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WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 26, 1895.

Features From The Evening Times.

If you miss any news in the morning edition, look over the list below. What you're looking for was printed twelve hours ago in the evening edition. Take both editions and you'll miss nothing.

BATTLESHIP AWARDS.

Contract Will Go to the Newport News Firm.

It has been practically decided by Secretary Herbert to award the contract for the battleship Kearsarge and her unnamed sister vessel to the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, of Newport News, Va., in accordance with the recommendation of the naval board of bureau chiefs.

The bid of the Virginia firm was $2,250,000 for each ship. It is understood that the suggestion of the board that the Secretary give the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, an opportunity of securing the contract for one of the ships by scaling their bid was rejected by Mr. Herbert on account of a precedent established by Secretary Tracy that bidders should be allowed to scale down only when their proposals came within 3 per cent. of the bid offered by the successful competitor.

The alternate proposition of members of the board that the Union Iron Works and the Cramp Company, of Philadelphia, be given an opportunity to secure two ships each by an appropriation by Congress, on the recommendation of the Secretary for four more battleships, is said to be still under consideration.

Senate Rules Should Be Changed.

When the tariff and bond bills, which will be reported from the Ways and Means Committee today, shall have passed the House, the debate on them in the Senate may again make apparent the necessity of changing the rules governing the transaction of business in that body. Senator Harris, for instance, is credited with declaring that no tariff bill shall pass the Senate, as long as the voices of Democratic Senators hold out. On the other hand the silver Democrats in that body are believed to be equally determined in their opposition to a bond measure.

The worst of these threats is that under the rules and "traditions" of the Senate they are capable of being made effective. These rules set no limit to debate and while it is true that dangerous legislation has many a time been prevented by means of them it is no less true that meritorious measures have been talked to death. The only limit to such a performance is the power of endurance of the opposing sides.

It is said that if the same tactics which have so frequently been employed are again attempted at the present juncture of affairs, the Committee on Rules will endeavor to find some way out of the tangle to dispose of the issue with comparative promptness. It is hoped that this may be true, but whether the necessity for it arises or not, the rules which make possible the obstruction of the public business ought to be reformed. "Senatorial courtesy," in whose name and under the guise of which so many sins have been committed, should be sidetracked, and Senatorial common sense given the right of way instead. The people's business ought to be transacted expeditiously and old fogyism and bullheadedness should not be permitted to obstruct it.

There are several Senators, notably Mr. Hill, who have heretofore made earnest efforts to reconstruct the rules. When they next do so, public sentiment, it is hoped, will influence a majority of their colleagues sufficiently to make their attempt effective.

Police Spread Out Too Thin.

The capture of three supposed cracksmen in the city gives point to the recent warnings of The Times that the criminal classes throughout the country would regard the weakening of the local police force as affording them the opportunity for making a raid upon Washington. At the same time it emphasizes the necessity for that increase of the force upon which The Times has insisted. The fact that a member of the detective force could be set upon and almost killed by a gang of drunken toughs in the immediate vicinity of one of the principal business streets and at a time when there were crowds of people about, further shows how scantily our streets are patroled.

There is no let up to the number of thefts and burglaries. The criminals know that the patrolmen have each to cover a territory so large that a "crib may be cracked" safely in one part of it while the "cop" is at the other end. In one respect, the crooks show nice discrimination. They never hold up a Congressman, nor do they ever break into his residence. They know that, if they were to do so, a bill to increase the police force to the full strength of a regiment, would be introduced and put through Congress in less than no time.

Yet, even the unexpected may happen, and if the representatives of the people want to do the proper thing by themselves and the people of the District, they should provide for more police without losing time unnecessarily.

What the Prince of Wales Thinks.

In response to a telegraphic inquiry addressed to them by the New York World, the Prince of Wales and his eldest son, the Duke of York, have cabled that "they earnestly trust and cannot but believe the present crisis will be arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries, and will be succeeded by the same warm feeling of friendship which has existed between them for so many years." Though the Prince of Wales, even as the heir apparent to the English throne, is not a powerful factor in the settlement of an international dispute, whether by force of arms or otherwise, yet his utterance is of value as probably indicating the prevailing sentiment of the conservative element of the people of England.

