## AMERICAN RAILWAY METHODS

The Magnitude of the Evils Fostered By Transportation Companies.

SOME REMEDIES PRESCRIBED.

The Conveniences and Comfort of European Roads Far Superior to those of the United States-The Speculative Curse.

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From Harper's Magazine for August. A recent article in Harper's Magazine on "English and American Railways," as seen from the standpoint of the traveler, was a revelation to large numbers. Our railways have so long sung their own praises, and a subservient press has so readily re-echoed these boastful strains, that we have been deluded into the belief that we possessed the fastest trains, the finest passenger coaches, the largest supply of conveniences, the grandest stations and the cheapest rates to be found in the world. Now it ought not to be necessary to say that the reason why one rejoices to see the publication of an article designed to dispel such illusions is not that one likes to see the institutions of one's own country decried. No; the reason is the hope that an insight into the actual condition of things may lead to an improvement in these institutions.

The articles in the present series have chiefly to do with railways as factors in production, and in production the railway, as a means for the transportation of passengers, plays a subordinate part. It is not, then, necessary in this place to emphasize and re-enforce the statements in the article on "English and American Railways." It may be remarked, however, that a residence of several years m Europe leads me to the belief that the author of that article has given even too favorable a view of our railways as compared with European railways. The reader will find it an interesting and profitable pastime to compare the railway time-tables of fifteen or twenty typical American railways with the timetables of as many European railways. He will then obtain some idea of the slow

average rate of travel with us. Other features of our railways do not fare better in the comparison. Our stations are inconvenient and ugly, some-times even filthy. Our ears are uncom-fortable, and it is difficult to see how one who has lived long enough in Germany to become accustomed to her institutions should not prefer second-class travel in that country to first-class on the ordinary American railway, although the average charge is thirty, forty, and occasionally even more than fifty per centum lower. A still more important element is the safety of travel, and it can be said with-

out fear of successful contradiction that the reckless prodigality of human life, which as part of our railway history has astonished foreigners, is elsewhere un-But the chief evils of American rail-

ways appear when we come to treat of them as performing economic services in the transportation of goods, and when we view railway property as an important element in our national resources. It is then difficult to tell where to begin or where to end an account of abuses, as they are so numerous and momentous. Equally difficult is it to find language in which to portray the sober scientific truth in regard to these abuses, for their enor, mity is such as almost to bafile descrip-

In 1879 the assembly of the state of New ment of a special committee to investi-gate the methods of the railways in that state, which from the name of its chair man is usually called the Hepburn committee, though it was under the guidance of Mr. Sterne, of New York city. The investigation forms an epoch in the economic history of the United States. and the American people owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Sterne for the ability, fearlessness and self-sacrificing fidelity with which he conducted the difficult inquiry. The magnitude and true nature of the evils which we had been suffering from railway domination then for the first time became fully known, and the committee in their report are compelled to say that the acuses are "so giaring in their proportions as to sayor of fiction rather than actual history." The reader who would know all the prominent de tails of the railway methods of the country may find them in a copy of this report with testimony, and in other reports of committees like the present senate committee on inter-state commerce, or he can and a good resume in one of these two works, 'Die Nordamerikanischen Eisenbahnen," by that excellent German au thority Alfred von der Leyen, and Hudson's "Railways and the Republic." Per-sonal intercourse with honest and intelligent business men and railway employes will add to the fullness and vividness of

Some evils of railways have been touched upon, and one or two briefly described in the first article in this series. This present article will treat of a few points selected out of the vast number which present themselves, either because they have not generally received satisfactory treatment hitherto, or because they are specially weighty in a considera-tion of railways from an economic point of view. These points are the waste of national resources in the railway world, the evils in the manner in which railway shares are bought and sold for specula tive, or perhaps more properly gambling purposes, and finally the great injury to our economic life by discriminations in

More than two thousand years ago Aristotle uttered words which in our age sound almost prophetic. This wise phi-losopher defended slavery on broad humanitarian grounds as an institution required to keep alive the culture which alone rendered the advance of mankind a possibility, for he held that in no other way could the choice spirits among men secure lessure for higher pursuits; but, secure leisure for higher pursuits; but, added he, if the time should ever come when the shuttle would move of itself, and plectra of themselves strike the lyre, we should need no more slaves." What would be have thought could be have oreseen the marvelous inventions and liscoveries of the past century, which have led to such utilization of the ele-mentary powers of nature that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the largest portion of material products is the crea-tion of solf-acting-machinery? Had he known that in a future age one man in various leading branches would produce as much as thirty, one hundred and fifty, three hundred, five hundred, and even a thousand in his day, would be not have painted in glowing colors the high and universal culture which could then be attained? It can scarcely be doubted that Aristotle would have taken it as an indisputable fact that universal freedom, leisure for higher pursuits, and an abundance of all needed economic good would become the property of all the sons of men. Alasi how different is the reality, not from dreams, but even from the actual anticipations of the past generation. There may have been improvement tion. There may have been improvement, and shallow optimists paint it as all that we could desire; but truth compels us to acknowledge that it is not so marked as to be beyond controversy. There has

been undoubted advance in certain quarters, and undoubted deterioration in others, but what has been the change in the average condition of the masses? Who can tell? That man who in spite of as the most distinguished English econoas the most distinguished English econo-ruist of his day considers it "questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being," while the most careful English student of economic facts now before the public leaves one with the impression that on the whole the lot of the English laboring class might have been more desirable some four centuries ago.

