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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The reckless bicyclist is becoming chief among the terrors of the street crossings.

From present indications there will soon be no seals for nations to quarrel about.

Self-destruction is a very poor way of proving innocence when accused of a crime.

"The king is dead; long live the king!" But who is now king of bandmasters?

Baltimore has had a shower of peas, but so far nothing has been heard to indicate that it is in the soup.

DAVE MARTIN is expected back in this city Tuesday, and hardware men are replenishing their stock of brad-awls.

A peeping Tom in Flatlands unwittingly partook of the lead cure for his nocturnal habit. An indignant father emptied the contents of a shotgun into his carcass.

Of all silly things brought about by the late cholera peril the wholesale panic which the news despatches describe as existing in Cleveland, O., is the silliest.

An Arkansas bank President has disappeared with $120,000 of the bank's funds. In Washington six men robbed a bank and secured only $20,000. The moral of this is obvious.

Lightning does strike twice in the same place. A man in Schenectady was paralyzed last Summer by a stroke from the clouds, and yesterday while sitting in the same window another flash killed him.

Weather Prophet DE VOE says the most severe storm of the season will be here this week. While not posing as a weather prophet, we see indications of a severe frost in the Republican party on Nov. 8th.

Again the "Bag Gang" has tackled the police, and again its members have come out of the battle a great deal the worse for wear and tear. Perhaps they will finally decide that the blue-coats are well enough to let alone.

Perhaps there is a place for skylarking. It is not on the platform of a moving street-car. Young GEORGE FARLEY tried that and lost his own life under the wheels, besides getting the driver of the car arrested on a flimsy charge of homicide.

There is no business interest in the city that will derive a greater direct profit from the Columbian Celebration than that of hotel keeping, and we trust that the Celebration Committee will not have cause to complain of a lack of interest and of subscriptions on the part of the public-spirited hotel-keepers.

At the Unity Church in Chicago yesterday while the pastor was making an eloquent appeal to his congregation to establish a Bethel for the sailors and giving his reasons why the sailors were "disreputable," he was interrupted by a sailor in a remote corner of the church, who called him a liar, and who said that what the sailors wanted was not so much Bethels as better wages. The language of the sailor was impolite, but there was a gleam of pertinent truth in his statement of the case.

WHERE IS ANOTHER GILMORE?

In the death of PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE the general public has had inflicted upon it a loss of which it is hard to take the full measure. This, because of the unique and singularly distinguished position held by the man who has passed away. It is not enough to say that he was the most popular bandmaster the country has known. GILMORE created and held for himself a position in the public heart to which, at this time, it seems impossible that any other leader, even should he be as great in a musical sense as the one now lost, can ever succeed.

GILMORE was often criticised for some of the very things which made him great and famous and warmly popular. He was charged with using his talents to cater to cheap musical tastes rather than towards elevating the musical ideas of the people. The charge was never true. It was unworthy of many of those who made it. The truth was that the great bandmaster understood and acted upon the principle that music, like life and language, is for all spheres and comprehends all shades of thought and of emotion. His programmes were so arranged that no hearer of the music could go away and say there had been nothing for him. And every selection as it came from his superb band was rendered with its full share of attention to every detail. A master mind and a master's baton directed as well the merest melodious trifle as the severest classical composition.

The public loved GILMORE. And now GILMORE is gone. Where is one to take up the baton where he has left it?

HOUSE SURGEON DONOVAN'S CASE.

The story published exclusively in THE EVENING WORLD of Saturday of the extortion practised by Surgeon DONOVAN, of the Gouverneur Hospital, on the relatives of the unfortunate Mrs. FRIEDMAN, one of the victims of the Ludlow street panic, is only made worse by the attempted evasions and insufficient explanations of the extortioner.

Another chapter in the disgraceful story is given in our columns to-day. It comprises the evidence of Saturday's revelations and proves conclusively that Dr. DONOVAN is unfit for the position he occupies, or for any other public position.

It is the duty of the Department of Charities to give the accused a fair hearing, but it is also the duty of the Department to recognize the rights of the poor victims who have been exposed to his persecution and to protect the public by dealing out summary justice.