There is every reason why the present crisis should be arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries. There was no reason whatever why it should have been precipitated. No interest was involved in the boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana to warrant the hysterical outburst from the White House, and still less the helter-skelter hurry with which the House of Representatives and the Senate fell over each other to follow the President's lead. The fact that they are now sorry they did it does not alter the case.

It was a wanton, almost a criminal thing to do to thus plunge the business of the country into confusion and bring it close to the verge of panic. For that it escaped the latter no thanks are due either to the President or to the Congress, but to the good sense of the American people. Upon the first shock followed second sober thought, and business righted itself.

If this miserable squabble about nothing at all is not "arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries," it will be because the sober sense of the people on both sides of the Atlantic is not allowed to prevail.

Curse of Selling Liquor to Minors.

The stabbing of a sixteen-year-old boy by a companion of about his own age while both were intoxicated would seem to indicate that the law against selling liquor to minors lacks a great deal of being enforced as strictly as it should be. It is not always possible, of course, for barkeepers to tell just whether a young man has reached his twenty-first year or not, but he can have no difficulty in making the distinction in the case of a boy who has barely entered his 'teens.

Selling liquor to minors may work the forfeiture of the saloonkeeper's license, and, possibly, upon prosecution in the police court, subject him to the imposition of fine, but neither of these penalties is commensurate with the offense, especially when one considers that it may have such tragic results as that referred to above. The money loss to the dealer in consequence of being compelled to close his saloon, and even the fine he may have to pay, do not compensate for the possible ruin of a young life, or the even more shocking commission of homicide.

It is well understood, of course, that no reputable saloon-keeper will dispense liquor to minors, but unfortunately there are enough that do not discriminate in this respect, and if the police could get on their tracks it would be a good piece of work. At the same time, however, the Commissioners should also give orders to the police to proceed vigorously against the speakeasies south of the Avenue, where youths can obtain intoxicants at all hours of the day and night.

Some vigorous action is called for to check the sale of liquor to minors.

Dunraven's Second Appearance.

Only a languid interest attaches to the arrival of Lord Dunraven, who visits the country to attempt the substantiation of his charges that the Defender was juggled with in her race with Valkyrie III, in the race for the America's cup. The fact is that, so far as the American public is concerned, his case is prejudged, for nobody for a moment believes that his accusations, implicating a number of honorable men, contained one scintilla of truth.

Almost from the very beginning of the races from which he withdrew in so unsportsmanlike a manner, Lord Dunraven showed dissatisfaction with whatever arrangements had been made for the event. He came firmly convinced that an easy victory would be his and it needed but his defeat in the first race to make him disgruntled. Coming out a little ahead in the second race allayed his discomfiture just a trifle, but not enough to make him risk a third contest. He seized upon the slender pretext of a course somewhat crowded by excursion steamers to withdraw from the race, although in that respect his boat was no worse off than the Defender.

When Dunraven returned to England he got what comfort he could from the commiserating comments of the British press, and in an evil moment formulated the charges, the utterance of which Mr. C. Oliver Iselin declared could only emanate from "a liar and a blackguard." Even the English newspapers were shocked. The reputation of the men who were interested in the Defender and of the New York Yacht Club was too far above suspicion to make it possible that Dunraven's charges could be anything but the outgrowth of spite.

On this side the indictment naturally aroused deep indignation, but this was soon followed by profound disgust, and at the present time the only interest attaching to the matter is to be found in the general desire to see Dunraven's discomfiture made so complete that he will not be recognized again as entitled to the respect of gentlemanly sportsmen.

Proposed Tribute to War Correspondents.

Monuments and memorials of every description have been erected to commemorate the deeds and services of the military and naval heroes of the war between the States. At the Capital of the nation, in the different States and on battlefields they have been reared. Now the happy thought has occurred to Mr. George Alfred Townsend to build on the battlefield of South Mountain a monument in honor of the correspondents who accompanied the armies of the union, and whose services were in their way as valuable as those of many a doughty warrior.

