

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Capital Is No Longer Gay—White House Improvements—Hitt's Deficiency—Yukon Memories.

[Special Correspondence.] Things are rather dull at the capital now that congress has adjourned and the president has gone on his vacation. Nearly all the heavy swells of society have also taken themselves off to the various summer resorts, and many of the high officials are among the missing. Work in the various departments of government is carried on largely by subordinate officers, and all but the necessary routine business has been put over until a more convenient, brisk and comfortable season.

Polishing Up the White House. But in spite of the general dullness there are lively times at the White House. Taking advantage of the absence of the president and family, plasterers, upholsterers and a small army of general renovators have taken possession of the premises and are having things their own way.

The commissioner of public buildings and grounds is trying to strengthen the ceilings in the famous east room, which are dangerously weak. The office rooms are directly over the east room, and the weight of the furniture, records and other equipment is such as to cause the ceiling underneath to sag to an alarming extent. Several years ago an attempt was made to remedy the defect by putting in large beams running east and west across the middle of the room, supported on the east by the stone wall and on the west by the partition dividing the official part of the building from the residence portion of the structure.

Colonel Bingham has begun the work with the expectation of completing it before the president returns from Lake Champlain. The strengthening process will be applied from above, and heavy girders will be used. During the progress of the work the official part of the building will have to be abandoned, and the clerical force will be transferred to another part of the house or leave of absence given them.

In addition to the improvement to the east room, the other portions of the mansion will be thoroughly renovated and put in perfect condition by the time the president returns. The paint work in the cabinet room, the president's private office and the official portion of the building generally will be touched up, and the blue, red and green rooms, together with the state dining room, will receive needed attention. A few slight repairs will be made in the living part of the house, but the latter is in comparatively good condition, for it was fully gone over just before the Cleveland relinquished the house to the present occupants.

Hitt's Fatal Deficiency.

A short time before the adjournment of the house of representatives Mr. Hitt of Illinois in the course of a popular talk related some of his experiences during his candidacy for the senate which was won by Mr. Mason. One of them was quite interesting and amusing. Among his allies of the most critical stage of the fight was a hard-headed Granger member of the legislature who was said to have a keen eye for the main chance. He was not a personal acquaintance of the candidate, but he hustled in in a free and easy fashion and remarked as he took a seat:

"Well, Hitt, you're a candidate for the senate?"

"Yes, a number of my friends are kindly doing what they can in my behalf and feel very confident of success." And then Mr. Hitt branched off into a general conversation about the weather, the immense material progress of Illinois in the last 20 years, and so on. His caller began to grow nervous and impatient, for time was fleeting, and he had not yet landed his vote, and he was in no mood to discuss the weather or anything else except the senate ship. After sitting for several minutes he broke in with:

"I suppose you know this senatorship ain't goin a-beggin and that the vote is goin to be mighty close?"

"Ah, yes, I've heard that. You remember we've had several very close senatorial elections in this state, where one or two votes turned the scale in favor of the man who won." And then Mr. Hitt went on to recall the history of those close elections until the thrifty rural legislator became desperate and bounced out of the room with scant ceremony. Once outside he muttered to a brother legislator:

"That fellow Hitt will never be elected senator. He hasn't got no business in him."

Early Days in Alaska.

