Delicious.

BISCUIT. MUFFINS. WAFFLES. CORN BREAD. GRIDDLE CAKES.

DUMPLINGS. POT PIES. PUDDINGS. CAKES. DOUGHNUTS.

Missionaries Assaulted in Japan.

Peking has arrived, bringing files of

newspapers from Yokohama to May 20.

from which the following is taken:

missionaries in the vicinity of Yokohama

were assaulted and brutally beaten, the

injuries in one instance terminating fa-

tally. First there was the unrevenged

murder of the Rev. T. A. Large; then

the assault and reckless persecution of

perpetration of a wanton outrage on the

Rev. Dr. Imbrie on Saturday, May 17.

It appears that the Rev. W. Imbrie, D.

In entering the field, however, the

went around the inclosure to enter on

gash in his cheek with a knife. Dr. Im-

ister Swift, and efforts will be made to

A Steak That Cost \$20,000.

broiled. It came to him fried. He

got no satisfaction, and finally swallow-

wandered out into the office, where he

met the proprietor. The subject of the

steak was discussed between them in

animated language for a few minutes,

when Train suddenly asked: "Say, what

will you take for this hotel and get out

today? You don't know how to run a

hotel." The proprietor named \$45,000 as

its real value. "All right," said Train:

"I'll take it. Make out the papers at

once and I will make out a check for the

amount." The hotel was duly trans-

ferred to Train, who discharged the

waiter and the cook, ran the establish-

ment for two weeks, called in an auc-

with the man of the red flag he found

that he had paid just \$20,000 for that

Blaine's New Fon-in-Law.

less than \$20,000 a year, which for a

musician at that, is not doing badly.

Notwithstanding that he does the work

opera house and conductor of his two

societies, he finds time to give every

winter a number of musical lectures

upon his favorite composer, Wagner.

He first began to give his now famous

Wagner lectures in the parlors of rich

New Yorkers who wished to entertain

their friends, but such was the demand

for tickets that for the last two years

they have been held in public halls once

a week, and if New York is not entirely

converted to Wagnerism it is not Wal-

ter Damrosch's fault.-Cor. Charleston

Clutched the Pulley and Saved Himself.

adjusting one of the large pulleys at the

leather board mill, Milton, N. H., came

near losing his life. He was inside the

pulley, and, the gate not shutting tight.

his weight on the front side caused the

pulley and revolve with it. It was a

desperate move, but he did so, and for

two or three minutes rode as fast as a

man often has an opportunity of doing.

Oscar Hueston discovered the situation

A Cheap Method of Purifying Water.

vented by Dr William Anderson, and

now employed at Antwerp with success,

consists in passing the water through a

slowly revolving cylinder containing

metallic iron in the form of scraps or

filings. The estimated cost of purify-

ing a million gallons in this way is about

\$1.50 - New York Times.

The method of parifying water in-

shaft to start, and his only chance for

Mr. Charles Griffin, while engaged in

I was told upon good authority that

fried steak.-New York Press.

the other side. Thus the two were

The Pacific Mail steamship City of

Can always be made with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. And while cakes and biscuit will retain their moisture, they will be found flaky and extremely light and fine grained, not coarse and full of holes as are the biscuit made from ammonia baking powder. Price's Cream Baking Powder produces work that is beyond comparison and yet costs no more than the adulterated ammonia or alum powders. Di Price's stands for pure food and good health.

A LITTLE OVERSENSITIVE.

The Simple Remark That Almost Ended a Gentleman's Life in Kentucky.

We were all chatting pleasantly in the smoking compartment of a Michigan Central | During the past few months several sleeper the other night, when some one began to rail at what he deemed a prevailing lack of delicacy on the part of American women. He said that the men, as a rule, overestimate the sensitiveness of women and that in their common contact men are more punctilious than those of the opposite sex. A quiet, handsome man who was seated in the the Rev. J. Summers, followed by the corner and had before remained silent at this knocked the ashes from his eigar and

"Gentlemen, I must disagree with the last D., of the American Presbyterian misspeaker. The nearest a ever came to being sion, in company with the Rev. J. L. shot was once when a woman misunderstood me from pure oversoushilveness." American, D. D., set out to witness a 'How was that I' every one asked in a baseball match.

