BRIGHT WOMEN.

Some Peculiar Experiences of Mrs. Burnett With People Who Want Her Autograph.

Work of Mrs. Emily Crawford, the Successful Paris Correspondent of the Daily News.

Status of the Wilcox-Atherton War—Heroism of Lady White—Portraits of Presidents' Wives.

Chicago Herald: Mrs. Burnett, who is about to sail for England, where she will spend the summer, has some curious experiences with the letter-writing public. There is scarcely a day when she does not get as many as a dozen letters from strangers begging for her autograph, asking questions, imploring financial aid or literary advice or simply pouring forth rapturous admiration and gratitude. Sometimes when she has a spare moment she sits down and writes her name over and over again upon a great sheet of foolscap, and then when requests come for her autograph her secretary, Miss Cheillini, has simply to clip a slip from this sheet and inclose it in a stamped envelope to the applicant. One of the most curious letters Mrs. Burnett has ever found in her morning mail is from a woman who explained with much circumlocution that she was well aware that she was trespassing upon the time of a very busy woman, who must already be persecuted with many communications from strangers on frivolous matters. She went on to say that she had not written to apply for pecuniary aid, as she was a person in easy circumstances; nor had she come for literary advice, as she was merely a reader and a lover of literature and not a writer. She went on to further explain what she did not want by saying that she had not even written to beg an autograph, though of course, incidentally, she would be pleased to receive Mrs. Burnett's signature appended to her reply. Having thus set the authoress' mind at rest on these subjects she proceeded to explain why she had written. She had ardently admired all Mrs. Burnett's works, but mose especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which she declared she found more elevating and delightful than any book she had ever read, and so great was her respect for the author of it that she had written to inquire what was her favorite article of food. Her idea was that she would derive great pleasure from knowing what Mrs. Burnett liked best to eat, so that when she partook of the same dish she might be pleasantly reminded of the auther of her book. To this Mrs. Burnett answered with her usual amiability that she was extremely grateful for the lady's good opinion, and deeply appreciated the kind way in which she had expressed it; that she was most happy to comply with any request made by the admirers of her books when it lay in her power; that in this case she was happy to state that the writer of the letter might be able to enjoy the pleasure of associating pleasant memories of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with the delights of the table very frequently, as Mrs. Burnett's favorite article of food was and always had been bread and butter.

A Successful Woman Journalist.

Mrs. M. M. Dilke writes: First and foremost among serious women journalists is the well-known Mrs. Emily Crawford, of Paris. Mrs. Crawford has not only enabled the London Daily News to earn a reputation for being better supplied with Parisian news than any other English morning paper, but she further contributes a column of lively gossip every week for Mr. Labouchere's society journal, Truth, besides writing a letter for the Sunday radical paper, the Weekly Dispatch, and the New York Tribune.

Mrs. rawford has an attractive personality and is a universal favorite. Few women are so well known in the Paris political world, and she is a constant and welcome guest at the English embassy. She is now no longer young, but her almost white hair only adds a charm to her clever mobile face. The lady talks as brilliantly as she writes, with her never ceasing flow of apt anecdote and vivacious humor; and of her stories it can at least always be said that se non e vero, e ben trovato.

Emily Crawford is of Irish extraction, and going to Paris while still in her teens, soon began her attempt at her literary career. Thirty years ago, in Paris, this was not an easy task. But she persevered gallantly, and many are the entertaining experiences she can retail of those early years. Her success was greatly facilitated by her marriage with Mr. G. M. Crawford, also a journalist; and side by side they worked for many years in harmony, until the husband's death, some three years ago, left her with the whole burden of a large journalistic connection on her shoulders. Fortunately she has found an active assistant in her eldest son Robert.

It's a Question of Measurements.

The lively war between Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Gertrude Franklin Atherton, which is attracting so much attention in New York, has found echoes on the Pacific slope, and literally San Francisco is doing nothing but talk about the merits of the two fair duelists and the probabilities of the result. It will be remembered that in her reply to Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Wilcox said: "Had I revealed myself as freely in full dress when you called as you revealed yourself when I called, your meager charms of body might have been abashed before my more generous ones, and my 'mouse-colored tints,' as you must know, could become a lovely golden by calling in the aid of the hair-bleacher." In order to verify the truth or the falsity of the insinuation made in the above, a newspaper gentlewoman of the Examiner staff called upon a fashionable dressmaker with the paragraph in question. "Ella Wheeler Wilcox may say what she pleases," said the dressmaker, "but Mrs. Atherton is by no means a lath of a woman." After the fluttering of the leaves of a huge folio the modiste supplied these statistics, "Bust, 39; waist, 28½; upper arm, 16; neck, 13; front length, 17; back length, 18; skirt front, 39; skirt back, 43. Now that," continued the dressmaker, "is a very well-made woman. Mrs. Atherton has a better figure than nine women out of ten, and she can wear as low a bodice. Her skin is lovely—just as white as satin, and she wears black velvet a great deal, which is very trying to skinny women." "Is she a very dressy woman?" asked the reporter. "No, she always wants her street costumes very quiet. She is rather exacting, but she dresses like a lady, and her word is as good as the money. I only wish there were more like her."

