IN VICTORIA'S REALM.

Holiday Gossip From the Great English Capital.

RACING AT ASCOT HEATH

Small Fortunes Will Be Won and Lost by the Noblest and Richest.

LESSON AS TO LOW NECKS.

Nazrulla Khan, the Afghan Prince, Shocked by the Cut of Swell Ball Costumes.

LONDON, ENG., June 8.—Owing to the Whitsuntide holidays those who could do so flitted to the country or flew to the seaside, and the town has been comparatively deserted by those who furnish food for the gossip for the millions. But they are flitting back to London, doubtless refreshed by their trips, and are again plunging into the whirl of metropolitan life.

The rumors so persistently circulated recently of the probability of an early dissolution of Parliament are gradually dying out, as the moving spirits of both the Conservative and Liberal parties have already been made up for the racing at Ascot Heath, which will begin on Tuesday next and last until Friday, inclusive. There will be assembled Britain's noblest and richest, and small fortunes will change hands daily in the wholesale betting which will take place almost within sight of Windsor Castle. All will be out in force and no doubt Nazrulla Khan, the Afghan Prince, who has been feted and petted until the very mention of his name to the sober-minded citizen is almost nauseating, will be there in all his half-savage glory.

If the northern Occidentals have reason to laugh at the un-Parisian cut of his garments, he feels justified in showing contempt at the lack of garments when English women come dressed, or rather undressed, at terpsichorean affairs. During the official ball he actually had the pluck to refuse to offer his arm to Lady Lansdowne, whose decollete was even too conspicuous for this son of the harem. Instead of promenading arm in arm he walked just a step in front of her.

It was a comical sight. When asked why he did this he said his father would never forgive him if he learned that he had walked arm in arm with a half-naked woman.

There is the usual row about tickets of admission to the royal inclosure. The Conservatives assert that Ascot suffers terribly in its former exclusiveness on account of the Liberals being in power, as the master of the buckhounds, Lord Ribblesdale, who has had charge of such matters, is obliged, it is claimed, to admit the wives and families of his radical supporters.

A ticket of admission to the grand stand at Ascot Heath contains the following clause: "If the holder, in default in respect of stakes, forfeits or bets upon horse racing, or has been guilty of any fraudulent practice on the turf, or any matters connected with it, or shall display and make use of any stool, color, hat or number, badge or name or other device for the purpose of betting, or taking money in advance for bets, or make bets (past the post) his ticket will be forfeited and he will be expelled from the stand and inclosure without having any claim to the return of the money paid for his ticket."

But there are people who do not look upon being present at Ascot as a great honor. Vanity Fair, for instance, considers it to be "no compliment to be one of such a mixed and ill-dressed crowd." Last year, it says, the lawn was swarming with people who had never seen royalty before who stood staring straight at the royal box.

It is announced that Dr. Pin, the English lawn tennis champion, who has for the third time just captured the Irish championship and won outright the Fitzwilliam cup, has decided to retire from the tennis field, owing to his growing practice as a doctor.

It is expected that Viscount Gough, the first secretary of the British embassy at Washington, who, by the recent death of his father, succeeded to the title and family estates at Gough Castle, County Galway, and St. Helens, County Dublin, will soon return to Ireland from Washington.

As cabled to the Associated Press yesterday, Mr. Arthur George Van Sittart, secretary of the British Consul at Chicago, has been appointed in succession to J. H. Sadler to that office. Mr. Van Sittart has been in the diplomatic service for twenty years, and his transfer from the latter service to the consular service is a very rare departure. But promotion in the British diplomatic service is slow, and the consular post at Chicago is worth £1200 yearly.

Marshall Field Jr. has taken Earl Russell's beautiful little place, Amberly Cottage, at Maidenhead. The Earl, whose troubles with his erratic wife have brought him before the public in an unenviable light, has lately been delivering addresses at Newington and other places on marriage morals.

Some confusion was caused here and elsewhere in regard to a coming breach-of-promise suit, which is sure to attract considerable attention, unless it is settled out of court. It was announced during the week in the newspapers that Mrs. Gore, formerly an opera bouffe actress, had brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against Lord Sudeley, and it was asserted that she had retired from the stage upon becoming engaged to his lordship. It happened that Lord Sudeley is an eminently respectable elderly man and married, with grown children, and a weakness for speculation in stocks, which made him well known throughout the city. His friends were terribly shocked, until it was explained that a mistake had been made in the names, and the actress is suing Viscount Sudeley, a dashing young man, and a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards and a member of Whites, the Bachelors, the Turf and the Ranleigh clubs, all very aristocratic institutions. The young Viscount is the only son of the Earl of Arran, who sits in the House of Lords, and in the confusion of names the suit has been discussed in smart circles, as Viscount Sudeley is a well-known figure about town. He is 27 years old.

