool and tin plate with the neighbor in the flat underneath her.

If butter goes up a cent a pound or the grocer's boy is slow in getting around with three bundles of kindling-wood she calls down through the dumwy to the lady on the next floor and tells her, in language which comes pretty near to having a blue pole around every word, that protection procity hasn't sense enough to wear a 5¢ hat.

When her husband awakens in the morning she follows him around the house talking tariff to him, and when he comes home at night she hounds him to bed and hammers him to sleep with it. This marvellous political mystery, the tariff, which a woman can no more understand than she could make steel rails out of President HARRISON's whiskers, and which few people understand anyhow, and even these few are always under suspicion, is going to do much between now and Nov. 8th to break up homes and scatter the reasoning faculties of whole families to the four winds, unless somebody with an iron hand takes hold of woman by the top of her corsage and sits down hard upon her.

Poor, embittered old KOSSUTH laments that he has to bear the burden of life beyond his ninetieth year, while Hungary is still beneath the Austrian yoke. But many another patriot, disappointed in his own desires, has yet fed his spirit on some cheerful hope for what may come to another generation of his countrymen.

For once the train robbers picked out the right train. There were dollars counting up to a million on the Santa Fe express which they wrecked. But they didn't get the booty, and they did cause the loss of four lives, for which all of earth's millions would not give recompense. What a cowardly crime is this!

Capt. ANDREWS has reached Lisbon, having succeeded in crossing the Atlantic in his sixteen-foot dory. Wind and waves were kind to him. But his foolhardy exploit is of no earthly consequence to mankind and his success brings no good to any one.

The State Farmers' Alliance denounces the coal barons in terms not a whit too pronounced. Comparing the extortionists of the Coal Trust to the robber barons of old is not a new idea, but it's one that shoots straight to the mark.

Dr. TALMAGE found the Czar cordial and sympathetic. There are several armies of Russians who would be glad to be sure they might see His Imperial Majesty through Dr. TALMAGE's eyes.

"SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY."

All true New Yorkers love Harrigan, for he has done more to portray the eccentricities and varied colors of the American metropolis than any other playwright or novelist now before us. The usual "story of New York life" deals with the smart Fifth avenue parvenu, who is so colorless that he might belong to any nation on earth. Harrigan's types, however, are unmistakable. The denizens of that unique neighborhood called Shantytown are shown with a vivid realism worthy of Dickens, and all the sketches of the impecunious Irish, the bolsterous darkies, the voluble Germans, cast together in this metropolis, stand forth daringly correct, harmlessly caricatured—pictures worthy of Dickens.

The revival of "Squatter Sovereignty," one of the old favorites of the Harrigan and Hart series, should be, and undoubtedly will be, very welcome. The piece is singularly amusing with its touching legend concerning the feud between the McIntyres and the Maguires, due to a prospective marriage between Widow Nolan's daughter and Felix McIntyre's son. The scene in the first act where the Widow Nolan and Felix McIntyre set forth by agreement the gifts they are to make the young couple is irresistibly funny. It is so capitally acted by Harrigan and Mrs. Yeamans that its genuine literary value is conspicuous. The first act of "Squatter Sovereignty" is decidedly the best. It is a classic in its way. The second degenerates into farcical noise and the third drags.

Dave Braham's music, including the songs known as "Miss Brady's Pianoforte," "Widow Nolan's Goat," "The McIntyres," "The Maguires," and "Paddy Duffy's Cart," is very tuneful and agreeable. It is as bright in its melody as "Squatter Sovereignty" is in its Harriganism. There is a specimen of Widow Nolan's humor, at which the audience roared. She is being wooed by Felix McIntyre.

"When Irish love runs dry," she tells him fondly, "it will be due to the interference of the exercise laws."

Miss Hattie Moore, Miss Emma Pollock, Miss Ada Lewis, as a German servant girl; John Wild, Dan Collyer, Joseph Sparks, Harry Fisher and Charles F. McCarthy all do capital work.

ALAN DALE.

THE SICK BABIES' FUND.

The Addition of $11.46 Makes the Total $15,156.86.

