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THE SECRETS OF LONG LIFE Yours truly, LOUISA DREW." Yours truly, LOUISA DREW." RISHOP CLARK OF RHODE ISLAND. One of the great men of the Episcopal church is Bishop Thomas M. Clark, who has been preaching the gospel for the last sixty

Famous Veterans on Life's Stage Relate Their Experiences,

PART III.

SAGE CONCLUSIONS SEASONED WITH AGE

Susan B. Anthony, Louisa Drew, Bishop Clars, Samuel Smiles, Hugh McCulloch and Other Notables Contribute Wisdom for the Young.

tor b

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Frank G. Carpenter.) WASHINGTON, July 3 .- (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)-"How to keep

ness in the joints, which prevents me from walking long distances, I am as strong and young" For the past ten years I have been getting For the past ten years I have been getting well as I ever have been. I am able to keep advice from the famous old people of the all my appointments at home and abroad, world upon this subject. I interviewed and to work with entire freedom-in fact, I have done more visiting within the last six George Bancroft upon it when he was in his nonths than in any other half year of my nineties, and he then told me he could ride thirty miles a day without tiring. I chatted "Now, in reply to your questions, let me

writes

far as I know, with the exception of a stiff-

say that in order to reach a working old age and making the most of himself, and keepwith W. W. Corcoran as to this when he was 85, and President Harrison's father-ining up his work to the last, a young man should take abundant physical exercise, nulaw, Dr. Scott, gave me his receipt for a working old age when he was 92. I know a tritious, wholesome food, and rational amusements. He should cultivate all his dozen men who have passed their three score and ten, and who are famous in public life, mental powers to the best possible advantage, while at the same time he should be carewho are still doing good work, and Governor ful not to overtask his mind with the study Gear, the newly elected senator from Iowa. of books, or anything likely to impair is hale and hearty at 75. I interviewed health. Of course he must avoid every habit and indulgence which tends to weaken his Cassius M. Clay when he was over 80, about three years ago, upon this subject, and since nervous force, and lead a natural, wholesome, pure and temperate life. The working power that time he has married a young wife and of the mind ought not to diminish with the has begun another existence. Li Hung approach of age, and it is possible for us to Chang told me last summer how he divided do our best work toward the close of our his work and sleep, in order to maintain the nortal existence. "I attribute my own health, which has ever been seriously impaired, and my lon-tevity, very much to the inheritance which as been transmitted to me by my ancestors." "WILLIAM HUGGINS." wonderful vitality which he showed at 74, never been seriously impaired, and my lonand I have today a number of letters and ingevity, very much to the inheritance which terviews with noted septo and octogenarians has been transmitted to me by my ancestors. upon this subject. These letters have been accumulating for some time. They are writam descended on my mother's side from the Rev. John Wheelwright, one of the earliest of the Boston ministers, who was ten by men and women who have long since passed their three score and ten, and still

their handwriting shows that they have not lest their sigor, and their words sparkle with the vitality of youth. ADVICE FROM SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

The first one I give is from Susan B. Anthony. She is now 75, but her blue eyes are full of life and her voice is as strong as it was when she made her first public speech away back in 1847, nearly half a century ago. I sent her a list of questions upon the sub-ject of perpetual youth about a year ago. And here are her answers, dated April 28, 1894:

The course of life for a young woman to lead, in order that she may reach a working old age and make the most of herself, is precisely the course of life that a young man should pursue for the same purpose, and this has been so well indicated by Phillips Brooks that I can do no better than to quote his own words, as follows: "'To be at work, to do things for the

never interested me very much. "In regard to marriage as conducive to longevity and everything else that is good and desirable. I think that every able-bodied man who has the means of supporting a fam-ily is under a moral obligation to marry as soon as possible after he has reached the age world, to turn the currents of the things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigget of 21. If he expects to live upon other peo-ple, like a parasite, he has no right to marry than a grain of sand in the great system where we live-this alone is to live. Long-lived people who keep up their work to the last are the t all.

"In order to preserve intellectual health a young man, I would say an old man also, should act and work like a reasonable being, and always have something on hand to oc-cupy and benefit and interest him. Inertia is the one benefit and interest him. people who have found out this secret, namely, that congenial work is the joy of life."

One of my questions was as to how Miss Anthony kept her wonderful health and workthe cause of old age. A machine that lies idle for a series of years is destroyed by rust, and it works in the same way with ing power. Her reply to this is as follows

"A human being is born to think, to will, to enjoy a liberty bounded only by respect for the equal liberty of others. To think one's self into the realm of perfect freedom human beings, whether they are young or old. I do not mean that a business man should keep on going to his office or his shop

singularly blessed with fine health that I from Fort Wayne to Indianapolis on horse-am scarcely a good subject for your purpose. back. This exercise made him strong and vigorous, and he kept it up in after life. It was his chief exercise when in the Treasury department. Secretary McCulloch has always been domestic in his tastes. His pleasures have been in his family, and it is there that

years. He graduated at Yale college when Andrew Jackson was still in his first pres-idential term, and he was licenced to preach as a Presbyterian clergyman before Van Buren got the presidency. Soon after this he dropped Presbyterianism and became an Episcopalian, and he was made the bishop of Rhode Island more than forty years ago. He

