

PETTICOAT RULE INDEED.

The Women of Alaska Run Things Freely Much as They Please. The Alaskan man, according to Kate Field's Washington, never dares make a bargain without his wife's consent, because she is the better trader. So clever are the women in preparing the fish and berries for the winter, collecting the roots, plaiting the mats and baskets out of rushes and weaving the precious Chilkat blanket, that they are valuable members of society, their judgment and opinions are respected, and their advice is followed. It is the husband who collects the wood and makes the fire, cleans the fish, and constructs the wooden utensils for the household. When the Thlinket woman has company drop in unexpectedly to dinner, or makes a feast to pay off her social indebtedness, it is she who stands heated and tired over the great fire where the huge joints are roasting? Not at all. The husband cooks and serves the meats. When a young and handsome woman adds to her value by presenting her husband with sons and daughters, does she renounce her active outdoor life, excitement of the fishing, the staining and weaving of her mats and baskets, or leaves the gathering of the winter's rations to the husband, while she devotes her valuable skill to crooning lullabies and walking the house with soothing and screaming babies? Not in the least? Her baby is not the spoiled tyrant of pampered civilization. He is bound into his cradle and kept there until he can walk. His mother takes him out about once a week for a bath, puts him back in his cradle, hangs him up on a tree, perches him on a wall, or lays him down in some out of the way corner wherever it is most convenient, and serenely pursues the even tenor of her way as if he did not exist, exactly as his father does. Howling does not change a baby's condition, as he presently discovers, and so there is little crying, and, in consequence, babies are not such nuisances as they are when permitted to have wills of their own before possessing brains enough to guide those wills discreetly. The pride of the Thlinket housewife is in her mats of black, red, yellow and blue, dyed and woven precisely as her great-grandmother fashioned mats before her. She weaves squatting upon the ground, but she sews lying flat upon her stomach and leaning upon her elbows. Doubtless there are few round-shouldered women among them, but how they manage to work under such apparently adverse circumstances is difficult to understand. Their finest art in weaving is the Chilkat blanket made by each woman, assisted by her children if she has any, of the wool of the mountain sheep, in highly decorative art and worn on ceremonial occasions only. A woman working alone occupies two months in making one of these blankets, and works from eight to ten hours a day. The weaving and plaiting is never commenced until the severity of the weather drives the women indoors. A little incident illustrative of the absolute authority of these women is told by a captain who witnessed it at Cape Cross. One of the chiefs accidentally prevented a woman in her canoe from approaching the ship, whereupon she seized a paddle and struck him on the head so violently as almost to disable him from defending himself from the blows which followed. This unequal combat continued half an hour, in spite of the captain's firing a gun over their heads to frighten them, and finally this sweet child of nature stepped into the man's canoe, whipped a knife from her dress, and cut her victim once across the thigh, being prevented from continuing her little pleasure only by the forcible interference of the captain's men. During the whole engagement not a man among the natives dared interfere. It would be an interesting discussion for the women's clubs—the reason of such a state of submission to feminine control, which is said to depend not upon the virtues of the husbands, but because of the utility of the women, who in all the industries of the nation are equally skillful with the men. A Famous Accidental Discovery. Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp which bears his name, had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light given out by his lamp, but all to no purpose. On a table before him one night lay an oil flask which had accidentally gotten the bottom broke off, leaving a long-necked, funnel-shaped tube. This Argand took up carelessly from the table and placed, almost without thought, as he afterwards related, over the flame. A brilliant white light was the magical result. It is needless to add that the hint was not lost by the experimenter, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical use by "inventing" the common glass lamp chimney. Hundreds of discoveries which have been heralded to the world as the acme of human genius have been the results of merest accident, the auger, calico printing, vulcanization of rubber, etc., being among the number. The Largest Telescope. The new equatorial telescope recently mounted in Paris has its tube bent at a right angle and the image of the sky formed by the object glass is reflected to the eye of the observer. It is the largest of the kind in the world, its optical powers being very fine and the images of the planets remarkably distinct. Painting by Lightning. Lightning from a clear sky struck a Helena, Mont., woman the other day, and traced on her an almost perfect representation of a small branch of a tree. The figures of the leaves were nearly perfect. She was not hurt in the least.