And in the United States, the most tavored land, economic distress now vexes us, and a tinge of pessimism mangled with surprise characterizes the thoughts of intelligent and feeling Amer-

Now it is manifestly out of the question-even if it were in my power, which it is not -to attempt to explain all this in one article like the present, but it is well to call attention to a partial explanation. The question is this: What has become of the fruits of the mat rial progress of our time: It is undoubtedly true that they are largely absorbed by the needless waste or competition, and it is likewise beyond controversy that no other economic factor causes so much of this needless waste with us as the railway, Fifty years ago we went mad with the idea that unversal competition was a panacea for all social evils, and the man would have received no attention who sugpested that there were certain territories in our economic life which in their nature were not adapted to competition. Some of us have not yet recovered from this madness, but the time has now come for discrimination. Let us examine very riefly what unregulated railway competition has brought us.
My thesis is this: The needless waste

of railway competition has been sufficient to provide good, comfortable homes—a whole house to a family—for that part of the entire population of the United States not already provided with such homes.

The first item in the count is needless expenditure in railway construction. This has been estimated at \$1,000,000,000, and it is certainly a low estimate, for two needless railways, the West Shore and the Nickel Plate, alone account for one-fifth of this sum. It must be borne in mind that needless expenditure is waste of national resources which ought to have benefited the people. This is very simple, yet it is often necessary to repeat it. Now, \$1,000,000,000 is a sum sufficient to build homes for 1,000,000 families, or

5,000,000 people.
2. Every needless train is a waste, and parallel and competing roads necessitate a vast number of them daily.

3. Our railways have not been planned according to any intelligent scheme, so that they should become part of one grand system of means of communication and transportation, supplementing our natural and artificial waterways and other highways. On the contrary, they were often designed to injure other public highways, and are still managed with that view. Railways run along by the side of canals and drive them out of existence. At times they buy the canal and stop using it, test it should longer render any service to anybody. The Richmond & Allegheny railroad of Virginia is an example. Here is a great waste of resources expended in canals. Railways property they was a prevent the use of natural waterways. Thus the Pennsylvania railroad and the Pacific railways discriminate against those who use the Ohio river and the At-lantic and Pacific oceans respectively. These are examples of a waste of nature's bounty.

Freight rates are often so much cheaper between competing points than from an intermediate point that treight frequently passes twice over the same track-a waste of labor and capital. Freight is thus sent from Pittsburg to Philadelphia and New York, and then right back through Pittsburg to a western point, so as to get the competition rate from one of the large cities. Freight has likewise been sent from Rochester, N. Y., to New York city, then back again over the same tracks rough Rochester to the west winter freight was sent from Baltimore to New York, then back through Balti-more to the west. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely.

Another variety of waste is illustrated by the anthracite coal combination, which stops production at intervals in order to maintain high prices. Capital power and labor power meantime remain idle, and other industries are injured.

But why continue this, as one easily might? It is impossible to expres with mathematical accuracy all this enormous waste of national resources, but no one will be likely to deny that I have more than proved my thesis.

The transactions of the stock exchange which has to do largely with the pur-chase and sale of railway shares, are not altogether illegitimate by any means. Railway property is sold honestly, as other property is, in order to obtain money for other purposes, and it is bought legitimately for investment. But a great part of the transactions are of a speculative character; in other words, property is bought and soid, not for the sake of realizing on the shares, or for the sake of an investment, but in order to get gam out of the fluctuation in value of railway property. This leads naturally to attempts to promote fluctuation. A railway manager may desire to depress the property committed to his care, in

order to buy the shares of others at a low price. The devices to which recourse is had for this purpose by the management in such cases are varied. The property may be neglected, so that dividends wil not be carned, dividends may be passed needlessly, groundless rumors may be circulated calculated to injure the railway, fictitious sales at low figures may be effected. These are simple processes, but one familiar with the transactions of the stock exchange could readily fill many pages of this magazine in the description of devices used to depreciate property unduly. Even easier to understand are the methods used to inflate property, of which the most common, at any rate the best known, is the declaration of un-carned dividends, which must then be paid out of capital.

Of course this is morally no better than highway robbery, while it is far more con-temptible. It gives a false impression of the value of property, which is then sold the value of property, which is then sold to the community at an inflated valuation. It is a method by which corporate managers have enriched themselves, and plundered the widow, the orphan and the thrifty, hard-working citizen. It establishes that diversity of interest between the management of railways and the great body of shareholders which is one of the most marked features of our railway history. This is well illustrated in way history. This is well illustrated in the graphically narrated account of the rise and progress of the Camden & Amboy Transportation company, which is found in Alfred von der Leyen's work and it may be remarked in passing that this company, of odious memory, whose history is marked not only by theft, wholesale bribery and legislative corruption, but even by violence and murder, furnishes examples of all abuses known to the railway world. But another view of the effect of speculation in railway shares is as important as, and possibly less generally mentioned than, that which has just received our attention. The large fortunes which have been made in this way, and still more the immense possibilities of this species of gambling, are seducing the youth of the country from the paths of honest industry. This is a matter frequently bewailed almost in terms of despair by President Andrew D. White, certainly one of the most ex-perioneed and distinguished educators of the country. It ruins daily bright and

promising careers, and is a curse to the land. In what does this all-pervading speculation in business differ from theft?

