

A Boston Barn Party.

By far the largest, most gorgeous and generally merry social event of the season in fashionable Boston was the reception and ball given by Commodore and Mrs. W. F. Weld at their home in Brookline last night. The affair was celebrated in the commodore's handsome new barn, and was in honor of Miss Pratt, of Commonwealth avenue, who is a niece of the commodore, and her friend, Miss Mary W. Barnard. Over 1,000 invitations were sent out, and up to midnight something like 800 guests had responded in person.

The barn, or stable, where the event took place is an imposing structure, not deserving by any means of so humble an appellation. It is reported to have cost \$100,000, and is constructed of gray granite, with battlemented towers on the four corners and ornamental cornices, turrets and iron work in profusion, the whole surmounted by a cupola of elaborate design, combining to give it an elegant appearance from the outside. Within it is fitted up in equally sumptuous style, and being new, was a splendid place of entertainment. Score after score of carriages traversed the devious roads which wind through the hills and woods of Brookline, and, pulling up at the canopy extending from the front doors, deposited their loads of guests and made room for others.

Inside the scene was one of rare beauty. The interior of the building was lavishly decorated with flowers and potted plants, evergreens and bunting. Happily placed bunches of electric lamps gave out a brilliant light, and the yellow pine finish of the walls, together with the bright hued gowns of the ladies, made a picture not easily to be forgotten.

The main portion of the stable formed a famous ballroom, and the polished floor was excellent for dancing. To the rear of this, in the carriage store room, Caterer Burton served the refreshments, while the harness rooms, stalls and apartments for the help served as ante-rooms, cloak repositories and conversational nooks. Cheeney's full orchestra furnished the music. Altogether, the "barn warming" at Mr. Weld's was a noteworthy success about which every one will talk for days to come.—Boston Advertiser.

Invention and Ice.

It is pleasant to observe that the old proverb about necessity being the mother of invention has not lost its force, and that the threat of a total absence of our natural supply of ice is met by the demonstration that modern science will be able to make the lack good, if the obstinate winter weather persists in its refusal to put in an appearance where it will do the most good.

The unique situation which may be developed is indicated by an offer of a concern in New Orleans or Galveston, where natural ice in really solid form is an un-
common article, to furnish New York next winter with artificial ice as clear and hard as the best ice that was ever turned out by the severest winter on our northern

New Orleans to ship ice to New York would be a greater trade paradox than the shipment of coal to Newcastle. Yet the ability to do it successfully has been demonstrated; and, in the case of failure of nature to make ice, the only reason why it will not be done will be that it may be cheaper to set up the appliances and make ice in the north than to ship the products of the southern factories already established.

That is what has already been announced to be done in this city. It is interesting to be told, as those who have investigated the subject affirm, that the ice produced by artificial process is really better and colder than that produced by nature, at least in these latitudes. This is for the reason that the degree of cold which is attained in the artificial process can be made far lower than that of our winter, and thus the ice is manufactured with a degree of hardness and solidity that leaves the genuine article entirely in the shade. This conveys the pleasant assurance that mint claret punch will not be tepid next summer or ice tea an unattainable luxury.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Brass Buttons Below Par.

There is one assignment a naval officer would not make more than sea duty. I met an officer on the street today who poured into my ear a sad tale of woe. He had come to Washington to apply for sea duty, though it has been but a few months since he finished a three years' cruise, during which he nearly lost his life. The reason of his discontent is that he has been placed on duty at the Norfolk navy yard. He has been there a few months, and is now ready to accept any assignment the powers that be are willing to give him. If there is a set of men in the world who live for society it is the naval set. That's why they like Washington—that's why they want shore duty. There is as good society in Norfolk as is to be found anywhere; but the trouble is that no officer of the Federal service is admitted to it. Pampered and petted everywhere else in the world, in Norfolk the navy officers are ostracized. The doors of the best society are closed against them; they are received by nobody. Their presence is resented as an affront to the people; their blue coats and brass buttons have no charms for the fair; and they are made to feel as lonely and miserable as any set of men in uniform can feel.—Washington Correspondent Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mr. Rand's Flight from Home Into the River and Other Happenings.

They may have been due to the eccentricities of the season or merely to the wanton malevolence of luck, but not a few extraordinary accidents have occurred in Connecticut within a day or two. Some of the casualties were attended with odd circumstances.

