ARTISTS' RAMBLINGS.

Sketches on the Borders of Rock Creek and Vicinity.

A DINNER BET FINALLY WON.

Delightful Bits of Scenery Within the Limits of the City—Quaint Combinations That Make Striking and Picturesque Effects.

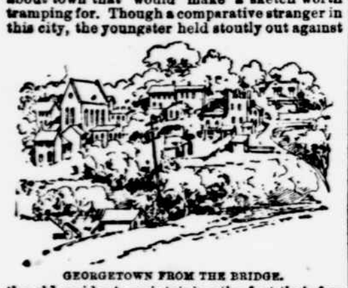
Written for THE EVENING STAR.

"AIN'T NO USE to try it, boss, ye cain't git around en back to Washington dat way."

This rather positive bit of information came from a young colored man who, with a pick and shovel over his shoulder, had stopped for a moment on the bridge across Rock creek early yesterday morning, and, in answer to a question from two young men, had offered the above gratuitously.

"Much 'bliged, but I think we'll try it," one of the pair said, as they moved briskly forward toward Georgetown. Both were artists and both had but a few hours before been engaged in a lively debate upon a subject which was to be decided by the active use of a sketch book and pencil and a sharp tramp of three hours.

It was a glorious day, a perfect gem of Indian summer, and during the first hours of its advent the youngest of the two had proposed a sketching trip, whereupon the elder cynically inquired where a subject could be found in or about town that would make a sketch worth tramping for. Though a comparative stranger in this city, the youngster held stoutly out against



GEORGETOWN FROM THE BRIDGE.

the old resident, maintaining the fact that few artists, or others, find out how much of the really beautiful, odd or picturesque subjects they have within reach until strangers admire and point them out. Furthermore, though almost unacquainted with the city and its highways, he wagered a dinner that he could take the other on a three-hour tramp until noon and find a hundred subjects worth sketching. The bet was taken and that explains the bit of talk at the head of this column.

With a certain amount of cynical watching the stranger had led the other out through town until they reached the bridge crossing Rock creek at 26th street. There he had stopped, deliberately opening his sketch book, and beginning at the very top of a bunch of grand old trees, that, like a crown of gold and brown, topped the hills of Georgetown, and working rapidly with his pencil to right and left down the page, a big residence, a bunch of quaint old frame houses with a frowsy bang of vines over door and window, spots of black and white that stood for soft, cool purple shadows, warm brown or red patches, began to grow out of the flat paper; now an old cart beside a bit of tumbled down shanty in the gully by the creek, and the sketch was done, and handed over to the grumbler, who, though interested, was not convinced.

But, as he held it and was about to close the book his good nature, if he had any, and it looked doubtful at that time, was aroused by a fresh young man, who, with an air which beat the morning in its coolness, had stepped from the sidewalk and without a by-your-leave had breathed hard in the artist's ear in a vain attempt to discover what he was gazing at. It was too much for this disciple of Angelo in his present state of mind, so, slamming the book together, he quickly turned and said, "Well?" That word, in that tone, generally produces an explanation. The young dude dropped back a few feet, but, as thoroughly composed and determined to carry his point and satisfy his curiosity, said: "You'll excuse me for asking what you are doing?"

The answer came quickly: "Certainly, and you'll excuse me for not telling you."

And as he walked off whistling the twain had to acknowledge that if nothing else were picturesque he was. He wore a pair of zebra stripe trousers, a high hat, a cigarette, both tilted at the same angle, and in his eyes one of those "I'm in it" airs.

It was immediately subsequent to his departure that the leader of this artistic expedition requested the services of a bronzed son of Africa in pointing out a way by which a circuit of Georgetown could be made, the hills to the north reached and a safe return across Rock creek to Washington in three hours.

The colored man said no.

The white one said he'd try, as you've already heard, and he "got there."

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

The younger artist, asking questions from those he met crossing the bridge, soon became acquainted with the names of streets, for he could expect no assistance or abetting on the part of his elder contemporary.

Another victory, and a great one, too, for just at the other end of the bridge where Olive street dips down over the hill from 27th street, stood the most picturesque assemblage of broken-down carriages and wagons, many of them looking as if the day of their manufacture might antedate the late unpleasantness with good King George. Over them, under them and on all sides, twining in and out through the broken tires and spokes, were morning glory vines and weeds of every description, while in the background rose leafless and gracefully

OVER THE RISE TO OAK HILL.

the thin tapering trunks and tops of two young beech trees. Down in the shadows at the base, with just the roof and chimneys catching the morning sun, was a little white cottage covered with vines, while close in the foreground, where the tiny country road said good-bye to city streets, was a cluster of sheds and a blacksmith shop.

Nothing was said, no, not one word passed between the two, but the elder "acknowledged the corn" and another pencil was soon hurrying over a second sketch book and that little scene went down in two places.