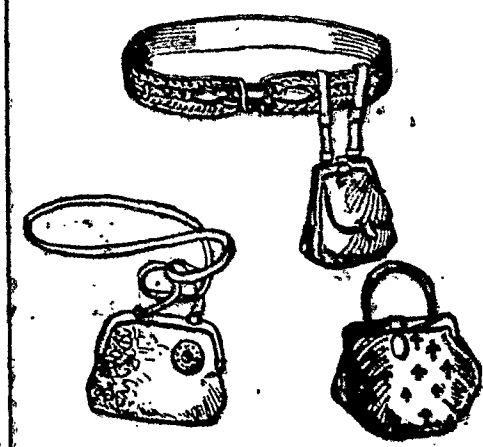
Joseph I. Keefe of Washington, who accompanied as aid-de-camp to Captain T. E. Ketchum the expedition which took possession of Alaska in 1867, which the Seward purchase, tells some interesting reminiscences of the territory in its earliest days. "I went up the famous Yukon river," said Mr. Keefe the other day, "but at that time all that region of the country was a vast wilderness, and there were no names attached to the sparsely settled Indian villages encountered here and there. The Klondike was unknown. We found fertile lands on which corn and vegetables might be raised during one season of the year. Sitka was the only city known, and it was populated mostly by Russians, who have now nearly all gone home. At the time I was in Alaska I suppose there were 100,000 native Indians in the country, but now this number must have dwindled down to something like 20,000. There are three classes of natives. The Tlingit, a half civilized race, is the highest class. Next come the Eskimos, who live on blubber and fat. The lowest race found is known as the Junemam tribe."

CARL SCHOFIELD.

WOMEN AND FASHION.

Popularity of Leather Bags—Various Causes of Wrinkles—Bicycle Polo. Fashion Echoes.

Dealers in leather goods are jubilant over the present popularity of bags, bags of all size and kinds and for more purposes than ever before. The New York Herald, in an interview with



SMALL LEATHER BAGS.

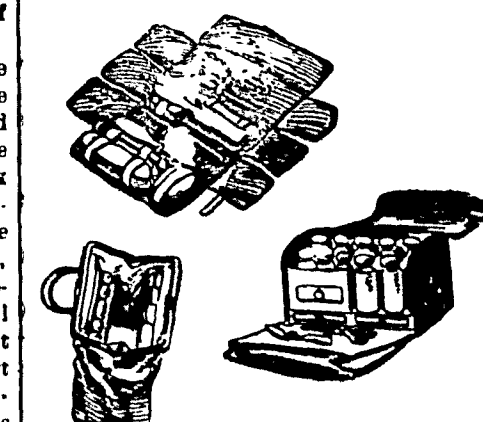
one of these dealers, gained considerable information on the subject of bags, a part of which is here given.

"Nowadays," said the dealer, "the girl who is going away for the summer isn't satisfied with one bag, as her grandmother was. She wants at least half a dozen of all kinds and sometimes a dozen. She wants a bag for a day's visit and another kind for a three days' trip, a third for a week's stay, and for longer periods she wants a complete assortment. Then some of them want a certain kind to match a particular gown."

"Then there is the girl who has a pet dog, and she wants a valise to pack the dogs of that dog in. Oh, yes, the fashionable dog wears clothes, just as you do, only they cost more."

"The true blue bicyclist girl also has a valise to hold the sacred habiliments of the wheel. This is a fairly large affair, not unlike the dress suit case for men."

"We have what we call the combination athletic valise. This is a large affair, as big as a good sized trunk. It has racks for golf sticks, a place for a tennis racket, a compartment for bicycle odds and ends and different receptacles



FURNISHED BAGS.

for the particular clothing which goes with each sport. This isn't as popular as the others, because it is too big and also for the reason that it serves the purpose of half a dozen small affairs."

"The small bags this year are largely made of seal skin, with clasps of silver and gold. Lizard skin, with its dainty coloring, is as popular as ever, and those of snakeskin, with its cool looking, delicate gray, make an admirable summer bag."

Various Causes of Wrinkles.

Wrinkles are entirely dependent upon temperament. Nothing induces them more surely than worry. The kind produced in this way appear first in the forehead and are made up of many small vertical lines, differing from those caused by study, which are fewer and deeper. Take the wrinkles caused by worry in conjunction with the harassed look in the eyes that accompanies them, and the combination is disastrous to the expression of a woman's face. Laughter is responsible for the crow's foot wrinkles about the eyes, and it brings into view some small and mischievous ones near the corners of the mouth. In this connection a writer in the New York Herald says: Lines of care show first in the furrows on either side of the mouth, and they become more marked as age advances."

