COUNCIL BLUFFS

LATE LOCAL NEWS.

Lightning vs. Gas.

Provided the city council grants the franchise petitioned for, the Brush company proposes erecting a plant of about 1,000 lamps capacity. Part will be run on the three-wire system and part by the alternating method. The three-wire, or straight incandescent system will be employed chiefly for store lights and for running motors, as it is claimed to be more reliable and economical than the alternating. The current will be on every hour out of the twenty-four. Resident lights will pay full price for those lamps which are in constant use, such as in the hall, parlor, etc., and half price (35 cents a month) for those in use in bedrooms and where they are in use only a part of the evening. They also propose to furnish metres, so that if customers desire, an accurate account can be kept of the amount of current used.

The plant will be in operation as soon after the franchise is given as possible. The price they offer this incandescent light, 70 cents a month, from early candlelight until 10 o'clock p. m., is said to be the same as gas at $1.50 a thousand. All parties desiring the light will have the necessary wires put in free of charge, regardless of the number of lamps required.

Mr. Thomas Officer, who has been giving the matter much attention for two years past, is thoroughly satisfied that for this city the alternating system is the true one to adopt. His opinion is worthy of much weight, for he is a close observer, an honest and impartial investigator of the several systems.

Lost—Yesterday evening between the Omaha rifle range and Hardin's gun store, a leather shall case containing shells and oil can. Finder leave at Hardin's gun store or return to J. G. Tipton, real estate broker, Council Bluffs.

Candy 10c per lb. at Baird's, 523 Broadway.

The largest assortment of candy baskets and boxes at Baird's.

Don't fail to go to Baird's and see the fine large line of Christmas goods.

Buy Useful Presents.

The most acceptable presents for Christmas are those which combine utility with beauty. Their daily use keeps the giver in constant remembrance.

We have full lines of Down Comforts, Down Pillows, Carpet Sweepers, Footstools, Blacking Cases, Fancy Mats and Rugs, and many other things which are valuable as Christmas Souvenirs. We are anxious to close these all out, and will make prices to suit the purchaser.

Our Remnant Sale still continues and with bargains for all who come.

Call and see us.

COUNCIL BLUFFS CARPET CO.

The Pulpits and Pews.

The following announcements are made of church services to be held to-day:

Broadway M. E. Church—Preaching by the pastor, D. C. Franklin, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Class meeting at 6:30 p. m. in the lecture room. A cordial invitation is extended to strangers.

Berean Baptist Church—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. T. F. Thickston, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. to-day, on Pacific avenue between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. All are invited.

First Baptist—Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school 12 m. Union prayer meeting at 6 p. m. In the evening there will be no services in this church, but union services conducted by the pastors in the Presbyterian church at 7:30 p. m.

Presbyterian—Preaching as usual in the morning by the pastor. Sabbath school at 12 o'clock. In the evening there will be a union revival meeting at 7:30, and all are asked to bring Gospel Hymns, No. 5.

Union Revival Services—All are invited to attend the union revival services at the Presbyterian church at 7:30 p. m., and to bring Gospel Hymns, No. 5.

Y. M. C. A.—Special meeting for men, conducted by Joseph Wells at the Y. M. C. A., corner Broadway and Main, Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Topic: "The Gulf Spanned," Luke 2:11. Good singing, short addresses by young men.

Congregational—Services this morning. The pastor will preach a Christmas sermon. Subject: "The Star of Bethlehelin." Appropriate anthems will be rendered by the choir. Union services in the Presbyterian church in the evening. A cordial invitation is extended.

Bethany Baptist Church—Corner of Bluff and Story streets. Services as usual at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Rev. E. N. Harris, pastor.

St. Paul's Church—Divine service to-day at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12:15. Young men's bible class at 12:15. Sermon topics, morning: "Faithfulness." Evening sermon: "Of What Use is the Church to Our Business Men?" Young men and strangers always cordially welcomed to these services. T. J. Mackay, rector.