A STROLL UNDER THE THAMES

Blackwall Tunnel Becomes the Parade of London's East End. From the London Mail: For the last six weeks the Blackwall tunnel has been to the toilers of the east end what Hyde Park is to the west end. It is the promenade a la mode to as many thousands as can reach it. Little as its promoters dreamed—little as his royal highness the prince of Wales imagined when in July last the walk was declared open—Blackwell tunnel has grown to be the great rendezvous of the people. It is their playground, their concert hall, their shelter from cold and wind and rain, the trysting place of lovers—and destined to entold more than one romance more than one tragedy. It has already had one death, for a few weeks ago a van driver was thrown from his seat and killed. As the corpse of the van driver was being carried out a bystander remarked to one of the policemen who stand guard at the Popular end of this great feat of engineering: "A dead man, eh? Why, I've just counted twenty pairs of lovers going in!" Blackwall Tunnel! What a splendid title for a melodrama! All day and night the tunnel is lit up by electric lamps—an incomparable vista of light a mile and a half long. No wonder, then, that when several thousand people are in the tunnel singing, shouting, laughing, playing on concertina, banjo or Jew's harp, the scene should be one unparalleled in the whole length and breadth of London. It will be a problem to Mr. Macdonald, the chief engineer of the great tunnel, how this huge body of pleasure seekers is to be managed, when later on the wintry blasts blow and their tendency to loiter and reluctance to leave will increase. The tunnel was not quite finished when the prince of Wales formally opened it. It was closed to the public for some weeks. But since its actual and permanent opening it has been found, in a dual sense, to fill a long-felt want. There is light and love and laughter—no care, no trouble, no cold, so every Sunday anyone who is anyone in the near east takes his wife or sweetheart for a stroll beneath the Thames. Romance of a Barmaid. The Duke of Chandos, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was conspicuous for his peculiarities and the magnificence of style in which he lived. Strange to say, at the same time, he was the soul of thrift. His country seat, Canons, had cost him £1,000,000. He dined in public, like the king, with music playing, and surrounded by his Swiss guards. In 1719 the Duke, while on a journey, stopped at the "Castle Inn" at Marlborough. Just as his gorgeous gilded coach rolled into the courtyard frightful shrieks were heard and a young girl of remarkable beauty, but whose golden locks and white face were streaming with blood, was seen rushing frantically hither and thither, trying to escape from a brutal man, the hostler of the inn, who was striking her with the butt end of a heavy horse whip. The enraged Duke ordered the wretch to stop, but the hostler replied that the girl, who was a barmaid at the inn, was his wife, and he could do what he liked with her, offering, at the same time, with a wicked leer, to sell his right to the Duke. The latter took him at his word, threw down twenty guineas, and when he left the town took the unlucky barmaid with him. The Duke of Chandos had his protegee well educated and she developed into an elegant and accomplished woman; she afterward became the wife of Sir Thomas Duval. Sir Thomas, however, lived but a few years, and, dying, left a fortune of £40,000 to his widow. During the interval, however, the Duchess of Chandos also died, and then, in the year 1735 the noble Duke wedded the ex-barmaid, and the chronicles tell us that he never repented the bargain, for he wrote in his will: "I owe the greatest comfort I have enjoyed in this life to my Duchess, Lydia Catherine." And, furthermore, he ordered that in death they should not be divided, and that a marble monument should be erected to her. Irish Humor. It was a negligence case, and a good-humored Irishman was a witness. The judge, lawyers and everybody else were trying their best to extract from him something about the speed of a train. "Was it going fast?" asked the judge. "Aw, yis, it were," answered the witness. "How fast?" "Aw, purty fast, yer Honor." "Well, how fast?" "Aw, purty fast." "Was it as fast as a man can run?" "Aw, yis," said the Irishman, glad that the basis for an analogy was supplied; "as fast as two men kin run."—Buffalo Express. A Star at Harvard. "Why do you think this particular college must be superior to all the rest in the matter of imparting real learning to its students?" "I've never heard of its having a champion football team, a winning base ball team or a crew that could row a little bit." Ethel's Decision. Ethel (5 years old)—Mamma, if I get big and marry, will I get a husband like papa? Mamma (smiling)—Yes, dear. Ethel—And will I then be a wife like you? Mamma—Yes, dear. Ethel (after a long, sad pause)—I believe I'll be good and die young. The Thing to Do. Would-Be Contributor—I have a poem here that I would like to read to you. (Reads it.) What would you advise me to do with it? Editor—Get Corbett to read it to Fitzsimmons. He claims that he wants to make the latter fight again.