There should be no whitewashing in this case. Extortion is never so little to be endured as when it is practised by a public servant upon the unfortunates who are placed under his care and protection by public authority.

THE NIAGARA HACKIE'S DAY OF DOOM.

The man who is not afraid of a Niagara Falls hackman has been found. He is a New Yorker and his name is WILLIAM HARRISON. He accepted a cabby's offer to show him everything worth seeing around the Falls for 50 cents, and when he had done the place thoroughly he refused point blank to pay the $3.50 which the hack-driver demanded. Mr. HARRISON shook the wrinkles out of his coattails, wiped the dust off his shoulders and tendered the Jehu 50 cents. That is all he would pay—the exact price that he had agreed upon. The hackman called a policeman, but Mr. HARRISON came out of the dispute triumphant and later caused the hackman's arrest for attempted extortion.

Thus another of the invincibles goes down into the dust. The last holy terror on earth that anybody would expect to see subdued is prone in the abjectest humiliation of defeat. The Niagara hackie has been a highwayman of the most desperate type for time out of mind. He drove customers around the scenic wonderland of which he was the Czar and sent them away with empty purses. If they hadn't enough money he took their jewelry or their clothing. Sometimes he made them give mortgages on their homesteads. The Carbonari of Italy were not a marker to him.

The whole world was waiting patiently for a courageous man with blood of iron and nerves of steel to come along and "do" the Niagara hackman. He had to possess the confidence of a Corbett and the intrepidity of Mrs. LEASE of Kansas; he had to be brave and bulldozing; he had to meet the hackie's gall half way and throttle his cupidity before it got a chance to swing its terrible right. It took a long while for the awaited hero to come, but he is here at last. He veni, vidi, vici'd in good style, and from this time forward the sight-seeing tourist may walk on the cervical columns of the Niagara hackmen with impunity. The tyrant of the Falls has been crushed forever.

"Dr. HAMILTON lies," says Dr. JENKINS. "Which I rise to remark, and my language is plain," he might have added. The unpleasantness between these two medical gentlemen is not a pretty thing for the public to contemplate. But perhaps it is just as well to have it come out explosively and to be soonest over with. And, any way, the contention brings about a diversion from the now somewhat monotonous and otherwise unspiced bulletins from the Quarantine region.

From Atlanta, Ga., comes a story that Candidate FIELD called the Rev. Dr. GENTRY a liar; from Chicago comes a story that a sailor called the Rev. Mr. MILSTED, pastor of the Unity Church, a liar, and in New York Dr. JENKINS calls Dr. HAMILTON a liar. Is there any scientific explanation of this simultaneous indulgence in identical invective, or is it purely accidental?

It was time for another European war-cloud. And somebody has found it. Russia and England, it is declared, are on the verge of losing their long-tried patience with each other. England, the report says, means to absorb Afghanistan. Then Russia will be cut off from her route to the Indian Ocean and there will be a fight. Was ever war-cloud plainer than this one?

Undaunted by the shower of eggs which drove Gen. WEAVER from the campaign in Georgia, his running mate, Gen. FIELD, started in briskly on Saturday by calling a Southern gentleman a "liar." The interference of friends spoiled a promising encounter, and at last accounts the objurgator and the objurgatee were both alive.

THE CLEANER.

A firm in this city had 100,000 dozen Cleveland and Harrison campaign badges left over from 1888. The renomination of the opponents of four years ago made it possible for them to put this stock on the market at 3 cents per button to the retailers. A good thing for the firm, wasn't it?

* * *

Congressman William Dunn English is an earnest and forcible speaker. I heard him talk on the tariff and Force bill Saturday night and his arguments were most convincing.

* * *

Editor Bunner lost his voice cheering in the parade of Franklin Democrats the other evening, but his donkey's melodious bray is still unimpaired.

* * *

Wheelmen have been greatly annoyed on the Paterson plank road by a couple of savage dogs which make frantic efforts to sample the cyclists' legs. Two Brooklynites have announced their intention of riding past the dogs with revolvers within easy reaching distance, and the census of Jersey canines may be reduced by two.

