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THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

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WHOLE NUMBER. 12,748. RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1892. THREE CENTS PER COPY.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

Stylish Models in Wash Dresses for Hot-Weather Wear.

"BLAZER" AND CORSET SUITS.

Costumes That Will Bear Conspicuous Tints—Suspender Suits Favorites in Tennis Courts—Bathing Attire.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, June 4.—In these hot days the wash dress appeals with a voice that will not be denied for recognition. It is time for cloths or silks. The thinnest and coolest fabrics are not too thin or cool for the heated term. There was a time when these gowns of gingham or dimity were shapeless wrappers, without even the redeeming feature of a Mother Hubbard. We have changed all that. Nowadays there are a great many stylish models in wash goods from which to choose the shape of a summer apparel. An effective cream with figurings of heliotrope, and dark purple, is made on the corsolet is of fine black lace, and bands of the same are laid around the cuffs are also of lace.

OTHER MODELS.

There is a charming English challi, in natural rose-buds over a white ground. The blouse fastens to one side and is trimmed with a rose-pink ribbon girdle and a strained belt.

A French batiste shows an open front over a full vest of pale-green surah, covered by a cascade jabot of bands of pale-green ribbon down the skirt.

Striped ginghams, in pale shades of green, rose and cream, is a charming gown which is distinguished by a martha over the shoulders, of which there is a flounce of the material about eighteen inches deep, edged with the lace, and at the foot of the skirt similarly trimmed. For light summer woollens, crepes and similar materials, one or four different modes of trimming divide favor.

One suit exhibits a deep, open-work yoke, which on the loose, comfortable waists we have been wearing for some time in outer garments. Below appears the ubiquitous silk belt, a pointed girdle of the dress below is a plain bell skirt.

FOR CONTRASTS.

One suit is developing the taste for contrasts. It is a fashion for conspicuous tints. In one case, intended among the sea of a young lady who will put in the Desert, the high corsolet bodice were of bright-red crepon; it might perhaps be better with full, puffed sleeves, of white surah. With this costume accessories have been chosen. The immense straw hat is of a coquette hat, with a projecting brim. The only trimming is a bow of ribbon in the same shade as the dress, placed right upon the front projection. The gloves are white, with openings show serpentine stripes of black, and the oxfords are of black leather. These serpentine stripes represent an idea that is general and for an important feature of hosiery so conspicuous beauty and slender adjunct of the foot and ankle.

FOR TENNIS GIRLS.

A tennis suit will be a favorite on the courts. Navy-blue serge seems the universal material. The suspenders are embroidered. As to the shoes worn with the dress, that is altogether of individual taste. Some are wearing them in black with white figurings or polka-dots, these are the most correct. Others display shirts of a vivid shade with narrow blue or white stripings are likewise numerous.

AT THE SEASIDE.

The roar of the surf becomes louder to the ears of the athletic girl who is at least with old Neptune and the period of her annual dip approaching attire becomes a matter of interest.

A paragrapher has made this point one by his gibes at the immense dimensions of the fashionable bathing-suit. Certainly our *fin de siecle* girl smothers her charms in voluminous flannels as her parent did thirty years ago.

The most favored bathing-suit is a jersey tights and bodice in one. At the waist a short skirt is worn, reaching only to the knees. The coloring is attained by making the tights and skirt of one shade, the tights perhaps are dyed in another.

We believe this costume a little extravagant. We would make a blouse and tights of fine flannel and attach a skirt of the same length as the trousers at the knee. This suit must, of course, be worn by long stockings.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The girl who is accustomed to having her neck in evening dress during the season will take a word from the wise and carefully refrain from any such practice on the beach. Whiteness is the first attribute of beauty in a woman's arm, and the sun is her friend to this pale flesh tint. Sun-bath plays a prominent part in the summer dresses. Racing gowns particularly so.

Parasols are popular and garden-hats are indispensable. Foulard is a prominent feature of these gowns.

The English walking-boot has a well-defined toe of white buckskin that runs higher than usual, quite passing the instep. The fixings are of black or white patent leather.

OTHER FASHION NOTES.

The girl's parasol must match one's gown always. There is a passion for what may be called homogeneousness in color.

Tan will remain a prime favorite at least throughout the summer.

The newest straws are abominably cheap, showing a deplorable lack of garniture.

Much care is employed in trimming a hat. One of your streamers is also to be the other will be of the same ribbon in the garniture.

Many dresses show lace berthas on silk applied over surah. Sashes are worn.

A thoughtful mother, with a taste for the grotesque, who arrays her little girls in the time of Charles II, or in garments, could behold the discomfiture the children endure in their clothes at the hands of those who would quickly restore them to the dress of the day.

THE COOK IN INDIA.

Research at All He Surveys, and a Treasure to Be Kept.

The Indian kitchen is usually in a detached house, for the smell of cooking and of a kitchen fire are not endured, says an exchange. The cook is master of the kitchen. He allows no one to help him.

