BEN. HARRISON'S FIRST.

THE PRESIDENT ENTERTAINS THE FOREIGN MINISTERS.

The White House Lustrous with Light and Abloom with Flowers—Gold Lace and Glitter—Everybody on View Worth Knowing—The Cabinet Ladies.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Tuesday evening, January 14, was a red letter occasion. President and Mrs. Harrison opened the White House to the diplomatic corps present in Washington, inviting them by card, and sending about a thousand other bits of pasteboard—to the Supreme Court, the Senate, the members of the House and the officers of the Army and Navy, now hanging about the capital. This is one of the four great White House receptions of the winter, the others being given respectively to the Supreme Court, the Army and Navy, and Congress, and each being almost an exact copy of the other.

This reception was notable for being the first extensive affair given by the new President, and a good many went on that account, and because of a desire to salute the republic's chief in his official home. It seemed in many respects a duplicate of the pleasant affairs given by the Clevelands a year ago. Guests were in exactly the same way guided past great banks of pigeon-holes where their wraps were deposited—a rather awkward ar-

A RECEPTION FROM THE OUTSIDE.

rangement, comparing unpleasantly with the method of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, who sent the guests upstairs to unwrap themselves in the private rooms of the house.

There seemed to be a very little blockage of arriving carriages on Tuesday, but this was abundantly offset by the confusion of carriages departing. To begin at the end, let me say that from 11 o'clock to 1 pandemonium reigned around the templed porto cochere. Ladies scrabbled together their wraps and went and waited to the front door where the brass band was tooting and where Eolus was playing all sorts of rheumatic marches and pneumonian nocturnes, and their heroic escorts rushed out upon the broad stone platform and called for the carriages they had come in, indicating them by their numbers. Then the numerous policeman raved up and down in a very frenzied manner, crying aloud for "16," "25," "391," "744," "6," and endless numbers between, and other retainers summoned other numbers as if their hearts would break, hunting for their quarry up and down the crescent, and now and then, at distressing intervals, a response would come, and the escort, the ladies, and the vehicle would somehow get together. The exposure near the door was terrible. How many consumptions had solid corner-stones laid, how many influenzas, how many grips newly gripped, who shall say? I doubt if it is extravagant to estimate that each President's reception costs one life.

This delay of exit could be quite prevented by the adoption of the methods which prevails at the great "line balls" of New York city. Under this rule all private carriages are prohibited from coming to the door at the close of the ball, but people making their exit are compelled to take the carriage that happens to be at the door, prices which may be charged being governed by law.

Shortly after passing the cloak rooms where hats, overcoats, bonnets, and cloaks were deposited, I found myself in the tide of an increasing "crush" and in proximity to undeniably distinguished people all in the fullest of full dress. Officers of the two branches militant were in uniform and wore side arms, giving a splendid tone of decoration and official festivity to the scene, and many civilians, mostly of the diplomatic corps, were bedecked with ribbons emblazoned with heraldic devices—the orders of knighthood bestowed by grateful sovereigns. Ladies were costumed in every fabric of every cut and fantastic fold, from tawdry to elegant, from bizarre to commonplace, from the pretty dress of this decade to the severely simple directoire.

The file leader was Dr. Willits, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and his quiet little wife, and he was more or less stepping on the heels of Speaker Reed, who towered above his surroundings like a Pharos.

"Well," said the lady at my side, glancing inquisitively upwards, "it doesn't make any difference whether he is bald or not; nobody will know it but those in the galleries."

At our left Olive Logan was crowded against the wall, awaiting release. She is fat, fair and forty now, and her growing deafness is rather intimidating to the many who used to delight to converse with her. Just behind was John Hay, once very much at home in this crowded corridor as the secretary of President Lincoln. Hay looks like a young fellow yet, and not a bit like the veteran he is. He chats merrily with General Banks, who stands near and waits for the surging tide to move again. General Banks's hair and moustache are white as snow, but there is not yet about either his face or his form any of that giving way and collapse which generally characterizes old age. His form is straight as a wild Indian, his eye is bright, his head erect, and his voice when he speaks is clear and full of confidence.

Off a few feet further are Dr. W. A. Hammond, with his young and handsome wife leaning on his arm. They are a very stately couple, but admirably proportioned and comely to the eye. He is emblazoned with the uniform of a brigadier general, by virtue of his rank as a retired surgeon general of the army. Of their palace out Fourteenth street I have spoken before in these letters.

Just before the column (about ten wide) had moved forward far enough to enable me to get into the red room I encountered Secretary Windom—the dean of the cabinet by virtue of seniority. He was sauntering down the corridor, greeting his friends, and as he is by this time one of the half dozen best known men in Washington, they are numerous. I asked him why he wasn't in the blue room helping the President receive. "I am not a bit wanted in there," he said, with a laugh. "That's for the President and the ladies. I am the fifth wheel of the administration coach in there." Miss Windom was on his arm, evidently enjoying the freedom of the corridor more than that sumptuous prison known as "behind the line." Twenty-five years ago Mr. Windom was the handsomest man in the House. A few gray hairs have come since then, and corvine footsteps have assembled about the eyes, and he has acquired comfortable physical proportions, corresponding quite with his plump office and his rotund fame; but he is still easily enough the finest looking man in the cabinet.

