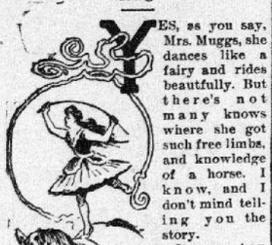


SYLPHINE.

The Beautiful Fairy of the Circus Ring.



ES, as you say, Mrs. Muggs, she dances like a fairy and rides beautifully. But there's not many know where she got such free limbs, and knowledge of a horse. I know, and I don't mind telling you the story.

It was ten years ago—deary me, how time does fly, to be sure!—ten years ago last summer, when I was "dresser" at Tingman's circus. You don't know, perhaps, what a dresser is? Well, she's a lady's-maid for all the women who are in the circus, and a fine life she leads, I can tell you.

Well, as I was saying, it was ten years ago last summer, and we were on the road, at a place called Fayetteville, that's not fifty miles from here, as you know. It was early in the morning, and I was busy clearing up the dressing-room, and a fine man the women always made of it, when Mr. Tingman came in with a child asleep in his arms.

"Kelly," says he—for my husband's name was Kelly, and it's little you get a "Mrs." to your name in a traveling circus—"Kelly, take this brat! She's a new apprentice, and as there is nobody belonging to her about the show, you must take care of her."

He dropped her in my arms like a bundle, and walked himself off. Bad luck to him! If there was ever a vicious brute, he was one. I took the child to a sofa and put her down. She was in a heavy sleep, a drugged sleep, it was easy to see; but that was nothing new, when they wanted to get the apprentices away from home without any fuss. They always slept it off, sooner or later, and we had the fuss, until Tingman thrashed or threatened the poor children quiet.

When I had the room tidied, I went over to look at the child, to see if she was waking. One good, long look set me to wondering. Where on earth had Tingman apprenticed that child? If there was ever a lady born, she was one, with a face of a little angel, long golden curls, a skin like a lily, and the least nites of hands and feet you ever saw. She was very small; looked about seven or eight years old, though as I knew afterward, she was past twelve. While I was looking at her, she woke up, and I was sure then, if I had not been before, that she had been stolen.

"Mamma," she cried, "where are you?" Oh, mamma, come and take me home! Tingman must have been listening, for he came in before I had time to speak, and the child shrank and shivered as she saw him.

"See here," he said, holding up a great whip, "the first time you say 'mamma' or 'home' again I'll whip you with this; and if you ever tell anybody where your home is I'll kill you! I'm your father now, and this is your mother, and Tingman's circus is your home! Do you understand that, or do you give me one little bitter cry of terror and fainting. Tingman looked rather scared himself, but walked off whistling. Screaming, crying children we had had in plenty, but I never saw one faint from terror before.

She came to herself after awhile, and lay on the sofa, shivering and moaning, not saying a word, though I did all I could to comfort her. I didn't dare ask her any questions, for I couldn't tell where Tingman might be listening; but I told her all the lies that came handy about the beautiful horses, and the fine thing it was to ride on them, and dance on a board on their backs, with the people all shouting and clapping their hands; but she only shivered and moaned in a faint, pitiful way, that was enough to break any tender heart; and I'm not stock nor stone, Mrs. Muggs, if I was years in a circus.

Well, ma'am, the training began the next day, and Tingman found he'd got to drop some of his old fashions or kill the child outright. He couldn't thrash

THE ADVERTISING PAGE.

The Most Interesting Feature of the Great Metropolitan Dailies.

Humor, Pathos, Paston, Virtue and Vice Exposed in Small "Ads"—The Experience of a Crank—The Recovery of Stolen Property.

