THE RED CLOUD CHIEF. FRIDAY, NOV. 1, 1895.

Not One of Flower

friend, Joshua Fry Speed, subsequent

to the latter's marriage, betray an anx-

ious and impatient desire to learn if

marriage is a pathway of flowers and

sunlight, and not of darkness and pain

the two had morbidly feared it to be.

Letters from Lincoln to his closest

CH STAGE fame if she is blest with unsuual beauty. This is not, after all so lamentable as some would have us be-WHO REIGN lieve.

PREME.

evrel, Purny, Leclerq and Other Who Have Won Fame and Fortune with Their Faces-All Have but Meagro Talents.



relies less upon the natal endowments of physical attractiveness, than on the charm she can acvacity. Given only veils. a pair of spakling eyes, and the French woman is

conquest. Lips that are neither full nor rosy, take on a charm of their own when they are the portal, if not of a bonbon, at least of a bon mot. Engaging smiles are a good substitute for peachbloom on a woman's cheeks. Even the lucky possessor of a fine figure is often more clumsy than majestic, and at a manifest disadvantage against a sprightly and nimble woman of less imposing architecture.

There is, after all, nothing that palls so soon on admiration, not to say affection, as a beautiful body devoid of mental charm. It is like serving "yarb"



SCHEVREL.

tea in a Satsuma cup. Such ill-supported beauties are like those limited editions de luxe of intolerably empty literature published in velvet and gold at the author's expense.

I am very far from meaning to say. by all this, that beauty is vanity. Every passing of a beautiful woman along graces are as well endowed to be the a staring street is like the soul-cheering progress of a ravishing melody, Beauty should be allowed to cover a multitude

If it is a virtue to hide away a noble poem or a superb novel in perpetual manuscript, or in an expensive or limited edition; if it is one of the humanitles, to lock up art treasures in private galleries; if it is generous to build high fences around flower beds and parks;

if it is benevolent to keep music im-HE Gallic woman prisoned in the hush of a grim library, and to allow no street planos down the aisles of tenement forests, then it is not miserly or churlish to hide beautiful woman away from the benediction of grateful eyes in the jail of a seraglio, quire by studied vi- and send her forth only under heavy

If it is a plety to thank heaven for fair meadows and rare skies, the grace of trees and the color of flowers, it is surely not heathenish to be more gratefully accoutred for ful for the superior shapeliness and the richer hues of a beautiful woman. Therefore, blessings be on the theater that gives us a sight of women who, whether orthodox or not, and whether artistic or not, are at least a rest and a banquet for eyes weary of gray pavements and glum office buildings, stingy of the sky. But all this fine writing has precious little bearing on the French type of beauty.

When I said that actual physical attractiveness is rarer among French women than their general effectiveness would lead one to believe, I had no idea of denying the existence of such beauty altogether. Far be it from me to speak with so little gallantry; and, further, to speak with so little truth. But Sara Bernhardt is a somewhat sublimed type of French charm. Endowed, with neither an imposing form nor exfire, so restless with activity, so acute in foreseeing effects, and so dramatic in realizing them, so full of that question-begging thing we call magnetism, that she takes on a beauty of expression and carriage that lifts her above many a statelier, many a fairer woman. Modern France is not without heiresses to the feminine beauty that has always played about her history with a flame too frequently baleful. In the Bols de Boulogne, boiling, like Juvenal's Rome, with carriages, one can see many a regal beauty lacking only the opportunity to add a king's scalp to her tuftcrowded belt. At the Gymnase, at the Opera, all about all Paris, and all

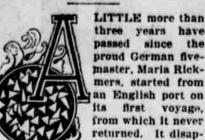
France, stride potential Aspaslas. Among the languid indolents may be a Duchesse de Longueville, inactively serene only until some opportunity for political trouble occurs. Many a latterday Ninon de Lenclos, reigns in the salons, consulted between amours, by respectful philosophers, and taken as critic by young Molieres. This gorgeous arbitress of elegancies, wasting her time on gowns and small flirtations. needs only a chance to become as verifair face, every symmetrical form, is table a prime minister as any Marquise a benison to thank heaven for. The de Pompadour. Those three rival



A NEW LEVIATHAN.