In the blue room all was gay. An innovation has crept in. Nobody but the President shakes hands, the ladies down the line proffering their hands only to particular friends. It seems odd to old stagers here, but I am not sure but it is a sensible change. Why should these ladies, tired enough with their manifold duties and with the necessity of standing all the evening in heated rooms, be shaken and wrestled with by thousands of horny-handed admirers whom they may never see again?

It need not be denied that Mrs. Cleveland's supreme beauty and grace were missed in the cerulean parlor; but there can be no real lack of either comeliness or suavity while such attractive women as Mrs. Morton, Mrs. [illegible] and Mrs. Windom are left to us.

AT THE MEXICAN LEGATION.

The Most Brilliant Social Event of the Season.

[Special Washington Letter.]

One of the finest national palaces at the Paris exposition of 1889 was that built by Mexico and filled with the varied and rare products of that country. In Washington the Mexican legation occupies the front rank socially and diplomatically, for it is admitted that Minister Romero is the strongest and shrewdest man Mexico has ever sent to the United States. He has been at his post ever since the civil war, and is one of the longest in-service diplomats at the capitol. He has increased his popularity and divided his honors by marrying a Virginia lady, who is as amiable and gracious as she is winning and pretty. Mme Romero possesses what the French aptly term "politeness of the heart." She receives her guests with such ease and cordiality that all who pass within the portals of the Mexican legation at once feel at home and welcome. The most brilliant diplomatic entertainment of the season of 1890 was given on the evening of the 22d inst. by Senor and Mme. Romero in honor of the delegates of the International American Conference, now in session in Washington. At least one thousand of the notable people assembled at the capitol during the session of congress, were present, including the diplomatic corps, the cabinet, the supreme court, Senators, many Representatives, generals and scientific people. The legation is a large new double dwelling, Italian in style of architecture. It fronts on I street, standing next door to the residence of the late Chief Justice Waite. The house is a double one, three stories above the basement, and must be over 100 feet deep. Two long drawing-rooms, a ball-room, lined with mirrors, a reception room, music room, halls, constitute the suite used for entertaining. The supper is served in the suite of rooms in the basement, into one of which, through a square window, like a dumb waiter, opens the wine cellar, which is under the front side-

walk. Upon the occasion of the great ball, of which we are writing, this cellar looked like a forest walk, embowered in green, with servants to give out such wines as might be called for. It was a pretty and unique arrangement. The cloak and hat rooms for ladies and gentlemen are on the second floor, and so numerous and ample there is abundant room for 1,000 guests.

The whole house was profusely decorated with flowers, and although in the middle of of January one stepped from the cold street into a bit of the tropics, brilliant with gas and electricity, fragrant with perfume, and filled with bewitching waltz music. The parlors were set with palms and great hedges of Easter lillies, with bouquets of large roses in all the vases. In the ball-room the great mirrors were covered with curtains of asparagus vines and smilax, looped back with roses, while knots of orchids of all kinds hung in middle like the tassels.

The fire place was brilliant with scarlet azalias, while the staircase in the hall was a mass of white azalias and green vines twined in all the railing to the top of the house. Such a profusion of flowers has seldom been seen in Washington outside of the White House.

Walking through these rooms, so suggestive of Mexican flora and a sunny clime, while the flags of all the American republics were looped up over the doorways like curtains, including the new flag of Brazil, one saw walking not only the representatives of all South American nations, but the great bronzed-faced Chinese in their silk robes, the queer Coreans in their gowns and horse-hair hats, the dapper Japanese, dressed like civilized beings, the Turkish minister in a tur-lined robe, and such notable North Americans as the giant from Maine, Speaker Reed, and his wife; the great frame and genial face of Secretary Rusk, of Wisconsin, with his wife and pretty daughter; the smiling Secretary of the Treasury, Windom, of Minnesota; Senator Dolph, of Oregon, with his beautiful and graceful wife; Mrs. ex-Speaker Carlisle with her son and his wife; Senator Reagan, of Texas, and wife; General Greeley, who has given us such a remarkable winter; General John C. Black and wife and daughter, of Chicago; the daughters of Chief Justice Fuller; Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court; Roswell P. Flower, the millionaire representative from New York city, and his beautiful daughter, Mrs. Taylor, who is a bride, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Judge Schley, of New York, who founded the homeopathic hospital and college of that city; and an innumerable host besides, all well known to fame for one thing or another.

The supper was superb in all that goes to make up a midnight lunch, while everyone was praising the Mexican punch.

FULLER-WALKER.

The Asiatic Cholera.

There is, unfortunately, but too good reason for believing that the epidemic of cholera which has for so many months hung about the Tigris and Euphrates valleys and the interior of Mesopotamia has made considerable inroads into Persia. News of its having crossed the western boundary of that empire has been received from time to time, but it is now announced in the faculty of medicine of Paris that there has been an alarming increase of the disease in centeral Persia and on the Turco-Persian frontier, and that the inhabitants are fleeing northward. Those who can afford the journey are endeavoring to reach the Russian ports on the Caspian, and, remembering that this is the route into Europe which cholera has so often taken before, the announcement must be regarded as one of no little gravity. This is the more so because the Caspian port towns and fishing villages have a bad reputation in regard to those sanitary circumstances which are known to favor the diffusion of cholera.