Portraits of Presidents' Wives.

The Woman's Press association of Washington has abandoned the project of raising money to pay for a portrait of Mrs. Cleveland to go into the white house. The opposition of Mrs. Cleveland herself was the main reason for giving it up, and the indifference of the public women of the country was as potent a barrier. The temperance women, headed by Miss Willard, with persistent labor and many assistants, secured a sufficient sum to put the portrait of Mrs. Hayes in the presidential mansion, but it was a difficult undertaking, and the women are not eager to make a second attempt. When Gen. Grant died there was a quiet canvass made among the leading women of one or two eastern cities and one western city to secure a portrait of Mrs. Grant, and one of the only daughter of the General, which should be painted in her bridal robes. The scheme fell through because there was not enough interest manifested to justify any further action on the part of the committee. After President Garfield died an effort was made in Ohio by school teachers and others to raise a fund to put Mrs. Garfield's portrait into the white house. The movement was an utter failure, the women themselves declining to contribute on the ground that Mrs. Garfield had received every proof of the country's regard in the fortune given her.

The Fashionable Hair Color.

The tigress at the circus and the average woman have one point in common just now—they are both streaky as far as their hair is concerned. The woman who has bleached is now endeavoring to get her hair back to a darker shade, so that she may make it a warm red. It cannot be done while it is so very blonde, and she is undergoing this streaky condition that she may attain her end. She hopes to reach such a color as that which belonged to the Borgia, and she does not see why a single thread of her hair, granted she gets the right shade, might not be preserved by the United States government and exhibited as is the one so proudly shown in Florence as having belonged to the wicked Lucretia. It is odd how many famous women have had this Tititian red hair. Catherine of Russia gloried in it and Anne of Austria had brown hair just on the verge of being red. Ninon de L'Enclos was equally proud of her warm-colored tresses, and Mary Stuart seemed a very daughter of the sun. One wonders if with the red hair will come the knowledge of womanly wiles so well understood by all these enchantresses. Jane Hading and Mrs. Potter both have warm auburn hair, but it does not reach the real tinge, which is that which crowned, in all her glory, the head of the Empress Eugenie, she who has known the extreme of happiness and of sadness.

A Heroic Woman.

Everybody in Constantinople is talking about the heroism of Lady White, wife of the British embassador. She had been suffering from an internal tumor, for the removal of which Dr. Sarell declared a dangerous operation to be necessary. Without consulting her husband or any one else, Lady White determined to undergo the operation; but in order not to disturb the carnival festivities, in which the English embassy has this year taken a leading part, she said nothing of her intention, even to her husband; but quietly put all her affairs in order, made her will and appeared cheerful and hospitable as the presiding spirit at the embassy ball, which took place on the last night of the Carnival. The next day Pera society was startled by the announcement that Lady White was lying dangerously ill. This was all that was allowed to be made known; but the operation had been performed; whether successful or not was still a subject of doubt to the doctors attending her ladyship. For three days she lay between life and death. On the fourth she was declared to be out of danger, and then the truth leaked out. The admiration excited by Lady White's stoical courage is unbounded among people of all classes and nationalities in the Turkish capital.

A Woman of Resources.

One of the most vigorous, untiring women workers this city has absorbed in many a year is Mrs. Sallie McDonald, the granddaughter of the noted Tom Corwin, writes a New York correspondent. She came here from Ohio about a year ago with no money and set to work in various departments of labor. She is an energetic and successful advertising solicitor and gets a handsome income from that line of business. Occasionally she sells a typewriter or a sewing machine, and is negotiating the sale of rolling stock to a new railroad on commission. She is interested in a new city on the Erie and has become the owner of several lots, and is now erecting a couple of houses on speculation. She makes orange marmalade of a quality superior to the imported article, and sells it to the wholesale dealers. She writes each week a fashion article and owns an interest in a patent for a new toy. She is full of ideas, keen and bright, is always at work and is considered the best collector of money in the advertising business. Withal, she is remarkably even tempered and so always pleases her customers.

A Mighty Huntress.

Mrs. Jule Eastman, of West Virginia, is one of the mightiest hunters in all of its mountains. She is a dead shot with the rifle and has killed bear and deer by hundreds. She is big, black-haired and ugly, but so industrious and warm-hearted as to more than make up for lack of beauty. Her carrying capacity must be something enormous, as she has been known to carry more than one hundred pounds a distance of seven miles without resting, and is known to have lugged a sewing machine all the sixty mountainous miles between her home and Grafton. In addition she has seven children and lots of well-bred kinfolk, who delight to visit her and talk of her exploits.