The cook is a treasure not easily lost. Most cooks are called "Mugs," "Burmese," but in reality they are half breeds, a cross between the Portuguese and the ordinary Hindoo of Chittagong. Although these cooks will describe themselves as Rajbunsis—men of royal blood, they have no caste. It was the lack of caste that introduced the Mug cooks into the kitchen in India—first with the English and afterwards with the English. They took to the business readily. There are some families of them who are born cooks and have traditions for the cooking of certain dishes.

My favorite cook was one of those men. He served me for several years, and I had no intention of leaving me. He was dismissed more than once for drunkenness, but he soon got himself reinstated, while I had suffered for several days at the hands of some incompetent substitute.

There was eventually an understanding that he was only to become drunk when he had dined out. He was not bound to be drunk, but he regarded opportunities to become so as feast-days, and when repentance came in the morning he would lavish extra pains on the breakfast dishes. I could usually tell whether he had been indulging on the previous night. Barring this weakness, he was an excellent cook.

He could read and write Bengali, and the menu for breakfast, for lunch, and for dinner was always written by him and the khansamah, and either submitted for my inspection or hung on a hook in the kitchen.

It is desirable to have the kitchens whitewashed and the copper cooking-vessels tinned at least once a month, and the cook should be supplied with plenty of soap and soda and dusters and cloths of all sorts, so that he may have no excuse for anything being left dirty.

Then and only then can the mistress or master of a house pay an unexpected visit to the kitchen without the chance of witnessing something analogous to the disaster episode of a Chinese cook who was found washing his little feet in the soup tureen.

I wish that I could have brought my cook to England with me. In some dishes he was incomparable. The late Lord Naper, of Magdala, when a passing guest one day, suggested that the man must be a French cook, and poor Lord Canning, when he came on a visit to my station on public business, declared that a soufflé made by my cook was superior to soufflés made by his own *chef*. By his doctor's orders Lord Canning had a soufflé every day for his lunch. The doctor considered it the most wholesome food in India at midday.

QUEER STORIES OF LUCKY MINERS.

Men Who Made Fortunes and Lost Them—Others Who Luckily Held On.

[Harper's Magazine for June.]

A few of the many stories that are told of miners' luck will enable the reader to understand how and why the heads of whole communities may be turned in mining regions. Jim Whitlatch, the discoverer of the Whitlatch-Union mine, near Helena, led a typical western miner's life. The mine in question is now owned in England and has produced $20,000,000 in gold. After Jim Whitlatch had sold the property for $1,500,000 he went to New York "to make as much money as Vanderbilt." He was a rare treat to Wall street, which fattened on him, and in one year let him go with only the clothes on his back. He returned to Montana, began "prospecting" again, and discovered a mine for which he got $250,000. He went to Chicago to rival Mr. Potter Palmer in wealth, and returned just as he did from New York—"flat-strapped," as he would have expressed it. He made still another fortune, and went to San Francisco, where he died a poor man. Another Lewis and Clarke-county mine—the Drum Lummon—provides another such story. It was discovered by an Irish immigrant named Thomas Cruse. Although he had owned it, he could not get a sack of flour on credit. He sold it to an English syndicate for $1,500,000. But he remains one of the wealthy men of Helena.

There is an ex-State senator in Beaver Head county who owns a very rich mine, the ore yielding $700 to the ton net. He is a California "Forty-niner," who came as a prospector to Montana, and since discovering his mine has lived upon it in a peculiar way. He has no faith in banks. He says his money is safest in the ground. When he has spent what money he has he takes out a wagon-load of ore, ships it to Omaha, sells it, and lives on the return until he needs another wagon-load.

There is a queer story concerning the Spotted-Horse Mine, in Fergus county. It was found by P. A. McAdow, who sold it to Governor Hauser and A. M. Holder for $500,000 three years ago. They paid a large sum down in cash, and the other payments were to come out of the ground. The ore was in pockets, each of which was easily exhausted. Whatever was taken out went to McAdow, who got about $100,000. Then the purchasers abandoned it, on the advice of experts, and Mr. McAdow took hold of it. He found the vein, over which rails had been laid for a mining car. He has taken out $500,000, and it is still a good mine. One of these children of luck came to Helena with money, picked out a wife, who was then a poor seamstress, hired a hotel, and invited the town to the wedding. The amount of champagne that flowed at that wedding was fabulous, and it is said that the whole town recled to bed that night.

THE LARGEST SAILING-SHIP.

She Is the Maria Rickmers, Running from Burmah to Bremen.

The sailing-ship Maria Rickmers, recently launched at the Russell yards, at Port Glasgow, Scotland, is claimed to be the largest sailing-ship in the world, says the New York *Herald*. She is 375 feet long, with a breadth of beam of 48 feet, draws 25 feet of water, and has over 30 feet depth of hold. Her net tonnage is 3,822 and over double that in carrying capacity.