Is it not trying to obtain something for nothing, trying to coax the property of your neighbor into your pocket without a return, and is not that the essence of theft: Should it be a matter of surprise with the railway transactions in the stock exchange constantly before the eyes of the public, that these methods should extend to all spheres of business life? Or ought it to astonish one that the more vulgar, like our New York aldermen, should resort to more direct and old-fashioned methods of robbing the people whose property they ought to protect? When, in the winter of 1879-80, a measure was brought forward in the Prussian parliament for the purchase of the private railways in Prussia, some allusion was made to the injury teat this might do to the stock exchange; but the minister of is frequently called, Herr Maybach, re-plied: "Yes, gentlemen, if we shall be able to restrict the operations of this exchange by removing from it altogether this kind of property, we shall consider it a great advantage. It will indeed give me peculiar pleasure to lop off some of the branches of this upas tree." Gift-baum was the word used, and it is more expressive than our English word-a poison tree, a tree poisonous in nature, and whose fruit must be poisonous. Yes, and if in any manner we in America shall be able to hew off a great branch from our gift-baum, it would be a blessmg to our youth, and to all who desire to live honestly and uprightly—a blessing of such proportions that it could not be easily overestimated. A curse to us Is our gift-baum. [TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.]

SECRETS ABOUT OUR ARTISTS. How Some Manage to Earn \$5,000 a

Year -- Others Not So Fortunate. "How do artists manage to live?" The inquiry made by a New York Mail and Express reporter of a well-known artist and a picture dealer quadling beer in a hall near the store of the latter, caused them both to laugh. The artist hadcom-plained that the public was unappreciative and parsimonious, while the dealer had asserted that the artists are capricious, impractical and natural-born ingrates. The conversation had been started by the mention in a letter from Paris to a daily paper that in consequence of a quarrel between the great Meissonier and his dealer the former was likely to suffer more than the latter, who would take up and boom some other artist. Both hav-ing had their laugh and finished their beer, the artist spoke up while another was coming.

"Well, the artist, you may be sure, has a pretty hard time of it, if he be of a nervous and sensitive temporament, or has no shrewd wife to negotiate for him; but if he add to his talent as an artist a modicum of practical common sense he can get along very well, despite the fact that his dealer will always be a thorn in his side. The dealer is to the artist what the publisher is to the author, the manager to the actor, the engineer to the throttle. It is a pity that the two cannot the better understand each other, the trouble being that the one believes the other is always trying to get the best of him in prices, while the dealer considers the artist little better than an idiot in that he does not more fully study the popular taste. If an artist has any skill at all and the slightest modicum of industry he can get along very well, and the ty e about the poverty of artists is all moonshine, as far from the truth as that about the impecuniosity of successful newspapermen. Of course the drones in every hive will suffer from their improvidence, and so with lazy artists, or what is more general, those who have no tact or who do not get en rapport with their dealer. Now, as shown in the article from Paris, it was a dealer who boomed Meissonier, or his fame would probably not have gone beyond a limited art circle.
"As the article says, there are many admirable artists in Paris who for want

of management will never become fam-ous. So it is here; there are many excellent artists who just get along for want of a little business management. Now, take Ed M———; he makes about \$5,000 per annum. He is industrious and always has a work on his easel. He averages a picture a month. He is modest and easy going, and would never sell a picture in his studio himself; but as soon as a picture is completed he sends it to a dealer and starts on another. If he loes not sell here the picture is sent to Chicago or Cleveland or New Orleans, or perhaps to Boston or San Francisco, and in time sells, netting him \$1,000. If he kept it in his studio he would probably not sell a picture in a year, as he could not properly talk it up. Well, say he paints twelve pictures in a year and sells, say five, his income will be \$5,000, leaving his seven works on hand, which are grouped in some auction and generally sell at good figures. Now, there's L—; he dashes off about three pretures per month, which average him \$100 each. Yet he is better known as a designer for the illustrated papers and the illustrated books of travel. There's C——, who spends his winters in some southern clime and his summers in pleasant northern retreats, always living well and enjoying himself in his bachelorhood, makes all of \$6,000 per annum painting portraits on orders he receives in the places he visits. Arrived at a place, he gives in the parlor of some ocal celebrity to whom he brings letters or who has previously been instrumental in getting him to visit the place, an ex-hibition of his work, and then if he does not soon catch an order he moves to a more appreciative locality. But ten to one he sells one of his old pictures before he closes, even if he does not get an order. If the locality is pleasant he will obtain a photo of the popular clergyman and paint his portrait, and his friends will start a subscription for its purchase to be presented to the subject or the

## FRANK JAMES

Denies the Reports that He is Going

Into the Show Business. Dispatch to the Globe Democrat from Nevada, Mo.: The report which recently found its way into the New York Sun through a Fort Worth, Tex., correspond-ent, to the effect that Frank James had arrangements to go on the stage with a play based on his courtship and marriage with Miss Annie Ralston, presents on its face a plausible appearance, but Frank James says there is not one word of truth in it. James recently returned from Texas, where he spent one week at the tate military encampment at Lampasas Springs. On his return he stopped over one night at Fort Worth, but he says not one word was spoken by himself or any

one else about his going on the stage dur-ing his trip through Texas.