No war prices for reliable jewelry at Woolman's, jeweler, 224 Broadway.

Illinois and Iowa best soft coal, Gleason, 26 Pearl street.

Diamond rings, fine quality, no flaws, 4-karet stones, $35.00. Wollman, jeweler, 224 Broadway.

Auction Sale.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock and this evening at 7, will be sold a large stock of crockery, lamps, vases, toys, notions and Christmas goods of all kinds. These goods must and will be sold regardless of cost. Go to No. 15 Main street and get the greatest bargains of your life. Don't forget the time and place.

Mrs. Grover's Grievance.

The alleged rape case of Grover vs McNolty was on trial in Justice Schurz's court yesterday. The trial was conducted with locked doors, as the crowd desiring admission was much larger than the size of the room warranted. The evidence was not of a particularly startling nature, and confirmed the belief that the case is one of malicious prosecution, closely verging on persecution. The testimony of the neighbors showed that the two families had lived on terms of intimacy since the alleged assault took place, on November 20, and that until ten days ago, Mrs. Grover and her family had virtually lived at the expense of the McNoltys, by their successful manner of borrowing. Finally she borrowed the McNolty wash boiler, and damaged it severely. This was regarded as the last straw, and the McNoltys decided to draw the line at demolished laundry apparatus. When next Mrs. Grover appeared she was informed that henceforth the ways of the Grovers and McNoltys lay in different directions. The heir of the Grover estate was next ordered off the McNolty domain, with threats of arrest if his trespass was repeated. Mrs. Grover then took a hand, and informed the neighbors that McNolty had assaulted her, and the case was then brought into court. The prosecuting witness bears a tough reputation in the vicinity of her home, and the chances of the charge being sustained are very slight. The case was continued until to-morrow morning.

Read and Reflect.

N. I. Tibbetts, the CASH GROCER, is selling sweet corn 7c per can. Better qualtity, 3 cans 25c. Early June peas, 8c per can; 3-lb can of tomatoes, 10c; 3-lb can peaches, 10c, 15c and 20c; 3-lb can pricots, 15c per can. Good prunes, 5c per can; 7 bars soap for 35c; Japan tea, 25c per lb; maple syrup, 75c per gal. Fine catsup, 75c per gallon. I also have a full line of the celebrated Monarch and Curtic Bros'. canned goods, which I am selling very low.

N. I. TIBBETTS,
No. 345 Broadway.

Workingmen's Trains.

The electric motor company has not taken any action in regard to putting on workingmen's trains, early in the morning, and in the evening, with a 5 cent fare. This suggestion has been made, but whether it will be adopted or not, will depend upon the amount of business. It is not likely that such trains will be put on before spring. It is believed that such trains, or some system of commutation tickets, would greatly increase the number of regular daily patrons. The company intimated that it would make such arrangements, if allowed to charge transients more than 10 cents. The council refusing this request, the matter of commutation tickets is being held open for further deliberation. In time, no doubt, the company will see it to be for its interest to make a 5 cent rate for those who have to use the line morning and evening. The public hope that this time may come soon. It will surely be of general advantage to the city, and as the city has donated very liberally to the enterprise by its special tax, it seems that the company can afford to make the cut for such classes of patrons.

Fine holiday goods for twenty days at prices that will surprise you. Call and be convinced. J. D. Stuart's drug store, 630 Broadway.

Dr. C. C. Hazen, dentist, opera house block.

All parties having work done at my office will please call and settle for same before January 1, 1889. Otherwise specimens will be sold for charges.

F. J. BREZEE, Taxidermist.

Almost a Blaze.

Early yesterday morning there was another narrow escape from a serious conflagration in the business portion of the city, although the flames were extinguished without the assistance of the fire department. The blaze was caused by the falling of a lamp in the Turf. The flames filled the room, and caused considerable excitement. The burning lamp was carried into the street, where it burned for nearly half an hour. The fire on the inside of the building was smothered with ashes and mud. The damage amounted to about $25. The blaze is directly chargeable to carelessness.