Have you ever thought of how natural it is to have recourse to the advertising pages of newspapers? When you want help or when you need anything out of the ordinary you appeal to your fellow men through the columns of a journal whose circulation justifies the expense. The time was when you would have gone from one of your acquaintances to the other repeating your tale of woe. Now you simply walk into the counting room of a newspaper, pay forty or fifty

cents and leave with the assurance that the next day you will receive twenty or more replies to your announcement. Just now the city of Chicago is filled to overflowing with men and women in search of employment. From everywhere wage-workers are pouring in, many of them absolutely penniless. The latter, of course, drift into the offices of the charitable institutions and employment agencies, but those who have enough money to live a month, or so without work make a bee line for the nearest newspaper office and insert a notice in the next issue stating their wants. From day to day—until their money is exhausted—they repeat this operation. Then they haunt the publication rooms to peruse the columns devoted to "help wanted," and write hundreds of replies which hardly ever produce results.

To me one of the most pathetic sights is the army of unemployed who watch for the publication of the afternoon papers as though their last hope on earth were centered upon the chance of finding what they want in the closely printed pages of the one-cent sheets. Every line is studied with intense interest. When the reader finds something that strikes him favorably, he will mark it with a pencil and disappear in the office to write a reply. Hope and expectation are pictured on his countenance, and although he has answered advertisements every day for weeks or months, without success, he will continue to do so until stern necessity compels him to exchange loitering on the streets and living in a cheap boarding house for toiling in one of the wood-yards, established by charity, for his meals and sleeping in the bunk of a dime lodging house.

Every day new faces are to be seen. One disappears, and three others fill his place. Where they come from, nobody knows and nobody cares. If they live, they become an atom in the surging mass of human beings which crowd

Chicago's streets from morning till night. They lose their individuality, and even the philanthropist ceases to take an interest in them as soon as they have secured employment. If they succumb in the struggle for existence, their fate goes unnoticed.

But there are more pleasing features about the want pages of a great newspaper. One of them came under my observation lately. A heartbroken old lady had inserted a notice in the personal columns of a Sunday paper asking for information about a young man who had disappeared from home many years before. She had employed detectives to trace the whereabouts of her wandering boy, but with the usual result. The sleuths pocketed their per diem and supplied their employer with neatly arranged "reports." A friend advised the mother to try the newspapers. She spent four dollars in small notices, which were published in the Chicago New York and San Francisco newspapers, without expecting a return, however. Great was her astonishment when she received a letter from her son, dated at Yokohama, in which he told her that he had been her notice and would be in Chicago two weeks later. I happened to be at the railroad station when the two were reunited, and had to listen to a somewhat lengthy eulogy on the power of the press pronounced by a friend of the happy family.

Typographical blunders in small advertisements frequently cause considerable amusement. A young married man, who had more than his share of annoyance with the servant girl problem, was persuaded by his wife to insert a notice in one of the afternoon papers for the fifteenth or sixteenth day during his short career as a bachelor. While chatting with the man in the counting room he learned that a short advertisement could be inserted three consecutive days at a greatly reduced cost. In view of previous unsatisfactory results from single insertions he paid for a week and left an announcement to this effect: "Wanted, a girl for general housework in a family of two. No washing. Will pay four dollars a week to the right girl. Call, afternoon or evening, at 4444 Noname avenue." Four dollars evidently seemed small wages to the intelligent compositor, but the advertisement and the thoughtful proof reader who was supposed to correct it. Between them they changed the offer to nine dollars, thereby causing a genuine sensation in the kitchens of the rich and poor and almost creating a revolution in the intelligence office district of the city. No. 4444 Noname avenue was the most crowded house in Chicago during the afternoon and evening following the first publication of the unhappy householder's announcement. Irish, Swedish, German, Polish, Danish, French, Scotch, English, Canadian and American girls thronged the front steps, filled the hall, the two parlors and the dining room. The poor lady and gentleman were almost driven mad, and next morning left for the east to spend a week in some quiet retreat. The advertisement of course appeared in six consecutive issues of the paper, and when the unfortunate victims of the compositor's blunder returned, partially restored, they found their steps leading to the front door of their own house actually worn down to a thin crust, the bell beyond hope of restoration to usefulness, and the carving on the massive oaken door battered into shapeless splinters. It is needless to say that, when the young couple finally secured a servant, it was not through the medium of a newspaper, as they considered this method of making known their wants altogether too popular.

