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A TESTIMONIAL.

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Net paid bona fide actual daily
Average Circulation
is greater than the combined circulation of the
Evening Sun,
Mail and Express,
Evening Post,
Commercial Advertiser,
Evening Telegram.

"No pensions for deserters." That's the proper idea. Keep the reform moving.

Locally, there was but one blot on Memorial Day. The blot's name was Foraker.

Yesterday the boys in veteran blue paraded; to-day it is the boys in municipal blue.

This is the fourth anniversary of the Johnstown flood. May the day in none of its annual returns witness the like disaster to that of May 31st, 1889.

Somersaults are all right in a circus ring, but that experience of the Main show in Pennsylvania proves that a circus train should not attempt to turn them.

After her Memorial Day experiences the Princess Eulalia should be prepared to value more than ever such tribute as is paid to her by a people which so honors its heroic dead.

Rhode Island ranks on paper as a sovereign State, with the people as its sovereigns. Under the present election laws, however, its government by the people for the people is a theory, and not a condition.

At Fall River the mystery of Bertha Manchester's tragic death; at Hudson, the problem of Fanny Wyckoff's murder; still on the books, the unsolved Rahway puzzle. Who says murder will out?

Kaiser Wilhelm seems to be about the only man who can decisively answer the question whether he is coming to visit the World's Fair. The invitation for him to come over is always open and always cordial. He can't do better than to answer that question affirmatively.

The South has before this joined the North in doing honor to Grant. It is not the part of brothers—of sons of one country—to begrudge those who were of the Confederacy the memories they have of their dead chieftains. Foraker's speech in Riverside Park yesterday was an insult to the General by whose tomb it was delivered.

Yesterday was almost an ideal holiday. Thousands took part in the special memorial exercises of the occasion; thousands of others witnessed the games and sports of the day; more thousands sought recreations of their own devising. But whether they met by graves, or on playgrounds, or in picnic resorts, not one of these thousands missed paying a tribute, thought if not spoken, to the brave dead in whose memory the holiday was established.

THE HEROES OF THE MUSKET.

An interesting feature of yesterday's patriotic exercises was the dedication of a monument at Newark to the memory of ex-Congressman Edward F. McDonald, not as a great military commander, not as a distinguished civilian faithful to the public trusts he held in his State and in the National councils, but as a private soldier, who fought through the war bravely, devotedly, in the ranks of the Second New Jersey Brigade.

The address at the dedication ceremonies was delivered by Congressman Amos J. Cummings, and was a tribute to the brave men who carried the muskets and marched in the ranks during the war for the Union. "The private soldier," said Mr. Cummings, "was the true hero of the war. His was the duty of blind obedience. Right loyally he fulfilled it. He went to his death at the word of command, unquestioning, but not unreasoning. Success in battle depended as much, if not more, on the courage and coolness of the men in the ranks than on the ability of the leader."

This tribute is well deserved, and is the more pleasing as it comes from the lips of a soldier. Mr. Cummings recounted the services of Private McDonald; how he was but seventeen years of age when he enlisted for the war; how he had shared the dangers and the glory of the New Jersey brigade until, near the close of the struggle, sickness and a broken constitution drove him from the army, then barely in his manhood.

All honor to the heroes of the musket, the men who did the fighting. Let us glorify the names of our great Generals, but let us not overlook the devoted patriots who gave up their lives for the Union, and whose names are buried in their graves. All honor to Private McDonald.

ANOTHER STATE DEADLOCK.

Another disgraceful scramble over a State government has been inaugurated in Rhode Island. The Democrats have the House, the Republicans the Senate. On the face of the election returns the Republicans in Grand Committee would have had a majority of one. The Grand Committee elects the State officers, no choice having been made by the people.

The Democratic House organized yesterday, and promptly unseated two Republican members, putting two Democrats in their places. This changes the majority in the Grand Committee from one Republican to three Democratic. So the Republican Senate refuses to go into Committee.

When will the politicians learn that the people are getting impatient of these constant attempts to reverse the will of the majority at the ballot-box?

WHO IS GOVERNOR?