A Good Story About Brown-Sequard.

The lazy ox or the tired horse feels the stimulus of the whip or the goad, and so long as the pain lasts, appears to have renewed life force.

Let any one pinch the skin where the terminal nerves are numerous, and, as long as the pain continues, it overpowers and puts out of mind all other feelings, and one feels better as the pain lessens.

Dr. Brown-Sequard nearly forty years ago gave, in a Lowell Institute course of lectures at the old Marlboro chapel, this philosophy of reinvigoration by his illustrations of the changes wrought by induced reflex action to restore the normal power to muscular tissue. The doctor was afflicted by a nervous trouble that produced spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the left arm which he relieved at the time without stopping his lecture.

One of the auditors took offence at the grimace that accompanied the effort to subue the tonic spasm, and wrote a note to the doctor asking him "if that performance could not be deferred for a less public occasion?"

The doctor read the note aloud at the next lecture, and, thanking the writer, said: "It gives me occasion to explain—" Just then it was noticed that the flexors in his left arm and hand were violently contracted. The doctor explained: "See! see! I have a spasm!" And catching hold of the skin of the left arm, on the inside opposite the elbow, with the thumb and finger of his right hand, he pinched and twisted the skin, till slowly the convulsed muscles relaxed to a normal condition.

"By stimulating the large nerves of the skin," he said. "I produce a relaxed action and get relief." Experiments show that stimulating the whole surface of the skin will do what pinching [illegible]

DEATH OF WALKER BLAINE.

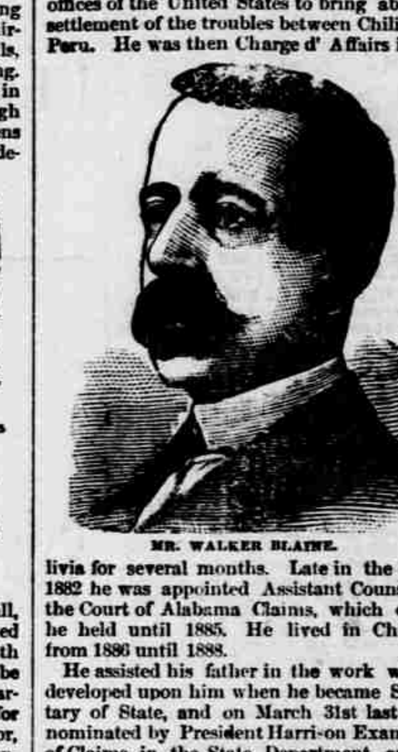
The Son of the Secretary of State a Victim of the "Grippe."

Death has again entered the family of Secretary of State Blaine. A few weeks ago his brother died, and a little later Mrs. Blaine was called upon to mourn the death of a sister. Now the eldest son of the Secretary, and his favorite, has fallen a victim to pneumonia resulting from an attack of the prevailing influenza.

Mr. Walker Blaine was taken ill on Thursday, January 9th, while attending a reception to Mrs. Grant. His symptoms were those that have become so familiar to the public under the name of "La Grippe." He went home and kept to his room until the following Monday, when the Secretary gave a dinner party to a number of persons prominent in official life, and the son was present, helping entertain the guests, and stating that he felt better of his illness. That night he was taken ill again, and developed symptoms of acute pneumonia. The disease progressed rapidly, in spite of constant medical care. He was delirious and insensible during Tuesday and Wednesday and died Wednesday evening.

Walker Blaine was born in Augusta, Me., on May 8, 1855. He first came to Washington to live in 1857, five years after his father's election to Congress. He graduated from Yale in 1876, and from the Columbia Law School in New York two years later. He then went to St. Paul, Minn., where for two years he was in the law office of Cushman K. Davis, at present Senator from Minnesota. He came to Washington in 1881, and was appinted Third Assistant Secretary of State.

In the winter of 1881-2 he went to South America on a special mission to use the good offices of the United States to bring about a settlement of the troubles between Chili and Peru. He was then Charge d' Affairs in Bo-



MR. WALKER BLAINE.

livia for several months. Late in the year 1882 he was appointed Assistant Counsel of the Court of Alabama Claims, which office he held until 1885. He lived in Chicago from 1886 until 1888.

He assisted his father in the work which developed upon him when he became Secretary of State, and on March 31st last was nominated by President Harrison Examiner of Claims in the State Department, and as such was legal adviser of the department and confidential representative of the Secretary. He had assisted his father greatly throughout his political career, and was most closely and intimately associated with him in all his plans, enjoying not only his great affection but his complete confidence as well.

Mexican Precious Metals.