William Rand, of Groton, got out of bed in the most matter of fact way at his home the other morning and stumbled into the kitchen to build the kitchen fire as usual. He went in to touch it off with naphtha fluid, a method he had used a hundred times before. He remembers now that he had the naphtha can in one hand and was slowly tipping it to let the fluid trickle into the stove. There may have been a live coal in the kitchen stove, or the naphtha may have been an unusually wicked kind of fluid; at least the next thing he knew with any lucidity was that one or two of his neighbors were pulling him out of the Thames river.

As the roof of Mr. Rand's dwelling had been raised some inches at the time of his quitting his home, so that he was not obliged to be fired squarely through it, and as he found himself suddenly in the river, distant several rods from his house, and as he recollects nothing about going to the river in any way except by a dim parabolic curve, it is reasonable to infer, he thinks, that the naphtha can exploded. He was very dangerously hurt.

Homer Willis, a 12-year-old Willimantic lad, was lounging along the road to school a day or two ago when he found an odd looking shell by the wayside, and he picked it up. He scrutinized it closely, and his curiosity was excited. He didn't know but it might be a new kind of tropical nut. So he laid it down on a rock, and, getting a stone, wheeled the shell several times with great force. Then suddenly the air turned black, the queer nut mysteriously disappeared, and a moment later, when Homer had regained his right mind, he found himself on his back in the road. He discovered that a couple of queer round holes had been bored through his upper lip. The surgeon who dressed the boy's wounds said he guessed the odd nut was a dynamite cartridge, and that it had belonged to Willimantic sewer men at work on Valley street.

A man was sauntering along Main street, in Hartford, the other day carrying a long ladder on his shoulder, and from the rounds of the ladder dangled a paint pot and several crooked steel hooks. Right behind the painter came William Harper, who lives on Pleasant street, who was walking quickly and un-
guardedly, for he was going home to dinner. The rear end of the ladder was not six inches from Mr. Harper's nose, and in this queer procession the painter and the other man strolled on for about a block at the same gait. Then suddenly the painter stopped to examine a "bargain in wool undershirts" in an adjoining shop window, "that were selling for fifty cents less than cost," but William Harper neglected to stop voluntarily. Instead, the ladder punched him a foot into the air clear of the sidewalk and flung him down on the sidewalk with a smashed jaw and a banded and bleeding eye.

The man with the ladder squared around in astonishment and awe and then helped Mr. Harper into the drug store of Dr. Root, who plastered and fixed up his wounds, and Harper was taken home in a hack. The painter says he fails to see how he is responsible for the mishap of a man who pitched into his ladder and was squarely knocked out.

John Welch, of Portland, met a similar mischance, except that he was walloped by a wheelbarrow instead of a ladder, and it was his own barrow, too. He was wheeling the barrow through his hardware shop when he stumbled, and then in a swift and unaccountable way he got mixed up with the barrow, and before he could separate himself from the legs and wheels and irons of the machine it had thrown him and broken his arm. The fracture was a very bad one, and he will not be able to do business with a wheelbarrow again for several months.—Norwich (Conn.) Letter in New York Sun.

Emin an Adventurer.

A pamphlet has been published in Constantinople, in which a Turkish writer, Ebbuzia Tewfik-Bey, declares that Emin Pasha is nothing but a vulgar adventurer. Dr. Schmitzler—that was Emin's name before his conversion to the Mohammedan religion—was the guest in 1869 of Ismail Pasha, governor of Erzeroum. When the latter was sent to Scutari Dr. Schmitzler accompanied him to his new residence, and also later to Trebizond and Constantinople, where Ismail Pasha died in 1873. The doctor then embraced Islamism, married the wife of his benefactor, Emin Hanum, and took the name of Emin.

After staying some time longer in Constantinople Emin went to Stettin, in Germany, taking with him his wife and her four children by her former husband. One day Emin went to Neisse to attend a relative's wedding, and since then he has sent no tidings of himself to his wife, who was left with her children in extreme poverty. More than this he carried away with him his wife's jewels, worth more than \$20,000. These he sold to get money with which to go to Egypt, whence he reached the Sudan, the cradle of his celebrity.—Transatlantic.

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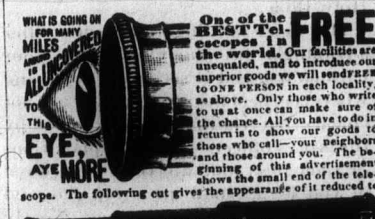


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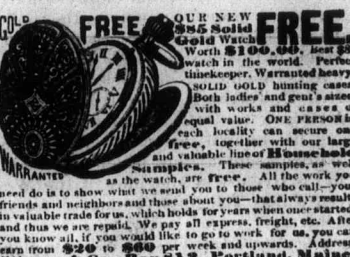
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