MANKIND'S BETTER HALF.

The Worth and Vagaries of Women at Home and Abroad.

THE PHANTOM OF HAPPINESS.

The Tobacco Babit in Busbands-How " ncinnati Girls Are Built---Rules of Courtship and Brick Throwing.

How to Make Home Happy-A Practi-

cal Instance H. G. B. in Philadelphia Times: Mothers, have you ever thought that the ennui or duliness that has a lodging place in some of our homes invites the little demon discontent into the hearts of our husbands and children, and makes them long for brighter and more attractive scenes and pleasanter companionship Mothers, be cheerful! If you do not possess that lovely characteristic, cultivate it by all means. Cheerfulness is the golden key to the treasures of happiness You can by being cheerful make not only your own happiness, but bring hanpit a s to others.

Arise in the morning, like the birds begin the day, with a song, for crossness will seek other quarters when the heart pours forth a song, Live one day at a time. Take up the duties that are nearest you with a brave heart. Romp with the children and occasionally break out in a merry hat hat

Your husband and children will notice it, and if they are disposed to be cross and sour will eatch your bright joyous spirit, and you will make your home the sweetest spot that the golden sun shines upon I know a man and wife who began their married life with the determination to make their home a happy one. He promised that she should be his confidant in his business. No matter if it run like well-regulated machinery or there was friction, she must know the exact state of his linances, and when it was necessary, she being a wise and good woman, would be willing to use the strictest economy, but he resolved not to annoy her with the petty vexations of every-day life, and when the cares of the day were done, as he turned the key and locked the door of his office, so would be lock within all trifling annoyances. She promised, on the other hand, when the time drew near for his home-coming, that she would forget all her little vexations and greet him warmly with a smiling countenance. This promise to each other they kept unbroken, and the good couple slipped gracefully into the sixties, and testify by their serene countenances that, like "John Anderson, My Joe John," have spent many happy hours to-

They were fortunate enough to raise a family of eight children, who grew up to be model young men and women, who have made the world better for having lived in it. These boys and girls were taught early in life that idleness, next to bad companions, was their worst enemy. The good parents studied their inclinations, gave them the work to do at home that best suited their tastes. Their duties were varied by good games and sports and plenty of healthy out-of-door exercise. They put good books and periodicals in their hands, gave them pic tures, pets and flowers, impressed apon them in early life that they could never make life a success without a fixedness of purpose. The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,

Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close knit stran s of an unbrosen thread,
Where love enuobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

To My Mother. London Spectator.

I left thee once in mad desire to find The love for which my spirit yearned with At many a door I knocked and knocked in

Craving love's aims which none to grant in-But laughing treated me with cold disdain: et still I wandered, eager in the quest, orever seeking, and for aye unblest,

Since no one gave the boon for which I pined. , mother! turning to my home I went

Then, mother! turning to my nome. With weary steps and sorrow-numbing And lo! my pain was lost in sweet content.

For what I sought came to me unaware;

In the dear eyes that on thy son were bent All I had asked I found, for love was there.

Subject that Concerns Women Much and Men More—Tobacco. Agnes Rosenkrans in Philadelphia Times: Some may not consider this question as one belonging to woman's province, but it is only among women that it can be impartially discussed Mention the subject to one of its masculine adherents, and he will defend its use with all the might that in him lies. And we consider that womankind has a right to say something on the subject-the right of one who is obliged too often to summer and winter" with it; the righ one compelled to see it surely, slowly, undermining the constitutions o her nearest and dearest; the moral right of the weaker against the stronger to offer her testimony, even if she knows that for her there is no redress. Verily, tobacco is king. A most despotic master a tyrant whose captives oft rattle their chains, but struggle in vain to be free We have in mind a man of great natura will power, one of the forceful, terly' men, if you will, in all but this one slavish habit. This man knows that tobacco is bad for him; that it "plays hobbs" with his nerves, causing insomning and irritability in a naturally tranqui and kindly temperament. He has period c spells of acknowledging it and resolving in all the might of his great strong man-hood to "quit." The cigar case is emp tied, the pipe is smashed, that temptation may not beset him at any unwary moment. A few days of mock gayety and encerfulness, a few more depressed and gloomy ones. One cannot but pity from the depth of what one feels to be an uncomprehending heart the struggle We know it is terrible, but we

cannot realize how terrible. If you can but hold out for nine days, a friend advises, "you will be all right. The doctors all agree that the drug will be out of the system in nine days.

'Nine days!' he roars, like a wounded "It will take more than nine years to stop this horrible craving." once he meets you with a defiant, bravado-like air and a eigar in his mouth. bacco is necessary for him, he explains. In fact, it is all bosh about its injuring any one. His food will not digest without it; his nerves are all unstrung without its trangilizing influence. He could stop, of course, if he wished; but he has conluded that it is best for him to use it And so he takes on his badge of servitude till some "cancer" scare or doctor's warning frightens him into another in

effectual effort to stop. sometimes hear of reformed drunk ards, but does any one know of a re formed tobacconist-one who has broken the habit after years of slavery? Truly they are as rare as the typical angelie

But apart from this thought, which is course the most important—the health of the person concerned—there is another which some women might consider more important, inasmuch as it affected them re-the unpleasantness, to speak with due restraint, of having a tobacco user for a husband or even a brother. It seems impossible to us that "familiarity" could breed anything better than "con-tempt" in this case. Some women might come to tolerate the odor of the burnt offering, but who could ever grow to love the breath of the smoker? Do the wives of such like to have their husbands affectionate, or are they glad when they grow indifferent?