Contributions to the amount of $11.46 were received for the Sick Babies' Fund yesterday, making the present total $15,156. The contributions were as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$15,145.40
Millie, Tillie, Tessie, Marcella, Zahara, Mabel, Dorie and Gertie H. Bogart, Brooklyn	4.16
F. Guranousky, 11, and R. Manheimer, 12	2.70
W. H. Palmer	2.00
"Robbers of the Rhine"	1.60
	1.00

The last contribution, $1, was sent by "H. H. G." with the explanation that it was "the proceeds of an entertainment given by boys and girls under eleven years, the Committee of Arrangements being Master Isaac Levison, Manager; Master Fred Hutter, Assistant Manager; Master Mortimer Hockheimer, Secretary; Master Arthur H. Gutman, Treasurer; Sidney Bauer, Sergeant-at-Arms. The play enacted was 'Robbers of the Rhine,' and a very creditable performance it was."

A Natural Supposition.

[From Truth.]

"Cruickshanks is passionately fond of bicycle riding."

"Yes; I fancied as I saw him take a 'header' last evening that he must be heels over head in love with it."

Ossified.

[From Puck.]

Binx (a bear, mournfully)—Oh, the times are all out of joint!

Jinx—No wonder the market is stiff.

YOUR grocer wants to sell you one package
H-O Hornby's Oatmeal
Buy another; or keep from buying, if you can.

A DERVISH IN SKIRTS.

Tarrara Lottie Talks of Her Hit and Other Things.

"Jane" Is Jealous, and They Don't Speak as They Pass By.

Miss Collins Still Has a Carbolic Taste in Her Mouth.

That "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" girl is superb! She has a complexion like a peach-blossom, bright blue eyes, strong white teeth, a nice voice, small hands and feet, broad shoulders and hips, and radiant, glorious health. People who prefer the pin-cushion proportions of the old Casino favorites, or the lily-willowy graduates of the Union Square stock company, will not care for Miss Lottie Collins; but nevertheless she is what the doctors and physical culture people would call a splendid specimen of womanhood.

Some women are born coquettes; this one is a born madcap. She isn't tame and doesn't want to be. She couldn't keep still if she tried, and she doesn't try. She has music in her voice, mischief in her soul and elasticity in her muscles, and she sings and dances and skips and twists because she is built that way.

Her two-hundred-dollar-a-night nonsense is just what a rollicking hoyden would make it. It may not meet the expectations of the blase young man or the girl who imitates that apologetic specimen of manhood, but the old folks in the family circle will go crazy over it and the fun-loving children will laugh their little sides sore at the way she wiggles and kicks and flirts and shakes her handkerchief and yellow mane.

With all her harlequin tricks, Miss Collins can be serious for five or ten minutes, and during those intervals she is quite sensible.

"Those newspaper stabs which I received while I was in quarantine hurt me. It seemed to me that special pains were taken to barb the darts. Everybody on board the Normannia was rebellious. They said things that under other circumstances they never would have uttered. So did I. I was losing money. I had refused engagements to come to America, and there I was unable to land or return. Of course I was angry, unreasonable and I said things that I regret. I also regret some of the things which were unjustly credited to me. Most of the passengers were Americans, and they gave utterance to expressions that no foreigner could possibly approach. There was Senator McPherson, for instance. He was simply furious. Some of the things he said would have made President Harrison and his Cabinet gasp.

"Another thing, I talked like an American because I felt like one. This is not my first visit. I have been in New York before. I lived in St. Louis a long time. I played there and earned my first bread and butter there, which has made me much more loyal than perhaps I may seem. But let's talk about something else."

"Let's. Have you made the hit you expected?"

"Quarantine has taught me several things. One, that there is such a thing as too much advertising. New Yorkers expect so much. They are not satisfied with one tart. Like the only child, the spoiled child of the American family, they want the paper-bag and all that is in it. After singing my bit of a song I had the feeling that the audience expected an opera."

"Where did you learn to do all that mischievous kicking?"

"Oh, I don't know. Gay music goes to my head, and my heels reflect the influence.

"Practice? No. The Rev. Dr. Somebody has the room below mine in the hotel, and consideration for his nerves and principles has kept me quiet. And then that awful quarantine! I wake up even now in my sleep wondering when we are going to land. I have only to close my eyes and work my mind a little to feel the motion of that old steamship swinging around with the tide, and to scent the overpowering fumes of those liberally distributed disinfectants. I haven't gotten rested yet or rid of the rheumatism of Quarantine; I haven't gotten the taste of cheese sandwiches and carbolic acid out of my mouth yet, and I don't know when these Fire Island mosquito bites will disappear. Look at them! Just look at that arm and this. And my neck and knees are worse. Actually, I'm raw. Feel as though I had been gone over with a mince-meat knife. But I forgot, I am on the quarantine topic again.

