LOSING INTEREST IN THE BOER WAR.

Englishmen No Longer Are Absorbed in Accounts of the Campaign.

TWO GREAT PICTURE SALES.

Rosa Bonheur's Paintings and the Famous Collection Made by Sir Robert Peel Are on Exhibition.

SPECIAL BY CABLE.

London, Saturday, April 28.—(Copyrighted, 1900, by New York Herald Company.)—Yesterday, talking with the proprietor of a newspaper, which has a very large circulation, I was somewhat astonished to hear him say, that, according to his judgment, the public interest in the war was largely decreasing—that the war in South Africa excited little more interest here now than that in the Philippines does in the United States.

That statement, I can assure you, is a little too strong. At the same time, interest is waning considerably. It is merely burning moderately, instead of burning fiercely and immoderately, as was the case at one period not so many weeks ago.

The frenzies of patriotism, which I tried to bring realistically before you have calmed down. No longer is the war news the draw it was at first. The display bills of the afternoon papers are no longer entirely filled with majestic black type, telling of war and battle.

These display bills tell tales of London life and opinion. Yesterday, for instance, it occurred, as in several instances of late, that the war did not figure at all on them. No more soldiers are now seen passing in masses through the streets. The yeomanry office, at St. James's Square, which was such a busy human beehive so short a time ago, is now deserted. There are no longer anxious crowds about the war office.

No Visitors Wanted.

Lady Methuen is one of the very many who have taken to heart Sir Alfred Milner's lecture about visitors being not wanted. Much as she had looked forward to joining her husband, she has most wisely given up the idea.

"But, why have Lady Roberts and her two daughters gone to the front?" said a well-known military critic. "Just as though Lord Roberts has not got more than enough on his hands already.

"Girls are more likely than not to catch enteric fever. Then that will be enough to break him up entirely with anxiety on the top of the anxieties he already has." Certainly there appears plenty of good sense in the above remarks.

It was stated by error recently that Patrick de Bathe, husband of Mrs. Langtry, was lying ill in South Africa. It ought, of course, to have been Hugo. I knew both Hugo and Patrick de Bathe. The first was introduced to me by his wife. The other I have known in St. Petersburg as a gay and joyous youth, blessed with a magnificently generous share of the good looks of a family noted for beauty and charm of manner. He is the life and soul of the British Embassy, where he is an attache of the British Ambassador, and is simply adored and treated as a spoilt child by St. Petersburg society. The latest name put on Lord Roberts's staff, adds one more to the number of peers on it. It is quite a House of Lords.

The Genesta Dismantled.

It is almost sad to think that the Genesta, the famous Genesta, which was the first yacht to revive the series of contests which have since taken place for the America's cup is at this moment lying dismantled in the hands of the shipbreakers, at a place called Gosport Hard.

Her owner, Sir Richard Sutton, is long since dead. Lieutenant Henn, of convivial memory, who did much in bringing the somewhat undecided Sir Richard up to the scratch to build the Genesta and challenge with her, has also gone to his haven of rest. Sir Richard was a great believer in a narrow-beamed, deep-keeled cutter. All Beaver Webb's great capacity as a designer was centered in producing a yacht of the carving-knife order.

How the Puritan defeated the yacht, which the trio above mentioned thought invincible, will be remembered by many yachtsmen. The first match was won by the Puritan with fifteen minutes nine seconds to spare, and the second—a much more exciting one—by a minute and thirty-eight seconds.

Great efforts were made to persuade Sir Richard to build again, but he was of an exceedingly retiring nature and hated all the noise, fuss and talk which naturally centered round the challenger, and which he tried to avoid as much as possible, giving over all the details of management to Lieutenant Henn and Beaver Webb.

When Sir Richard absolutely refused to take up the challenge again, Lieutenant Henn swore the matter should not rest there. In spite of not being by any means a rich man, he managed to find means to build the Galatea.

Rosa Bonheur's Pictures.

One of the most remarkable collections of pictures to which London has been treated for many a long time is the show of no fewer than 350 works of Rosa Bonheur, which are now on view at the Hanover Gallery, in New Bond street. These pictures are those to which Rosa Bonheur clung most closely. She was urged over and over again to sell, but she as resolutely refused, saying invariably that each was a landmark in her life.