"I had a friend," he said, "not an intimate | former crossed a hedge, while the latter friend, but something much more than an ordinary acquaintance. The man was named Gardner, and was thoroughly good hearted, but very hot beared and stubborn. Some years ago be uncreal, and after his return from his weaking journey he met me on the street one night and fairly dragged me up to his charming little house and presented me to severely, and one of them cut a deep his wife. She was very gracious, Gardner produced a lox of eights, insisted that I should take one and at the same time lighted rage was reported to United States Minone himself, saying that there should be no formality in their house, and that I must dress in at any time, without announcement or formulity. I tell you it was pleasant and comfortable. Then, while Gardner sat before the are and smoked, his wife went to the piano and began to play a nocturn of abandon his residence and seek protec-Chopin. It was a dream to hear her, for she tion in Yokohama. He subsequently was almost an artist, and I, an enthusiast in embaraed for England.—San Francisco music, stepped over and turned the pages for her. When she had ilmshed she began to improvise softly and to tell me of her education and early life. Among other things she said that her parents were very strict in certain matters, and that she had never yet been within a parvisouse, much less heard an

"At this, thinking only of her rare appreciation, I said: I should like to be with you when you hear your first opera."

"At this I thought she stiffened a little, but abused the waiter and the cook, but he she played a few chords in silence, then, arising from the piano, pleaded fatigue, excused herself and retired. I don't know why it was, but I felt somewhat uncomfortable, and, resisting the pressing invitation of my host to remain, went home as soon as I could with

"The next day I was kept from my office until nearly moon, and upon reaching it was astonished to find awaiting me a note signed by Gardner, which ran as follows:

Sir-I have failed to find you this morning. What do you mean by inviting my wife to attend the theatre without asking my per-'mission!'

"I at once replied: " 'SIR-I have not asked your wife, with or without your permission, to attend the theatre. "To the second mussive come the reply:

" 'Sin-My wife says you did do so, and I believe her. You would do well to send her a written apology, addressed to me, by 6 o'clock.

"Then it all flashed over me, and I wrote, not an apology. but an explanation, and taking advantage of a good business excuse left for New York at a quarter to 4. For, you see, all this happened in Kentucky, where they are apt to do their investigating a little too late for comfort."-Detroit Free Press.

Why the Judge Harried.

Judge Peters tells the following story, and always laughs as he tells it: Sheriff Brown had been elected in Penolscot county, and had made his son the page or messenger in court. Judge Peters preshied at the first term, and in the middle of the forenoon announced a recess of fifteen minutes. He retired to the library and soon became immersed in some legal books, isoling up some points of law. When the time mentioned had expired the jury came in, but the judge did not. The Brown box, who was anxious to have everything go off in good shape under his father's administration, grew nervous, and at last made a bolt for the library. Walking in and pulling out his watch, he tapped the judge upon the shoulder and said: "Come, Mr. Peters, you've got to hurry. Your time is up, and the folks are a waiting. The Judge "hurried."-Lewiston Journal.

An Unfortunate Stumble.

An unfortunate stumble spoiled an ancient skeleton, and deprived some museum of a chance to get a fine specimen at Hamilton, O. Mr. Tweedale, who gives his leisure moments to the pastime of bringing the contents of ancient mounds to the light, dug up a giant safety was to clutch the arms of the of old, whose skeleton was indubitable evidence that the person it once belonged to was over seven feet tall. Tweedale, with his valuable freight carefully encircled by his arms, was making his way home when he stubbed his toe, and the fall that ensued was disastrous. The rude shock simply pulverized and stopped the machinery. Griffin was the skeleton. There was nothing left of it released from his danger unharmed .but a pile of dust. The deceased giant of a Cor. Boston Herald. former age, however, had found at least one sincers mourner in the Nineteenth century .-New York Sun.

A novel method of plowing was that recently adopted by a colored man in North Carolina. His steer refused to work when hitched to the plow, and thereupon he hitched it to a cart and fastened the plow beinted the cart. He proceeded to plow with the steer without any further trouble.

