

PARIS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

What Paris Offers Those Who Worship at the Shrine of the Goddess of Fashion.



New Corset, Hip Pads, and Wired Petticoat to Make Remarkable Change in Woman's Figure.

It has been decreed from Paris, which sets the fashion in the woman's world, that women fair shall change their forms with the advent of autumn. From the bathing suit to the ball robe is a long flight, but not more distant than that between the tennis, golf, or yachting dress of the summer season, and the hip-padded and corset-lifted accessories which will appear to women's wardrobes this fall and winter.

Three principal adjuncts will be instrumental in effecting the radical change in figure. These are hip pads, a new corset, and a strange wired petticoat, which bears some resemblance to the hoop skirts of former days.

Women, however stout, and girls, however slender, if they conform to the dictates of fashion the coming season will use hip pads. The pads themselves are far from protrusions. Those which can be bought ready made in the shops are of black cloth, either white, gray, or black, and are stuffed with very fine hair. They have two whalebones down the center and are bound with tape. These pads are shaped to fit the hips and exaggerate the natural hips in size from two to four inches.

Up-to-date women will need at least six pairs of hip pads. Those which she reserves for wear with her evening gowns are fragrant with her favorite sachet. In fact, the hip pads are the newest place for hiding the

Model Showing How Skirt Appears Over Hip Pads and Wired Petticoat.

sachet bag. The latest French corset also aids in exaggerating the size of the hips. It is made short on the hips, and if properly laced gives the figure a tapering waist and raises the bust a trifle higher than the corset of the summer.

The Parisian corset of the hour still has the low bust, but it is perceptibly higher than it was last season. This new corset, which is Freud's latest Parisian model, measures in the direct front from eleven to twelve inches. It is the straight front which tends to make the abdomen flat, but also curves just a trifle at the waist line. At the side it measures nine inches, and is short enough to produce what is called the "sudden" hip. This corset is made so that the bust is from one to one and a half inches higher than the corset which was worn throughout the summer. The corset is also curved so that the waist is delectably tapering.

Much of the change effected by the change in the modes will be due to the new wired petticoat, which will be very light in weight. It is trimmed at the bottom with three silk ruffles, and beneath each ruffle are three rows of the finest, most flexible wire. The skirt is somewhat closely to the figure, until the knees are reached, then it stands out with a dignified flare. This skirt aids materially in making the new fall dress skirts set correctly.

SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

A SLUM ANGEL.

SOME one was coming up the stairs as the little district visitor was descending. The ascending party struck a vesta, which threw a fitful glare over the damp and filthy walls and the gray-brown form of Hester Moore.

Dr. Paul Mayland stopped aside, attending to his broad shoulders against the balustrade to admit a wider passage for her.

During the next two weeks this "slumming" doctor and the soberly-dressed little district visitor met about half a dozen times their separate ways to or from some den in a crowded alley, and at the end of a fortnight they actually defied criticism and spoke. It was raining a steady drizzle, and through the mire of a dirty court Paul Mayland saw a familiar form in gray stepping over the puddles without an umbrella.

"Please take mine," he said.

But she would only consent to share it.

"These places are not fit for you," said the doctor later when walking with her homeward. "You are too young, too—indeed, it is scarcely safe for so young a girl to venture among the criminals that are hidden here."

"But I must," she murmured.

"Ah, you are one of those brave women willing to risk anything. I had heard of you long before I had the pleasure of lighting you down those rickety stairs two weeks ago."

"You have heard of me?" she asked, with an abrupt sharpness of tone which he did not notice.

"Yes, from the poor wretches whom you have made your devoted friends," he exclaimed. "It is more often for you they call in the extremity of their pain than for me."

"I am glad if I have done any good," she said, sighing with relief.

"Good!" he echoed. "If the depraved creatures about here worship anything at all, it is the Little Gray Lady, as they have named you."