Interesting is each one, and absolutely characteristic of Rosa Bonheur at various periods of her life. Interesting indeed the pictures are beyond measure. Some mere studies are well finished, too, for the artist. Perhaps the most famous is that of her picture of "The Horse Fair," which hangs in the place of honor on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at New York. In the study the white horses are placed at the back, whereas in the picture, to its advantage, they are placed in the front.

All of these pictures have been brought over here so that Americans and English may see them on view preliminary to the grand sale which is to take place at the Salle Georges Petit, Paris, for four days, beginning June 5. Though there are but 250 pictures exhibited here, on the day of the sale there will be 1,858.

Only the pick have been sent over here. A very fine show, too, make the bulls, the tigers, the deer, the lions and the chamois, all and each hall-marked by the talent of the woman who was the female Landseer.

There is a grand catalogue, got up in the style of luxury to which Roger Mills has accustomed us, which is cheap enough at 5 guineas—the price asked for it. It gives descriptions of all the pictures in English and French, with reproductions of the best in brown.

The pictures are being sold for the estate. Among them there is one not by Miss Rosa Bonheur, but of her. It is a striking picture by Miss Klumpke, the American artist, who was a great friend of Rosa Bonheur and shares largely in her will.

Sale of Peel Heirlooms.

Another sale which is going to create a sensation here—not in Paris—is known as that of the Peel heirlooms. I caught a glimpse of the treasures to-day. They come from Drayton Manor. It was a long time before the courts would consent to the sale. The marbles are very fine, but only a few are on view.

The pick of the lot are two authentic and very characteristic Van Dykes, which are valued at a large sum. They were purchased for the great Sir Robert Peel at Genoa, from the Balbi family, by Wilkie. There are also twenty portraits by Lawrence, including those of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, Lord Eldon and others. There are four works by William Collins, two by Wilkie and several fine Lelys. There is Harpner's fine portrait of Lord Grenville, and pictures of the Queen, Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales, all by Winterhalter, presented to Sir Robert by the Queen upon his retirement in 1846.

The stationery includes Chantrey's fine bust of Sir Walter Scott, his marble bust of the Queen, presented by her Majesty to Sir Robert Peel, and many more works of art besides.

Of course, it is all very sad that so many family heirlooms should be dispersed, but necessity knows no law. Necessity is the master of the situation in this case, as the present representative of the head of the Peels is anything but well off.

How to Enjoy an Ocean Trip.

There is a strong tendency nowadays on the part of experienced ocean travelers to avoid the overcrowding and corresponding inconveniences of record-breaking steamships and to seek accommodations where the voyage can be made in perfect tranquillity and freedom from all excitement. The change is very noticeable this season and is giving more than usual promise to the Anchor Line, which seems to be making a distinct following of its own, and is claimed to be the ideal line for persons seeking the most lasting benefits of the Ocean Cure. The Anchor Line is one of the oldest in the Atlantic passenger service. Its steamships are said to be commodious and among the staunchest afloat. The rule of the company is to provide for the individual comfort of each passenger, so that proper enjoyment of the voyage is assured. The low rates of the Anchor Line are another great factor in its maintained popularity. An illustrated book of tours and special information can be had free by addressing the agents, Henderson Brothers, 17 and 19 Broadway, New York.

MR. SPRAGUE SAYS

The Delicatessen Lunch Room served strawberries daily during the past week, regardless of floods, high prices, etc.

Care of Caged Birds.

How and where will you keep your bird? That cleanliness is obviously of the first importance, and that it is hard to keep fanciful cages free from dirt and parasites, is enough to condemn them. Swiss cottages, pagodas, and the like, hung with pendants and sparkling with metallic ornaments, are both tasteless and dangerous. The bird will pick at the bright points and dangling spangles until it poisons or chokes itself, and the corners and crinkles are so many lodgings for dirt and vermin. Wooden cages are to be avoided because subject to impurity, and brass ones on account of the great danger from verdigris, for the gilding soon wears off; the gleaming wires are also harmful to a bird's eyes, and they offer no contrast with its yellow plumage. If you must have a cage of the popular bell shape, get a painted one, and repaint it as often as seems desirable.