CITY WINDOWS.

Through many an evening, while my spirit gains, Amid the populous city's ebb and flow, A keener sens — solitude than they know Who dwell on de — ite hills or houseless plains, I roam long streets where dubious dimness

Where bright inscrutable windows calmly

And with mysterious pleasure, as I go, Shape wierd conjecture from the illumined In youder room two amerous hearts may thrill;

Some flery quarrel here may grow apace; There may some vigilant mother, pale and still, Bend in deep a ony o'er a wasted face; And here a murithess by some bed may spill The deadly coloriess drop that leaves no trace
-Edgar Fawcett.

MICKEY FINN'S BASS.

"Mickey, hav' ye th' wurrums?" said Mr. Finn.

"I hav' a tomaty can full of wurrums an' four big gresshoppers in a bottle, an' tin grubs that I found in a rottin' boord, an' sivin crickets an' two cockroaches as black as coal an' as big as your thumb, an' a bumble bee-shure I pulled out his

enough of beit t' catch all th' fish in Jacob's Valley. Bring all them things in here till we have a look at thim.

When Mickey had brought all his bottles and boxes into the kitchen and placed them on the table they presented quite a formidable array. The crickets were confined in a vigar box, and when he lifted the lid to permit his father to have a glance at the bait, the crickets jumped out upon the floor, and the tame showed a liking for crickets which it never before had exhibited. The worms proved to be of the night walker order. Mickey had caught them by the aid of a lantern as they crawled through the grass of Stumpy field the previous evening. The bumblebee escaped when little Mike took the cork out of the bottle, and flew away to the clover field near by. Said Mr. Finn:

"Ye may as well pull up one o' thim bane poles in the yard an' fasten yer line to it, an' so ye'll be ready for th' mornin'. fur we'll be startin' again th' toime th'

sun is up. Early next morning, while yet the grass was diamonded with dew, little Mike and his father started up the Old Point road. Mickey was heavily freighted. He carried on one arm a large market basket, which contained two eigar boxes and varions bottles, containing bait, both solid and liquid. The latter was for his father's separated, and it was during this period exclusive use. One of the cigar boxes that the assault took place. The mowas filled with a varied assortment of fishment the students descried Dr. Imbrie ing tackle, including a number of rusty screws for sinkers codfish hooks stuck they savagely fell upon him, beat him into a cork, an old chalk line, five soda water bottle corks and a number of other articles which the boy in his ignorance brie saved his life by flight. The outdeemed necessary for fishing in a country

After leaving the Old Point road the punish the offenders. The Rev. Mr. way led down a little lane where a brown Summers was persecuted to such an exthrush sang a solo in a tree and a golden tent, and the lives of himself and family oriole flitted across the lane and uttered liquid notes. Under the tree where the threatened so, that he was obliged to oriole sang in a field filled with cocks of new mown hay there bubbled a little spring. The water came up through the sand at the bottom of the spring and shifted it like drops of quicksilver. Lying down at full length the fishermen put their mouths down to this living spring The trip of George Francis Train and drank deep draughts. Twas nature's around the world has recalled some of own champague. There was life in the hiseccentric doings when he was wealthy. around the world has recalled some of Nearly twenty-five years ago he was in and the sweet scent of hav stole into Denver and had called for beefsteak for Somehow Mickey didn't appreciate the breakfast, insisting that he wanted it water as much as his father did. He said he would rather have a glass of root beer any time.