J. G. Tipton, real estate, 527 B'way

Pickled tripe and pigs' feet at Tibbitts', 345 Broadway.

The City Council.

There were eleven members of the council present last night when President Bechel called them to order, and the business transacted was only of a routine nature. A number of estimates for local work were approved and ordered to be placed in the appropriation ordinance for the coming month, and the council adjourned to meet again Christmas night. If a quorum can be obtained that night they will again adjourn to meet Wednesday night, December 26, when some important business will be brought up.

S. B. Wadsworth & Co. loan money.

Buy groceries, stationery and Christmas goods of Kelley & Younkerman, 102 B'way.

Sweet Charity.

Miss Jennie Alver, one of Neola's bright teachers, was in the city yesterday, visiting friends, and did not neglect to do some very important work in the interest of a charity Christmas tree, whose fruits are to be distributed to poor children at Neola Monday evening. Many little hearts will be gladdened on account of contributions by John Beno & Co., J. M. Phillips, Sargent & Evans, M. O. Calef, H. A. Baird and others.

Assorted fruit in baskets for Christmas at Palmer's, 12 S. Main st.

Christian Business Men.

The morning prayer meetings, held by the business men, have proved so interesting and profitable that it has been decided to continue them. They will be held each week-day morning at 9:30 o'clock in the chapel of the First Baptist church. The committee chosen to have these meetings in charge consists of Dr. Hartupee, W. C. Stacy, William Joseph, A. Overton, A. D. Foster and A. M. Johnston.

Bananas, Florida oranges, mixed nuts, malaga grapes, fine candies at Palmer's, 12 S. Main street.

For Rent—Two new store rooms in good location; Nos. 737 and 739 Broadway. S. Saunders, 30 Pearl st.

Personal Paragraphs.

Miss Belle Sutherland, of Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. H. Gilmore, on South Sixth street.

Mr. Paul Tulleys has returned home from Cornell college, at Mt. Vernon, to spend Christmas with his relatives. He will not return to school next term.

Mr. Thomas Officer is able to be out again after his severe illness. It will be some little time before he will be able to devote his entire attention to business.

Brackett

Gives no taffy.

A nine-pound boy arrived yesterday afternoon at the home of C. P. Shepherd. It is the first boy in the family and "Shep" can hardly get accustomed to his presence. However, the youngster has come to stay and it is quite likely that he will strike up quite an intimate acquaintance with the old gentleman.

The streets were crowded until a late hour last evening with Christmas buyers. The stores were filled and the clerks were heartily glad when the last one was gone and business hours could be closed.

CROWNING OF THE SNOW KING.

Gay Sights and Sounds on the Streets of Montreal.

Most of the Canadian cities and towns can find their counterparts in the United States. The people do not "hustle" quite so much as on this side of the line; offices open at 10 and close at 4; lawyers, judges, students and priests wear long, flowing black robes, the latter two on the streets; every town in the Dominion is a dead town on Sunday, but aside from these and a few other significant differences, the customs and habits of Americans and Canadians are identical. Montreal, however, the metropolis and great commercial mart of the Dominion, is unique. The city, the people, and their customs have all the quaint picturesqueness of some old world seaport, and the visitor would not find it difficult to imagine that he had wandered into Normandy. There are broad streets, stone paved, and flanked with rows of magnificent stone buildings; there are costly and beautiful churches innumerable, splendid hotels, spacious squares and parks and promenades everywhere. Before the city stretches out the broad, blue St. Lawrence, and in the rear towers up Mount Royal, with its broad drives and many stately residences. Here and there are courts, alleys and nooks, breathing of another age and country.

It is a city of churches. Millions upon millions of dollars have been spent in churches, convents, monasteries, priests' colleges and other ecclesiastical structures, and the observance of the feast days and fast days, with their processions and bell ringing constitutes one of the most picturesque features of this most picturesque city.

French is the language of the people, of the courts and of the churches, to a great extent.