Where you shall place your canary or other bird to good advantage is a matter to consider carefully, says Harper's Bazar. In summer weather he enjoys being out-of-doors or in an open window, but not in the direct hot sunshine, nor exposed to a shower, nor where dogs or cats, hawks or shrikes can seize him or, perhaps, frighten him to death. Remember that these little creatures may easily be frightened into illness or even death.

"Big Four" to Cincinnati. Finest service, track and equipment.

Women's Bank Stock.

The amount of national bank stock held by women in America is estimated at $130,000,000, and the amount of private and State bank stock at $137,000,000.

Once or twice a year the good housewife has a thorough house cleaning. The house has been swept and dusted every day in the year, but the housewife knows that in spite of vigilance dust accumulates in cracks and corners, and is only to be removed by special effort.

It's the same way with the body. You look after it every day. You take all the ordinary precautions of cleanliness and health. Yet the body needs its special cleaning to rid it of the accumulations of waste and poisonous matter which invite disease. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken regularly once or twice a year, would save many a sickness. It purifies the blood, strengthens the stomach, and cleanses the body of poisonous accumulations.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of pneumonia, which left me with a bad cough, and also left my lungs in a very bad condition," writes John M. Russell, Esq., of Brent, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ter. "I had no appetite and was so weak I could scarcely walk. My breast was all sore with running sores. I got two bottles Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I believe saved my life. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am able now to do very good work."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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CITY ITEMS.

WHEN D. Crawford opened his little shop, 418 Franklin avenue, on the 5th day of November, 1896, storeroom 25x58, there were within half a block of him, on Third street, about twenty large, pretentious stores, each carrying a stock of at least $30,000!! Every one of these stores had more prices than you have toes and fingers!! Highway robbery all aimed at!! The cost price was the only price put upon their goods, and on Saturday night the salesman who showed the biggest profits, or showed he was the best robber or thief, got the biggest salary!! All depended upon his elasticity of conscience!! D. Crawford from the first hour had one price for all, and never yet has deviated from that only honest method of doing business!! The consequence was that in less than two years not one of those highway-robbery stores was in existence, and D. Crawford with his straightforward, honest and honorable methods still lives and flourishes like a "Green Bay Tree"!!

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Exceptional Values in the Most Attractive Weaves.

500 Pairs	NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS—in white and ecru, 3½ yards long, worth from $1.50 to $1.75 per pair; 17 desirable patterns at...	$1.00 a Pair
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100 Pairs	LOUIS XIV CURTAINS—all of the new effects in Rococo, not a pair worth less than $5.50; ten patterns in this lot at..	$4.50 a Pair
100 Pairs	Swiss Brussels CURTAINS—We offer 11 patterns of these Lace Curtains in dainty styles, actually worth up to $7.50 pair, at..	$5.00 a Pair
100 Pairs	BATTENBERG CURTAINS—The former price of these Lace Curtains was $8 to $9; at this sale eight patterns only at.....	$6.00 a Pair
150 Pairs	SWISS LACE CURTAINS—Embroidered and Muslin Ruffled, some worth $2.50 a pair—to close.....	$1.00 a Pair

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Fourth and Washington Avenue.

"CAPE TOWN COLONISTS ARE NOT LOYAL"