When the brook was reached the sun had gained its meridian, but its rays ing his anger and a portion of the steak | could not penetrate the dense foliage on the banks overlooking the water. these cool pools swam sunfish with golden scales, and brook bass which resembled bars of burnished silver as they flashed their gleaming sides in the sunlight. Mickey was so eager to drop the line in the water that he could scarcely put a worm on his hook. At last the tackle was all ready, when a six inch trout, lookhis price, which was a figure far above ing almost translucent in the clear water, came swimming up the stream. It stopped almost opposite where the boy stood lazily fanning its dorsal and ventral fins. Said Mickey, with parted lips and bated

> 'Keep still, dad! Wait till you see me haul 'im out!'

breath:

Slowly the hook sank beneath the surtioneer and sold out everything to the face, and the worm in all its squirming, highest bidder. When he settled up juicy plumpness rested on the sand be fore the nose of the trout. The two held their breath and awaited developments. The trout slowly backed away from the worm for a distance of one foot, then it moved forward and smelt of the bait. There was a moment of intense suspense, and Mickey's pole shook as though it had the palsy. Then the trout darted like a Walter Damrosch's income was now not beam of sunshine into a shadowy place beneath the bank. Mickey's disappointyoung man barely 30 years of age, and a ment was great, but he choked it down, and said with almost a sob in his voice: 'Dad, I almost had 'im!" of two men as assistant director at the

"Yes," replied his father; "but you didn't have any salt on his tail that time,

me lad; thry agin. Then Mickey's father lay down upon the grass on the banks of the stream and went to sleep. He had just entered the borders of dreamland when he was awakened by a shout which echoed like a fire alarm the valley. He sat up and listened. Again he heard the shout and distin-

guished these words:

"Dad, I got a bite!" Mickey's father plunged into the under-brush and forced his way through the overhanging branches of the trees to the place where the sound came from. He had not gone twenty feet, however, before a cry so jubilant, so full of triumph, so instinct with the passion of possession, came to him that he knew at once something important had occurred. Looking through the sisles of the wood he saw Mickey lying upon the trunk of a big tree which projected out over the stream. In order to maintain his position he had to hang on with one hand and with the other he held his rod. Again he cried in agitated tones:

"Golly, dad, my dobber's under."

"Pull up, conny! Pull up!"
Mickey did pull up, and dangling from
the end of his line was a brook bass about five inches long. But Mickey was in such a position that he could not land his fish. And so he hugged the tree and palpitated and perspired and managed to lift the fish just so far out of the water that its tall

touched the swiring current. The picture was such a pleasing one to Mickey's father that he stood hidden by the foliage and watched his boy's dilemma for at least two minutes before he went Then he slid down the to the rescue. Then he slid down the bank and held Mickey so that he could land the fish himself, which was accompliabed in a very careful manner for fear that it might escape. But when it lay upon the grass and gasped for its native

element there was no touch of pity in Mickey's heart; only a look of triumph in his eyes, only an itching of the fingers until he could clasp his prize. For fear that the fish might get away Mickey put it in his trousers pecket, where it re-

mained securely for five hours.

What a day that was crammed full of joy. In the afternoon, were the sun shone down upon the memow with its fervent heat, Mickey made several excursions after grasshoppers, for he found that the fish refused to take worms, and his grubs had long since been exhausted Mr. Finn did not fish himself, but sat upon the bank of the stream smoking his pipe and contemplating the beauties of nature. He also gave expression during the day to several philosophic reflections, such as, "Musha, if I had all th' ground I could see wid me two eyes, shovel would I handle, an' we'd kape a

Just as the twillight was coming on little Mike landed an eel as large as a lead pencil. He insisted on taking it home in spite of his father's protests. When they left the stream the total catch for the day amounted to one five inch brook bass, one small cel and a little mud turtle, which Mickey intended to add to his menagerie. He said he had opes of "Tachin' th' mud turkle to do

When they arrived at home the brook bass was taken from Mickey's pocket. The scales were baked upon it. But under his mother's skillful direction, and with the help of his father's old razor, the scales were removed from the fish noon the washstand in the back vard. After the head had been removed and the tail cut off very little of the fish remained. But Mrs. Fing said she didn't care for fish, and so she prepared the frying pan to receive what was left of the brook bass for her son.

In the meantime the billy goat had been wandering around the back yard in an inquisitive way. As this animal had never shown any desire for fish, Mickey paid no attention to the goat. The fish lay upon a plate near to the kitchen door, and little Mike stepped inside to get some salt with which to sprinkle the toothsome delicacy. When he came out with the sait cellar in his hand the fish was gone. The plate remained, however, and little Mike looked under the bench and peered around the corner of the shanty.