Gov. Flower left the State last night to pay a two weeks' visit to the World's Fair. As Lieut.-Gov. Sheehan is in Europe and the President pro tem. of the Senate, Jacob Cantor, is absent, the State is left without an Executive, and the question has arisen whether the Speaker of the Assembly, Mr. Sulzer, or the leader of the Republicans in the Senate, Mr. George Zerubabel Erwin, has the right to act as Governor in case of an emergency.

Fortunately, the service of neither of those gentlemen is likely to be needed. The State will run well enough alone for two weeks. But there certainly seems to be no foundation for Senator Erwin's claim, except the fact that he is capable of claiming aything within his reach. He is not even President pro tem. of the Senate. It would be a curious sight to see Senator Erwin's amiable face in the Executive Chamber in place of Gov. Flower's stern and severe countenance. There would be a general assault on the Executive office for pardons and other favors before Gov. Flower's return.

A CURIOUS ARGUMENT.

The advocates of Sunday closing at the Fair use a singular argument when they urge the alleged comparatively small attendance last Sunday as a justification of their policy. It shows, they say, that the people do not want the Fair open or they would flock to it in swarms.

There appears to be some unaccountable shrinkage of the returns of last Sunday's attendance. Doubtless many people remained away because of the uncertainty about the opening. But if only a small number of visitors are attracted to the Exposition on Sunday there is of course less reason why the doors should be closed. There must be all the less danger of disorder and "desecration of the day."

If the attendance next Sunday should be doubled, will the excluders regard that as an argument against their closing policy?

As the State courts have decided that there is no power that can debar the people from the right to use Jackson Park every day of the week, and as the act of Congress provides that "nothing in this act shall be so construed as to override or interfere with the laws of any State," the Fair will be open on Sunday whether the attendance be large or small.

FORAKER'S FROTH.

The frothy Foraker, of Ohio, has been at it again. He would not let Memorial Day pass without waving the bloody shirt and making his customary attempt to revive the sectional animosities of the war by inflammatory utterances.

This is natural enough for Foraker. He is a narrow-minded political demagogue, spiteful, malicious and disappointed, and the fault lies with those who are foolish enough to select such a man as an orator on a public occasion.

But at Grant's tomb and on Memorial Day, Foraker's stupid but malignant tirade was an insult to the memory of the great soldier whose latest words on earth rebuked such unpatriotic utterances, and to the martyr President who so nobly sought to eradicate all the bitter memories of the unfortunate war and to restore the Union in the hearts of all the people.

A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.

By all means the Infanta Eulalia ought to see the police parade to-day. It is a sight that no other city in the world can equal. To a stranger it is a revelation. No one can look upon that large body of men, massive, powerful, vigorous, perfect in drill and discipline, moving like a huge machine, shaking the very earth with the firmness of their tread, without understanding at once why it is that New York, despite its cosmopolitan character, is one of the most orderly and law abiding cities of its size on either continent; why life and property are safer here than in any other great metropolis, and why criminals give the city a wide berth.

Then, it is worth a journey from Spain to see the officers who head these splendid columns. Supt. Byrnes with his Inspectors and Captains, are noble specimens of manhood, men whose very appearance bespeaks them fit for command. We assure the Princess that she will miss a most pleasing and instructive sight if she fails to be present at our annual Police review.

BEHIND A SCREEN.

The President of the Dock Board, Mr. J. Sergeant Cram, is not pleased that the public should attribute the seemingly increased activity of the Department to the appointment of ex-Judge White as a Commissioner. He says that the plans the drawings for which were approved at a recent meeting of the Board, were adopted "before Mr. White was even thought of as a member," and he adds that since his own connection with the Department its work "has been honestly and economically done, and the improvements made have been of great advantage to New York."

No doubt President Cram has performed his duties faithfully and honestly. But it would have inspired greater confidence in his management if he had allowed the Dock Department to be placed under the restricting control of the Board of Apportionment to which all the other municipal departments are subjected, instead of threatening to resign if such an undeniably proper and desirable change was made.

The Dock Department has been run as a close corporation. It controls its own expenditures, and very little is known about its contracts and jobs. This is not just to the people. It is not consistent with the proper protection of the city's interests. Mr. Cram's work may be "honest" and "economical" as he claims, but why should it not be done by daylight and before the eyes of the public?

Extraordinary expenditures are now to be undertaken by the Dock Department. Why would it not be well for Mr. Cram, before the outlay commences, to call for the publication of the report made on the methods of the Department by Mr. Barker, now President of the Tax Board, when he was Commissioner of Accounts and suppressed by ex-Mayor Grant?