LARGEST SAILING VESSEL NOW IN COMMISSION.

Foll-Rigged Sailing Ship with Five Masts--Four Hundred and Twentysix Feet Long and Fifty-two Feet Over Beam.



LITTLE more than "Lincoln's Hesitancy to Marry," in the three years have Ladles' Home Journal. In one Lincoln Dassed since the SAVS: proud German fivemaster, Maria Rickme with joy to hear you say you are mers, started from 'far happier than you ever expected to an English port on be.' That much I know is enough. I its first voyage,

peared without them all, I say, enough, dear Lord. leaving a trace. am not going beyond the truth when 1 Only one sailing vessel of similar ditell you that the short space it took me mensions has been built since(we reto read your last letter gave me more fer to the French five-master, La pleasure than the sum total of all I France); but now Germany has become have enjoyed since the fatal first of the possessor of the largest sailing ves-January, 1841. Since then, it seems to sel in the world. On June 8 of this me, I should have been entirely happy year, the five-master, Potosi, was but for the never-absent idea that there launched from the yards of Tecklenis one (referring to Miss Mary Todd) borg, and a short time ago started on its who is still unhappy, whom I have confirst voyage to Iquique, says the Illus- tributed to make so. That still kills my trated Zeitung. The vessel is owned by soul. I cannot but reproach myself for the well-known Hamburg house of F. even wishing to be happy while she is Laeisz, and its command was given to otherwise. She accompanied a large Captain Hilgendorf, who has made re- party in the railroad cars to Jacksonmarkably quick voyages with other ville last Monday, and on her return vessels built in the Tecklenborg yards spoke so that I heard of it, of having enand enjoys a very high reputation for joyed the trip exceedingly. God be ability. The Potosi is so enormous praised for that. One thing I can tell that other sailing vessels which have you which I know you will be glad to been considered large appear like hear, and that is that I have seen Mary dwarfs beside it. It is about 426 feet and scrutinized her feelings as well as 5 inches long, 52 feet 5 inches broad and 1 could, and am fully convinced she is cellent features, she is so imbued with 32 feet 9 inches deep. It has a capacity far happier now than she has been for of 6,150 tons, or 550 tons more than that the last fifteen months past." of La France. The uninitiated may Eight months after Speed had marobtain a better idea of the great size ried Mr. Lincoln wrote him: of this vessel from the following figures: "But I want to ask a close question

THE POTOSI, LARGEST SAILING VESSEL ON THE OCEANS.

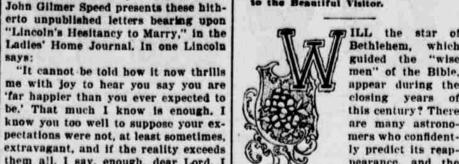
5.511,500 pounds of iron were used in its | 'Are you now in feeling as well as construction, and the vessel, which will judgment glad that you are married as make regular trips to the Western coast you are?' From anybody but me this ry about 13,227 bags of this salt. For be tolerated; but I know you will pardon by rail 600 double cars would be re- am impatient to know."

quired, which, if coupled together, would Mr. Lincoln's object in askin

LINCOLN AND MATRIMONY. THE STAR OF CHRIST. Apprehensive That the Pathway Was

IT MAY BE SEEN AGAIN BEFORE END OF YEAR.