Dr. Paul Mayland was celebrating his fortieth birthday over a lonely cup of tea. Old Betsy, his housekeeper and one time nurse, had made a doubtful-looking cake in honor of the occasion, and her affectionate master was sacrificing his digestion to please her. It was not often that he was left to enjoy a meal in peace, and today was not an exception to the rule. He was still contemplating a second slice of cake when he received a hasty summons to a case in Lavender court.

"That's just the him," she growled in monologues. "He'll never be rich while he doctors them paupers for nothing. And they take 'vantage of his goodness, they do. Now, if Master Jack hadn't turned out a scoundrel '—here, being a devout Catholic, she crossed herself and mused mournfully upon the doctor's secret sorrow.

"Master Jack" was Paul Mayland's youngest brother, his junior by fifteen years, who had been left as a sacred trust by their dying mother to the elder's care. Some seeds of depravity, perhaps sown in long generations past, early developed in young Jack. After rushing through various vicissitudes of gambling and drink, he devoted the remaining part of his sordid intellect to the criminal science of burglary.

His distracted brother for several years grieved for his "sacred trust" as a thing lost to him, until one night Jack had appeared craving protection from the law. For the sake of his dead mother, Paul had shielded the boy, who, when the danger was over, broke loose again, and in the course of time his dexterity earned him in the criminal world the sobriquet of "Lightning Jack."

At Lavender court, in the room where his patient lay, Dr. Mayland found the Little Gray Lady kneeling by the truckle bed on which a consumptive child was dying.

"I sent for you," she said. "I knew you would come if you possibly could."

She had puzzled him from the first—her absolute loneliness and her reserve. There were moments when he was wondering if she were telling of her charitable work, so obvious to him had been her troubled mind sometimes. Tonight, walking beside her through the busy streets, he abruptly put his fancy into words.

"Yes, I am very tired," she answered. "I hate the work. I hate it."

"But it isn't compulsory," he exclaimed. Why do you do it?"

"Because I must," she said, bitterly.

Paul Mayland tried to think, and not until they had turned into the street where she lived had he come to some sort of conclusion. Perhaps she was performing acts of charity in explanation of some trifling 'sin' magnified by her tender conscience.

Yes, he loved her. She had guessed it long ago. It was in that moment when he had once unconsciously revealed his secret that her work had become suddenly hateful to herself.

"Don't go in yet," he said. "I want to tell you something. Let us walk back to the end of the street."

"I love you, Hester. I love you." His low voice penetrated through the traffic of the street. "I am not a young man, but my feeling for you is deep and strong enough to last my lifetime, even unto eternity." He caught the sharp sob that was choked in her throat. "Hester," he cried, "look at me! O, my darling, what is it?"

"I am so happy!" she said. "That is all."

How long they walked up and down the pavement neither knew. They were jerked back to the reality of things by a faint, hoarse voice that seemed to have sprung out of the darkness beside them.

"Paul, for God's sake, save me! It is the last time I shall trouble you."

"Go to my house by the back door. I will join you in ten minutes."

And, catching at Hester's hand, he hurried her along.

"You are trembling, dearest. That man has frightened you. He meant no harm. He is my brother."

"Your brother?" she gasped. "Lightning Jack your brother?"

"What do you know of 'Lightning Jack'?" Who are you?"

"Come with me to my lodgings," she said, faintly. "I can't tell you here."

Hester Moore sat with her arms stretched across the table, her head bowed on them in speechless, tearless misery. The confidence which she had withheld so long had been wrong from her last.

She was no angel of charity, but a person sent from Scotland Yard to track the burglar, "Lightning Jack."

"So this is our Little Gray Lady! A human bloodhound paid to hunt down fallen wretches!"

Every word lashed her like a whip. In the distress of that hour he was blind to her pain, blind to justice, blind to his very love for her.

"Well, your victim is ready at your hand," he said, bitterly, to the trembling representative of Scotland Yard. "Of course, you will do your duty."