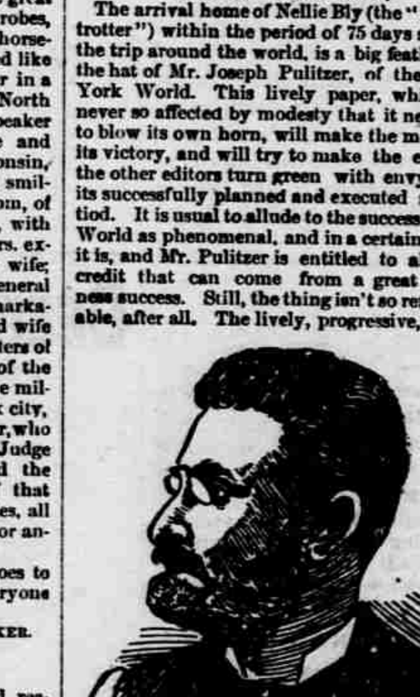
Mexico has made a very large contribution to the world's stock of silver since the conquest by Cortez. According to John J. Valentine, the silver coinage of that country during the colonial epoch, from 1537 to 1821, was $2,082,260,656. During the period of independence, from 1822 to 1873 it was $758,822,054, and from 1773 to June 30, 1889, it was $375,860,108. The total coinage of silver, therefore, to the date last stated was $3,216,981,818.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Nellie Bly and the Paper that Sent Her Abroad.

[Special New York Letter.]

The arrival home of Nellie Bly (the "world trotter") within the period of 75 days set for the trip around the world, is a big feather in the hat of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World. This lively paper, which is never so affected by modesty that it neglects to blow its own horn, will make the most of its victory, and will try to make the eyes of the other editors turn green with envy over its successfully planned and executed sensation. It is usual to allude to the success of the World as phenomenal, and in a certain sense it is, and Mr. Pulitzer is entitled to all the credit that can come from a great business success. Still, the thing isn't so remarkable, after all. The lively, progressive, inde-



EDITOR PULITZER.

pendent, publish-all-the-sensations style of journalism, so characteristic of the West, had never been tried in New York, which is the greatest field for newspaper enterprise in the country, having 5,000,000 of people living within a few miles of the city hall. The people were bound to read a paper of that kind, whether they approved of it or not, and the World has simply given them a daily dose of highly spiced matter that has proved as titillating as a champagne cocktail and almost as demoralizing.

It has had a big success and has fired the other papers to adopt some of the tricks of Western journalism. Even the Herald has at last been forced to pollute its typographically chaste columns with newspaper cuts.

Pulitzer is pushing work on his big building, which is to head all other newspaper buildings in the world; and, no doubt, enjoys his success, although he has sacrificed his eyesight and health in achieving it. It must irk him, however, that in spite of the World's great reputation, and its really able editorial conduct, it has never been able to make a showing in any of the fights it has made against prominent politicians. The latest failure was its attempt to crush Calvin A. Brice's senatorial aspirations. The truth is, the influence of a newspaper on public sentiment is one of the things "no fellow can find out." It looks as if the people read newspapers in order to disagree with them, and perhaps it is a fact that the so-called "independent press" has had its greatest influence in teaching the people to disregard all newspaper criticism. It is doubtful, at least, if there is a paper in this big town that could absolutely control 1,000 voters at the polls for or against any regularly nominated candidate of either great party in a well-contested political contest.

J. J. B.

The Age of Combination.

He was waiting for her to come downstairs when the terror sauntered in. "Hello, my little man. You're Miss Letitia's little brother, aren't you? Here's something to buy candy with." "You'll excuse me, but I cannot accept a nickel. I am a member of the Children's Amalgamated Association for the Preservation of a High Tariff in Donations from Visitors. The lowest card scale in which there is no particular favor desired 1 10 cents."

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HINTS FOR THE HOSPITABLE.

Having invited our guests, and being really glad to see them, let us not make such a display of our "best china," napery and elaborate menus that we shall be obliged either to do a large amount of extra work ourselves, thus defrauding ourselves of our guests' society, or to bring in an additional servant for the occasion, who will be sure to break and spoil more that she costs otherwise. None of these things add to household serenity, and no right-minded guest can be made comfortable and happy when he sees that his hosts are suffering annoyance.

Let us not make our friends so very "much at home" as to compel them to be witnesses of any family disagreements—if such there unfortunately are—or to conform their likings to our own. If for ourselves we require only coffee and rolls for breakfast, we need not take it for granted that our guest would not like other things if they were provided in such abundance that be would not fancy them destined for himself alone. If we prefer to sleep in unwarmed rooms, we should not compel him to do so. It is an easy matter for him to cool a warm room, if he does not fancy it; but he cannot command a cold one to be warmed for his benefit.

Guests should never be left to take care of or to amuse the children of their host. They may be very fond of children in the abstract, and of some children in particular, but the society of children should be sought by, not inflicted upon, our guests.

While we would not agree with the Spaniard, who declares that his house and all that is in it belongs to his guests, we should certainly remember that while a guest is with us his room is sacred to him. If he chooses to spend his entire time therein, we may have our own ideas about his politeness, and may have our mental reservations about inviting the unsociable fellow to come again, but we have no right to intrude upon him unasked. He has also a perfect right to call upon persons whom we do not know, or to receive visits from such persons; though, of course, no guest of good-breeding, or of delicacy of feeling, would wish to receive calls while in the house of another from any person with whom his host did not wish to maintain social relations.