Rhode Island more than forty years ago. He has published a number of books, and now, at the age of \$3, he can outwork most of the AN OCTOGENARIAN ASTRONOMER. One of the most famous astronomers and

scientists of England is Hon. William Hug-gins, F. R. S., D. C. L., LL. D., who now, young men about him. Here is what he at \$1, writes a hand like copper-plate. I have a long letter from him upon these subjects, "PROVIDENCE, R. L. April 1, 1894.-Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 3d inst. al-low me to say that I was born in Newburyand he gives me many good points as to how to keep young. Says he: port, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1812, and so

"One of the chief things that I would say young men is, don't burn your candle at both ends. Do not attempt to take upon yourself the double burden of hard intel-lectual work, and at the same time try to undergo the exhausting activities of modern social life. Work alone seldom, if ever, kills or even enfeebles, but intellectual work, fol lowed by the exhausting excitement of spcie y. lowed by the exhausting excitement of spece y, makes a double strain which is one of the most frequent causes of premature feeble-ness and of old age. I believe in regular and sufficient periods of sileep, and as for myself. I have never smoked, and, though not a total abstainer. I take very little of any alcoholic stimulants. I sometimes drink a glass of claret, but often for a long period no whes at all.

vines at all "You ask as to marriage. I reply that, other conditions being equal, a young man will do wisely to marry reasonably early. I think, however, that it would be far better to

of the young man and his preparation for his life work. If a wise choice is made, and both are willing by a prudent mode of living to avoid bringing upon themselves premaurely large expenses and social distinctions.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

earliest of the Boston ministers, who was banished from the Massachusetts colony for heresy about the year 1640. He lived to an extreme old age, as most of his posterity have done, my own grandfather being 93 years old the first time he ever sent for a sycars old the first time he ever sent for a physical condition and is still at work. His reply comes to me on the pages of a notebook, with the questions on one side

SMOKED TOBACCO FIFTY YEARS. "As to my own personal habits, I smoked tobacco faithfully for fifty years, and then, seven or eight years ago, I abandcned it altogether, on the ground that I did not care to be a slave of such a habit any longer. I have not been a total abstainer, except for certain limited periods, when I thought that the wefare of others required it. I have been accustomed to sleep as other people do and without giving much thought to it. In fact, a scrupulous regard for sanitary rules and special altention to bodily health have never interested me very much. "In regard to marriage as conducive to longevity and everything else that is good and witchel everything else that is good your mind and avoid care from annoyance and

evil.' This correspondence of mine is interesting This correspondence of mile is increased through the insight which it gives into the lives and habits of some public men. Many of these old men write firm, characteristic hands. Some refuse to give matter for pubhands. Some refuse to give matter for pub-lication. Canon Farrar writes me that he has a rooted objection to giving promiscuour opinions and details of biography to the press and that he must beg me to kindly excure him.

HOW HERBERT SPENCER WORKS. Mr. Herbert Spencer, the great scientist, is

now 85. He was a sickly boy, and he never had good health. Still his life has been spent in hard work, and he is now one of the most skillful men of the world in the art of taking

dictation, and he saves himself in every

He firmly declines to do everything butside

NEWMAN HALL ON PERPETUAL YOUTH.

not enter into discussions in the

A Postic Star Rising in the Borizon of English Latters.

PROMISING WORK OF JOHN DAV DOON

A Soul Attuned to the Dark and Melan choly Sides of Human Nature and Existence-Selections from His Writings.

CHICAGO, July 2 .- (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)-"A poet of the poor and wretched," "a poet of the lost and guilty"-that is a characterization of John Davidson, the young author who is just now creating such a stir in the English world of letters. Davidson, like Robert Burns, is an offspring of Scotland, but, unlike him, no sun child of the highlands; on the contrary, a stepson of the fogs of the moorheath and the damp coast marshes; already in childhood a martyr of puritan narrowness; later, as youth, the prey of unceasing external and internal struggles. At last, as a man, a poet,

and at the same time the victim of a poetical intuition, left chiefly to the dark sides of human nature and existence, to the tragedies of personal doom, to the general injustice of society, and, above all, to that dire disproportion between the number of fortune's

defer marriage if its increased expenses and social claims are likely to cripple the means the deserted and the outcast. In this he does not stand alone. Pessimism

is as old as man's writing and poetry itself. Even our race's first and oldest document of history and literature, the bible, fairly teens with it. And in our days it permeates nearly everything in art, philosophy and fic-tion. But here also it is that the poet, who

must at the same time step in as comforter, reconciler and glorifier. And if the degree in which he is equal to this mission is also the measure of his poetical standing in general, then in John Davidson we are dealnust at the same time step in as comforter, ing with a poet of the first order. But not for that alone, for, notwithstanding

the fact that his latest book, or to speak more exactly, that book of his which brought him the first real success, is no more than a him the first real success, is no more than a booklet of 130 pages, containing, all in all, thirty poems, but every one of these 150 pages and all of these thirty poems unveil the full fledged master of his own. "Ballads and Songs" is the title of the books and its con-tents vary in volume from the epigram of two, six and eight lines to the full epic of twolve, sixteen and even two two lines. twelve, sixteen and even twenty-eight pages. The best way to be the spokesman and proclaimer of a true post is to allow him to be his own spokesman. So, therefore, let our new champion and high defender of the great human crowd on the cold, dark and duced with two or three of his best charac-teristic poems. Of those which show most

clearly that great peculiarity of his to re-deem and glorify all earthly mistry and sin n accordance with the Nazarene's great word of "the heavenly kingdom belonging to the troubled and heavily laden." or of the still greater one of "pardoning those who sinned for love.'