"If I had wanted to go on the stage,' said he, "I have had plenty of opportuni ties to have done so, but I prefer a quie life. I have had many offers from mana gers of theaters, circuses and museums, One manager offered me \$1,000 a week, with traveling expenses and a palace car for a year, but I tell you I don't want it want peace and quiet at home with my

Your correspondent knows of his own knowledge that Mr. James has received these offers. James has lived here since last September, during which time he has kept himself constantly employed, receiving a moderate salary for his work up to a few weeks ago, when his employor sold a half interest in his business, since which time he has not been actively employed. He has a wife and one child, a bright little boy, and for them he purchased, a short time ago, a cottage formerly occupied as the Methodist parsonage. Another report which is going the rounds of the press, that James is dying of consumption, is without foundation. of consumption, is without foundation. He is in good health.

## BROWN'S HIRED GIRL.

By C. C. J. wdrieb Yes, Brown is afflicted that way, and has been for several weeks, pretty badly.

The name of his affliction is Rosy Rosy is an American-born Irish girl of the first water-the Simon pure article.

She is a daisy, and no mistake. She is about eighteen years of age.

pretty good-looking, and her vanity is boundless. Brown, I want to explain right here, is

not by any means a man of great wealth. Oh no! He is one of the many who struggle along on a thousand a year, more or less-battling with the gaunt

wolf at short range, as it were. A hired girl, therefore, is a luxury he can ill afford as a permanent addition to his household.

"Luxury," did I say? It may be such, but Brown fails to see it in that light any

Experience is the best of teachers, it is

said, and Brown has "bin thar." When it became necessary for Brown to find a girl, owing to Mrs. Brown's being taken away from the helm of the domestic ship to give her attention to a lately arrived stranger—an addition to the family in the shape of a young son and heir, weight, about ten pounds, or therenbouts he made inquiries around the neighborhood, and the result of his

inquiries was-Rosy McCune. set out in search of Rosy at once and by following the directions he had received, soon found the lady's residence. Rosy came to the door in person, and when Brown had made known his business, she began to question him in a way that farrly made his head swim, and by the time she was done, Brown was in doubt whether he wanted to hire the girl, or the girl wanted to hire him.
It began to look, he felt, as though he

was in search of a position himself.

At last, when he had answered all of the girl's questions to her satisfaction, he felt honored to know that he possessed the necessary qualifications to be-

come her employer.
Yes, Rosy engaged him—at least Brown ooked at it in that light-he to pay her \$7 a week, and she to have every Thurslay afternoon and every Sunday evening

Such were the rosy terms which Rosy named, and Brown being in a tight place, had to accept them.

Beggars should not be too particular, but should accept whatever they can get. Brown was made to feel that Miss McCune was doing him a great favor to come at all, even at those terms.

These points being settled, Brown next ventured to ask when the lady would do him the honor to present herself at his "When would you like to have me come?" Rosy asked.

"Just as soon as you can get there," Brown answered. "Did you bring a carriage?"

This question almost turned Brown's soul right inside out. For a moment he was knocked speechless.

"I asked: 'Did you bring a carriage?' Rosy repeated. "Great Scott! No!" Brown cried out, desperately. "Do you take me for a Vanderbili? I came in a street car, nriss, and if you can get ready inside of half an hour, I will wait for you and take you home with me in the same manner. Things are in a desperate way at my house, and I've got no time to waste about this matter."

Now when Brown spoke up like that, Brown meant business, right from the word go; and Rosy at once promised to be ready within the given time.

But she wasn't, At the end of forty-five minutes, though, she made her appearance, clad in an imitation sealskin sacque and a twenty-dollar bonnot, albeit her shoes were in a sadly dilapidated and down-at-the-heel condition.

"Ready?" Brown querieds

Rosy was ready Now, reader (and I ask this question for Brown, you understand), whether you are young or old, did you ever know of hired girl who transported her dudsand other bric-a-brac-in any other form than an overgrown bundler Brown is willing to bet that you never did. And, for that matter, so am I.

It is never a cabba, a hand-bag, a grip sack, a carpet bag, valise, nor a a trunk; but always—eternally and all the time a bundle. And, ten toone, it is a bundle as big as a barrel, as round as a ball, tolerably hefty, encased in an old sheet, and all sewed around with darning

Have you ever seen that bundle? Of course you have. Well, when Brown stepped out into the

hall of the McCune mansion (tenement house, third floor back), he came within one of falling heels over head right over just such a bundle.
"Helio!" he exclaimed, as he recovered

himself in time to save going down stairs on his stomach, head first: "somebody moving?"

"That is my bundle, sir," said Rosy, with a rosy blush. "Your bundle! Good heavens, mis we expect to supply you with bed and bedding while you are with us."

"Sir, this bundle contains me clothes This was said in such a tone of resentment that the lady's tongue tripped a little, and out came the brogue. Beg pardon," Brown cried.

will send an expressman around to get "But I must have it the moment I get to your house, sir.'