KANSAS, SPARE OUR TILLS.

Cyrus Corning, a Kansas thinker, who is trying to hang some of his cogitations on Kansas politics, has originated a scheme whereby he hopes to do away with money and all the evils of which, as per generally accepted proverb, it is the root. Cogibund Mr. Corning advocates a return to old-time barter, and has established, or got somebody else to establish, exchanges in which a purchaser can trade whatever he has for whatever he wants.

There is nothing new in Mr. Corning's plan. It obtains wherever men are willing to swap, "sight unseen" or otherwise. It is not popular because a man who runs a six-by-nine barber shop or a small recherche stand-up barroom cannot afford to rent a nine-story warehouse to hold the furniture, old clothes and jackknives that he would have to take in return for shaves or schooners of beer. There is more ground-room in Kansas for that kind of business than there is here. If a citizen of the Cyclone State wants to trade a yoke of oxen, a hay wagon and a yellow dog for a tennis suit and key chain, the storekeeper has a large back-yard of several hundred acres, that he can use as a money till. There are no back-yards to New York stores, so we can't do business in the without-money way hereabouts.

If Mr. Corning wants to abolish money, we can tell him an effective way to do it without trouble. Spend it. There is no easier method in the world of getting rid of lucre than "blowing it," as the boys say. And while Mr. Corning is in an abolishing frame of mind, let us lift his ear-flap and murmur to him in a sweet, advisory tone that it is not money that bothers some of us so much as work. What can you do in the momentous matter of abolishing work, Mr. Corning?

"The Gould standard is not a desirable basis for the Rapid Transit Commissioners to operate upon," remarks "The World" of this morning. Indeed, no. And with the sounding brass of Elevated Railway pretensions, it forms a sort of bi-metallism not at all in harmony with popular interests.

President Cleveland's fishing trip, just at this time, may disappoint a number of office-seekers who thought they had a line on him. He's the man with the line, after all. And with the bait as well.

A Kansas Populist comes forward with a plan to abolish money. Plenty of people can give him points in getting along without the article.

Baseball pretty nearly held a front seat among the holiday sports yesterday.

Prof. Briggs talks back, but does not take back.

WORLDLINGS.

Spiritualism has made so many converts in Louisville that there are now in that city 10,000 believers in the doctrine.

Eddie Johnson, a Kentucky boy, who is two and a half years old, weighs 85 pounds and is regarded as the largest child of his age in the State. He wears a man's hat and a 9 1-2 shoe.

Though women in France are nowadays permitted to become doctors, lawyers, architects, &c., they are not allowed by the law to sign a legal document as witnesses.

The average diameter of the giant redwood trees of California is 33 feet.

Public schools have been in existence in Massachusetts since 1645, and policemen in New York since 1657.

The Young Men's Christian Association in England, started forty-nine years ago in a small room at St. Paul's churchyard, has attained such a growth that last year 2,126 new members were enrolled.

The breeding of canary birds is now one of the most thriving industries of Germany. About 250,000 of the little songsters are raised there every year.

Churches have had surpliced choirs since the eleventh century.

The February output of silver from Creede amounted to a value of $700,000.

THE INFANTA'S BABY.

Its Illness Touched the Princess-Mother's Heart.

But There Are Other Mothers Who Have Ailing Children.

The Lot of the Poor Sick Tots of the Tenements.

All letters containing money for the Sick Babies' Fund should be addressed to "Cashier of WORLD, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$229.13
E. O. C.	1.00
John M. Carter	1.00
Nina and Tommie	.50
Baby	.50
West Fifty-sixth street	.50
E. G.	.25
Decoration Day	.25
Democrat	.25
Two Brooklyn Boys	.10

The Princess Eulalia didn't dance at the ball given by the Spanish Club in her honor last Friday night. She didn't eat any supper. She appeared on the floor and made the rounds of the ballroom in less than fifteen minutes. The whole time spent at the entertainment was about an hour and a quarter.

When she left, the guests refreshed themselves, joined in the dance and talked about her. The Spanish set knew their Princess was not herself. They didn't know just the cause of her sadness, but they were satisfied that she was unhappy, and they were thoughtful and quiet.