* * *

"Silver on a gold basis" is an inscription suggested by the popular east side lawyer, Alex S. Rosenthal, for the gold and silver statue of Ada Rehan to be sent by the State of Montana to the Chicago World's Fair. The point of the inscription lies in the circumstance that Montana is a silver State and that the silver statue is to stand on a pedestal of solid gold.

THE SICK BABIES' FUND.

It Now Has $15,202.39 Placed to Its Credit.

Two contributions just received for the Sick Babies' Fund increases its total to $15,202.39. One of the contributors sent $25 and the following letter:

To the Editor:

I am ten years of age, and desiring to contribute to the Sick Babies' Fund I got up a juvenile amateur parlor performance. Inclosed you will find $26 which resulted therefrom. I feel very happy at the thought that my efforts will benefit some poor persons.

VERA BELLITA DE CORDOVA,
223 West Forty-fourth street.

Addie Derwin, Sadie Donlon, Kate Derwin and Laureta Plant sent $3.

The free doctors are still at work visiting the tenements and finding many cases of sickness. Up to a week ago they had visited 100,061 houses and treated 16,169 patients, besides furnishing free medicine to 2,230 children, food in 678 cases and clothing in 441.

WORLDLINGS.

Mme. Adam, the famous Paris blue-stocking and editor, is still, at fifty-six, a very handsome woman. She is the personification of business energy. From 9 in the morning until 9 in the evening she works at her profession, and from the latter hour until 3 in the morning she gives her time to social duties.

In Burmah women choose their husbands and divorce them at their own pleasure. They retain their own property and are given rights not accorded to their sisters elsewhere.

According to French divorce statistics, the most unhappy period of matrimony is that extending from the fifth to the tenth year.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the New England author, is said to be "shy, reticent and small of physique." She has deliberate features and blonde hair.

VAGRANT VERSES.

That Accounts for It.

That old woman
Who lived in a shoe
Probably lived
In Chicago, too. —*Puck.*

Contrast.

A wild, late supper with the boys!
My wife waits up. I hear
And thus I come "from grave to gay,
From lively to severe." —*Judge.*

The Same Old Way.

Said Eve, "What a chooser of fig-leaves you are!
'Tis the worst one that ever I carried."
Said Adam, "Your arguments are better by far
Than any you had when we married." —*Brooklyn Life.*

In Chicago.

[*From Puck.*]

Skipley—See that woman talking to Major Brassey? She and I are engaged.

Ripley—Engaged, you idiot? Why, that's your wife!

Skipley—I know it—but we are engaged to be divorced.

The Regular Programmer.

[*From Street & Smith's Good News.*]

Little Mabel—If you don't stop I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you.

Little Johnny—Then I'll cry, and then grandma will give me some candy and I won't give you any.

His Modern Weapons.

[*From Judge.*]

"You have made this Cupid with a revolver," said the editor to his artist. "Isn't it customary to arm the god of lovers with a bow and arrows?"

"Yes, sir," replied the artist, "but art must keep up with the times."

Sensitive and Reckless.

[*From Judge.*]

"How did Cholly happen to get such a bad cold?"

"I don't know, unless it was his changing his suspenders too soon. He's very reckless when the Fall comes."

What's in a Name?

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Why did you tell the Judge your name was Murder?"

"So that he wouldn't commit me."

"Humph! Why didn't you tell him your name was Gun?"

"What good would that have done?"

"He might have discharged you."

The One to Watch.

[*From Judge.*]

Hotel Proprietor—You had better watch that Boston fellow. He didn't bring much baggage with him, and he is likely to skip.

Clerk—He is not the one to watch. I have my eye on the girl he gave the diamond ring to the other night. He wouldn't go without that ring."

Fond of Home.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"I suppose you are glad to be home from the country, Mrs. Bronson?"

"Delighted! There is only one thing that bothers me now, and that is where we shall spend the Autumn and Winter. We go abroad in the Spring."

Buy Your Furniture at Flint's.
The caring on furniture by buying of FLINT CO., 14th st. and 6th ave., is inducing many folks to go to housekeeping. ***

SPEAKER HUSTED'S FUNERAL.

He Will Be Buried from His Home in Peekskill.