We are convinced, from observation

and association with the devotees of the weed, that it paralyzes the will power and lowers the moral nature, making its user sellish and often untruthful Noobserving woman can deny this. No need to enlarge, to ask the vain question of where is the remedy? to advise girls to administer a course of severe letting alone—girls won't do it—to all young men who are its slaves. No use to entreat women to bring up their boys to detest it. Women are powerless here. It is doubtful if the most carefully in structed boy has not a certain feeling of respect for the handsome, graceful gentleman nonchalantly smoking a eiga

The remedy rests with the men, and but w are capable of thinking on the subject, being so stupetied by the mephitic vapors. If there is any influence which woman is capable of wielding it is hinted

To heroism and holmess
How hard it is for mon to soar;
But how mon he harder to be less
Than what his mistress loves hom for. The young woman might have some ittle influence, though it is doubtful. It s much easier to reform a drunkard, we honestly think, than a confirmed smoker.

Rules for Courtship.

The youth who would a pretty maiden woo Will profit if he keeps these rules in view; Be not precipitate, nor yet too slow, Be not abashed with a rebuff or so; f she is unresponsive, distant, cold, he woer must be decidedly bold. I she is timid, diffident and shy, Don't fret—she'll find more courage by and by, Let not her first refusal give distress, A woman's no is often meant for yes.

She Can't Throw a Brick.

Chicago Inter Ocean: Had Paris seen Helen attempt to shoo a cow out of the back yard, it is safe to say that the Trojan war would never have been waged, and Homer would have been obliged to take the Haymarket riot for an epic. Had Antony seen Cleopatra chase a stree-car down a dusty avenue of Cairo, it is also safe to state that he would have fled dis-enchanced back to Octavia, and the divorce court lawyer-"decree quietly se-cured; no publicity"-would never have have made a cent from him. Had Dante seen Beatrice fire a half-brick at the van-dal hen which prospected for seeds in her flower-bed every spring, it is again safe to say he would have sent back her notes, her white mouse pen-wiper, the lava smoking set with "Merry Christmas" painted across the stern, and discontinued that rocky courtship which he subsequently celebrated in his poem known as The Inferno.

In the three situations given above the average woman is grand, massive, Titanie, incomprehensible. The man who witnesses these feminine moods from the weather side of a high board fence and does not stand with head bared, hushed and awe stricken, has no poetry in his soul. In all she is great, but in the brickthrowing act she is greatest—and most dangerous. There is a physiological reason for this. It is not her fault that an ambulance wagon has to be wrung up after her brick-throwing moods, nor that this kind of exercise always creates a flurry and an upward tendency in the window-glass market. She cannot help aiming at the hen and bringing down the usual inoffensive citizen in the next ward. Her shoulders were not rightly con-structed for ball-tossing, and in the hurry incident upon laying the citizen she frequently forgets to consult her handbook on throwing, and makes the left hand do all the labor instead of the right, as laid down by the authorities. Nor is she mentally constituted for a base-ball pitcher. Many husbands who are not right-minded sneer at their wives' weakness of mental grasp in not being able to distinguish between a mutitated and jumped on um-pire and a three-base hit. These nice subtlettes of the game may be thus lost to her, but it is not her fault. Her gray brain matter is not put up that way, architecturally speaking, any more than her shoulder is built to bring confusion

It will be observed by all who take the interests of science that the best throwers have very square shoulders, and the shoulders of some are higher at the corners than near the neck. In these latter the clavicle tends upward as it leaves the spinal column a circumstance which allows free play of the arm in any dire :tion. Whereas, as seen in a lady's skete-ton, the shoulder-blade slopes down like a toboggan slide and overlaps the armsocket in a manner which prevents her lifting her arm without cracking her shoulder-blade or bursting out a seam in her basque, either of which is calculated to discourage good marksmanship.

and death to cows.

The Doings of Woman.

Chicago Rambler She models strange figures in clay, She decorates deftly all day, She paints squirming dragons On porcelain dagons,

With talent that none can gain say. She fashions strangest nick nacks; She paints on a myriad plaques Whitest of lillies

And daffy-down-dillies

And tulips and bunches of "Jac's." E'en boxes that erstwhile held soap Afforded her wild genius scope, She paints on them pansies

And arabesque fancies And anchors, the emblem of hope. On plates at the table we find brightest of colors outlined Geraniums, myrtle, Impossible turtle,

And snakes of original kind. She paints with her might and her main rogs, lizards, a stork or a crane, Fantastic reptilian Fill this fair civilian,

And odd sorts of birds fill her brain Well, since you admit no restraint, Some subjects I beg you to paint, With pleasanter features