Almost anything can be procured through the want columns of a newspaper. Zoological gardens in various parts of the country when in need of any particular bird or wild beast advertise in the most widely circulated journals. The man with a hobby usually

finds another crank by advertising for his address. Some time ago a Chicago man advertised for a peculiar species of the feline tribe. He was convinced of being the only crank interested in the animal, but to make assurance doubly sure he announced that he would pay \$5 for every specimen delivered at his house. Two hours after the paper containing the notice had been circulated a score of boys and men rang his bell. Each had one or more peculiar-looking cats wrapped up in a bag and boisterously demanded the payment of \$5 a head for the creatures. The advertisement almost ruined the poor fellow, but proved to him and many others that no matter how insane one's hobby may be hundreds of others are addicted to it.

Stories of vast sums of money and valuable papers returned on strength of little "ads" are numerous and well authenticated. Occasionally thieves bargain with their victims through the so-called "personal column" of the metropolitan dailies, the most interesting case of this kind being that of a Chicago manufacturer who lost gems valued at \$5,000 and a large package of bonds through the dishonesty of an employee. The thief disappeared, but soon entered into negotiations with his former principal by means of a two-line newspaper notice. A dozen replies and offers followed each other in rapid succession, and in the course of three weeks a settlement was effected, the manufacturer paying the criminal \$2,000 for the return of the papers and jewels.

In my opinion there is more humor, pathos, passion, virtue and vice to be found in the advertising pages than in any other part of a newspaper. Each little notice tells a story of want or prosperity. Between the lines you can read the character and condition of the advertiser. Every item is interesting and teaches something. Even the prosaic real estate advertisements furnish a settlement was effected, the manufacturer paying the criminal \$2,000 for the return of the papers and jewels.

WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

A Breezy Bit of Gossip About Things in the Great Metropolis.

Signs of Recent Progress—The New Alley "L" Road and its Effects on the Population—The Construction of the Fair—A Beer War and its Results.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.] A year ago Chicago was almost unknown to the world at large. Twenty years ago the news of the great fire aroused the sympathies of the world, but since that time people outside of the United States heard nothing of Chicago or the great west, of which it is only the representative. People abroad had time to forget it. Pride may be hurt by the statement, but it is an indisputable fact that to the European, with the possible exception of a limited class of Englishmen, the United States of America meant New York harbor.

If it is true that the newspaper press represents in any way popular notions, then the European a year ago entertained ideas of America that to us who have grown up in and with the west appear highly amusing. About the time the world's fair was being organized the papers in continental Europe coupled news of the fair with that of the Indian uprising then in progress. Chicago was represented and honestly believed to be an outpost near the frontier, surrounded by bands of howling, hostile Indians. Fears were entertained for the safety of visitors and exhibits that might be at Chicago in 1893. When it was reported that Buffalo Bill was ordered to the front in the dispatch in European papers took the form that "Col. Cody, the author of the Buffalo Bill," had been ordered to Chicago in order to be near the seat of the Indian war with a party of scouts. Don't laugh! These are sober facts.

Perhaps the greatest wonder in connection with the world's fair is the change of sentiment, the complete revolution of ideas in regard to this western country. Europeans begin to understand that within a generation there has developed here an empire in extent more vast than the great empires of history, in wealth unmatched in the past. Foreigners accept the statement now without the least incredulity. They actually believe what is told them about this country. They no longer shrug their shoulders and say: "Yankee humbug!" It is no wonder that they are surprised, for it is difficult even for many natives of the United States to comprehend the changes wrought in a lifetime in the western part of the republic.