She is built of steel, with a double bottom all fore and aft, with a deep midship-tank for carrying water ballast. She is rigged as a five-masted bark, carrying double topgallant sails and single royals on four of her masts and skysails on three, and carrying altogether about 57,000 square feet of canvas.

An unusal feature in her construction is that she is fitted with auxiliary triple expansion engines, and machinery of sufficient power to give her a speed of about seven knots during calms and very light winds. She is provided with a double-bladed feathering propeller-wheel, which does not interfere with her steering qualities when moving under sail alone.

The Maria Rickmers was built for the firm of Rickmers & Co., rice-millers, of Bremen, Germany, and will be used in the rice-carrying trade between Burmah and Bremen. She is now at sea on her maiden voyage from Glasgow to Singapore.

As compared with the big American ship Shenandoah, the Maria Rickmers is 50 feet longer, 1 foot less beam, and has the same draught as the Shenandoah. At the same time she carries nearly 4,000 more yards of canvas and has a much larger tonnage. The Shenandoah is now the third largest sailing vessel in the world, although undoubtedly the largest wooden vessel afloat.

The nearest competitor to the Maria Rickmers is the huge five-masted sailing-ship La France, which is the same length, 375 feet, is one foot wider, but has less draught, and is in net tonnage 222 tons less. It is claimed for the Maria Rickmers that she can make from thirteen to fifteen knots an hour, with sail power alone. Her steam-power is purely auxiliary and is only to be used in case of calms. Her speed yet remains to be determined, however, and her ability to make what she claims is doubted by sailors on this side of the globe.

American shipmasters say she lacks that grace of line and ease of movement for which American ships are noted, and that she is too clumsy to develop any great degree of speed.

NOTHING TO GET MAD OVER.

Couldn't Get Along With His Wife and Didn't Care Who Married Her.

A man about 45 years old, having three new scythe-stones tied up with a string under his arm, got aboard the train at Smith's Centre, and as he passed down the car to find a seat a passenger, says the New Hork *Herald*, who was considerably younger and who also appeared to be a farmer, called out:

"Wall, I declar', but who expected to see you here! How are ye, Jim Thompson?"

"Oh, toler'ble well, considerin'," was the reply of the newcomer. "How's all your folks?"

"Able to be around, thank ye. Gettin' ready to sharpen up, I see?"

"Yaas."

"Look here, Jim, I want to talk to ye a bit. Folks is tellin' 'round that you'n me is mad at each other an' ready to fight."

"Yaas, I've heard it."

"But it ain't so. I ain't mad, and I don't know what you've got to get mad over."

"Oh, I never thought of gittin' mad."

"It's just the gossips, who want sumphin' to blow about. I married Mary Jane Hopkins. We didn't hitch very well, and I got a divorce. Then she married you, and that set folks to thinkin' we orter be mad at each other. Lands alive! but it would take more'n that to make me mad!"

"And here, too."

"How is Mary Jane now?"

"Fust rate—fust rate."

"Does she git mad and go into hysterics?"

"Hasn't yit."

"How's her breath?"

"Improving right along all the time."

"Glad to hear it. Willin' to git up in the mornin'?"

"Perfectly willin'."

"Kick any 'bout milkin' the cows and feedin' the hogs."

"Not a kick."

"Well, I'm glad on it. We couldn't hitch, but I ain't got a word to say agin Mary. Somebody had to marry her, an' it might as well be you as any one else. Don't you mind what folks say. I ain't mad nor goin' to git mad jest 'cause you married my old wife. I'm after another, and as soon as I git her you'n Mary come over an' stay all day, and we'll make it pleasant for ye."

Had Been There.

[Kate Field's Washington.]

Maiden (listening to Mendelsohn's "Wedding March"): I don't see why they have the clashing of the cymbals.

Young Mrs. Benedict: Why, as a symbol of the clashings which are to follow, of course.

He Invited the Retort.

[Jewellers' Weekly.]

Attorney Wantling: What did your father say when he saw my picture in your watch?

Miss Worth: That it was the only case you had ever appeared in.

Mixed Dates.

[Life.]

Posy (reaching for his side-pocket): Let me read you my new poem on "Love."

Prosy: Don't you remember you read it to me last week?

Posy (turning off with a sigh): I only wrote it last night.

PLANS FOR SUMMER.

WHERE MANY RICHMOND PEOPLE WILL SPEND THE HEATED SEASON.

Some Will Seek the Sea Breezes, Others Mountain Air, and Still Others Quiet Life in the Country.

The Richmond public, like the storks of Germany and the swallows of the south, are no sooner touched by the first hot breath of summer than they become filled with migratory ideas and have an almost irresistible desire to seek other lands and climes.