The victory was complete. Together they trudged up over the hill, turning to the right along 29th street and passing merry comment on the picture presented by a young negress astride a barrel with a snarling dog at her feet. Crossing Gayn street, which was covered with an arch of golden-lined foliage, they reached Dumbarton avenue. At this point a colored lad with a quaint, battered white hat, that may at times have graced the head of an M.C., perched jauntily on one side of his curly pate, was carrying flowering rose bushes from a wagon to the yard of a large residence. The cynic had time to forget all his resolves, and finding something decidedly picturesque in the combination of color and line, deliberately made a sketch.

Oak Hill cemetery was reached at last, but not until a halt had been called to catch a few lines for a picture, looking over the rising ground where a group of majestic trees almost hid two fine residences.

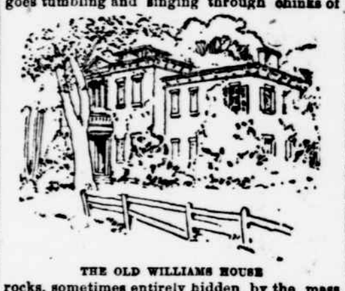
Turning sharply to the left, past the "city of the dead," and on out Road street, their experience was simply delightful. The soft autumn breeze just strong enough to keep that delicious odor of the woodlands in motion, the sad music of swaying tree tops, the almost inaudible sifting sound of falling leaves, the golden flecks of sunshine here and there upon the shady road, all of these were round and about a grand big house on the hill, where the artists

MR. BEALL'S HOUSE.

stopped long enough to learn that it was the property of Mr. J. E. Beall, and that the gentleman on top of the conservatory mending the glass work was John McCarty, "be your lave," who mistook the artists for directory men.

At the junction of Love's lane and Road street workmen were just beginning their operations on a residence for Mr. Edgar Berry, paying teller of the Georgetown Farmers and Mechanics' Bank.

At this point stands the old Williams house, with every outward appearance of having seen the stirring times of colonial "'76." Then down, down they go, through and under the arching trees, past cows and meadowland, across a tiny bridge where a thin crystal stream goes tumbling and singing through chinks of



THE OLD WILLIAMS HOUSE

rocks, sometimes entirely hidden by the mass of golden leaves that have fallen over it. Now they have reached the top of the opposite hill, where the road twists around over the crest in full view of the works of the famous Rock creek failure. A turn to the right and the Capitol and city are in the distance, a half turn to the left and the landscape spreads out for many miles before them.

ROCK CREEK.

Pushing rapidly forward they cross the new bridge that spans Rock creek at a point where three dwellings stand on a pinnacle of ground far up in the air, evidently condemned in the march of improvements, for the ground has been cut away on all sides, leaving them solitary in the air, like some feudal castle, with their sashless windows and doorless entrances gaping darkly and sadly at the traveler. Far below a score of laborers are ditching to carry off the refuse water from the creek.

CONDEMNED.

Everywhere, perched on the rails of the bridge, among neighboring trees or hanging to the branches of the pokeberry bushes, are blue birds and robins, on their way south for the winter, no doubt. Across this bridge a few rods brings one to the point where the Massachusetts avenue extension will cross in a direct line, by means of a bridge, to the opposite shore and connect with the Tenleytown road.

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE EXTENSION.

In every direction and in various ways the work of improvement goes on, each side of this fine avenue containing its quota of real estate agents' signs. Sidewalks have been laid, trees planted and streets cut through, while further down the avenue the sounding clink of the bricklayer's trowel, the call, the cheery call for "more mortar," the carpenter's saw and the stonecutter's hammer make a music sweet to the real estate agent's ear as he hums his little ditty:

"Out where town and country meet,
Shaded lane and noisy street,
Farmer's land and city plot,
There to thee I'd sell a lot."

But there is nothing picturesque in all this to the two rapidly striding off the avenue on to 22d street just as the noon hour whistles begin their din. In strong contrast with all the surrounding signs of improvement and progress of paved streets and handsome new residences

a bunch of little frame houses of the "old days" pattern still cling to the neighborhood now habitated by things more grand.

"A pretty little bit," says the elder man in a sort of conciliatory tone, as he waves his hand toward the group. And then as they sketch the elder lays a well-thumbed V down on the youngster's open book and says: "I lose; let's go to dinner."

A SUICIDE'S BARGAIN.

He Promises to Vote for a Coroner Who Will Not "Cut Him Open."

From the Indianapolis News.

"I know three men who are going to commit suicide," was the striking remark made by Dr. Wagner, the county coroner.

"Are you going to take any steps to prevent them from working out their purpose?"

"No. If a man is in his right mind and is sure he is ready to leave this world I do not know any way to prevent him. There are a thousand ways by which a man may take his life, and the man who may be called a 'confirmed suicide' will sooner or later accomplish his purpose."