Though the "saints' days" are innumerable, and all of them are holidays, none are celebrated with the solemnity and magnificence of Christmas.

There is snow on the ground. Not an occasional drift of fine dust like stuff at the street corners, with bare spots between, but a great heavy mantle of whiteness on the streets and buildings and chimneys, clinging to every door post and window ledge, to every dome and spire, weighing down the trees and burying the fences. In the squares the fountains spout up cascades of snow, and the statues are shrouded in mantels glistening ghostly whiteness. Snow, snow, everywhere, masses and banks of it. For weeks it has been softly falling in great feathery flakes, till now the whole world seems to be buried in it. It is cold too, not the bitter kind of cold that congeals the marrow in one's bones, but a clear, bracing, snapping sort which goes down into the lungs like a draught of the elixir of life, sending a bloom to the cheek and a sparkle to the eye.

In-doors there are Christmas dinners, of course, where everybody gorges, drinking a little less beer and a little more wine than in this country, but outside winter is king and holds high revel.

Every one turns out on Christmas eve,—riding, driving, walking, skating, snow-shoeing, filling the air with a babel of voices and the tinkling of millions of sleigh-bells. All the windows are gay with lanterns, candles and evergreens, mountains of confectionery and fruits. How they drive! Cutters and sleighs of every conceivable description, four-in-hand, tandem, double and single, with bells of gold, silver and brass, they dash up and down with the swiftness and recklessness of Russians. It looks very dangerous, but if the pedestrian won't dodge too much he is safe; they are good drivers. The sidewalks are thronged; old men and children, young men and women, girls in furs with the brightest of black eyes and the reddest of cheeks, "habitats" in chapeaux and moccasins with gay-colored sashes about their waists, fair ladies in snow-white blanket costumes, snowshoers in their club uniforms, priests, monks and nuns innumerable in long, black robes and girdles, soldiers, sailors and lumbermen, jostling and crowding, laughing and shouting, and filling the city with their uproar.

Down at Bonsecours, and all the other market houses, there is a gay scene. There are no butcher shops scattered over the city, but all have stalls in the market houses. Decorated oxen, pigs, sheep, turkeys, geese, and all manner of flesh, fish and fowl, strings of sausages, and all sorts of edibles are displayed in tempting profusion. Thousands of those who buy and those who come to look on, crowd down through the long building, and the visitor must go with the tide. There is no turning back.

The rinks are crowded. There are many of them—broad, glistening sheets of ice, roofed over with magnificent buildings, with galleries for the spectators, coffee-rooms, lunch-rooms and waiting-rooms — where hundreds of pretty girls and handsome men spin and whirl or sail gracefully along arm in arm to the music of fine bands and in a blaze of electric light.

Then there are the toboggan slides, where human meteors whiz ceaselessly past the spectators. The snowshoers, too, are out, ladies and gentlemen in blanket costumes skimming over hill and dale, and working up a zest for the banquet and dance which awaits them at some "tavern" in the country. Theaters, dance halls and music halls are everywhere in full blast, and all—except, perhaps, the very poor, and the charitable have been good to them—are enjoying themselves.

Midnight comes. The great bell of Notre Dame—one of the largest in the world—booms out its greeting to the Child that was born in Bethlehem; a mellow-voiced chime away out toward the mountains answers it; Notre Dame de Lourdes and the Jesuit's silver-toned bell take it up, all the rest join them, and soon from every dome and spire of all the multitude of churches, convents and colleges there is pealing forth a mighty chorus of "Glory to the new-born King."

The churches are crowded. All the altars blaze with thousands of candles, before them kneel priests and bishops in gorgeous vestments, the great organs and fine choirs of the larger churches are reinforced by splendid orchestral music, and the walls and domes of the vast structures vibrate to the glorious harmonies of the old masters. Nothing could exceed the magnificent splendor of the midnight mass.