From June until September there is an exodus of the population, and young, mature, and old hurry to desert the hot, dusty city and find cooler retreats. Some hasten to the seashore, where the never-tiring billows beat against the sands, others hie themselves to the shady dells and valleys of the mountains, and still another class—a more sober faction—content with bucolic occupations, enjoy the quiet pleasures of genuine country life.

'Tis true, there are a few "stay-at-homes" who are prevented by circumstance from the enjoyment of vacations, but they are never altogether contented with their lot, and often sigh unconsciously for the joys they know not of.

MANY PREPARING TO LEAVE.

Even now many persons are busy concocting plans to "leave town," and the result of the DISPATCH reporter's inquiries as to where they are going, as given below, plainly shows how great will be the exodus ere many weeks have passed:

Miss May Handy will summer at Narragansett Pier.

The Misses Lay expect to spend a part of the summer at General T. M. Logan's elegant country home.

Miss Frances Scott will spend her summer at her country residence in Albemarle county. Her friend, Miss Booth, of Williamsburg, will be with her.

Mrs. Samuel H. Pulliam will probably spend several weeks at Mountain Top.

Mrs. T. L. Alfriend and family contemplate summering at the Blue Ridge Springs.

Mrs. Mann S. Quarles and family will, after school commencements, visit friends in the country.

Mrs. A. H. Christian, Jr., will summer at Mountain Top.

Mrs. E. D. Christian and family are undecided about their summer plans, but think of going either to the White Sulphur or Warm Springs.

Mrs. A. E. Donnan and family will pass several weeks at Mr. J. B. Pace's summer home and spend July and August at the Warm Springs.

Miss Bessie Pace will summer at Sunny Side and the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. James B. Pace will spend June at Old Point and July at Sunny Side. In August she will visit Narragansett.

Mrs. Charles F. Taylor and family will soon visit Virginia Beach. In the month of August, accompanied by her father, Mr. Thomas Bottimore, of Norfolk, she will go to Asheville, N. C.

Mrs. Thomas A. Brander will summer on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where Major Brander's sister resides.

Mrs. William H. Talbott and family will summer at the Warm Springs. They leave this week for Old Point.

Mrs. Frank Potts and family will summer at Yanceyville, N. C., and Staunton, Va.

Mrs. J. A. D. Kellogg will spend the summer at Warrenton, Va.

Mr. Alexander Cameron and family will leave this week for their country residence, Cameron Lodge, near Gordonsville.

Bishop Whittle and family expect to spend the summer at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Rev. Hartley Carmichael will sail for Europe June 15th. Mrs. Carmichael and family will spend the summer at Bellmeade, Va.

Bishop Randolph will spend the summer with his family at Casivons, Va.

Mrs. William M. Parrish and family will leave in a few days for the mountains of Virginia.

Mrs. R. L. Norris and family are spending the summer on the Hudson river, near Yonkers, N. Y.

Mrs. James D. Patton and family will leave this week for Old Point.

Mrs. T. C. Williams and family will leave this week for Old Point.

Mrs. William L. Royall will spend the summer in Mathews county, the guest of Mrs. Tabb.

Mrs. John Enders will spend the summer with Mrs. Tabb in Mathews county.

Mrs. Dr. Isaiah White will spend the summer in Gloucester county

Mrs. L. F. Neal is in Pittsburg. She is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Graham, and will summer at Rockbridge Alum Springs.

Mrs. James W. Allison will leave this week for Old Point and will summer at the "White."

Mrs. Susan B. Clemens will be at Old Point this week and will summer at the "White."

Mrs. Jane Blair and her daughter, Miss Janie, will spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. James Thomas left for Asheville last week to attend the marriage of her granddaughter, Miss Connally.

Mrs. Charles P. Lathrop and family will leave this week to spend the month of June visiting friends in Halifax county.

Miss Emma Barksdale left Friday to visit the Misses Taylor in Danville, and from there will go to Old Point.

Mrs. Rebecca W. Minter is visiting her daughters in Lancaster county, Va., where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Willie Allen will leave this week for New York, and will summer at Narragansett Pier.

Mrs. Charles E. Smith will leave the last of this month for Old Point and will summer in the North.

Mrs. R. L. Brown and family will spend the month of July at West Point and in August they will go to the White Sulphur.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Davis will spend the month of July at Old Point.

Mrs. E. A. Saunders, Jr., will visit West Point for a short while and then summer at the Rockbridge Alum Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Saunders will leave in a short time for the White Sulphur Springs.

Miss Virgie Brock will leave about the middle of June for a two-weeks' trip to Old Point.

Mrs. James Patterson will leave about the middle of June, for a two-week's visit at Old Point, and will summer at the Rockbridge Alum.

Mrs. Charles U. Williams and Misses Elise and Bruce Williams will summer at the Warm Springs.

Miss Patty Taylor, of Norfolk, and Misses Bessie Martin and Maggie Ferguson, of Richmond, will visit Miss Hobson, on the James, next week, when the latter returns from school in Baltimore.