The doctor ran his right index finger over the tips of his left-hand fingers and counted up eleven.

"I know of eleven men who told me they were bound to commit suicide. They now fill suicide's graves, and I, though aware of their purpose, was powerless to prevent it. Nearly every man, I suppose, has friends who are possessed of the suicide mania. Certainly, every coroner has had experiences of this kind.

"I recently had an extraordinary confidence reposed in me. You remember that an esteemed and rich German citizen, living on North New Jersey street, died under peculiar circumstances some weeks ago. He was a democrat, and, as you know, I was nominated and elected coroner as a republican. Just before the election the German in question came to me with this proposition:

"'Dr. Wagner, I will vote for you if you will make me one promise.'

"'Name it.'

"'If you are elected coroner I want you to promise that you will not cut me open when I am found dead.'

"'Do you mean to say that you are about to commit suicide?'

"'I am just tired of living, and I want you to promise what I ask.'

"I was not able to dissuade the man from his purpose and I suppose he voted for me. I was not much surprised last month, therefore, to be called upon to investigate his death. I knew what was the trouble and no autopsy was necessary."

Needless Precautions.

From the Boston Post.

It is always amusing to encounter anybody newly provided with a dog, especially if it be his or her first dog. There is a mixture of pride, of self-consciousness and of anxiety in the owner which is somewhat similar, I presume, to the emotions of a woman with a baby, and certainly not unlike the fluttering concern of a hen with a brood of chicks. If the dog, as often happens, is a puppy the green owner is apt to feel an alarm on one point that is quite unnecessary—grown dogs will not molest a puppy—they respect his tender years and innocent nature. But this great truth in natural history is often overlooked. Only the other day I saw in Commonwealth avenue a young lady leading forth a St. Bernard rough-coated pup, a soft, yielding mass of fluffy brown and white To caress him would be a delight, to hug him rapture. The fiercest bull terrier would not have harmed a hair of his round, infantile head. But the young woman whipped out her lash and stood guard even at the approach of an Irish setter. I longed to set her mind at rest.

FADS AND FADDISTS.

Peculiarities Adopted by Fashionable Young Men and Women.

MOST OF THEM ARE SILLY.

Some Are Positively Discourteous, as the Simple Nod of Good-Bye—The Single-Barreled Eyeglasses—The Dude Shake.

Written for THE EVENING STAR.

TWO YOUNG MEN stopped on the street the other day near a lady's house to shake hands with her and welcome her back to the city. When she moved on one of them simply nodded good-bye to her.

"My dear fellow," said the other, aghast at his companion's impoliteness, "do you not take your hat off when you say good-bye to a lady?"

"Don't you know that it is no longer the proper thing to do?" said his companion triumphantly. "The latest fad is to nod with the hat on!"

Merciful powers! have fads gone thus far? Nevertheless, it is actually a fact that some recent importations from abroad have endeavored to start this fad and that some of our domestic imitations have adopted it. Of course the practice cannot be defended. It can only be alluded to in terms of sweeping denunciation and the only fit remonstrance for those who are guilty of it is the use of unprintable expletives. Such a piece of bad manners may become a fad with a few people, but it never can become the fashion, for after all fashions may be silly but they seldom consist in discourteous customs.

The young man in the company of the one who failed to raise his hat to the lady was not without a fad himself, for he had his trousers rolled up at the bottom, although it was a bright, sunshiny day. What a beautiful custom this is, to be sure. What a pity it is that it is going out of date. To see a young man, come mincing down the street with his trousers rolled up and wearing one of those frightfully abbreviated overcoats that showed the tails of his cutaway or frock coat underneath was a sight to gladden the hearts of gods and men—of gods, because it showed them how far above human weaknesses they were (for who ever heard of a god with his trousers turned up?), and of men, because it made most of them happy to think that there were other men weaker than they.

THE SINGLE-BARRELED EYEGLASS.

Then there is that other fad, the single-barreled eyeglass, which is fadded periodically every few years. Incidentally it may be remarked that the verb "to fad" is a perfectly allowable one, and you will find it in the Century dictionary, together with many other words that you in your supposed purity of speech have not accepted. The greatest faddists—here, again, you are referred to the Century dictionary, where you will find that a faddist is one who fads, just as a paddist is one who pads—the greatest faddists, then, always love this solitary eyeglass. Just as a lawyer by profession may incidentally be a poet, so may the American who wears the single-barreled eyeglass be incidentally a lawyer or a poet; but his profession is fads. How sweet is the expression on the beardless countenance of the undergraduate when he wears this glass! He cannot smile, or it will drop, and in order to keep it in position he is obliged to wear a perpetual frown that is really awful in its majesty. Then the fellow who puts it in when he is introduced to you and surveys you through it, at the time you feel a vexatious inferiority to him and afterward you wish you had killed him for his insolence. Of all the fads on earth this is the most aggressive, but foreigners frequently follow it as innocently as Americans carry canes. There was an Englishman here not long ago and when he started out to take a walk with a girl of his acquaintance, being on parade, he naturally put his glass in his eye.