Than such squirming creatures As those you denominate quaint, The Kind of Girls They Raise in Cin-

cinnati. Cincinnati Enquirer: The girl of to-day s raised up in the parlor to be an ornament and nothing more. She knows nothing of the kitchen—the place is a death-trap to her. She knows nothing of the art of cookery, and never proposes to earn the art, except circumstances force her to it; as for instance, she marries some young blood who turns out to be oorer than a church mouse, and therefore she has to do without a cook. Then she goes into the kitchen, and, with a good deal of grunting and finger-burning, manages to scare up a meal barely fit for a dog. The girl of to day belongs to the parlor. You can always find her there when she is not lying abed or shooting through the principal streets shop Her education consists of a few ssons in grammar, Latin, music and drawing. She completes nothing. A year after she graduates she remembers noth-ing but her school flirtations. As a muician she is a nuisance. She studies music not as an art, but as an accom-plishment. The result is that she not only succeeds in murdering music, but the poor victims who are often compelled to listen to her are made sufferers, too. She can dance, she can flirt, she can love as no other girl in this wide world can, but when we have said that we have said all that can possibly be said in her favor. She is beautiful, charming and almost interesting, but she is a mere ornament and nothing more. If you can afford to build a fine house, furnish it with rich and costly furniture, keep horses and carriages and a groom to keep them in order, by all means marry the girl of to-day. She can spend your money as the girl of no other country can. She can play the queen to perfec tion, and will not only master your household affairs, but will master you. But if you are poor keep away from her. You cannot help falling in love with her,

but study well the expense you will be

forced into in case you make her your

wife. If you see you can't well make both ends meet, can't keep her and the hired girl, too, then take our advice and marry the hired girl.

The Man-Fishing Mystery of Woman Explained.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph: To Miss Bessie Bramble, of Pittsburg, we respectfully answer, there is something in it, something Bossie, dear, that you cannot ap preciate, because you do not cross your galluses in the back, wear hip-pockets and top-boots; because you care nothing for the early morning cocktail, the mid day juleps, the evening steak and the midnight composer; because you do not understand the value of straights and flushes and threes and fulls and jackpots, and because, dear girl, free as you are, it never can occur to you that the duties that he men to their desks and trades, when thrown off, leave them boys and semi-savages once more.

Of course, all this is a mystery to you. If it were not you would not be a woman. It is the same sort of mystery to you that your teas and conversation parties are to men. They can no more understand how a woman with tight shoes on, tight corsets, tight gloves, ponderous headwear and stiff clothes on can sit up by the hour and gossip about absentees and drink what they don't like, any more than you can understand man as a fisher. Better not try, test the charms of our respective amusements entice us into new fields. A woman at a man's fishing frolic would spoil the fun, and a man in woman's kingdom is undoubtedly a bore.

San Francisco Chronicle: An eastern lady, visiting the elegant home of the proprietor of an influential newspaper,

says to her husband: "Why don't you own a newspaper, Just fancy! To have a newspaper to 'go' for people in and a home like this!" After a pause—"And I think I'd rather have the newspaper than the

wonder how many of them ever read the telegraphic news or the local news. Sometimes, when it is a big murder or a big scandal, they devour it greedily, but if women were the arbiters it would be a very extraordinary paper they would demand. I have known women who read editorials, sometimes, but they were generally cranks in some direction. I think there are exceptional cases who read the police reports; but it is astonishing how ong a woman can look at a newspaper and not know anything that is in it when she gets through. A thing has to have a con-nected story in it before she can grasp it. A bare fact stips her, an accident may eatch her, but a good, strong story in a kind of complete form she remembers every detail of, and when she is told how the woman is dressed the whole thing lives before her, and she never forgets it.

Under Miss Cleveland's Management. Chicago News: With a good deal of interest we have examined the advertisements admitted to the pages of Literary Life, under Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleve-land's management. It will be remem-bered that the gifted lady objected to certain advertisements which have appeared in the magazine heretofore. We summarize the advertisements in the current number of Literary Life, as follows:

To-fume y advertisements
Complexion advertisements
Corset advertisements
Liver advertisements
Spring bed advertisements
Stationary advert sements
Condy Hem ny and griddle-case flour

Wrought iron boilers ... Women of the World,

Mrs. Fort, of Florida, has 40,000 silk worms at the De Land silk factory. Miss Phoebe Hall, once a prosperous milliner, having been converted, is creating something of a sensation in Balti-

more as an evangelist. Miss Adelaide Detchor American, is giving recitals in London which are described as being most at-

tractive entertainments. The first woman surgeon qualified in Great Britain was invested with the let ers testimonial of the Irish College of Surgeons recently under the new power granted it by its charter of 1885,

Fanny Kemble is a hale old lady of seventy-eight years, who occasionally goes mountain climbing in Switzerland even now. It is more than lifty years since she wrote her "journal" of American experiences.

Mme. Pibsen, of Maus, has bequeathed her entire fortune to the Academie Francaise in order to found a prize to be awarded every five years for a work on political economy written for the benefit of the working classes.

Frances E. Willard, after addressing : temperance convention recently at Madison, was asked which the women of the United States would prefer first, suffrage or prohibition, whereupon she promptly replied: "I will take suffrage for women first, for if we once get woman suffrage the liquor traffic will soon look as if all the dynamite of Hell's Gate shaft had exploded | der it."