Some curiosity has been aroused here over an advertisement which has just appeared in the newspapers of this city, over the signature of a prominent real estate firm. It says: "A wealthy American wishes to purchase an historical residential estate, with a Tudor or Elizabethan mansion having twenty bedrooms, five reception-rooms and 800 to 1000 acres of land: would pay about £50,000."

A representative of the Associated Press questioned the real estate agent as to the identity of this wealthy American. He said that the American referred to was at present in London, but that his client did not wish his identity to be revealed under any circumstances. Careful investigation has thus far failed to identify him.

There was an animated scene at Waterloo railway station to-day upon the departure of the special train for Southampton with passengers of the American line steamship Paris, who will sail for New York on board of her. Among those present were the United States Embassador, Hon. T. F. Bayard, James Roosevelt, Mr. Carter and several prominent Americans. All these gentlemen gathered there to bid farewell to Professor Andrew D. White.

Senator Redfield Proctor, formerly Secretary of War, and Mrs. Proctor, are also passengers sailing for New York to-day on the Paris.

Dispatches received from Athens say the excavations at Delphi have resulted in fresh and interesting discoveries, the most remarkable being some high reliefs of great beauty, representing the labors of Hercules.

Mrs. Parnell, widow of the great Irish leader, is in broken health at the seaside. She has decided to destroy all of the late Mr. Parnell's letters. They have been carefully examined, and reveal few matters of interest. The Parnell estate is just being wound up, and the creditors will ultimately receive 10 shillings on the pound. Mr. Parnell's debts amounted to £30,000.

The joy over the Prince of Wales' victory with Florizell II, in the race for the Manchester cup, is naturally heightened by the American's defeat and the belief that the trans-Atlantic visitors lost heavily. The Sun commenting on the defeat of Banquet says:

"Our visitors' cleverness is only visible when they are running a horse in tenth rate company. The first time they met a fairly representative field both horse and jockey failed to meet expectations."

A heavy consignment of American and Canada horses was sold here yesterday. They were much admired and found many buyers. Nineteen American horses, exported by W. H. Forrester of Iowa brought an average of 68 guineas each.

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SIMPLE RULES FOR SEA BATHS.

They Will Prevent Ill Effects From Ocean Bathing.

There are many little things the novice may learn beforehand to her profit and pleasure about the salt-water bathing.

Let her first of all be sure that her bathing suit is of soft, wide wale, dark-blue English serge; the waist and knee trousers made as one garment, having a short tunic skirt to button on at the belt, and all trimmed with some braid proven to be of fast color. Her stockings will be most comfortably worn if held above her knees by elastic bands just close-fitting enough to keep the stockings straight and not check circulation, while for her hair the only real protection is an oiled silk cap bound about the brows by a silk scarf, says the Boston Globe.

She who is so lacking in common sense and good taste as to wear a corset when bathing, had much better stop on land, for with her body so girded the exercise in the water can only do the greatest harm. A very stout woman can, if she prefers, wear a buttoned waist of linen under her bathing dress, a garment very like a corset cover, and so keep her figure in form.

When the temperature of the water is between 68 degrees and 70 degrees, and there is surf to battle with, fifteen minutes is about the time allowance for a robust woman's bath. She whose lungs are sound, digestion good and circulation strong can come down from her bath-house, take a couple of brisk turns on the beach and then go into the water. If she is wise, on coming out, she will throw a bath robe about her, when crossing the sands, and again inside her bath-house, drop off her wet flannels set to vigorously rubbing down her body, from neck to heels, with a couple of big Turkish towels.

A weaker woman must observe greater prudence by stopping in the water not longer than five or eight minutes for her first dip, or even a shorter interval, and there must never be any haggling on the brink. If the bath is going to be taken at all go right in, walking steadily along till the water rises to the elbows, then quickly ducking down till it reaches the neck. Swim if you can, and if you can't, move about, without making violent exertions, as some persons seem to think it necessary.

Whether of feeble or robust constitution come out when most exhilarated, for then the water has reached the limits of its beneficial effects, and to linger in overlong is to bring on an unpleasant and debilitating languor that will last twenty-four hours and encourage indigestion. If after the bath one suffers the least sensation of fatigue or drowsiness, know by those signs to shorten the swim next day, and still if languor follows, take a bath only every other day.

A woman who is convalescent should prepare herself for open air bathing by taking salt baths for two or three days in her own room, at first in lukewarm water, then a trifle colder, till the exact temperature of the sea can be comfortably borne. After overbathing it is wise to take a mouthful of brandy, eat a dry biscuit or two and put on a little extra clothing.

A bath on an empty stomach is only to be recommended for stout-fibered folk, and the average woman who breakfasts between 8 and 9 o'clock bathes to her greatest advantage at 11, a full three hours after eating. Extreme youth and age cannot stand the shock of submersion in the open air, and no child screaming or protesting should ever be dragged into the water. Coax and persuade till the little one goes willingly, and a dip up and down is quite enough for first experiments.