Oh! you must, eh? Well, fetch it But Rosy stopped short. "Sir!" she cried, 'do you imagine for a moment that I would be seen upon the street with that bundle in my arms? Not

much! If you want me in such haste you must carry it for me."
Brown did want her in haste, and there was no help for it; so he tackled the

But it being round and without handle of any sort, he failed to grasp it as a whole. He failed to grasp any part

of it, in fact. He might as well have tried to grasp the broad side of a barn. He failed because he didn't know how. "Hold on," said Rosy. "Hold out your Brown held them out, and Rosy bounced her bundle up into them in a twinkling. "There!" she exclaimed. "Now you're all right. Come on!" And down the

stairs she tripped. Brown never felt so small and mean in all his life. He told me so. Should he be seen carrying a bundle of that sort through the streets? Never! By the great American eagle, no! Not even hardly ever. He, the ten-pound father—I mean the father of a ten-pound boy; it would be ridiculous. He just simply wouldn' do it; that was all.

And when he reached the street where Rosy was waiting for him, he dropped the bundle and broke the intelligence to

her in no very gentle manner.

"Wait a minute," he ended by saying,
"and I'll see if I can find a truck."

"You should have brought a carriage
in the first place," cried her ladyship,
angrily, and with another fine touch of
the brogge. the brogue. 'A carriage be-

Brown came very near saying some-thing pretty strong, then, but he didn't; he stopped. He happened to see an empty cab at that moment, and he hailed it as a Into the cab Rosy McCune and her bundle were hustled, and then Brown

took a seat beside the driver and told him Well, they arrived; but Rosy hadn't been in the house more than twenty minutes when she kicked up a red-not quarrel with Mrs. Brown's nurse. Brown acted as arbitrator, at the risk of his life, he thought, and the difficulty

was finally settled.

Rosy McCune is so terrible high toned

in her ideas that Brown firmly believes she must have served apprenticeship to the royal family of England, or some other high-born tribe.

The very next morning after her installation she astonished him by saying: "Mr. Brown, I find that you have neither cocoa nor broma in the house,"

That's all right," Brown responded "There is plenty of coffee and tea, though, I guess, which are good enough for me." Coffee and tea may be good enough for you, sir," said Rosy, then, "but I cannot drink either of them in the morn-

ing. I must have my cocoa or my broma for breakfast, or I am not myself alt day. Shall I order some from the grocer?"

Brown fairly gasped for breath,
"Great Godfrey H. Jackson!" he ex-laimed, as soon as he could exclaim,
where did you live out last?"

"I was last in service with Mrs. Parvenou, of Fifth avenue, New York."
"That settled it—it settled Brown, too,
"Well," he said, "you will have to feel
like somebody else for to-day, miss; but
when the grocer's boy comes around von
may order your broms. Your deheately
Burtured constitution shall not suffer for took a line calf into Watertown in his wagon to sell to the butchers. Just as he reached the railroad a locomotive came along and whistled shridy. The call gave a start, tumbled, and dropped dead in the wagon, apparently aying of fright. nurtured constitution shall not suffer for Two sparrows attacked a cat in Streator, want of its accustomed nourishment while you are in my house. No, by heavens! I swear it!" Ill., drawing blood from its back with their stout little bills. The cat squalled and rolled on its back, trying to beat off the birds with its paws. But the little feathered buildogs kept right at puss

Oh! she's a daisy, as I said before.

Nothing is good enough for her. What Brown considers as good, sound, substantial food, such as roast beef, boiled potatoes, mashed turnips, onions in milk, etc., she considers as common and what he regards as luxuries beyond is means, except on state occasions, she

regards as every-day necessities. Now, Brown swears that the day he went to engage himself to her service, the moment the door was opened his nose was greeted by the unmistakable odor of pork and cabbage. Plain facts demand plain statements. losy is an accomplished liar. Her "papa," she says, holds a Incrative

position in the department of public vorks Brown says that he saw him, the other day, clad in a rubber suit and just crawling through a man-hole out of the sewer; and he thinks that all the lucre he gets

out of that lucrative position is perhaps a dollar a day. Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is

four wings. The legs were not grown together, but were separate and distinct, as were also the wings. The chick lived always the safest for anyone, in any and for several hours after being natched out, all circumstances. and in fact walked about. It has been

The girls of our day are not like the girls of a hundred years ago. That is what Brown says, and I agree with him. We don't remember much about it our selves, but the information comes down o us pretty straight. Rosy McCune is a girl-a hired girl-of to-day. She is an assured fact, if not

success, is Rosy, and Brown will make allidavit accordingly, if necessary.