Miss Mary Connally left Thursday night for Asheville, N. C. On the 20th of this month she will marry Mr. Cox, of Philadelphia, who is now living at Asheville.

Miss Mary Morton, of Baltimore, is visiting Miss Ellen Hobson.

Miss Champ Robertson, of Baltimore, is visiting the Misses Myers.

The Misses Ross will spend about two weeks of this month at Old Point.

Among the young men who will visit Old Point during the early part of July are Messrs. Edward and Willie Hanewinckel, John Atkinson, Willie Ferguson, Saunders Hobson, John Currie, John Mallory, Charles Antrim, George Gibson, George Lee, Preston Noland, Arthur Wiley, and Cary Sheppard.

Miss Nellie Fuller will be at Old Point from June 20th to July 10th. Her sister, Miss Lucile, will also be at the Hygeia during the same time.

Miss Laila Harrison, of Leesburg, Va., who visited Richmond last winter, will visit Old Point from June 25th to July 10th.

Miss Bessie Fauntleroy will visit Old Point about July 1st.

Miss Schwarzwaelder, of Brooklyn, will stop in Richmond shortly while *en route* to Old Point, where she will spend two weeks.

Mrs. Meredith Montague and family will leave shortly for Bedford City to spend several weeks.

Miss Ellen Hobson will spend the summer at the White.

Mrs. T. C. Williams and Miss Mary Williams will spend some time at Old Point during this and next month.

Mrs. C. E. Buck will visit Old Point about the middle of June.

Miss Elise Strother will soon visit Colonel Buford's summer residence.

Mr. W. E. Gates will shortly spend several days at Old Point.

Mrs. C. L. Brown will leave in a few days for Greenwood, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. A. W. Weddell and the Misses Weddell will leave in a few days for Greenwood, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. John A. Curtis and family left Saturday for Old Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Curtis left Saturday for Old Point.

Mrs. Robert E. Powers will summer at Millsboro' Springs.

Mrs. LeRoy Brown and family will summer at Cobb's Island.

Mrs. B. C. Wherry and family contemplate spending the summer at Cherry-Stone Cottage.

Mrs. John Blair and Mrs. Burrall will spend the summer at Mrs. Garnett's, in Gloucester county.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvie Blair expect to leave this week to spend the summer at Mrs. Garrett's, in Gloucester county.

Rev. J. P. Little will occupy Dr. Fair's pulpit this morning and to-night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Wortham have not made up their plan, but think of spending the summer abroad, but will leave soon for Old Point.

Mrs. Gideon A. Davenport and family will spend the early part of the summer in Gloucester county, and from there summer in the mountains.

Mrs. J. Kerr Branch and family are at their country home, "Quaker Hill," in New York, to spend the summer.

Mrs. Fred. Scott and family will spend the early summer at their country home, "Donegal," in Albemarle.

Mrs. C. O'B. Cowardin and family will summer at Cobb's Island.

WAS A REAL BEAST THOUGH.

A Chameleon in a Girl's Hair Startles Two Hard-Drinking Men.

[New York Herald.]

"I was at a ball at Fernandina a short time ago," said the handsome purser of the Iroquois, "and the belle of the occasion wore a beautiful live chameleon on her coiffure. It was anchored with a gold cable—the lizard, I mean, not the hair. The latter unquestionably belonged there and was as luxuriant and fluffy as the moss that hangs from the branches along the St. John's, only it was coal black.

"She was certainly a very lovely woman, rather too taut in the waist, but had a charming rakish set fore and aft, and was not too much loaded down about the bows. That little critter on her foretop must have been quite vain of his position in society, for he showed all his colors during the evening, running up the red and green and gold and silver alternately, like he was the flash-light off Hatteras. The fine cable just abaft his forelegs gave him enough swing to move his length, and he kept signaling all the time. Of course the lady was very much admired; so was the chameleon.

"She had several swells from Boston and New York after her. Two of the latter fellows came down on the boat with us and had been drinking a good deal of 'cham' to keep off seasickness. They were rather stylish-looking fellows, and young men of that build being scarce at the winter resorts, they had any amount of attention among the ladies.

"Both of them got introductions to the clipper with the chameleon. The first one snapped up her card and leaned over her where she sat, and was about to write his name down for a dance, when the lizard perked up its nose at him within six inches of his face and slowly wiggled its tail. He turned as white as a new staysail, and, dropping the card hurried out of the room.

"His friend, who had been watching for a chance to get in, saw him go and made straight for the pretty woman. He seemed to be tickled to death to find an opening on her card and his face was wreathed in smiles when they swung out into the stream for a waltz. As they came around past me, lying at the pier—I mean leaning against the wall near the door—he seemed to have caught sight of the lizard for the first time. It was showing red and was straining at the cable to get over into his neck.