"Wish I could get somebody to write me some verses. Isn't there a song-rhyming editor on THE WORLD staff?"

When told that that celebrity had gone to Hamburg, Miss Collins swooned. Speaking of women in politics the song and dance girl said:

"I don't think women ought to be there. There are many places where they can do so much more good.

"No, I don't know the first thing about American or English politics. I know Mr. Cleveland, though. I thought he was true to his office when he was in the White House, and I hope he will be put there again. As a ready letter-writer he hasn't an equal among the distinguished men and women of the day. I think his telegrams are beautiful, some of his messages of congratulation and condolence are literary gems. And then the idolatry of his wife, the pedestal on which he has placed her and the homage he has forced the world to render, has made him a model for chivalrous youths to study, for men to admire and women to applaud. He is a big man and there is a whole lot of good in him.

"What have I been doing with myself? Oh, a lot of crazy and common place things—deodorizing my wardrobe for one thing; gadding about the streets of New York, wondering why some of them are not cleaner, thinking what would happen if Broadway, with its gorgeously dressed girls, was transplanted in London for a while, and marvelling on the beauty of the shop windows. I'm sure I don't know why Americans go abroad to shop. Nothing on earth lives, grows or is made that you can't buy in New York.

"Theatres? Oh, they are pretty much like human nature—the same everywhere. I have a big barn of a dressing-room, but it is roomy and convenient, and that's all any one needs.

"Did the members of the company call on you?"

"Not to any very cordial extent. The leading man, the funny man and the stage manager were good enough to say they liked my fun, and hoped I would make a hit. One of the ladies in the company came to me with her hand extended, and said some pleasant things—just a few, but the kind that women can say and appreciate."

"And pretty Jane?"

"And pretty Jane did not speak to me or even look pleasant when 'we passed by.' Who is it says it is easier for a woman to be good Jane is a mighty good little actress, and if a strange woman came in and put a twenty-minute wait into my work that didn't belong there, I could hate her like a Spaniard."

Then she jumped through the belt of a red silk dress that had love-knots of gold thread tied all over it, popped her head into a mohair wig such as Leipsic makes by the gross for the Sonneburg doll trade, pulled on a pair of black gloves, fastened them with two little rubber garters skewered a cart-wheel hat to her yellow curls, grabbed up a little handkerchief and flew off singing

"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

NELL NELSON.

WORLDLINGS.

Barry Pain, the British humorist, is not yet thirty. He is the son of a business man, a graduate of Oxford and a contributor to many periodicals.

In addition to her accomplishment as a horsewoman the Empress Elizabeth of Austria has the reputation of being a skilful pastry cook.

The ocean cable, which has had a life of but little more than thirty years, now stretches over 120,000 miles.

There are said to be 200 American women who practise law or edit legal publications.

The use of cork for bottle-stoppers was the invention of a blind monk who was employed in a vineyard attached to a monastery. Previous to that time bottles were sealed with flax soaked in oil.

VAGRANT VERSES.

His Reason.

She is charming and stylish and clever,
She is fair as a flower, and young
As a morning in May. No one ever
To a lovelier creature hath sung.

Her beauty possesses a glory
That makes my heart quiver and throb,
But I never will tell her my story,
For I've seen her eat corn off the cob.
—*Puck.*

A Real Good Man.

I like to fish, but do you know
It's seldom that I ever go.
Although I like the fishing I
Do not desire to tell a lie.
—*Judge.*

Good Policy.

The seashore girl is sweet, no doubt;
But when you go to meet her,
'Tis just as well to take a box
Of sweets to make her sweeter.
—*Cloak Review.*

Inconstancy.

Don't fear inconstancy in me;
In this the reason you may see:
When I may all the virtues view
Of all the maids I ever knew
In you, dear girl, and only you,
It is so easy to be true.
—*Judge.*

FRANCE'S DOUBLE CELEBRATION.

This Is the Centennial of the First Republic and of Valmy.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

PARIS, Sept. 22.—One hundred years ago to-day was the "First Day of the Year One of the Republic," following the Revolution. To-day is also the centennial of the "Cannonade of Valmy," the first triumph of the Republican arms over the Prussians.