The only kind of wrinkles belonging purely to old age are those caused by the loss of fatty tissue, leaving the skin loose upon the face. These appear first about the lower part of the face, and the cheeks have a sagging appearance, where the superfluous skin disposes of itself in folds.

The newest things in wrinkles, however, are the bicycle variety, and they are not a desirable kind. They belong to the bicycle face, and the effect is the same as when the face becomes drawn from anxiety or worry.

Bicycle Polo.

A new fad for women who ride the wheel is bicycle polo. As described by The Puritan, this is a rough and dangerous game. The requirements of the game are a high grade wheel, an ordinary baseball, two goals about 18 inches in width, a cool head—or, rather, two cool heads—quickness, agility and lots of grit. Some of these ingredients can be purchased, some can be acquired, and some, unless they are inherent qualities, are unattainable.

Fashion Echoes.

Puffings are decidedly fashionable. White muslin is popular for evening dresses.

Bodices are trimmed in the back as well as the front.

Soft effects characterize the latest summer fashions.

From London comes the report that aprons are again in favor.

Diamonds were never more fashionable nor worn in greater profusion than at the present time.

The variety in watches is quite bewildering. Some are encrusted with diamonds and other gems and are pendant from jeweled bows and brooches of exquisite design.

CURRENT MISCELLANY.

The Great Yellow Water Lily occurs at Woonah and a few other places on Klamath lake and in endless amount in Klamath marsh. The large seed pods are gathered in boats, the seeds extracted after some process of drying the pods and then stored for use during the year. The common method of preparing the seeds for use is to roast them either in an open basket with live coals, or in an iron frying pan over a fire. When treated thus, the seeds swell and crack their coats much after the manner of parched corn. The roasted seeds are commonly eaten dry without further preparation, tasting very much like popcorn, but sometimes they are ground into meal and made into porridge or a bread.

This is probably the most important farinaceous food of the Klamath. They gather enormous quantities of it during the months of July and August, nearly all the old women of the tribe going to the marsh for the purpose. It is such a favorite food with the tribe that its use is likely never to be wholly given up. Department of Agriculture Publications.

Rings His Bell When Hungry.

The strangest bird that ever reached the Philadelphia zoo came from Brazil. It is the bell bird, fat and pudgy, curiously marked in its plumage and about the size of a small pigeon. Its most striking characteristic is its wonderful voice, from which it gets its name. When hungry, the bell bird squats on its haunches, throws its square out bill up toward the skies and utters its peculiar, resonant notes. The song is not unlike the sound produced by the striking of a hammer on an anvil, clear and ringing, so penetrating that it can be heard throughout the gardens. There is no let up in the cries until the keeper responds by bringing cream nuts, the food on which the bird thrives in its native forest. The creature is a great consumer, often making away with a quart of the nuts in a single day. It breaks the hard shell easily in its viselike beak. After stuffing itself it rests contentedly until the pangs of hunger are again felt, when the bell is rung.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Hawthorne.

In the early weeks of her married life Mrs. Hawthorne wrote of her husband to a friend in Salem: "His magnificence, strength and sweetness alternately and together charm me. He fascinates, wins and commands." Again, in describing the home life at the old manse, she writes:

"Whatever my husband touches turns to gold in the intellectual and spiritual world. I sewed on a purple blouse for him till dusk. We have the luxury of our maid's absence, and Apollo helped me by making the dress. I warmed rice for myself and had the happiness of boasting his bread. He read aloud 'Love's Labor's Lost' and said that play had no foundation in nature. Today there have been bright gleams, but no steady sunshine. Apollo boiled some potatoes for breakfast. Imagine him with that magnificent head bent over a cooking stove and those star eyes watching the pot boil! In consequence there never were such good potatoes before."

Popularity and a Slip.