Some of these correspondents themselves bore arms in defense of the integrity of the union. All of them incurred hardships, labored zealously and nearly always faithfully, and the great public was under no small obligations to them for their services. True, there may have been sometimes in their accounts a slight deviation from the strict line of accuracy, and historical scrutiny may have found here and there errors in their chronicles, but, taken all in all, their work was marked by painstaking labor and impartiality. A good part of it was ephemeral in the very nature of things, yet it is not to be doubted that the historian may have found much valuable material in the columns of the newspapers to which these men contributed.

Mr. Townsend has placed his project in the hands of a committee of which Governor-elect Lowndes of Maryland is the chairman, and Hon. Edward M. Mealy of Hagerstown, Md., the treasurer, and with them are associated some of the best known newspaper men in the country. One thousand dollars has already been contributed and the active workers in the profession are expected to raise this to an amount sufficient to carry the project into execution. It need scarcely be doubted that the monument will shortly be reared.

GAVE ALMS FREELY.

Thousands of Poor Fed by Citizens of St. Louis.

St. Louis, Dec. 25.—If there is a dinnerless person in St. Louis tonight it is not the fault of the charitable institutions. Foremost in the work of feeding the hungry was the Salvation Army.

In a large vacant store room on Sixth street two long tables were spread with an abundance of substantial food, and the throng that passed in the front door hungry and out the back door satisfied were waited upon by Salvation lassies. Free meal tickets had been issued to 2,000 of the homeless, but nearly 3,000 were fed.

The Provident Association and other charities likewise set free tables. At the hotels special menus were offered. The city institutions also strove to lessen the hardships of hospitals and prisons, and the day was one of good cheer.

RACE WAR IMMINENT.

Negroes May Avenge the Death of a Murdered Friend.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 25.—No further trouble has developed at Fayetteville, the scene of the conflict Tuesday night, in which one negro was killed and a white man badly hurt.

It was feared that the friends of Cashion, the white man injured, would make an attack upon the negroes. There is still talk of such an attack.

A great deal of excitement was created today when it was rumored that the negroes were playing a counter game and were intending to mob Cashion. Such action would surely lead to a war of extermination and it is not believed that the blacks would be so reckless. Cashion still claims that the negro who was killed was shot by one of the other negroes.

WINANS AND BALLET GIRLS

Munificence of the Old American Millionaire to London Dancers.

Every Night He Occupies a Box at the Alhambra, But Never Goes Behind the Scenes.

London Cor. New York Press.

If you should go to the Alhambra in London purposely to see him, as many have done, you would be disappointed, for he sits far back in the box that costs him eighteen dollars a night, hidden by a great curtain. In appearance he is grim, bald and gray and, withered by threescore and ten years. He has not missed a single performance of the fairies, with salaries from $5 to $20 a week, who kick and march and swing their hands through the spectacular ballet of "Titania," a musical adaptation from "Midsummer Night's Dream," with all of the words left out.

This old gentleman can afford to pay $18 a box, as his income is something like $18 an hour. By birth, he is an American, and American financiers will readily recognize the name of Walter Winans. Many years ago he went to Russia to build railroads for the czar. In the days of the Crimea, his brains were so serviceable in keeping out the English that three czars have been grateful enough to put good things in his way. He has not deserted Russia. But there are the prettiest ballets in London, except in Paris, where the people make too much noise applauding and boxes are not so secluded.

He cannot only do a big day's work with the use of only fifty words, but he is also a trifle eccentric in other ways.

A man with whom he had dealt for many years once suggested to him that his bill had run to $500,000. Winans didn't say anything. He took a little piece of paper out of his pocket and wrote "Pay $500,000 to bearer. Walter Winans," turned on his heel and walked away.

The next day the man received the following: "Won't do any more business with you, Winans."

Since then his solvency hasn't been doubted, and he doesn't lose sleep over dunning letters.