Once or twice a summer it is a good plan to unbind long hair, and let it be well washed and soaked in sea water; rinse it out afterward in fresh water, and the major part of the time protect it as far as possible against frequent salt wettings. Where, even in spite of precautions, one's hair is often seasoaked, be sure to wash it off in fresh water, rub a little—very little—pure sweet oil into the scalp, and dry thoroughly before a fire, for only by these means can it be kept in anything like ladylike condition.

MAILING A STAMP.

How It Can Be Done Without Trouble or Discomfort.

How many people know how to mail a stamp in a letter? Nine people out of ten stick it so carefully down that the recipient always loses his temper and generally the stamp in his effort to release it. It is really more exasperating than when the sender forgets altogether the stamp he should have inclosed, for then, at least, it is not wasted. Even the most extravagant of us seldom have souls above saving a stamp, for it is, strangely, far dearer to us than the two cents it represents. The tenth person sends it loose, which is well enough, providing it does not slip out unseen and vanish, as these totally depraved small things have a habit of doing. The proper way is a simple one. Cut with a sharp penknife two parallel slits at the top of your letter and slip in your stamps, which will thus travel as safely as if in a special paper case. Perhaps you have been in a country village where money orders and postal notes are unknown, and for some reason it becomes necessary to send change in a letter. Cut a piece of light cardboard the size of the envelope, and from this cut circular pieces the size of your coins. Insert the coins and paste a slip of paper across one or both sides.—Demorest's Magazine.

THE BRIDE WAS VERY ILL

John O. Heydenfeldt Married at Sea Under Great Difficulties.

WEDDED TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

The Groom Was Tender in Years but Firm in Purpose—An Unpaid Parson Bill.

Another tugboat marriage on the high seas took place yesterday afternoon, the contracting parties being John O. Heydenfeldt, youngest son of the late Judge Solomon Heydenfeldt, and Mrs. Maude E. Freer, a rather good-looking widow, who has seen several more summers than her youthful husband. The tug Katie O'Neil left Main-street wharf shortly after noon in command of Captain Frank Morley, who has officiated as a high-sea parson for fifteen couples who for various reasons have been unable to secure shore licenses.

The youthful groom was the first to arrive at the wharf, and half an hour later came strolling along Mrs. Freer; Mrs. Hart, her bridesmaid; T. R. Butterfield and Frank Faircloth. The two latter were young men of the panfish order, young Mr. Faircloth being especially verdant.

"I wouldn't go through this thing again for $1000," said the young man, as he stood on the upper deck of the tug and gazed loftily about him. "I managed the whole affair, and I tell you it was no small job. The newspapers think they're pretty smart. They think they're on to everything, but they didn't get on to this, I don't think. Let her go, captain. My young friend's got lots of rocks, and he'll take care of you all right, you bet."

The Katie O'Neil sped down the bay with a stiff breeze blowing and a rough sea running. On the bar, though, it was smooth as a mill pond, but after the midchannel buoy was passed the long swells came rolling in, and the ladies became a wee bit squeamish. The party, with the exception of Manager Faircloth, had gathered in the pilot-house and the bride-elect was the blithest of the throng. She is rather tall with dark lustrous eyes and jet black hair, and possesses a full, voluptuous figure, which was well set off in a striped waist and pearl colored skirt. She wore a hat to match her skirt surmounted by two immense white feathers. Mrs. Hart, the bridesmaid, was dressed in a suit of blue.

It was a merry wedding party until the rollers commenced to get in their work.

"Where's Frank?" asked the expectant bride. There was no answer. Frank was too busy grappling with a profounder question which had vexed many a wiser head at sea. One by one the singers dropped out of the pilot-house and sought the fresh air and the support of the rail as he or she gazed down into the depths of that mighty rolling ocean. The ladies were frightfully sick, in fact Mrs. Hart thought she would die, while the bride was too ill to think of anything. The boys were about as bad.

Captain Morley wanted to make the job a good one, so he prolonged the agony by going far beyond the whistling buoy, which sung out a mournful dirge as the tug passed on. When the Katie O'Neil was twelve miles out from the shore the captain sounded three whistles, the tug was hove to and the wedding party dragged itself wearily into the pilot-house. All the blitheness was gone from the bride and she hung limp an the arm of Frank, which was extended around her waist to support her.

Young Butterfield supported the groom and Mrs. Hart, and while the party clung together Parson Morley read the Episcopal marriage service and pronounced the solemn words which made Mrs. Maude Freer Mrs. John O. Heydenfeldt.

The return was more painful than the trip outside, Mrs. Hart at one stage being almost hysterical.