Then he went hiside and asked his mother if she had seen anything of the fish. Mrs. Finn replied that she had not, and her motherly soul yearned over the boy as she saw the tears in his eyes. Then a thought suddenly came to Mrs. Leading her son to the door she pointed with the index finger of her right and to the billy goat, who was quietly assimilating an imitation tomato from the outside of a tomato can. Leaning over her boy she whispered in his ear:

'Me darlint, if ye'll git th' ax an split open that billy ye'll find your little fish Inside iv him. Th' baste!"—Evening

Editor Dana in His Office.

The editor's work day begins about 11 His routine does not differ o'clock. greatly from that of any other New York editor in chief, except that he has, per-haps, a more close supervision of his editorial page. It is very seldom that anything is printed there which he does not first carefully read. He is also a careful reader of newspapers, and he clips a great deal of the miscellany that is used in the Sun. He does not write much with his pen, but dictates editorials to his stenographer. Although he does not leave the office before 5 o'clock, he is not now a hard worker. He is systematic and accomplishes a great deal, but it is not a "grind." His workshop is on the northwest corner of the building, on the third floor. One enters it after passing across one corner of the "city room"-where reporters and editors are assembled in a rather miscellaneous manner - thence through the library, and so into the presence of "the chief," as the boys call him. His room is not large and certainly not luxurious. Aside from its occupant, the first thing which will attract the visitor's notice is the famous owl, which perches upon a high revolving book case facing the door. Hon. Thomas C. Actou is the owner of the owl. In the middle of the room is a large desk, and in one corner is a small round table where Mr. Dana sits. It is regarded as an evidence of the eccentricity which people are bound to credit him with that Mr. Dana leaves his nice large desk and sits at the little round table, but as a matter of fact it is a simple question of light. Mr. Dana's eyes have never been strong, and he can see much better in this corner near the window than in the middle of the room. The big desk is too large to go into the corner. A large portrait of Marshall O. Roberts hangs above the table. There are also in the sanctum an engraving of Abraham Lincoln, a picture of Judge Samuel Blatchford, a medallion of Ben Butler and a fine photograph of Horace Greeley. It is said that this photograph was "stolen," or, in other words, that the camera was trained upon Mr. Greeley in an unguarded moment. At any rate, it represents him in an attitude deep abstraction, with his overcoat collar turned inward. There is a veined white marble mantelpiece in the room which is loaded with bric a brac, including some curious old candlesticks. There are also three chairs, a lounge and an-

Mr. Dana receives callers pleasantly, if he receives them at all. Probably he is to the big city and straight to the den on no more inaccessible than other men in his position. Certainly a vast and incongruous multitude come to see him in the course of a year .- New York Letter.

An Interesting Question.

I have noticed that there is a difference in the bearing of people in general in the different seasons of the year. There are men who walk erectly and who hold their heads high in the winter. Take these same men in the summer, and there is a very perceptible droop to their shoulders and an inclination of the head forward. In the winter this defect in their carriage will have been remedied, and they will walk as straight as ever. I have studied the matter with much interest, but whether it is due to a general loss of stamina from the system, by reason of the heat, or whether it is a natural instinct of the man to protect himself, his face and eyes, by leaning forward, I have not de-termined. It may be due to both causes, or may not be causes at all. At the least it is an interesting question.—William McNamee in Globe-Democrat.

A Professional Opinion.

Young Mother (whose baby has been weighed by the butcher)—And how much does the little fellow weigh, Mr. Bullwindclef

Butcher-Twenty pounds, mum. Young Mother-Isn't he a splendid Butcher (dubianaly)-Well, from my p'int of view, mum, he runs too much to buct.—New York World.

Their Masters Are Chinese Men and Opium.

HORRIBLE FATE OF TWO GIRLS.

One Tried to Christianize a Mongolian, and He Led Her Over the Moral Precipice-The Other Lured to Ruin by Her-

The facility with which the Chipese lure white females to moral and physical rain constitutes one of the most remarkable and disgraceful phases of life in America. at the present time. As a general thing the Mongolians, who are to be found innearly all of the towns and cities of the United States, belong to the peasant or only class, and come from the province of Canton. Apparently they have no attractions of person or mind, yet when one of the fellows gets established in the laundry business he sets out to "catchee Mellean " and if the police reports and the pubished details of constantly recurring and frightful scandals are to be credited be comparative philology. usinally succeeds.