One of the incidents that conduced to give the queen temporary popularity in Ireland was this. She and the prince, with the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, were driving in their roomy carriage to Mr. Dargan's exhibition. The streets and windows were thronged. There were only bright faces, and the air was filled with cheers. She bowed very affably. The prince held his hat a little before his forehead and hardly bowed. The Prince of Wales took off a cap with a white band and held it rather gracefully, as if to show that he should have bowed were the queen not present. Prince Alfred looked a little sulky and kept his cap on his head. The queen did not appear to see him, but she did. She whipped the cap off his head with one hand and with the other gave him a slap in the face. It was done in an instant and without any change of countenance. Thundering cheers marked the approval of the multitude.—Contemporary Review.

A Queer Insect.

There is a queer looking insect that looks for all the world like a bit of dead stick and is known as the "walking stick insect," or "praying mantis." It has two arms, with which it catches flies, its natural food. You may cut the head off a mantis, yet the active arm still continue catching flies and trying to stuff them into its relaxing jaws. This seems to show that insects can't feel much pain.

But it's a hard matter to understand. The nerves of an insect are arranged so differently from those of man or other superior animals that no comparison is possible. Man's nerves are, except those of the heart and internal organs, quite under each individual's control. In the case of insects their nerves are arranged in separate "ganglia," or bundles, each of which is capable of acting quite independently of the rest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Odd Advertisements.

Printers' Ink reports some odd advertisements in Chicago. "Get your daily bread from this wagon" is on a baker's cart. "Our bicycle ambulance will call for crippled wheels," reads a sign. A shoe store advertises, "Quality, all kinds; prices, your kind." A knowing druggist has this placard in the window: "Come in, buy a stamp, wait for the car or consult the directory." "The One Arm Laundry" is one the South Side. "We will shake you for the drinks" is a saloonist's announcement. An undertaker has a sign in his window proclaiming the fact that he has a good line of caskets on hand and that he gives 10 per cent off for cash.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Very Hard Luck—Soda Water Winks. Lethal His Speeches—She Had to Speak—His Reasons.

"The possession of sudden fortune often drives men to commit insane acts," said Mr. E. C. Durbin of New Orleans during a recent stay in Washington. "I once had as a client a thrifty Hungarian who invested each month \$1 in the lottery. He would never spend any more, and often when I reproved him for throwing away that modest amount he would declare that he'd hit the big prize some day."

"And, sure enough, he did. It was early in 1888 that he came dancing into my office with a newspaper slip which showed that ticket No. — had won the capital prize."

"His share in the winning was \$16,000, and I think it affected the poor fellow's brain. No sooner had he got possession of his fortune than he started out on a spree that lasted nearly a week. During that time he threw his money away as though it would last forever, and no doubt he was robbed of a goodly sum. Anyway he didn't begin sobering until the last cent was gone. As soon as the Hungarian came to his senses and realized that all of the \$16,000 had absolutely vanished he concluded that life wasn't worth living, and, locking himself up in his room, he sent a bullet through his brain."

"The Monday following the suicide a letter came, addressed to the dead man, informing him that by the death of an uncle in the old country he had come into the possession of property worth in the neighborhood of \$250,000."

"Now, that is a very fair hard luck story, and it has the virtue of truth. I have one more of the same sort, not quite so tragic, but just as authentic. This happened to myself. A well known old character about the city came into my office one morning and, lamenting that he was 'bested,' asked me to become joint owner with him in a lottery ticket valued at \$1. I told him that I didn't care to invest, but as we walked down stairs, knowing his weakness, I invited him to have a drink. He accepted eagerly, and I tossed the bartender a 50 cent piece. The quarter I got back was passed to the waiter of the ticket. As true as I am sitting here that old fellow drew \$5,000, and I have never quite ceased to tug sore with myself for refusing to buy a half interest."—Washington Post.

Soda Water Winks.