"He shut both eyes and blinked hard—the lizard changed to green and flopped its tail at him. He looked like a sailor who had seen a jack-o'-lantern perched on the bowsprit. His legs had kept flying to the music, but he missed the step twice and the lady chided him. The lizard signalled blue, then green—then turned a dull copper color—then reached out one foot for him.

"He slipped and got thumped in the neck by a good stout boot from the nearest couple. He gave one yell and scrambled to his feet. The music stopped and a lot of people gathered round him, supposing he was severely hurt, but he got away and came out hastily, catching him by the coat as he went by. I went out with him laughing.

"'S—s—say!' says he, trembling all over, 'd—d—do you—d—d—did you see—?'

"'The lizard in her foretop?' says I. 'Yes—pretty, isn't it?'

"'Is it—is it real—the real, live thing, you know?' he asked, brightening up.

"I explained that it was, and I laughed till both ot us were red in the face. He was as mad as a wet hen.

"'What a —— fool a pretty woman will make of herself, anyhow!' says he, and bolted for a coat-room. I saw both fellows in Jacksonville afterward. They were both sober and neither would speak to me."

INDIVIDUAL ANNEXATION.

The Hegira of Canadians to the United States Constantly Increasing.

[Toronto Globe.]

The French-Canadian papers continue to bewail the flight of population. At Sorel in one day 250 tickets were sold to persons going to the United States. In the parishes below Quebec the number going exceeds all previous records. At Levis, a concentrating point, 1,500 persons a week take train for the States. At Sherbrooke, another concentrating point, the exodus is even more remarkable. They come from the north shore and from the south shore; the whole province is being emptied of people. A French contemporary says the *cures* are alarmed at the extent of the exodus, and so are the local bankers and storekeepers.

The clergy have done their best to dissuade the people from going to New England; missionaries like Father Dugas have left nothing undone to persuade them to go to the Canadian Northwest; but the stream continues to flow in undiminished volume.

A correspondent says he happened to be in a post-office not far from the city of Quebec the other day and found that 90 per cent. of the letters came from the United States and 50 per cent. or over contained money sent by French-Canadians over the line to their friends on this side to enable them to join the caravan.

The majority of the emigrants are farmers. In old times the sons and daughters of farmers went, now the old folks are pulling up stakes. It is, as the French papers say, a "terrible plague." The Tories have done their best, within the Tory policy, to diminish the outflow. They have built graving docks and wet docks, branch railroads, and main lines into new regions like the Lake St. John, new post-offices and new custom-houses, new wharves and new harbors; these have cost millions of money and furnished employment to large numbers of men; but withal the exodus grows and shows signs of waxing greater in future years. The *cures* say the branch railroads have simply provided a cheap means of egress. In old times it cost a habitant $10 or $15 to reach Boston after he had driven miles to the Grand Trunk on the south shore. Now he can embark on his branch road and get to Boston, a colonist's fair on a colonist car, for one third of the money.

RELIABLE JIM SHOOTER.

A Man Who Never Deceived the Coroner in Business Matters.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Years ago," said the drummer, "when I first went on the road, I had a customer at one of those wild western towns who also held several public offices; I never knew what, only that he held them. One day I was in his store helping him make out an order, when an ugly-looking fellow with a big gun in his pocket came in, and after buying a plug of tobacco he casually inquired:

"Hain't seen nothin' of Shacklin Jim Gullion around this mornin', hev you?"

"Seen him down to Mike's saloon about half an hour ago," replied my customer.

"Why?"

"Nothin' much. I'm goin' down to hev it out with him, and I reckon you better git the papers ready."

Then he went out.

"Who's he?" I inquired.

"Jeff Shooter, we call him, an' I guess that's all the name he's got," said my customer, going over to a desk and rummaging over a lot of official blanks.

"Well, he talks a good deal like a man that likes to hear himself," I ventured.

The merchant looked up quickly over his shoulder and about the store.

"I guess you don't know Jeff," he explained, "er you wouldn't be talkin' that way. This makes the sixth time he's come in here askin' me to git the papers ready in the last two years, and he hain't deceived me nary a once."

The man was talking enigmas to me.

"What the deuce have you got to do with it?" I asked.

He stuck a bundle of papers in his pocket and once more sat down before the order-book.

"Nothin' till it's over," he said. "I'm the coroner."

She Was Not the Janitor's Wife.

[Jewellers' Weekly.]

Mrs. Wishit: Won't you buy me that diamond necklace, Charlie?

Mr. Wishit: Be reasonable, darling. Remember that we tenants can't afford to emulate the janitor's extravagance.

Full Directions.

[Judge.]

"What's the best way to go to Canterbury, sir?" asked a traveller on horseback of a pedestrian.

"If I were you, sir, I should go to Canterbury on a foot."

WOES OF THE GIRLS.

WHAT TROUBLES THEY ENCOUNTER PREPARING THEIR OUTFITS.

Bothered About What to Get and Then with Its Making—Notes About Society Life.