Heedless from the room without a backward glance. For an instant she remained

profession, and since his death the work had been to her a means of livelihood. The chemist, who had been struck ill, and she raised her face at last, a wondrous pity looking out of her burning eyes. His seeming cruelty had been but the outcome of fear for the safety of his brother!

When the dawn showed through the chimneys of the blind, she threw open the window and leaned out her face in the chilly breeze.

"Hester, I have been waiting for you, hoping against hope that you did not go last night to—Scotland Yard."

It was Paul Mayland standing on the pavement. He bent his face close to hers, and whispered.

"Thank God!" she said, with shaking lips.

Death had spared her a terrible task. "Lightning Jack" had died in delirium in the arms of his brother.

One of the cleverest lady assistants attached to Scotland Yard resigned her post a few weeks ago, on the occasion of her approaching marriage.

The new-opener of the Southwark Church was heard to remark that "in all her ken" no man had ever looked so proud of his bride as did the "slumming" doctor who brought back the Little Gray Lady to live with them.—Answers.

GOSSIPY ITEMS FROM THE EXCHANGES.

"Gator Grunters."

Colonel "Jim" Patterson of south Florida was talking recently on a subject with which all Floridians are popularly supposed to be familiar. It was the subject of alligators. "We have with us people who are known as 'gator grunters,'" said he. "They have practiced this so long that they successfully imitate the grunt of an alligator. They act as guides to parties of Northern tourists during the winter, and often hunt gators on their own account. They take a big wagon, and, as a rule, go out to the edge of the glades. Through the flat woods around the margin of the glades there are many little lakes that in the dry season subside into a hard, cracked mud. The gator, on the side except directly in the middle, where the gators make a deep puddle, which is known as a 'gator hole.' The expert hunter takes his place near this hole, and, concealing himself, begins to produce that peculiar grunt in imitation of a gator. Pretty soon there is a slight movement of the water and a long, black head shows up. Then another comes to the surface. Then the old bull 'gator' crawls up into the mud along the water. The hunters follow him. They come in search of the sound, and when they are far enough from the water the slaughter begins."

Perkins Andrews Was to Blame.

The son of a well-known Providence lawyer came home at the end of his first term in college, exclaiming in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class, says an exchange. His father was less easily satisfied.

"What! Next to the head?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I send you to college for? Next to the head, indeed! Hump! I'd like to know why you aren't at the head, where you ought to be!"

The young man was naturally crestfallen, but upon his return to college he went about his work with such ambition that the end of the term found him in the coveted place. He went home very proud indeed. It was great news.

The lawyer contemplated his son for a few moments in silence; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he said: "I'd like to know what you think of the head of the class, eh? Hump! That's a fine commentary on Brown University!"

No Wonder He Objected.

A certain learned professor in New York has a wife and family, but, professorlike, his

thoughts are not turned to his domestic duties. One evening his wife, who had been out for some hours, returned to find the house remarkably quiet. She had left the children playing about, but now they were nowhere to be seen.

She demanded to be told what had become of them, and the professor explained that, as they had made a good deal of noise, he had put them to bed without waiting for her or calling a maid.

"I hope they gave you no trouble," she said.

"No," replied the professor, "with the exception of the one in the cot here. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

The wife went to inspect the cot. "Why," she exclaimed, "that's Little Johnny Green, from next door."

New Third Rail System.

Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 24.—Edwin G. Crocker, who for the last six months has been working on a third rail system for street railway propulsion, gave an exhibition yesterday of what his invention could do.

There were present Dunlap, Lamont, H. H. Hoff, electrical engineer of the Consolidated railroad, William D. Bishop, and others. Mr. Crocker claims that his invention renders it unnecessary to fence in the tracks. The car will be propelled by the electricity derived from the third rail, but at no time will the current extend in either direction beyond the length of the car. A system of switches and cutoffs makes this possible. The third rail will not be of the same length as the outside rails. It will be about eight feet long, and attached to each rail will be a magnet box.

Laugh Is the Other Way.