The Event Promised by the World's Breatest Scientists Is Close at Hand-Conditions of the Heavens Favorable to the Beautiful Visitor.



n the heavenly bodies have encouraged some to believe that great astronomical phenomenon is approaching. According to the calculations of the past, the star should appear some time between 1890 and 1895, and the present year being the last of the time set for it, there is considerable anxiety displayed by those interested in the question. In the year 1572 the star appeared the last time, and of its appearance then we have the most trustworthy account. "One evening as I was watching the heavens in my accustomed manner." Tycho Brahe writes, "I saw, to my astonishment, in the constellation of Cassiopeia, a brilliant star of unusual clearness." A few nights before this the author-astronomer, Cornelius Gemma, saw the star, and called it the "new Venus." Both men thought this wouderfully brilliant phenomenon of the heavens was the old star of Bethlehem. and its appearance at that time tallied with its periodical appearance in 1264, 945, 630 and 315. In 1264 the Bohemian astronomer and astrologer, Cyprian Lowitz, gives an account of the appearance in the heavens of a wonderfully attractive star that had not been there before. In his accounts we have similar descriptions of the strange visitor, appearing suddenly and moving gradually away, until finally swallowed up in space. To him, also, we are indebted for an account of the same star, which appeared in 945, when the heavens seemed to be lighted up by this strange heavenly phenomenon. The Chinese chroniclers, who watched the heavens with great care, also mention the appearance of a comet or new heavenly body, which they thought meant disaster to their crops. It did not bring any ill luck to the country, and the common people then attributed its appearance to their good gods, and they rejoiced that the "one-eyed" was looking down upon them. There have been altogether twenty-

six historical accounts of the appearance of strange new stars in the heavens. Many astronomers reason from of South America for saltpetre, can car- would be an imprudent question not to this that should an unusually brilliant star appear this year, it would not inthe transportation of the same quantity it in me. Please answer it quickly, as I dicate that it was the old star of Bethlehem. They say that the wise men simply saw enus at the time of its greatest splendor. Others assume that and where needed and fresh and pure the star was occasioned by the conjunction of planets, or that it was a comet. In 1826 the German astronomer Ideler, suggested that the star was a conjunction of planets, and Encke repeated it in 1831. To support their theory, they show that there was a conjunction of Jupiter, Mars and Saturn in September

THE LATEST STAR.

Utah to Become One of the Elchest of the Mining States.

Utah's Constitution has been framed: her people will adopt it in November and soon thereafter the President will issue his proclamation, and the great Territory-the history of which so well illustrates the potency of patience, persistence and faith, and within which was first raised on the Western Slopo the standard of civilization-will be admitted to all the privileges of a sover-

Bethlehem, which eign state, It will be a happy day for Utah-s guided the "wise happy day for the nation-the day Utab men" of the Bible, shakes from her supple limbs the tramappear during the mels of Territorial life, and with her closing years of dowry of wealth and brains is received this century? There into the family of states. Then public are many astronointerest will center in the new sovereignty, and the people will look to it for mers who confidentan answer to the question, "What have ly predict its reapyou within your borders for the making of a great commonwealth?" How little pearance, and the recent disturbances should Utah be abashed by this inquiry?

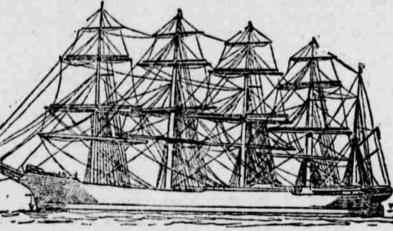
No Western State ever entered the Union after a longer period of preparation or with more splendid men or re-

Utah has 250,000 people trained and disciplined to the tasks of industry.

Utah has a chain of fertile valleys extending from Idaho to Arizona under a system of irrigation as perfect as any in the world-valleys rimmed by treasure-filled mountains, and checkered with little farms, whereon, in many instances for nearly half a century, has been exemplified in the perfection of husbandry