Commemorative exercises were held at the Pantheon this morning. President Carnot attended and M. Loubat, the Prime Minister, delivered the oration.

This afternoon two brilliant cavalcades started from the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysees. One crossed the Seine and passed through the Faubourg St. Germain and Latin Quarter, while the other traversed the Place de la Concorde and reached the Grand Boulevard through the Rue Royale.

The streets were thronged with cheering people.

The New York Colony Celebrates the Republic's Centennial.

The French colony in New York shows unmistakable signs of festivity to-day. It is the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the First French Republic, and the patriotic sons of France are everywhere prepared to honor the occasion in a fitting manner.

Over on the west side, in the neighborhood of Bleecker street and South Fifth avenue, houses are decorated with the tricolor, the French National emblem; shops are closed and the people have donned their holiday attire. The real merry-making will begin this afternoon and continue through the evening.

The French societies of the city have united in making preparations for a grand celebration at Sulzer's Harlem River Park. The festivities will begin at 2 P. M. with a grand salvo of artillery. Vicomte Paul d'Abzac, the French Consul-General, will open the exercises, and M. Forget will superintend the carrying out of the elaborate programme which has been arranged.

There will be orchestral concerts in the afternoon and evening by Conterno's Military Band, a patriotic address by Prof. Adolphe Cohn, of Columbia College; violin playing by the Princess Dolgorouky; singing by well-known artists, and a big chorus, winding up with the Marseillaise, in which everybody is expected to join. After the evening concert there will be a grand ball.

The Societe Francaise l'Amitie will have its own celebration at Lion Park, which will include a night festival with lots of music and dancing. The programme will be carried out, no matter what the weather may be.

HARRISON WILL BE HERE.

Promises to Attend on One Day of the Columbian Celebration.

President Harrison has promised to be in New York at least one day during the Columbian celebration next month, unless he is detained by the illness of Mrs. Harrison.

This is, in brief, what the President said when Gen. Horace Porter presented a beautifully illuminated invitation in a box of American ash, mounted with solid gold, in behalf of the Committee, consisting of Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Lispenard Stewart, Robert J. Hoguet and Charles G. F. Wahle, jr., representing the city of New York.

The Legislature made Oct. 12, 1892, a legal holiday, but the Board of Education has decreed that Monday, Oct. 10, the day of the schoolboys' parade, shall be a school holiday, and the Board of Aldermen is expected to make it likewise a holiday for the city's servants.

President Barsotti, of the Association of Italian societies, has asked the Committee of One Hundred for the privilege of building a temporary Roman amphitheatre about the Columbus statue at Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue in which to give open air entertainments.

Lieut.-Commander H. B. Mansfield will manage the naval part of the show and an officer from Washington is now at the Navy-Yard to consult with him as to the arrangements. At least six war vessels will participate, under direction of Commandant Erben, of the Navy-Yard.

SINGLE TAX IN WINNIPEG.

The City May Be Governed After Henry George's Theories.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WINNIPEG, Sept. 22.—The Aldermen, members of the Board of Trade and citizens yesterday passed resolutions indorsing the single tax and similar theories of Henry George, and urging the City Council to adopt them in the management of Winnipeg's affairs.

It is proposed also to abolish the Board of Aldermen and have the city governed by three salaried Commissioners.

South Carolina Electors Pledged.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 22.—The most spirited debate of the Democratic State Convention was over a motion by Gen. McCrady, of Charleston, that the electors be specifically required to pledge themselves to vote for Cleveland and Stevenson. After much debate, a member of the majority faction moved that the pledge be given within tendays of the adournment of the Convention, and the motion prevailed.

PEOPLE will buy furniture if the prices are low, no [illegible]

HOUSE AND HOME

EMPIRE TOILETS.

Our readers have already been informed that Empire gowns, with waists at no great distance below the arms, will be worn more than ever during the approaching Winter. Sketches of two of the newest models are here given. That on the left-hand side is a Fourreau Recamier in faille, of the deep color called cœur de rose. All round the bottom of the skirt is a wide band of mirotr green velvet edged above and below with silver passementerie. This velvet is itself festooned with the rose faille. The short-waisted corsage is made of the velvet, edged with silver passementerie, and the festoons of rose silk are brought from under the arms and fastened in front with a brooch.

IN THE STYLE OF THE EMPIRE.