Our Buffalo dispatches, describing the Grand Army gathering in that city, say that the President was pleased when somebody gave him a card, picked up in the street at Chicago, containing the words: "McKinley is no longer ahead of his show. Prosperity is here." For months after the overthrow of Bryan, this, it is said, was a common phrase even after the inauguration of President

G. D. BRILL, WHO WILL TEACH CHINAMEN HOW TO FARM.

This is a picture of G. D. Brill of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, N. Y., who is on his way to China to teach the Orientals how to grow potatoes, corn, and wheat; how to milk cows, what to do for hens, and how to raise pigs, and how to preserve the juice of the apple so it neither will be too sweet nor too sour, and capable always of sending a Celestial to Wai-halla.

Chang Chi Tung, who, next to Li Hung Chang, is considered the most progressive of China's ruling great men, sent for Mr. Brill. Chang is Viceroy of Hu Kwang Central China. He has 478 persons to every square mile of the district, and he thinks they do not get as much out of the soil as they should.

Chang had heard of President Sherman of Cornell University and the school of agriculture there. So he sent Sidney C. Parridge, Yale, '80, rector of the Boone School in Wuchang, a foreign mission of the Episcopal Church, to write to President Scher-

man, telling him that he wanted a smart young American to come over and give him farmers some information. Mr. Brill was graduated from Cornell in 1888, and since then has been running three farms. President Sherman thought he ought to know how to teach the Celestials, and the arrangement was made. Chang will pay all of Mr. Brill's expenses and give him a fat salary.

Mr. Brill expects to sail from San Francisco on Aug. 24. He is taking along only a few seeds, some books, a chemical outfit, a typewriter, and a camera. He purposes sowing his hoes, plows, hayforks, harrows, drills, clover, hullers, thrashing machines, and hurns.

Mr. Brill doesn't know what he will do for power. He will need something to pull the plows. They have donkey engines in Central China, and Mr. Brill may have to harness a lot of Chinamen.

McKinley, the croakers made fun of the telling campaign phrase that had described him as the advance agent of prosperity. The laugh is the other way now, and it is a laugh come from the remaining happiness of the people. The show has indeed caught up with the advance agent, and the card from the White House in that fact is a good sort of card to have in circulation.

—Ex.

Insurmountable Obstacles to a Stag Hunt.

A German newspaper is responsible for the following: The Prince of a small German State, whose ambition it was to do the grand, if only on a small scale, had invited a number of gentlemen to go on a deer-stalking expedition. Everything promised well. The weather was superb and the whole company was in the best of spirits, when the head forester approached the princely monarch, and lifting his green cap, said in faltering tones: "Your Highness, there can be no hunting today." "Why not?" was the stern rejoinder. "Alas! your Highness, one of the stags took flight, and the other stag has been ill since yesterday. But your Highness, we have given it some herb tea and hope to get it on its legs again in a few days."

Man Who Coined "Blizzard" Breaks His Wrist.

The accident that befell O. C. Bates of Atkinson recalls again the history of his long literary career in country journalism. It was thirty-one years ago that he founded the Northern Vindicator at Estherville, Ia., and by the originality of his writings gave it much more than a State-wide reputation. He coined the word "blizzard" to designate the storms of wind and snow peculiar to that barren and desolate region. He left Estherville the year that Samuel J. Tilden wasn't elected President and his since edited various papers in southern Iowa and elsewhere. He finally came to Nebraska to renew his youth, and has spoiled his prospects by falling out of a second-story window and breaking both wrists—Nebraska State Journal.

His Charge to the Jury.

A Judge down in Kentucky deserves to go to the head of the class. He charged a jury the other day as follows: "If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, you will give your verdict for the defendant. But you are like me, and don't believe what either of them said, I don't know what you will do."

HOHENLOHE TO RETIRE.

Berlin advices give it as practically settled that Prince Hohenlohe, the Kaiser's Imperial Chancellor, will retire in October.