Let one walk through the haunts of the Chinese in New York, San Francisco, New Orleans or Chicago and he cannot fall to notice the presence of scores of bedraggled, hollow checked white women, some of



WING LEE-LIZZIE SPROUL

whom carry in their arms slanteyed babies of yellow hue. The pervading smell of dum suggests the rest of the hideous tale. Body and soul the poor wretches are given over to the mastery of the worst representatives of a race that has refined and made a science of vice, and draws temporary pleasure from the deadliest and nost destructive drug that ever reduced a human being below the level of the fortiest beast.

The Chinaman resembles the Cancastan "masher" in one respect-he doesn't hesi tate as to the means by which he may capture a victim. When he tires of the sium variety of female that fails a willing prey to his silver and opium pipe, he dons his best blouse and manners and goes a field. it is painful to record that one of his favorite hunting grounds is the Sunday school, and that the latest shameful escapade has occurred in connection with the efforts of good people to teach the strangers from

the orient the principles of Christianity.
In Camden, N. J., tives Mr. David W. Sproul, a respected citizen and an active member of the Methodist church. Some time ago he joined with others in establishing a Chinese mission, and among the teachers was numbered his innocent daughter Lizzie, an impressionable maiden but fifteen years of age. Wing Lee was one of the pupils. He showed great interest, and regretted that he could receive instruction only on the Sabbath.

To remedy this Miss Sproul called at his laundry during the week. Other visits followed. Wing gave her presents and she grew infatuated with him. Too late her parents discovered the situation and tried to end the intimacy, but they only precipitated the climax. Wing and Lizzie fled together. The girl's frantic father traced them to New York and a detective found them living in a dirty tenement on Peli street as man and wife without the formality of a marriage ceremony. The Chinaman was locked up, and, heartbroken, Mr. Sproul took home his ruined and unrepentant child

Grace Gordon is an opium fiend who is about thirty years old, but who looks older. Before she was out of her teens she fell into the ciutches of a yellow flend and has lived with him and his friends ever since. Of late she has noted as their stool pigeon and has lured others to the horrible existence with which she has become her cousin, Frances Eustis, at Portland, Me. The girl was virtuous and respected. She worked as a telegraph operator. Her duties were somewhat exacting, and life seemed hard at times. So she listened when Grace pictured to

her the delights of existence in the Chinese quarter of New York city and the joys to university prize that has been taken by a be drawn from "the pipe." Indeed she taught Frances to smoke and thus paved the way for her downfall. The two went



Doyer street which the Gordon woman called home. Chinamen welcomed them, Miss Eustis smoked herself almost to insensibility, and when she woke the following day she found that in every way she

was in the clutches of her new companions. Her first "protector," Ling Chin Hiu, soon abandoned her for financial reasons. It cost him two dollars a day to keep Frances in opium. Then she took charge of a "pipe dive" and got to be known as the "yen hoc queen." Now it is announced that she will wed in a week or two with a laundryman named Charles Woo. She 'doesn't like white people," and the old days of honest work at Portland are only like a misty dream conjured out of the fumes from her precious pipe. And all this in less than six months' time!

Novel Suit Against a Landlord.

People who live in rented houses or

CEPRAS DE WERDE.

apartments will follow with interest the progress of a suit brought by Wayland Knowlton, a lawyer of Belfast, Ms. He seeks to obtain \$2,000 on the death of a child ten years ago. The writ, drawn by Mr. Knowlton himself, says, in substance, that in 1881 he hired the Monroe house in Beifast; that the house was warranted to be comfortable and warm, the furnace good and ample to heat the house. But, on the contrary, the cellar walls were cracked, which let in the cold, and the furnace was old and insufficient. In consequence of these defects his little son took cold, fol-lowed by cromp, and after great suffering died. Mr. Knowiton says be was greatly injured in body and most, injured in his bitainess and put to great expense.