for love." "Thirty Bob a Week" is the title of a kind of monologue put in the mouth of a poor clerk, dragging himself and family at the weekly pittance of so royal a salary through the exigencies of London life. The description is not altogether devoid of bits of truly tragic pathos nor of a truly grim humor. It tells of one of those innumer-able undernaid existences in the motor base of the motor base of the solar of th humor. It tells of one of those innumer-able underpaid existences in the metropoli-an whilpool, where the pay just enables as the end of all earthly suffering, erring and not succeed very well, and you may be sure

themselves, such thorough music that they might easily conjure up before the reader's mind that symphony of the symphonies-Bec-thoven's fifth, with its first movement marked by the composer's own hand as "Knocking of SCOTLAND'S CHILD OF SONG sister, revoking her convent yows with the "I care not for my broken vow, Though God should come in thunder soon. I am sister to the mountains now, And sister to the sun and moon!"

Through all the towns of Behnarie She made a progress like a queen. "She is," they said, "whate'er she t The strangest woman ever seen."

'From fairyland she must have come, Or else she is a mermalden." Some said she was a ghoul, and some A heathen goddess born again. And the end? Here it is:

But soon her fire to ashes burned; Her beauty changed to haggardness, Her golden hair to silver turned; The hour came of her last caress.

At midnight from her lonely bed She rose and said: 'I have had my will The old, ragged robe she donned and fied Back to the convent on the hill.

Half naked as she went before, She hurried to the city wall, innoticed in the rush and ro And splendor of the Carnival. roar

No question did the warder ask; Her ragged robe, her shrunken limb, Her dreadful eyes! It is no mask-It is a she-wolf, gaunt and grim!

She ran across the lev plain; Her worn blood curdled in the blast; Each footstep left a crimson stain; The white-faced moon looked on aghast.

She said between her chattering jaws: "D.ep pearl is mine. I cease to striva; Oh, comfortable convent laws, That bury foolish nuns alive!

A trowel for my passing bell, A little bed within the wall, A coverlet of stones; how well I there shall keep the Carnival!"

Like tired bells chiming in their sleep. The wind faint peals of laughter bore: She stopped her ears and climbed the steep And thundered at the convent door.

It opened straight: she entered in, And at the warder's feet fell prone: "I come Jo purge away my sin; Bury me, close me up in stone."

The wardress raised her tenderly, She touched her wet and fust shut eyes: "Look, sister; sister, look at me; Look, can you see through my disguise?"

She looked and saw-her own sad face, And trembled, wondering "Who art thou' "God sent me down to fill your place; "I am the Virgin Mary, now!"

And with the word God's Mother shone; The wanderer whispered, "Mary, hail!" The virgin helped her to put on Bracelet and fillet, ring and vell.

"You are sister to the mountains, now, And sister to the day and night, Sister to God"—and on the brow She kissed her thrice and left her sight.

While dreaming in her downy bed, Far in the crimson Orient land, On many a mountain's happy head Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.

There is an old Scotch lay at the bottom o this unique poem, but that is no detraction from the poet's merit. On the contrary, there are plots which in their elementary great ness are so thoroughly human, yet so per fectly divine at once, that only the work of generations of men's mind and men's fancy might invent and shape them. Even Goethe had to take hold of such a folk-lor to give to the German world in "Faust heir most sublime poem.

their most sublime poem. And now, in conclusion, once again let the poet himself speak directly to the reader, but this time in a complete poem. One who has the courage to open his book as he does with the following dedicatory distich addressed "To My Enenemy:"

unabridged and uncurtailed. "A Ballad of Heaven" is the title of the ninth plece of the can woman in Paris can not adopt the point book—a story from heaven, that heaven which this poet imagines and hopes for all human cross bearers, alike those by their own She tries to do so, it

LAMENT OF A LITTLE GIRL. Terento Mail. Terento Mail. My brother Will, he used to be The nicest kind of girl; He wore a little dress, like me, And had his hair in curl. We played with dolls and tea set then, And every kind of toy; But all those good old times are gono-Will turned into a boy. Mamma has made him little suits, With pockets in the pants, With pockets in the pants, And cut off all his yellow curls And sent them to my aunts; And Will, he was so pleased, I believe He almost jumped for joy; But I must own I didn't like Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops I don't know how to spin, And marbles that I try to shoot, But never hit nor win: And leap frog—I can't give a "back," Like Charley, Frank or Roy— Oh, no one knows how bad I feel, Since Will has turned a boy. I have to wear frocks just the same

And now they're mostly white; I have to sit and just be good. While Will can climb and fight. But I must keep my dresses nice, And wear my hair in curl, And wear my hair in curl, And worst-oh, worstest thing of all-I have to stay a girl!

AM'RICANS IN PARIS.

Pour Representatives of the New World in the telony.

