NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

LATE IDEAS IN HATS.

TURBAN SHAPE, MADE ENTIRELY OF LACE, ROSES AND FOLIAGE.

HAT OF BLACK CHIFFON AND OSTRICH PLUMES.

WHITE CHIFFON, TRIMMED WITH REAL LACE AND PEARLS.

"DAUGHTERS" GIVE PARK.

ONE NAMED FOR LAFAYETTE PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF ROCKVILLE, CONN.

The Sabra Trumbull Chapter, D. A. R., last week commemorated the visit of Lafayette in 1824 to Rockville, Conn., by the presentation of a park to the city, named Lafayette Park. Upon a huge bowlder in the park a bronze tablet had been placed, bearing this inscription:

"In grateful memory of General Lafayette, whose love of liberty brought him to American shores to dedicate his life and fortune to the cause of the colonies, the Sabra Trumbull Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, erected this monument near the old King Tavern, where he was entertained in 1824."

Guests from chapters all over the State were present, including Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, of New-Haven, State president.

Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, of Washington, president general of the national society, made an address, which was, in part, as follows:

"The name of Lafayette is more often joined with that of Washington than any other of his brilliant compatriots who rendered America that valiant yeoman service without which the fall of Yorktown would have been long delayed. I find a reason for this personal love of Lafayette among the American people, in the fact that the heart is always touched by the spontaneous devotion of the young to a noble cause by the unbidden, freely offered service of a lover of liberty. The animating object of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, is to preserve the spirit of liberty in our native land. One of the methods is by placing commemorative tablets whenever we may to the great and brave, who did noble things that liberty might not perish from the face of the earth."

The oration of the day was delivered by Attorney General Charles Phelps, his subject being "General Lafayette." In referring in glowing tribute to the worth of Lafayette, the speaker said: "His devotion to Washington carried him through all trials, and he remained steadfast and true to that great commander, even at the sacrifice of personal ambition. The natures of these two great generals had much in common, though different in quality. Each needed the other, and Lafayette saw in Washington a temple of virtue and heroism, at whose shrine he could worship the goddess which had attracted him; he could place absolute faith in this embodiment of integrity, and commit to this man unreservedly the guidance of all his powers. In Lafayette Washington saw one in whom his dreams of high honor and purity, coupled with exceptional natural ability, were realized. Lafayette became to the great commander hope in adversity and light in darkness; a stay when all other props failed."

After the tablet was unveiled a patriotic address on "The Flag" was given by Colonel Henry H. Adams, of New-York. In closing his tribute to the flag, he said: "This flag is the emblem of the American home, the American women, the genius which shapes the American character, and it suggests the refinement, the culture, the sweetness, of the environment which has developed a nation which stands foremost in progressive civilization. It represents two hundred and fifty thousand free schools, it represents the schooling of sixteen million boys and girls of the land, it represents the richest nation in the world."

Mrs. Grace Brown Salesbury of New-Haven, also gave an address on "Patriotism." Mrs. A. N. Belding, regent of the Sabra Trumbull Chapter, gave the opening address of welcome, and also presented the park to the city of Rockville. It was accepted by Mayor William H. Loomis.

Mrs. Belding threw open her beautiful home, Castle Sunset, to the visiting Daughters, and in the evening gave a lawn party, to which the public was invited.

The Sabra Trumbull Chapter was organized in 1896. Among its members are:

Mrs. Lizzie S. Belding,	Miss Elizabeth Maynard.
Mrs. May Risley Adams,	Mrs. Jessie A. Jackson,
Miss J. Alice Maxwell,	Mrs. Jessie J. McChristie,
Mrs. Alice F. Bissell,	Mrs. Ella B. Orcutt,
Miss Lenore Henry,	Mrs. Frances S. Orcutt,
Mrs. Lucinda R. Bill,	Miss Inez W. West,
Mrs. Harriet Kellogg Maxwell,	Mrs. Clara Harwood,
	Mrs. Belle Preston,
Mrs. Celia K. Prescott,	Miss Clara McLean,
Mrs. Eliza Prescott Childs,	Miss Edith Harwood,
	Mrs. Bessie Martin,
Mrs. Emetett Scott Risley,	Miss Annie Cameron,
	Mrs. Julia Calder,
Mrs. Eva R. Vinton,	Mrs. Augusta Hammond.