FAMOUS AS A STORY WRITER

An Appreciative Sketch of the Life and Work of James Lane Allen.

During the past half dozen years a score of brilliant writers have sprung up in the south One of the latest to attract attention, and one of the most gifted, is James Lane Allen, who was born several years before the outbreak of the civil war, pear Lexington, Ky, where the generations of his family had lived since the time of the liest engigration from Virginia On him father's side he is descended from Colonel William Payne, an officer of the Revolution, on his mother's side from Pennsylvania Scatch Irish stock. The early years of his life were passed on the small farm which was his hirthplace. He had few companions and was much alone with nature. The effect of this communing is easily discernible in all of his work. He was first taught by his mother, and at an early age he read many of the best books extant Later he entered Kentucky university, at Lexington, which was the first college of note founded west of the Alleghenies. Having graduated at the head of his class, he took up a post graduate course and received the degree of master of arts. It was his first intention to fit himself for a professorship of the Latin or Greek language, and he had as a possible final aim the teaching of the science of After acting as tutor in several Ameri-

can colleges, however, he gave up academie life and began to write. The scenes of the touching twies he has told are laid in Kentucky, and the period of which he treats is generally that which is known as "before the wat." He describes the agriculturists of the blue grass section as being "a cross between the bucolic and the aristocratic, as gentle as shepherds and as proud as kings, and not seldom exhibiting among both men and women types of character which were as remarkable for pure, tender, noble states of feeling as they were commonplace in powers and cultivation of " Mr. Allen first attracted attention by several beautifully written articles describing the Trappist Monastery, Gethsemane, and his subsequent romances, "The White Cowl" and "Sister Dolorosa," founded upon material obtained while investigating the convent and monastic life. Speaking of the motives of his work re-

cently, Mr. Allen said: "My literary aim in writing the articles descriptive of life and nature in Kentucky has been to train my



JAMES LANE ALLEN

eye to see, my hand to report, things as they were, as a preparation for imaginative work, which I hoped in time would follow: and the result of my first experiments in the field of Kentucky fiction is embodied in the collection now published under the title of 'Flute and Violin.' It is always of service to know the relation in which a writer stands to his own work, and I wan frank to declare that I look upon these tales as so many pieces of wreckage, for I have written them in the face of a storm of obstacles. Some day I hope to come into port with richer cargo, and from longer,

calmer voyages." Mr. Allen is a charming man to meet. He is a brilliant conversationist and a ripe scholar. He has been giving a series of readings through the south lately with great success. He left his old Kentucky home to live in New York, but is now a resident of Cincinnati.

GEORGE H. YENOWINE.

A Young Woman's Triumph.

Another member of the so called weaker sex has just distinguished herself. The habituated. Some months ago she visited triennial prize of \$300 offered by the Cobden club to the Victoria university at Manchester for the best essay on an economic question has been awarded to Miss Victorine Jeans for an essay on the "industrial and commercial effects, actual and prospective, of the English factory act legislation." This is the first Cobden club

> Gordon-Cumming's Beautiful Bride. Lady William Gordon-Cumming was Miss Florence Josephine Garner, of New York, and bravely married the baronet immediately after the conclusion of the baccarat trial in which he fared so badly. She is the daughter of an extremely independent race. Her father was the late Mr. William Garner, and her mother was Miss Marcelite Thorne, a famous beauty of Louisiana. She was a bright brunette, but her daughter is a clear and ruddy blond, with fair bair, full gray eyes and a

> small chin. Mr. and Mrs. Garner, her only brother and three friends were drowned by the foundering of their yacht, and three Gar-



LADY WILLIAM GOIDON-CUMMING. ner girls were left orphans. The older then but eight, is now the Marquise Breteuil; Florence was then six, and I third, then a buby, is a soung lady seventeen. Mr. Garner left a fortune some millions, which greatly increased be-fore the two older daughters came of aga. They were reared by their aunt. Mrs. Lawrence, whose daughter is now the wife Lord Vernon if wealth, beauty and no connections are any consolation, Bir W.