"It makes me weary," said the druggist as he drew a nickel's worth of sweetened bubbles from the soda fountain, "to read in the papers continually about the 'soda water wink' and all such nonsense about selling whisky of the soda fountains. I've been in this business ever since it was a business, and I never yet ran across the 'soda water wink.' In the first place, whisky in a glass of soda water would make a healthful mixture which no one would care to drink. Brandy and plain soda, of course, would be a compound which might tickle the palate, but I have never been asked for it. The fact is that any man who wants a drink of whisky can get it elsewhere than in a drugstore without any trouble whatsoever. In a strictly prohibition district I don't know how a soda fountain would set it if it were forced to its utmost capacity in quenching all kinds of thirst, but in this city it doesn't do business under false pretenses. It doesn't have to do so."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Liked His Speeches.

Ex-Governor Stone of Missouri recently told this story of Colonel John T. Crisp: When Colonel Crisp was running for congress, he proposed to use the same speech all over the state. An old man who heard it the first night was so delighted that he asked Crisp where he was to speak the next day. When the colonel saw the old man in his next audience, he was forced to change his speech to give it a semblance of originality, and so delighted the old man that he insisted on knowing the colonel's next engagement. He followed Mr. Crisp all over the state and so worried him by forcing him to constantly alter his speech that the colonel at last in despair cried, "I speak in school tomorrow night—in school, be good, sir—and I hope you will be the first man I see when I get there."—New York Tribune.

She Had to Speak.

A woman who was travelling alone not long ago wandered one evening into a hotel parlor. A pretty young girl at once rushed toward her and breathlessly asked her what time it was. Something astonished, the woman glanced at the big mantel clock and repeated the hour. "Oh, thank you!" said the stranger, but without any signs of going away. "I suppose you think it queer, my asking that," she burst out a moment later, "but, to tell the truth, I don't want to know the time at all. I just had to speak to somebody. You see, I'm on my wedding trip, and for a whole week I haven't spoken to a soul but my husband. Why, I've hardly heard the sound of any one's voice but his. It was really a question of my speaking to some one or going wild."—Kansas City Star.

His Reasons.

The general passenger agent of one of the Chicago trunk lines received a letter from a Kansas man the other day requesting a pass for himself to Chicago and return. There was nothing about the letter to indicate that the writer had any claim whatsoever to the courtesy he requested, but the railway man thought that perhaps the Kansas had some connection with the road in some way, possibly as a local freight agent, so he wrote back, "Please state explicitly on what account you request transportation." By return mail came this reply, "I've got to go to Chicago some way, and I don't want to walk."—New York Tribune.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Diocese are Doing. From Our Diocesan Correspondents.

Lima. The ladies of St. Rose's church will serve dinner on August 15th to accommodate the friends and visitors attending the annual convention and field day.

Ray O'Neill is the owner of a new bicycle. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Harrington are rejoicing over the arrival of twins.

Owen Caragher is dangerously ill at his home in this place.

Sr. M. Desmetrie and Sister Fallon, formerly Mary and Maggie Whalen, both of Lima, are spending a few days in town.

The wheat crop in this section just escaped being spoiled. The wheat was quite soft, but was spoiled very little.

Penn Yan. Miss Kathryn A. Gulder is spending her vacation in Geneva with her cousin, Mrs. T. K. Rogers of Exchange street.

Our genial baggage agent, E. J. Gulder, spent Thursday at Hammondport.

Margaret and John Sullivan of Corning are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. S. K. Walbeck.

A large number from this place attended the women's convention at Hammondport on Thursday.

George Osborn spent Sunday in Rochester.

Charley Sweeney of Geneva called on friends in this place Sunday.

Miss Zell Whitbeck returned home last week after spending some weeks with her sister, Mrs. T. J. Sullivan of Corning.

Harry Marles has gone on a pleasure trip to the Thousand Islands.

Miss Mollie Garey is spending her vacation in Geneva, the guest of Mrs. Matthew Rogers.

E. Donoghue spent Sunday in Geneva, the guest of Thomas Carroll.

Miss Ella Finnican of Rochester is the guest of Mrs. Donahue.