SAYS RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

England's Greatest Drawback in the Present War Has Been the Duplicity of the Colonial Dutch.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Durban, March 11.—Durban was the first town I saw after arriving in South Africa which looked as though it might be situated in South Africa. The others could have belonged to almost any country, at least, to any country I had never visited before nor wished to visit again. Cape Town has an architecture of her own, or, in spite of her 300 years as a roadhouse on the way to India, a combination of those styles found in semibarbarous or lately settled cities. Her suburbs are Moorish—that is, they have taken the flat-roofed, single-storied house of Tangiers and put window panes in the deepest doors and windows. The city itself is like Oklahoma or Leadville. Adderley street, which is her Broadway, is a broad stretch of red earth, guarded by iron balconies and imitation brick fronts. Stucco, painted red, with white lines, to represent the mortar between bricks, is the prevailing facade; iron or zinc awnings, painted in stripes to imitate canvas, stick out stiffly from the imitation brick fronts, and railings of pressed iron to imitate the bark of trees and twining vines surround the imitation brick and support the imitation canvas. It is a monstrous city—a discouraged, hopeless city—which knows it occupies a barren, windy, dust-driven site, where no city should ever have been placed; and, knowing this, it looks as though it had given up hope of ever being clean or beautiful, and had ceased to care. The city runs away from the harbor up a long, barren slope until it meets Table Mountain. Across the slope and through the streets of this city, which has had the hardihood or the lack of pride to thrive on this desert, the wind carries heavy clouds of red and yellow dust. These storm clouds coat the trees with white, and fill one's teeth and eyes and hair with sand, and send people groping in a blinding, hot whirlwind of gritty dust from one end of a block to another.

"Yes," they say, "Cape Town is not very pretty, but you should surely see Wynburg and Cecil Rhodes's house. That is real country and only twenty minutes out by train." They are right, it is real country. It has decorative barb wire fences guarding it, and many pines and grayish green trees hidden under the red dust. Nature is hard and unhomelike around Cape Town. The grass is long and sharp and sparse, the trees cut like tin against the glaring sky, the dust choking them, smothering them and making all things of the earth earthy. I did not see Cecil Rhodes's house, although it is to Cape Town what the White House is to Washington, but I saw the beautiful suburbs of Wynburg, and admired them for their hard fight against the dust and the wind, that will allow no delicate trees to flourish, and its barb wire fences and tin reservoirs set beside each house to catch the rain, like giant ash cans, and its imitation awnings of red and yellow zinc. Personally, I would rather be the "lodger" in the "second-floor back" over a butcher shop in Brixton or Upper Tooting, where at least the buses keep you in touch with London town, than be the proprietor of the largest shop with an imitation brick front on Adderley street. Personally, I fear I like cities too much to understand the colonial. Certainly I do not understand those of Cape Colony or Natal. The former, at least, has forgotten that he ever lived in England, and loves his cattle kraal, or his farm and shop, more than he loves the British Empire. He is more Afrikander than he is English, and when he is not English he would, if he had the courage of his sympathies, be more Boer than Dutch.

The man of the Roman Empire, no matter where he went, was proud, and also found it expedient to say, "Romanus sum," gave him prestige in Alexandria, in Carthage, in the Northern Isles. People of other nations were slow in throwing him into prison. But the colonial in Cape Colony does not boast, "I am a British subject." He prefers you to understand that he is independent and is a Cape Colonist, or that he belongs to Natal. Imagine a New York merchant opening a store in Havana, or owning a sugar plantation in Matanzas Province, and, instead of saying, "I am an American citizen," slapping his chest and crying, "I am a Cuban." It seems a curious choice to prefer the Standard Bank to Westminster Abbey and the new Post Office on Adderley street to the House of Commons. The morning I arrived in Cape Town a Judge Buchanan said: "After all, I suppose we should not criticize the English Generals; they have come down to fight for us." He said it with an air as though he wished us to know that his was a magnanimous and forgiving character. As a matter of history, so doubtful is the loyalty of the residents of Cape Colony that when Lord Roberts, the most beloved of English generals, left that city he left it stealthily in one car, while the car in which he was advertised to depart drew out of the station twenty minutes before him, and while he (Pretoria) forty miles away, and he joined it three miles outside of the city.