The short sleeves are of velvet, draped to match, and in passing from room to room the throat and breast may be protected by a good thick fur boa. The quantity of material required for this dress is fourteen yards of faille, with five of velvet.

The right-hand figure shows a Josephine toilet, made of citron poplin. Round the bottom of the skirt there is a full band of ivory broche, gathered top and bottom, and edged with rows of blue ribbon velvet. This trimming is carried about a third of the way up the skirt on the left-hand side, the velvet finished off with bows, then a clear space is left, and the white silk and blue velvet resumed. The waistband is of blue velvet The bodice consists of a low-necked ivory silk blouse, with a wide frill or berthe of the citron poplin, edged with blue velvet, and finished with a row of it round the shoulders. The coiffure is a l'Empire, with bandeaux of pearls, and a pearl necklace is worn. To make this toilet thirteen yards of poplin are required, four of broche and twelve of ribbon velvet.

Indoor Toilet with Laced Blouse.

This uncommon arrangement consists of an under-bodice and separate blouse fastened at the back, the first being made of very fine woollen stuff, with large checks put on a tight-fitting lining, the latter of dark stuff cut out deep at the neck opening, and with

slits back and front laced with cord. The skirt lined with the checked stuff is ornamented in the same way. Broad belt of red-brown leather embossed with gold and buckled four times in front, hiding the skirt-band drawn up over the edge of the blouse.

Women as Drummers.

One of the most successful female drummers who travels extensively over the West is Miss Green. She is a large, masculine woman, and she seldom enters a drug, paint or hardware store without effecting a sale. She can show orders for the past few years aggregating $200,000 worth of paint. There is one familiar drummer in all the Western cities. She sells satin advertising banners, which are printed with the rules and hung upon the door of every room in the hotel. You have noticed them, with their little bangle fringe. She is a most voluble talker and usually gains her point. There is another and very handsome young lady who travels for a lace factory. She sells to all of the wholesalers, and is a good authority on the subject. She knows more about laces than most of her male competitors. One lady sells draperies, and is a most artistic draper, selling often large bills. She handles only the smaller stores. Women sell toilet articles, health waists and braces, hose supporters, patent articles of every description, milliners' trimmings, buttons and everything imaginable. The number is growing largely every year, and a woman now may travel with as much freedom as a man.

Electrical Cooking.

Cooking by electricity is being demonstrated in England and is surely one of the probabilities of the near future. Fancy, too, the convenience of doing a big family ironing with a single electric "flat" that knows no variation or cessation of heat, which is an innovation not only promised but shown. It looks as if the millennium of the housekeeper lies in the storage battery.

Skirts Will Be Short.

The welcome announcement is made in all the best shops that skirts of street dresses will be short enough to clear the ground. Those seen on the newly imported gowns are close-fitting and very simply trimmed. Some are fitted by narrow gored breadths, and others retain the bell shape, with darts at the top and sloping back-seam, precisely as it is now worn. Various names are given the French skirts, as the trumpet, the umbrella, the cornet; but the motive remains the same for all, the top smoothly fitted in front and on the sides, with slight fulness massed in the back, and the whole flaring gracefully towards the foot. The accordion-plaited skirt reappears on cloth dresses and on light silk mousseline designed for evening wear.

Sealing Wax Talks.

Sealing wax is coming into favor again with letter writers, and it is said there are prescribed rules as to the color corresponding with the contents of the letter. Brown is to represent melancholy; yellow, jealousy; And, if you wish, about a dram of gum camphor, which should be broken up fine before it is added, and then stirred in until it is melted. Pour the cold cream into little jars, into which it is to be kept, and let it get hard. The camphor is not a necessary ingredient, but it is an agreeable one, and is supposed to add to the healing qualities of the preparation. This is very much better than the ordinary preparation of this kind sold in the shops, which is generally made of lard, and seldom or never of the pure vegetable oil, like the oil of almonds or sweet olive oil, as it should be.

MENU.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 23.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Oatmeal. Sugar and Cream.
Fried Sea Bass. Stewed Potatoes.
Flannel Cakes. Boiled Eggs. Honey.
Coffee.

LUNCH.

Curry of Mutton in Rice Border.
Boiled Tomatoes.
Apple Snow. Wafers.
Tea.

DINNER.

Green Pea Soup.
Boiled Rock. Oyster Sauce.
Boiled Potatoes.
Corn. Peas.
Crab Salad. Wafers.
Frozen Peaches.
Coffee.