"Mr. ——" she cried, impetuously, as soon as she had observed it, "if you don't take that abominable glass out of your eye I won't walk with you another step."

"Bless my soul," he said, simply, "I didn't know you objected to it. I had forgotten it was there."

And he dropped it and hasn't worn it since. Indeed this abomination is a fashion rather than a fad on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE DUDE SHAKE.

Then there is that most abominable of fads—the dude shake. Lord Dundreary, it will be remembered, objected that the pockets of his trousers were so high up that he had to mount a step ladder to get his hands into them, and similarly some of the people who have adopted this new-fangled method of shaking hands elevate your hand so high in the air that you despair of ever getting it down to the plane of ordinary humanity again. It is difficult to describe this hand-shake; it must be experienced to be appreciated. You meet an inoffensive-looking young man, who is, perhaps, a little overdressed, but who does not awaken any premonitions in your breast of his hideous designs. You are introduced to him and you offer him your hand. Immediately he seizes upon it, clutches it firmly, quickly elevates it on a level with his forehead and enunciates to it a short, rapid lateral movement, his own elbows being artistically crooked outward in the meantime. Then he drops it and grins at you triumphantly. If you don't know that the stranger is addicted to this vicious shake you are powerless, once having got in the villain's grasp, but if you have had warning of his bad character, you had better bow to him stiffly, and when he makes manual advances to you, place your right hand behind you and intimate that it is yours, and never shall in friendly grasp the hand of such a faddist clasp. Where is the scoundrel who first invented this horrible fad? There was an amiable little amusement in olden times among the anti-Huguenots of France of hanging up the people who differed with them, of letting them down again before they had expired, and of keeping them by scientific torture upon the ragged edges of eternity for hours, so that both the spectators and the offender might have time thoroughly to enjoy themselves. If the man who started this dude shake could be punished in this way his disciples might disband.

DON'T CARRY AN UMBRELLA.

There was a fad started in New York last year of never carrying an umbrella. Those who followed it might be seen in the roughest weather, coat collars turned up, heads turned down, patent leather shoes on, a silk hat—the man and all his finery getting soaking wet on purpose. People seeing one of these young gentlemen coming down the street declared that here was the original man who hadn't sense enough to go in out of the rain. This fad had a premature collapse, because of the sudden death from pneumonia of the man who started it.

Not wearing an overcoat is another fad that has dangers, but that is, nevertheless, still popular with many dudes. It is not, however, so dangerous a folly as it looks, for the waistcoats of these faddists are not infrequently lined with buckskin and have flannel sleeves attached. It used to be a fine sight to see Senator Hannibal Hamlin come down Pennsylvania avenue in his dress suit on a cold day, the wind blowing its swallow tails about, and no overcoat on. Strange to say he never caught cold, but the custom is not a safe one to imitate.

THE FADS OF WOMEN.

How about the fads of women? Are they any more sensible than those of men? What is the sense of a bustle? Let us be thankful, bustles are growing smaller. But those peaked sleeves—why have women taken to wearing these hideous things? These fads of dress are not to be interfered with, however, or criticized by men, for it is well known that men are not judges of women's clothes and often admire a twenty-dollar home-made gown as much as one of Worth's $500 masterpieces.

"Slumming" is one of the female fads nowadays, but unfortunately the slums of Washington are not extensive enough to afford a fine field for the development of this fad. Where is the Washington Ward Macalister who will organize successful slumming parties to go over to Baltimore and inspect the tenement houses of that town?

Ward Macalister, too, has got a new fad—authorship. Alas! for the decadence of these modern times. From the "Life and Letters of Beau Brummel" to "Society as I Have Found It," by Ward Macalister, is a toboggan slide that is terribly steep. Between the letters of the former—those perfect specimens of polished classic dandyism—and the English as she is wrote of the latter is a difference as wide as between a man and a goose.

THE FAD OF AUTHORSHIP.

This fad of authorship is one to which the fair sex is peculiarly prone. Society novels by society women, to be read by society people, to create sensations at dinner parties and to cause mild excitement at afternoon teas—these are the results of the authorship fad. Of course no money is made from these literary bantlings, but the ladies that write them enjoy all the distinctions that are supposed to surround clever people.

"Goodness!" said a young man at a reception in Boston last spring, "don't introduce me to Miss Bluesocks, the authoress. I can't talk Greek."