When the Boer prisoners were on board the Penelope, in Cape Town Harbor, a colonial, who has three been Mayor of that loyal city, visited them, and held out his hand to one of the officers. "No," the Boer prisoner said, "if you had kept your promise I would not be here now at your mercy as a prisoner." When more Boer prisoners were known to be coming to Cape Town, a great number of the colonists waited for their train at a station just outside of the city with milk and fruit and other delicacies. But, as it happened, a train of wounded British soldiers, having the right of way, came in first. And did the loyal colonists at once turn over the milk and fruit to the men who had been hurt in fighting for them? Not at all. They hastily withdrew, and did not again appear until the Boer prisoners reached the station. Two of the leading members of what corresponds to our House of Representatives at home left Cape Town to organize hospitals for the Boers. Imagine the efforts of any of our Congressmen if they had traveled with the Spanish Army, driving an ambulance for the Spanish wounded. And imagine advertised gatherings in the churches in New York City to collect money for Spanish wounded and Spanish prisoners! They would not have been merely difficult of staging in Madrid, yes, or in Havana, but not in New York. Yet that is what goes on in Cape Town among the subjects of the Queen. One cannot see why they do not either come out bravely, as the Boer has done, and fight with a rifle in hand, or else be loyal and honest. But, instead, they hang out the English flag over the shop and then send money from their back door to the Englishman's enemy. We are the only "colonials" who would not let the mother country spank them, and we are at the present day those whom she respects the most, and who have, I believe, more good feeling and good will toward her than can be found among any of these so-called British subjects in Cape Colony, who, though they still hang to their mother's apron strings with one hand, hold a knife in the other to stab her in the back.

When this war is over, Cape Town may not remain the most important of British cities in South Africa. Through the emigration of many Englishmen, some other city further up country—Kimberley, Bloemfontein or Pretoria—may in time head the course of empire and supersede Cape Town as the place of greatest population and wealth and political power. But for the present Cape Town is still the most important city of the British colonies in South Africa. And it is in consequence a surprise to find that nature has not made her lovely nor man made her habitable, and that, politically—so far, at least, as this war is concerned—she is aggressively neutral.

It is true she has assisted the British Government with many troops of irregular horse, but the Dutch within her borders have assisted the enemy as well, so her neutrality is like that of the witness in a lawsuit who testified in favor of both defendant and plaintiff, because he thought it was fairer to help along both sides. The neutrality of these British subjects may be described at present as being in an acute and active stage. There have been many mistakes made in the campaign, it seems to have been in not bombarding Cape Town before advancing on Pretoria. It is always bad strategy to leave a rebel stronghold in the rear. And we should remember in considering the advance of Methuen's column to the relief of Kimberley that its line of communication extended for 700 miles through a rebel and hostile territory.

Durban, the important seaport of the colony of Natal, is, as I have said, the first city which seems to fill your idea of what you expected to find in South Africa. After you are swung over the ship's side in a basket and bumped upon the deck of the tender, you enter from a troubled sea into a deep-banked river. This river is lined with short, stunted trees of tropical appearance. You see for the first time cacti, palms and palmettos, and long strings of oxen driven down the banks for water by naked Kaffirs, and you are relieved to have at last seen a "drift" and oxen "trekking." Why a ford in a stream should possess any greater interest because it is called a drift or oxen become more picturesque because they are said to be trekking instead of talking, it is difficult to explain. It must be because the sight reassures you, and to know you have put the influence of Cape Town behind you and are at last in the South Africa of the photographs and illustrated papers.

I guess you have been warned of their approach by the first sight of the "rickshaw boys." You see you are landing at the Custom-house pier, and you so completely as to which you are that you might imagine you had fallen upon a Zulu encampment. In comparison to these boys the cabmen who meet you as you arrive at Cortlandt street and go you leave the Forty-second Street Station are as courteous and gentle as nursing novices. The "rickshaw" is a large bicycle racer, with two light shafts, the "rickshaw" being the space between these shafts. It attracts your attention and invites some custom by suddenly tipping the cart over backward with a wild yell and balancing himself on the shafts like a man between two parallel bars, and then kicking violently, emitting hideous war cries and doing a war dance in midair. Satisfied by this, and fiercely certain that he has made you aware of his existence, he lowers his head and charges down upon you as a lion leaps upon his prey. He crouches, he springs, he runs with his head almost touching the roadway, bounding in the air and shaking himself like a horse that is trying to struggle out of its harness. To your terror, he wears two enormous horns fastened deep in his woolly hair, ankles of dried twisted reeds, bead armlets, and very little else. When eight or ten of these boys, in scraps of fur or hide and in red and yellow pantaloons, and with their arms ornamented with stuffed parrots, bunches of feathers and sharp deer horns, charge upon you, yelling death and destruction, you are forced to face four pompoms and be charged with an assured and contemptuous countenance.