Nightgowns.

In a very elegant trousseau the nightgowns are as much like dresses as possible, and for hot weather they are even made with no sleeves, the armhole bordered with lace matching the lace jabot. Others again are of silk and accordion plaited all over, having a sash around the waist a silk yoke, and plaited frills at the neck. Some have belts of the same material as the nightgown and frills turning downward from the neck and opening in a V shape. Long hanging pagoda sleeves are the fashion, and nearly all have a frill at the hem. Rows of insertion are introduced across the bust and around the sleeves. Cardinal capes of lace insertion are worn over the shoulders and lace frills at the hem.

Bamboo.

One may have almost anything now in bamboo. There are most graceful cabinets, with shelves and a glass above, a cupboard and three shelves below; hall stands for hats and cloaks, sideboards, newspaper stands, tea tables with flaps at the sides, writing-tables, overmantels with mirror in centre, mirrors of a shield shape with shelves round. Nearly all these are improved by some additional color.

Dressing Jacket for Girls.

Three and a half yards of red and white striped print, 29½ inches wide, will be a nice and comfortable dressing jacket, like that shown in the illustration, for a girl of twelve

to fifteen years. A plain piece of print is taken for the yoke, on which are mounted cross-cut stripes, 1¾ inches wide. The sleeves are wide and left open to the elbow.

Flower Wreaths for Guests.

The thought occurred to a gentleman watching some Roman tableaux recently that it is odd some clever modern chatelaine, in her zeal for novel effects for her dinners, has not borrowed one of the pretty fashions of Lucullus's time.

This was a hoop suspended above the table, upon which hung chaplets of flowers to adorn the head of each guest. A circle of some of the beautiful flower favors depending from the chandelier, to be served later to the seated guests, would add a unique and pleasing detail to the decorative scheme of the feast.

Mrs. Cleveland Answered It.

When Ruth Cleveland was born, a little girl, living in a Catskill Mountain hamlet, wrote a childish letter of congratulation to Mrs. Cleveland. She expected no reply and none came, but last Christmas there arrived for her a pretty Bible, with the girl's name and that of Frances Folsom Cleveland coupled on the fly-leaf. The best part of this story is that the child had been praying faithfully for some weeks for a Bible "of her own" to carry to Sunday-school, so that she firmly believes this came in answer to her prayer.

Her Catnip Tea.

"In my Summer outings," said a woman recently, "I always gather a fresh supply of the simple herbs. One finds them in most rural districts—catnip, pennyroyal, peppermint tansy and others. I provide small linen bags, each to hold a bunch of the herb. It seems to me that they are much fresher and more efficient than those one buys in the dressed form. The catnip is my sedative. When I am tired and nervous I drink a bowl of catnip tea, lie down with a warm cover over me, and often ward off a nervous headache in this soothed and perspiring sleep."

Leather Belt.

A broad belt made of snakeskin has a most uncommon yet durable fastening. Two metal rings put half through leather caps are stretched to a round leather part coming

opposite the ends of the belt. A long, narrow leather strap, fastened to one of these rings and drawn backward and forward through both rings, gives the fastening. The end of

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changeable friendship, &c. Should the fashionable lady of the house receive a letter with a red seal, she may take it for granted as a business letter, perhaps a milliner's bill. Her daughter blushingly opens the white sealed envelope, foreseeing the tender word—most likely an offer of marriage beneath its impress. An unacknowledged admirer may only use green, as the color of hope, and when more sure may venture on a ruby red seal to his letters. Condolence letters are to have violet seals, invitations various shades of brown.

Waistcoats of Leather.

Leather is much used for waistcoats and as a trimming for tailor-made dresses. A very fine gown, made on one of the newest models and admired vastly, was of gendarme blue serge, with open jacket to match, and double-breasted waistcoat of antelope skin. And the dress for travelling or country wear or sporting purposes was of russet brown check homespun, with a light blue cloth waistcoat.

Pulled Bread.

Put a loaf of light, flaky bread—baker's when convenient—between two pans, and let it heat through in a moderate oven. It will take about twenty-five minutes for this. Take from the oven and with a fork tear the soft part into thin, ragged pieces. Spread these in a pan and put them in a hot oven to brown. It will take about fifteen minutes to make them brown and crisp. Serve at once on a napkin. Always serve cheese with pulled bread.

This dish is considered more elegant than crackers for the cheese course