

SIZED BY HER TRUNKS.

THE LADIES OF FASHION MUST
CARRY MANY TRUNKSTo Sufficiently Impress the Hotels—One
Way to be Introduced, Cost \$3—A Many
Times Millionaire Woman Marries Her
Fresno Artist and Leaves Him Her Money.

New York, Aug. 10.—A young Goth-
amite has found a new way to make the ac-
quaintance of a pretty girl when a regular
introduction is not obtainable. He has not
patented it. Every young man who de-
sires can try it, except the members of the
Y. M. C. A. As it is practically gambling
they must abstain.

Its inventor, who resides up-town and
has to be behind a certain desk down-town
every day by 9 A. M., thought it would
be very nice to make the acquaintance of a
very pretty girl who always rode down and
back on the same train that he did, evi-
dently bound also to a desk or counter
somewhere. How to do it without appear-
ing "fresh" was what puzzled him. For
some days he pondered in odd moments on
the fascinating problem. At last a solution
appeared. One morning as he stepped on
the train behind her he picked up a dainty
little lace-trimmed square of white muslin.
"Is this yours, madam?" he asked, proffer-
ing it with his best bow. "Oh, yes, thank
you very much." He took a seat beside
her, made a remark about the weather and
the thing was done, but that handkerchief
cost him \$3.

A few days ago I accompanied a friend
who was hunting for a strayed box, into
the baggage depot of a great express com-
pany in this city. Conspicuous amongst
the piles of trunks scattered about, were
eight bearing the same initials, each of
which would have served very well for a
child's play house.

A few inquiries of one of the baggage
smashers, who welcomed the chance they
afforded him for a little growl, brought out
the fact that they were the property of a
New York belle, and their destination was
Long Branch.

"We got ten more outside belonging to
the same party," he said, and he invited
me to go and have a look at them, having
evidently sized up my modest garb and
concluded that I was a "party" who would
not be apt to believe that such things could
be, unless some demonstration was pro-
vided. Sure enough there were ten more
identical in size and architecture, and
stamped with the same initials.

Eighteen trunks to hold the breakfast,
luncheon, dinner, walking, bathing, bath-
ing, riding, driving, and dancing gowns be-
longing to one girl! It was liberal to be
sure, but a searching investigation revealed
the fact that some girls who take as many
can only get their gowns and bonnets into
them. Other accommodations have to be
found for shoes, under clothing and the
thousand necessities indispensable to the mak-
ing of the half dozen dainty toilets that fash-
ion exacts at the summer resorts where she
is queen.

A corner of his trunk is sometimes filled
with papa, or a big brother who is going
along, and when at the last minute man-
fashion, he lifts his lid to throw in a few
socks and shirts and a 'bitch' is found
it packed as if by hydraulic pressure with
snowy, lace-filled garments.

He swears a little, but bethinks himself
how mortified he would be if Maud Ma-
tilda failed to cut as wide a swath as any
of the girls, and hunts up an old valise
into which he squeezes his belongings.

The average number is eight, and no
woman can go with less than four. She
must take that number if she has to pack
them full of bricks or old newspapers, to
ensure moderately respectful treatment
from hotel employees.

Last summer Baroness Blanc went the
rounds of the summer resorts with twenty-
one, and the unloading and housing of her
"menagerie," as the porters christened it,
always drew together an interested and
factious crowd. This number stood at
the head of the record all last season, and
was beaten this season by a bride who
went down to Saratoga with twenty-four.

No one who is seeking real, genuine
rest goes to these places. They are only
for the butterflies of fashion, who must
have new backgrounds every now and then
against which to display their gorgeousness.

Worn out business men and business
women avoid them as if they were pesti-
lential. They go to the Catskills or
Adirondacks; camp out beside a pool or
running stream, or make their headquarters
in some lonely farm house as far from a
post office as Gail Hamilton once found
herself from a lemon. Books, fishing rods
and alpenstocks constitute a large portion
of their luggage.

They spend their days fishing the pools
and streams, climbing the "everlasting
hills," and reading under the shade of
great trees, and come back fit to hold their
own for another spell in the predatory war-
fare that in great cities is called business.

Especially do literary workers aim to
get out of "humanity's reach" and nestle
in the embraces of Mother Nature.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Elizabeth
Custer have been especially successful, and
original in the selection of cozy, secluded
nooks in which to do their resting.

The "Poetess of Passion's" "Bunga-
low," as she calls her summer home, is
perched on a lonely rocky point that runs
into Long Island Sound. The waves
"break, break, break" incessantly at its
foot, and when the wind is fierce spray is
flung into her veranda on three sides.

