FATHER KIDNAPS HIS TWO CHILDREN.

Waits in a Cab and Seizes Them While They Are on Their Way to School.

Little Ones Struggle and Scream, but Are Pushed Inside and Driven Rapidly Away.

HE DID IT TO AVENGE HIMSELF.

Children Had Been Placed in a Boarding House and the Father Had Had Trouble with the Proprietress.

Newark, N. J., June 18.—The police are trying hard to locate John Jamelson and his two children, Sadie and Martha, aged respectively nine and seven years. The children were kidnapped by their father this morning while on their way to the Lafayette street public school.

Jameison, who is a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, lives in New Brunswick. His wife left him some time ago because, she claimed, he ill-treated her and the children.

Recently Mrs. Jameison had her husband arrested on a charge of non-support. Judge Mott ordered him to pay his wife $20 a month. It was agreed that the children should be placed in the boarding house of Mrs. Lizzie Green, at No. 80 Union street, and their mother went to work in New York. She visited the children regularly, and so did her husband.

When Jamelson paid his last visit to the children it is said he used abusive language and was told he could not enter the house again unless he behaved himself. He left, threatening to get even. Mrs. Jamelson visited the children on Tuesday, and then expressed fear that her husband might steal the little ones and warned them to be on the lookout.

Every morning Mr. Green accompanied them to the school, which is near by. This morning Green was called away on business and the children were sent to school alone. They had got within fifty feet of the school when Jamelson sprang out of a cab, which stood close to the curb, and seized them.

The children began to scream loudly for help. Jamelson, with the aid of the cabman, pushed the struggling, screaming children into the cab, jumped in himself and they were driven rapidly away.

Many school children witnessed the bold act of the father and screamed lustily. Green, who had just returned, came running to the scene, and he and several citizens gave chase, but the cab soon disappeared from sight. The police here and in other towns were notified. The cab was traced to the trolley line, and the police learned to-night that Jamelson took the children to New Brunswick.

Orphans Enjoy an Outing.

Bloomfield, N. J., June 18.—The inmates of the Newark Orphan Asylum were given their annual outing to-day at Pleasure Grove. The little ones spent the day gathering wild flowers, playing games, and partaking of refreshments furnished by the Bloomfield Auxiliary.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

Professor Marquand, of Princeton and Evelyn Colleges, and Miss Eleanor Cross, Married at South Orange.

Orange, N. J., June 18.—A notable event in society to-day was the wedding at high noon in the Church of the Holy Communion at South Orange, of Miss Eleanor Cross, daughter of R. James Cross, of South Orange, and Dr. Allan Marquand, professor of art at Princeton University and Evelyn College.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Endicott Peabody, of Boston, assisted by the Rev. James Cameron, rector of the church, and the Rev. Roderick Terry, of Henry Marquand, a brother of the groom, was best man. The bridesmaids were the bride's two sisters, Miss Mary R. Cross and Miss Emily R. Cross.

The bride wore a gown of white satin trimmed with lace, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The dress was made with a full court train, high neck and elbow sleeves. The bridesmaids wore white silk trimmed with duchesse lace and carried white roses. Most of the guests came from New York on a special train.

The wedding, although comparatively a small one, was one of the marked events in society, as the bride's family is one of the most prominent socially in South Orange.

The church was brilliantly decorated with tropical plants, palms and cut flowers.

After the ceremony a reception and wedding breakfast was given at the bride's home, "Hillside," on Ridgewood Road. Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Marquand left for a tour through the South, and on their return they will reside at Princeton.

Smith-Gray.

East Orange, N. J., June 18.—Miss Annie Julia Gray, daughter of Mr. Harry Gray, of East Orange, and Thomas V. Smith, of New York, were married last night in Christ Church Mission, East Orange, by the Rev. William Whiting Davis, rector of Christ Church. On the return from a trip, Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in New York.

WOMAN CHASED THE THIEF.

They Captured Him, Too, and Recovered the Stolen Goods.

Montclair, N. J., June 18.—The residents in the vicinity of Fullerton avenue and Hawthorne place were witnesses to a lively fott race at noon to-day in which two wome chased a thief and got him.

One of the women was Miss Lucy Bouden, daughter of Tax Collector Thomas H. Bouden, and the other a servant girl in the Bouden family. Miss Bouden had seen the thief coming out of the cellar carrying a dozen eggs, one box of beef and a box of starch which he had stolen.