One night, as he came in, he said to the manager: "Let me have your salary list of the people on the stage?" The manager wondered for a minute if the grim old gentleman wasn't a reformer after all, and then he concluded that a reformer wouldn't pay $18 a night for one hundred nights, and if he did it wouldn't be as damaging evidence against the ballet as against the reformer.

The old gentleman walked off with the envelopes in his pocket and a conspicuous absence of comment, leaving the manager still in a maze. After the ballet was over he brought back the salary list along with a little slip of paper of his own, which he handed to the manager, saying: "Give it to 'em in envelopes!"

Give what? The manager looked. The manager looked again, and began to count up the number, and speculate upon the variety of the drinks he had taken that evening. The little slip of paper was a check for $5,000. Opposite the name of each girl on the salary list was marked the amount to be given her. Even the little children got $5, while some of the girls got as high as $50. Nothing was given to the men. The self-made old gentleman probably thought adult males who were doing no better than merely filling in a fairy spectacle were undeserving of assistance.

The next night when the girls came in an envelope was waiting for each one in the letter box, and ye gods of the ballet saw such a sight as they had never seen before. There was a pandemonium of "Ge whizzes" and "Holy gees," and dancing and kicking that were the real thing. It is said that one of the girls started to rush on the stage without any trunks, and was pulled back just in time to save pandemonium in the audience, while half a dozen quite forgot their butterfly wings. The manager had forethought enough to warn the fairies that they must not throw kisses or even smiles to their Prince Bountiful. Where was the girl who said the old gentleman was a bishop? But no girl had ever said such a thing. He might be insane, they admitted, and they only wished more people would have the same species of insanity.

The manager told the old gentleman that he would be cordially received if he wished to go back to the wings. "No, sir," Prince Bountiful answered, rather indignantly. He did not intend that the romance of his fairies should be destroyed by any inside views. He was wise. More than one of the girls had said: "The old darling! I should just like to hug him!" Still, the whole thing grew more wonderful to them.

Then each girl went straight way to a stationery store and bought the nicest envelopes and paper she could find. Some had to go to a stationery store many times, as ballet girls are much more facile with their legs than their pens, and this was an instance when most elaborate composition was demanded.

Somewhat doubtfully, the manager asked Prince Bountiful if he wanted the letters. The old gentleman said a great deal—for him. He said: "Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Of course! I'll keep 'em all and leave 'em in my will to my son."

RETURN OF THE BUSTLE.

There Are Indications That It Will Be Worn Later in the Season.

Women who study fashions in a far-sighted way have prophesied for some time that the days of the bustle were about to return, says the New York World. They have said that organ-plaited backs presaged the advent of the bustle, and that widely flaring skirts lined with stiffening would inevitably lead to the readoption of that clumsy article of attire which women gave up so gladly a few years ago.

The lingerie department in the shops would seem to bear out this prophecy. The bustle has made its reappearance there, tentatively far, but still with the air of having come to stay. It is not the monstrous article which was banished when clinging skirts became fashionable. It is rather small and is made of haircloth, sometimes black, sometimes gray and sometimes white.

It consists of three vertical puffs, which look like the abbreviated lining to an organ-plait skirt, and it is finished by a frill of haircloth. Its main object is to give the skirt a start in the right direction. A well-lined skirt will flare at the bottom with the aid of a very small bustle.

Of course, this slight reappearance of the bustle may be followed by a bustle revival on a large scale, which will make camel-like humps once more the style. Doctors will object violently to the re-introduction of the bustle on the ground of health, and artists will declaim against its use on the score of beauty, but the medical and aesthetic world may grow hoarse with anathemas against it before it will be discontinued if fashion once says authoritatively that it must be worn.

Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette styles both require more or less padding about the hips. The panniers of the Louis Seize coats and the stiff skirts of the Marie Antoinette period demand some bouffancy, and this is obtained only by padding or by a bustle.

The Cellars of Bordeaux.