The American colony in Paris, says a writer in Harper's, is not wicked, but it would like to be thought so, which is much worse. Among some of the men it is a pose to be considered the friend of this or that particular married woman, and each of hem, instead of paying the woman the slight tribute of treating her in public as though hey were the merest acquaintances, which is the least the man can do, rather forces himself upon her horizon, and is always in evidence, not obnoxiously, but unobtrusively, like a pet cat or a butler, but still with sufficient pertinacity to let you know that he i there

As a matter of fact the women have no he courage to carry out to the end them affairs of which they hint, as have the French men and women around them whose example they are trying to emulate. And, moreover, the twenty-five years of virtue which they have spent in America, as Balzac has pointed out, is not to be over-come in a day or in many days, and so they nly pretend to have overcome it, and tell sques stories and talk scandalously of each ther and even of young girls. But it all begins and ends in talk, and the risques stories, if they knew it, sound rather silly

from their lips, especially to men who put them away when they were boys at boardng school, and when they were so young that they thought it was grand to be vulgar and mariy to be nasty.

emember, as an instance of this, how a

American art student told me with much sat-isfaction last summer of how he had made

himself intensely disagreeable at a dinner

"I don't mind their taking away the char-

acter of every married woman they knew,' he said; "they were their own friends, not

mine; but I did object when they began on the young girls, for that is something we

haven't learned at home yet. And finally

they got to Miss —, and one of the women said: 'Oh, she has so compromised herself

At which, it seems, my young man banged

he table with his fist, and said: "I'll marry

her, if she'll have me, and I know twenty

more men at home who would be glad of the

There was an uncomfortable pause, and the

young woman who had spoken protested she had not meant it so seriously. She had only

neant the girl was a trifle passe and travel

worn. But when the women had left the

"You are quite like a breeze from

plny woods at home. I suppose we do tall

rather thoughtlessly over here, but then none

of us take what we may say of each other an

The other men all agreed to this and pro

tested that no one took them or what they said seriously. They were quite right, and, as

a matter of fact, it would be unjust to them

o do so except to pity them. The man with

out a country was no more unfortunate than

they. It is true, they have Henry's bar

where they can get real American cocktails

and the Travelers' where they can play real

American poker; but that is as near as they

nd they do not get as near as that toward

anything that savors of the Frenchman's

esses and their own salons and dinner par

ties, but the Faubourg St. Germain is as strange a territory to many of them as though

ELIHU'S PREDICAMENT.

an American Minister in His Stocking Fee

When Elihu Washburne was United States

minister to France, says the Cincinnati Times-Star, there was a court dinner given at the

Palace of the Tuilleries one night by the em

peror, Napoleon III. It was the custom at

tire with the ladies for the gentlemen to rise

from their seats and step back, so that the

ladies should pass down the line between

urning their backs on the empress, Mr. Washburne had very tender feet. During th

dinner they had given him a great deal o annoyance, and to ease himself he had slippe

iff his patent leather pumps. He was ab

sorbed in conversation at the close of th finner and was caught unawares when the

empress made the signal for departure. Mr

Washburne was obliged to step back without his pumps. There he stood in his stocking

feet, grave, dignified and self-possessed in

the row of grinning diplomats to his right and

left. He betrayed none of the embarrana-ment he must have felt, and was never heard

A notice has been issued by the Federatio

f Labor officials that the boycott is removed

form the Western Wheel Bicycle company.

to allude to the incident.

them and the table. By this all could avoid

these dinners when the empress arose to r

at a I reach Court Ball,

were situated in the heart of the Congo

They have their own social suc-

ever get to anything that savors of country

table one of the men laughed and said

chance. We've all asked her once, and we're

now that no one will marry her.' "

villing to ask her again.'

absolute truth."

ountry

Basin.

given by one of these expatriated American

It is a question whether or not one should be pleased that the would-be wicked Ameriof view of the Parisian women as easily as

ranged to regulate from no load to a maxe regulators are so arranged that in case of an accident he is afraid and a fraud at heart, and in to any part of the machinery the engines will stop automatically. They can also be stopped private a most excellent wife and mother f it be reprehensible to be a hypocrite and o pretend to be better than one is, it should y simply pressing one of several buttons The two generators specially built for the also be wrong to pretend to be worse than one dares to be, and so lend countenance to others. It is like a man who shouts with ine run at a speed of 110 revolutions a minute, and are guaranteed to develop 1,500-horse power each. The armatures, instead of he mob, but whose sympathies are against being built up of wire in the usual way, are The mob only hears him shout and made up of copper disks, each insulated from takes courage at his doing so, and continues the other. By this arrangement it is said to be impossible for them to get out of repair. in consequence to destroy things. And those foolish pretty women lend their countenance by their talk and by their stories to The generators are ten feet high and the armatures eight feet in diameter. The switchboard is of the latest design. It is many things of which they know nothing from experience, and so do themselves in arranged with two main generator panels. The tation voltage is 700 volts. The wires justice and others much harm. Sometimes it happens that an outsider orings them up with a sharp turn, and show are so arranged that none can be seen issuing from the roof of the building, and there is them how far they have strayed from the ittle to indicate that the building is an elecstandard which they recognized at home.

TRIKING AN EIGHTY MILE GAIT A Hot Box Checks the Speed and Shortens the Trial-What the New Haven Road is Doing with Electricity as

ARE STEAM ROADS DOOMED?