The prosaic soul to whom "a primrose
by the river's brim was but a yellow primrose,"
must have felt poetic in the midst of so
grave a scene. What then may it not be
expected to do towards inspiring the poet-
ess of love and passion? No doubt the
magnificent melodies to which she is listen-
ing night and day will find an echo in many
of her future songs.

The widow of the gallant Custer has
built herself a little log cabin amongst the
dense foliage that flourishes so rankly on
the banks of the Pocono. It is three miles
from anywhere and anywhere in this case
is Stroudsburg, a quiet little town in Georgia.
It is so very small that she has put up a
large army tent beside it, and when the
weather permits she resides mostly in it,
only returning into her cabin when driven
by the rain. Here she writes the deligh-
tful stories of army life that have brought
her fame and a modest competence, and oc-

asionally entertains widowed friends
whose husbands also sleep under the na-
tional tribute that sentences the spot on Big
Horn river where they fell.

Mark Hopkins's widow, who so recently
went over to the great majority, was the
richest woman in America with the possible
exception of Mrs. Hetty Green. The mil-
lions he left her came out of the Pacific
railway which he built and owned in com-
pany with senators Stanford and
Huntington and Wm. Crocker, the
quintette known as "the big four."

About two years ago Mrs. Hopkins em-
ployed an obscure artist in interior decora-
tions, by the name of Searles, to decorate
the \$2,000,000 residence she was building
at Great Barrington, Va. Long before the
work was completed he had become the
husband of its mistress and consequently
the master of one of the most magnificent
private residences in the world.

Mrs. Searles had \$400,000 to leave
and she left it all to this husband who is
twenty years her junior. An adopted son
on whom lavish attentions have been
made, but who is left out of the will, has
already commenced a suit to break it on
the ground of undue influence. On the
same day that the "grim reaper" forced
Mrs. Searles out of the clutches of her
young husband and left a dozen skilled
physicians, a poor old derelict named
Cassidy, who for years has been battered
about the east side slums, had to woo him
to her release with repeated doses of
"Rough on Rats." Such is life even in
death.

THE VANISHING HYENA.

Some of the Cowardly Habits of the

Nearly all the injuries from the wild
animals that I saw whilst in Africa were
caused by hyenas. These animals prowled
around every camp, and if they came upon
a man asleep away from his camp fire, will
at once pounce upon him, secure one
mouthful—and a very satisfying mouthful
it usually is—and rush away. I remember
one hot night, while a number of boys
were sleeping on the verandah of a mission
house, a hyena came in and seized one of
the smallest boys by the elbow, and with
making off with him, when, with great
presence of mind he raised the war-cry.

At once others came to his rescue, and he
was saved, but not before his elbow-bones
had been torn out. However, he made a
very good recovery. Another time a boy
was brought to me who was suffering from
small-pox, and who while in this condition,
lying in some exposed place at night, had
his ankle badly crushed by a white lion.

Close to a hyena, and I have occasion-
ally seen people with part of their cheeks
or their ears gone. Cowardly though
they are, hyenas will sometimes fol-
low alone behind people at night
in the hope that they will lie down. They
are said sometimes to follow, waiting for
short distances at a time on their hind
legs, and I believe this is really the case.

On one occasion I was walking unarmed
at night from a native servant's house to my
own, a distance of about fifty yards. As I
walked down the sloping path I heard hard
feet come patter-patter after me. The
round, said, to what I supposed was a
servant. "What do you want, Richard?"

My heart stood still, as the only answer I
received was the sound of a jump made by
some large animal, and a plunge and crash
into the bushes by the side of the stream.
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A TRAGEDY.

Londoners were not then used to living
in the atmosphere of lades, and the deep-
ening height of the day seemed strange, al-
most startling to Esther. When she turned
into the hazel coppice behind Peterbor-
ough house, the shadow of the foliage,
which was blacker than usual at that sea-
son, made a kind of dark-green twilight all
about her. The way was short from thence
to the garden-door, and the path ran
straight till it came to a kind of a small
clearing, such as commonly occurs in cop-
pices. That it was a clearing below, where
there were some dozen square yards of
bare brown earth, but above it was al-
most roofed in by the hazels and the meet-
ing boughs of two large ilex trees. Just
at this point the path took a turn round a
great straggling bush before crossing the
open space. Walking fast and absorbed in
her own thoughts, Esther was close to this
bush before she perceived with a start that
there was something unusual passing in the
open space beyond it. The day was very
still, and as she quickly and silently drew
closer, she peered through the leaves, she
could not only see but hear the struggle
that was proceeding; yet it was in a
silent one. There was neither word nor
cry audible, only the loud irregular breath-
ing of men wrestling hard for the mastery,
the slip or stamp of heavy feet on the sticky
ground, and the occasional sound of a severe
blow delivered with a heavy hunting crop.