A very sensational story comes from Paris that Sara Bernhardt is on the verge of insanity, and that the throngs of Parisians who flocked to see her during her latest farewell in that gay city were inspired by curiosity to see the finale which it is prophesied will take place on the stage. Every one was amazed, disappointed and disgusted that she suc ceeded in getting away on her South American tour without falling into the hands of the mad-doctors. These same people, it is asserted, are now betting heavily on the chances that her present tour will end in a lunatic asylum before she reaches New York. But, after all, this may be only a clever bit of advertis-

ing paid for at so much a line. The death is announced in Cochin China of Mme. De Ribart, a female sur-geon of remarkable skill and of most ex-traordinary experiences. Beginning as a waitress in a little drinking shop in the Quartier Latin, of Paris, she passed through the usual experiences of a gris ette while very young, and became con-nected with a medical student. No sooner did she come in contact with his books and instruments than she fell upon them and literally devoured the knowledge they contained. She also drew from him everything he learned, so that by the time she was six and twenty years of age she presented herself for examination as surgeon, and passed the ordeal brilliantly and triumshantly. Recognizing a field in the Egyptian harems, to which male surgeons are not admitted, she went to Cairo, where she speedily established a large practice. But the habit of dissipation was strong upon her, and she plunged into the wildest excesses, which ended in her incarceration in an Egyptian mad-house. After six months of severe treatment she recovered her mind, but her career in Egypt was over. She could not return to Europe, and so she made her way to the French possessions in Asia, where her talent and beauty won for her instant recognition, but she died suddenly before the prospects of redeeming her past had been realized.

A Valuable Servant. Texas Siftings, An Austin merchant who had failed several times to collect a bill from Col. Yerger, went to the latter's residence determined to get the money. He was met at the door by Sam Johnsing, who and orders to keep out people who

came with bills. "Is Col. Yerger in?"
"What does yer want?"

"I want my money."
"All right, sah. Ef hits your money
you wants jess step in de parlor. Hit's
only de folks dats afterde kurne!'s money dat he don't keer to see. He wouldn't be in ef you was after his money."

BOB JENNINGS' CABIN.

Romance of the Early Mining Days in Montana.

The Man Who had a Theory-The Landslide That Covered Him Revealing the Treasure for Which He Had Unsuccessfully Toiled.

Helena (Mont.) Letter in Detroit Free Press: Riding horseback across the main divide of the Rockies in that wonderful expanse of mountains called Montana, I came at sunset in sight of a flume that ran for miles along the spurs bordering a barren valley

To the south lay an alkali plain, dotted here and there with bunches of coarse sedge, and heaped with gravel. All around the hills lay piled, with here and there an isolated butte, independent of any range and sloping on every side from its bare, rocky peak to the hollows which hemmed it in. A swampy creek struggled along the valley. The Bob Jennings ledge, with the ore from which I was to try my new process of amalgamation, and the cabin to which I had been directed for shelter could not be far away. The miners of Prickly Pear Canon had been none too friendly, but there had been a cordial unanimity in their recommendation that I pass my second night out on the journey to the railroad in "Bob Jennings' cabin." I was to know when to look for it by the great flume. When I saw this apparently unending box of moss-covered planking my home."

That seems to be all women think a newspaper is for anyway, to pitch into people and print fashion and social news;

heart leaped for joy, in spite of the deso-tation of its surroundings. It must have cost \$25,000 or \$30,000, and helped wash out hundreds of thousands of dellars' worth of gold dust, for it had been built when every stick of timber had to be hauled on wagons for days and days along the famous Gilmer & Salisbury stage route from Utah into the moun-

> The whole scene spoke of the romance of the placer diggings. There were signs on every side that a great camp had been scattered along that alkali plain. Every foot of bluff along the creek, "from rim-rock to rim-rock," as the placer miners say, showed marks of occupation. I was tired enough to have slept on the ground, and looked auxiously for the big bowlder with the wooden cross on it which was to be my last landmark for the cabin. marked, I had been told, the spot where a worn, starving youth was found dead of overwork and lack of food, with his pick in his cold hand and his pan full of vorthless gravel.

> Not six inches below the point of his pick had lain a nugget worth thousands. At last I rode wear,ly into the shadow of the hill. Almost under the same flume, where it rested in a bed of salt rock, was the ruined eabin. A great slice of the mountain had slid over and carried away the roof, and sparkling but icy drops from the torrent, gurging in the wooden walls above, trickled over the mass of fallen rock and along one corner of the rotten flooring. At this spot the hills retreated a little from the valley, and luxuriant vines and rank grass covered the rocks on either side and grew up to the edge of the open door. Inside lay a rusty frying pan and the ruins of a bunk which had been fastened to the log wall. The bowlder was nowhere to be seen, but I was content. This must be my caravansary.