She really wasn't any cleverer than he—that is, she wasn't clever at all—but she had written a book and her contemporaries thought her a wonder. To have a reputation for intellectuality is decidedly a most popular female fad at present. It is a most laudable ambition—that of having a salon, where musicians and artists and authors may come and regale themselves, and it is quite extraordinary how well the salon keeper can maintain appearances on a very little real information. If she is an adroit flatterer and a good listener she need not know how to talk Greek in order to be thought clever.

LITERARY SOCIETIES AND "CULCHAW."

The fad of some of these ladies is literary societies, charming associations indeed, where they read papers on the bronze implements of the Aztecs or other light and pleasing topics of the day. The ladies who form the audience don't care much about the paper that is being read, but each one tacitly consents to be bored by the others on condition that she shall herself have her turn at boring the others. This description may be considered a crude definition of the Boston fad called "culchaw." The main object is not to know a subject, but to be able to talk about it; not to understand a book, but to have read it, and upon all occasions to bestow upon ordinary people, who haven't the same fads that they have, that inimitable, pityless, Boston smile of superiority that chills the souls of ordinary people as a killing frost nips the budding blossom of a peach.

Heaven be praised! Here in Washington the female literary fad, and its most virulent type, the Browning craze, have not become epidemic. Let us quarantine the city and keep it out, and then our ladies will be free to fad their own fads without interruption.

HOME MATTERS.

Seasonable Suggestions and Everyday Hints to Practical Housewives.

A HEAPING QUART of flour makes one pound.

FOR THE SHRINKAGE OF UNBLEACHED COTTON allow an inch to a yard.

INSECT STINGS OR ERUPTIONS on the skin are relieved by alcohol.

POWDERED ALUM APPLIED TO A FEVER SORE will prevent it from becoming very unsightly or noticeable.

EQUAL PARTS OF SWEET OIL AND VINEGAR and a little powdered gum arabic make an excellent furniture polish.

NEVER BREATHE THROUGH THE MOUTH unless it is impossible to breath through the nose.

FOR AN ACHING TOOTH saturate a piece of cotton with ammonia, and lay it on the tooth.

IF FRUIT STAINS ARE WASHED in tepid water, they will generally come out. It's the putting them in suds that sets the color.

IT IS SAID THAT TO DRINK SWEET MILK after eating onions will purify the breath so that no odor will remain. A cupful of strong coffee is also recommended.

TO STRENGTHEN THE HAIR, dissolve an ounce of borax and one ounce of camphor in two quarts of water. Wash the hair with this twice a week, clipping the ends occasionally.

TO SALT NUTS mix up a cupful of them with a tablespoonful of olive oil and lay them on a pan, stirring a teaspoonful of salt with them, and brown them till they are crisp in a hot oven. Blanching improves them.

IT IS SAID THAT A JOINT OF MEAT may be kept many days by wrapping it loosely in a fine cloth wrung out of vinegar and hanging it in a draught of air. If the weather is very warm the cloth should be moistened twice or even thrice a day.

TO A PAIR OF SHOES that have become stiff and uncomfortable by constant wear in the rain apply a coat of vaseline, rubbing it in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather will become as soft and pliable as when it was taken from the shelves of the shoe dealer.

A TIDY HOUSEKEEPER and correspondent of the *Rural World* has the notion that typhoid fever may lurk in the dish rag of many a household. He makes an earnest and timely protest against letting dish rags lay around until they are black and rotten. They should be burned long before they reach that state.

OF COURSE EVERYBODY KNOWS how to boil an egg. But there are two ways. The common way is to drop the egg into boiling water. The white hardens and toughens instantly and the egg is not fit to eat and hard to digest if eaten. But an egg dropped into cold water and the vessel covered will be beautifully cooked the instant the water boils. The white will be as delicate as jelly, digestible and nutritious.

CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN IN THE MATTER OF SWEEPING to cover up house plants, and to sponge the leaves frequently. The dust that accumulates on them shuts up their breathing pores, as it would on the human system, rendering them unhealthy. Another thing conducive to healthy plant-growth is frequent stirring of the soil, and a hair pin is a good implement for the purpose.

A PRETTY BREAKFAST DISH.—Cut cold toast into squares or rounds. If it is buttered toast, so much the better; if not, butter it with cooking butter. Lay a ring of tomato on this and some flakes of cold, cooked codfish on the top, cover with a plentiful supply of parsley sauce, put it into the oven to warm and serve hot. The dish is very economical and serves to use up any stale bread, toast or fish and sauce which may not be sufficient to present at table a second time. Garnish with parsley and lemon rings.

THOROUGH COOKING THE REMEDY.—Recent scientific researches have demonstrated the existence of an infinite variety of microscopic organisms, such as bacteria, microbes, bacilli, &c. How much mischief is wrought by these minute agents it is not easy to determine, but that they do cause discomfort cannot be questioned, as they are found in every good substance suitable for human consumption. A high temperature such as is obtained in thorough cooking is recommended as a precautionary measure so far as articles of food are concerned.