KITTENS BORN IN CLASSROOM.

THEY WILL BE NAMED FOR THE PRESIDENT, THE MAYOR AND MISS GOULD.

When Dr. Walter R. Gunnison, principal of the Erasmus Hall High School, Flatbush, looks over his classes this morning he will find three new pupils. They are black kittens, born Friday morning in the classroom in Cottage No. 2 E while Professor William Strong was giving instruction in Latin. As soon as the kittens are old enough they will be christened on the lawn in front of the godmothers. The kittens will wear the school colors on this occasion. They will be taught to answer the names of Teddy Roosevelt, jr., Seth Low, jr., and Helen Gould. President Roosevelt has recognized the school in an autograph letter; Mayor Low visited it recently, while several gifts have been received from Miss Gould.

TO UNVEIL BASS-RELIEF.

A bronze bass-relief by I. Konti, to be placed in the Federal Building at Syracuse, N. Y., is to be unveiled by the Daughters of the American Revolution on June 17.

The design shows an angel, holding a laurel branch, flying above and slightly in advance of ranks of Continental soldiers with grave, earnest faces. An inscription in the lower left corner records that the tablet is "In memory of the soldiers and sailors of the American Revolution who lived in Onondaga County, N. Y."

The tablet, which is 50 by 90 inches and weighs one thousand pounds, was cast by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, of New-York.

COLGATE'S
Cool and Refreshing
Violet Water

Informal TALKS.

"Come and call on us this summer at 'The Sign of the Barn Door,'" said the departing summer girl, as she considered how to pack paint brushes and shirt waists in the same trunk.

"Tell me about 'The Sign of the Barn Door,'" replied the visitor.

"Well's it's the most fascinating old barn that ever happened," said the summer girl. "It is on an abandoned farm up in the Berkshire Hills, not far from Deerfield, of Indian war and blue and white needlework fame. There are two sisters in New-York, married women, who live about in one flat after another, and in summer wander from one summer hotel to another, after the manner of most New-Yorkers. They were country bred, and neither of them ever forgot to long for a real home of her own, sitting on the ground, with a yard for the children to play in. For years this seemed only a plutocratic dream, until one day a little advertising sheet, which advertised nothing but abandoned farms in New-England, fell into their hands. Accustomed to the prices of real estate in the city and suburban towns, they were astounded to see the sum for which some of these places could be bought. One in particular, which one of the sisters went to see, had a delightful old house, a curio in itself, with steps up and down between all the rooms, weather beaten clapboards, a front door just one step up from the grass, great elms sticking their branches in at the chamber windows, lilac bushes at the gates and wild roses along the roadside. There was a small farm attached, off in one corner of which was one of those little old, old, forgotten family graveyards that you see scattered about New-England, with fallen headstones and mossgrown epitaphs. It was almost as 'local colory' as the ghost advertised to go with all desirable old English mansions.

"To cut it short, that place was to be had for a few hundred dollars, and the two sisters saved and scrimped that out of their own allowances until they bought and paid for it, the farm belonging to both of them, half and half. They developed a regular abandoned farm mania. Now they go there each summer the instant school closes, and stay till it commences again. There are children all over the place, but they wear blue denim overalls, girls and boys allike, and have all outdoors to play in, so they don't bother any one.

"As for the sisters, the mania has taken the form of seeing how many different things they can do with an abandoned farm. They find that it will support cows enough to furnish milk and butter for the family, and chickens enough to furnish the eggs and poultry. They have an incubator and a patent churn. They also raise vegetables enough to furnish the table through the summer, and one of them goes up before the snow is gone, I believe, to put in the garden."

"But where does the barn door come in?" inquired the visitor, with some impatience.

