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THE POWER OF NIAGARA.

Progress of the Work of Harnessing the World's Greatest Waterfall. (Special Correspondence.)

NIAGARA FALLS, Dec. 24.—The public has heard much of the progress of the work at Niagara Falls on the canal and tunnel which are in progress of building by the Niagara Falls Power company. The canal above the falls and the tunnel which takes off the water after it has performed its service will be finished next fall. About these there were no particularly new engineering problems to solve. But it was a serious problem how to utilize the power—120,000 horse power—developed by these works. It has been reckoned that one horse power can keep two men busy, that is, in a machine shop employing 1,000 men a power of 500 horses will be needed. Therefore it will be seen that to attempt to use this great power immediately at Niagara would involve the building of one of the very largest cities in the whole of the United States. But great cities do not spring up at command, and the projectors of this enterprise, while bearing in mind the value and making provision for the use of a great deal of this power on the spot, have found that even then there would be much more to spare than had been used.

It was found in endeavoring to solve the problem of how best to utilize this surplus that while American engineers had shown great skill and ingenuity in the use of water power where it was generated, they were far behind the European engineers in their ability to transmit such power to a long distance. Buffalo is the largest town within easy reach of Niagara, being some eighteen miles away. This was where the power company wished first to get, but by any of the methods used in America the loss of power was so great that it would not pay.

In this emergency Dr. Coleman Sellers, the distinguished engineer and scientist of Philadelphia, was asked to visit Europe and see what he could learn there that would enable the company to do what it wished. He found that the Swiss were transmitting water power very cheaply and efficiently, and that in Paris and Birmingham compressed air was being used with great satisfaction. But even after seeing all that he could he did not feel equal to making plans with which he was entirely satisfied. He, therefore, at the expense of the company, organized an international commission, with Sir William Thompson as chairman. On this commission, besides Sir William, were Dr. Sellers, representing America; Colonel Turrentin, mayor of Geneva, representing Switzerland; M. Marichas, of the French institute, and Professor Unwin, of London.

This commission received plans from all the greatest electrical engineers in the world and awarded prizes aggregating \$25,000. These plans showed that to take the power to Buffalo was entirely feasible, and that while the power could be sold at a great profit on the spot at ten dollars per annum per horse power, it could also be sold in Buffalo at a price very much under the cost of steam generated there in the usual way. The company will therefore strike at once for a contract to light the city of Buffalo.

No plan to utilize the whole of the power generated has been adopted, but apart from that used on the spot arrangements will be made, so soon as the works are finished next October, to transmit within a radius of twenty miles of the central station at Niagara, two blocks of power of 5,000 horse power each, one block to be transmitted by electricity and one by compressed air. Then the remaining 100,000 horse power or so will be transmitted as there is a demand for it and in the manner which proves to be to be the cheapest and best.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

The Goodale Sisters.

(Special Correspondence.) New York, Dec. 24.—"Mrs. Eastman still writes for us, as does her sister," said two of the editors of The Independent yesterday, and somebody said, "Who is Mrs. Eastman?" She is one of two sisters who a generation ago, almost, were celebrated—were even counted famous—as the infant phenomena of the Berkshire hills. They—Dora and Elaine Goodale—wrote poetry which was good enough to command the respectful attention of critics when they were still little children, it is said before they were in their teens.

Today they are far apart, though their names will always be closely linked together. Elaine, the younger sister, is married to a Sioux Indian and is engaged in educational missionary work at the famous Pine Ridge agency, while Dora Goodale, still a spinster, remains at home with her mother, Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale, who was also in her day a literary woman.

The marriage of Elaine has already been the subject of many columns of newspaper comment. Her present life among the Indians has been the subject of several letters from her. Something sterner than the "weaving of rhymes" will probably occupy the poetess for the rest of her life. Her literary work, however, has been for a considerable time more in prose than in verse, and has generally taken the form of letters on the subject to which she has devoted her life. The Independent is still the paper to which she writes most frequently, it being the one through which she and her sister first commanded public attention, but she writes for other papers as well.

So does Dora. Her life has all or nearly all been passed at the old homestead called, Sky Farm, in Northampton, but her name has been fairly established as that of a favorite writer. She is advertised as one of the regular contributors to Good Housekeeping, and like her sister writes more prose than poetry. Of late years neither one of the sisters has attempted anything more ambitious than contributions to periodical literature, and it is said that the volumes they published so long ago were far from being pecuniarily profitable. D. A. C.

First Time on Record.

"In writing up this execution," observed the city editor, "you have made an unparalleled omission." "I—I thought I got all the facts," faltered the new reporter. "No," rejoined the city editor, "I'm sorry, but you did not. You failed to say the doomed man slept soundly the night previous to his execution."—Chicago Tribune.

A Picture with a Moral.



Do not yawn too freely behind those gauze fans.—Life.

A Put Up Job.

