

NEW YORK LETTER

New York July 28.—Dr. Thomas and his brave wife are demonstrating the docility and safety of the balloon as a vehicle of transport. They have made a great many ascensions in their splendid balloon Nirvana which is the largest gas bag in this country, and carries a family with ease. For poetry of motion and attractive means of locomotion, Mrs. Thomas furnished a very pleasing specimen of ease and luxury as she sailed over Central Park, the observed of all observers. A balloon in the air is the beau ideal for an exhibition machine in this city, for nobody can obscure anybody's else's view, all seeing the machine as easily as any can. Mrs. Thomas is absolutely fearless in her ascents, and can do as well as the doctor, who is a little irascible at times, especially when the newspapers criticize him. He was very much put out with a Pittsfield newspaper which intimated that he liked to spread out a great deal, and talked more than he performed. He would not give that paper any information about his plans. But, there is no doubt that he is an adventurous spirit and will improve the business of going up into the air and coming down again with safety. Sightseers are always plenty when a balloon appears upon the scene. News of it seems to spread like news in India by an unknown, yet swift system which no European has ever found out. The balloon found along every street and on the corners, and in the square crowds looking upwards, and eagerly following the progress of the balloon.

The street beggars make a nice little pile every day, while they affect all the woes of poverty, seeking relief at the free dispensaries as if they were absolutely destitute. A middle-aged woman appeared the

other day and got a prescription, after which she took her place in the line of persons waiting to have their medicine made up by the apothecary. This particular woman, it should be said, had given satisfactory answers to all the questions put to her designed to show whether she was a proper person to receive charitable contributions. Suddenly there was a cry "I am robbed; I am robbed!" The victim was this woman who so far forgot her previous professions as to assert that her pocket had been picked and that the thief had got away with \$20. Then she lost the opportunity to get free medicine, thus adding, in her view, insult to injury.

The little church at St. Jean Baptist, on East Seventy-sixth street, where the annual Novena is now held, presents a remarkable spectacle of canes, crutches and other supports of defective limbs, that have been discarded by patients who have been cured. The walls are lined with these discarded helps to locomotion, and the cured persons are loud in praise of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin. From that humble temple during the past week and the nights also, there have been wafted incessant prayers for the intercession of the Saint, who, with preference, addressed as the "Mother of the Afflicted." At the services the little church was steeped in reverential silence, broken only by sobs from burdened breasts, or the awkward clumping of crippled feet along the reverberating aisles. During this time thousands on whom fate has heaped the weight of a weak or broken, or deformed body, have flocked there to offer fervent supplications for favors at the hands of the Saints. These seekers after health are certainly lifted into a higher religious state and by faith

have thrown off many ills. The Novena stirs up their energies, fills them with hope and, by extraordinary exercise of their faith they summon all their energies and powers, and spring to their feet practically regenerated. However much of a miracle, or how little, there may be about the exercise, the newly regenerated individual is many times the man or woman that he or she was before they knelt at the altar.

It takes something of more than ordinary interest to draw the attention of the Park Row crowd of baseball-watchers from the bulletins when the Giants are up and the score is a tie but two sparrows and a butterfly accomplished it the other day and didn't half try. The men roosting on the City Hall fence, hearing a great chattering, looked around and saw a big gray colored butterfly dive from one of the trees toward the lawn. In close pursuit came two sparrows, each with one eye on the other, and one on the butterfly. The butterfly concealed itself in the grass for a few seconds, but was driving to wing again by vigorous scratching. Before it had mounted very high in the air one of the sparrows seized it by a wing, and went into a tree. Its companion followed and the shrill chattering was renewed. The two birds again flew to the grass, pecking at each other savagely. By this time everybody's back was to the bulletin board and the baseball scorers did not get any attention at all, until one of the birds flew away disgusted and the other hopped around proudly in the grass, looking for more butterflies.

Bourke Cochran's fiancée, Miss Annie H. Ide, is known among readers of Stevenson as the girl to whom he "gave his birthday." Stevenson had met Miss Ide's father when the latter was the United States land commissioner in Samoa, and through this there sprang up a warm friendship between the Scottish novelist and the Ide family, including Miss Annie. The author

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WINE OF CARDUI

learned that she had been born on Christmas day, which, from his whimsical viewpoint, prevented her from celebrating her natal day in fitting style. So he drew up a document, written in legal phraseology, dated "Vallima, June 10, 1891" and addressed to Annie's father, in which he formally made over "to Miss Annie Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the 18th day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby and henceforth, the birthday of said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the same in the customary manner by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich food, and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors." The reason for giving his own birthday anniversary to Miss Ide was that Stevenson had attained an age when, oh, we never mention it, and that I have no further use for a birthday of any description.

A pretty and fashionable attired young lady alighted from a Madison avenue car. She waited until the other passengers had filed past her, and then turned a pair of deeply appealing eyes upon the conductor. "Would you please give me my shoe?" she said. "Certainly, madam," replied the conductor, picking up a dainty, dark thing from the car platform, and handing it to the woman. She took it with a blush and, balancing herself against the car, stopped to put it on. The conductor waited until the woman had thanked him with a smile, and then gave the signal to go ahead. "The first time that happened it startled me," he said, "but it has become a common occurrence now. The new style of shoes that come this season, pumps, I think they call them, is the cause of the trouble. No matter how small they are, they do not seem to fit the foot. It is quite a trick for a woman to step off on a car and not lose at least one of them. Of course, it delays things considerably, but then it's worth something to get a glimpse of such pretty feet and to have a good-looking woman smile at you."

The employment of messenger boys in odd kinds of services is beginning to attract the attention of the public, and it seems almost as if people, when unable to find anybody else to do certain things for

them ring up a messenger boy and he does the rest. One boy was sent for by a woman to catch flies for her pet lizard which was too sick and feeble to catch them for itself. Another boy found, when he entered a hotel room that the extremely fat man who occupied it wanted him to scratch his back. He did the job well, with the help of a brush. The latest is that of a woman, who rang up for a boy, and when he came she told him to hang his cap on a hook, and hired him for an hour and a half at thirty cents, an hour. It seems that the maid who attended to her little five-room flat did not materialize, and she set the boy to dusting, clearing the table, sweeping the dining room floor, dusting the hall, and other jobs of fixing up things generally. The woman was pleasantly surprised to find that the boy dusted in the cracks and crevices, and that when the hour and a half was ended the flat looked as spick and span as after a regular Saturday cleaning. She thinks it beats servant girl hiring out of sight. The boy rather liked it better than playing craps.

"There goes a woman," said the tall girl, "who is preparing to confer a blessed boon upon humanity. She is going to establish a class in carving the prospective bridegrooms. She has a score of pupils pledged already. The instruction will be thorough. Each man will be required to wrestle individually with all kinds of meat from the Sunday morning ham to the Thanksgiving turkey, and not until he has learned to sever joints and slice juicy cuts gracefully will he be granted a diploma. Fifty cents a lesson is the price to be charged for this invaluable education. The ultim ate cost depends, of course, upon the ingenuity of the pupil. A man with a natural aptitude for carving will probably get through in six lessons. At that rate the education is dirt cheap, and I intend to urge every man in my acquaintance to avail himself of the opportunity to master a difficult art." The young man took a notebook out of his pocket and asked for the name and address of the carving teacher. The girl smiled knowingly and wanted to know when the wedding was to be.

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