"Don't interrupt me," replied the summer girl, calmly. "Out in their back yard they found a mighty barn, and there was also a shed on the place. The shed was enough for the horse, who lives an enjoyable al fresco life in the fields in summer, and they fitted up the barn for summer boarders. Yes they did, really. They cleaned it and laid a better floor, but the walls and ceilings, with their great beams, they left au naturel. The old stalls made the most delightful cosey corners, with couches and cotton draperies, and a mullioned window put in at the end of each one. The great double doors on either side stand open all day long, with the breeze sweeping through. There is a great round table in the centre between them, loaded with books, and easy chairs, couches and hammocks about. An easel stands here and a camera there, and belongings which indicate the taste and occupations of each one are scattered about. 'Your pleasure' is the motto. It is Liberty Hall. The real, basic cause of its charm is the personnel of the crowd. The barn is not open to the public. No one goes there except those invited by the 'ladies of the manor,' and they ask only people of literary and artistic tastes, for one of the sisters was a teacher of languages before her marriage, and the other was an illustrator. There are from four or five to a dozen of us in the barn all summer, and we have enjoyed it so much that we have formed a little barn door society, to meet periodically in the city during the winter. This little gold barn door on my watchchain is our badge. We do all the work of the barn ourselves, which causes an agreeable reduction in our board bills. But they serve us delicious meals at the house, half the time out of doors. Take it all together, it is the pleasantest summering place I know."

LATE IDEAS ON HATS.

MODIFICATIONS MADE IN EARLY STYLES—MODELS WITH FIELD GARNITURES.

The millinery departments of the large shops have been busy this season in keeping pace with the many and rapid changes in women's headwear. Now, however, the modes seem to be in a fairly settled state, and the wise young woman who has delayed the purchase of her "very prettiest" hat may take heart of grace and get it, in the comfortable certainty that it will not be out of date in a month.

A charming Amazon hat of fine green chip has the brim faced with blue rice straw where it is turned up at the sides. At the back, which turns down closely on the hair, is a large bow of white taffeta ribbon, with green and blue lights, with a large pearl cabochon in the centre. At the front of the crown are two wings of mixed green and blue feathers, held together under a second cabochon.

A smart hat is made of a plateau of white chip, with an edge two inches wide of poppy red braid. On the plateau is built a low, wide crown of white chip, and the only trimming is under the brim, which is a little raised on the left. At this point a long, poppy colored ostrich plume is caught, the tip curling down to the neck. Over all is draped a veil of white tulle with small red spots.

A fascinating hat, to be worn with a white linen gown, is made of white piqué in Leghorn shape. Around the low crown and drooping somewhat over the wide brim is draped a large scarf of white chiffon ringed with black and edged with lace. The scarf is long enough to tie in a large bow with short ends at the back.

A white chip hat has a fold of peacock blue velvet on the under side of the brim about half an inch from the edge, and is trimmed on the outside with a scarf of the same velvet about four inches wide, cut on the bias and lined with white silk. This is simply banded around the crown and tied at the back with long loops and ends. Under the brim on both sides are flat clusters of cornflowers.

Another, of "old yellow" straw, is trimmed outside with broad ribbon flowered with roses on a white taffeta ground, fastened in front, carried back over the crown to the back, where it is knotted in a big butterfly bow. Under the brim on the left is a large cluster of blush and pink roses. A hat of pinkish brown color has a brilliant plumaged bird-of-paradise poised on the right side of the brim, its tail sweeping down the back. The whole of the brim, including the bird, is enveloped in white tulle. All these hats have wide brims and low crowns.

Black and colored velvets are being liberally employed in the summer millinery, and the cachepeigne of flowers is seldom seen, the knot of velvet or butterfly bow of ribbon taking its place. Some of the newest models have most or all of the trimming massed at the back.

The floral hat is seen in many dainty arrangements. One of the prettiest has a small plateau shape covered with chiffon, mounted on a narrow head band. The centre of the plateau is covered with leaves laid flatly and carelessly, and the outer portion is encircled by a wreath of small roses shading from pink to red. A scarf of white chiffon is draped softly around the headpiece, so that it rests on the hair except at the back. At that point the upper portion of the hat is turned down closely and secured to the band, and the chiffon scarf is tied over it in a large rosette. This hat is to be tilted at any angle that is becoming to the face.