CHANCELLOR HOHENLOHE.

Speculations as to his successor give prominence to the name of Baron von Bulow, the present German Ambassador at Rome.

Easy Enough.

LAUREN—"I get so nervous trying to pass pedestrians!"

FLORA—"It is no trouble if you know just how. All one has to do is to wobble one's wheel until the pedestrian gets so scared he can't move, and then he is as easy to pass as a post."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



This is a picture of G. D. Brill of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, N. Y., who is on his way to China to teach the Orientals how to grow potatoes, corn, and wheat; how to milk cows, what to do for hens, and how to raise pigs, and how to preserve the juice of the apple so it neither will be too sweet nor too sour, and capable always of sending a Celestial to Wai-halla.

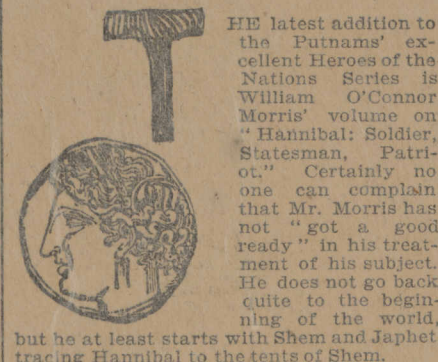
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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

THREE HISTORICAL VOLUMES OF VALUE TO THE STUDENT.

Enthusiastic Biography of Hannibal by William O'Connor Morris—"The National Movement in the Reign of Henry III." by Oliver H. Richardson—"The Historical Development of Modern Europe," by Charles M. Andrews—Literary Notes.



HIS latest addition to the Putnam's excellent Heroes of the Nations Series is William O'Connor Morris' volume on "Hannibal: Soldier, Statesman, Patriot." Certainly no one can complain that Mr. Morris has not "got a good ready" in his treatment of his subject. He does not go back quite to the beginning of the world, but he at least starts with Shem and Japhet, tracing Hannibal to the tents of Shem.

Neither can it be objected that the author lacks enthusiasm for his subject. In his mind Hannibal "towers over all the figures of an age of war in its grandest aspects." He is "a gigantic figure, one of the most commanding that has appeared in history; a consummate warrior, an illustrious statesman, a patriot without a thought of ambition." One is inclined to credit Hannibal with more of ambition than of illustrious statesmanship. Mr. Morris, to the contrary notwithstanding, but there is no difficulty in agreeing on the greatness of the Carthaginian's stature. Mr. Morris, however, would probably find it hard to explain just what he means when he says that the triumph of Hannibal do not increase his stature." Perhaps, as the London Chronicle suggests, Mr. Morris' hero is a sort of abstract and ennobled of Hannibalism, so supreme, to begin with, that the very triumphs from which the essence has been distilled become too trivial for further consideration.

Despite a few wild strokes and a noticeable tinge of Livy's prejudices Mr. Morris has done his subject full justice, especially in what he says of Hannibal as a strategist. The reader who opens the book for information on Hannibal will not be disappointed. Informally, his subject is as well as he can be for the reader who seeks Mr. Morris' pages expecting to find the artistic qualities that make literature. His style is far from smooth, his punctuation is laborious and bad, and there are many places in which the proofreader and printer have evidently worked their will to the detriment of the text. But in all essential points the volume is entirely worthy of its place in the series.

"The National Movement in the Reign of Henry III.," by Oliver H. Richardson (Macmillan) is a very successful attempt to present clearly and in detail the forces which during Henry's reign tended to Romanize the English church, and destroy the English constitution; and, second, those counter-forces which resulted in the complete divorce of the church from Rome, and the firm establishment of the constitution on a national basis.

As a popular history of the period the book cannot be called a success, nor has the author aimed at success in this direction. The period was one of struggle and turmoil when the very life of England as a nation hung in the balance, her selfish, vacillating, almost traitorous King, with his foreign relatives and favorites, adding his weight to the wrong end. What a chance here for the popular historian with the great Simon de Montfort for his hero!