The young woman ran after him, at the same time calling to the servants to follow her. The thief was taking his time, walking down the street, but at the sight of Miss Bouden and the servant started off at a lively gait. The women kept yelling, "Stop thief!" and finally Miss Bouden overhauled the follow at Orange road, where she grabbed him by the coat sleeve and demanded the return of the stolen goods.

The thief, who was six feet tall, quickly handed over the goods. Miss Bowden yelled for the police, but there were none in sight, and she reluctantly released the man and he fled.

Red Bank School Commencement.

Red Bank, N. J., June 18.—The eighteenth annual commencement of the Red Bank graded schools was held in the Opera House to-night. The graduates were Grace A. Bishop, Joseph F. Blaisdell, Edith Bradford, May Busselle, Florence Chadwick, Lillian Chadwick, Grace Child, Florence Hngerman, George A. Hendrickson, Percy Y. Howe, Lester L. Pach and Lizzie Probasco.

GRIZZLED HEROES IN CAMP AGAIN.

Twenty-ninth Annual Gathering of the Veterans of the State of New Jersey.

Have a Big Parade at Asbury Park and 20,000 People Cheer Them on March.

CUBAN RESOLUTIONS ARE APPLAUDED.

Will Probably Be Adopted Unanimously at To-day's Session—The Candidates for Commander of the Department.

Asbury Park, N. J., June 18.—The twenty-ninth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New Jersey, opened here to-day with 114 posts and nearly three thousand grizzled veterans in attendance. Fully twice as many relatives and friends came with them.

The decorations along the line of march, which was the main event, were very elaborate. Many distinguished veterans were in the procession. Among these were Quartermaster-General Van Vleit, U. S. A. (retired); General James F. Rusling, National Department Commander I. N. Walker, Senator James A. Bradley, ex-Senator Henry S. Terhune, Assemblyman George B. Snyder, Dr. Robert Laird, the octogenarian and veteran of three wars (1812, Mexican and the Rebellion); Past Department Commanders Charles Burrows, George B. Fielder, Henry M. Nevius, Brigadier-General Richard A. Donnelly, Charles H. Van Houten, Frank O. Cole, J. R. Mullikin, E. W. Davis, A. M. Mathews, H. L. Hartshorn, and John Shields.

Previous ot the parade the camp was formally opened in Educational Hall by Department Commander Henry S. White at 11 o'clock. The reports of the State officers were received and accepted.

Among the resolutions handed up at the encampment was one expressing sympathy with the Cuban insurgents. It was received by a wild burst of applause, the old soldiers waving their hats, swords and canes, and calling for immediate action. It was, however, carried over until to-morrow's meeting, when it will be taken up and undoubtedly passed unanimously.

The most prominent candidates for department commander are Colonel E. C. Stahl, of Post No. 23, of Trenton; James Smith, of Post No. 88, of Newark; George E. Martin, of Post No. 5, of Camden; E. F. Brainard, of Post No. 11, of Newark, and James H. Bird, of Post No. 41, of Asbury Park.

The first division of the parade was headed by Colonel John Hazlet, chief of staff, and a column of police, followed by Troop B, Cavalry, Major J. V. Allstrom commanding; the Mayor and Council of Asbury Park, the Citizens' Committee, the Ocean Grove Association, invited guests, and past department commanders, in carriages. Then came the department commander and staff. The second and third divisions were composed of ninety-two posts. The fourth division was made up of four companies of the National Guard and Sons of Veterans.

Along the route fully 20,000 stood and cheered the veterans as they passed.

SHE TRIED HARD TO DIE.

Missing Pauline Speeker Attempted, When Found, to Throw Herself into the River—Tired of Life.

Nutley, N. J., June 18.—Pretty Pauline Speeker, the young nurse in the family of Thomas H. Ritchie, of this place, who left her home several days ago, and who, it was believed, had committed suicide, was found last night. William Cummings, a neighbor of the Ritchies, discovered Pauline at the home of Mrs. Dodd, his niece, in Lyndhurst, about three miles from Nutley.

Cummings, when he reached the place, saw the girl in the yard. When she spied Cummings she darted into the house to hide, but was brought out. The girl, after considerable urging, consented to return to Nutley, and the two started off in a phaeton. When the bridge over the Passaic was reached Pauline made an attempt to jump from the carriage. Cummings held on to her by main force, while the girl kept crying:

"Let me get out! I want to die! I want to drown myself!"