Fruits, berries and grasses are to be worn extensively. Some of the attractive arrangements shown in the shops are posies of sweet pea flowers combined with green edible peas, some of the pods half open, aigrettes of osprey dyed in bands of different colors, such as bright blue and green, or yellow, orange and brown; bunches of field flowers knotted up into a garland with reeds or long green grasses; big leaves made of grasses or the leaves of the iris; white and black arum lilies made of velvet and tied together by their leaves.

BASS-RELIEF BY I. KONTI.

To be unveiled June 17 by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Federal Building at Syracuse, N. Y.

THE TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

THE THOUSANDS.

The thousands of hands that are lifted,
Beseeching Thy pity and aid;
The thousands of hearts, of joy sifted—
These hands and these hearts Thou hast made.

The thousands of feet that are straying—
In mercy and pity forgive!
The thousands of eyes that are weeping—
Oh, help them to see and to live!

The thousands of mercies unfeeling;
The thousands of blessings forgot;
When mourning our pains and our sorrows,
Remember all those we have not.

—(E. P. Van Alstine.

NOTICE.

All letters and packages intended for the T. S. S. should be addressed to The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York City. If the above address is carefully observed communications intended for the T. S. S. will be less likely to go astray. The Tribune Sunshine Society has no connection with any other organization or publication using the word "Sunshine."

MONEY RECEIVED.

The following sums of money, to be used as special cheer, have been received: Mrs. Joseph Greenleaf, $2; Cash, from Philadelphia, $10; T. P. G., of Connecticut, $5; C. G. E. Surbrug, of New-Jersey, $3; Mrs. C. J. Kilborn, of Manhattan, $2; Mrs. W. L. L., $1; Miss McCoy, 25 cents; Mrs. B., of Watch Hill, R. I., $10, to be used where most needed; the Junior Mission and Sunshine Band, of Rhinebeck, N. Y., $1 as dues and $2 "to be used for trolley rides for poor children who have no other means of an outing"; East Orange, 25 cents; 20 cents from unknown friends in Manhattan, "for Sunshine ride," and Mrs. Jaffray and Miss Osborn, $1.

ARLINGTON JUNIORS.

The Arlington (N. J.) junior branch, Mrs. Belle G. Dutcher president, will hold its annual Sunshine picnic on June 21. If the day should prove unpleasant it will be held on June 28. Besides the general officers of the T. S. S., numerous guests have been invited. Mrs. Emily Williamson, treasurer of the New-Jersey State Board of Charities, will be present and address the children. There are between two hundred and three hundred young folks in the branch, and everything promises as delightful an occasion as that of last year. The recent report of Sunshine work done by this branch is as follows: In supplying glasses and mugs for the Happy Day House of the "Little Mothers," Edna, Mildred and Charlie Metzer, Etta Corneil, Alice Riley, Dorothy and Helen Craig, Bertie and Stanley Greenwood, Miriam Cassidy, Phyllis Brockway, Blanche Morrison, George Alvord, Edwin Frobisher, Turnbull Lawrence Chutellur, Conchila Green, Jean and Phillip and Warren Norton were the contributors. One hundred and eighty-two magazines were sent to Contagious Hospital at Snake Hill, N. J., and 205 magazines to the soldiers in the Philippines.

NEEDS GREETINGS.

Will some of the members please make a little sunshine in the lonely life of Miss Florence A. Poucher, of Sodus, N. Y.? Since the death of her mother she is left alone, helpless and ill. Her birthday is June 18, and that will be a good time to send letters or greetings to this desolate member. If those writing letters will inclose a few extra stamps the kindness will be greatly appreciated.

President of the T. S. S.: I want to thank all those who kindly sent me the calendars and leaflets for which I asked. When arranged in their new dress they will find their way into many homes as messages of cheer. I received the calendars from members at Washington, D. C.; Plainfield, N. J.; Philadelphia, Lebanon, N. H.; Norwalk, Conn.; New-Rochelle and Brewster, N. Y., and thank them all for responding so promptly. Yours in the T. S. S., A. DELMAR.