These reflections were caused by meeting a man just over from Europe. He has but one word for all he sees here: "Colossal." He applies it to the good and the bad alike, to the evidences of the highest civilization and the remnants of barbarism which he finds alongside of them and which time alone can wipe out entirely. I took him out on the new elevated railroad, which has been running a little while. He did not expect such a thing in a city fifty years of age. The elevated road, known as the "Alley L," is the latest acquisition of Chicago. The promoters of it profited by the experience of other cities. They could not build a road over the housetops as they did in London. They did not dare raise the opposition that would be caused by occupying a street. They built their road over an alley running from the center of the city between State and Wabash avenue south to the old city limits. They got the alley from the city and bought what property was necessary outright. The structure of the road, although as graceful as could be, is necessarily unsightly, but is hidden away between houses except at the street crossings.

The people living along the line of the road have not yet become used to it. Their kitchens, bedrooms, nurseries and backyards front on the road mostly. One can see the greatest assortment of washing, tin cans, dogs, cats and babies on a trip down the "L" road. After the people shall have become used to it they may shut in a little more of their privacy. The horses in the streets are not fond of locomotive engines at best; they look upon them as competitors in business. But when these engines come snorting along overhead it throws many horses entirely off their balance. There have been plenty of runaways and great consternation generally in the equine world. But, like workmen who object to labor-saving machinery, they will get used to them finally.

There are no ticket collectors on the elevated road. The convenience is not appreciated by some people who make a study of looking unconcerned when the conductor comes by and calls for fares. You enter the depot at the street level, buy your ticket, and before passing upstairs deposit it in a glass vessel in the hopper that feeds a steam engine, then go upstairs and wait on the platform, which is elevated above the tracks so that one walks right on the car without climbing any steps.

The "L" road is to be extended to Jackson park before the world's fair opens. It is trying to acquire property for terminal facilities down town. At present it runs to Congress street, but will eventually reach Van Buren. It will still further tend to draw business to the eastern section of the city near the Auditorium, which seems to be developing more and more into a business district. Some one has the assurance even to build stores on the lake front south of Peck court.

Over in Norway in a town called Goekstad, a harbor opening on the Skager Rack, they are building a boat for the world's fair. Some thirty years ago there were found in that neighborhood the remains of an old viking ship, a "dragon" so-called, with long arching bows ending in a dragon head. The outlines of the boat and its construction remained to have been of a kindly disposition. It was in such boats, open without a deck, with only a square sail that could not be used except when the wind was fair, that the old Norsemen ventured out on the ocean to Greenland and thence to the American coast. Their descendants are now planning to build a boat in the exact likeness of this old ship and to sail her to Chicago. They will deck her, of course, and use modern rigging and sails, but after reaching Chicago strip her of everything modern and present her to the world as the old "dragon." A crew of twelve men will sail across. No American newspaper correspondent has been applied for a pass.

Chicago is nothing if not unique. Among the curious things it has been enjoying this spring is a beer war. It

HOUSEHOLD BRIEVITIES.

Never Iron Lace Window Curtains, and be careful to not make them too blue with indigo or too stiff with starch. Stretch them upon a mattress to dry, pinning down carefully the extreme edge of every point or scallop.—Detroit Free Press.

Pie Crust.—One heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, two quarts of flour, one teaspoonful of lard, two cups of water, a pinch of salt. Mix well, and sift a little flour on the molding-board before rolling it out. This will make enough crust for four or five pies.—Boston Budget.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream.—Soak half a box of gelatine in cold water half an hour. Boil a pint of milk, add the gelatine, two ounces of grated chocolate and stir until dissolved, then add half a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour in a pan and cool until it thickens, then add a pint of whipped cream and pour in a mold. Serve with cream.—N. Y. World.

The best way to remove a stain of grease from paper is to apply fuller's earth, pounded fine and pressed in a mass over the spot. Lay a brown paper over it and press a hot iron over all. This will cause the dry powder to adhere to the paper and will also help draw out the grease. Let the paste remain on the wall at least forty-eight hours. Then brush it off, and if the grease has not entirely disappeared, repeat the process.

Sponge Cake.—Beat the yolks of five eggs, add two teaspoonfuls of coffee sugar, mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in two full coffee cups of flour, stir together and add one teaspoonful of lemon extract, and two-thirds of a cupful of hot water; stir rapidly three minutes, then beat the yolk whites stiff and add lastly. If too thick add a trifle more flour. Serve warm cut in squares and use sauce made from the rule for Roly Poly pudding.—House-keeper.