LEMON KETCHUP.—Slice spent and fresh lemons. A spent lemon is one from which the juice has been expressed, but the rind left intact. Sprinkle them with one-fourth of a pound of salt to each one pound of fruit, place them in a stew jar, cover them with white wine vinegar, add twelve cloves, six white peppers, six allspice, six long peppers and two teaspoonfuls of coriander seeds to each one pint of vinegar; simmer till the lemons are quite soft, strain through a coarse bolting cloth; again put the liquor into a preserving pan, boil up, add one pint of good sherry; when quite cold bottle. This is used with wild duck. Just score the breast, pour over a few drops or add a little to a salmi of wild duck and it will render it perfect.

CELERY FRITTERS.—Take the tender hearts of white celery, stew them in milk till tender. They should be of equal length and size. If the head is large cut it into neat pieces after it has been cooked, let it become quite cold, put into a basin two tablespoonfuls of flour, make a well in the center, drop in the yolk of an egg, after putting the white in a dry basin or on a plate, so that it can be whipped to a foam. Use the milk in which the celery was stewed to make the flour and egg into a thickish batter that will cling to and cover the celery. Next season it with salt and pepper and three or four drops of lemon juice. Lastly, just as you require to use the batter, whip up the white to a stiff, rocklike foam and stir it thoroughly into the batter; dip the celery into this, fry in boiling fat till a golden yellow, drain on wrapping paper and serve quickly and hot. Do not cover with dish cover or cloth as it would destroy the crispness. If they have to be kept warm put them on a wire meat stand in the oven with the door open.

Written for THE EVENING STAR.

Rondeau.

In autumn days the world in height
And depth is beautiful to sight.
The falling leaf is everywhere,
The rainbowed woods are drest in rare
Colors of the golden light.

November days, how brief, how bright!
Then falls the clear and frosty night;
The morning shines to all how fair
In autumn days.

Fit season for the nuptial rite!
Spirits are gay, the church is dight
With flowers, and fragrance in the air:
Be happy, now, O married pair!
Be blind in love to beauty's blight
In autumn days.

—JOHN SAVANT.

A Philadelphian just from Asbury Park tells the latest anti-prohibition dodge. An individual entered a drug store and presented an order for a pint of whisky, signed with his own name and the letters M. D. "You're no doctor," said the drug clerk. "No. I didn't say I was." "Well, what does M.D. mean?" asked the clerk, to whom replied the individual briskly: "It means mighty dry!"

If the world tried one-half as hard to be good as it does to seem good, sinners would be as rare as saints now are.—*Atchison Globe.*

$155,000,000 IN GRAPES.

An Area of 400,000 Acres in Vines in the United States.

A PRODUCT OF 4,000,000 GALLONS OF WINE AND 200,000 TONS OF TABLE GRAPES—STATISTICS GATHERED FOR THE FIRST TIME—CALIFORNIA THE WONDERLAND OF THE VINE.

From the New York Sun.

"I have no doubt that it will surprise even grape and wine growers themselves to know that there are invested in vineyards and wine cellars in the United States over $155,000,000," said Col. H. Gardner, special agent of the census office for the collection of statistics relating to viticulture, a branch of agriculture which has never before received any official attention in this country. "I find by statistics, which are now collected for the first time," said Col. Gardner, "that there are in round numbers 400,000 acres of land in this country planted to vineyards, of which 300,000 will be in bearing this year. This is an increase of 220,000 acres in vineyard area during the past ten years and an increase of over $10,000,000 a year in the capital invested. Of the area of bearing vines in the country California alone has 150,000 acres, including 25,000 acres of raisin grapes. That state also has of the total investment of capital nearly $78,000,000. Between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 gallons of wine will be made in the United States this year, of which California will produce more than half. Seven-eighths of the grapes of California go to the wine press. Four-fifths of the grapes grown in all the rest of the United States are for table use. California alone grows the raisin grape.

ALL VARIETIES OF GRAPES IN CALIFORNIA.

"I spent three months in California this season, giving official attention to its viticultural interests. Although every county in the state produces grapes, the principal counties of the vine are Napa, Sonoma, Fresno, Santa Clara, San Diego, San Barnardino and Los Angeles, although there are many others of more or less importance. The counties of Fresno, San Barnardino, San Diego and Tulare comprise the great raisin district, and will cure 2,000,000 boxes this fall, a product worth at least $3,000,000. The grapes grown for raisins are the Muscat of Alexandria and the Muscat del Gardo Blanco. These counties grow large quantities of wine grapes also, and the sweet wines of California come principally from that district. Fresno county has 25,000 acres of vineyards, Sonoma 21,000 and Napa 16,000.