Be merciful. Of course a guest of right feeling will wish in all things to conform to the usages of his host as far as possible, while the courteous host should seek to make them as little burdensome as circumstances will permit. But there are people who seem to have made a set of cast-iron rules about their household matters, to which not only their own family must conform, but also the stranger that is within their gates. We know a family whose head—a man of great wealth, and maintaining a small regiment of servants—had the whim of insisting that every member of his family should appear at the breakfast-table at precisely 6 a. m., both winter and summer. One winter he had invited a brother-in-law to make his home with him in New York city while undergoing medical treatment for rheumatism. The poor invalid was not exempted from the laws which governed his host's family, though pain often kept him awake until those early morning hours when, as every person accustomed to observing illness knows, gentle sleep seems just ready to descend and close the weary eyes. At a quarter before the early breakfast hour the poor fellow's crutches were beginning to falter down the long flights from the third story, so that, though often nearly fainting, he never offended his host by arriving later than the moment required. This was endured for one fortnight when the invalid made the excuse of needing water-cure treatment, that he might be able to leave his host's house without giving offense.

It is never necessary, and seldom desirable, to devote one's entire time to the entertainment of guests. There are homes, charming in all other respects, where a guest is hardly allowed to take proper rest, so anxious are his kind entertainers that he shall see everything. While the different members of the family are taking turns in escorting their visitor, they forget that the physical endurance of one is not equal to that of four or five.

Let us by no means fall into the contrary extreme, and neglect our guests. Let us give him every pleasure that we can afford to do without overtasking his strength, but in so doing let us always consult his tastes, which may differ from our own. One man thinks it the greatest of privileges to be allowed to sit before a library fire with a book, while another thinks it "slow" if he does not attend all the places of amusement within reach, or make the acquaintance of all the neighbors.

Let us never forget that the true host invites his guests for their pleasure and advantage more than for his own.—[Harper's Bazar.

Imitation Terrapin.

It is possible to cook little squirrels so deliciously like terrapin that it takes an epicure to tell the difference. This is the recipe of Mrs. Ward, of Washington: Skin, draw and dress the squirrels and cut off the legs at the shoulder and hip joints, saving the rest of the body for soup, fricassee or a pie. Only the legs are to be used for the imitation terrapin. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the leg bones of squirrels are shaped like those of terrapin. Put the joints over the fire in a little water and stew very slowly until tender. Take out the meat and keep hot while you strain the broth, of which there must be a pint for one pair of squirrels. Put the sauce-pan over the fire with a heaping tablespoonful of the best butter and a scant tablespoonful of flour; stir until it bubbles, gradually adding the broth until a smooth sauce is formed. Season with salt and red pepper, add the squirrel meat, heat to boiling; draw to one side and quickly stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs.

Lassoing a Buck.

Walter Chandler is head vaquero of the Rancho Chico, California, and is an unerring twirler of the lasso. He rides like a centaur, and has time and again performed feats of special daring in his chase after a particularly wild horse or steer on the ranch. A few days ago he was looking for some stray cattle near the mouth of Iron canyon. The canyon here is simply a narrow defile about fifty feet wide. Walter had tied his horse near the side and sent his dog up the canyon to bay the cattle.

The dog had been gone about fifteen minutes, when he began barking and kept coming down the canyon. Walter arranged his lasso and awaited events, expecting the cattle to pass him, when he could close in behind and drive them in. A noise was heard in the bushes, and about a quarter of a mile away came four deer on a dead run with a dog behind. Chandler reined his horse behind some bushes and awaited. When the deer came up he spurred his horse forward, the lasso twirled outward, and before the startled deer could turn around the rope encircled the neck and horns of an immense buck. Then commenced a terrible struggle. The buck showed fight and attempted to gore the horse, and Walter had a hard struggle to prevent him. He called the dog to his assistance and, after half an hour's fighting, the [illegible]

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Palpably painted cheeks and black dotted veils continue to belie American taste.

Fashionable dinner-tables are illuminated by white candles and perfumed with incense tapers that burn in antique shells.

The mixture of red and black colors is still exceedingly fashionable. Jet-black wings are also much used in millinery. Muffs of red and black velvet, trimmed with black wings, are sold with hats or bonnets to correspond.

Plaid skirts may be cut bias to wear with straight-cut waists plaited in front buttoned in the back, pointed back and front, or the whole gown is cut in the bias. The skirts are laid in box or kilt plaits over a lining of the usual shape, faced with the material.

A beautiful mantle for a miss is of fancy cloth or plain silk entirely plaited and trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. The front forms a blouse and is gathered under a belt of velvet ribbon. The cape to the waist is plaited, and a narrow rolling collar is headed by a plaited standing collar.

There is no more graceful garment, especially for a fine figure, than a princess polonaise. A Paris model shows a polonaise of silk wrap Henrietta buttoned all the way down the front and slightly draped on both sides, over a straight skirt of silk wrap brocade laid in deep plaits. The straight collar and the sleeve are of brocade.

Fancy hosiery seems to be coming to the front. Black hose was in very high favor in 1889, while fancy hose has kept very much in the shade. But while black hose will retain its large circle of friends, as evidence by the demand for spring, which has already set in, black being in request for all grades, fancies have acquired many more admirers than they had last year.