It was not until the escort returned to the ballroom that the reason of her sadness became known.

News had reached her that her baby boy, a child of four years, was ill.

The cablegram was not alarming, but the necessity for sending it was sufficient to make a mockery of the festivities of the evening. She went to the ball because she was too unselfish to disappoint the people who wished to honor her, and although she was perfectly certain that her child had every care that affection could plan and skill procure, the knowledge that he was sick troubled and distressed her.

The message was answered with an imperative call for full particulars of the little Prince's condition, and all the time she was at the ball she was worried trying to think what the report would be.

It is safe to say that the Princess ordered the groom to drive to the hotel as fast as possible. Before she reached her apartment she had the coveted good news.

The baby Prince was fast asleep, the physician of the royal family cabled, with minute details from the report of the trusty nurse.

It was then that the Infanta's spirits came back, and her first enjoyment of the gala ball began.

Now, if the news of the slight indisposition of a baby Prince could make a mother's heart ache, and convert a magnificent entertainment, planned for her delight, into a punishment, especially when that mother was absolutely certain that the little one had the best of care, what must be the agony of the woman compelled to sit beside the cradle of her sick baby and see it die because she cannot afford to save it?

The babies of the tenement-house poor are just as dear to them as the princes and princesses are to our royal guest. Their ailments are the more distressing for the reason that poor mothers are helpless; they can't summon the court physician; they have neither nurse nor maid to attend the little patient; they have nobody to depend upon but themselves, and they have everything to contend against.

The sweet solicitude of the lovely Eulalia has endeared her to the American people. Good Democrats and Republicans, who hate and despise royalty, love and admire the Princess, not because she is a Princess, but because she is a woman whose children are dearer to her than any honor the world has to confer.

This universal feeling of appreciation and admiration must remind the reader of the claim the troubled mothers and sick babies of New York have upon their sympathy.

Play you are a royal princess, and lend your patronage and support to the Sick Babies' Fund. There is no desire to tax any one. Each is expected to give only what she can conveniently spare. "The Evening World" free physicians will be appointed this week, and as soon as there is need for their service they will take the field.

The fund is growing slowly, but it is growing, nevertheless. What it needs is the support that you can give it.

People are going out of town for the Summer. Within the next three weeks all the schools will be closed, even the free kindergartens and industrial classes. There will be no place for the children of the lowly but the crowded and unwholesome tenement rooms. If a dollar bill and a small donation of comfortable clothing will make and keep the tots well, would you withhold them?

NELL NELSON.

He Does His Share.

To the Editor:

Your Fund is a splendid charity. I am glad to see it so successful. I want to do my share and inclose $1. JOHN M. CARTER.

Save the Babies!

To the Editor:

I send 50 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. The cry "Save the Babies!" should ring in every house in the metropolis.

NO. — WEST 49TH ST.

Two Brooklyn Boys.

To the Editor:

We are two Brooklyn boys, and send 5 cents each to your Babies' Fund. We will send more when we can.

EDWARD CUMMINGS,
GEORGE CRANE.

It Will Help.

To the Editor:

I inclose $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund, trusting that it may help to ease the sufferings of some poor little one. J. R.

The Doctors a Blessing.

To the Editor:

I inclose 50 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. Your free doctors for the sick babies of the poor are a blessed boon. JOHN R. V.

Contributed Last Year.

To the Editor:

I was one of the contributors to "The Evening World's" Sick Babies Fund last year and know from personal observation the good it effected and the many graves that were cheated of their victims by our "free doctors." I want to remember the number is less this year who can feel that they have helped to save, or, at least relieve, the suffering of the hopeless poor, and therefore inclose $1. J. F.

From Four Little Girls.

To the Editor:

We are four little girls who have babies in our house and we love them very much. We are sorry for the babies who live in tenement-houses and can't have doctors nor medicine when they are sick because they are so poor. We send you $2 which we have been saving for two weeks, and will send some more when we get it.

IDA J.,
ADDIE T.,
MARY F. L.,
MARY M.

A Noble Charity.

To the Editor:

The noble charity of "The Evening World" in raising a fund to provide the sick babies of the poor with medicines during the heated term, when mortality among these helpless little ones is so great because of the inability of the parents to procure medical aid, deserves the co-operation and assistance of the humane public.