Scores of Messages of Condolence Arriving for the Family.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Sept. 26.—The arrangements for Gen. Husted's funeral have not yet been announced, but it is said that the services will take place at his late home, and that he will be buried at Peekskill.

Telegrams and letters of condolence have been pouring in upon the family this morning from all parts of the State and the country, from the friends and admirers of the late General.

Gen. Husted's illness, which began at Minneapolis last June, had been painful, and on several occasions his life was despaired of, but he always rallied at the last moment and for some time past hopes had been entertained of his final recovery.

GEN. JAMES W. HUSTED.

Yesterday afternoon Gen. Husted's condition began to change for the worse and it was seen that he was growing weaker.

Dr. Mason, his family physician, was hurriedly summoned and when he arrived the patient was in a semi-unconscious condition.

After administering some stimulants the doctor went away, expecting to return about 10 P. M., but he was summoned again at 7.30, just in time to reach the dying man's bedside as he breathed his last.

The end came peacefully and without pain or struggle. He had been unconscious for some time previous and he seemed to drop away in his sleep.

At his bedside at the last moment were his wife, her sister, Mrs. Cox; his sons, Col. Husted and James W. Husted, jr., who is now at Yale, and his daughters, Helen F. and Hattie Husted.

James William Husted was born in Bedford, Westchester County, Oct. 31, 1833. At the age of nineteen he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself by his high scholarship, and developed those oratorical talents which have since made him famous. He taught school for two years before he went to college.

He studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1857, three years after leaving Yale, and settled down in Peekskill, where his friend, Chauncey M. Depew, lived. The first public office which he held was that of Superintendent of Schools in his native town, and in 1858 he was made School Commissioner of Westchester County.

In 1860 he was appointed Deputy Superintendent of State Insurance, and in 1862 Harbor Master of New York. He was first elected to the Assembly from the Third District of Westchester in 1868, and he occupied that seat continuously until 1878, and during that time he was thrice elected Speaker in 1874, 1876 and 1878. It was thus that he earned his sobriquet, the "Bald Eagle of Westchester."

In 1878 Husted was elected to the Assembly from Rockland County, but in 1880 he went back to Westchester. In 1882 he ran for State Treasurer but was defeated, running nearly 40,000 votes behind his ticket, but in 1884 he was again re-elected to the Assembly from Westchester, and has since been returned at every session of the Legislature.

Gen. Husted has held the post of Commissioner of Emigration, and his commission of Major-General in the National Guard was secured in 1873. He was also President of the New York State Military Association.

Gen. Husted was also identified with the Masonic fraternity, and was a Past Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of this State. He wore the jewels of the thirty-third degree. He was known among his intimate friends as a delightful entertainer and a wonderful story teller.

YOUNG DE LIMA IS FOUND.

His Brother Discovered Him, Mentally Unbalanced, in Paris.

Charles De Lima, the brother of Edward De Lima, the young son of the late Minister to Salvador, who disappeared so mysteriously last January, is now in town again.

Mr. Charles De Lima returned in the steamship La Touraine from Paris, where, after a long search, he succeeded in finding his lost brother. The young man, it was ascertained, had wandered away from this city in a fit of mental aberration and did not remember anything that had happened to him up to the time when his brother discovered his whereabouts.

Mr. De Lima says that his brother has suffered no privations, having been liberally supplied with money, and that he is now on the road to complete mental recovery. He said that Edward would probably return to this country within another month.

At the time of his disappearance Edward De Lima, who is twenty-three years old, was living at the Hotel Langham with his widowed mother, brother and sister. His friends believed that he had sailed for Europe on the steamship Trave, which left New York Jan. 12 last. When the vessel arrived at Bremen De Lima was not on board and his friends began to be really alarmed.

His brother went abroad to look for him, and subsequently, as stated above, found him in Paris. The young man had frequently been abroad before, and was as much at home on the other side as in New York.

SCHOONER LIFTED OUT OF WATER

Mysterious Adventure of the Sealer Dora Steward.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SEATTLE, Sept. 26.—The schooner Dora Steward, which arrived at Victoria from Copper Island yesterday, when in 50.48, north of Athka Island, was suddenly lifted as if a whale had struck her keel. Failing again into the trough of the sea she experienced a succession of shocks which cast everything loose about decks.