Details of the Remarkab'e Electric Power

Test on a Massachusetts Road.

8 PAGES 17 TO 20.

a Moliva Power.

Press dispatches of Saturday gave meager account of the test of an electric locomotive on the Nantasket branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, The details, supplied by the New York Sun, are of general interest, and confirm the growing belief that the supremacy of steam locomotives is imperiled.

A revolution in railroading, says the Sun, is promised by the result of the trials of the electric power on the Nantasket branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railway yesterday. The success of the venture is assured. The first trial was made on Thursday night. News of the test was withheld from the public. Two electric locomotives were run over the road and a speed of more than fifty miles an hour was attained between the old Colony house and Pemberton.

Last night another trial with an electric locomotive geared to accomplish eighty or more miles an hour was made, and a hot box on a motor car defeated a new record for speed. The heating of the box was due to the fact that the new bearings would not the fact that the new bearings would not withstand the friction caused by the terrific speed at which the car was run for a distance of probably less than three miles. In the opinion of men qualified by years of experience to judge of speed, eighty miles an hour was reached. The possibilities, they say, were ninety miles an hour, but the hot box

spoiled it. None but officials and attaches of the road were allowed on this test, the entire party comprising less than twenty. It was exactly 8:45 o'clock when Colonel Heft turned on the current, and in less than four lenghts the car was going at a speed of twenty miles an hour. After having gone less than a quarter of a mile the car was speeding along at a thirty-five-mile galt. A stop was made at Nantasket for a few minutes, and then came the run to Pemberton. The troublesome curves in the first few rods were gone over

slowly, but upon reaching the long stretch just below Nantasket full power was turned on. There was none of the gradual increase of speed characteristic of the steam locomo-tive, but with a plunge the car began to fly. Just as the more apprehensive began to wonder how long the car would remain on the track it was announced that there was the track it was announced that there was a hot box, and Colonel Heft shut off the cur-rent. Eighty miles an hour with five notches of the "controller" still to spare was his estimate of the speed at the time of shutting off the current. Under the momentum gathered the car ran on for two miles further, most of the distance at an estimated speed of sixty miles an hour. The engine from constains two tandem

The engine room contains two tandem, compound engines with two direct coupled contrast of the engines are of the Green-Corlise build, and specially designed for the work they are to do. The shaft is eighteen inches and the fly wheel, which weighs 64,000 pounds, is eighteen feet in diameter. The condensers are so piped that the engines can work with or without them. They are ar-

by the composer scown hand as Another of Fate," as the eternal awakening call, with its singing Andante coming next, and with that greatest scong of triumph ever written breaking upon the listener like thundering and conquering day as the closing movement. Only that, fortunately for the world, the great master's fearful life tragedy-being Beethoven and being deaf-never prevented the most sumptions and most unceasing flow of musical creation, and that he had not to go first up to the heavens to give to the spheres the music of their own. UDO BRACHVOGEL.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

of thought; to possess and enjoy such liberty of social action as is bounded only by the same liberty in others, and to will with all one's power that each unit's pelitical liberty conceded and officially recognized h shall be each is to tread the natural path development. Hence, I can but attribute my own extraordinary health and working powers to the fact that I have chosen such a course As machinery in action lasts longer than ma-chinery lying idle, so a body and soul in active exercise escapes the corroding rust of physical and mental laziness, which prem turely cuts off so many women's lives. If am able to do the work of daily traveling and lecturing at over three score years and ten, I believe it to be simply because I have always worked and loved work. As to my habite of life, it will be plain from what I have just said that it has been impossible for me to have fixed rules for eating, resting, sleeping, etc. The only advice I could give young person on this point would be: 'Liv as simply as you can. Eat what you find agrees with your constitution-when get it. Sleep whenever you are sleepy, and think as little of these details as possible." A WORD ABOUT MARRIAGE.

"You ask whether marriage is conducive to longevity and should women marry you"g." Miss Anthony's letter continues. "Now, the answers to this are plainly: That depends upon the specific case of marriage and upon the specific case of marriage and upon what you mean by young. In the orient a woman is considered old enough to marry at 12. In the occident the average age for marriage ranges from 20 to 28. I should con sider 25 a good age for a woman to marry as by that time she has arrived at a reason ing stage, and is therefore in condition to make an intelligent choice among men. marriage at this age, largely because it likely to be made with some intelligence. more conducive to longevity than a child mar-riage. Then, if it be a marriage with a husband who highly respects his wife's individu-ality, who treats her in all particulars as he himself would wish to be treated were he a man of fine spirit, of independent though and of self-respecting will, i should say su a marriage is conducive to longevity, and is an ideal human relation."