COMICALITIES FROM ALL SOURCE.

Sad-faced tramp—Madame, I am a homeless man. Patient housewife—Well, if you are homeless than my husband is: I pity your poor wife.

The man who dies worth less than $5 will never have two widows putting in a claim for his estate. Poverty has its advantages, after all.

The greatest talkers have least to say. They give you sound without thought, and they talk people to death without telling them anything.

The gentle wave of a lace-edged pocket-handkerchief has carried more poor fellows to their doom than the mighty breakers at the sea.

Saugbones—You seem to be fairly fascinated with that skeleton in the corner. What makes you look at it so intently? Patient (starting)—O, nothing—I was wondering if it was one of your patients.

It is better to be born handsome than wise. At all events, it is wise to be born handsome.

The Problem Solved—"Why does a camel have two humps?" "Because if he only had one he would be a dromedary."

Some men are smart because of what they say. Others are a great deal smarter because of what they don't say.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to housekeeping." "Yes, Darlinger." "What have you got toward it?" "A wife."

Probably no human being ever began an undertaking with a more unanimous approval of press and public and a heartier recommendation to persevere than George Francis Train has had in starting on his 100-day fast.

Fenderson (who is struck with an idea)—Baw Jove, Minnie, but it doocid odd, don't yer know, that the first president should have the same name as the capital of the United States? And quite appropriate, too, when a fellah comes to think of it, don't yer know.

He—You're always growling about the lodge. She—O, no. The lodge is well enough. He—Well, my late hours then. She—I don't care about that, even, but it does annoy me to get up and let you in and find the milkman at the door. It is rather embarrassing.

Judge—You say the prisoner threw you out of the door. Had you provoked him? Plaintiff—Not at all. He advertised an unusually fine bargain sale of laces and I went in and asked him for the lowest figure on a pair of shoe laces. Judge—Prisoner is discharged. Clerk, swear out a warrant against the plaintiff and have him arrested for criminal assault.

Gadby, whose father was a circus tumbler, now goes about boasting that he is one of the sons of revolutionary sires.

TRACY'S ECONOMY.

An Experiment to be Tried by the New Secretary of the Navy.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Secretary Tracy has turned his attention to the matter of purchasing supplies for the navy, and has already made an order inaugurating considerable economic reform. It has been the practice at the beginning of each fiscal year to make the list of purchases extensive enough to cover the probable needs of the different bureaus during the entire year. Upon inquiring the secretary learned that in making these purchases regard was not had for the amount of stores on hand, and this led to an accumulation of stores which in many cases rapidly deteriorated and caused a loss to the government. To satisfy himself upon this point Secretary Tracy has just procured a statement of the amount of stores now on hand, as advertisements for supplies for the next fiscal year will soon be issued. This statement shows there are now on hand stores valued at $2,600,809, and the secretary intends they shall be deducted from the value of the stock to be purchased next month. Therefore he has issued the following circular:

"The appended table gives the total valuation of stores on hand at shore stations at the beginning of the fiscal year, the respective classes comprising supplies of an ordinary commercial nature as reported to the paymaster-general by the general storekeeper with the gross amounts of purchases, and of issues for use under the same classes during the first quarter. In view of the large accumulations shown, and to prevent unnecessary expenditure of money, it is hereby ordered that no purchases be made of supplies pertaining to these classes. If stores are required they can be obtained by transfer from other bureaus to the station where they are needed, or by shipment from other stations. To this end all requisitions for such supplies shall be examined in the light of the returns to the paymaster-general, by whom they shall not be approved for purchase if public interests will be subserved by transfer or shipment. In cases where stores are accumulated in undue quantities at certain points and current wants may be met by a redistribution thereof, it is ordered such shipments be made to other stations as the needs of the service suggest, and the paymaster-general is charged with the execution of this duty after consultation with the chiefs of the bureaus concerned. Wherever it shall be possible to utilize supplies differing in unimportant respects from those called for, such substitution shall be made. It is further ordered that supplies required under classes other than those given in the appended table shall, if practicable, be obtained in like manner by transfer or shipment. Freight charges shall be borne by the bureau receiving the supplies in case of shipment from one station to another."

Some of the largest items in the list of stores on hand are: Lumber and timber, $128,712; metals, brass, copper, tin, etc., $595,429; iron bars, $308,790; spikes, $104,608; pipes and fittings, $129,819; tools, $101,812.

Gilt edge dressing never injures the finest shoe. Acme polish beats the world for brilliancy, one shine wears a week. Sold at Fred Gamer's.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, doing business at East Helena, Mont., under the firm name and title of Sandel & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Robert Sandel retiring, the business to be hereafter conducted by Robt. Abercombie, to whom all debts due the firm are payable and who assumes all outstanding indebtedness of the firm.

[SIGNED] ROBT. SANDEL.
ROBT. ABERCOMBIE.

East Helena, Mont., May 9, 1889.