The vessel bumped along on her course for 500 yards, and after being shaken from stem to stern, the eruption ceased and she sailed smoothly on.

The mate at the wheel described the spokes as so many electric batteries from which strong shocks tingled through his body till he could hardly keep his position.

The weather was clear, and the sea gave no evidence of the disturbance.

Escaped from a Private Asylum.

The police are looking for Henry O. Osten, who escaped last Tuesday from Dr. Granger's private insane asylum, near Mount Vernon, where Edward M. Field was confined shortly after the failure of his banking firm. Osten is fifty-two years old. He is the son of a man who for many years kept a liquor store on the Bowery, near East Houston street, and made a fortune.

QUARANTINE AND CONSCIENCE.

People Frightened Into Declaring Dutiable Goods.

Appraiser Cooper Tells Nell Nelson About His Department's Work.

That Quarantine detention of French steamers was something awful—for dresses and dressmakers.

It frightened the life out of the women who came from Paris with trunkloads of bonnets and frocks. Even old modistes, who had been smuggling finery all their professional lives, lost their wits, while the Summer travellers who had "only done a little shopping" succumbed to conscience and delared everything.

The inspectors never had so little to do, at this season of the year.

One of the chief inspectors attributed what he called "this spasm of honesty" to "reckless delight."

"The women were so glad to get out of quarantine," this critic informs us, "that they owned up to everything. One woman went so far as to declare a ring she was wearing. It wasn't scruples, it was gratitude."

Thirty-five dressmakers who neglected to declare their importations when the customs officers went on board a French steamer, surrendered their trunks at the dock, and they were sent to the Barge Office to be appraised.

"Thirty-five?" exclaimed Appraiser Cooper in the United States Public Stores. "You surprise me. Now, if you had said 350 or 3,500 I shouldn't think anything about them. Thirty-five!" mused the gentle Appraiser, in just such a quiet, dreamy way as a poet might turn over a rhyme he wanted a mate for, "they must be new—people just starting in business. Old-established people don't do that sort of thing any more. They know better. When the deputies go on board to get the declaration of the passengers the wise modistes declare their goods. It saves time, the expense of remaining in the city if they live elsewhere, and the business losses incurred by having model hats and pattern gowns detained here. Further than that, we know the ladies who are in business; they are aware of that fact and don't give us any trouble or take any chances.

"Nobody knows better than the fashionable dress maker the wisdom of making hay while the sun shines. When she gets to the Custom-House, she can't get her trunks through quick enough. Paris styles are pretty, but they don't last. The woman who buys them has to be lively in wearing and selling them, or she won't get her money's worth out of them. Those thirty-five dressmakers will do differently next time."

When asked how many dresses came through the Appraiser's office last week, Mr. Cooper replied:

"Oh, about one thousand a day!"

"Pretty ones?"

"Beauties, every one of them, with long trains flowing from a few gathers in the back and all lined with silk, so that they could be worn either side out. Many of them had ornamental buckles on the waist that were thought to be old mine stones until the experts looked at them and said they were only Rhine stones."

"Can you all always tell the value of those Paris dresses?"

"Every time. It is impossible to deceive us. There are ten divisions with forty appraisers in each who handle the same class of goods all the time. What one man doesn't know about a Paris dress his associate can tell him. We know every popular modiste in London, Paris and Vienna and what she charges for making a garment. If a dress is a composite affair it will pass through several divisions and come out with a valuation on the goods, the lace, the fur or whatever it happens to be trimmed with, and the cost of making. We not only keep abreast of the fashions but ahead of them. We get the designs, and by the time the buyer gets her orders filled and her goods on this side our men are prepared for their duties. That is what we are here for.

"As to the accuracy of our estimates, they have been bitterly and tearfully acknowledged. When Mrs. Astor's dresses were seized we appraised them at just double the invoice. A friend of the family, who came to see us, admitted that our estimate was exactly what they cost, and was curious to know how we figured it."

"And you told him?"

"That the appraisers in the New York Custom-House understood their business; that the materials were measured and the market values put upon them."