Christmas day dawns over a city on which has fallen a Sabbath stillness. The markets are deserted, the rinks are silent, the gay crowd which thronged the sidewalks has vanished. Here and there a procession of churchmen files into the cathedral doors. Devout Catholics hurry to morning mass or confession; the Protestants swarm into their various churches. Then the streets are given over to sauntering policemen and an occasional sleighing party. All the world and his wife are enjoying the Christmas dinner.

Every country has its drawbacks, and cold and snow may be that of Canada, but it cannot be denied that Canadians know exactly how to make the best of it.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Young Dr. Talbot, of Philadelphia, is a doubly fortunate youth. His fiancee, Mrs. Anna M. Socken, died the other day, leaving him $100,000. He is twenty-three. She is eighty.

The wedding of Miss Barrett, daughter of Lawrence Barrett, and Mr. Joseph Anderson, a brother of Mary Anderson, is announced to take place January 3 in the cathedral in Boston.

It is announced that Prince Von Puss, a German nobleman, is about to wed a young lady of Baltimore. How much of a portion the young lady's father has allowed the prince for pin-money is not stated.

A clothes wringer was the rather odd present which a Jersey City young man made his best girl. The pair afterwards squabbled, and he demanded the return of the wringer and two other presents, but the girl refuses to give them up.

A wedding has just taken place at Carlisle, Pa., in settlement of an election bet. The groom is a republican and the bride is a democrat, and the condition was that if Harrison were selected the marriage should be solemnized one month thereafter.

Another daughter of the late Matthew Arnold, and a sister of Mrs. Whittridge, of New York, is engaged to Hon. Armine Wodehouse, the second son of the earl of Kimberly. Miss Arnold is a bright girl, with charming manners, and bears a striking likeness to her father.

The wife of Washington Irving Bishop, the mind reader, has brought suit in New York for absolute divorce from her husband. This sensational little family could probably have got along much better together had his wife been the mind reader and he the one who carried around the mind.

There are no divorce laws in the statutes of South Carolina, and such a thing as legal sundering of matrimonial bonds is unknown. But it is said that what answers to our Chicago—our norther, divorce is managed in the South Carolina sand hills by a system of barter or trade among wives. This is a more economical system, and in some cases quite profitable to the shrewder husband of the two traders.

Campanini's First Appearance.

Campanini made his first appearance in London May 4, 1872, as Gennaro, in "Lucrezia Borgia," with Titiens, Trebelli and Agnesi, and surpassed all expectations. After ten or twelve days an agent arrived from America, and notwithstanding his engagement to Mapleson for five years, offered him $5,000 a month, which was exactly five times as much as Mapleson was paying him. That offer, coupled with his great success, completely turned Campanini's head, and he became practically unmanageable. He remained, however.

AN OLD-TIME GRANDMOTHER.

A Picturesque Figure Long Since Out of Fashion.

GOSSIP OF THE WOMEN FOLKS.

Wise and Foolish Achievements of the Sex We All Love—Two Who Climbed to the Top of a Derrick.

The Grandmother of Old.

For The Bee.

Grandmothers are out of style. There are grandmammas now, to be sure, but there is a vast difference between the grandmammas of to-day, with their bustles and bangs, and the sweet old grandmother of the high cap and specs, who sat in the splint-bottomed chair by the fireplace and knitted the family stockings. Yes, there is a vast difference, and we know of some modern grand-dames who, while dearly loving their children's children, cherish an inward spite against the fate which bestowed upon them the title of grandmother. And really one can sympathize with them. We grow old fast in this rushing age, and worry and care bring the crow's feet about our eyes and gray hairs to our temples ere we have scarcely learned to live. The desire to look beautiful is as natural to every true woman's heart as is the desire to live. Hence the dread of being a grandmother, which is an indisputable evidence of the approach of the sere and yellow leaf.

Ages ago, it seems, I had a grandmother. I can just remember her pleasant face, wrinkled and white, surrounded by a halo of white hair which gleamed beneath the frills of her muslin cap.