The cobwebs will seem to an impressionable visitor the noblest things in the Bordeaux cellars. Some of them look like thick pile curtains, somber in hue, of course, but famously suggestive of warmth. And with even only a moderate imagination one may go to and fro among the barrels, fancing the pendant shapes overhead are dusky stalactites instead of the airy next-to-nothings they really are. If you hold your candle high enough you may shrivel a few yards of the fabric. But that were truly a shocking deed of vandalism, for, though no layman can understand why this dismal tapestry is reverenced as it is, his ignorance will not be held sufficient excuse for his crime.—Chamber's Journal.

Reed's Little Joke.

Speaker Reed will have his joke now and then. Friday night, before giving out his list of committees, he said: "Yes, I have all the boys fixed in the very place they wanted. If there are any surprises it will be to those fellows who get more than they expected."—Chicago Times-Herald.

FAR AWAY FROM HOME.

Strangers Who Had to Make Merry at the Hotels.

All men are not privileged to spend Christmas at their homes and with their families. The great traveling public of the United States must spend this day of rejoicing in a hotel, and think of home and little ones far away. Washington had a large number of Christmas guests, as the following list of the hotel registers will show:

Ebbitt—N. Druker and son, Cincinnati; P. Henderson and wife, New York; Austin Bell, New York; Rev. W. C. Weston, Mrs. and Miss Weston, Boston; A. A. Wildner, New Haven; Hon. S. M. Clark, Keokuk; A. R. Magraw, Miss Magraw, A. R. Magraw, jr., John H. Magraw, Washington, D. C.; James Hall and wife, New York City; Joseph W. Irvine and wife, Lebanon, Ky.; H. F. Calgood, New York.

National—H. C. Maddux, Virginia; George S. Shafer, and wife, Boston; Mrs. J. L. Tayler, New York; E. Franc, New York; George P. West and wife, Fargo, N. D.; W. C. Ming, Virginia; B. E. Huntley, New York; J. H. Latham and wife, New York; W. T. Leport and daughter, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Edgerly, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Boyt, Pittsburg; Albert W. Beers, Boston; F. W. Codding, Worcester, Mass.

Shoreham—Judson Dolard, Philadelphia; Wm. B. Sheller, Pittsburg; James G. Flanders, Milwaukee, and Miss Charlotte Flanders, Milwaukee.

Cochran—Mrs. S. L. Roberts, Doyleston, Pa.; George Hollander, Baltimore; W. F. Springer, Salem, N. Y.

Normandie—J. C. Breckinridge, Louisville, Ky.; Louis G. Pardo, Mexico; George E. Foss and wife, Chicago.

Arlington—R. M. Fairfield, Holyoke, Mass.; Henry W. Ashley, Westfield, Mass.; George E. White, Chicago; N. F. Merrill, Boston; Jonas M. Barret, Albany.

Riggs—G. L. Johnson, Washington; G. W. Streeter, Mrs. and Miss Streeter, Philadelphia.

Metropolitan—C. H. Smith and wife, Miss Cora Smith, W. G. Smith, New York; C. Goss and wife, Plainfield, N. J.

Willard—J. H. Murray, Montana; J. H. Linderman, Chicago; E. B. Greenwalt, New Jersey; W. J. Gleon, Cuba, N. Y.; F. B. Lyon, Cuba, N. Y.; Chas. S. Wood, Philadelphia; C. S. Warfield, Philadelphia; A. M. Dockery and wife, Gallatin, Missouri.

Raleigh—W. P. Roberts, Lynchburg, Va.; F. H. Daniels, New York; P. F. Moore, New York; A. S. James, Atlanta; C. G. Dobbs and wife, New York.