No drawing-room is considered furnished without a corner chair, the frame for which may be gilded or enameled, but the covers must have a history. Old brocades cut from wedding gowns, pieces of ecclesiastical embroidery begged or bought from the parish chancel or the sleeve of a corduroy, beaver, or melton that has been through fire and water are some of the stuffs used in the upholstery.

That old talmudic snake design, symbolic of silence, eternity, and wisdom, has a firm hold on the jewelry trade, and the demand comes from men and children. Gold, silver and platinum enter into the single and double bands, and the purest gems are selected for the precious jewels buried in the serpent's head. So all absorbing has the love for snakes become that they pass between lovers as betrothal rings, and are put on the tiny fingers of newly made Christians.

Velours are seen either in one color or in stripes. Fine striped glorias are also used for skirts. Yarn dyed and piece dyed all-silk and half-silk atlases have many friends and are specially manufactured for this purpose. Broad stripes and small stripes combine in the liveliest color compositions; large square satins, the dark ground being squared by means of large stripes, atlases with large bomb and dotted designs will be used for skirts the coming season. All-silk and half-silk ottomans are shown in similar designs, but they have not the wearing capabilities of atlases. All-silk and half-silk armures in lively stripes; half-silk striped damasses with broad atlas stripes, a damasse faille stripe alternating with a plain satin stripe, or plain faille and damasse satin have friends.

In stuffs for skirts, striped and uni-flannel, uni or melange meltons, velours, moire, black striped lastings, beige, wool atlas, lanella, surah, all-silk and half-silk atlas, ottomans and similar fabrics are used. Some novelties in melton-like stuffs in new designs have just appeared, stripes remaining favorites. These stripes are in narrow and broad combinations, hair lines and thick lines, in shaded effects; the liveliest colors are permissible on goods for skirts. Orange stripes bordered with fine gray-blue stripes in silk, alternate with red stripes. A dark green ground carries light green stripes bordered by red and light blue stripes. On dark blue ground, cream-colored silk stripes are shown with blue and white. Olive and red striped meltons, dotted designs, bombs, cross stripes and large squares, mostly on dark ground melton, crossed by light stripes, are new skirt materials. All these designs are produced on the loom. On flannel stuffs they are also to be found, but as prints.

A Pretty Ball Dress.

For evening wear for a party or ball, a pretty guimp dress is made of the light figured brocatelle or India silk in shades of yellow, blue, pink, or light green. The guimp of lace or silk is shirred top and bottom. Wreathes of tiny proportions and ribbons may be profusely employed for ornamentation. This is a style of dress that suits a stylish young blonde more particularly, and admits of much liberty of individual taste in arrangement.

New Sorts of Embroidery.

Bokhara work forms a feature in the present London exhibition of art embroidery. It is an embroidery in colors on hand-woven linen, carnations being one of the favorite designs.

Ragusa work, ane her novelty, is a kind of floral embroidery worked on fine silk canvass. A quantity of antique ecclesiastical work of the Spanish and Italian school is also shown, worked on white satin, and one Italian piece has a crimson rose worked on either side, and a spray of tiny flowers in exquisitely harmonizing colors through the center.

The Naval Library.

The library belonging to the United States Navy contains nearly 17,000 volumes, and occupies three rooms on the top floor of the great new war building. From its windows one overlooks the White House and its grounds and obtains an extensive view of that part of the city. Professor J. Russell Soley is the librarian in charge. He is a large, well-built, handsome man, blonde in complexion, with blue eyes and a smooth face. He is a Harvard man and comes from a notable line of Boston ancestors. Speaking of the library, he said:

"It has been collected for the most part during the past five years. Prior to that time it may be said that we had no library for the navy. There was a miscellaneous collection of books of the popular romance order, which used to belong to ships' crews, and were left to us. They were of little use, and have been condemned and sold."

"What are the characteristics of the library?" I asked.

"It is largely technical and practical," the professor replied. "We have a large collection of mathematical books; electrical science has developed enormously within a few years and the books on that subject are increasing; I am gathering works on international law and the laws governing ships at sea. We have a large collection of [illegible] that is known regarding any given country. All the arts and sciences regarding shipbuilding are represented in this library."

"Do you possess any rare or curious books?" I asked.

"Here," said Professor Soley, opening a glass case, "is a unique collection of what may be considered out-of-the-way books. Some of them are as old as the fifteenth century. They are such books as can hardly be found in any other library, although copies of them may exist in the United States. Here, for instance, are three different histories of Paul Jones, the pirate, so called, printed in England at the time his exploits had roused that country. They are not reliable, being wholly imaginary and made to sell, but they are curious."

I opened one of the books and read on the title page as follows: "The Interesting Life, Travels, Voyages, and Daring Engagements of that celebrated and justly notorious Pirate Paul Jones; containing numerous anecdotes of undaunted courage in the prosecution of his nefarious undertakings, written by himself. London, 1803." There is a large copper-plate picture in this book representing Paul Jones shooting Lieutenant Grub for attempting to haul down the American flag. Jones is shooting him "on the spot," as General Dix ordered should be done about one hundred years later.