When asked if he knew how miserable he made the women of moderate means who tried to do a little shopping abroad, Mr. Cooper replied, with an expression of sadness:

"We do so unknowingly, I assure you. There is no department in the New York Custom-House where the personal rights of the people are not fully recognized. We may seem to be strict, but the Government is strict with us."

Mr. Cooper said that the customs collected in his office amounted to $1,000,000 a day; that smuggling was one of the ruling passions; that men smuggled fewer goods than women, because they did less shopping when they went abroad; that they made better liars than the ladies, being not only more consistent but more convincing, and that when a woman took an oath it outweighed the appraiser's word every time.

Then Mr. Cooper told about a little woman who was in the office during the day and who wept bitterly at the treatment she had received. "The suspicions resting on her grew out of the fact that she represented a large retail firm. Her baggage was overhauled, and what grieved her most was the examination a linen bag underwent. She asked me if I would have examined her linen bag, and I told her certainly not."

When asked if the Custom-House authorities employed female detectives to convict professional smugglers, Mr. Cooper said he thought not, but that the United States Treasury had a few women in its service for that purpose."

Speaking about the women who brought home dresses, declaring them to be for their own personal use, the Appraiser said that very little time was needed to show the fair smugglers their mis akes.

"What do you do?"

"Simply take a tape measure and measure the waists. It is the work of a minute."

"What does the culprit do?"

"Blush with pain and mortification and get as much consideration as it is in our power to show her."

Presuming on the good nature of the gentle Appraiser and his great regard for the sex I tried to get some "points."

His advice was "not to take any chances with Paris dresses that had not been worn."

Love in a Cheap Flat.

[*From the New York Weekly.*]

Mother—If you marry Mr. Poorchapp you will have to commence very humbly.

Daughter—Yes, I know; but we shall be, oh! so happy. The rooms he has selected are right over an ice-cream saloon.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething is the family benefactor. 25c. a bottle. ***

An English Bride's Trousseau.

These three beautiful toilets were comprised in the trousseau of a recent English bride. The first is a dinner dress in pink satin, made with a square bodice, filled in with chiffon. The dress hangs straight from the neck, and is held to the figure by an Empire sash of moire ribbon, with an upright bow on the left side of the bust.

AN ENGLISH BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

The second is a travelling dress, in a rich shade of leaf-green, made Princess shape, with a Watteau back coming from under a large ribbon rosette; crossover fichu of beige lace.

The third is a bride's dress of rich white satin, made with a long Watteau train, one corner being turned up with orange sprays. A double frill of lace edges the skirt. Bebe bodice, with Empire sash and gigot sleeves.

Curious Wedding Rings.

In the early days of England wedding rings were made of rushes, but in this age even more curious materials are sometimes pressed into service when emergency demands it.

Many cases are on record where rings of brass or iron and curtain rings and door keys have taken the place of the bands of gold which nervous grooms have mislaid.

One bride is said to have been married with a leather ring, cut from a finger of one of her gloves, and another embarrassed young couple were relieved by a suggestion from the minister that the wedding ring be cut from a visiting card.

Quakers and Swiss Protestants do not use rings at their marriage ceremonies. The Irish have a strong objection to any but gold wedding rings. In St. Kilda wedding rings are made of worsted.

Tea Cakes.

One egg, 1 cupful of sugar, ½ cupful of butter, ½ cupful of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, add flour enough to roll out. Bake in a quick oven.

Care of the Tooth-Brush.

"The care of tooth-brushes is not sufficiently observed," is the dictum of a dentist. "In our city houses they stand in their cups or hang on their racks above the set toilet bowls day and night, absorbing any disease germs that may be floating about. They should be washed frequently—at least twice a week—in some antiseptic solution, strong salt and water or bi-carbonate of soda and water being two good and readily-provided cleansers. Tooth washes and pastes should also be kept carefully covered."

The Triple Cape.

About the short triple cape there can be no question. It has no air of loose drapery, but is simply a shoulder covering and charming Autumn street wrap. There can be no mistake in providing one's self with one of these. Very popular ones are of cardinal red cloth, the edges merely cut, with a ruche about the neck of black ribbon, with strings to tie.