In comparison, a charge of the Fifth Lancers strikes you as a graceful military evolution.

I cannot see why, when they ordered those "frontal attacks," the English Generals did not send a regiment of "rickshaw boys to first charge the Boer trenches with fixed shafts.

The costume of the "rickshaw boys is of their own choosing. It is a tradition of a few years ago when they were monarchs of the jungle and plain. But the costume of the Durban native police is not of their own choosing. Someone with a fiendish sense of humor invented it for them. It consists of the helmet of a London bobby and a bathing suit of blue flannel. The blue shirt is worn outside of their blue knee breeches, which leaves the leg bare from the knee down. They wear neither shoes nor stockings. Around the left arm is a belt with a brass plate, and beads of many different colors are strung around the neck. Their weapons are a rod and stick with a heavy knob. I believe these latter are called "knob karries," and every kaffir can use them with great effect.

I have seen a boy throw one after a hare darting through the long grass of the veldt and knock it over dead. In the hands of a six foot negro policeman they must be very convincing. The policemen have no sense of humor. They stand in their skin-tight uniform, with their arms akimbo and their helmets cocked over one eye and see nothing on the horizon at which to smile. They make you feel that they have been in bathing, and, seeing some one on shore running off with their proper uniform, have arrived just in time to save the helmet. They have a stern, penetrating look, as though their lives were spent in trying to ferret out the man who stole their shoes and stockings.

I am sorry to leave arms and the men who wield them for 'rickshaw boys and colonials, but on this side all the soldiers are waiting with the relief of Ladysmith, and every officer who can has run down to Maritzburg and Durban for fresh air and vegetables. After ten days of Ladysmith you watch the man at the hotel table helping himself to two spoonsful of sugar at breakfast with pity. You still have the feeling that if he eats up all his rations for his first meal he will have none for lunch or dinner, and what surprises you even more is to find that signs and advertisements in front of shops really mean that the articles so advertised are actually to be purchased within. In Ladysmith the signs are whited sepulchers, the mirage of running water that rises before the man dying of thirst in the desert. There was one of them painted on a window, "Chops and steaks at all hours," which I never passed without a sense of injury and insult. And I had only endured it for a week! Why some "Tommy" at whom it grinned for four months did not smash the "window with a stone and end its mockery shows of what sterling character the defenders of Ladysmith were possessed.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

"MIZZOURAH BURGOO."

How to Make the Famous Old Democratic Dish.

Not far from Kansas City, Mo., where the Democratic National Convention will be held, is a park, nominally the property of Colonel John T. Crisp, one of the picturesque old-time politicians of Missouri and for many years Fish Commissioner for the State. This park is named after the late Senator "Tom" Benton, the pride of "Mizzourah."

Benton Park is a great place for politics. Many meetings of the State Democrats have been held there, and many a scheme has been cooked up while Colonel Crisp and his men were concocting the famous Benton Park "burgoo," which was indispensable to every meeting of the kind. The concoction of a "Benton Park burgoo" is a work of art, both in the selection of the ingredients and the timing of their introduction into the caldrons in which they are cooked. It is also an expensive operation.

For a "burgoo" of sixty gallons the fires are started at 3 o'clock in the morning, and at half past 1 o'clock in the afternoon the "burgoo" is ready to serve to the hungry Democrats. Here is a list of the ingredients of a "burgoo":

Twenty-five pounds of beef bones sawed short for the extraction of the marrow.
Forty to fifty fat half-grown chickens chopped into small pieces.
Seventy-five half-grown squirrels, especially the saddles, with the heads, which are full of brains.
Fifty squabs.
One large Gulf of Mexico turtle chopped into small pieces.
Twenty-five pounds of fresh pork.
Twelve pounds of Jersey butter, browned and drawn.
Fifteen pounds of old ham, chopped fine.
One bushel of Irish potatoes, sliced.
Ten bushels of scarlet tomatoes.
Four bushels of onions.
Three bushels of carrots.
The milk of 100 sweet roasting ears of corn.
Five pounds of macaroni.
All the vegetables in season in proportion.
Two hundred to 200 pods of cayenne pepper, chopped fine.