"The grapes grown in California today include every variety that have made the vineyards of Europe famous. The cultivation of the grape in California dates back to the days of the old Spanish friars, the Franciscan fathers, who brought with them from their native land cuttings of a grape popular there. Just what the true name of the grape was nobody seems to know now, and very few care, for while there are in bearing today some of the vineyards or vines set out by the jolly Franciscans a century or more ago, the grape is not in high esteem nowadays. It has always been known as the mission grape. The old mission vineyard supplied grapes for the table and the wine press in California until a comparatively short time ago. Then a Hungarian grape known as the Zinfandel was introduced. This newcomer was handsome, proved to be a generous producer and took the popular heart.

TOO PROLIFIC.

"It proved to be an unfortunate one, for it seemed so easy to grow the Zinfandel that everybody planted vineyards. When they began to bear they bore with a vengeance. The market became choked with grapes, and prices went down to disastrous figures. It became apparent that the Zinfandel was an inferior grape after all, and to cap the climax the phylloxera came down on the Hungarian importation and bore it away, vineyard after vineyard. No new vineyards were replanted with the Zinfandel, and the vine is being replaced with the choicest and hardiest varieties of wine grapes from the famous districts of Europe, including Cabernet Sauvignon, Carbanet Franc, Malbeck, Tarnat, Merlot and St. Laurent grapes from the Bordeaux districts; Mataros grapes from Palos; Semillons and Sauvignons from Sauterne; Pinot and Petite Sirrah grapes from the Burgundy districts; Johannisbergers, Traminers and Franken Rieslings from the storied Rhine; Chasselos grapes from Alsace-Lorraine, and the rich Burgers from Moselle. It is from these grapes that the wines of California are pressed. The famous Challose and Folle Blanche, Cognac grapes, are also largely grown, the wine from them being made into brandy. Then there are the rich Spanish Muscats and the favorite Hungarian table grape, the Flaming Tokay. In no other vine region in the world are all these splendid grapes found growing side by side, and they make of California the wonderland of the vine.

LARGEST VINEYARD IN THE WORLD.

"California has the largest vineyard in the world, and the most extensive wine cellar. The vineyard is in Tehama county, on Senator Leland Stanford's famous 56,000-acre farm. It contains 4,000 acres. Senator Stanford also has a wine cellar on his vineyard of notable capacity. There are now stored in it 1,000,000 gallons of wine and 300,000 gallons of brandy. They have been now in storage four years. The government tax on the brandy alone was $270,000, which had to be paid before it left the still. A more remarkable case of persistent storage of brandy is that of the estate of the late Gen. Nagle, who was one of the pioneer wine growers of California. The cellars have held 60,000 gallons of brandy in store since 1871. This brandy, including cost of making, tax, shrinking and interest, now represents a cost of $14 a gallon. The largest wine cellar in the world is owned by Boume & Wise, near St. Helena, their capacity being 2,500,000 gallons. Thirteen tunnels extend 250 feet into the side hill from the main building. They are sixteen feet wide and eleven high. The building is 400 feet long and eighty wide, built of volcanic stone.

MODEL WINE CELLAR.

"The model wine cellar of the world is also in California. It is the property of Capt. Niebaum, owner of the Inglenook vineyards in Napa county. The day will come when the wines from these Inglenook cellars will be as famous as any foreign wine. They have a capacity of 500,000 gallons. At these vineyards are grown the Challose and Folle Blanche grapes, direct importations from the Cognac district of France.

"What may be called the dry wine belt of California is in the counties of Napa, Sonoma, Santa Clara, Almeda and one or two adjacent counties, covering an area of 50 miles north, east and south of San Francisco. Good dry wines of a different character are also made in some of the Sacramento valley counties. The sweet wines come from the southern counties of the wine region. They make a good deal of sherry in the latter district, but California will never be famous for sherry. Arizona is the coming sherry-making region of this country, and will one day be to us in that respect what Spain is to the world today. Neither is California a good champagne-making region. When native champagne takes the place of the imported it will not be to California that we must look for it, but to New York state.

CURIOSITIES OF THE GRAPE SEASON.

"Among the curiosities of the California grape region is a vineyard that may well be called the smallest in the world as regards number of vines, for it has but one vine. That is a most remarkable one, however, for its branches extend over a space of 12,000 feet, the cane being a foot in diameter. This extraordinary vine is over seventy years old and was grown from an old mission cutting by a Mexican woman. It has borne grapes every year since it was two years old and is good now, they claim, for six tons of grapes a year. I was told that clusters weighing seven pounds had been picked from this ancient relic of the mission days.

"The phyllexera, which during the past few years played great havoc with California vineyards, is being gradually but surely overcome. The inferior variety of grapes upon which the pest feeds are being rooted out, and the choice varieties, which are subject to it, are protected against it by grafting on native wild varieties known as resistant vines, or vines which the phyllexera does not affect."

Ancient Dignity Revived.

From the Men's Outfitter.