In those days with what delight we youngsters hailed the Thanksgiving and the Christmas-tides, for at these times we were invariably tumbled into the family sleigh and whirled along the winding road which wound itself about the Pennsylvania hills to grandmother's house. Oh, the aroma of those days! No modern turkey or pie or pudding smells as did those which grandmother used to bake.

I can close my eyes and imagine myself once more a little girl in short frocks and pantaletts romping with my brothers in the great old-fashioned kitchen. I can see the old fireplace with its stone hearth, its soot-blackened walls, the swinging crane and shining and--irons, while the hickory "back log" snapped and crackled in the flames. And there was grandmother in her black alpaca dress and gingham apron, the Quaker cap and the snowy 'kerchief folded across her ample breast like the surplice of a priest. How she welcomed us with sweet, old-fashioned words of greeting, from her arm chair in the cosiest corner of the hearth. How she sat and knitted and talked, and what piles of "sheep's gray," and "lamb's wool" hosiery grew beneath her busy fingers. How the well-worn needles gleamed in the firelight as she sat,

Like a miser with his riches,
Counting one by one her stitches,
With her chair in ceaseless motion to and fro
Till her ball of yarn diminished,
And the baby's sock was finished
With a little tip of whiteness at the toe.

There would she tell us marvelous stories. Stories of the long ago when she was a little girl and lived across the big water. Stories that sounded to our young ears like tales of elf-land, and to which we listened until our eyes began to blink. Then some one would come and wash our sticky fingers and scrub our faces, and, after goodnight kisses all round, carry us off and tumble us into a great high bank of feather beds where soon we were living over our childish joys in dreams.

That was, I think, at least a century ago. Many merry Christmas and happy New Years days have gone since then, and we hope for many more; yet the remembrance of those days are the sweetest because the purest of life's memories.

Modern grandmammas may be just as sweet, and modern inventions have done away with the necessity of their knitting the family stockings, and their hands which "toil not, neither do they spin," may find more congenial employment and busy themselves in deeds of charity and kindness, but the memory of the old grandmother, with her saintly face, with the silver halo and the folded surplice will never fade while life lasts, though the old feet have long since tripped into the grave.

JACINTA JACQUES.

Successful American Women.

Boston Herald: About ten years ago a family consisting of mother and three daughters came to Paris from the United States for the purpose of educating the girls and giving them special advantages in the work which they had undertaken. The mother was American, the father, then deceased, a German, but the daughters, who were very young at this time, were thoroughly American in pluck, and in their determination to get on and make the best of their opportunities. I will pass over the years of trial and struggle this brave little family endured before they began to experience the benefit of their many sacrifices, or before they began to meet with the recognition their talents deserved. To-day, however, one daughter is a rising artist with a much praised picture in last year's salon, for which she received "honorable mention;" the second daughter is the only woman physician in France who has been admitted to the most famous surgical hospital here in Paris, and is now the wife of a distinguished young scientist, who takes her name with his own. The third girl—a charming young woman she is, too—chose astronomy for her profession, and is at this moment the only woman employed at the observatory here; in fact, the only one of her sex who has been intrusted with the responsible position of an "observing" astronomer regularly employed by the government. This is an uncommon record for one family, especially so in a country where the progress of women in the higher professions is still viewed with surprise, and any advance outside of the beaten tracks thought revolutionary, not to say unfeminine, in the extreme.

Fashionable Waitresses.

A fashionable New York lady who recently feasted a horde of ragamuffins notified her friends that she desired waitresses for the occasion from among the members of their families. Within three days the number of volunteers was ten times more than she needed, all of them rosebuds in fashionable society. It is said by ladies engaged in charitable work in New York city that there is never any difficulty in procuring any amount of personal services of this kind.

How the Girls Dance.

A foreign correspondent notes the differences between an English and an American girl in dancing. The American girl is a nervous creature. She is as excitable as a thoroughbred mare. When she dances her eye sparkles, her cheek flushes, her face is lighted up, and every nerve is at tension in the thrill of music and motion. The English girl, on the contrary, does not alter her amiable torpidity in the least. She does not smile. She is as grave as ever. She turns solemnly around, without a vestige of abandon. She does not dance, but trots.