Pleasantville Station, N. Y., June 12.

Has any one a puzzle map of the United States to "pass on"? To put the different States in their proper position makes an instructive amusement for children. Miss Sarah Converse, of Stewartown, N. H., will be glad to receive such a ray of sunshine.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Some useful articles of underwear for a child have been received without a name; pretty gift books, from E. C. B., of Harlem; a pair of pink shoes, stockings and embroideries for a Sunshine baby, from Mrs. George W. Marlor; a box of reading from Westfield, N. J.; four years' numbers of "St. Nicholas," which have been given to a family in the country where there are seven children. A box of beautiful roses came from Miss Willis, of Flushing, Long Island, whose garden has many times in the past contributed delightful sunshine. A box of useful articles came from Mrs. J. M. B. Carothers, of Princeton, N. J.; silk pieces from Mrs. M. L. Keys, a box filled with dainty booklets and cards and a roll of pictures for children, without the name of the senders.

SERMONS TO STUDENTS.

COLLEGE GRADUATING CLASSES ADVISED, ADMONISHED AND WARNED.

Philadelphia, June 15 (Special).—The Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating classes of the University of Pennsylvania to-day. Dr. Worcester said in part:

There is but one basis of a happy life—the practice of virtue and the love of truth. There is no other greatness for man than the accomplishment of duty. But in the accomplishment of duty God has infinite joys in store for us in the revelation of Himself. Shall I tell you the sum and the end of all knowledge? It is to know God. God is the one and the all, the end and the beginning, the centre of all circumferences, and the circumference of all centres. God is the great uniting bond, and the solution of all contradictions. But he who breaks this bond finds nothing but contradictions in the world, in himself, in everything. Therefore the problem of the universe has always seemed to me a religious problem. I have reached the point, I confess, where I look with absolute indifference on all knowledge which contains no message from God and no word of hope for the moral life of man. I know how some men regard the wonderful expansion of knowledge and the development of the human mind of which the century just ended furnished so brilliant an example. There are men who hail with joy the fall of every old belief and every new discovery in nature as a harbinger of that happy day when atheism is to be the creed of mankind and when science shall have put down her last enemy, which is immortality. But I greatly fear with such men the wish is father to the thought.

At best it is but the error of a half educated mind. As Renan says somewhere, "The most deceived man in this world is the fool the day after he has said, 'There is no God.'" Meanwhile the church bells st... peal out, and most philosophers can understand their meaning. The mother performs the duties of her vocation, and still gathers her children about her knee; the nun prays in solitude and every young life is haunted by the thought of God as the bird sings and the bee gathers her honey. Amid the shadows and the darkness and the absolute fluidity of human things man maintains the eternal. Smitten to earth, he lifts his eyes to heaven. Prove to him that God does not dwell here, and he will seek Him there until he learns at last that God dwells in his own heart, and then he is at rest. The thought of God spans the history of humanity as the rainbow hangs over the brink of the waterfall, always apparently about to be swept away by the impetuous waters, yet always there. The water drops hum by, but the calm rainbow is not disturbed. Therefore I do not fear that any real knowledge will weaken your religious faith. I do not dread for you or for our religion the deepest thought, the largest study, the most searching comparison, for all knowledge pushed far enough is knowledge of God, and all comparisons conducted in a fair and honorable spirit reveal the incomparable character of Jesus Christ.

LAWRENCEVILLE COMMENCEMENT.

THE REV. DR. M'PHERSON PREACHES—DR. VAN DYKE WILL DELIVER FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS.

Princeton, June 15 (Special).—The commencement of the Lawrenceville Preparatory School began at Lawrenceville this morning with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Simon J. McPherson, head master of the school. To-morrow the class day exercises will be held, and on Tuesday the Founder's Day address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, of Princeton. The class numbers ninety members and is one of the largest ever graduated from the school.

RUTGERS BACCALAUREATE.

MODERN CONDITIONS AND MAN'S DUTY IN RELATION TO THEM THE THEME.