The cries attracted the attention of brickyard employes, who rushed to the carriage. They thought the girl was being kidnapped or abused, and Cummings with difficulty persuaded the crowd that he was not abducting her.

Pauline was received with open arms by the Ritchies, but she declared she would go away again as she was dissatisfied with her life in Nutley.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE GAMES.

Christopher McNenny Is a Champion in the Junior Division.

The St. Peter's College Athletic Association held their annual class games yesterday at the New Jersey Athletic Club's grounds, Bayonne, N. J.

The results follow:

100-Yard Dash (Junior)—First, Christopher McNenny; second, Edward Asimus; third, Matthew Rockford. Time, 11 seconds.

220-Yard Dash (Junior)—First, Matthew Rockford; second, Christopher McNenny; third, Richard Behain. Time, 28 seconds.

440-Yard Run (Junior)—First, Christopher McNenny; second, Matthew Rockford; third, Richard Behain. Time, 1 min. 1 sec.

100-Yard Dash (Senior)—First, Charles Proudfort; second, Frank Finn; third, Frank Higgins. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash (Senior)—First, Charles Proudfort; second, Frank Higgins; third, Frank Finn. Time, 27 seconds.

440-Yard Run (Senior)—First, Thomas Dunn; second, William Hooker; third, Frank Finn. Time, 58 3-5 seconds.

880-Yard Run (Open)—First, William Hooker; second, Thomas Dunn; third, Frank Finn. Time, 2 min. 24 sec.

One-Mile Run (Open))—First, William Hooker; second, Joseph Salamon; third, Thomas Dunn. Time, 5 min. 8 sec.

Running Broad Jump—First, Frank Higgins, 16 ft. 9 in.; second, Joseph Salamon, 15½ feet; third, William Hooker, 15 feet.

Putting Twelve-Pound Shot—First, Frank Higgins, 32 feet; second, Joseph Salamon, 31 ft. 8 in.; third, Edward Kavanagh, 30 ft. 5 in.

EIGHTY MARRIES THIRTY.

Edward Cowdrey and Miss Katherine Bodine Quietly Wedded at Montclair.

Montclair, N. J., June 18.—The announcement was made to-day of the marriage of Edward M. Cowdrey, eighty years of age, and Miss Katherine M. Bodine, who has just passed her thirtieth birthday. It was reported a few days ago that the couple were engaged, but few people attended the wedding.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. William F. Jenkins, of the First Presbyterian Church at the parsonage on Church street.

The couple are now on a wedding trip.

Lively Chase After a Bicycle Thief.

Bloomfield, N. J., June 18.—Edgar Devoe had his bicycle stolen by a colored man on Broad street this morning, and espied the fellow riding away at a lively rate. He secured a carriage and chased the thief two miles. The negro finally abandoned the wheel and ran through several back yards and escaped.

LAWYER, CALLED A LIAR, THROWS A MISSILE.

It Is a Handbag and Is Intended for Railroad President Rockwell's Head.

Fails to Reach, as the Intended Victim Dodges and the Bag Strikes the Wall.

CHOICE NAMES CONFERRED BY EACH.

Row Occurs at a Committee Meeting Where Two Rival Trolley Lines Seek Favors—Almost a Punching Bee.

New Brighton, S. I., June 18.—There was an exciting incident at a meeting in the Village Hall at this place last evening, where the Railroad Committee of the Village Board was in session, considering a proposed grant of a franchise for a trolley line to the Staten Island Electric Company. It was opposed by the representatives of the Midland Company, also an applicant for the grant.

Lawyer J. M. Keatinge, representing the Staten Island Electric Company, in arguing that his company would best serve the public, designated the Midland Company's officials as highwaymen and liars.

President W. B. Rockwell, of the Midland Company, sprang to his feet, and declared that he was obliged to correct Lawyer Keatinge's lies every time he spoke of the Midland Company.

Lawyer Keatinge interrupted Mr. Rockwell and said: "Every time this man open his head he calls me a liar."

Suddenly Mr. Rockwell turned to the lawyer and shouted: "You are the biggest liar on Staten Island and I can prove it."