St. James—H. C. Rogers, Erie, Pa.; A. Boschke, San Antonio, Tex.; S. D. Franklin and wife, Trenton, N. J.; F. H. Bell and wife, Pennsylvania; W. S. Smith, Wilkesbare, Pennsylvania; H. O. Saltzer, wife and daughter, Sacramento, Pennsylvania; George Barrett, Minersville, Pennsylvania; Daniel Umholtz, Pennsylvania; R. R. King, Danville, Ga.; Paul Jones and wife, Indianapolis, Ind.; E. S. Bartlett, Providence, R. I.; D. S. Taylor, Boston; Allan Emory, New York; B. E. Howard, Birmingham, Ala.; John Burt, wife and son, Pennsylvania; R. E. Barrett, Virginia; T. Y. McCray, Mansfield, Ohio.

KUDLICH GETS QUEER LETTERS.

A Woman Says Breach of Promise Suits Should Be Stopped.

New York Sun.

Magistrate Kudlich, who is sitting in Jefferson Market court, received two letters yesterday. One of them, which was from a woman, read:

"Dear Sir—Kindly permit me to state a few words in favor of American men who are being sued by their wives or sweethearts.

"Looked upon in the right light, a woman who sues her husband or lover, for whatever it may be, does not deserve respect nor sympathy. The very fact that she sues him clearly shows that she never loved him. If women would only understand that marriage does not make every action moral! A true womanly woman if she loved a man would never think of doing him harm. She wishes his welfare, although her own heart breaks over it.

"Suits for breach of promise or betrayal ought to not at all be adopted in court. If a man makes undue offerings toward a woman, it is her fault. To punish a man in these cases does harm to both sexes. Women will never learn to act modest and respectable; men seeing them get the best of them in court through lies and tears will lose faith in women altogether. Yours truly,

"DORA LIND."

The other letter was from a man who evidently thinks he is a second Schlatter. It was brought by a messenger, whom Magistrate Kudlich ordered to tell the writer that he would be pleased to see him at any time, presumably to have him examined as to his sanity. The letter ended with the following postscript:

"My name when in the State of Texas was Mattie Johnson, but after I was commanded to leave Texas God changed my name, saying: "You shall be called Johnson no more, but the World's Healer," and I had the gift of healing people without medicine."

ESTABLISHING HIS IDENTITY.

The Old Man Did Not Want Any Mistake as to Who Would Meet Adolphe.

Wilbur Register.

Some time ago an amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady, and this postscript was added:

"That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat. In my right hand will carry a small cane and in my left a cigar. Yours ever, Adolphe."

The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as lows:

"Dot my son may make no mistake, I vill be dreshed in mine shirt sleeves. I vill vear in mine right hand a club and my left hand vill vear a six shooter. You vill recognize me by de vay I beats you on de head a goople times twice mit de club. Vait for me at de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit. Your frent, Henrich Muller."

An Automatic Curiosity.

A match-cutting machine is quite an automatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000,000 matches a day, and then arranges them over a vat, where the heads are put on at a surprising rate of speed.

MRS. BAYSON AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Mrs. Bayson (laying the evening paper aside)—What does all this talk about war mean?

Mr Bayson (absentmindedly from behind his book)—Business.

Mrs. B.—Real war?

Mr. B. (mumbling)—Guess so.

Mrs. B.—Who is this Mr. Salt-bury?

Mr. B. (correcting her)—You mean Salisbury.

Mrs. B.—Oh, yes; Salisbury

Mr. B.—England's prime minister.

Mrs. B. (interested)—Is the war going to be with England.

Mr. B. (mumbling)—Reckon so.

Mrs. B.—When?

Mr. B. (trying to read)—Oh, real soon—tomorrow or next week.

Mrs. B. (in an aggrieved tone)—And you never told me a word of it!

Mr. B.—I thought you could read.

Mrs. B.—You know I never finish the advertisements before bed time.

Mr. B. (impatiently)—That's so; I forgot.

Mrs. B.—What is the war about?

Mr. B. (reading the last paragraph over for the sixth time)—Monroe doctrine.

Mrs. B.—What on earth is that?

Mr. B. (throwing aside his book in despair)—Well, the doctrine of Monroe.

Mrs. B.—I don't know any Monroe?

Mr. B. (sarcastically)—Oh, excuse me. I thought you were intimately acquainted with all the Presidents!

Mrs. B. (blandly)—Was he a President?