New-Brunswick, June 15 (Special).—The baccalaureate for the graduating class of Rutgers College was preached in the Second Reformed Church of this city this evening by the Rev. William R. Taylor, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of Rochester, N. Y. The theme of the sermon was modern conditions and man's duty in relation thereto. He said in part:

The particular phase I have in mind is that of the world as represented in the organized business system of the time. That system is based upon the principle of competition. By common consent the race is to the swift, the battle to the strong. On the one hand, this seems fair. We can think of no scheme that on the whole would be more fair or that would not interfere with the divine law of strength by struggle. On the other hand, the results are far from satisfactory. The delicious flavor of success has grown a little stale. Our feeling is somewhat like that of a man who has won a prize by means not strictly square. Our conscience is not quite easy. What about the submerged tenth and the struggling majority? What about the law of love and the Golden Rule which Jesus gave us? It seems to me that we find an answer in His Word to those who asked Him whether it was lawful to give tribute to Cæsar. He virtually said you are living under conditions which you cannot alter. Submit to them. Obey the law. Pay your taxes. Do all you can to assist and improve the government. But while you render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, render to God also what is His.

So He would say to-day, render unto the existing order what is its due. Under it the development of the modern world has taken place. It is a necessary stage of development in the way to higher things. Until something better takes its place, its overthrow would set back the kingdom of God, not speed it. Give it your support, but do not render it more than its due.

DR. DAVIES AT LAFAYETTE.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Easton, Penn., June 15.—The Rev. Dr. John R. Davies, of Philadelphia, preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of Lafayette in the chapel of old South College to-day, before an audience that taxed the capacity of the large auditorium. The subject of his sermon was: "The Value of Young Life." The Rev. Dr. Edsall Ferrier, professor of moral philosophy and Hebrew, delivered the address to the graduates. President Warfield was unable to attend the services owing to continued illness. To-night the Rev. Dr. James I. Good, of Ursinus College, preached the annual sermon before the Brainard Society.

DR. RAINSFORD AT LEHIGH.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

South Bethlehem, Penn., June 15.—Commencement week opened auspiciously at Lehigh University this morning, when the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New-York City, preached the baccalaureate sermon to a large and fashionable audience in Packer Memorial Chapel. "Be Strong and Courageous Through Life" was his theme, and in his charge to the graduates he admonished them to ever follow the principles and teachings inculcated while at their alma mater. Professor Woolle, of the Bach Choir, had charge of the music. A class of seventy will be graduated on Wednesday.

THE MARQUIS IS UNDONE.

DISCHARGED ONLY TO FIND THAT HIS MATCHBOX HAS BEEN RIFLED.

The "Marquis de Cordova," known to tradesmen, his landlady and the police as Carlo Cappatani, has reached the climax of his troubles. The map which was to lead him to Pueblo, where a casket containing the papers establishing his right to his Spanish baronial estates is buried, has been stolen from the strong box which guarded it—a gold match safe!

The "marquis," it will be remembered, has carried his life in his hand on account of this estate, and has been pursued by Spanish bravos who also desire the papers. He was found bound to a spur railroad track, on which trains seldom run, early on Saturday morning. Having more rope than they needed the kidnappers—for the marquis said his enemies had first captured him, kept him a prisoner and given him an overdose of hasheesh—put what they had left in his pockets before they abandoned him to be ground under the wheels of a locomotive. The police, after rescuing the marquis from mosquitoes and malarial germs, locked him up as a suspicious person despite his narrative of kidnapping, imprisonment, poisoning and attempted assassination, and when he was arraigned before Magistrate Flammer yesterday wanted him examined by Bellevue physicians, declaring, in their expressive dialect, that he was "bug house." The marquis, despite several mosquito bites, was calm, and after telling the magistrate the story he had told the police he was discharged.

Calling a carriage he took several reporters to his boarding place, No. 58 East Eighty-sixth-st., where the door was thrown open by a butler, Charles, who tied himself into kinks and murmured in staccato tones:

"Welcome home, señor; welcome home once more."

Mrs. Eliza Mitchell, who runs the boarding house, and the fellow boarders of the marquis, greeted him effusively, but without the kinks.