With flushed face Mr. Keatinge asked what he meant. Mr. Rockwell repeated the statement.

The lawyer hesitated but an instant, and then catching up a handbag hurled it straight at the Midland president's head. Mr. Rockwell dodged, and the bag hit the opposite wall with a bang.

The railroad man invited the lawyer outside, but the hostilities did not continue. It was several minutes before the excitement subsided.

ROBBED FATHER OF HIS ALL.

Son Stole $1,900, Bought a Steam Launch and Was Starting Off When Nabbed.

Camden, N. J., June 18.—The police today caught Benjamin Ward, the nineteen-year-old son of James Ward, who last night disappeared, taking with him $1,900 belonging to his father. The money represented the life savings of Mr. Ward.

The police found young Ward to-day at Cooper's Point. He had in his possession a steam launch, which he had purchased with $700 of the money he stole. He had also a $100 bicycle with him and the launch was fitted out and provisioned for a cruise. In a small grip that the boy had the police found $950 of the money he had stolen. He is locked up, and is unconcerned over his arrest.

PREACHER IS A LABORER.

Says Waiting for a Pulpit Means Starvation. Church After Him Now, as He Is a Worker.

Freehold, N. J., June 18.—Nearly six months ago the Rev. F. W. Overhiser, a young Baptist clergyman, residing here, suddenly disappeared. He had been in the pastorate for several years, and was regarded as one of the most promising younger ministers of his denomination. He had resided here for some time, and it was generally understood that he was agreeable to a call. He preached in several pulpits as a candidate, and also as a supply, and gained general esteem.

His disappearance occasioned some remark at the time, but after a while it was forgotten, until a few days ago, when some citizens were in Garwood, a manufacturing village, near Elizabeth. There, to their surprise, they found the missing clergyman working as a common laborer in the Hall signal manufactory. He readily satisfied their curiosity.

"There is nothing to explain," he said. "There was too much delay in the 'candidating' process, and while I was waiting for a long line of candidates to be heard my daily bread was not forthcoming. 'Candidating' is slow starvation, and rather than starve I went to work."

This independence on the preacher's part will probably earn him a pulpit, as upon the information obtained one of the churches has decided that such a man will make a good working pastor.

BIRTHDAY OF A PATRIARCH.

Peter Van Amburgh, Surrounded by Grand and Great Grand-Children Celebrates His Ninetieth Year.

Arlington, N. J., June 18.—Peter Van Amburgh, the oldest resident of Harrison or Kearney, and a descendant of Patroon Arent Schuyler, who purchased all this section of the Indians in the seventeenth century celebrated his ninetieth birthday to-day by a gathering of all the many branches and members of his family in the old Van Amburgh homestead on Harrison avenue, Harrison.

Mr. Van Amburgh is healthy and vigorous, notwithstanding his years, and retains all his faculties in a marked degree. His family is a very large one, and at the gathering four generations were represented. His oldest and youngest child, his oldest and youngest grandchild, and the oldest and youngest great grandchildren were among those who took part in the reunion. The family is connected with some of the leading families in Hudson and Essex Counties, and the old homestead is located on ground which has never left the family since its purchase from the Indians in the early part of the eighteenth century.

TEN MINUTES TO LEAVE TOWN.

Beer Seller Without a License Convulses an Ex-Governor by His Haste to Escape.

Summit, N. J., June 18.—Nicolo Orchetti, the Westfield Italian, who hoodwinked the temperance women so successfully, and obtained a license while posing as a temperance advocate, came to Summit yesterday with a covered beer wagon. As he went about among the Italians, selling beer, he was arrested and taken before Justice Kelly.

There he pleaded that he had the impression that the Westfield license permitted him to sell anywhere. The Justice took his word for it, but gave him just ten minutes to get out of town. The constable and a crowd of citizens saw that the exodus took place.

Among the onlookers was ex-Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, who is residing here for the Summer, and who laughed heartily as the affrighted Italian tumbled down the steps leading to the court room, and drove away hurriedly.

Vanneman Jury Couldn't Agree.

Newark, N. J., June 18.—The jury in the suit of Miss Mary Weller against Dr. Walter A. Vanneman for $10,000 damages for alleged criminal assault were unable to jury stood 6 to 6.

TWO BOLD ROBBERS WORKED BY DAYLIGHT.

Secured $1,000 Worth of Valuables from a Wealthy Resident of Jersey City.