Milk Icing for Cakes.

Stir one cupful of granulated sugar and a quarter of a cupful of milk together over the fire until it comes to a boil, then boil five minutes without stirring. Stand it in a pan of cold water and stir till it becomes creamy, and when cold spread on the cake.

From Peasant to Sultana.

There was a few years ago a very beautiful girl working in the coal mines of France. Some charitable person, struck by the girl's wonderful beauty, found her a situation in a famous dressmaking establishment in Paris, where her superior intelligence soon made her a favorite with the "madame."

She was at last sent to Constantinople with some dresses which had been ordered by the Sultan's mother, and from that time nothing was heard of her for many years. She might, perhaps, have faded out of their memory had not a relative died and left her a small inheritance. Notices were then published asking for her whereabouts.

In answer to these a splendid equipage drew up in front of the Embassy, and the Sultan's favorite wife stepped out, to declare herself the one-time Flora Collin. She renounced the legacy in favor of her kindred, who were still poor, and, in reply to many inquiries she explained that it was the old story of love at first sight between the Sultan and the beautiful modiste.

Top Coats for Women.

The newest thing is the three-quarter length jacket. The cut represents an exact copy of a man's top coat, yet in fawn cloth, with the two rows of smoked pearl buttons and the essentially elegant finish that only a tailor can give. This makes the smartest outside garment for women this season.

White Fruit Cake.

Sift one pound of flour with two teaspoons of baking powder; cream one pound of sugar and half a pound of butter together; mix with the flour, beat well and add one teacup of sliced citron, one cup of blanched almonds, one teacup of stoned raisins and three of grated cocoanut; lastly stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of fourteen eggs, thin with half a cup of sweet milk, and pour in a greased mould. Bake two hours.

Criminal Anthropology of Women.

It is a fact, according to science, that in all countries there are fewer convictions for crimes of women than of men. European statistics vary from the highest, 37 per cent. in Scotland, to the lowest, rather less than 6 per cent. in Italy. It is also noted that there is a very wide difference between city and country. The proportion of female criminals is always higher in rural districts, sometimes reaching nearly to that of the males.

Various explanations of these facts have been suggested. Some are complimentary to the sex, as that women are not given to intoxicants, nor to gambling, nor to roving; they are more timid, more religious, more tender-hearted, and their sexuality is more passive. There is something in all these reasons, but they do not satisfy Dr. G. Ferrero, who discusses the subject in the *Revue Scientifique*. He points out that the females of the ants, bees and spiders are particularly cruel because they are particularly intelligent, and he reaches the ungallant conclusion that the woman of to-day is less criminal because less intelligent than the man.

Women Make Beautiful Rugs.

Aside from other important considerations, rugs are much more beautiful than carpets. The Orientals are masters of color blendings. It might, however, be more correct to say mistresses than masters, for be it known that it is by women that the beautiful rugs which come to us from the East are made. In the province of Alden this is almost the sole industry, and, as women for the most part carry forward this work, the province is unique in being supported by the labor of women.

The Fanmakers of France.

It is computed that in Paris there are some 3,000 workers employed in the making of cheap and expensive fans. The average wage of the makers of the cheaper fans is from 8 to 10 francs per day. The two parts of the fan—the handle and the leaf—are manufactured by different sets of workers. A colony at Belleville and another at Menilmontant, prepare the kid, the paper, the delicate silk or gauze leaves. In villages, principally on the border of the Oise, are to be found the carvers and makers of the handles. For centuries past the peasants of Picardy have excelled in carving delicate and charming designs in mother-of-pearl for handles. Whole villages are devoted to this industry, and women and children are employed. There are to be found among these simple peasants real artists, the merit of whose work is recognized by dealers. These transplant the rustic men of genius to Paris, give them constant employment, and usually bind them over to work for no other employer. Sometimes the more gifted push on from the carving of fan handles to attempt sculpture, and some have become exhibitors at the salon. The best carvers of fan handles may earn from 12,000 to 15,000 francs annually.

Oysters for Invalids.