Utah has mines-the mere*mention of names of which compels the at-tention of the whole mining world. Take for instance, "The Onmrio," It has paid \$13,175,000 in divi-dends, or the "Horn Silver," dividends, \$5,147,500, or the "Daily," dividends, \$2,850,000, or several others that are a neck or two over the million mark. These, above mentioned, are silver properties, but there are others bearing gold -bright, glittering gold-in liberal quantities. In one gold mine alone, the Mer-cur, dividends are being paid on the basis of half a million a year, while in the Mercur district, infinitesimal in comparison with other mining districts, there is a cluster of pure gold bearing properties that aggregates in value many millions of dollars. In the light of these figures, is it unreasonable to assert that Utah is one of the greatest mining regions in the United States? Where else can you find so many prec- 🕈 ions metals, so many minerals of use In the arts and in commerce, and in such great bulk? There is even gold in the water of the Great Salt Lake and health in the air that goes with it-but that is not all. Here is a field for the business man that is new and fruitful. Almost every conceivable resource in the shape of raw material is within the reach of the manufacturer. If this is an age of progress, as has been asserted, then Utah affords the opportunity to expand and increase the trade of the world-that is what is needed.

Utah has pastorial it simply ac limited possibilities. It simply ac Utah has pastoral resources of un overflowing, bountcous, golden gr a fields, or heavier-laden vines and fruit trees ever gladdened the heart and pocket of sun-browned husbandman than the hundred fold harvests of this land. No greener pastures ever feas a herd of thriving cattle and no a has proved more inexhaustible the



of sins. It is very much like genius, Both are the gifts of a mysterious Provtdence, or chance, or luck, or whatever you may happen to believe in just now. Neither is a deserved reward for anything creditable to the possessor, unless for good deeds in a previous life-if you accept Metempsychosis. Both genius and beauty are apt to get their possessors into trouble. Each requires a vast amount of studious care and laborious improvement. Beauty, in fact, is physical gentus. And ugliness is physical idiocy.

As men have the cursed craving for gold, so the feminine characteristic is pulchritudinis sacra fames. When toopartial Fortune has lavished on one woman both beauty and brains, then trouble is brewing for unlucky mankind. The two-fold ambition of such a woman is formidable, indeed, and tireless. Not even governments are beyond her aspiration, and she becomes the power behind the throne of a Pericles, or sets a world-ruling empire at odds, orders such a naval battle as the fasco at Actium, and drags down her lover, and all Egypt in her own wreck. She rises from poverty to the scarlet estate of a royal mistress, and dispenses lavish favors as one to the manner born. Her fair fingers do not fail to meddie with the wheels even of republics.

But the widest field to-day, for a woman both fair to see and good to



PURNY.

hear, is the stage. Here beauty, with the minimum support of ability, will speedily afford her opportunities. The to be ashamed of in French social hisbest actress can hardly succeed without | tory, that they are reluctantly admita good measure of physical attractive- ting the possibility of safety in self-Thespis may find a primrose path to writer in Godey's.

LECLERQ.

successive rulers of a court as any Mile. de la Valliere, Marquise de Montespan, or Mme. de Maintenon. Modern France could quickly scrape up a Marion Delorme, an Agnes Sorel, or a Diane de Poictiers, or another Belle Ferronniere, if need be. Beauty did not die with Mme. Recamier. Doubtless an admixture of bravery and beauty would be forthcoming if there were occasion for a faithful Princesse de Lamballe or an avenging Charlotte Corday. The modern stage has women as fair as Adrienne Lecouvreur or any of her rivals.

But alas! the modern French woman is so timid of the notoriety of the camera, that it is quite impossible to buy her picture, unless she is an actress. Fortunately, the English and American women are not so timid of their beauty, and it is possible to get types of the beauty of all walks in life. So, while I maintain that the characteristic French charm is rather vivacity of manner than perfection of feature, and rather grace of intellect than spirituality of flesh, there are surely more than a few who satisfy all the canons of sheer physical charm.

The French themselves, admit the superior beauty of the American girl, even though they may be borrified at the freedom of her life and her ignorance of the shoulder shrugging nuances deemed the end of all refinement over there. But they are beginning to feel the genial influence of liberty among our women, and it is leavening their immemorial idolatry of the chaperon as the preventive of all evil and the warder-off of all temptation. A few centuries of the worship of convention-

ality and good form have left so much as. The most unskillful follower of dependence and self-respect, says a make a train more than three miles long.