Mrs. Van Lewen Surprised the Intruders, but They Escaped with Most of the Plunder.

LEFT $500 WORTH OF SILVERWARE.

Had It Wrapped Up Ready to Carry Away. Neighbor Heard the Thieves, but Thought It Was the Family.

The Bergen section of Jersey City, in which reside many wealthy people, is again being overrun by burglars and sneak thieves. Lately the thieves have become so bold that houses have been entered by daylight.

The latest victim reported by the police was Mrs. Mary Van Lewen, of No. 212 Summit avenue. On Tuesday afternoon, shortly after 4 o'clock, she returned home from a shopping trip. She was startled as she opened the front door by hearing voices in the basement.

Going to the head of the stairs, she called: "Who is there?" Instead of receiving an answer she heard heavy footsteps running in the direction of the kitchen door. Mrs. Van Lewen hurried down, and when she reached the kitchen was confronted by a roughly dressed man, who turned and scaled the rear fence, over which another man had disappeared. She called for help, but no one responded. When the police arrived the thieves had got safely away.

An investigation showed that they had ransacked the house. From Mrs. Van Lewen's bedroom they took valuable ornaments, a diamond pin, valued at $250, several valuable diamond rings and $75 in cash. They also carried away some of the silverware, but left behind about $500 worth, all ready to take away, and packed in a quilt. The value of the plunder secured amounted to $1,000.

Entrance to the house was effected by cutting through the kitchen screen door, then forcing the lock of the other door. Mrs. Reynold, who resides at No. 214 Summit avenue, informed Mrs. Van Lewen that she heard some one moving about in the house, but supposing that it was one of the family paid no attention to the noise.

Jersey City's Sunday Crusade.

The Hudson City Business Men's Association, of Jersey City, has appointed a committee to suggest a plan whereby all the stores may be closed on Sunday. This was done because the crusade against opening stores on the Sabbath continues.

Erie Railroad Track Elevation.

The plans for the elevation of the Erie Railroad tracks through Jersey City were yesterday submitted to Mayor Wanser by the engineers of the company. The vacation of a few streets will, according to the plans, be necessary.

MISS DORSEY, SINGER OF FOLK-SONGS.

On Miss Annie Vernon Dorsey high praise has been bestowed. No less a person than Thomas Nelson Page has said of her: "What Joel Chandler Harris has done for the Southern plantation stories, Miss Dorsey has done for the songs."

Miss Dorsey is not only the compiler of the weirdly interesting and melodious folk-songs of the South, but she is their singer as well. She has made the chants and songs of the negro familiar in drawing rooms north of Mason and Dixon's line. Her recitals of "Negro Songs and Characteristics" had their origin in impromptu performances for

the amusement of relatives and intimate friends; and, encouraged by their reception of them, she conceived the plan of giving a series of parlor entertainments on a larger scale.

Miss Dorsey is a member of an old Maryland family, and made her debut in literature about six years ago with a Maryland romance called "Bettey: A Last-Century Love Story." It was said by the critics to be the most striking story which had been produced by any woman of the new Southe rn school of writers.

INDETIFICATION REQUIRED.

Mrs. William Maydenbauer, of Seattle, Wash., is a woman who deserves to go down to posterity as one with an admirable sense of humor. She became known to fame in the following manner: One day she entered the First National Bank and presented to the cashier, one Turner, a newcomer in the city, a properly drawn check. Mr. Turner demurred at paying it because he did not know her. He informed her that she would have to be identified. She looked up and discovering that a stranger was waiting on her, remarked succinctly:

"Well, sir, if any identification is necessary, you are the one to be identified. I ave lived here all my life, and never you around here before."

cashier cashed the check.

Wash Skirts.

The silk skirt is no longer the necessity it threatened to become last year. Lace-trimmed white skirts and fancy colored ones, all of washable material, are making rapid strides for Summer favor. Yellow linen, with lace to match, and black lawn strikingly set off with white Valenciennes, are most in demand, and may be purchased even on other than bargain days for something less than $2. They are all flounced and of umbrella shape, which means that they are of a width calculated to accommodate themselves to the wide gown now in vogue.

Blue straw, blue straw bedecked with purple pansies, or violets with violet and blue tulle is the latest milliner's eccentricity. Red, it is rumored, will be the passe of late Summer and early Autumn.