On the evening of Rosy's second day at Brown's she asked special permission to go out. Her grandmother was lying at the point of death, she said, and she

must go. Under these circumstances she was allowed to go. She returned about 1 o'clock in the morning, and Brown has since learned

that she spent the evening at a skatingrink. Next day her grandmother, who really was ill, died, and then Rosy went about the house wailing like the fabled banshee until she had poor Mrs. Brown's nerves

all unstrung. The nurse remonstrated with her quite "If you don't stop your infernal howling," she said, in plain words, "you will

drive Mrs. Brown mad." "But my poor grandmother! my poor grandmother!" Rosy moaned. And then

all of a sudden she stopped, dried her eyes and exclaimed:

"Yes, I must stop, or I shall be ill myself. Grandmother is safe in heaven, now, and I won't think of her any longer. It makes me feel so bad." And

hen forthwith she began to sing "Over I could go on and write a volume about what Brown has told me concerning his hired girl, but I guess I won't. You might begin to think I am drawing upon my imagination. One or two incidents more and I will cut the narrative short and tie

On Sunday, Rosy agreed, as an especial favor, to take Brown's little girl to hurch and Sunday school. And she lived up to her agreement to the letter. Yes, and further up, too; she

lid more than she agreed to do When the minister ended his sermon, he inquired whether any one present knew of any person who would like to be called upon by the visiting committee

during the week.

Rosy was on her feet in an instant. She informed the minister that Mrs. Brown would like to have the committee call upon her; she knew she would. was very lonely at times, being il l, had only an old nurse for company. Brown was away all day, and—well, she hought it would cheer Mrs. Brown up to have the committee visit her.

This was publicly announced from the pulpit, and in less than two hours there was a fine scandal being gossiped around the neighborhood.

Brown was looked upon as a brute Any man who would allow his better-half to become down-hearted, lonely, melancholy, despondent, low-spirited, etc., etc at such a time, must be a brute. That was the long and the short and the whole

of it, Well, the committee came; and so did almost every woman of that church's congregation. The feminine curiosity of the whole community was at fever-heat. And when the secret came out—oh, wasn't Mrs. Brown mad! Well, now, she was t Mrs. Brown had: Well, how, she was about as angry as any woman you ever saw. Why, if she had had her full strength just then, she would have taken Rosy McCune by the back of her neck and the slack—hold on, though; Rosy isn't that sort of a fellow. But anyhow, Mrs. Brown would have fired her out of doors in short order.

As it was, she only said:
"Oh! Rosy, how could—how could you
tell such a story? It is a wonder to me
that the good Lord didn't come right down through the roof of the church and snatch you bald-headed.

On Monday, to go back a little, Rosy did not do any washing. Of this the nurse informed Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown told Brown, and he demanded to know why. "Because," Rosy answered, "I did not

legage to do any washing. I am no laundress, sirrah! Do you imagine that I would put my hands into hot water and suds? Not much!

Brown had to hire a woman, that, specially to do the washing and ironing Rosy managed to wash the dishes, in doing so she wears a pair of rubber

Oh, she's a darling, as I have already hinted. She's an out-and-out American hired girl—the genuine article. And thus Brown has been afflicted for everal weeks.

Mrs. Brown is on deck again now, though, and Brown says he thinks he will write out and send in his resignation, pay the girl what is due her, and withdraw from her service about the first of the month.

And he also says that if it ever becomes necessary for him to hire a girl again, he will shut up shop and take board at a

LATER—I open this manuscript to add that Rosy McCune is gone.

A stranger called at Brown's house to-day, and Mrs. Brown and Rosy both happening to go to the door, he took Rosy to be the lady of the mansion. As soon as he was gone-whew! Well, Rosy didn't stand upon the order of

going; she went.

SHORT ANIMAL STORIES.

A Rockland (Maine) dog struck the trail of a hedge-hog one day last week, and when he returned home his owner pulled 600 quilts out of the dog's nose. A buffalo herd at Stony Mountain. Mass., now consists of eighteen bulls, twenty-live cows and eighteen calves. It was started with one buil and four herfers,

Farmer Underwood, of Rodman, N. Y.

until she gave up, ran away, and hid

A Louisiana paper says that Miss Nonie

Walmsley, of Natchitoches, in a hunt on

through the head before be reached it.

Professor Trendwell, of Massachusetts,

has proved that a half-grown robin will daily devour more than once and a half

times its own weight in caterpillars and

beeties. A young brood cannot live on

less than seventy or eighty worms a day. A single pair of sparrows will carry

every week to the nest 4,300 caterpillars or beetles.

Merritt Kanoff, of Creston, Iowa, re-

cently met with a novel though distress-

ing accident. He was carrying a pen-holder behind his ear, and as he threw

his head to one side the holder fell to his

shoulder, sticking in his shirt. As he straightened up the end of the holder en-

tered-his car and punctured the drum,

Two hunters from Minnesota, who spent the winter on the Athabasea river,

aught and killed 100 beaver, 19 moose,

and other animals, and then lost all their furs by a spring freshet. They have just

come in with their spring catch, which included 132 beaver, 12 lynx and one bear,

which they have sold for \$600. Barring

their loss, they think they did very well, and will try it again next fall.