In closing, Miss Anthony writes the followwas writing Character 1 was also editing ing as to the preservation of mental activthe work of my son, "A Boy's Voyage Round the World." This was more than

'Intellectual health is best preserved by was stricken down-lost the use of my right exercise of the intellect. Intellectual decay is due to an inactivity of the mind. The worrying people of the world are rarely side, lost my speech-had what is aphasia; and then took my long rest, found among the workers, for one of the lessons a worker learns is to do the best possirecovered I proceeded to write other books most of which are known in America. Many of my books have been translated into ble at every moment, and to trust time to finish what cannot then be consummated. Worry belongs to those who have no faith European languages and also into Asiatic, far as Japan. "You ask me about my habits. I am never as far and who assume too great responsibility. It belongs to the people who feel that all the work of the world can only he well done by I am hever he alout my hants. I am hever dele Work is the salvation of every human being. My wife is alive and as happy as I am. I should not have been as I am without her. We had two sons and three daughters—one of the sweetest of the latter Idle themselves, and that they have neither time nor strength to do it all. The true thinker understands that nature creates thousands of standing host preserves her from the worry died. But we have, nevertheless, twenty grandchildren, and one of them is happily married. We had our golden wedding in that is born of narrowness and egoism."

THE GREAT MRS. MALAPROP.

December last. Of the same age as Susan B. Authony and cf equal vitality is Mrs. Louisa Drew, ow, at 75, has all the vigor of youth. For the the past sixty-seven years she has been delighting audiences in this country and Europe with her genius, and her comedy acting has laughed more fat upon the bones

of the people of the United States than the humors of "Bill Nye" or "Josh Billings." Mrs. Drew may almost be said to be in her ublished letters was from Hon. Hugh Mc prime today. For thirty years she was the manager of a theater, and her letter shows that her life has been comparatively ulloch. He was 76 years old when accretary free from the ills which ordinary flesh is heir to. I give it verbatim: "BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 23, 1894.-

of the treasury, and he preserved his intel-lectual visor to the last. About a year ago he dictated a letter for me on youth and how to keep it. He was not well at the time, an! Mrs McCullech many states of the time, an! free from the fils which ordinary flesh is heir to. I give it verbalim: "BRMINGHAM, Ala, April 23, 1894... My Dear Sir: You have put several quest that what agrees the sould for the sould for the sould for the sould are the time, and the sould for the sould be made at all the sould for the sould for the sould be made at all the sould for the sould be made at all the sould

every day and toil on as he has been care of himself. He does most of his work to do until the end comes. But there must be something to occupy the min1 if we would keep from dying before our time. "As to insomnia, I go to bed every night possible way. He has for years been trouble with insomnia, and though he is a good talker at 12 o'clock and get up before 8 the next morning-taking a short nap during the day he will evening. He drinks tea and smokes cig I have the opportunity to do so. I often keep on writing until after midnight, as I am now doing, but this does not interfere with of his own work and he has a lithographic reply which he sends out to all correspondmy sleeping. I have no trouble on that score. "I have, in fact, no consciousness of old ige, and but for the impediment in walking nts who write as to matters which do no relate to this. His life shows that work and should consider myself as young a man care are the secrets of his wonderful work-I should consider myself as young a man as I ever was. I know, of course, that the end must be near, but it does not seem to me any nearer than it did fifty years ago. I have great reason to thank God for giving me such a serene and famous old age. Very ing old age. Huxley is another old scientist who writes me that he cannot supply the information which I want. His autograph one and the hand is firm and

respectfully yours, "THOMAS M. CLARK."

Rev. Newman Hall, who, now at 79, is hale THE AUTHOR OF SELF HELP. My next letter is from Mr. Samuel Smiles, the author of Self Help and of a dozen other valuable works. He also says that work is the only thing that keeps man and hearty, and writes a good business hand says: "To remain in health to three score says: young. His letter is full of personal details about his habits and his work. It is written in a firm hand. It reads as follows:

SECRETARY M'CULLOCH.

One of the most interesting of these

from fleshly lusts,' which war against the soul, was Paul's advice to young Timothy. As regards my personal habits, I have never "KENSINGTON, London, June 4, 1894. Dear Sir: I have to ask your pardon for no cooner replying to your letter of 10th April. t came to me through Edinburgh, Scotland, smoked, and during sixty years have wholly abstained from all intoxicating drinks. which I left fifty-six years ago. Since then I have lived at Leeds, but principally in Lonerally sleep from 11:30 or 12 to 7 or 7:30. 1 sleep seven hours without waking. I use a cold bath every morning throughout the year. on, where I long acted as secretary of the Southeastern Railway company. "I am well on in my 821 year. About twenty-three years ago I had a stroke of par-On an average I walk about four miles a day.

When

clear.

I can still walk ten miles without fatigue. cenerally have three services every Sunday alysis and should scarcely be living at pres-ent, but having a sound constitution and and am never Mondayish. On an average preach five times weekly and neither suffer from pain nor fatigue. As to overwork of brain, I would say: Give up working as soon dving up all work for about five years, sent the MS. of a new book to the printers. as it is a weariness and do the chief brain "The reason I had my stroke of paralysis as follows: After doing my secretarial work early in the day. Do not work the brain late at night if you wish to sleep, and work during the day I went home at night as to worry, do your duty and cast you and wrote the Lives of the Engineers. After that came Self Help and Character. upon the Lord, content with His approval and good conscience." The first successful book I wrote was on the life of George Stephenson. I had at-tained the age of 45 years when I wrote that book. The others followed. While



Minnesota employs .79,629 factory hands with an annual output of \$192,033,478 worth of goods.

Jewish butchers of New York established co-operative slaughter house in opposition to the meat combine.

There are 3,000 operators employed in the general postoffice building, London, and of these 1,000 are women.