KEYNOTE OF BEAUTY.

A Treatise on the Care of the Teeth.

Good Teeth Possible to Every One Through the Science of Dentistry.

"Take one front tooth from fair Helen's mouth," says an old author, "and there had never been a siege of Troy and the divine Illiad had never been written."

Truly it is impossible to conceive of a bautiful woman without her rows of shining white teeth. They are the keystone of good looks, and many and many a girl has been saved from plainness by the possession alone of a double set of perfect, compact, well-formed, white teeth. Twenty-five years ago there was some excuse for the premature loss or decay of the teeth. Scientific dentistry has made tremendous strides during the last quarter of our century; and I say it advisedly, a girl or woman disfigured by imperfect, ill-shaped teeth at the present time is a human being suffering from a neglect which only the extremest poverty can condone. No sacrifice should be considered too great to the mother who must economize where her own or her children's teeth are concerned; better a thousand times go without furbelows and superfluities of every description than without the care of a good dentist; not the so-called professor of painless tooth-snatching, but the serious, accomplished and always conscientious dental surgeon who will care for each tooth patiently and wisely, treating it and its ailments as carefully and scientifically as though it were an eye or a limb. No tooth should ever be extracted while there is a vestige of life left in its roots. Even the little milk teeth of our tiny sons and daughters should be cherished and nurtured with scrupulous care; from the advent of the first dear little white mite, each baby tooth should be brushed and kept clean with a soft infant's tooth brush now specially manufactured for the purpose.

It is said that babies brought up on an artificial diet never have teeth so strong as the child nourished by its mother, and the famous Hindoo monk, the Swami Vivekananda, who, at thirty-seven years of age, for the first time had his mouth and teeth examined by an eminent dentist as a matter of mere curiosity, was not surprised to learn that, in his two rows of astonishingly white and beautiful teeth, no smallest blemish could be discovered on a single tooth. The Swami ascribed his dental perfections entirely to the fact that he himself, and for generations back his ancestors, had lived largely upon a milk diet. He believed the lactic acid had preserved his teeth. It is certain that beautiful and perfect teeth are largely ours by inheritance, and that three or four generations of disease or of dissolute living will inevitably bestow among other trials, the legacy of frail, misshapen teeth.

Sometimes the teeth of a growing girl appear in the most helter-skelter way; they look like the kernels of an ear of corn gone crooked. It is the gravest mistake to have one of these teeth extracted to make way for the others until every effort to broaden the jaw and make a place for each tooth has failed. The torture inflicted upon so many nervous, sensitive girls, ranging from twelve years of age to sixteen, by the hideous plate system, has resulted in many miserable wrecked lives, nervous prostration, hysteria and sometimes actually in mental derangement. If the crooked teeth are taken in hand one by one, as they come in, they can be straightened one by one, and the jaw will give them place. After they are firmly fixed it is excruciating agony to dislodge them and change their positions, and rarely is the operation permanently successful.

When a tooth is actually decayed, of course, it should be filled with gold, and only with gold. If it be too late to save the entire tooth, it is rarely too late to save the root, and the crown and bridge work of to-day are among the many blessings of the age.

I would never advise a woman to submit to the old-fashioned and never-to-be-disguised false teeth (well were they baptized, for conspicuously and obviously false they never have, in a single instance, to my knowledge, failed to be), until the best of dentists had assured her there was no other resource.

Even with the remnants of two or three broken-down teeth alone left, to mock at one's departed youth and vigor, I have seen a structure of apparently natural and certainly beautiful and useful teeth positively defy a suspicion as to their being the original gift of nature.

It is well to add that children should always be taught to brush their teeth up and down, not across; the latter and common practice wears the enamel away, as the brush, to use a common expression, rubs across the grain.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Toothsome Dishes for Friday's Menu

Puree of Soft Clams—Cut the necks and tough parts from one quart of clams, stew them in one pint of water for twenty minutes. Strain and thicken the liquid with one tablespoonful of butter and half a tablespoonful of flour stirred to a cream. Add one pint of milk and the remainder of the clams chopped and rubbed through a sieve. Let boil for a moment, season and serve.

Fillet of Weakfish—Sever the meat free of the bone, then cut each section into pieces and trim neatly. Dip in beaten eggs and rolled bread crumbs and saute slowly in hot oil. When browned season with salt and pepper and serve with a maitre d'hotel sauce. Garnish with parsley.