Dr. J. W. Edge recently purchased in Montezuma a pair of kittens that may be

looked upon as being quite curious. The heads and fore feet are like those of an

Amos E. Cobb, of Norwich, Conn., has

a remarkable young cat. It ignores mice entirely. It will have nothing but red

squirrels. It goes out into the woods each

morning and catches one red squirrel.

breakfast, the fore-quarters for dinner,

and the cat tapers off her appetite by picking the hide and head for supper. It

s hard work to catch a red squirrel nap-

ping, and the cat realizes that one squir rel must go a long way. Dr. Allen, of New Maysville, Ind., ha

a wonderful dog. It is a large black-and-white Newfoundland. This faithful animal performs its daily work with the

consists in keeping the kitchen wood bo-filled. At intervals through the day i

will report to the kitchen and view the wood-box. Whenever the supply of fuel is getting low he proceeds to the yard,

grabs a stick in his mouth and takes it to

the kitchen, repeating the operation till the box is filled again. It keeps a special look-out on wash-days, and at other times when an unusual quantity of wood

is being used, and never lets the box get

empty as long as there is a supply in the

A western newspaper contains the fol-

lowing: "Everybody in this camp knows Towser, the Mono mine Towser. The

dog Towser rides up and down on the

cages, through drifts and cross-cuts, and

goes all over and through the mine per-

haps oftener than any miner of them all. Yesterday a brilliant idea struck John

O'Neill and some others, and they spir

ited Towser into a back yard. They washed his hair as clean to the skin as it

possibly could be washed, and then care-fully panned the muddy water to the very

highest percentage, and the entire dog assayed in fine gold \$23.17, as weighed on Soderling's scales. When Mono assays

\$23.17 to the dog, she is certainly starting out on a boom, and we defy any mining

camp on the Pacific coast to beat it."

Four children of Mr. Rodenberger, living near Big Skookum, Washington

territory, when going home from school were surprised by a big tiger, which sprang upon one of them, a six-year old

boy, who was walking in the rear. The

seized him by the head, tearing the scal

in a frightful manuer and mangling hi face. Another boy, eight years old bravely rushed to the rescue, and, catch ing the heast by the ear, beat him upon the head so furiously with a large glass

the head so furiously with a large glass bottle that he released his hold and ran to the brush. The alarm being given,

parties started out to hunt the brute and brought him down. He was a full-grown

male, and measured between eight and

nine feet in length.

Ottawa Journal: On Saturday afternoon as the Illinois Central special bearing the militia to the state encampment at Springfield dashed into LaSalle station, a large black dog, a fine-looking fellow, was noticed strolling slowly up and down the aleiform from the depot to

and down the platform from the depot to the water tank on the north. A fat mar

with an umbrella sought to drive him away, but he refused to go, scarcely deigning to notice his assailant or his umbrella. Whether his master had de-

serted him at that place and he was awaiting his return, or whether he was some resident mostly weary of existence

stood facing the incoming locomotive ti

he was run down and ground to death by

ren ideality to him will never be known

as he made no explanation of his strange

utmost promptness and regularity.

The hind-quarters serve for

One squirrel lasts for a whole day'

gest the cat except the mewing.

killed it outright.

under a fence.

preserved in alcohol.

destroying the hearing.

National Weekly: "Yes," said the Kansas man, to an admiring group, as he "Yes," said the Kansas man, to an admiring group, as he heaved a \$x15 sigh, and cast his eye across the street and into Tony Winebuiser's salcon. "Yes, the watermeion crop is pretty good in Kansas generally. Last year they had quite a fair crop. I lived out in Wallace county, which is counted as the poorest county in the state, and I have a kind of a foreboding that my crop would fail. It did fall a little short of the customary crop, but it beat anything you have around here," and he cast a contemptuous glance over A Pennsylvania man has a collection of 200 live rattlesnakes. He caught them in the spring as they were leaving their dens. Some of them are of enormous and he cast a contemptuous glance over the watermillion patch in a neighboring A New Orleans dog, it is said, never makes a mistake as to the recurrence of garden

The Melon Crop.

"Well, tell us what of a crop you had, Sunday, and nothing will induce him to so we may judge whether or no your crops beat ours or not," emphatically asked the man with red hair and a strip leave the house or frolle on that day. He spends it in quiet meditation. A big turtle was caught near Lincoln Parish, La., and its head was cit off. Three days later a chicken found the head and was picking at it, when the jaws snapped, caught the chicken and

of court plaster over his right eye.

"Well," he continued, slowly, "it was such an inferior erop to the customary one that it ain't hardly worth speakin' of, but, anyhow, I planted a couple of degree hills.

"On' that's no crop," put in the black-smith, from around the corner.
"Well, just hold on, stranger. Just wait till I get through. As I said, I planted a dozen mountain sweets from my crop. Now, you fellers here would put them in your garden, but that ain't the way they do it out in Kansas. I planted them hills just one to the acre takin' just 24 acres of prairie seed '

"That waz a mighty waste of sile, wasn't it?" enquired a gardener from the suburbs

"Oh, no! I found out afterwards that I should have two acres to the hill. Well, about the middle of May them melons come up and began to grow. They didn't grow very much until about the middle Bayon Pierre, killed two nine foot alliga-tors in a single day last week. One of the wounded monsters showed fight and of June, when one day, me an' my nearest neighbor were havin' a little game of poker for the drinks-"Thought Kansas was proh----"

made a rush for the boat, but the lady retained her coolness and shot him "No, no. You see we had a quart bottle between us, and it was a standing jack-pot, so to speak. Whenever we could break it, we'd take a druk on our own luck, and when we couldn't break An Arkansas farmer writes that last year, when coons made havee in his cornield, he went to the drug store to buy strychnine with which to kill them. By mistake the druggist gave him morphine, and the next morning he found his field full of sleeping coons. He advises the use of morphine instead of strychnine. it, we'd drink to down our sorrow. In fact, we drank anyway. But to return to the crop. As I said, me and my neigh-bor were indulging in a harmless little A chicken was hatched near Upper Sandusky that had four perfect legs and

bor were indulging in a harmless little game of poker, when my brother in law rushed excitedly into the room and said:
"Bill, turn out here quick! Them melous are just growin' plum out of sight! Come out quick!"
"As we were just ready to open another jack-pot, we waited until the operation, was performed and went out.