"Of course there was no Lieutenant Grub," said Professor Soley, "and the incident never took place."

Handing me a small book, which had been handsomely rebound, he said:

"Here is the only copy known to be in existence of the American Naval Register, printed in Philadelphia in 1815."

I looked it over and found it to be a little green-covered pamphlet of fifty pages, printed on coarse paper. The highest rank at that time in the navy was captain. Looking over the list of midshipmen I came to the following: "David H. Porter, stationed on the Franklin, 74 guns," and "David G. Farragut, commission dated December 17, 1810, stationed on the Independence, 74 guns."

The next book was a handsome little pocket volume which once belonged to, and contained the autograph of, "Geo. Henry Preble, Rear Admiral." It is called "The Sailing and Fighting Instructions or Signals as they are Observed in the Royal Navy of Great Britain." It is a book of the seventeenth century, and consists wholly of copper-plate engravings colored by hand and printed on superfine elephant paper, with a ship to each signal and the various signal flags painted in their proper colors. This book has little value now, save as a curiosity.

A large volume of 300 pages, full of interesting data, is known as "Bruce's Report" of the arrangements which were made for internal defence of Great Britain when Spain, by its Armada, projected the invasion and conquest of England, and "Application of the wise proceedings of our ancestors to the present crisis of public safety," referring to the belief that the then French republic proposed to invade and conquer Great Britain. This document was published in book form and has no title page. It was a state paper of 1798 and was compiled by John Bruce from documents in the state paper office, to be laid before the ministers or cabinet officers of Great Britain. The project of invasion by Spain was in 1588, in the days of Elizabeth, and as this document is a reprint of the old documents of that day, it is very curious and interesting. What is quite remarkable is the fact that a descendant of this same John Bruce, living in Boston, Mass., is a relative of Professor Soley, who is in charge of the library.

The last book I examined was a duplicate sold from the British museum in 1787, and printed in London in 1589. It is titled: "A declaration of the causes which mooved the chiefe commanders of the navie of her most excellent majestie the Queen of England, in their voyage and expedition for Portugal, to take and arrest in the mouth of the river of Lisbone certain shippes of corne and other provisions of warre bound for the said citie."

The librarian has at his disposal about $1,000 a year allowed out of the fund for contingent expenses, which he can spend for books of this character, and he is thus enabled to pick up any rare book of historical interest. This fund should be largely increased.

FULLER-WALKER.

The venerable Miss Elizabeth Peabody said recently, when asked if death had any sadness for her: "Oh, no, death is only more life."

BARGAINING IN ALGIERS.

Beating a Shopkeeper Down From Forty to Fourteen Dollars.

You select your goods with slow deliberation, pile them up together casually in a little heap, eye them askance with an inquiring glance, and take a contemplative pull or two at the inspiring weed in solemn silence, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine. Mohammed Ali responds with a puff from his cigarette in grave concert. Then you walk once or twice up and down the piazza slowly, and, jerking your head with careless ease in the direction of your selected pile, you inquire, as if for abstract reasons merely, in an off-hand tone, your Moslems friend's lowest cash quotation for the lot as it stands.

Two hundred francs is the smallest price. Mohammed Ali paid far more than that himself for them. He sells simply for occupation it would seem. Look at the work, monsieur. All graven brass, not mere repousse metal, or real old chain-stitch, alike on both sides—none of your wretched, commonplace, modern machine-made embroidery.

You smile incredously, and remark with a nod that your Moslem friend must surely be in error. A mistake of the press. For 200 francs read 50 francs.

Mohammed Ali assumes an expressive attitude of virtuous indignation and resumes his tobacco. Fifty francs for all that lot! Monsieur jests. He shows himself a very poor judge indeed of values.

Half an hour's debate and ten successive abatements reduce the lot at least to a fair average price seventy francs. Mohammed declares you have robbed him of all his profit, and pockets his cash with inarticulate grumblings in the Arab tongue. Next day you see in the Rue Bab-Azzoun that you have paid him at least 20 francs too much for your supposed bargain.

Prohibition Item.

Texas Siftings: Smith—"I am very sorry, Jones, that I can't offer you anythink to drink." Jones—"Never mind me; it's a good idea not to keep it in the house." "But I do keep it in the house as a general thing, but Parson Purewater, my wife's uncle, a prohibitionist lecturer, is visiting us, and——" "I see. You don't want to shock his sensibilities." "It an't that; he drinks it all up. The last drop went last night after his lecture."

Senator Allen, of Washington State, is so youthful in appearance that he was recently refused admission to the floor of the United States Senate chamber by a doorkeeper who did not know him.

Modern poets enjoy longevity. Browning lived to be 77. Wordsworth, Bryant, Emerson, and Longfellow were old men. Whittier, Tennyson, and Walt Whitman still live.

King Humbert of Italy has lost a great deal of flesh of late. This is nothing. Dom Pedro has been deprived of his crown recently.

Mixed Misfortunes.