I, therefore, cheerfully contribute my mite in the hope and belief that it will help to save some helpless little one. Inclosed find $2.

A MOTHER.

Knows the Value of the Work.

To the Editor:

I have been engaged in the past in charitable work, and, therefore, am acquainted with the needs of the sick babies of the poor during the heated summer months.

The stifling atmosphere of the tenements and the poor sanitation cause a vast amount of sickness, and the harvest of death among the little innocents is, consequently, enormous when the condition of the families prevent them securing medical aid.

The objects of your Sick Babies' Fund should appeal to the hearts and purses of every father and mother at least. I inclose $1.50 this time and hope to contribute more soon. Mrs. E. M. F.

WILL SEARCH FOR PROF. COMAN.

Probable that He Is Exiling Himself for a Second Time.

PATERSON, N. J., May 31.—A despatch from Jacksonville, Fla., this morning states that E. M. Shaw, brother-in-law of Prof. Coman, Assistant State Geologist of New Jersey, who has been missing since last January, arrived in that city yesterday, and is organizing a searching party to look for the professor.

Early in January Prof. Coman left Titusville, Fla., to search for phosphate deposits at the head of the St. Lucie River. He had a small boat and complete outfit for his trip. He wrote to his wife Jan. 17, but since then no word has been received from him.

E. T. Coman, a brother of the professor, and who lives in Chicago, made a search for the missing man last month, but found no trace of him.

While the theory that he was accidentally drowned is believed by many, there is a hope expressed that he may be living a hermit existence somewhere along the river, as he was once found under similar circumstances some years ago.

Coman was then a student in Cornell University, and was fast making a name for himself, when one day he suddenly disappeared. Some years later a Harvard professor while in search of specimens in lower Florida discovered a man living a semi-savage existence on a Florida reef. He persuaded the strange man to take a sail with him, and during the voyage learned that he was the long sought for student.

Young Coman said he ran away because he feared his love was not reciprocated. He was brought back to his friends and eventually married the young lady on whose account he voluntarily exiled himself.

DR. POTTER'S TRIAL TO-NIGHT.

Written Charges Will Be Heard by the Church Committee.

The first formal action in the trial of Rev. Dr. Daniel C. Potter, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church on Second avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, who is accused, among other things, of intemperance and immorality, will occur to-night, when the Committee appointed for the purpose will receive the written charges.

The Committee will meet in the chapel at 7.30. No one will be admitted, according to Lawyer A. G. Vanderpoel, who is the Chairman, except those who have written charges to submit.

"The Committee will require that the charges be specific, and that there be a definite assignment of fact," said Mr. Vanderpoel this morning. "A narration of mere generalities does not mean anything, and the Committee could not investigate it. Further than that I have nothing to say, for the reason that the Church Manual forbids any member revealing anything of a private nature."

Dr. Potter refused to discuss the matter. He returned from his Summer home at Stamford yesterday and conducted a largely attended prayer-meeting at the church last night.

Rev. Dr. Putnam, the assistant pastor, who makes the charges against Dr. Potter, declares that he is prepared to specify, and that there will be abundance of proof to substantiate every charge.

GEN. JOHN C. BLACK ON PENSIONS

He and Major Warner Speak on the Question at Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Memorial Day exercises at the Art Institute last night were rendered sensational by an exchange of opinions on the pension question between Gen. John C. Black, ex-United States Pension Commissioner, and Major William Warner, of Kansas City, Past Grand Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Major Warner spoke first, and said that the men who were the friends of the soldier, and who had enacted the pension laws, could be relied upon to deal justly with the pension matters, and that it belonged to the friends of the soldier, and to no one else, to remedy the evils which have crept into the pension system.

Gen. Black, who sat on the stand, grew uneasy while Major Warner was talking, and when his turn came to speak he said:

"The pension rolls are polluted with the names of cowards, deserters and impostors, and no true soldier of 1861 to 1865 would object to measures calculated to remove the disgrace."

Both speakers were wildly applauded.

INCENSED AT FREY'S NERVE.

He Called on His Accuser Wearing the Latter's Garments.

Robert Willis, of 2380 Third avenue, appearing as complainant against William Frey, of 671 East One Hundred and Forty-second street, a nineteen-year-old youth, told Police Justice Burke, in Harlem Court, this morning, that the thing that incensed him most was the awful nerve of Frey in paying him a visit at his boarding-house last evening in the very suit of clothes he had stolen from him on Saturday night.