> Night came on quickly. Soon after the sun set, even while its fading yellow reflection lingered on the snowy crests of the main range, a chilly darkness covered the plains below. Above the big stars sparkled with a white splendor peculiar mountains. my horse to the door-post, allowing him a wide range over the herbage, and, blessing my good luck for the bit of the remaining roof, wrapt myself in blankets

> and went to sleep in a corner. In an hour or two 1 awoke. I could hear the drip of the water from the flume and the melancholy rustling of the great pines on top of the ridge in the freezing wind which swept along the heights. horror of silence seized me, and the champing of my horse in the grass was an inexpressible relief to my ear. 1 imagined the cabin, half roofless as it was, smelt musty, and I carried my blankets into the open air and lay out under the stars. Then I fell into a sleep, vexed by strange dreams and troubled with a terror of slippery heights and treacherous

> ledges At last the sunshine wakened me. fore another night, thank heaven. I would outside of the wilds. Hastily ng out a number of specimens of the ore I put them in my knapsack and prepared to get away I was splitting pieces of what was left of the door to kindle my breakfast fire, when a weather beaten fellow, in the coarse, half-glazed canvas pe culiar to miners, rode around the edge of a hill on a broncho. His pick and pan, swung behind him, were muddy with recent usage. He was evidently more at home than I.

He looked at me with interest and then looked at the cabin. I followed his glance and could hardly recognize the corner where I had first laid down. The debris of the disintegrated ledge, which had already wrecked the building had shd further during the night and crushed in the remaining rafters.

He seemed amused. "I never slept in there but once," he said. "That was enough. And I was almost as much surprised the next morning as you are. was Bob Jennings' cabin; he was the first man that ever prospected hereabouts for

quartz.' Linvited the stranger down from his broncho, and he fell to quite readily at my bacon and bread. There is not much ceremony in a desert.

"Jennings was the only man in the camp," my guest went ou, "who wasn't crazy to pan out gold dust from gravel He stuck it out that there must be lode where so much gold dust had washed down. So he only panned out enough to keep body and soul together, and went on digging prospect holes in the hillside. "He picked out this as the likeliest

spot and built this cabin, the first this side of Virginia City. And he picked away at the rocks until every blesses placer miner had left the diggings. But it wasn't any use. He's barried under the pile of rocks there, in the corner of s own cabin. I thought I began to understand why the wretches at Prickly Pear directed me

to this burking ruin. But I couldn't in-terrupt the man he was too horribly matter-of-fact. He continued cating and talking. "Since Bob's day the whole range has been plugged full of prospectholes. And,

as the Days of '49' goes, many a good fellow has "Rendered up his soul

In a prospect hole Since the days of '49.

"Something seemed to tell Jennings to stick it out. As said he wanted a fortune or nothing. Prospectors for dust for a bundred miles up and down the divide talked about 'Crazy Jennings. He dug till his fingers were skin and shelf of rock lay exbone, and a great posed to the wind and frost.

"His provisions were all gone, was bound to strike a quartz lead. Well, one night the slope he had dug away caved in and uncovered a pocket of al-most pure gold. But when morning came Jennings wasn't there to see it, fo the cave-in had smashed his cabin just the way you see it, only not so bad, and buried him. He never waked up in this world, but the men who dug him out a

week or two after made a rich strike in the pocket, and paid for a handsome no-tice of him in his home paper in Missouri. Nobody ever sleeps around here now. They say the water calls in a lonesome way, and loose rock from the ledge he worked at so long slides down in the dead watches, and builds each night a

NO LIMIT TO SPEED.

little higher monument to him.

An Octogenarian's New Time Annihilator Described.

Pittsburg Dispatch: A veritable patriarch in physical characteristics-with silvery white hair, and a countenance marked with the deep lines graven by the touches of more than four score winters John Dougherty, living in an upper room in a house just above Twenty-sec-ond street, on Penn ayenue, was a timeworn link between the haleyon canal and the stage coach days of half a century ago and the wonderful progress of the

Back in the thirties John Dougherty was one of the principal promoters of the first extensive transportation company in the state-the Portage road To day his mind is wrapped up in an idea -rapid transit—and the broodings of fancy have brought forth a curious vention in the shape of a watercraft which Mr. Dougherty is firmly impressed solves the question of rapid transit as it has never been solved before. He has come here from his home in Mount Union for the purpose of building a boat in accordance with his idea, and in a few days work will be begun on it on the bank of the Allegheny at the foot of Twenty-second street, and he is persuaded that when it is completed sixty or seventy-five miles an hour will be a speed easily attainable

"People in this era," said the elderly "cannot afford to waste time in travel. The intelligent minds are reaching out after systems of economy in everything. The telegraph wire carries the thought, and I am striving to earry the thinker. I am going to build a boat containing 30,000 feet of lumber, 45 tons net, with a bearing surface of 165x22. It will have a capacity of 180 tons to the cubic foot, and 45 tons will sink it three inches. An engine, coal, deck and floor and 250 passengers will draw six inches of water, and the faster the boat is run the less power will be required. The limit of speed will only be that of safety."

Here the gentleman exhibited his working model. It has a flat deck, and is provided with six pairs of folding paddles underneath and two poles, and is a simple looking contrivance.

"I am perfectly well satisfied that when the boat is completed in sixty days' time I will be able to attain a speed of seventy-five miles an hour on the rivers hereabouts. As I said, the limit of speed is only safety."