What a picture that favorite press *soubriquet* "The Summer Girl" conjures up—radiant good humor and sun-burned prettiness, some how bundled up in a confused conglomeration of filmy flounces, lace-meshes, and floating ribbons! This is the maiden fair which the masculine eye dwells upon and is enchanted. The bewitching *tout ensemble* he definitely admires as a whole, but vaguely comprehends as to its component parts. Truly she is as sweet and fresh as though she had been "arrayed like one of these," but that she has budded and blossomed into such loveliness under no harsher influence than the dews of night and sunshine of day is a deception most base and cruel. As a lily of the field a woman may appear, rivalling not only Solomon in all his glory, but summer in all her glory and several other glorious things, but to do it she must and does do all the "toiling and spinning" that is creditably denied the *modus operandi* of the scriptural flowers' beauty, and much more besides than ever their scented petals wot of.

The now and the after must have their before, every effect follows its cause, and though divine music may thrill the soul with ecstacy, its instrument has been developed from the chaos of some workshop where the only strain of sound was the grating ot tools, and neither does this creature generalize as "the summer girl" springs Minerva-like, ready equipped for the fray. The cause of her effect has been a very serious cause and one, too, full ot vexations of spirit and body to be so lightly passed over as it is when she stands before us *cap-a-pie*.

This may be a breach of confidence, a portrayal ot court secrets in Fashion's kingdom, an unwise disillusioning or merely a bit of realism, which is the name we apply to the plain, unvarnished truth when we want to speak fashionably, but for the consolation of the stay-at-home girl, if nothing else, it must be proven that the seaside summer girl has grievances in consequence of her airs and graces of attire, and many of them. If she is arrayed, as we have said, "as one of these," then she must first bud, and how does she do it? In the vernacular of the simile budding stands for shopping, and this embryo process has its checkered difficulties the wide world over. Girls from neighboring cities come to Richmond for their summer petals. Richmond girls can find nothing that suits unless they go to Baltimore. The bonny Baltimoreans hie them to New York, and the Fifth avenue beauties scorn every gown for their own wear that is not fresh from the hands of a Parisian *modiste*.

The first budding development is the selection of a general utility dress—a visiting toilet that will also be suitable for afternoon teas—China silks with two waists. Your wealthiest friend tells you that this is what she does; but you always feel uncomfortably conscious of an economical look when pressing one skirt into double service, and there is a certain pity you can't help giving that over-burdened skirt—chambrays, linens, organdies, demi-toilettes, and ball-gowns galore! Sum up the needed creature-comforts from our bud's point of view—boots, ties, slippers, parasols, hats, gloves, and fans are merely details of the course.

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If there is one desire stronger than another in the mind of the society girl, be she a summer flower or a winter butterfly, it is for individuality. Both quality and price are subordinated to their insatiate search after what they term "something different," and the height of social treachery is to copy some woman's clothes. So it would easily be seen that Mrs. M.'s possession detracted from rather than added to the value of an article. Then there is the woman whose beauty and dignity as well are not strong by this shop ignorance that dares to assume that she would need Mrs. Anybody's recommendation to what she purchased and the retaliation which springs to her mind to be only expressed in a scornful departure from the shop is: "The idea! You evidently don't know who I am."

Then again this poor S. G., who we are beginning to commiserate more than envy, has so many little packages that she loses one and hot, tired, and foot-sore retraces her steps and searches in every shop, of course to find it in the last one, lest, the conundrum says, because she stops looking then.

She is in a great hurry, her absence being enjoyed by the sewing-girl at home looking out of the window and leisurely threading needles, but the world of shops is in no sympathy with her. She meets the same people that greet her at afternoon teas, and the same little chats are begun and ended. "Why are n't you going to the White Sulphur? No place like it—Bar Harbor! Indeed—yes, lovely," &c. Finally a girl with with a Pysche knot behind the counter does her bidding, and she is done—no, her change has not yet come. She wants to catch the next car—hears it's bell dingling in the distance—still waiting for change. The Pysche knot swings on to the rope with a far away look in her eyes, calm and serene, humming some unknown song. Slowly back comes the wire basket invented for its speed, and she hears that perplexing double-back action counting 72, 75c., $1, $1.50, $2, and goes out too glad to have finally gotten her change to care that she hasn't an idea how much, but the car has passed and no other is even in sight, though the street corner is hot and dusty. So much for the dear creature's budding. Now she must blossom, and that right speedily, for time is growing apace. This stage of her attired existence means milliners and dress-makers. Robert Bruce's motto was, "Try, try again." The maxim of these autocrats of fashion is, "Try, try on."