Frey denied that he stole the clothes, but was held in $200 bail for the action of the Grand Jury.

SOLD ANOTHER MAN'S PROPERTY.

Denver Lawyer Disposes of $100,000 Worth of His Client's Estate.

DENVER, May 31.—A week or so ago W. H. Malone, a lawyer of this city, left home, and it was learned that he had used his power of attorney to dispose of about $100,000 worth of property belonging to R. W. Steele, Prosecuting Attorney.

Attachments have been secured on property belonging to Malone, who is wealthy, and the matter will probably be straightened up. Mr. Malone has returned, and it is claimed was laboring under temporary mental derangement when he disposed of the property.

Please Fly "Old Glory."

At a meeting of the National Executive Committee of the American Patriotic League it was unanimously resolved to invite all citizens to display the American flag on June 14, the anniversary of its adoption.

HOUSE AND HOME

A Bride's Evening Dress.

An evening dress made recently for a French bride was of straw color moiré trimmed with silk muslin to match. Blouse bodice veiled with a shower of shaded beads, dissolving from violet into white and con-

fined at the waist by a sash of straw ribbon. Impossible to imagine a more "fetching" toilet than this. An exquisite black gown was made of crepon all sparkling with jet; a flowered muslin trimmed with guipure and velvet; a tea gown of accordion plaited Chinese crape and lots of others, more dainty one than the other.

Powder for the Hot Days.

A dab of powder is often much and suddenly needed. A little flat bag of chamois, punctured and filled with powder in a coarse cheesecloth covering, may be carried in the pocket and very skilfully concealed in the handkerchief during application.

"Fritters."

You must not call them "Fritters," thus mixing them up with the ordinary preparation of batter and potato, squash and corn which we know by that name. Fritters are, or rather were, for they seem to have fallen into disuse in modern households, a dessert. Take one pint of milk, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, flour enough to make a thick batter; beat the milk and flour together, add the beaten yolks and a teaspoonful of salt and last the whites, beaten very light; drop by spoonfuls into a frying pan with plenty of boiling lard and fry till they puff way up. Eat hot with hard sauce, although children think them superlatively good simply spread with butter and sugared.

A Benefactor of Bar Harbor.

The mother of A. Hardy, the novelist, was one of the first cottagers at Bar Harbor. To her belongs the honor of introducing the aborigines there to the mysteries of "raised" bread. Before her advent they had depended, throughout all their previous lives, on soda biscuit made fresh three times a day.

To Shampoo the Head.

A dermatologist of high standing says that the proper way to shampoo the head is to use some pure soap made into a "good lather on the head," with plenty of warm water, and rubbed into the scalp with the fingers or with rather a stiff brush that has long bristles. When the scalp is very sensitive, borax and water, or the yolks of three eggs beaten in a pint of lime water, are recommended instead of soap and water. After rubbing the head thoroughly in every direction and washing out the hair with plenty of warm water, or with douches of warm water, alternating with cold, drying the hair with a bath towel, a small quantity of vaseline or sweet almond oil should be rubbed into the scalp. The oil thus applied is used in the place of the oil that has been removed by washing, and to prevent the hair from becoming brittle.

In Lieu of a Linen Collar.

A young woman who had her Spring dress cut to wear with a linen collar and chemisette, and then discovered that she disliked them, hit upon this substitute: She bought white China silk, tucked it closely to form a chemisette and finished the neck with a narrow double ruffle. The effect was pleasing both to her sensitive skin and the eyes of the beholder.

Shrimp Salad

Shrimp salad is a useful and pretty dish. Shell a sufficient quantity of freshly boiled prawns, taking care to preserve the coral, which put aside for garnishing presently. Pile up the prawns in the centre of a dish, pour over them a thick mayonnaise sauce in which a sheet of gelatine has been dissolved. This causes it to adhere better. Round the base of the pyramid arrange a ring of capers, next these a ring of yolk of egg which has been rubbed through a sieve, then a ring of chopped white of egg. Garnish with sprays of chervil and sprinkle the top of the pyramid with the coral. Shrimp, lobster or remains of cold salmon can be utilized in this way.