HIS EXPERIMENTS. "In 1884 I built a flat 12x40 feet, weighing twenty-two tons and drawing eighteen inches water, and much too heavy for the machinery used in propelling it. I ran it from Mount Union to the dain at Newton Hamilton, ten miles, propelled by steam power and pole propellers and there exchanged these for folding paddies hinged to wedges of wood, with four blades nine inches by three feet, run on deep water amid wind and waves. These paddles were exchanged for four steel blades one sixteenth of an inch thick by three feet in length, immersed two and a half feet with three foot stroke and about lifty revolutions per minute. We ran ten miles up stream with a seow immersed eighteen inches and much too weighty for these light propellers making eight and a half miles per hour, thus successfully testing three several propellers, adapted to water alternating from deep to shoal and to be used separately

or in connection.
"On shoal waters the pole propellers may be used, and on deep waters the folding paddles and wedge or the wedge aione. Light steel propellers may glide over the water at any desirable speed, and vessels carrying freight be driven rapidly through water. I might state that on the Palsley canal, in Scotland, light iron fly-boats, weighing 1,700 pounds, earrying ninety passengers, and drawn by two horses, run eight to ten miles an our, the waste of power decreasing as the speed increases. That is the case with my boat. I have been boating from an early period, and believe I have reasoned out the philosophy of rapid transit in that connection, and have come here to

Pittsburg to put it into practice. 'In 1836 I had ten tron portable canal boats built for the company in which I owned the controlling interest, for use on the canal in this state, and in 1838 Prince de Joinville sent a draft of one of these and an eight-wheel railroad truck to France. I believe that had we introduced rapid water transit at an earlier period it would have located centers of traffic on navigable waters and delayed building railways in the states and territories distant from centers of industry Henceforth I am persuaded that free rivers will compete successfully with toll railways, and northern and southern be cheaply and rapidly exchanged, and access had to inexhaustible stores of good that the almighty locks

'Mechanical genius, I trust, will faster into shape and use a conception cradled in adversity and dedicated to co-opera-tion. My invention is for the good of all, and it is my purpose to turn it over to the people."

Mr. Dougherty is accompanied by an assistant, and has his plans and models in readiness to commence work on the new boat as soon as the lumber arrives.

The Pope's Daily Routine Life. London Daily News: The Pope, now 78 years of age, leads a very regular life and is in a fair condition of health. At 6 a. m. he celebrates mass in his private chapel. At 7 he takes breakfast, consist-

ing of chocolate and milk, with some times raw eggs beaten up. Immediately afterward he receives the visits of his and Cardinal Jacobini reports what has occurred in the world, gives him an account of the letters re-ceived on Papal business. Besides these official letters, others arrive in great numbers from all parts of the world, mainly from priests, missionaries, monks, and nuns, while others contain sums of money from penitents, and many are petitions for a blessing, pecuniary aid, or

After these letters, in all languages, have been translated, and their contents briefly reported to the Pope, they are placed in the Papal archives. Hundreds of telegrams also arrive each day, the greater part asking for the benediction in articulo mortis, which naturally often only reaches its destination after the petitioner is already dead. For its graphic correspondence the Vatican makes use of a numerical cypher. The greater part of the morning is thus

At 1 o'clock the Pope dines, and afterward retires to his private room until the heat of the day is past

At 6 p. m. he repairs to the Vatican rden, where his carriage awaits him. At the prettiest spot in this garden there has lately been erected an elegant kiosque in eastern style, and there the Pope remains for some time, taking coffee and other refreshments, and rounded by his intimate friends. conversation runs on the topics of the day, and on the articles concerning the Pope or Papal politics that appear in the

Italian or foreign journals. Precisely at sunset the party breaks up. and the Pope returns to the valuee, his physicians having advised him never to remain out of doors after sunset on ac-

INEZ A True Story of the Sunny South and

the Boundless West. Written for the Omaha Sunday Re Twenty years ago, in the gathering shades of a coming southern night, a palatial Mississippi river steamboat swung from the Natenez wharf and gave her sharp prow to the current of the might Father of Waters. As the swift vessel settled to her work, and the yellow foam of the Mississippi rolled high to meet the graceful dip of her guards, a gleam of white shot from the deck and was lost amid the gloom gathering upon the turbid waters. At once there arose, clear and piercing above the rush of the vessel, the swish of the current, the throb of the mighty engine, and the mate's eruptive profanity, a woman's wild, despairing shrick. Then followed the swift passage of a dark object through the air, and a heavy plunge. The deck was erowded with passengers, and in an instant all was confusion. In that instant, however, a man sprang to the side of the vessel and a second heavy plunge was heard. And now, out of the babel of questions, answers and exclamations, came the knowledge that a babe had leaped from its mother's arms into the stream; that the devoted mother had followed her child, and that a passenger was risking his life to save theirs. A boat was promptly and eagerty lowered, the mighty engines lost their throb of power, and just keeping headway, the fabric drifted with the current, while willing and sturdy arms urged the lifeboat forward on its errand of anxious hope. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, to those on board the steamer like lagging years. Then came from the surrounding darkness the ring of a joyous eneer, and then all was still again. After another anxious interval the silence was broken again by the sound of returning oar strokes, and the passengers crowded the guards and the sides of the deck to eatch sight of the returning boat. Swiftly urged, the boat dashed alongside, and from the arms of her sturdy crew were passed two water-soaked and apparently lifeless forms. Only two, and where was deeply and said: the third? Alas! the mother's devotion had found for her a watery grave. The gallant fellow who had periled his life and the babe he had rescued were now the objects of the most anxious solicition, he said: "What can this mean? In the name of