The barber had cut the hair of the man in the chair without saying a word and looked as if he were about to call out "Next!" when the man said: "I'll take a shave." "The barber shaved him in silence, and when he had finished the operation the customer spoke again: "Sea foam."

For the next five or ten minutes the barber was occupied in applying and removing the sea foam, and he preserved the same stony silence. "Now I'll have my whiskers trimmed." This operation was performed, and still the operator spoke not. "You may curl my mustache." This was done, but not a word passed the lips of the artist.

"Do you pull teeth?" inquired the customer. The barber shook his head. Then the customer got out of his chair as he paid the bill—seventy cents—to the man behind the cigar case, he remarked it a casual way that that barber talked less than any barber he had ever seen.

"Talk?" said the man behind the cigar case. "He talk? He's a mite. He lost his speech when he was a boy. He hasn't spoken a word for sixteen years." "All I've got to say about it," growled the man as he put his pocketbook back where it belonged, "is that it'll be sixteen years before I make another bet with the clerk of that hotel around the corner. I don't care so much for the five dollars he's beat me out of, but I say it's a darned shame to make a man waste seventy cents besides when you've got a dead cinch at him."

And he put on his hat and overcoat and walked with heavy, dragging step out of the shop.—Chicago Tribune.

Shot from Many Lockers.

No matter how cleanly the seafaring man may be while on the ocean, he has a strong antipathy to being washed ashore.—Boston Transcript.

"Let us now discuss the subject," as the king of the cannibals said when one of his retainers was served up.—Washington Star.

The motto of business men is "push." It is also that of business men's doors.—Baltimore American.

The Yuma Indians are building a theater of their own. It is expected that the performances will be mostly Yumarous, as to speak.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A young man who is given the mitter by his girl generally considers it a sleight of hand performance.—Lowell Courier.

"As Shakespeare says," remarked De Kique, "all the world's a stage, and nearly every man on it thinks he could do better than any of the stars if he had the chance."—Washington Star.

It is the remarkable fact that the biggest woman's bonnet at the theater the more nearly her head comes to solving the problem of perpetual motion.—Boston Transcript.

A friend is a man who points out the all ver lining in your clouds to avoid lending you an umbrella.—Atchison Globe.

No Place Like Home. He was writing an essay on the beauty of home life, and with his pen held suspended in the air, soliloquized thusly: "There is no place like home." "Papa," called a boy voice at the door: "will you mend my sled?" "Go away, sir. Don't you know better than to disturb me when I am writing. Now that idea is gone and I must begin all over again. There is no place like home." It was a woman's voice this time: "Reginald, the gas is leaking like every thing, and you must see the company and have it stopped."

"There is no place like home," began the wretched man again, just as Hannah, the girl, thrust her head in to ask: "Did you order the kindlin'?" Then he seized his pen and wrote fluently for full five minutes before he gave up his wild dream of fame. "There is no place like home—for discomfort, annoyances cold, hunger and every kind of disturbance on the face of the earth, at the most inopportune and trying moment."—Detroit Free Press.

In a Bad Way. Dr. Tomstone—How are you feeling to day, Mrs. Tangletongue? Mrs. Tangletongue—Oh, doctor, I have the most scrutinizing pains in my head, and I fear I shall certainly have inflammation of the brain.—Boston Courier.

Two Years After Marriage. She—What a pleasure it is, Henry, to read over our old love letters! He—Yes, positively amusing. She (sotto voce)—And to think that I once loved this brute!—Boston Transcript.

His Occupation. "How are you, Fenwick? Still out of employ ment?" "No, I'm getting ten dollars a week for reciting 'Old Mother Hubbard' into phonographs for talking dolls."—Harper's Bazar.

Miscalculation. He waited for his tailor's bill, and then he wished he'd fled; His tailor did not send a bill, He came himself instead. —Clothing and Furnishings.



"Well, good afternoon. I'm going to call on my mother." "What! You don't mean to say you've got a mother living?" "Oh, yes, and she don't look a bit older than you do, I assure you!"

Couldn't Trust Him. Miss Gush—And, Ethel dear, what is the baby's name? Mrs. Newmother—I've named him Ethelbert Algernon. Miss Gush—But I always thought the father named the boys? Mrs. Newmother—If you could hear what his father calls him when he is walking the floor with him in the early dawn, you wouldn't wonder I took matters in my own hands.—Life.

A Chance for Him. Quester—Do you think that, had Shakespeare lived in our day, he would have attained the same degree of fame that we now accord him? Jester—Upon one condition, yes. Quester—And what is that? Jester—If he'd let poetry alone and become an expert football player.—Boston Courier.