Carpentry for Women.

Inter-Ocean: One of the new reforms which are expected to revolutionize the world is the instruction of women in the arts of carpentry. An active member of a committee of educated women in charge of a large private school in the east protest against the plan of teaching girls sewing in schools, while the "pleasant work" of handling tools is kept for the favored boys. It matters not if the girl's ignorance of sewing will interfere with her usefullness, and consequently with her happiness all through life, while she may really need any more knowledge of tools than she could learn in an hour—the old fashion savors of tyranny and must be abolished. "Give the doll to the boys," says Miss Willard, "and the jack-plane and saw to the girls." The boys will pulverize the dolls incontinently, and the girls will cut off all their fingers with the plane the first thing, but the experiment is worth trying.

In the Women's Training College for Teachers in Cambridge, England, recently, a school of scientific carpentry has been started. One afternoon in the week the young ladies are trained in the use of tools. There is no attempt to teach a trade, only an effort to develope a certain degree of manual dexterity on the part of the young ladies, and the effect of the experiment has been so satisfactory that Miss Hughes, the principal, thus sums up her estimate of its value as a means of training: "I cannot speak too highly of the educational value of scientific carpentry. I am delighted with the result here, although we spare very little time for it. The relief from mental work is immense, the exercise excellent (one rule is, we learn to saw equally well with left and right hands, so as to develop both sides of the body equally); the pleasure is very great, and the powers of observation, accuracy, and common sense that can be developed by this manual work are simply marvelous. It is also the very best possible training for a future technical training." A lady who has seen this Cambridge class at work thus sums up the advantages of their idea: "The whole subject is suggestive of new departures in our educational systems. If needle-work be an indispensable accomplishment for the future mothers of England in the middle and lower classes, would not a little elementary knowledge of the use of carpenter's tools come in useful? How many things in a house wear out or fall to pieces, bringing unspeakable discomfort to the inmates, which a little timely mending would save! What mistress of a household, wrestling with economy and a limited income, does not dread the necessity of sending for a 'handy man,' because of the bill that is inevitable, in which so much seems to be charged for so little that has been done?"

Daring Girls.

Detroit Free Press: From Lewiston, Me., is telegraphed an account of Miss Belle Meader, of Norridgewock county, Me., coming to Lewiston and climbing the standpipe of the waterworks, which rises to the height of seventy-five feet. The ascent is by means of an iron ladder fixed perpendicularly against the side of the pipe. There is a lady in Arkwright, N. Y., Mrs. D. S. Cardot, one of the estimable ladies of the town, who is proud of the fact that she has beaten this record. Mrs. Cardot's adventure, as told by herself, is unique. In 1878 she was Miss Dailey, and resided in Custer City, one of the booming oil towns in the Bradford field. She and another young lady named Kate I. Miller, when out walking in the suburbs one afternoon, concluded, as a lark, that they would climb to the top of one of the oil derricks. They accordingly proceeded to do this, and in a short time reached the top. The height of the derrick was eighty-four feet, the height of all derricks built in that country. On the top of this derrick the young ladies sat and enjoyed a tete-a-tete, while hundreds of persons gathered in the vicinity to witness the unusual spectacle. When the crowd below comprehended that the ladies had climbed the derrick simply as a bit of fun their nerve and coolness were loudly cheered. The young ladies did not expect any such sensation as this and they remained on the top of the derrick for an hour, preferring to give the crowd a chance to disperse before venturing to come down. Nine years after this there was some mention in the oil country newspapers of ladies climbing to the top of the derricks, and the Oil City Derrick offered as an inducement a copy of that paper for a year to any lady who would accomplish the feat. Mr. Cardot said she had no particular desire to attempt the feat again, but she sent to the office of that paper proof that she had climbed to the top of an 84-foot derrick, and, as a result, she is now receiving gratis a copy of the Daily Derrick. Mrs. Cardot says she experienced no dizziness in making the ascent nor after reaching the top of the derrick. Her companion on this occasion was Kate J. Miller, now residing in Derrick City, McKean county, Pa.