tude. The babe soon revived, and slept the sleep of innocence and infancy upon the bosom of a sympathizing matron. About the couch of the preserver, however, the wing of the death-angel long hovered. The youth, for the noble fellow was scarcely twenty, possessed a strong constitution, and it finally triumphed and the gallant life came back again. Not, however, until the vessel reached New Orleans was the sufferer able to leave his stateroom. The baby girl whose life he had given back was frequently brought to him, and the little orphan soon wound herself about his heart-strings. efforts to ascertain her parentage com-pletely failed. The mother had boarded the vessel at Natchez, just as she left the wharf, and her name was not on the passenger list. She brought no luggage of any kind, and the linen of the babe unmarked. Unknown she had met her devoted death, and unknown was the inheritance of her child. And so Eugene Barksdale resolved to be a father to the babe whose life he had saved. And in-deed he already loved her as his own. Barksdale was a young Mississippian

who had served gallantly, though a mere youth, in Forrest's cavalry during the great civil war. At the close of the struggle he had gathered up the wreck of his fortune, and at the time of our opening scene was on his way to Texas, where he had an uncle, the owner of vast cattle herds, and who had offered to see him fairly started in the cattle business. At New Orleans, Barksdale engaged a nurse for his new charge, and the party embarked for Galveston. Shortly before leaving the Mississippi steamboat, ever, the stewardess had brought Barks-dale a thin golden chain, of exquisite and curious workmanship, to which was suspended a small locket of the same metal. On being opened, the locket dis closed a magnificent heart-shaped raby, above which, in the form of a crescent set with smail though brilliant diamonds, appeared the single Spanish word "Inez." The jewel had been found by one of the chambermaids beneath the couch on which the babe had been brought back to life, and had probably slipped unnoticed from her neck during the attendant con-Barksdale restored the heirloom to the baby-throat, where it had last been placed by a dead mother's hand, and it went with the little waif to the new home

in the Texas cattle land. Sixteen years have passed, and the scene has changed from the broad savanhas of southern Texas to the deep rolling basins of northwestern Wyoming. It is the far frontier cattle land, and as the setting sun lends a golden hue to the snow-capped peaks of the mighty Big Horn range, two riders come willy over the broad and swelling uplands. One is a in the first flush of a loyely womanhood, and the other is a man of thirty-tive, bronzed, stalwart, and with light but certain bridle-hand, and the firm but easy seat of the old cavalryman. Incz. the waif of the Mississippi, and Eugene Barksdale are again before the reader. In common with many of his fellow Texas cattlemen, Barksdale has transferred his herds to the rich pastures of the far northwest, and is now one of Wyoming's cattle kings. The ranch is a few miles ahead, just through yonder rocky gorge, and the cattle king and his princess are returning foon a long ride over the broad ranges, and amid the countless horas and hoofs of which Eugene Barksdale is master. Inez is a true daughter of the south. The warm blood mantles richly in the pale olive of her cheek, and the dark eyes are full of a light at once passionate and gentle. months before, her school days over, she had assumed her position as mistress of Barksdale's luxurious Cheyenne home. and was now on a visit to the vast pos-sessions of which she was the heiress. Over some rough and broken ground the long, easy lope of the prairie slackened, and the animals suddenly pressed close to each other, producing a ingular effect upon the riders. Into the dark eyes of Inez there came an eager look, and half involuntarily lithe figure bent toward her companion That companion's features assumed an

expression of stern repression, and with a stifled sigh he resolutely reined h's animal aside. No word was spoken, and the ong lope was soon resumed. riders reached the crest of a ridge over looking the mouth of the gorge beyond which lay the ranch, there came sharp and clear the sound of a pistol shot, then another, and then a perfect fusilade rang out, accompanied by the savage oath bidding Inez ride back behind the ir teeting crest of the ridge. Barksdale dashed down the slope for the battle scene. In the mouth of the gorge, partly sheltered by a large rock, an old man, with flowing silvery hair and beard, was resisting with him like courage the on-slaught of half a score of mountain bau-Iwo of the attacking band had already failen, and the life of th old man was evidently to be sold dearly and grimly. The marauders swarmed count of the malaria which prevails in the valley below Monte Mario At about at hand, when, his hot southern blood on his knees for haif an hour, his holiness retires to bed. I the deadly rush and swing of Forrest's I they would like to live on with their help,