Just the Same. "There was a man in front of my house yesterday with an infernal machine," said Barker. "How terrible!" said Miss Mellow. "What did it look like?" "Like any other hand organ."—Harper's

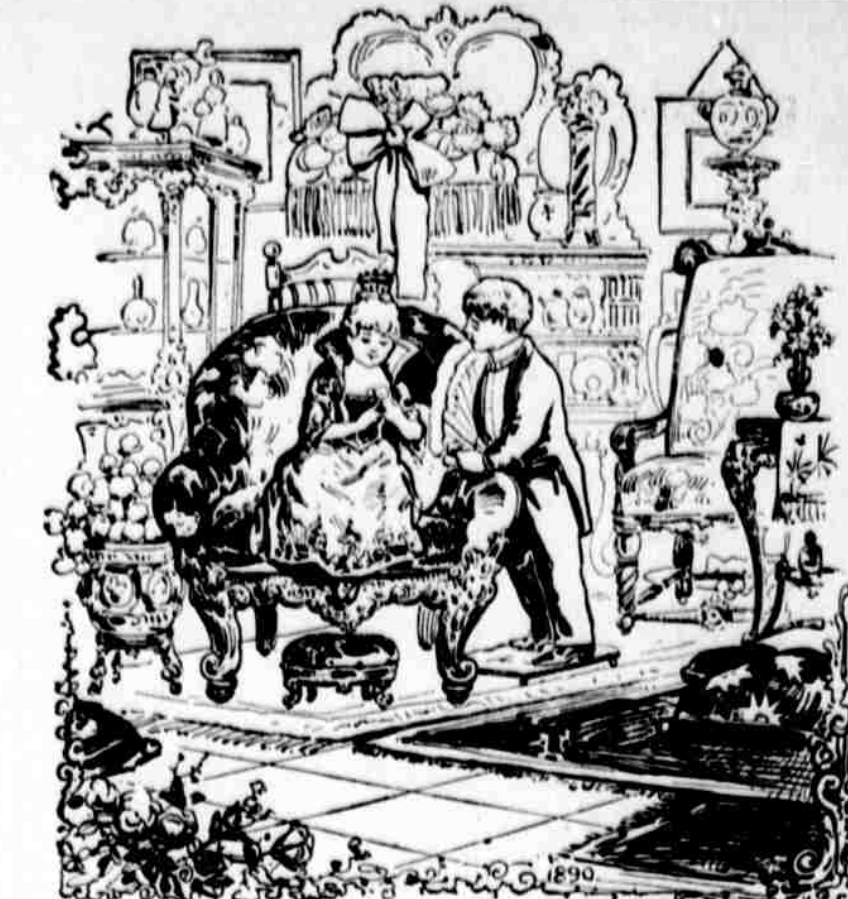
Instructions for John. "Now, John," said Mrs. De Porque to the new gardener, "I hope you will remember all that I have told you. And whatever you do, don't forget to water the electric light plant."—Washington Star.

A Doubtful Compliment. He—How old are you, Miss Dolly? She (sweetly)—How old would you think? He (earnestly)—I don't know, but I'm sure you're younger than any one would think.—Life.

Love's Language. Jack—Love's language is the language of the eyes. Tom (gloomily)—It may be, but I confess I have found it to be chiefly a language of "Nos."—New York Herald.

A Rare Document. First Student—You said you had a rare autograph in your possession, yet I see nothing here but a receipted tailor's bill. Second Ditto—And, pray, isn't that a rare document!—Life.

A Boom Always on Hand. There is no need of dull times on board ship. The crew can always get up a boom.—Lowell Courier.



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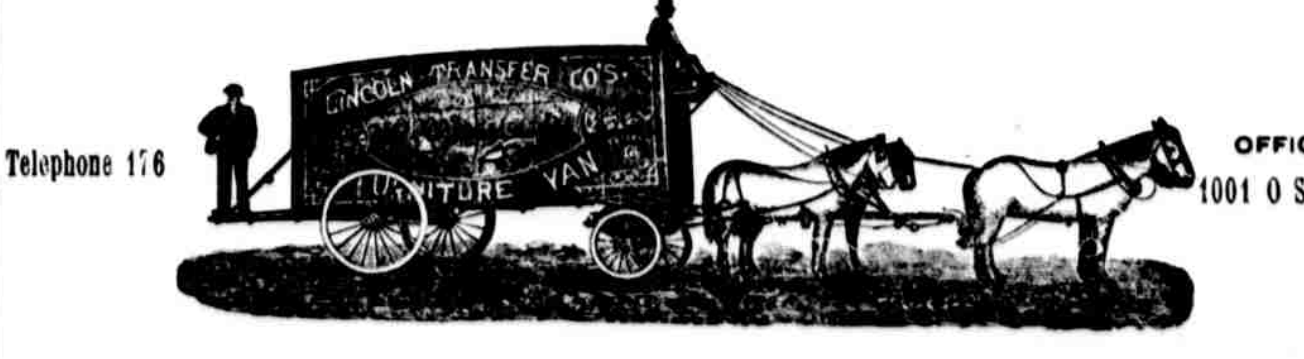
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