MORE DROWSY THAN EVER.

Eastern Congregation Almost Asphyxiated by Keeping Gas. Rev. Mr. Hance, pastor of Gloria Dei church, Palenville, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., like many another good man of the cloth, is sometimes pained to observe among his congregation an all too general drowsiness. Seldom does it occur that this inclination to sleep makes itself manifest until the sermon is well under way. Therefore Mr. Hance was much surprised on a recent Sunday to note that a number of those in the pews began to nod their heads while the singing was still in progress. The little church was filled with worshippers, and the day being damp and chilly, the doors and the windows were all tightly closed. While the good pastor was somewhat indignantly wondering at the lack of attention among some of his flock he vaguely noticed the presence of a peculiar odor. At the same time he observed that a man who was alone in one of the pews lay stretched along its seat and was snoring loudly; that Miss Lucy Kemp was fast asleep, her head resting on her arm on the back of the pew; that Miss Alice Lamoreau, her eyes closed, was leaning far over in a most constrained attitude. Then the clergyman felt a strange lethargy stealing over himself, then a crash, and Miss Kemp fell to the floor and lay stretched there, breathing stertorously; then Miss Lamoreau slid from the seat and lay huddled in a heap. The preacher's drowsy brain realized that the odor he had noticed was growing stronger, overpowering; that it was the odor of coal gas, and that his congregation was in imminent danger. With an effort he pulled himself together and sprang to his feet. "The service will end here," he exclaimed. "Open all the doors and windows. You, and you, and you," designating half a dozen men by name, "look to those girls"—pointing to the two unconscious on the floor—carry them out. All you get out as quick as you can." Those who were least affected obeyed their pastor's orders and enforced them. The windows and doors were thrown open, the cold, fresh air blew in, and most of those who had breathed the coal gas at once revived. Miss Kemp and Miss Lamoreau, still unconscious, were carried to a house next to the church, where a physician restored them to their senses. On others the effect of the gas did not at once manifest itself. They were taken ill after their return home. All have recovered. Examination proved that a flue in the church furnace was faulty, and that the coal gas, generated in the furnace, instead of escaping up the chimney, had been pouring into the church. Frederick the Great and His Dogs. Frederick the Great's fondness for dogs amounted to a passion. He always had five or six Italian greyhounds about him, leaping upon chairs and sleeping on the couches in his room. During his last illness he used to sit on the terrace at Sans Souci and always had a dog at his side occupying another chair. He fed them himself, played with them and permitted them to tear, to their heart's content, his damask chairs and otherwise injure the furniture, saying: "My dogs destroy my chairs; if I have them mended today, they would be torn again tomorrow, so I suppose I must bear with the inconvenience." One of Frederick's dogs, Biche, attained historic celebrity. It is stated that the king took Biche with him on the campaign of 1745. One day the king, advancing on a reconnaissance, was surprised and pursued by the Austrians. He took refuge under a bridge, and, wrapping Biche in his cloak, held him to his breast. The sagacious dog seemed fully conscious of the peril of his master, and though of a nervous temperament and disposed to bark at the slightest disturbance, he remained perfectly quiet until the Austrians had passed. At the battle of Sohr, Biche was taken captive with the king's baggage. So much joy did the dog manifest upon being restored to his master that the king's eyes were flooded with tears. Travelers visit the tombs of these famous dogs. In front of the palace at Sans Souci are flat stones, each having engraved upon it the name of a dog. Nuggets in the Corn. While grinding western corn Charles Wainwright, a Toms River, N. J., miller, saw that something was wrong with the rollers. He investigated and found a nugget of gold worth \$18. It had come in the corn, but where from is, of course, not known. Madman's Queer Idea. Edward Shauer, of Greenville, O., has been taken to the insane asylum at Dayton. When taken before the judge for trial Shauer told the court that Sen. Foraker had split his head open and turned his brain around, and he wanted to know if it could not be fixed. Moral, Keep Books. Dasherly—"Awful break, Miss Scrooge made." Flasherly—"What was it?" Dasherly—"Got her Christmas presents mixed and actually sent some to the very people that gave them to her."—The Yellow Book. His Board of Trade Style. Clara (excited)—Well, papa, did the count ask you for me today? Mr. Millyns—Ask me for you! Now! He told me if I wanted to put up margins enough he'd talk business. Queer Restaurant Sign. In Sweden the railway stations where meals are served are known by the picture of a crossed knife and fork opposite the name of the station.