"We'll have champagne going back," said Manager Frank, but the sparkling wine was not forthcoming. It was forgotten in the excitement and misery of seasickness. The entire party was sick except Teddy Butterfield.

In his lucid intervals Manager Frank became quite communicative.

"You see," said he, "John is only 20 years and 6 months. He wanted to get married, but his guardian wouldn't let him. His guardian is his brother, and he treats the boy shamefully. Why, in six months he will come into a fortune of $500,000, but if it was known that he is married it might make trouble for him. Why didn't he wait six months? Well, I suppose he couldn't. You know how it is," said this youthful sage, grandly. "They wanted to get married. Eh? Oh, yes, the lady is of age. Well, I did this for my friend, but I wouldn't do it for any one else. It was the toughest job I ever tackled, but one thing does me good; I fooled the papers. They won't get on to this."

Mr. Faircloth at first said that the young people had been friends for six years, but it was said by others that the couple had not known each other many months.

When the symptoms of seasickness had disappeared to some extent Captain Morley began to wonder where his fee was coming from. Young Faircloth had assurred him that he would be handsomely remembered. Fees for like services have ranged all the way from $20 to $100, and possibly visions of double eagles were dancing before his eyes. The vision waned away into a nightmare.

The midchannel buoy was passed, and as nothing had been said of the parson's salary he gently broached the matter to the young manager. He received the assurance that that would be all right, but no fee was forthcoming. It was delicately insinuated that he was not the master of the vessel, but had only taken command for the occasion, as the regular captain did not have a deepwater license.

A consultation was held by the three young men and they decided that they would "owe" the captain $5. The proposition rather staggered the old salt after the golden assurances of Faircloth, and had the money been tendered him he would have refused it. But the proposition of owing it to him amused him, and with a merry twinkle in his eye he said:

"All right, gentlemen, dig up."

Then the wedding party dug and dug, but they failed to produce the required amount. Captain Morley had issued a certificate written in lead pencil, but the bride insisted that it was not legal, and wanted one in ink. As there was no ink on board this was an impossibility, but the captain promised to meet the party ashore and to issue the required document if the writing materials and his fee were produced.

Mr. Heydenfeldt and the two ladies disembarked at Meiggs wharf, while Teddy and Frank went down to Main-street wharf to "tell fairy stories to the reporters." The latter had been on young Faircloth's trail since the morning of the day before, when he made a tour of the city front looking for a tug to "take a couple out to to get married." Mr. Faircloth stated to everybody that the bride-to-be was his sister. He managed the whole affair very cleverly.

Hauling in the Shad.

When the half-circle outlined by the casks is less than one hundred feet in diameter the interest becomes feverish and the float is a scene of intense but subdued excitement. Two lines of men, with straining muscles, haul steadily on the hand-lines, suggesting the athletic contest that is called the rope-pull, and even the engine coughs and splutters, as though collecting its energies for the critical moment now approaching. The silence is unbroken except by the voice of the superintendent giving his orders, and an occasional exclamation, impossible to restrain, from some of the negroes. The water within the net is violently agitated by the thousands of fins and tails beating it into foam. A sturgeon is thrashing about him furiously, and the hauling is suspended until a man can go out in a boat and spear him. Then the tug and strain begin again; and now the moment has arrived that will test the strength of knot and the quality of fiber in the seine. In the old method of fishing from the shore there was a gradual slope from the middle of the river to the point where the catch was landed, but in the boat-fishing it is necessary to raise the whole catch along the surface of that inclined plane which slopes to the bottom of the water. In the progress of the catch up this slope the strain on the meshes of the net is tremendous, for the middle of the seine is now practically converted into a great bag full of struggling shad and herring. The flapping prey is in sight, and every muscle is at utmost tension. Foot by foot the seine comes in, and at the moment it reaches the top of the plane the leadline is held taut, a dozen hands grasp the cork-line and draw it inward, and the fish are landed in an avalanche on the platform.—David Bruce Fitzgerald in May Lippincott's.

WOMEN AS UNDERTAKERS.

Can Manage All Details Except the Actual Conduct of a Funeral.

Many women in New York have mastered the art of embalming and are employed as undertaker's assistants in much the same way as a doctor calls on the services of a nurse. There are several women undertakers who sell coffins, provide shrouds and attend to other details of their gloomy calling. These last are not necessarily embalmers and are, in most instances, the widows of undertakers, carrying on the business which their husbands established. They assume charge of a dead body and prepare it for burial, but invariably call on some friendly man undertaker to conduct the funeral and ostensibly appear in charge. Brooklyn boasts a woman who is not only an undertaker, but the sexton of a church as well, successfully discharging all the duties that pertain to both callings, except the personal conduct of a public funeral.