Salad Melt.—This is a simplification of the famous elaborate *salade a la Russe*. One takes a cupful each of cold, cooked vegetables—potatoes, turnips, string beans, beets, celery (if you have it), and any scraps of artichoke or tomato may be added. These are seasoned with salt, white pepper, oil and vinegar and then allowed to stand an hour. After this, put in a bowl one of each of chopped pickles, hard-boiled eggs, olives, capers and shredded lettuce, pour over all a Mayonnaise dressing, and surround with small, curled lettuce-leaves.—Demorest's Monthly.

Bean Croquettes.—Wash one pint of beans and soak them over night; in the morning drain off the water; cover with fresh, cold water, bring slowly to a boil and simmer one hour; when done drain and put a few at a time into a glass and beat until the beans are thoroughly broken; now press the whole through a colander and add a tablespoonful of molasses, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of butter, a spoonful of salt and a spoonful of white pepper; mix well and let it cool; when cold form into balls, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.—Boston Herald.

Some new designs for floral pieces for weddings show a pair of white satin shoes, silver trimmed, which, carefully resting against each other, are filled with white orchids, chrysanthemum and rosebuds. A rice bag, with "Rice" embroidered across it, is filled with grasses and roses, and a third piece is a glass bell with coral at the center, which tumbled over on a white velvet or plush cushion, is pouring out its treasure of white orchids and roses. The slipper design is repeated in yellow satin Louis Quinze shoes with gold heels, with orange fruit, yellow orchids, and chrysanthemums and bows of yellow ribbon, for a golden wedding.—N. Y. Times.

Wherein the English Woman Distances Her American Cousin. The American woman, while she claims she loves flowers, does not seem to have the same ability in arranging them as personal decorations as is possessed by her English cousins. An English woman will select the finest artificial flowers and garland an evening gown with them until she makes herself look like a veritable "walking flower," which is what Heine says that all women should be. After the flowers are found, dress-maker and wearer will study how they can best be arranged for evening wear. A pretty blonde who was found at the theater, who had discarded that deep dark Russian violets best enframed her face, had a jaunty bonnet made entirely of these blossoms, while she wore about her shoulders a lace cap with a Medici collar formed of violets, their leaves and stems. A ribbon exactly matching the flowers in hue caught the lace cap just in front. She was a wise blonde for she realized that not only did she look as pretty as a picture, but she was wearing the flower that everything masculine most admires.

Another pretty floral arrangement is intended for wear with an evening bodice. It is a plastron shape composed entirely of primroses, and has as its finish on each shoulder a flaring white-ribbon bow. Just at one side of the corsage is placed a small love bird, and its mate is behind the ribbon bow on the left shoulder. This was placed on a white silk bodice. Such an addition to one's gown will do much to make it look almost as good as new. The knowing how to dispose of the small adjuncts of dress is really what makes a successful toilet, and this is the art of the French woman, who knows how to suit every part of her costume to the hour of the day and the occasion. English women excel in their evening toilets, but the American is rapidly gaining wisdom from each of her cousins, and will in a short time lead the procession, so far as good dressing is concerned.—N. Y. Sun.

Independent Blouse Corsages. Waists and blouse corsages differing from the skirts with which they are worn will be very plentiful next season. Handsome ones are made of soft textures, such as silk and crepe de Chine, especially of light colors—straw and deeper yellow tints. Older rose and pale blue, pink and lilac. Colored embroideries, which show up well against the light background, are a favorite trimming for them. The work is placed on the cuffs, collar and narrow straps that cover the shoulder-seams. A ribbon belt confines the waist, and is knotted on the left side, the blouse escaping below in a small puff of white cloth, and conceals the be of various materials according to the temperature or occasion. For cool weather at the various resorts, light-colored cloth skirts will be worn. N. Y. Post.

IN FRONT OF A CHICAGO NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

