

NEW YORK LETTER.

EVARTS, DEPEW, AND INGERSOLL NEVER TAKE ANY PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

But Not One of Them Has Ever Seen a Sick Day—Evarts Still a Rugged Old Gentleman.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.) New York, January 11, 1890. Since Senator William Maxwell Evarts returned from Europe several weeks ago...

A HEAVY LINGER.

The Senator is the only living lawyer, and the only one of whom there is any record in the past century...

CHILD'S PLAY.

Fun, fact, and fiction from G. W. C. Whatever may be the true inwardness of the great cigarette excitement...

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN 1892.

People should not lightly accuse the Legislature of ineptitude, for it is well known that it does business on the Square...

THE BELL-LINE COMPANY.

The Bell-Line Company do not appear to be able to make buckle and tongue most.

THE AVERAGE NEW YORK EDITOR.

The average New York editor thinks he knows more than anybody else, and he ought to, as he never parts with any of his knowledge.

INGERSOLL, DETROIT.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the great intellect, is the kind of man whose mind would be said that some men ought to take exercise in order to keep in good health.

OTHERS WHO EXERCISE.

General Russell differs decidedly from the general mass above quoted. In fact, he has a pair of Indian moccasins and a walking stick...

MRS. PARTINGTON.

THIRD CHAPTER OF THE OLD LADY'S LATEST PEREGRINATIONS.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave"—Adventures, Mishaps, and Surprises as Told by the Old Lady Herself.

(Written for the Dispatch by R. P. Shilbaker.)

HE SEVEN Polles, in her lively game of push and shove, had kept the afternoon pretty busy below for two days...

Next morning after this episode, at breakfast Captain Deak presided...

Seven bells had sounded when St. Petron, the mate, came below to summon Mrs. Partington to the deck.

"Come, my dear," said he, "we want you aboard. We're striking the Gulf Stream."

"Did the collision do any harm?" she asked.

"No, no! all right."

"Well, wait till I make myself responsible and I will come. I shall be rejoiced to see a stream once more, for this being tossed about so has become monotonous."

"This was so many in him that even Mrs. Partington relented. The breakfast had proceeded to near its close...

"Where is the stream?" she asked, having fancied that it must be a stream flowing between green banks bordered with alders...

"It is the sea itself," was the reply.

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by a copy of the London Punch that had found his way among them.

He was very bilious, when suddenly he jumped up, gave a scream, and danced around on one foot, holding the other in his hand, declaring he had been bitten by a centipede, right through his stocking.

The reptile was not caught, but a next morning near where like had stood, but he knew nothing about it.

A Sunday Letter from Rev. I. A. Cetter. 112 West MARSHALL STREET, RICHMOND, VA., January 8, 1890.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

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that the small had done more than the Captain in his life.

He soon recovered, however, and proceeded with the aid of one of the sailors, who was compelled to accompany him in preparing dinner. The deck bore testimony to the force of the gale—strewn everywhere with fragments of various sorts.

After dinner of canned meats—better, Mrs. Partington seriously said, with content, than the staid ox—they went on deck again.

After the night settled down with the sunset (for there is no twilight in the tropics), the stars came out, or were there in the distance, and the stars peeped up from the eastern horizon, sending a lane of light to the vessel, the winds were gentle, the atmosphere warm, and the sunset looked most averaging.

He sat on the edge of the roof of the round-house, swinging his legs in the space between the roof and the side of one of the passengers. Mrs. Partington was silent.

"Do you know," said he, breaking the stillness abruptly, "what the sailors call that stream of light reflected on the water?"

"They call it the pathway of angels."

"Very pretty," was replied. "Let me see it." "The moon is in the sky, but it is not the moon's light."

"Moonshine, sir."

To descend from generalities, here is an afternoon stroll—dress for a mile or more to fill the hills. It is a stroll in green; and the materials are velvet, Henrietta dark, and aurah. The waist includes black and white, and the skirt is a dark-green velvet. This is ornamented with handsome braid embroideries, applied upon the skirt. The lower part of the skirt is of plain silk. The skirt is in several dark, neutral green shades, and is decorated with a wide, light-colored band which claims it for its insignia, but it is a very pretty plaid with little of the color of the plaid.

They show a three-quarter length coat form among the seasonable street-wraps for girls of this age that is quite effective in its way. It is a kind of hybrid—neither a jacket nor a long wrap.

HEAD-GEAR. As to misses' head-gear, large felts are often chosen. They are of striking, picturesque, and original designs, and are turned in the most elegant forms, and they require very little trimming. A single long plume, or a row of feathers, or a broad ribbon disposed upon the front, or at one side, will do the trick.

Among other people who are expressing themselves strongly upon the unnatural, unreasonable mildness of the weather, are the fur-dealers. The present protracted winter has ruined the fur market.

It would seem that the innovation introduced several seasons ago of silk underwear was more one of those transient fancies of the critical fashion than the part of a lady's wardrobe that is permanent.

The most stylish lingerie now is not of silk; white underwear has remained the favorite of the most graceful and fashionable women.

Senator Ingalls writes, in a public address, "Fully nine tenths of the drinking and drunkenness prevalent in Kansas are due to the influence of the State penitentiary."

It is interesting to note that the State penitentiary is gradually diminishing.

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