A novelty is the continental collar. This is a linen standing collar with a deep band and a flaring upper part, the ends pointing up and widely spaced in front. It is, in fact, an ex-

ceedingly antique style for a swell dress collar. With it is a white lawn bow made to look like a stock. Altogether, it is a sensation.

Money goes much further now than it used to. You can buy a money order payable in Australia.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

SLEEPING WITH A BABY.

A Man Who Has Lived Through It Tells His Story.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The free from care and ease-taking old bachelor who, in his momentary lapse of wisdom, contemplates matrimony, should at the same time reflect on the remote but contingent possibility of his having to some time sleep with a baby, should he marry. Years of experience of martyrdom of this kind make me feel it to be my duty to set forth the misery arising from a contingency of this kind.

The baby, if he happens to be a lusty little fellow of eight or ten months, will decline to stay covered and will also decline to allow you to keep yourself covered. He indicates his wishes in this direction by keeping his little pink heels going all night, a good part of the time on your back.

He will also insist on lying "crosswise," "endwise," "cat-a-cornered," "bias," or in any other position but that which will give you a few inches of room in the bed and a few minutes' sleep. His infantile needs will begin to manifest themselves about 1 o'clock in the morning, at which witching hour you go blundering around in the dark for a drink of water.

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He will howl steadily and cheerfully from 2 to 3 o'clock, and will kick you furiously between the shoulder blades with every howl. It will not be of any use for you to pat him tenderly and sing out, "There, there." He is right there and knows it, and intends that you shall know it.

It is of no use to say coaxingly: "What does papa's baby want?" Papa's baby doesn't want anything but to howl, and he is gratifying that amiable desire to the utmost. It is of no use to add to your judgment day list of enormities by swearing. And if your wife has been calmly passive through it all she will develop an amazing degree of spirit if you dare lay the weight of your finger in anger on that "poor, dear, innocent, darling sweetness." He will squirm all night as though he were first cousin to an angleworm. He will journey around all over the bed, both under and on top of the coverings.

You are no sooner asleep than one of his moist little heels is planted firmly in your nose or in your mouth, and later on, with childhood's scorn of decency and decorum, he will sit astride your neck, and grow green and purple with rage when gently made to sit elsewhere. Should he fall out of bed and yell loud enough to be heard all over your ward, your wife will say that she firmly believes that you pushed him out, and that you are not fit to be a father, anyhow. An animated dialogue of a purely personal and private nature will follow this remark.

But when the roystering little chap finally "snuggles up" to you and goes to sleep with one of his velvety little cheeks close to your own and one of his warm, soft arms around your neck, you find your heart growing very soft and tender toward him, and you would single-handed wage war against a host or lay down your life for the love of him.

The Dude and the Dog, or the Biter Bit.

From Munsey's Weekly.

I.

"What does that dog want?"

II.

"Get back, you brute!"

III.

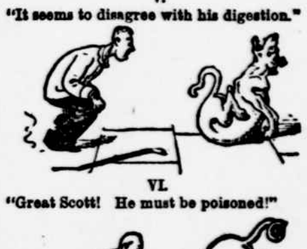
"Wow! Owch!"

IV.

"He's bitten a piece clean out of me!"

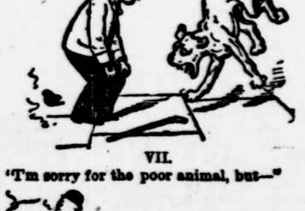
V.

"It seems to disagree with his digestion."



VI.

"Great Scott! He must be poisoned!"



VII.

"I'm sorry for the poor animal, but—"

VIII.

"Dogs ought to know enough not to bite a igarette smoker."

When Books Were Few.

ROUNDEL.

When books were few, life must have been
Embittered more with pain and rue,
Time must have had an awful mien
When books were few.

And yet the sky was just as blue,
The fields were just as fair and green,
And hearts were just as fond and true.

Who knows but man was more serene,
And quicker, deeper comfort drew
From every living source and scene,
When books were few.

—HERBERT WOLCOTT BOWEN.

Next to making a mistake yourself the easiest thing is to criticize the mistakes of other people.—*Somerville Journal.*

LADIES' GOODS.

I HAVE REMOVED MY BUSINESS OF MAKING buttons to order to match material either in flat, ball shapes, fancy, plain or with ivory, cloth or metal rims to 726 11th st. n.w. WM. S. HILL. n7-2m*

MRS. M. BRADLEY, MODISTE, 7 C ST. N. E., formerly of New York, invites the patronage of Washington ladies. Perfect fit, moderate prices. Cutting and basting a specialty. o29-10t*

FRENCH ACCORDION PLAITING AT SHORT notice; reduced rates; skirts replaited; knife plaiting, 2c. per yard and up; punking. LUCAS, manufacturer of plaiting, 908 9th st. n.w. n3-1m*

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