The Potosi carries 39 sails, that are made of canvas nearly two feet wide, (1842), one month exactly after the and if all of these pieces of canvas were question had been submitted, Mr. Linsewed together they would make a strip nearly one and one-half miles long. The vessel can carry as many people as there are in a city the size of Bremen.

The Potosi excels other sailing vessels not only in size, but also in the elegance of its construction and fitting French magazine' tells of ducks that The Maria Rickmers was built in an English yard, but, as we have said, the Potosi was constructed in Germany and is a specimen of shipbuilding of which all Germans may well be proud. May er finally took them to the country to good fortune attend her in all her voyages.

Beauties of the Material Life.

All the hymns, all the prayers, all the scripture reading are as nothing unless you make their beauty come into your daily life, writes Ruth Ashmore. Take some of the care off the shoulders of the busy mother; make life seem more pleasant by your gracious thought of that father who toils all day long. Make it easier for a sister to dislike the wrong and do the right; show a brother the rosy side of the cross and so make it lighter for him to carry. And do all this, not with loud protestations, but quietly and gently, letting God's name be whispered in your heart, and being ouly the sister and daughter without forcing the knowledge that you, are the Christian. Then, very soon some one will realize that your beautiful life is lived for Christ's sake, and then you will represent Him as all women should, not by speaking from the pulpit, not by giving commands,

but by living every day the life that He would wish should be yours.

A Cable Quarrel.

The cable was once the medium for a lovers' quarrel, which took place between a lady in New York and a gentleman in France. The heroine was no other than that divine French artiste whose genius we all admire. The gentleman was a dramatic author, now no more. This curious quarrel took place one Sunday, the cable being joined through direct. It bristled with passionate reproaches, bitter, stinging sarcasms, couched in picturesque French. The scene was intensely dramatic. Both the actors, so near and yet so far, trembled with jealous passion as their bitter sarcasms were flashed through the coils of this gigantic sea serpent. Mutuai complaints, re-proaches and threats continued, until a last stinging sarcasm from France reduced the excitable artiste to a state of nervous excitement which culminated in hysterics. The cable was then restored to its normal condition and the artiste to her senses .-- London Stand-

"close question" is manifest. Mr. Speed gave the answer quickly and satisfactorily, and on the fourth of November coln was married.

Ducks That Won't Swim. Boston Journal.-Many things are

said to be as natural as that ducks of the year 3 B. C. take to water. But a writer in a actually hated water. There were three of them, and they had lived some years in Paris, where they had a small basin and their daily bath. Their ownlive beside a fine lake, thinking it the ideal place for the amphibious. What was his surprise, on putting them into the lake, to see them instantly scramble ashore and waddle Indian file to a neighboring stable, whence they never came out save to feed. Never could they be induced to remain in the water save by force or fear, and when there they always drew close together, so as to occupy no more space than their, bath basin in Paris. They were thoroughly afraid of the lake, and they never became used to it. In Picardy, it seems, young ducks are often kept from the water in order to protect them from water rats and prevent them from eating things that might injure their flavor when they appear upon the table. Ducks thus brought up until their full growth of feathers is acquired refuse to enter the water, and, if forced in, sometimes drown. After all, what does instinct amount to?

A Brown Leaf.

In the woods today a leaf fluttered

down, It was wrinkled and old and bent and brown. But it met the wind and began to play.

And I watched it until it whirled away. And I could but wonder, when time and

grief Should have made me old and bent as

the leaf. Would my heart be as young and full

of glee As the brown leaf playing in front of

me?

On a Roof Garden. She (dreamily): "Meyerbeer always

brings such sweet recollections to me." He (from Cincinnati): "I never feel any

effects from it, but if I take Rhine wine it goes to my head."

The Color-Bearer.

Whene'er this man was angry He patriotic grew;

His face got red, he then turned white, And made the air look blue.