To Make Good Coffee.

Remember in making coffee:

That the same flavor will not suit every taste.

That every one can be suited to a nicety by properly blending two or more kinds.

That equal parts of Mocha, Java and Rio will be relished by a good many people.

That a mild coffee can be made dangerously strong and still retain the mildness of flavor.

That the enjoyment of a beverage and slavish devotion thereto are quite different things.

That the flavor is improved if the liquid is turned from the dregs as soon as the proper strength has been obtained.

That where the percolation method is used the coffee should be ground very fine or the strength will not be extracted.

That if the ground coffee is put into the water and boiled it should be rather coarse, otherwise it will invariably be muddy.

That a good coffee will always command a fair price, but that all high-priced coffees are not necessarily of high quality.

That in serving the cups and cream should be warm; the cream should be put in the cup before the coffee is poured in, but it is immaterial when the sugar is added.

That a level teaspoonful of the ground coffee to each cup is the standing allowance, from which deviation can be made in either direction according to the strength desired.

New Hats.

Hats for Summer of nearly every sort, and as variously trimmed, are to be worn. And the most extraordinary combination of colors appears in the decoration. In some cases it requires all the skill of the milliner to make the result other than either flashy or dowdy, the claim for admiration resting upon that very doubtful quality sometimes put forth as a plea for toleration, if not for admiration, that its beauty consists in its ugliness. "Uncommon" certainly some of the new hats and bonnets look, and whether it be that what is fashionable needs no other recommendation in women's eyes, or that the milliner has attained such perfection in her work, and such nice discrimination in the blending of colors, it is certain that shades originally hostile to each other are now "artistically" reconciled.

Fancies of the Fair.

Accordion-plaited skirts of surah or India, with plaited waists in sailor fashion, are rather new and effective.

The pretty French silks are now rivalled by the English fabrics called Bradford silks, which are especially serviceable and desirable for summer street costumes.

The new hats for children are large flats of fancy straw and chip. They will be trimmed with ribbons and flowers in simple, childish manner. Where an elaborate hat is required, white Leghorns promise to be popular, trimmed with flowers or white tips.

Both black satin and muscovite repped silk are used for the long coats that are now so fashionable. They are very full in the back below the waist line, and have enormous sleeves. The broad revers and collarette are edged with ecru guipure insertion.

The return of the shawl is prophesied. A French combination is watercress green and turquoise blue.

Lotta's Secret of Success.

Lotta, the actress, is a level-headed little woman. In a letter to a friend, who wanted to know how she keeps well and good-looking, she writes:

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a woman healthy, wealthy and wise. That has been my rule all my life, and I have conscientiously adhered to it. Fifteen minutes after the performance I am out of the theatre. I take a glass

of milk and am ready for my bed. I have always found that a well-balanced life and a well-balanced mind, filled with kind feelings for others, especially those around me who are toiling for their daily bread, is one of the greatest beautifiers. A most excellent rule is to cultivate only those who are congenial, for the result is mutual benefit. It is good economy, I find, to avoid antagonistic natures, for in such contact both are naturally injured.

"Nothing in the world helps to beautify one more than to appreciate their blessings—the perfect enjoyment of our five senses—with health. LOTTA."

A Plucky American Girl.

Miss Jennie Young, the American girl who built a railroad to the extensive salt deposits she owns in Chihuahua, has received from the Mexican Government a valuable concession in the form of a privilege for the establishment of colonies in the States of Chihuahua and Coahuila. Miss Young has gone to England to make arrangements for bringing over several thousand English families to settle upon the lands she has secured from the Government.

Stickies.

Take a quart of flower and make into a rich pastry dough, in addition to the usual ingredients adding a heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Roll thin, and cut into six-inch squares, and lavishly spread each square with a mixture composed of butter and light brown sugar, thoroughly creamed together and highly flavored with spices. Now take the edge of the pastry in your fingers and roll it over to the other edge; then pinch the edges and ends well together to prevent the butter from running out. Bake in a hot oven, and whether served immediately for tea, or put up next day for the school lunch, your stickies will receive an equal amount of praise.

Mottoes Are Her Fad.