"No woman has ever yet undertaken to walk up a church aisle at the head of a funeral procession," said the secretary of the Undertakers' Association. "She would appear extremely out of place, and nobody would have her. Public sentiment demands a man for that dignified office. Women can have an undertaker's shop and sell goods, and they can be embalmers and tend to the dressing of a body, but when it comes to the funeral arrangements they have to call in a man.'

This is the opinion of the trade, sustained by many voices, but a newcomer in the ranks of Brooklyn undertakers is a woman of marked individuality and keen business intuition, who, it is predicted, is not likely to permit either popular prejudice or conventionality to interfere with what she elects to do. Her business was not left to her by any relations, nor did she stumble into it by an accident. She deliberately chose it, and is probably the only young unmarried woman in the country pursuing that calling. There would be nothing incongruous in the spectacle of this young woman ushering a funeral procession up an aisle or otherwise being associated with the trappings of woe. The habitual expression of her face is severe and austere. She is tall, slight and very erect. Arrayed in the plain tailor-made suit of black which she invariably wears, her masculine appearance is striking to a degree. No puffed sleeves, fluffy hair, veils or superfluous drapery characterize her attire. Her skirts are as plain and scant as skirts can be, her hair is put plainly away under an Alpine hat, and she always wears the stiff collar, cuffs and formal tie that distinguish the apparel of a man. Those familiar with this unique specimen of the woman up to date assert that she is seldom seen to smile and is never known to speak to any one except on business, using few superfluous words even then. In addition to her calling of undertaker this young woman lends money to a large number of people and takes mortgages on their personal effects as security. She has been singularly successful in this business and is considered by her neighbors to be well to do. She is honest and upright in all her dealings, and has been known to be lenient in more than one instance when she thought circumstances justified mild treatment. This unusual woman is not a product of Brooklyn life and institutions, having been transplanted thither from a town in Western New York.—New York Tribune.

She Had Drawn on Him.

A little man with a nervous tread, carrying a small gripsack, hurried through the entrance to the big hotel and across the lobby to the desk, where he hastily registered.

"I want a good room," he said, as he threw down his pen and looked up into the calm face of the clerk. "Wife's away. Been away four weeks. Can you give me a room on the second floor?"

The clerk nodded.

"Good!" said the newly arrived guest. "Nothing above would suit me. Want it to be as near as possible to the office. Four weeks ago my wife left me. Summer resort, you know. Nothing but pleasant letters from her. Everything lovely so far. During all this period she hasn't asked me for a cent. Think of it! Not a cent. Can I have my meals sent to my room?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk with a suppressed yawn.

"That's right," said the man on the outside of the desk. "Not a cent," he muttered to himself under his breath, "not a red cent. Doctor in the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is he—pretty good?"

"One of the best."

"Good in an emergency, eh? Good for a sudden call? Up on heart disease?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Splendid! Now, have you a telephone?"

"Yes, sir. Look here," exclaimed the clerk; "what's wrong, anyway? You look well enough. What's the matter? What's all this fuss about?"

The little man leaned forward confidentially.

"That's what I don't know," he said. "You never can tell. I must be prepared—be prepared for anything. Yes, sir," he muttered, hoarsely, "no one knows. I'm not a strong man. I cannot tell what it may be. You say you have a telephone?"

"That's what I said," answered the clerk. "What are you—"

The little man caught him feverishly by the arm.

"Listen!" he broke in, as he thrust a small paper out on the desk. "Here is the telephone number of my bank. This morning, sir, after four weeks, four weeks of pleasant, gossipy, cheery, loving letters, I received a postal-card from my wife, saying that she had drawn on me, and when the bellboys have been apprised, when the doctor has been notified and stands in readiness at a moment's notice, when all precautions have been taken, I wish you would ring them up, and then come upstairs and tell me what the amount of that draft is."—Harper's Bazar.

Their Wants Are Few.

A little tobacco, a croquet set and an organ. This is the substance of a rather sympathetic request made of Dr. Isidore Dyer, president of the leper board, by the inmates of the home. The seventeen lepers who are at the Leper Home, isolated from the rest of the world, and nearly all of whom are physically disabled from working, during a recent visit of Dr. Dwyer to the place made the above request of him.

Books are sent by friends, but the lepers get tired of doing nothing but reading. Some of them indulge in smoking, and beg for tobacco; some would like the diversion of croquet playing, and all have appealed for an organ, upon receipt of which they expect to improvise a chapel and add Sunday services of praying and singing to the monotony of their aimless dreary existence.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TWO STREETCAR FENDERS.

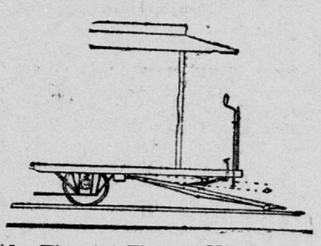
The Scoop-Like Device of Oakland's Engineer, Thomas Morgan.

THE OTHER GUARDS INVENTED.