The victim of these blows was Francis Earle.
As he came out of the narrow path into the
open space, two men had leaped on him
from the thicket, and seizing him on either
side without giving him the least chance
to pull out his sword, held him fast in
spite of desperate resistance. The one on
his left, who appeared to be a groom, brought his heavy whip down on the
head and shoulders of the young man as
hard and as often as he could do so with-
out running the risk of being tripped up,
while a powerful negro in a silver
vest held him fast on his right. Pas-
sively fronting the group, and leaning on
his walking cane, with his back to Esther,
stood a tall, graceful figure which she re-
cognized at once as that of Lord Mordaunt.

The negro, though going through all the
pantomime of strenuous exertion, did not
reel nor stagger in the least; for Francis at
once understood the situation, and, grasp-
ing his hand almost to the hilt of his
sword. But Mordaunt stepped forward,
snatched Francis's rapier out of the scab-
bard, and with a curse, dug the point into
the negro's leg, deep enough to make a
clean cut in the stocking, and cause the
blood to flow down into his shoe.

"Hold on, thou black dog," he said,
"till I bid thee leave go, or thine own back
shall smart for't, I warrant thee."

Then he threw Francis's weapon on the
ground behind him, and returned again to
the passive contemplation of his enemy's
chastisement and unavailing struggles.
Esther had now pressed very close behind
him through the straggling bush, though
still sufficiently hidden by a veil of trailing
foliage with which it was overgrown, to
escape notice. She had paused in horror
at the sight of the man who, the morning
before, had been so kind to her, and the
weather, Tutill Fields were deserted, and
Peterborough House stood so far back be-
hind its walls and trees that she might have
screamed for a long time without attracting
the attention of any one there. But when
Lord Mordaunt had snatched Francis's
rapier, it fell at a very little distance from
him. Quickly and cautiously Esther took
hold of as many of the twigs and trailers
before her as she could take at once, so as
to pass through them as freely as possible;
yet as she sprang through it was with the
noise of the cracking of twigs and rending
of garments. Fortunately, however, Mor-
daunt stood too close to her for this noise
to warn him in time of her entrance on the
scene. Before he could lift a hand to pre-
vent her, she had snatched the fallen rapier
from the ground, and rushing on the
negro, by the impetus and unexpectedness
of her attack caused him to loose his hold
of Francis, into whose right hand she im-
mediately thrust his sword. There was
there something like a reversal of fortune
in the battle, for Francis, whose quickness
of eye and hand made him an excellent
fencer, began to lay about him with such
fury that the two servants very soon
thought more of escaping unhurt than of
obeying orders, and leaping in among the
brushwood, disappeared, leaving their
master to fight his own battles. If long
and successful study of the art of fencing
could fit a man to do that, Francis should
have been able to do so. He had
practised it with real perseverance; but
when the bright steel without any button
on it began to fly this way and that, he did
not do more than draw and make a distant
threat to his servants to disarm the neg-
ro, and the negro had been put to flight,
Francis, infuriated, thirsting for re-
venge and heedless of the consequences,
rushed straight upon their master with a
deadly look, and Mordaunt felt for the first
time the shock of swords crossed in good
earnest. Then with the desperate con-
sciousness that his only hope lay in making
a cool defence, came the power to make it.
That assistance would come before long
was more than probable, and meanwhile
pale as death, with head thrown back and
dilated eyes intent to follow the fierce,
varied, lightning-quick attacks with
which his adversary pursued him, he re-
traced step by step across the little
clearing. But just as he had almost
touched its extreme limit he gave a low
but exceeding bitter cry, his sword sprung
from his hand, and he threw himself
forward, his left hand and arm to catch at Francis's
weapon and shield his body from the com-
ing thrust, a spurt of blood crimsoned his
face. His cry was scarcely over when it
was echoed by a much louder one
from the lips of Esther.

"Oh! Don't kill him!" she shrieked,
catching Francis's arm.

So for a few seconds the three stood mo-
tionless together. Mordaunt with his
bloody hand still clutching his opponent's
blade, and staring at Francis's frowning
face, then quite suddenly fixed on his
own. Then quite suddenly the tension of
his nerves and muscles relaxed, his head
fell back, he staggered a minute and fell
heavily backwards among the hazels.

Esther took hold of him, as though to
lift him out of the bushes.