WHAT ROME TEACHES

In the Year 1900 Rome Will Take This Country and Keep It—Hecker. She Feasts That Religious Liberty is Only Endured Until the Opposite Side can Be Put into Effect Without Injury to the Roman Church. Education outside of the Catholic Church is a damnable heresy.—Pope Pius IX. Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities, even to war and bloodshed.—Catholic World. I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools.—Father Phelan. I would as soon administer sacrament to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to public schools.—Father Walker. The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards.—Father Schaner. It will be a glorious day in this country when under the laws the school system will be shivered to pieces.—Catholic Telegraph. The public schools are nurseries of vice; they are godless and unless suppressed will prove the damnation of this country.—Father Walker. We must take part in the elections, move in a solid mass in every state against the party pledged to sustain the integrity of the public schools.—McCloskey. The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell.—Chicago Tablet. The time is not far away when the Roman Catholic Church of the Republic of the United States, at the order of the Pope, will refuse to pay their school tax, and will send bullets to the breasts of the government agents rather than pay it. It will come quickly at the click of a trigger, and will be obeyed, of course, as coming from Almighty God.—Mgr. Capel. "We hate Protestantism; we detest it with our whole heart and soul."—Catholic Visitor. "No man has a right to choose his religion."—Archbishop Hughes in Freeman's Journal, Jan. 29, 1852. "If Catholics ever gain sufficient numerical majority in this country, religious freedom is at an end."—Catholic Shepherd of the Valley, Nov. 23, 1851. "Protestantism, of every form, has not, and never can have any right where Catholicity is triumphant."—Dr. O. A. Brownson's Catholic Review, June, 1851. "We have taken this principle for a basis: That the Catholic religion with all its rights, ought to be exclusively dominant, in such sort, that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted."—Pius IX. in his allocution to a Consistory of Cardinals, September, 1851. "Protestantism—why, we should draw and quarter it, and hang up the crow's meat. We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons! Fill it with molten lead and sink it in hell fire one hundred fathoms deep."—Father Phelan, Editor Western Watchman. "Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite side can be carried into effect, without peril to the Catholic Church."—Bishop O'Connor. The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country.—Father Hecker, in the Catholic World, July, 1870. "Undoubtedly it is the intention of the Pope to possess this country. In this intention he is aided by the Jesuits and Catholic prelates and priests."—Brownson's Catholic Review, July, 1864. When a Catholic candidate is on a ticket and his opponent is a non-Catholic, let the Catholic candidate have the vote, no matter what he represents.—Catholic Review, July, 1894. "In case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the laws of the church must prevail over the state."—Pius IX, Syllabus 1864. "We hold the state to be only an inferior court, receiving its authority from the church and liable to have its decrees reversed upon appeal."—Brownson's Essays, p. 232. "We do not accept this government or hold it to be any government at all, or as capable of performing any of the proper functions of government. If the American government is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation (that is, the government by the people), and the acceptance of the Catholic principle, which is the government of the pope."—Catholic World, September, 1871. "I acknowledge no civil power."—Cardinal Manning, speaking in the name of the Pope. S. R. S., 1873. "The Pope, as the head and mouth-piece of the Catholic Church, administers its discipline and issues orders to which every Catholic under pain of sin must yield obedience."—Catholic World, of August, 1868. "In 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it."—Priest Hecker. "The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands."—Archbishop Ireland. We have plenty of the issue of January 28, containing the exposure of Rome's plot to take this country by the sword. Ten for 30 cents; fifty for \$1.25; 100 for \$2. 500 for \$7.50; 1,000 for \$10. Have you sent any of that number to your friends? You should! 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