"They bore me," said the marquis in an aside, "but being a marquis, homage is my due."

Charles produced a bundle of papers, a gold matchbox and a broken umbrella. The marquis fondled the papers lovingly.

"These," he declared, "will establish my claim to the estate. In here," tapping the matchsafe, which smelled of snuff, "is the plan that will tell me how to get the casket that contains the papers I am searching for."

He carefully opened it. From it he pulled a yellow piece of parchment. With great deliberation and impressive movements he unfolded it. On it was writing. Suddenly his brow clouded. Jumping to his feet he screamed:

"Foiled again! It reads 'Not made by a trust.' The red paper has been stolen from me. But I have letters—letters from well known society men and women. They will do. I will show them to you. No, I won't, either."

The "marquis" then invited the reporters to his room, which is furnished like a studio. In one corner of the room was an unfinished copy in oil of Paphael's "Transfiguration," which the Marquis had been painting for his landlady. He said nothing about owing for board.

In another corner was a trunk. A key was in the lock. The marquis went to the trunk and threw up the lid, saying that he would show certain important letters. After a few moments' search he turned around and exclaimed, "My God! they are gone. They have been taken. They are not here. My private correspondence! My private correspondence!" he screamed. "It was here. It is not here. It must be gone. His Whiskers! His Whiskers! He—he stole them!"

Asked as to who "His Whiskers" was, the "marquis" said he was one of the men who kidnapped him and wore a mask, in addition to whiskers.

"Will you complain to the police about the kidnapping plot?" was asked.

"No, no, no!" he replied quickly. "It would do me no good. The police would not believe my story. Then the agents of the people who are working against me would give the police $1,000 and they would drop the matter."

"What do you propose doing about it?"

"Well, I shall wait until Pierre Parisienne comes over here from France. He is the greatest detective in the world, and I shall put my case in his hands. He will find my kidnappers."

GEN. SANTOS HERE TO CONFER.

HE TELLS WHAT THE COLOMBIAN INSURGENTS ARE FIGHTING FOR.

General Gabriel Vargas Santos, head of the Liberal party of Colombia and leader of the Liberal army now engaged in trying to overthrow the Conservative party, which is in possession of the government, is staying at No. 138 West Eighty-first-st. Just what is the nature of the general's business here could not be definitely learned last night, but it is believed that he came North to confer with his chief of staff, General Focion Soto, on the progress of the revolution in the Panama province and in the Casamere territory.

Speaking of the stirring events in Colombia he said:

If our troops can conquer in the Isthmus of Panama we shall be able to make much better progress against the Conservative forces. We have many armed men in the Casanere and San Martin territories, in the Magdalena provinces. If we had Panama we would be able to raise sufficient funds to end the war in our favor. At present we need warships in the Atlantic in order to take Cartagena and Barranquilla. Now we can get arms and ammunition only through Venezuela and through the Orinoco River.

We are suffering from some of the recent victories of our opponents, but their successes are only temporary and in no way disheartening to us. We are called rebels, when we are real patriots who are fighting to obtain our share in the government and the initiation of reforms which would make our country progressive.

We are fighting for principles. We do not wish completely to drive the Conservatives from power, but we insist that our party be allowed its proper representation in the Chamber of Deputies. Since 1885 we have not been represented, except by two men, though we are half the population. We advocate modern monetary standards. We have cried out for years for a system of education which will bring our children up to a higher appreciation of life. We have fought for improvement in our national life, and if we can gain adequate representation in our parliament we shall begin at once on these changes. The foreigners with interests in Colombia, and all the progressive people of the island are with us. Of course, the Panama Canal is a great factor in the present war.

General Santos is seventy years old. He has been fighting since 1854, and has taken part in twenty-two battles. Last night General Santos held a conference with nine men who represent Liberal interests in this city. None of them would tell why they had met.

BURIED FOR GOOD.

From The Chicago News.

When a wise man buries animosity he forgets where he planted it.

FOOLS AND FOOLS.

From The Chicago News.

A weak man may be his own fool, but a vain man is everybody's fool.

EXTERIOR OF THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON.

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