A Revolving Roller Invented by Albert Willis to Save Life and Limb.

Thomas Morgan, ex-City Engineer of Oakland, has invented a fender for electric or cable cars which he believes will pick up any body coming in front of the car.

It consists of a wire netting on a frame which is hinged at the rear end of the

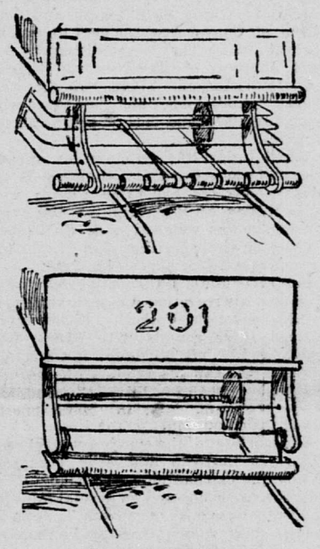


Side View of Thomas Morgan's Apparatus.
[From a mechanical drawing.]

frame to the truck. When down the frame forms an angle of about two degrees with the track, which is about the angle a shovel is held to take up an object from the ground. The front end being close to the street surface and beveled on the under side, will slide along the ground and get under any loose body on the street and carry it along safely on the netting.

The frame can be raised up to the position shown by dotted lines by pressing down on a lever with one foot, and held there by turning a cleat over the lever footpiece. In case the fender is needed, by turning the cleat the fender falls in place.

Albert Willis, a practical machinist, whose shop is at 22 Sacramento street, is the inventor of two simple and comparatively inexpensive car-fenders, which, he says, have found favor in the eyes of Manager Vining of the Market-street Railway Company. Fender 1 is a rubber-covered roller attached to the car a few inches



Albert Willis' Devices.

above the ground. The roller turns in the opposite direction to the wheels while the car is in motion, and he says that any object coming into contact with it will be rolled uninjured upon the fender. Fender 2 has the same backward revolving cylinder as No. 1, but in addition to it there is a heavy rubber band stretched across the front of the car several inches above it. The band is designed to prevent the bruising of a body struck by the car.

NO HURRY IN NORWAY.

People Take Their Time There and Wonder at Yankee Visitors.

These Norwegians are a wonderfully patient people. They never hurry; why should they? There is always time enough, says the correspondent of the New York Post. We breakfast at 9. Monsieur goes to business at 10 or so, and returns to his dinner, like all the rest of the Scandinavian world, at 2:30. We reach coffee and cigarettes at about 4, and then monsieur goes back to his office, if he likes, for two or three hours. We sometimes see him again at supper at 8:30, but usually there is a game of whist, or a geographical society lecture, or a concert, or a friend's birthday fete (an occasion never overlooked by your true Norwegian), or some one has received a barrel of oysters, and would not, could not dream of opening them without champagne and company—masculine company only. It seems to me that there are entirely too many purely male festivities here. In fact, the men say so themselves, and that they would really enjoy many of the occasions much more if ladies were present. But "it is not the custom of the country" (a rock on which I am always foundering) to omit or to change in such matters. Monsieur only does as do all the other men of his age, which is elderly, and condition, which is solid.

I have never accustomed myself to the fact that one is expected to stop and wait for all approaching carts or vehicles of any class to pass before attempting to cross a street in town. I am always being stopped short on the curbstone by a frantic pull at my arm, and some strange but agonizedly friendly voice at my side begging to know if I don't see that sledge coming, a sledge half a block off! Perhaps it is because the street traffic is comparatively small that the vehicles always have the right of way. And certainly, too, because there is so much time. You need not fancy that the driver will hasten the jog of his stock little yellow pony, when he sees you waiting. Nothing of the sort. That is as it has been. It is quite meet that you wait.

There is a curious feeling concerning America over here in one way and another. "Morgenbladet," the chief Conservative paper, an organ locally of the first importance, keeps a sort of horror chamber of Americana. The reason is, I suppose, that in these very dark and troublous political times, when not only the union, but the monarchy itself, is threatened and tottering, the Conservative interest thinks it dangerous to allow any virtue to appear in a republic, and especially in ours, the most flourishing and therefore the most pernicious example of that invention of evil bred.

Day after day they seem to rifle the cable dispatches for dreadful tales of failures, crime and disaster, but if a word of good or neutral import appears, it is only because it is too important to be overlooked; it is very briefly expressed, and usually gloomily commented upon.

I have often thought, in reading over these dismal matters, that our papers furnish us with far too much of such material on a large scale to make it necessary for a hostle foreign press to betake itself, as "Morgenbladet" often does, to accounts of obscure barber-shop affrays, when it wishes to represent the true inwardness of American daily life. One result of the persistent indication of this doctrine is that I have met several most cultivated gentlemen who are remarkably versed in the ways and manners of Tammany Hall, but whose study of America otherwise has convinced them that it is the common custom among men of the better classes in New York to wear pistols in their belts whenever they go into the streets.