The Fort Worth Iron works, Fort Worth, Tex., has increased its force of men more than 100 during the past few weeks. The Cumberland Nail and Iron company Bridgetown, N. J., will soon resume opera-

tions, giving employment to several hundred men. The Port Chester (N. Y.) Bolt and Nut "I smoke moderately and take three-quar-ters of a glass of whisky at night, by the advice of my doctor, to induce sleep. Every-thing in moderation. I take two walks a day one in the factor works have notified employes that begin-ning with the 1st of July their wages will increased.

New England cotton spinning is quite active. A new mill is announced at North Adams, Mass., to cost \$1,000,000 and employ day, one in the afternoon, another in the afternoon. On the whole, I am very well. Ever yours, faithfully. S. MILES." 1,000 hands.

Preparations are being made for a general esumption at the Herrertown furnace of the Thompson Iron company, which has been dle for some time. The Youngstown (O.) Bridge company has taken at \$27,000 the contract for the steel

construction of the grandstand at the state

m to starve through the life, or, rather, failing. b live through the starvation secored by The two last stanzas show the heart utting realism pervading the whole poem:

"THY WILL BE DONE!" They say it daily up and down the land, As easy as you take a drink, it's true, But the difficultest go to understand And the difficultest job a man can do is to come it brave and meek With thirty bob a week

is to come it but week With thirty bob a week and feel that that's the proper thing for

It's a naked child against a hungry wolf; It's playing bowls upon a splitting wreek; It's walking on a string across a gulf With millstones fore and aft about your neck; But the thing is daily done By many and many a one

And we fall, face forward, fighting on the

Reaching back to the "milien" of the me laeval and the legendary is the "Ballad of a

Yun." Among all the poems of Mr. David-on perhaps is the one which apart from il-ustrating most loftily and buildy the whole Nun.' and ten, and possibly by reason of strength to four score, I would say: 'Live according to the laws of God-temperately and virtu Shristlike drift of his poetry at the same ously, soberly, righteously and godly-abstain ime allows the charm of his terse and original diction to stand out with greates fascination. As this ballad is one of the more voluminous pieces of the book it can find here but the following abridged repro duction:

> THE BALLAD OF & NUN. From Eastertide to Eastertide, For ten long years her patient knees Eagraved the stones—the fittest bride Of Christ in all the diocese.

She conquered every earthly lust; The abbess loved her more and i And as a mark of perfect trust Made her the keeper of the door. and more:

High on the hill the convent hung, Across a duchy looking down. Where everlasting mountains flung Their shadows over tower and tow lown, los flung

The jewels of their lofty snows In constellations flashed at night; Above their crests the moon arose; The deep earth shuddered with delight.

Long ere she left her cloudy bed, Still dreaming in the Orient land Or, many a mountain's happy head Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.

The adventurous sun tock Heaven by storm; Clouds gathered largesses of rain; The sounding cities, rich and warm. Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

And on all that has the young nun, ap pointed as a guard at the very door of ever-lasting resignation and absolute renunciation, to look down. On all that and many a

thing more! Sometimes it was a wandering wind, Sometimes the fragrance of the pine, Sometimes the thought how others sinned That turned her sweet blood into wine.

Sometimes she heard a serenade Complaining sweetly far away; She said: "A young man woos a maid And dreamt of love till break of day.

Then would she ply her knotted scourge Until she swooned; but evermore She had the same red sin to purge-Poor, passionate keeper of the door!

For still night's starry scroll unfurled, And still the day came like a flood; It was the greatness of the world That made her long to use her blood One sees the catastrophe approach. World's beauty and world's lust combine to allure the young nun, helplessly and defenselessly exposed on her guardian's post, to allure her down from her quiet, world-removed convent hill to the bustling city, in the vortex of

The nearest city nightly glow.

Like peals of airy bells outworn, Faint laughter died above her head In gusts of broken music borne; "They keep the Carnival!" she said.

Her hungry heart devoured the town: "Heaven save me by a miracle! Unless God sends an ange down, Thither I go, though it type Holf!"

She dug her nails deep in her breast, Sobbed, shrieked, and-itraight withdrew the bar; A fledging flying from the nest, A pale moth, rushing to a star.

And fate overtakes the pale nun-sphinx who rushes out exclaiming:

"I leave the righteous God behind, I go to worship sinful man!"

And perdition lays hold of the perjured

A BALLAD FROM HEAVEN He wrought at one great work for years; The world passed by with lofty look. Sometimes his lips with laughter shook, Sometimes his eyes were dashed with

tears. His wife and child went clothed in rags,

And in a windy garret starved; He trod his measures on the flags, And high on heaven his music carved,

Wistful he grew, but never feared, For always on the midnight skie His rich orchestral score appeared In stars and zones and galaxies. midnight skies.

He thought to copy down his score, The moonlight was his lamp; he said: "Listen, my love!" but on the floor, His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide; He deemed she heard with special zes Her death's-head infant coldly eyed, The desert of her shrunken breast.

Listen, my love! My work is done, I tremble as I touch the page To sign the sentence of the sun And crown the great eternal age.

The slow adagio begins, The winding sheets are raveled out That swathe the minds of men, the s That wrap their rotting souls about.