Broiled Salmon—Select a steak one inch in thickness. Enclose in buttered white paper and broil slowly over clear coals. Serve either with butter, pepper and salt, or with any preferred sauce.

Soft Crabs, Baltimore Style—Choose those that have a jelly-like consistency. The shell that has begun to harden should never be called soft, but should be left to complete its work. Cleanse carefully and rinse in cold water. Dry with a soft towel, then saute in hot olive oil. Season with salt and pepper. Serve garnished with parsley.

Minced Lobster on Toast—Fresh coral lobsters are best. Remove the meat from the shell and cut it into small bits. For each pint allow half a pint of sauce. Stir together, over the fire, one tablespoonful of butter and three-fourths of a tablespoonful of flour, and half a pint of cold cream or rich milk. Stir constantly until it boils. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, and when hot serve on rounds of buttered toast.

We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As home and friends around us.

Some one asked a short time ago for the best antidote for the plague of ants. Those who have tried the remedy, assert that ants will not cross a line of cayenne pepper, and that if used freely both cockroaches and mice will disappear.

EXCURSIONS NEAR HOME.

Suggestions for Enjoying All the Delights of Country While Still in Town.

Restful Little Trips Which Call for Only Small Expenditures of Money or Effort.

With a bicycle and a tin lunch box, a Summer spent nominally in the city has no terrors for the adventurous latter-day woman. For she knows that the residence in the city need be merely nominal and that no day when the sun shines need find her among the brick walls and pavements. For her there are "hills beyond Harlem and streams beyond Bronx" and she may enjoy all the charms of sylvan, but satisfying comforts of urban existence.

The woman who has not fallen a victim to the charms of the bicycle has not quite as wide a range of choice when she seeks to escape the city as the members of the wheeling sisterhood. But thanks to the soulless corporations managing horse cars, trolleys, cables, steam railroads, boats and the like she may escape whenever she will from the city's hurly-burly into the country. She may travel by the "L" road, by the cable and trolley or train to Bronx Park, newly famed as the place where "Silver Dollar Smith" was lost. There are acres of woodland and meadow there and no one to forbid her to step on the grass. There is a narrow, shallow, little stream in which occasionally some one roves. At the modest expenditure of ten cents this haven of quiet may be reached on surface cars from the end of the Third avenue cable, and unless the picnicker chooses Sunday, she will not be crowded in the journey to and fro.

Equally charming and a little more remote is Pelham Bay Park, another great tract of woodland set aside by the city to convert its children into picnickers. A half hour's journey on the suburban road from One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue lands the wayfarer in its midst. It lies on an inlet of the Sound and, therefore, affords diversion that the Bronx does not yield. One may boat or fish or swim as well as lie in the shade of big trees or hidden in high grasses.

Then there is Staten Island, an unknown land to most home-staying New York women. Yet there are woods and beaches other than those which are the haunts of the tintype photographer, the clam chowder maker and the pop-corn-ball manufacturer. If the explorer should take the Perth Amboy train after landing at St. George and get off at almost any station after the populous part of the island is left, she would find herself in the most rural place imaginable. A walk toward the shore would lead on to idyllically quiet beaches, admirably adapted to loafing and inviting one's soul.

Across the Hudson, above Fort Lee, there are pleasant nooks for picnickers with minds above the fear of snakes. Along the Hudson, or even on the New York side, between Riverside Drive and Spuyten Duyvil, one can spend a lazy day agreeably enough.

The excursion boat and the "resort" are always with us, and sometimes they are not so much to be despised as the home-staying woman seems to imagine. They are both disagreeable when crowded, but it is easy to avoid a crowd. Sundays and Saturday afternoons are the season's dearest to the heart of the populace, and they are therefore the seasons to be avoided by the peace-loving. But on other days, especially if one plans the outing so that she returns to the city or about the hour the multitude is leaving it, even the most popular resort is pleasant.

HAVILAND-HANCE.

QUAINTLY PRETTY QUAKER WEDDING.