"Never! Do you think he is
dead?" she asked.

Francis wiped his brow with a handker-
chief and dropped his sword back into its
sheath.

"Not he," he replied, and at first he was
so hoarse that he could scarcely speak.
"I've spoiled his fine hand for him, that's
all. Why the devil must he try that old
trick with the left?"

And he proceeded very unceremoniously
to drag his fallen foe out by the legs and
leave him lying on his back on the sticky
earth. Esther looked in horror at the
gashed left hand and arm.

"'Twas a mercy you did not kill him,"
she said.

Francis made a face, with a kind of shud-
der.

"I would have been downright murder-
er. I have killed men, as soldiers must, but to
kill such a coward wretch as that would be
butcher's work. Yet being so blind with
anger I might not have stayed my hand in
time, had you not caught it; so you have my
thanks. Hiss, if not hiss—and thanks too,
Ester, for your coming in the nick—you
were always quick-witted. You couldn't save
me a beating, but you have helped me to my
revenge for't—and I won't pretend to be
so good a Christian as not to value that
extremely."

"O Frank, 'twas a shameful, cowardly
deed! See, your coat is split, and your
forehead terribly marked."

"No matter, Hess. He'll not go boast of
my bruises," returned he, with a grim smile
at the prostrate figure before him.

Esther kneeling on the ground, began to
raise Mordaunt's head and undo his cravat-
te, but Francis pulled her up im-
patiently.

"Here's no wound worth naming," he
said, "it's a pretty deep swoon he is in; no
more than that. Run now to Peterborough
House, and bid his own people come to his
assistance, and I will go and find a hackney
to take us to St. James's. For I believe I
am no figure to walk with a lady. Make
haste—it begins to rain."

The black cloud overhead was lower
than before, and as he spoke there was a
tossing and whispering in the tree-tops,
and even through the sheltering foliage a
heavy drop fell on his upturned face.

Esther hurried away to the house and he,
after picking up and giving a knock or two
to his hat which had suffered in the en-
counter, walked off in the direction of Tutill
fields.

New Lord Mordaunt lay there alone;
he was not really alone. No sooner had
Francis and Esther gone their several ways
than the black head of Tully the negro
appeared, raised cautiously from behind a
bush. When he saw his master stretched
out on the ground before him, he stole out
and stared at the prostrate figure, and with some secret fasci-
nation drew him nearer and nearer to it. A
negro face is apt to seem an inexpressive
thing to an unaccustomed eye, but as Tully
looked at Lord Mordaunt the growing fer-
ocity of his gaze was unmistakable. He
passed his hand up and down his own leg,
where Mordaunt had stabbed it. His mind
was filling itself with vengeful memories of
other blows, of countless curses and de-
grading words which had fallen to his lot
since Mordaunt owned him. Tully had been
kindly brought up in his West Indian
home, whence he had been sent as a pres-
ent to Peterborough's son. His father had
been born in the forests of Africa, and a
generation of slavery and semi-civilization
had not tamed the fierce blood that he in-
herited from naked warriors whose sport
was the death of their foes. There was a
strange look of the wild beast about him as
he crouched at Mordaunt's side, peering in
his face with low guttural noises and his-
sing whispers. His eyes rolled and glit-
tered, as showing his strong clenched teeth in
a grin of rage and hate, he seized a
fallen sword, which lay on the ground
close to his hand; it was his mas-
ter's weapon, a strong, two-edged rapier.
Laying his left hand on the young man's
thick, brown hair, Tully drew the sharp
edge of the blade lightly across his bare
throat. At the touch of the cold steel
Lord Mordaunt opened his eyes. For an
instant his eyes must have looked at the
black eyes hanging over them, threatening,
distorted with mingled passions of
hate and terror and revenge, and at the
green overshadowing boughs beyond it.
Then Tully again drew the blade across
his throat, this time in savage earnest.
Whether the impulse that caused the negro
to kill his master originated most in his
hate or in his terror at suddenly seeing
Mordaunt's eyes open, the deed was done
before he could realize the consequences of
his act. He remained a minute or two be-
side the inanimate or almost inanimate
body, staring at it in unguessed horror; his
face turned a yellowish color and his knees
knocked together with fear. He did not
consider his chances of escaping suspicion;
fight was all he thought of. Throwing the
blood-stained sword away from him, he felt
with trembling fingers in his master's
pocket, found his purse, emptied it into his
own pouch, then slipped in among the
bushes, and vanished again more noiselessly
and completely than before. Within ten
minutes of the time that Francis and Esther
had gone their several ways, Lord Mor-
daunt was again lying alone. So quickly
and silently had all this passed, so little
altered the position of the body, that had
there been a hidden spectator of the drama
he would almost suppose it had been a
dream; a vision such as some monkish
painter might have imagined, showing the
lost unlovely spirit that had its habitation
in that beautiful form, hanging over it like
an emanation before it vanished for ever
from the earth and departed to its own
place.—From "Esther Vanhook," by
Mrs. Woods, in Murray's Magazine.