When the "burgoo" is done it is the color of rich old burgundy, and the odor of it can be smelled all over the park, drawing the Democrats about it like flies around a honey jar. Bread has been fried and cut into dice. Every man has a gallon cup and a big spoon. The cup is three-quarters filled with "burgoo" and the bread dice thrown in. Old Democratic lovers of "burgoo" have been known to swallow four gallons of it in four hours, and for a year thereafter look upon other foods with contempt, as only capable of sustaining life.

Hotel Empire, New York, high-class hotel, moderate rates. See ad. on page opposite editorial of this paper.

Concerning Women.

Among Napoleonic relics sold in London recently was a remnant of the flag made by the women of St. Helena which covered Napoleon's coffin when conveyed to the French warship Belle Poule for transportation to France. It has always been a favorite occupation of women who have any military connections to embroider these emblems, and the flag now floating over Ladysmith was worked by Lady Roberts.

Co-operative housekeeping has not half panned out. There was such a furor about it three or ten years ago. And now women who once lived together, co-operating on furniture and teacups and domestic schemes generally, advocate living alone, says the Bazar. Even the men who clubbed together disagreed and long since abandoned it, and men have more regard for personal liberty than women have. "It wasn't the menage that was the trouble," said a girl bachelor who tried it and failed. "There were four of us in the domestic firm once. I was at the head of the establishment. There were Dolly and Polly and Molly and Folly. I was Folly. It wasn't that Dolly couldn't wash dishes on account of her hands, which were on duty at the violin, or Polly, who always had some engagement when work was to be done, or Molly, who always had her head in the clouds—I could have stood all the trifles. The entering was easy, but I couldn't harmonize the thought elements. There was never an open rupture, but the thoughts wrangled and fought—sounds not heard but felt. Finally I developed disease of the spine. The others thought it was my piano practice, but I knew different. We broke up our Utopia long ago and I moved my piano up over a stable and deserted the establishment furniture and a host of things that had once seemed so roseate. My spine got well and I have been happy ever since. And the old adage about no roof being big enough for two families is every word true."

A traveler who knows Bermuda well says that the fashionable amusement among the women there is rifle-shooting. They have clubs, "days," prizes, contests and entertainments in connection with them. Many of these fair Amazons are most excellent shots and pride themselves on their skill. One certain way of encouraging the practice of rifle-shooting as a national sport, just as archery was practiced in the Middle Ages, would be for women to turn their attention to it. The men would be bound, sooner or later, to follow where the womankind had.

Wohler's Grand Restaurant.

A. Wohler will open this restaurant, 105 and 107 North Sixth street, Tuesday night. It has been remodeled and refitted in handsome style. Popular prices and rapid service will be features.

Among the dainty things in the shops are offered Japanese striped silks, said to be easy to wash and difficult to crush; crepe de chine of medium heavy quality and fine luster, and double-width etamine grenadines, all wool, double-width, in cream white, gray, tan, fawn, marine blue, and black, and a fresh importation of vigoreaux suitings in dove-colored, reseda, navy, leaf-brown and antelope.

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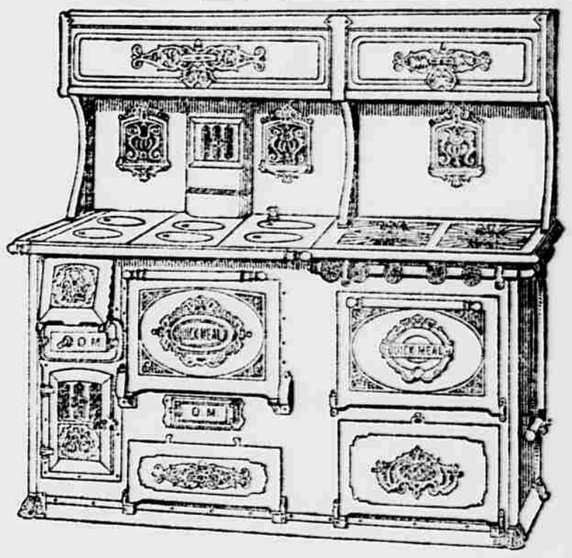

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