Miss Mary Scantlin of LeRoy is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. J. McAdams.

Michael Bolan of Dundee was in town Monday.

Miss Lill Whitbeck has returned home from a visit with relatives in Corning.

The Misses Garland of Canandaigua have been the guests of the Misses Mally during the past week.

Miss Kate Dugan of Canandaigua recently visited friends in this village.

John Corcoran has accepted a position in Corning.

Miss Mary Hyland is visiting friends in Auburn.

Sodus Point. D. W. Davidson and sons of Rochester are spending the summer on Eagle Island.

Miss Loretta Kearns of Rochester is spending the summer here, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Doyle.

The yacht Onward and Creeda of Charlotte spent Sunday cruising in the bay.

Miss K. McCabe of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Featherly.

The yacht race held Saturday was won by Fred Williams's boat, the Wincobee. The Henrietta, Spencer Meade's boat, took second prize.

Mrs. J. Mabbis recovering from her recent illness.

The steam barge John Miles of Collington is at the wharf for a cargo of soft coal.

Alexander Preston of Baltimore has been the guest of Mrs. E. B. Parsons for the past week.

Caledonia. On Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock occurred the marriage of Mr. Frank Bell and Miss Mary Smith, both of this village. Mr. George Ward was best man and Miss Anna Smith bridesmaid. The bride was attired in steel gray with white trimmings; the bridesmaid in white organdy over pink. After a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's mother they started amidst a shower of rice on the 10 o'clock train for their future home in St. Louis.

A new baseball team has been organized here. They will play their first game with the Genesee on Friday.

Honeoye. Mrs. Isaac Abbey of Buffalo is visiting friends in town.

Frank Foy returned home last week from Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been for the past year.

Jacob Patterson is very ill. All of his friends hope to see him out soon.

Patrick Leahy is home from Albany.

Miss Sallie Hennessey has returned home after spending several weeks with friends at Phelps.

Miss Nellie Mancy of Seneca Falls and Missie Dinnema of Geneva were in town Monday.

Lions. The Misses Dunn and Dealing of Newark visited in Lyons Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Murphy of Newark, spent Saturday and Sunday in this city.

Miss Kate Murphy spent Sunday with Clyde friends.

The New Haven Silver Plate which has been shut down for a year has resumed business.

A great many Lyonsers are spending their vacation at Sodas Point.

A great many people of this city have got the Despatch fever.

Dan O'Connor is visiting Geneva friends.

M. O. Bradley spent part of last week at Canandaigua lake.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flaherty are rejoicing over the event of a boy.

Ovid. James Jeffery of Buffalo spent Sunday at his home here.

P. H. Lyons and family have moved on Chapman street.

Misses Margaret and Anna Carroll, of Rochester, are visiting their parents here.

Miss Nellie Welch, of Geneva, spent a few days last week with her friend Rose Hahrratty.

T. C. Dillon of Geneva, was a guest of friends in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCarragher and Miss Lizzie Tracy, of Seneca Falls, spent Sunday at Mr. McCarragher's home here.

James Mullane is spending a few days in Waterville.

Anna Penton has returned to Cleveland, Ohio, after a pleasant visit here.

(Continued on page 8.)

Rich Red

Most of the country is covered by rich red soil. It is a most fertile soil, and it is possible to get a good crop of wheat on it. It is a most fertile soil, and it is possible to get a good crop of wheat on it. It is a most fertile soil, and it is possible to get a good crop of wheat on it.

Blood

And good health, like blood, is a most fertile soil. It is a most fertile soil, and it is possible to get a good crop of wheat on it. It is a most fertile soil, and it is possible to get a good crop of wheat on it. It is a most fertile soil, and it is possible to get a good crop of wheat on it.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists.

Hood's Pills make and cleanse the blood.

Doman's

"Sick-Call

Outfit."

A complete outfit for the sick.

Articles of all kinds of goods.

Our building is located in the city.

Call on us for all your needs.

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