riders, Barksdale burst upon their flank. The sharp and continuous crack of his fatal revolver was the first intimation the bandits received of the presence of another foe. Robber after robber we at down before that practiced and steady aim, and after a short and confused resistance bandits, leaving one-half their number stretched on the bloody sward, broke and fled. In the short meice, however, a ball had pierced Barksdale's breast, and as the last of the bandits disappeared in the gathering gloom, he recled in his saddle and fell heavily to the earth. As he did so, there came the sound of harrying hoofs, a wild shrick rent the air, and Inez leaped from her horse and flung herself upon the apparent corpse of him to whom she owed her life and to whom she had given her heart. When Barksdale next opened his eyes, they fell upon the fa-miliar surroundings of his own room, within the walls of his ranch house. He was stretched upon his own bed, and above him bent Inez. Standing by the bedside was the old man with the heard and hair of silver, who had made so gallant a fight, and who had been so lantly rescued, while gathered in the room were the cowboys of the their usual reckless manner softened by oncern and pity. A fleeting glance, and then came again to Barksdale uncon-sciousness. For weeks the gallant spirit hovered between life and death. tender and untiring nursing of the devoted Inez finally triumphed, and the life so precious to her was saved. With con-valescence came to Barksdale the knowledge that he was loved, and from that time his heart beat with a new life. The understanding between the lovers was complete. Barksdale knew that the heart he had so wildly coveted was his, and Inez learned that the disparity of age and their singular relations to each other had alone tied her lover's tongue. For-syth, the old man, had refused to leave the ranch until the fate of his preserver was decided. Between him and Incz there had arisen a singular feeling of mutual attraction. The heart of the old man went out toward the young girl, and she found herself looking up to him with a holy feeling of affection. One day, the day on which Barksdale left his couch for the first time, the old man and the maiden were by his side with words of love and hope. Suddenly the eye of Barksdale rested upon a heart-shaped ring the old man were upon his finger. Something in the chasing of the golden surface startled him, and be asked for a closer inspection. The old man sighed

That ring, my dear friend, is really a locket, and within it is concealed the emblem of a life-time sorrow."

So saying he touched a spring, and there appeared before the bewindered and incredulous gaze of Inez and Barksdale a splendid ruby, above which appeared in a crescent of brilliant diamonds the word "Inez" in Spanish characters.

"My mother's ruby and my mother's name" wildly exclaimed Inez, while Barksdale raised his feeble form half upright as, in a voice hoarse with emo-

heaven, who are you, siry "Your mother's name and your mother's ruby," repeated Forsyth, turning to the excited girl, who stood gazing on him and on the jewel with dilated eyes and pallid checks. But recovering herself, Inez flew from the room, and a moment later returned, bearing in her hand the fac simile of the jewel which lay im-bedded in the locket.

"Inez was my wife," came in broken tones from the trembling lips of the old

"Inex was my mother," came the response, and the father and daughter were

locked in each other's arms. Through a torrent of joyous exclama-Inrough a torrent of joyous exclama-tions and rapturous caresses came the explanation: In middle life, John For-syth, a wealthy Boston merchant, had married Inez de Castro, the daughter o one of his Hayanna correspondents. Forsyth had a winter residence in Natchez and he and his wife and the baby Inez re occupying it in th Forsyth was called north by imperative business. Transacting this, he telegraphed to his wife that he would be hone on a certain boat, and asking her to meet h m at the wharf. When the boat reached Natchez his wife and child did not meet him, and he hastened home to find the place desolate. All the servants could tell him was that the evening before the'r mistress had taken her baby and left the house, and had never returned. She had said nothing to any one as to where she was going, and the servants supposed she had merely gone for a walk. The desperate husband and father spent months and thousands of dollars in the search for his wife and child, but without success, and he finally was forced to the conclusion that both were lost to him for-

ever. Now it was plain that the unfortunate lady had mistaken both the day of her husband's arrival and the name of the boat which was to bring him to her, and had, through that mistake, found a grave beneath the waters of the Missis-Since then Forsyth had led a wandering life, endeavoring to forget his sorrows. At the time of the bandit attack he was on his way to indulge in a solitary hunting expedition in the Big Horn mountains. He had the evening before stumbled on the camp of the robbers in an isolated gulch, and, ignorant of their character, had passed the night with them, and imprudently let them see the large sum of money he habitually carried in his wanderings. His trail was taken next morning, with the result al-

ready known. Three months afterwards, in the fair city of Cheyenne, surnamed "The Magie," there was a quiet wedding before chancel rails, when the old man with the silvery hair and beard gave his strangely recov ered daughter into the life-keeping of him to whose gallant heart and strong right arm they both owed their lives and WILL VISSCHER.

The Fox and the Goose.

their happiness.

Boston Transcript: Once upon a time there was a Fox and a Goose between whom there was a Misunderstanding, also a Stream of Water. The Fox was much exercised because of the disagreeable Habit which the Goose had of making a Noise like a Snake upon frequent Occasions, which was very Annoying to the Fox. whose Nerves were exceedingly Sensitive. It also aroused a feeling of Envy in the breast of Reynard to see the Goose sailing about on the surface of the water, as though for the express purpose of Irritating her four-footed Neighbor, who was averse to Aquatic Exercise. The Goose, on the other hand, complained that the Fox annoyed her very much by Darting at her whenever she approached his side of the Stream. The mutual Bickerings went on for some time. Finally, the Fox addressed the Goose in this wise: "Madam," he said, "how foolish in us to live on such unfriendly Terms, when the Relations between us might be Amica-ble. Draw near, I pray you—for my youce is not strong this morning, and it is Difficult for me to talk so loud and I will explain the Scheme which I have to propose." The Goose, being beguiled by the seductive Manners of her former Enemy, swam to the side of the Stream where the Fox was waiting. In less time than it takes to tell it, a sudden Trans-formation took place. Thereafter the relations between the two Animals were entirely Amicable. But the Goose was in

side of the Fox. Moral-This Fable teaches that one whould never show his hand at Draw Poker until the Money is up; also, that in making Terms with another you should be sure that he doesn't get the Bulge on you unawares; also, No. 3, that one is