Know, then, thyseif; presume not God The proper study of mankind is man.

During the last year unusual disturbances and appearances in the heavenly bodies have been noticed by the scientists, as if they were somewhat affected by the attractive force of another body not regularly acting upon them. More meteoric showers have been reported in the southern part of the world than usual, and storms of great destructiveness have swept over the whole globe. The coldness of the last winter is attributed by astronomers to the influence of the planets, and whenever a comet has approached the earth in the past, unusual weather has prevailed beforehand, as if to announce its coming. Moreover, the powerful telescopes now used for scanning the heavens reveal an unusual number of eclipses, as if the disturbance had caused some of the lesser bodies to travel a little out of their courses. The wonderful variable star Algol, in Peresus, for instance, has constantly of late undergone great changes. A dark body, almost as large as Algol, has several times blotted out its existence from our view. The appearance of this huge black object is a mystery to astronomers today. Then the snows of Mars, which have so long been visible to powerful telescopes, have gradually disappeared. Early last October It was reported that the polar snow cap of Mars had entirely disappeared. No such rapid and unexplained disappearance of the snow on the earth or on Mars has ever before been reported. Jupiter, in its recent appearances, has been more brilliantly belted than ever before, and as it rises it displays an unwonted profusion of

color. Venus has been shrouded in more or less showers of meteors, so that its face could not be seen distinctly, but when the atmosphere did for a short time clear up, it shone with unusual brilliancy. Its brightness in the last few months has attracted considerable attention, even among those who are not expert "star gazers." All of these facts, taken in conjunction with the changing condition of the weather upon the earth, have led many to predict the approach of something unusual in the solar system. This object will, very likely, be a new star, comet or wonder-

ful conjunction of two or more planets, or the long-looked-for star of Bethlehem.

Every inordinate cup Is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. -Shakespeare.

this. Water in abundance fust when from its mountain sources.

Utah has other things, a climate incomparable, a marvelous "Dead sea," numerous curatve mineral springs, coal measures inexhaustible, mountains of iron, sulphur, salt and asphaltum, and a capital city, the like of which for beauty of situation and environment, the world does not possess-a capital city with the great temples and structures of the Mormon people, with miles and miles of shaded, brook-lined streets, with stately business blocks-a capital city where a healthy people do a healtny business, and the arms of its trade reach out over an empire greater in area than all of the New England and Middle States, an empire of which Sait Lake City is the railroad, financial, educational, religious, commercial and sociat center.

If all of these possessions are factors in the growth of a great state, then the new State of Utah may face the future without a tremor.

A QUEER SHAMPOO.

A Whiskbroom Boy Got His Instructions Badly Mixed Up.

From the Buffalo Express: In one of the hotel barber shops a small Italian boy named Joe officiates with the whisk broom. The other day the hotel housekeeper sent down to the proprietor of the shop and asked him to fix her up a bottle of shampoo. He fixed it and told Joe to take it up to the housekeeper.

'You tell her," said the barber, "to take half a teacup of the shampoo and put it in two teacups of water and apply.

Joe took the shampoo and weat up to the housekeeper with it. In a short time he came back, and the barber asked: "Give it to her all right?" "Yes," said Joe.

"With the directions?"

"Yes," said Joe, again.

Half an hour later the barber noticed the housekeeper out in the hall, looking curiously into the shop. He walked out to where she was.

"Hello," she said. "Which is it? Are you drunk or crazy?"

"What do you mean?" asked the barber, with much dignity.

"You must be one or the other, judging from the message you sent up with that shampoo."

What message did I send?"

"Jee told me you said to tell me to take a cup of tea and put it in the bottle and lle about it!"

Sammer Love.

Ah, me! Now when fond memory bringe My thoughts back to the past see that, like so many things, It was too good to last.

No peace nor ease the heart can kn Which, like the needle true, Turns at the touch of joy or woe, But, turning, trembles too. -Mrs. Greville.