In preparing oysters for an invalid, the eye, or tough white piece in each, should be removed. A palatable and nutritious dish is creamed oysters, which, made for one person, calls for half a dozen oysters heated in their own liquor. Remove carefully any scum which rises. Boil half a cup of milk with a pinch of salt, a dust of cayenne and a scrap of mace. Thicken to a cream by stirring in a teaspoonful of flour wet with a little cold cream. When smooth, pour over the hot oysters and serve with squares of dry toast from which the crust has been cut.

Famous Women's Small Families.

Among famous women who were mothers of small families comes Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had only one son. Mrs. Somerville, the mathematician, had two daughters and one son only, though she was twice married. Mme. George Sands had two children, a son and a daughter; so had Lady Mary Montagu, whose "letters" are so admired in literature, and Mme. de Sevigne, writer of equally famous "letters" in French. Mme. de Stael had three children in her early married life; when forty-eight years old she married a second time and then had another son. George Eliot (Mrs. Cross) was childless, and so was Mrs. Craig, the author of "John Halifax." Mrs. Barbauld, whose prose and poetry were both much admired in the last century, had no children, and the same was the case with her equally praised contemporary, Mrs. Opie.

MENU.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 27.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy Grits. Peaches. Sugar and Cream.
Broiled Bass. Parsley Sauce.
Rolls. Stewed Potatoes. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Beauregard Eggs. Broiled Tomatoes.
Stewed Fruit. Milk Biscuit. Wafers.
Cocoa.

DINNER.

Cream of Corn Soup.
Turkish Tongue.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Boiled Rice. Lettuce Salad. Cold Slaw.
Wafers. Cheese.
Peach Dumplings.
Coffee.

Red Hair.

In Henry Bebel's "Collection of Proverbs," published in 1512, occurs the following: "Proud are the short: untrustworthy the red haired."

A French proverb 500 years old, says: "Salute a red-headed man or bearded woman at thirty feet off with three stones in thy fists to defend thee if need be."

In early times all pictures of Judas, were shown with shocks of red hair. This and the fact that the Judas in the "Miracle Plays" was provided with a red hirsute worked the superstitious people of the Middle Ages up to such a degree that it was actually unsafe for a red-haired person to appear in company. Writers of all classes began to denounce "the senseless prejudice against those of lively colored hair." Cyrano de Bergerac, in his "States and Empires of the Sun" said:

"A brave head, covered with red hair, is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rays, yet many speak ill of it because few have the honor to be so."

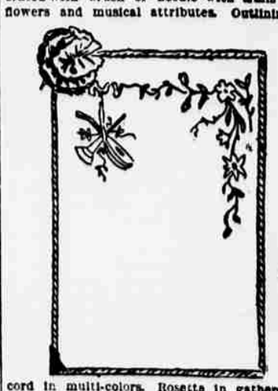
The adjective, "Judas-colored hair," and many similar allusions are often met with in writings of the older authors. In "As You Like It," Rosalind says of Orlando. "His very hair is of that dissembling color," to which Celia replies, "Something browner than Judas's."

Dryden, writing of Jacob Touson, a publisher whom he thoroughly despised, says:

He has leering looks, bull-faced and freckled fair,
Two left legs and Judas-colored hair.

Music Album.

The size of this cover varies according to whether it is intended to hold ordinary pieces and songs or bound albums. It can be made either in linen, plush or satin sheeting, decorated with brush or needle with trails of flowers and musical attributes. Outlining cord in multi-colors. Rosette in gathered moire silk. A single stout panel, 11¾ inches by 17½ inches, covered with faille and faced with satin adorned as illustrated, is now laid on the music desk as a smart rest for music.



A Wife's Little Trick.

Do you know how to take your time in dressing when you are going out with your husband without having him bite the head off you every few minutes as he inquires if it is going to take you all night, or all day, as the case may be, to get ready? Here is one little wife's trick:

"Having stood this thing as long as it was possible," she said, "I determined to give John something to keep him employed while I dressed. So every time he asks me when I'll be ready, I answer with confidence, 'Just as soon as you.' Then I slip off and hide his hat, cane or gloves, and while he hunts the missing articles in silence, not daring to ask me their whereabouts after his repeated insinuations on 'woman's carelessness,' I take my time in dressing without fear of a lecture."