The dead are heralded along, With silver trumps and golden drums, And flutes and obces, keen and strong, My brave andante singing comes.

"Then like a python's sumptuous dress The frame of things is cast away, And out of time's obscure distress The thundering scherzo crashes day.

For three great orchestras I hope My mighty music shall be scored, On three high hills they shall have scope, With heaven's vault for a sounding board

Sleep well, love! Let your eyelids fall, Cover the child; good night, and if-What? Speak-the traitorous end of a Both cold and hungry, cold and stiff. But, no! God means us well, I trust!

Dear ones be happy, hope is ni We are too young to fall to dust, And too unsatisfied to die!"

He lifted up against his breast The woman's body, stark and wan, And to her withered bosom pressed The little thin-clad skeleton.

You see, you are allve!" he cried. He rocked them gently to and fro. No, no, my love, you have not died, Nor you, my little fellow, no!"

Long in his arms he strained his dead. And crooned an antique lullaby; Then laid them on the lowly bed, And broke down with a doleful cry:

The love, the hope, the blood, the brain Of her and me, the budding life,

My unscored work, my child, my wife!

"We drop into oblivion, And nourish some surburban sod; My work, this woman, this, my sor Are now no more; there is no God!

The world's a dustbin; we are due And death's cart walts; be life accurst!"

And death's cart walts; be life accurst!" He stumbled down beside the two, And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven's gate, Abashed and trembling for his sin. I trow he had not long to wait. For God came out and let him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair, Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed to meet him first upon the stair-His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light, And gave him heavenly food to eat; Great scraphs praised him to the height Archangels sat about his feet.

God, smiling, took him by the hand, And led him to the brink of heaven: He saw where systems whirling stand, Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned; a shudder ran Through space; Time furled Through space; Time furled wearled wings; A slow adagto then began Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along, As if with drums and trumps of flam And flutes and obces keen and strong, A brave andante singing came. of flame

Then like a python's sumptuous dress, The frame of things was cast away, And out of Time's obscure distress The conquering scherzo thundered day

He doubted; but God said: "Even so; Nothing is lost that's wrought in tears; The music that you made below Is now the music of the spheres!"

actiment of differences having been made with the metal polishers, buffeters and platers national union. Secretaries are re-quested to announce this at union meetings. Verses treating of music, and being music

Four motor cars, built after the style of baggage cars, are the electric locomotives To secure traction they have been made extra heavy, weighing, when fully equipped, about 60,000 pounds each. Two will have four motors each and the others two motors each lung on trucks.

The wark of changing the motive power of the road from steam to electricity was done under the direction of Colonel N. H. Teft, formerly president of the Bridgeport Traction company, but who was recently engaged by the Consolidated road to superintend their electric work. Starting at Old Colony House there is little to suggest the trolley railway. In place of the girder, groove, stilt-like "T," or the other styles of rail in electric rail-ways, there is used the conventional T rail employed by steam roads. The rails weigh seventy-eight pounds to the yard, and are of the type known as the "Old Colony section," four and one-half inches high, and are laid

Two flexible coper bonds seven inches long

are under the base of the rails at each joint and riveted to them. The bonds are so placed that when the angle bars used in splicing the rails are in position the bonds can-not be seen. The length of the bond is reduced to a minimum to insure the maximum carrying capacity with the minimum of re-

istance. The tracks are fifteen feet apart from center to center, and between the tracks is the single line of poles upon which is supported the cables and trolley wire cross arms. The poles are 12x14 inches at the butt and 10x12 inches at the top. They are painted black to a point six feet from the ground, and white to within one foot of the cross arm, then finished black.

Power house No. 1 is situated midway between Nantasket and Old Colony House station. The stack is 115 feet high, with a base of thirteen feet. The power house is \$3x110 feet and fifty-three feet to the top of the roof. A twenty-four-inch wall separates the engine from the boiler room, in which there are two batteries of four boilers each. The boilers are of the horizontal flue type. enty-two inches in diameter and i feet long, with 140 three-inch tubes. enty-two nineteen

The cars are equipped with the Westing-house air brake, and have all standard ap-pliances of the steam cars in use by the Consolidated. In addition to a fifteen-inch gong at the front ends of the motor cars, each of these cars will have a chime whistle. worked with compressed air in steam.

Save for a single feature, there is not the slightest resemblance to the steam loco-motive. That feature is the cowcatcher at both ends of the motor cars. It is situated underneath the platforms instead of pro-jecting beyond the body of the locomotive, as with the steam locomotive. The wheels are about the size of the largest wheels used on steam cars, but the axies are consider-ably heavier to withstand the strain of the

lectric gearing. Until the capacities of the motors are fully ascertained it is not known, how many cars will be run on a train. It is expected, however, that trains will have from four to

nine cars, as occasion may require. The Nantasket Beach branch was c for the experiment for the reason was chosen within its limits are condensed most of the difficult problems which will have to be determined to make electricity a successful substitute for steam. The curves are many and sharp and the grades steep. Trains will be run with great frequency in the seven miles between Old Colony House station and Dembarter Pemberton.

Rev. Philos G. Cook, better known "Chaplain Cook," who has just died in Buffalo, served in the war as a regimental chaplain and since the war devoted his life to Sunday school work in Buffalo.