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when the bright steel without any button
on it began to fly this way and that, he did
not do more than draw and make a distant
threat to his servants to disarm the neg-
ro, and the negro had been put to flight,
Francis, infuriated, thirsting for re-
venge and heedless of the consequences,
rushed straight upon their master with a
deadly look, and Mordaunt felt for the first
time the shock of swords crossed in good
earnest. Then with the desperate con-
sciousness that his only hope lay in making
a cool defence, came the power to make it.
That assistance would come before long
was more than probable, and meanwhile
pale as death, with head thrown back and
dilated eyes intent to follow the fierce,
varied, lightning-quick attacks with
which his adversary pursued him, he re-
traced step by step across the little
clearing. But just as he had almost
touched its extreme limit he gave a low
but exceeding bitter cry, his sword sprung
from his hand, and he threw himself
forward, his left hand and arm to catch at Francis's
weapon and shield his body from the com-
ing thrust, a spurt of blood crimsoned his
face. His cry was scarcely over when it
was echoed by a much louder one
from the lips of Esther.

"Oh! Don't kill him!" she shrieked,
catching Francis's arm.

So for a few seconds the three stood mo-
tionless together. Mordaunt with his
bloody hand still clutching his opponent's
blade, and staring at Francis's frowning
face, then quite suddenly fixed on his
own. Then quite suddenly the tension of
his nerves and muscles relaxed, his head
fell back, he staggered a minute and fell
heavily backwards among the hazels.

Esther took hold of him, as though to
lift him out of the bushes.

"Never! Do you think he is
dead?" she asked.

Francis wiped his brow with a handker-
chief and dropped his sword back into its
sheath.

"Not he," he replied, and at first he was
so hoarse that he could scarcely speak.
"I've spoiled his fine hand for him, that's
all. Why the devil must he try that old
trick with the left?"

And he proceeded very unceremoniously
to drag his fallen foe out by the legs and
leave him lying on his back on the sticky
earth. Esther looked in horror at the
gashed left hand and arm.

"'Twas a mercy you did not kill him,"
she said.

Francis made a face, with a kind of shud-
der.

"I would have been downright murder-
er. I have killed men, as soldiers must, but to
kill such a coward wretch as that would be
butcher's work. Yet being so blind with
anger I might not have stayed my hand in
time, had you not caught it; so you have my
thanks. Hiss, if not hiss—and thanks too,
Ester, for your coming in the nick—you
were always quick-witted. You couldn't save
me a beating, but you have helped me to my
revenge for't—and I won't pretend to be
so good a Christian as not to value that
extremely."

"O Frank, 'twas a shameful, cowardly
deed! See, your coat is split, and your
forehead terribly marked."

"No matter, Hess. He'll not go boast of
my bruises," returned he, with a grim smile
at the prostrate figure before him.

Esther kneeling on the ground, began to
raise Mordaunt's head and undo his cravat-
te, but Francis pulled her up im-
patiently.

"Here's no wound worth naming," he
said, "it's a pretty deep swoon he is in; no
more than that. Run now to Peterborough
House, and bid his own people come to his
assistance, and I will go and find a hackney
to take us to St. James's. For I believe I
am no figure to walk with a lady. Make
haste—it begins to rain."

The black cloud overhead was lower
than before, and as he spoke there was a
tossing and whispering in the tree-tops,
and even through the sheltering foliage a
heavy drop fell on his upturned face.

Esther hurried away to the house and he,
after picking up and giving a knock or two
to his hat which had suffered in the en-
counter, walked off in the direction of Tutill
fields.

New Lord Mordaunt lay there alone;
he was not really alone. No sooner had
Francis and Esther gone their several ways
than the black head of Tully the negro
appeared, raised cautiously from behind a
bush. When he saw his master stretched
out on the ground before him, he stole out
and stared at the prostrate figure, and with some secret fasci-
nation drew him nearer and nearer to it. A
negro face is apt to seem an inexpressive
thing to an unaccustomed eye, but as Tully
looked at Lord Mordaunt the growing fer-
ocity of his gaze was unmistakable. He
passed his hand up and down his own leg