Mr. B. (desperately)—Don't you know that James Monroe was the fifth President of the United States?

Mrs. B. (artlessly)—So he was. But tell me about his doctrine?

Mr. B. (wishing to escape an explanation)—Oh, it's a long story.

Mrs. B. (pouting)—I don't believe you care whether I know anything or not.

Mr. B. (resignedly)—Well, it's just this way. England wants to seize part of Venezuela.

Mrs. B.—That's in South America?

Mr. B.—Why, so it is. I see you know your geography even if you are a little deficient in your historical knowledge.

Mrs. B. (ignoring this last remark)—Well, what have we to do with England and Venezuela?

Mr. B.—Don't you see that would be a violation of the Monroe doctrine?

Mrs. B.—But Monroe is dead?

Mr. B. (with feigned surprise)—Is it possible! But it seems his doctrine is not.

Mrs. B.—Well, what of that?

Mr. B. (wearily)—Being alive we propose to enforce it.

Mrs. B.—But why should we mix up with other nation's affairs?

Mr. B.—That's a part of the doctrine. Don't you see there must be a limit? Suppose England should claim a part of the United States?

Mrs. B.—But she wouldn't dare do that?

Mr. B.—Why?

Mrs. B.—Because it's ours, and England wouldn't take anything that didn't belong to her.

Mr. B. (deprecatingly)—Oh, she wouldn't!

Mrs. B.—And are we going to have war about this absured little quarrel?

Mr. B. (resuming his book)—Oh, I don't know.

Mrs. B.—But you just said so?

Mr. B.—I was jollying you.

Mrs. B. (haughtily)—And pray, Mr. Bayson, what do you mean by that?

Mr. B. (endeavoring to change the subject)—Oh, nothing. Did you see Mrs. Johnson yesterday?

Mrs. B.—No, did you?

Mr. B.—Yes, she had on the loveliest dress.

Mrs. B.—That blue cloth?

Mr. B. (vaguely)—Yes; isn't it a beauty?

Mrs. B.—Don't you know that is way out of style?

Mr. B.—Is it? Maybe we don't mean the same one?

Mrs. B.—Was it the one with a Bonaparte collar?

Mr. B. (confusedly)—I guess so.

Mrs. B.—But that is a crepon with a chimesette of guipure?

Mr. B. (stammering)—Er—yes, is it? So it is.

Mrs. B.—Maybe it was the one made with a Van Dyked yoke and gigot sleeves?

Mr. B. (assuming a confident air)—Yes, I think that was just the one.

Mrs. B.—Was the blouse made with bretelles?

Mr. B. (uneasily)—I think so.

Mrs. B.—But that is to be worn with a cape. Did she have a cape?

Mr. B. (hopelessly mixed)—I am not sure, but I think she did.

Mrs. B.—With a ruffle around the throat finished in front with a chou and lined with shot silk?

Mr. B. (desperately)—I believe so. But to go back to the Monroe doctrine——

Mrs. B. (interrupting him)—Was Mrs. Johnson's dress made with a Paquita bodice?

Mr. B. (with a sudden inspiration)—There! I forgot all about that present of yours! Great scott! I must buy it before the store closes. I'll be back in an hour. (Seizes his coat and hat and rushes from the room.)

SIGEL ROUSH.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Adapted from the Prose of Jerome.

He is surely much afflicted,
And depicted
On his face.
Are the marks of cicatricial
Pits—official
In the case.

In both eyes he had iritis,
And meningitis
In the brain;
Of all the tumors from fibroma
To sarcoma
He'd complain.

He was mad for weeks with rabies,
And had scabies
Seven years;
And symptoms of tuberculosis,
A case of ptosis
He often fears.

He has fits of epistaxis,
Weak his thorax is
From the mumps,
And e'er is kept by pains rheumatic
And grief hepatic
In the dumps.

And everything that flesh is heir to,
He has no hair, too,
Indeed, has he;
Toothache, bunions and migraine,
All kinds of pain
But house-maid's knee.

S. R.