People passing the New York entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge lately were considerably amused at the sorry spectacle presented by two beggars. One of these had his empty sleeve pinned across his breast and the following placard suspended by an old shoe-string around his neck: "Please help the blind. I lost my eyesight in an explosion." His companion in misery had a bandage across his eyes, and the following unique sign to explain his affliction: "Don't pass me by without helping me. I lost my arm by the bursting of a shell at the siege of Antietam." [illegible]

A Tomato-Colored Sash.

"There is no doubt about it, tomato-color is the thing," said one wise woman to another yesterday. "I don't know whether it is because we are less used to it, or because it is really more striking than anything else, but I assure you that woman carried the day, or rather the night, thanks to nothing but that sash. We'll hate to follow in her wake, of course, but I told my dressmaker she must get me up something in tomato color and white—that won't look like an imitation."

All this as tribute to a woman who recently appeared in the very familiar black net dress of the period at the opera house, and snatched victory from comparative defeat with a tomato-colored empire sash, and was considered by the men to be the most strikingly and handsomely dressed woman in the house. Tomato color is particularly adapted, too, for linings where the lining is expected to show, as in opera cloaks, and for gowns that fall loose over petticoats; but it is to be hoped that it will never fall into the hands of the indiscreet, i. e., the majority, for it is certainly a color to then cause havoc.—[New York Saturday Review.

In Love With Browning's Son.

There lives in Washington Place, near Broadway, a young woman who was the first love of Robert Browning's son. There was a long attachment between the couple, but the mother repulsed the young artist, and brought her attractive daughter back to America in great haste, in order to prevent the young man from laying a successful siege to the maiden's heart and fancy. When remonstrated with and told that the poet's son was a suitable match for any woman, the maternal guardian replied that money was worth more than brains!

The Trixey is a very popular little coat, and so simple in construction it can be made at home with or without a pattern. It will admit of tasteful ornamentation, but the prevailing fashion sensibly discourages display in the ordinary dress of children. Our picture shows a very simple style, such as is now much in vogue, however, in the large cities. The usual length is about half-way between the knee and ankle. Some mothers make these coats even longer than the one shown in the picture. It is not a heavy garment, but rather a light one. It is made of cloth or cloth-finished flannel and lined with silk, satin, or some pretty bright woolen fabric.

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CURES PERMANENTLY
RHEUMATISM.

Suffered for Nearly 30 Years.
187 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md.
For nearly 30 years I suffered with rheumatism in arm and shoulder; could not lift my arm. Less than two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. W. H. HERSON.

Of Many Years' Standing.
Gadsden, Crockett Co., Tenn.
My case was rheumatism of many years' standing, contracted during the war; tried most everything without relief. St. Jacobs Oil finally cured me. FRED. ROGGE.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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"ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark! Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned, to assure them that their steps need tend no longer towards that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., resulting in his "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

For Scrofula in all its myriad forms, whether affecting the lung-tissues or other organs or parts, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy, and the *only one* that is sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure, taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded. Enlarged glands, tumors or "bunches," are dissipated by its use; old sores or ulcers healed; "white swellings," hip-joint disease, and kindred ailments, permanently cured. It's a *medicine*, not a beverage; a concentrated vegetable extract, without sugar or syrup in its make-up. Don't beget drunkards. As *peculiar* and marvelous in curative properties as in its composition. It's mission is to *cure*, not palliate.

"Golden Medical Discovery" invigorates and strengthens the liver and lungs, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and builds up both flesh and strength when reduced by "wasting diseases." It leads all other medicines in amount of sales. There's nothing like it for the diseases for which it is recommended, so don't be fooled into accepting any substitute, said to be "just as good." It's an insult to your intelligence when unprincipled dealers try to palm off something else upon you, *just to make a little better profit!* An honest dealer supplies what his customers want, without questioning their intelligence. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.

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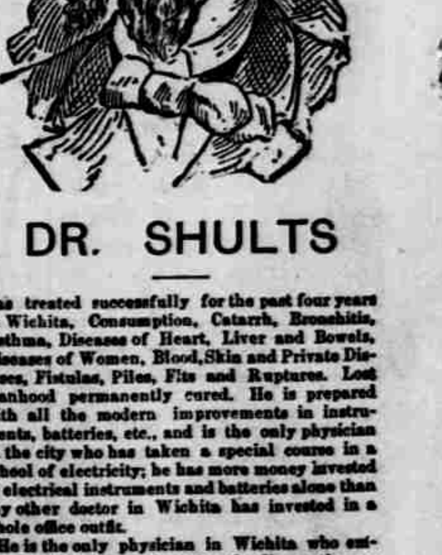
REFERENCES:
Wichita National Bank, State National Bank, Citizens Bank, [illegible]



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He is the only physician in Wichita who employs a high power microscope for diagnostic purposes and the only Lung Specialist in the city who employs one at all. His four years' successful practice in Wichita, coupled with his experience in the hospitals of New York and Chicago, give him a decided advantage over his imitators. He is frank, honest and truthful, and will tell you if your case is a curable one, and to show faith in his ability, he agrees to the plan of NO PAY TILL CURED in all curable cases in any of his specialties, while many others advertise "No cure no pay," but restrict themselves to two or three diseases, and the two or three of a class they know they will never have, and they always want a fee for a month or two's treatment in advance.

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