Mrs. Palmer Henderson, of Minneapolis, has a fad. It is mottoes. There isn't a room in her house—she owns it—but has them on the walls. Not worsted work abominations, framed in black and gilt, but words from the poets and writers we love to remember, traced in large script of her own in gold paint upon the walls. They form friezes, over-door decorations, and take the place of tiling round the arch of the fireplace.

In the dining-room over the sideboard "Plain Living and High Thinking" confronts you as a sort of moral stimulant, while over the chimney-piece the crime of inhospitality is pointed out in the sentence: "They who feast alone eat sin and drink of sin.

Traced in gilt letters upon the black mantel in the parlor are the words: "Each man's chimney is a golden milestone," while over the piano is this pointed but gentle discourager of slander: "Now happiness for us and a good word for the absent." Within, in silver, upon the pale green wall of the library, is this passage from Edwin Arnold:

Near to renunciation—very near,
Dwelleth eternal peace.

On the door are the words from Homer:

And what he greatly thought he nobly dared.

In the spare bedroom is to be found: "Good Night and a Good To-Morrow."

Buttermilk Will Bleach Clothes.

Buttermilk has several Summer uses. It is a cooling beverage. It is an excellent wash for sunburned hands and faces. And it will bleach clothes. Soak them for several days in buttermilk, then wash, boil and blue in the usual way. After the boiling the clothes will be of the traditional snowy whiteness.

Bloomers in Boston.

Boston is in a state of mind over the appearance on her streets of a number of prominetn ladies, arrayed in a wide departure from the conventional feminine costume of the day. There are said to be at least a dozen of the advanced thinkers of the female sex who have appeared in public in the new costume which they have determined to adopt. The things might be called "bloomers" or "divided skirts," but they are simply "pants," cut very full and gathered at the ankle, but still pants. Among the more prominent people who have appeared in these garments are Mrs. B. O. Flower, wife of the editor of The Arena, and Miss Laura Bee, a prominent artist. Both have been shopping in their Syrian trousers, and they call them by that name. They both say that their unique attire has caused them no other annoyance but to be stared at. They like it and mean to stick to it.

Liver.

A very nice and tasty way of cooking liver is to cut it in slices about an eighth of an inch thick, and to make the dish look nicely, stamp the liver in rounds, with a pastry cutter, and season it with pepper and salt, then entirely cover with eggs and bread crumbs, and fry in clean hot grease until a nice golden color. Fry some very thin slices of bacon and arrange them between the liver, and pour a thick brown sauce round the dish, and unless you prefer the sauce plain you will find the addition of a little chopped gherkin and capers will improve it very much.

Surpliced Women in Choirs.

The Bishop of New Jersey has forbidden the women of his church choirs to wear vestments, exactly upon what grounds it would be difficult to say. The vestments are worn by several women choirs in this city, notably St. Bartholomew's and St. George's. The long black cassocks and white cotters are rather impressive, while the wearing of the little cap is, of course, in accordance with the ancient tradition that women must not appear with uncovered heads in the churches. The strictly correct covering, however, is the band about the forehead, to which is fastened a long black veil to be thrown back over the head.

Jackets.

Eton, Russian and zouave jacket effects are still a marked feature of new waists that open over shirred, plaited or folded vests, the fronts very full and girdled. Lapped front, opening over silk or chiffon inserted plastrons remain in great favor, and the corselet bodice, with guimpe of lace, net or other delicate fabric, will be in high vogue for months to come.

Woman Would Distinct.

A great controversy has been agitating the Milan Philological Society concerning the admission of women. One great and famous doctor, a leader of the opposition to women, contended that women members in the Society would be scarecrows to all mature and studious men who seek to be far from the world and its distractions, while for young men their presence would be perilously attractive

Merveilleux for the Morning.

Morning jacket of patterned foulard or other thin material trimmed with black or white lace, according to taste, and knots of

satin ribbon. This model makes up equally well of merveilleux, embroidered cashmere, or other woollen fabric.

The Gossip Corner.

Miss Florrie Bryan, a young Englishwoman, has forsaken Christianity and married the Maharajah of Patiala, in India. She must have wanted to change her name badly.

Two sisters will make their appearance in London next year. One is 8 feet high, with hands 32 inches in length, and the other is not three feet high and weighs thirty-one pounds.

Probably the only woman customs broker in this or any other country is Hulda Graser, of Cincinnati. She is only twenty-one years old, but already she controls a large and profitable business.