Into the realms of mountains of trimmed hats too fine to wear, and valleys of untrimmed hats too plain to wear, she wanders aimlessly and dejected, cast down and sorrowful, at the knowledge that has just come to her of how far from pretty she is. She takes off this weather-beaten "lap-over" that has been pressed into service and out of shape, and begins the illustration of the motto, "Try, try on." Her hair is out of curl, various styles have pulled her coil entirely down, but still she strives for something becoming. Some one comes up to her and says in an indifferent and commanding tone, "Will you tell me the price of this, please?" One look from the summer girl and then a volley of incoherent apologies—"Just saw your back, you know, hat off, and didn't think. A thousand pardons," &c.

When this trying motto comes to have its execution, the pathos in the song of the skirt, so long exceeding that of the song of the shirt, is fully appreciated. The waits between the dress-maker act are but exaggerated interims in the most elaborate of tragedies, and the summer girl has ample time to begin her regular course in light literature by the perusal of such edifying editions as *Demorest*, *Bon Ton*, *L'a Mode*, and *Harper's Bazar*, which is dear to every woman's soul. This is but the opening overture. There are mysterious rites called first fittings, which require perfect resignation to pullings and pinchings standings up and sittings down, jerks and jars and pin sticks innumerable, and then comes the need of nerve force when the cold steel of scissors lately ground creeps around the neck and arm with a Damocles sword, threatening in its dangerous proximity. Thus she stands like a veteran in the cause, until the first signs of surrender appear in her constant change of pedestal. First she stands on one foot and then the other, she turns pale, she totters, she falls, and our summer girl in full bloom falls fainting amid all her gorgeous petals, having "suffered to be beautiful" and to blossom.

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Miss Maria Blair gave a charming tea on Thursday evening at her home, on east Leigh street. The only guests were the young girls belonging to her three delightful literature classes.

Mr. Carter Branch entertained a few friends informally on Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. William Allen.

Mrs. Edith Walker, who has been the guest of the Misses Stuart at Brookhill, returned to her home last week, to the regret of many friends.

Mrs. McIntosh and Miss Jennie McIntosh are the guests of Mrs. Mattie Paul Myers and the Misses Myers.

Miss Mary Talcott and Miss Callie Ryland are in Baltimore.

Miss Elise Strother has returned from a delightful trip to Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson are at Old Point.

Mrs. P. H. Mayo and Mrs. Thomas N. Carter will leave the middle of the month for their country home, "Powhatan," Clarke county, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Harris and the Misses Harris will divide the summer between Narragansett and Canada.

Miss Adele Williams, Miss Loulie Williams, and Miss Guilliams will leave the 15th of June to spend the summer in Europe.

Miss Sallie Anderson has been visiting Miss Helen Rutherford at "Rock Castle."

Mrs. Hartley Carmichael and family, Mrs. William Royall and family, and Mrs. John Enders will spend the summer at "Belmead," Powhatan county.

The New City Committee.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have read your editorial in regard to the election of a new City Committee with much pleasure and heartily approve of your ideas. As this is a matter in which all good Democrats are largely interested I beg to be allowed to make the following additional suggestions: First. That in selecting our new committee no one who holds a position under the city, State, or national government shall be eligible to a seat on the committee, no matter whether the position be one of honor or one for salary. Second. That any member of the committee who desires to run in the primary for any position shall first resign his place on the committee.

The present committee has in its membership councilmen, clerks in city offices, a market clerk, and perhaps others in the city employ.

During the last primary two members of the committee were candidates for the Council in Jefferson, and there were others who ran for various positions in their wards. These things ought not to be. The City Committee ought to be composed of good, substantial men who can give their time for the good of the party and the prosperity of our city. And if any of them want to run for office let them leave the committee and let new men take their places. Don't have committeemen to manage an election in which they are candidates for office.

Respectfully yours,

AN EX-MEMBER FROM MADISON WARD.

June 3, 1892.

The Only Explanation.

The man came in and said he wanted to see the city editor, and that gentleman responded, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"I heard something to-day," said the visitor, "that I think ought to be printed."

"What is it?" queried the city editor.

"Well, to begin, it is perfectly inexplicable to me, and if you can explain it I'll be obliged."

"I'll have to hear it first," observed the city editor.

"That's so; excuse me. It's this: A man told me only this afternoon that he had travelled on a Pullman car last night and this morning the reporter refused to accept the customary quarter."

"Possibly he was high-toned and wanted a half-dollar," suggested the news-man:

"No, that wan't it. There was no gag about it. It was perfectly straight. He said he offered the porter a half a dollar, but that it was refused on the ground that he (the porter) was receiving fair pay from the company; that it was his business to be attentive to Mr. Pullman's patron's; that he considered it both a duty and a pleasure to be polite to all passegers who were on his car, and so on through a whole catagory of unexpected virtues. Now," continued the visitor, after a brief rest, "what do you think of that? Isn't it worth publishing?"

"It certainly is," ventured the city editor, thoughtfully.

"Can you explain it?"

"Easily," asserted the city editor, with easy grace and profound confidence.

The visitor's face was a perfect picture of incredulity.

"Come off," he said bluntly.

"But I can," protested the