Although so many Norwegians have emigrated to America and are loyal and prosperous in their adopted country, I should say that the general mental attitude toward America of the solid portion of the population here is one of distrust. They are an exceedingly hospitable and courteous people, and they are glad to make you truly welcome and to like you. But if you win their esteem, as you will if you deserve it, and are well bred, it will not be as an American representative of America, but as a white crow.

On the whole, when impressions have had time to formulate themselves, one feels that American is here regarded as the land of inflation; of pinchbeck and meretricious manufactures, untrustworthy stuffs, doctors made in a minute, soulless hurry for wealth, disregard for mental and spiritual pleasures and ends; of raptness in the pursuit and worship of the dollar; the country where wealth is more than principle, mind or breeding, and where a vulgar thirst for titles remains, other ambition having been gratified. It made me rather indignant when one of the boys came home from school the other day with the news that one of his masters had been asserting, as a recognized fact, that every American girl of fortune is provided with a list of the eligible titles of Europe, with notes regarding their several merits and demerits, and that she learns it as a part of her regular business. Yet it is too plainly to be seen whence such ideas arise! One cannot, in the face of facts, contradict them as handsomely as one longs to do.

HE TOOK SOMETHING.

The Physician Merely Wanted to Show He Appreciated a Good Joke.

The other morning as a belated member of the Owl Club was steering home he passed the house of a well-known physician, says the Louisville Medical News.

The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side was an acoustic tube, underneath which was the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and, steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose, and, after wondering at the singular odor of whisky in the room, groped his way to the tube and shouted, "Well?"

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply, "but being a doctor I s'pose you can keep well at cost price, can't you?"

"What did you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the alry nothing of his nightgown.

"Well," said the Owl, after a few minutes' meditation. "Oh, by the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts. There is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope."

"There never was any. I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts, too. Dear, dear, how singular."

"What do you want?" snapped the doctor.

"You know old Mrs. Pevine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport shooting, this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident? Hold up a minute. I'll be right down."

"No, he's all right; but he got sixty-two ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards. I thought you might like to hear of it."

"I say," came down from the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly good joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What?" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth, a hastily compounded mixture of ink, ipecac and asafetida squirted from the pipe and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolizing his shirt front and collar.

And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself off with his handkerchief and swearing like a pirate in the last act he could hear an angel voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more? No? Well, good-night. Come again soon, you funny dog, you. By-by."

Regulating Cotton Production.

The cotton-growers of the South are discussing the problem of how to regulate the acreage and production of cotton so as to prevent glutting the markets every year and reducing the price below the profit mark. The Alabama Cotton-growers' Association recently advocated the agreement plan, whereby all growers were to be pledged to reduce their production a certain per cent for the common good. This scheme, however, though apparently the simplest and most effective, was soon found to be impracticable, for its success depended upon the unanimous consent of all the large growers, and this it was impossible to secure. Having abandoned the agreement plan, then, the growers are now proposing a substitute which promises to bring better results, because it strikes at the root of a system that is indirectly responsible for the yearly increase in cotton production. It is found that a decrease of acreage can hardly be secured so long as the Southern freedmen are induced to rent small holdings and pay rental in cotton.

The freedmen secure a few acres, and the whole family plant as much to cotton as their united labor can achieve. In order to do this the freedmen secure advances on their crop from country traders, and when they have delivered the cotton for rental the remainder barely suffices, often does not suffice, to repay the advances.

The number of small growers being very large the volume of production is constantly increasing, because the average increases as fast as the freedmen strike out for themselves. It is now proposed to remedy this by making rents of such lands payable in livestock, corn and vegetables, instead of cotton. This would not only decrease the cotton product measurably, but at the same time would enable the freedmen to provide sustenance for their families—which at present they neglect to do, being intent on raising cotton. Whether the plan succeeds in reducing the cotton acreage or not it will, if put into practice, be likely to result in greater variety of agricultural products, and this is said to be greatly needed in cotton-growing districts.—New York Post.

The Other Lee.

The visit of General Fitzhugh Lee has started a story which he told on himself several years ago, and which is a good illustration of the love the Confederate soldiers bore toward General Robert E. Lee. As is well known General Fitzhugh Lee was at the head of the cavalry and these were much envied by the infantrymen, who had to walk through the mud and dust.

After General Robert E. Lee had surrendered General Fitzhugh Lee rode away from Appomattox. While riding through a lane he met an old North Carolina soldier.

"Ho, there!" cried General Lee; "where are you going?"

"I've been off on a furlough, and am now going back to join General Bob Lee," replied the old soldier.

"You needn't go back, but can throw your gun away and return home, for Lee's surrendered."

"Lee's surrendered?"