The aristocracy of Quakerdom was present yesterday at the marriage of Miss Susan Borden Hance to Mr. Henry Morris Haviland, which took place at the meeting house of the Religious Society of Friends, Fifteenth street and Rutherford place, at 2 o'clock. Philadelphia and the Shrewsbury meeting sent some of their most fashionable members, many of the women appearing in old-timed Quaker bonnets and gray shawls. Phoebe Ann Thorne, Phoebe Wright, Harriet Kirk, Susan Lukins, Elizabeth Haydock and Charity Platt were among them and sat on the elder's bench behind the bride and bridegroom. John Griffen, Josiah L. Tubby, Phoebe Tubby and Phoebe Carpenter, comprising the Monthly Meeting Committee in charge of the wedding, sat near them and saw that the affair was conducted orderly.

A few minutes after 2 o'clock the bridal party ntered the meetng house. First

Miss Susie Hance.

came the four ushers—Benjamin B. Squires, Hamilton Field, Benjamin Kelley and Joseph T. Kelley. After them walked Mr. Haviland and his best man, Edward Cornell, then the bridesmaid, Miss Alice Griffen, and the bride with her father, Benjamin B. Hance, of Chicago. The ushers grouped themselves around the chairs assigned to the bride and bridegroom, and when the latter were seated, took their own places on the front bench. After a few minutes of silence Mr. Haviland's spirit moved him to marry himself to Miss Hance. Both stood up. Taking her right hand in his, he said: "In the presence of our Heavenly Father and this company I take thee, Susan, to be my wife, promising through divine assistance to be unto thee a faithful and loving husband." She repeated the formula and both sat down. Two of the ushers, Benjamin B. Squires and Joseph Kelley, placed a table, spread with a green cloth, before them and they signed the certificate of marriage which was read to the assembled Friends by Overseer Josiah L. Tubby.

Harriet Kirk, who came from Philadelphia, got up, removed her gray bonnet and talked about the beautiful promise of "loving and faithful" which the bride and bridegroom had made to each other. Mary Trevelan's spirit was poetical. She quoted Browning on "love." Joseph T. McDowell commented on a promise which was not limited by death, but was understood to be binding afterward. Elisha H. Underhill brought the meeting to a close by a prayer, after which the bridal party left.

John Griffen said that the Friends' signatures to the marriage certificate would be considered as congratulations, and invited all the assembly to offer them in this way. Those invited included Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Borden, Mr. Harvey Borden, James Edgar Wecks, Raymond and Jennie Roberts, John D. Pierce, Joseph T. and Anne McDowell, Dr. Charles McDowell, Harriet Cox McDowell, Albert Lawton, Dr. Charles H. Bushong, Albert Merritt, Ida Hutchinson, George A. McDowell, Jane McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis D. Williams, Miss Helen Williams, Thomas Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. De Grauw, Miss Ella De Grauw, Mrs. Ann Sutherland, Miss Mary Williams, Mrs. Frederick A. De Grauw, Isaac T. Carpenter, Henry T. Carpenter, Edward H. Carpenter and Henry Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Haviland drove to the Westminster Hotel, where she changed her wedding dress for a travelling gown, and later they left for the mountains. The former was a very stylish combination of white silk, striped with Dresden flowers and white mousseline de sole, which made a full vest, framed by flaring white satin revers. Her white straw hat had pink roses scattered about its brim in front and a lot of white belle bows in the back. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaid was dressed in white organdie over pale green silk, and wore a white hat trimmed with white lilacs. Her bouquet carried out the white and green scheme in sweet peas and maidenhair ferns.

FROU-FROU.

The wife of Edward Lauterbach, chairman of the Republican County Committee, is a brunette, who looks young enough to be her daughter's sister. Her daughter, be it said, was one of the debutantes of this year. Mrs. Lauterbach is intensely interested in her husband's political views, and would make a beautiful lobbyist if occasion ever demands her services. Meanwhile she studies constantly, is interested in everything worth while, sings very charmingly, entertains a great deal, and always looks as if life were in no sense a failure.

Lady Colin Campbell is one of the handsomest women in England, writes an American who has just met her, gypsy-like in appearance, and with a delightfully, reposeful manner. Her home is very beautiful, and, like most attractive women with beautiful surroundings, she is at her best when in it.

Sarah Bernhardt loves perfume to such an extent that her tracks are easily discernable. Her friends can detect instantly if she has been in a certain room, even many hours after she has left it. Clinging draperies, soft lights and heavily perfumed air are as characteristic of her environment as her golden voice and tigress movements are a part of her personality.