The author has drawn his material almost wholly from contemporary sources, and has not based his judgments upon the writings of later historians. The work is rather for the student than for the general reader, and the text is accompanied by copious extracts from and references to the original sources.

"The Historical Development of Modern Europe" (Putnam), by Charles M. Andrews, traces the political development of the European States from the Congress of Vienna to the present time, and, as introductory matter, describes the characteristics of the old régime, and gives an outline of the French revolution and the career of Napoleon.

In the present volume the subject is brought down to the year 1848 in France, 1849 in Italy, and 1850 in Germany. The author has not treated his subject in a strictly chronological manner, because he considers this method confusing to the general reader. The method which he has adopted is that of treating separate movements and subjects, such as the restoration in France, the struggle against absolutism in Italy, and the Liberal movement in Germany, as logical wholes, carrying each forward to its issue before turning to the others. The work aims to present the continuous development of European life and thought, and to discuss only those political movements that have made for progress rather than to present the history of events in detail.

The author intimates in his preface that he is writing for the general reader rather than for the student of history, but, while his style is smooth and flowing, and his thought clearly expressed in terse and elegant sentences, he has taken an altogether too optimistic view of the historical attainments of his intended reader. To one who is thoroughly versed in the nineteenth century history of the nations of Europe this work will possess a charm transcending that possessed by any similar work with which we are acquainted, but to the reader whose historical acquaintance has, as it were, been neglected, whose conception of the outlines of modern European history is not clear-cut and vivid, the work will be of very little value and of slight interest.

With half the work before him the reviewer feels that he is making but half a criticism, and looks forward with interest to the appearance of the remaining volume.

Fresh Literary Notes.

Editor Hubbard devotes the whole of the September number of the Philistine to his critic "Side Talks." The little magazine comes out in a fine new garb of black faced type and rubricated initials.

The Critic states that Hall Caine holds the record for high prices for literary work—that he has been paid more for "The Christian" than any other novelist has received even in this era of high demands for his prices. The same authority also states that the notes taken by Mr. Caine for his story filled six barrels. After all, there must be something in the tale of the infinite pains.

Justin McCarthy's life of Gladstone, which has been appearing serially in the Outlook, is nearing the time of publication in book form, and is accordingly beginning to attract the attention of the English literary journals. As remarked on one of these, there are many reasons why the life of the veteran Liberal leader should be attractive coming from the historian of our own times.

The far North is well represented in the September issue of the Philistine. Walter Wellman serves up a rehashing of his much heralded "Dash for the North Pole." A Yukon miner who took up a claim in the Klondike region just previous to the gold discoveries, writes an article about the Klondike region. The Klondike region is now a part of the Yukon territory. The volume in which Christie Murray considers his contemporaries in fiction will now be ready at an early date. It runs to thirteen chapters, and includes matter extra to the papers as they appeared serially. At the outset Christie Murray reviews the critics, and then goes on to a word about Dickens. Charles Reade and Stevenson get an essay each, and so do some of the novelists still with us, and Mr. Murray closes with a discussion of American authorship and our young writers.

A life of Ambrose Park, the great French surgeon, is announced by Messrs. Putnam, the writer being Shem and Japhet. Park has been called the father of modern surgery, and his writings exercised great influence on its practice in all countries. He was a native of Leval and died at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was Park who substituted ligatures of the arteries for cauterization with a red hot iron after amputation. This book includes a description of Paris in the sixteenth century, and it has illustrations from Park's own works and contemporary sources.

The September issue of Progress, published in this city by the University association, contains the first installment of an elaborate new course study on the religions of the world. The first three lessons were prepared by Professor Max Müller of Oxford, and the remaining lessons of the course, which will extend through the year, are also the work of noted scholars in various universities on both sides of the Atlantic. Bishop Pelham and Dr. Bonner are at the head of the enterprises, and Progress has taken rank with the best of our instruction magazines published anywhere.

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