"That's what I said," said General Lee.

"It must have been that —— Fitz Lee, then. Bob Lee would never surrender," and the soldier put on a look of contempt and walked on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THREE WOMEN INJURED.

Serious Accidents at a Fire on Vallejo Street This Morning.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Four Persons Jumped From an Upper Window to Escape the Rushing Flames.

The alarm from box 5 at 1:05 this morning was for a fire which started from the overturning of an oil lamp in the two-story frame building at 217½ Vallejo street, occupied by Con McDevett and family.

The firemen responded promptly and the blaze was extinguished before it got fairly under way. The damage will amount to about $500. The building was insured.

Mrs. Nellie McDonald, Mrs. May Wilson, May Doroughty and John Wilson, who occupied a cottage in the rear of 217½, became frightened at the first alarm from the McDevett house, and all jumped from the window.

Mrs. Nellie McDevitt was burned on the right side and internally injured.

Miss Mary Doughtery, aunt of Mrs. McDevitt and an old lady, was burned on the chest and also injured internally.

Mrs. Julia Wilson had her left hand broken and was slightly bruised. She also sustained internal injuries.

All these were found to be suffering intensely from having inhaled smoke, but are not dangerously injured.

SHAKESPEARE IN INDIA.

A Theatrical Announcement Out of the Ordinary.

The following announcement of a grand Shakespearean performance a l'Indienne at a native place of entertainment was recently circulated in the city of Benares, says the St. James Gazette:

DON'T FORGET.

Well Come. Well Come. Well Come.

The
INDIAN EMPRESS DRAMATIC COY.
of Benares.
at Madho Das Shamia's Garden,
Close to the Prince of Wales' Hospital
Benares.
Will Give Performance
To Night! To Night!! To Night!!!
"FASANA HOSH ROBA."
The Most Tragic Drama of Othello and Desdemona
with
Wonderful Scenes and Sceneries, Brilliant Dresses and Ornaments, Genius Actors and Actresses.
Come One! Come All!! Come Sharp!!!
and
See Young Dancing Girls with their Dance and hear their Attractive Songs.

Gentlemen—With due respect and humble submission I beg leave to state that I have taken the contract on the —— instant, the piece chosen to be given is FISHANAI HOSH-RUBA.

The last plot of this play is taken from Shakespeare's famous play of "Othello," and I stand guaranteed that the play is a nice one, and will be shown with the best scenes and scenery, made specially for this play. Never think to be disappointed.

The following scenes in the play are worth attention, and show the experience and skill of the painter:

1. The scene of Durbar, fully decorated with chandeliers and other furniture.

2. The scene of jungle and a long-bearded pious man's coming out of the moon, and animals grazing in the jungle and Othello's hunting one of them down. All these sights would be too attractive to make mention of. They depend on seeing.

3. The scene of a garden with a bridge therein and a river flowing from below. A very beautiful sight indeed. Sweet and melodious singing of the birds in the garden. The nautch party is held in the garden, several dancing girls charming the audience with their sweet songs and showing their best practice in the art of dancing.

4. Washerman's scene—a river flowing by—two asses with a big bundle of clothes on their back—Washerman's joke with asses. A very comic and laughable scene.

5. Tragic scenes toward the close of the drama will be so effective and touching the spectators shed tears—Othello's going with a sword drawn and burying with anger near the bed of Desdemona—her apology and last words are very heart-rending—her sighing and agonizing a painful sight.

To be followed by a very interesting and laughable farce of chunyan and munyan.

I promise to show more than I have written in the programme. Yours faithfully, SHAIKH ABDUL GANI, Contractor.

A Prudent Mayor.

Two years ago there was an outbreak of cholera in France, and instructions were forwarded to the Maire of a certain village to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic was rapidly spreading.

At first our worthy magistrate did not know what to do. After a while, however, he reported that he was ready to receive the dread visitor. Upon inquiry being made it was discovered that by his orders a sufficient number of graves had been dug in the local cemetery to bury the entire parish if required.—El Nervion.

The snow chaffin and Alpine accentor, both common in the Alps, seem to have a preference for cold mountainous regions, and both will soar as high as 16,000 feet in pursuit of insects.

PROGRESS.

People who get the greatest degree of comfort and real enjoyment out of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities. Quick perception and good judgment, lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern inventive genius which best serve the needs of their physical being. Accordingly, the most intelligent and progressive people are found to employ the most refined and perfect laxative to regulate and tone up the stomach, liver, and bowels, when in need of such an agent—hence the great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are made from the purest, most refined and concentrated vegetable extracts, and from forty-two to forty-four are contained in each vial, which is sold at the same price as the cheaper made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtues, there is no comparison to be made between them and the ordinary pills, as any one may easily learn by sending for a free sample, (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.

Once Used, They are Always in Favor.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.