tion was performed, and went out. Judge of our surprise when we stepped out and looked around, to behold the watermelon vines just scooting across the country at the rate of twenty-five you've struck a green crowd, don't you?" "Oh, no! gentlemen, I give you my word and honor that this is a fact."
"Well, what finally became of the

eropy."
"You know that melon rarely ever grow near the root of the vine. Well, the further end of the vine being in Ne-braska, Colorado and other foreign coun-tries before we could travel to where the melons grow the Kansas state legislature held a session in Topeka, and the melons were confiscated by the honorables

After the Kansas man had picked himself up from the obscure place behind the ash barrel, where the farmer from the hilly region had kicked him, he muttered something about "southern preju-dice," and lonely wended his way to the saloon across the way.

Take Your Corset Off.

Dr. Mary A. Allen in Herald of Health: "O, dear! I don't know what is the "O, dear! I don't know what is the matter with me. I am so tired all the time I can't stand anything; I can't walk three blocks. I have neuralgia every little while. I'm good for nothing, and yet there seems to be no disease about me. I wish you'd tell me what ails me." The speaker was a beautiful girl about 10 years old. Nature had intended her ordinary house cat, but here the cat ends and the rabbit commences, their hind legs and tails being those of rabbits. They jump just as all rabbits do, and there is nothing in their actions to suggest the cat account the maxing. for a magnificent specimen of woman-hood. She was not less than 5 feet 7 inches in height, but, with shoulders and hips broad in proportion, she measured

only 22 inches around the waist. Of course, she asserted that she did not dress tight; but when told that in order to have good health she must leave off her corsets she rebelled. "Why, how would I look without a corset?" she exclaimed;
"I'd be a perfect fright." What reply
was there to be made to so convincing a statement? But by the light of science her whole body was illuminated, and to the understanding vision she was a per-fect fright as it was. I never see such a figure that I am not reminded of Hiram Power's energy in regard to a fashionably attired lady: "I wonder where she puts her liver? It is easy enough to prove that the

breathing capacity is actually lessened by the corset, even when not worn tight Any one who wishes to try the experiment can sit down and begin to draw in the deepest breath possible. When the limit of corset is reached unclasp it and see how widely its clasp can be separated by the action of the lungs alone. Then if you bear in mind that these muscles have been weakened by non-use, and that with full liberty they would increase in strength, you will be able to imagine how much the corset has iessened the vital capacity. I saw a fine illustra-tion of this a few days since, when I called upon a lady whose literary labors are wonderful. She received me in a neat but loose dress, in which every organ of the body had full play. She rejoiced in her perfect physical freedom. She ran up and down starrs with the lightness of a child, and felt no palpitation of heart or oppression of langs. Later in the day she dressed to go out upon the street with me, and put on a corset. "I do it in deference to the opinion of my friends," she explained. They complain if I outrage their sense

of propriety by appearing without in a but I do penance all the time I wear at."

We started off at her usual brisk pace, but in a very little while she said to me: 'I can't walk so fast when I've a corset on. I can't breathe, you see." And to accommodate her diminished powers of preathing we slacked our pace, and soon she commenced to look weary, her cheery laugh became less frequent, face began to wear an anxious look; her wital capacity was lessoned and her whole system felt the effect of it. "I could accomplish nothing at all," said she, "if I were to wear a corset at my work."

I asked a young lady to sing for me the ther day. With some hesitation and other day. With some hesitation and blushes she excused herself, sayings. "Really, I shall be obliged to decline; the fact is, I am just breaking in a new corset, and it hurts me so I can hardly live "
"Why do you wear it then?" "Oh! I'd
look so odd without a corset."

To me she would look far better, for I

could see that her health was failing, her

could see that her health was failing, her cheeks paling, her nerves starving for the vital breath of God's pure air, which the corset was shutting out of her lungs.

"We girls are always glad to undo our corsets and draw a long breath at night," and one frank girl to me, "We don't wear them tight; we can put our hands up under them always; but it does seem so good to get them off and breathe just as big as we can." as big as we can.

A Voice Sweet Only in Song. "I always thought Mr. Tener, of the

cannot be divined, but as the train shot by the water tank coming up to the depot, his dogship moved from the plat-form out upon the track and deliberately Philadelphia society, has such a fine voice," said Crimsonbeak. the merciless iron wheels. He was a noble-looking animal, but what, if any, was the sorrow that weighed upon his heart and made life a burden and a barvoice, "said Crimsonbeak, "Well, hasn't her" inquired his devoted

No, indeed; his voice is very barsh. He came into my office to day to collect a bill for his firm, and I don't think I ever heard a more common voice.