Mrs. Cleveland's New Social Departure

Cincinnati Commercial: Society gossip has it that Mrs. Cleveland proposes to inaugurate a brilliant innovation upon her former programme at the white house. She has, it is said, decided to keep two evenings in each week on which she will see her friends and the friends they choose to bring. She will also see people by appointment.

On these evenings her personal associates will have the entree at all times, and there will always be distinguished persons present by invitation. This arrangement will afford the lady of the white house an opportunity to see and be seen in surroundings more conducive to repose of manner than the circumstances in which she is usually placed in her receptions, as the going and coming of persons is unremitting, and no opportunity for conversation allowed. Rich and dainty toilets will also show to better advantage in a room not thronged.

Which of the Two.

Chicago Tribune.

I saw a woman beg in the street
On Christmas day for bread to eat;
The city's chimes were ringing then
Peace on earth, good will to men.

I saw a churchman, sleek, well-fed,
Pass by the woman, and he turned his head;
The crumbs that fell from his table that day
Would have feasted the beggar he turned away.

Following the churchman came
A woman whose brow was stamped with shame;
From out of her purse a coin she cast,
And the beggar blessed her as she passed.

To the church the sleek man went his way;
The woman of shame would have blushed to pray;
Yet which of the two the more blessed will be:
Magdalen, scorned, or the proud Pharisee?

No Christmas Table

should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

ALONG THE IRON HIGHWAYS.

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BIG AND LITTLE WHEEL ENGINES

And Their Respective Merits—Experiences of Railway Men—Experiments and Inventions—Fast Runs and Slow Runs.

Who Owns the Calf?

"An amusing state of affairs has come to light at the O. & N. railroad office in this city says the Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer, "and will cause no little amount of work to straighten out. Recently a farmer shipped his effects over the road, among them a cow. When the car reached Russellville a cow and calf were in the car, instead of only a cow. The agent at Russellville reported the calf to the train dispatcher as property 'over,' and wanted instructions. The train dispatcher reported it to the conductor, the conductor to the agent here, the agent to Freight Solicitor Hughes, and the matter is now in the hands of the general freight agent for adjudication. The matter will doubtless come to the hands of Colonel Bevier, attorney for the road, who will have to decide whether or not a calf born in transit belongs to the owner of the cow or to the railroad transferring it. In the meantime the cow and calf are together in possession of the owner of the cow."

After the Scalpers.

Globe Democrat: The attention of railway officers is being turned very strongly to the allegation that the frequent demoralization of passenger rates is due more to the existence of ticket brokerage establishments than to any other cause, and the question is raised whether or not the existing laws cannot be invoked to stop the injury to the railways which the prevalence of this irregular form of competition involves. One railway representative, at least, takes the ground that the selling of cut-rate tickets can be punished under the head of "discrimination," and recently addressed a letter to the interstate commission with the question whether or not brokers who obtain their tickets from railways, and by reason of receiving a commission from the railways, are able to and do sell the tickets to travelers at less than tariff rates, are not thereby acting as agents of the common carriers, who are amenable to the law. In other words, he asks, "are not the railways, in selling to the scalpers in such a way as to enable the latter to cut the rates, guilty of the discrimination forbidden in section 10 of the interstate law?"

To this Commissioner Cooley replied as follows:

INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 20, 1888.—DEAR SIR: Thanking you for your favor of the 16th inst., I desire to say that the matter touched upon by you is a crying evil with which, to some extent, the commission intends to deal in its annual report. I wish it were clear that the ticket brokers were amenable to the law. They certainly ought to be, and where they are employed by the railroad officers to sell tickets it may in some cases be possible to reach them. I fear, however, that the selling of tickets on commissions, where the commissions are not clearly in excess of a proper compensation for the service, is not illegal. It is clearly demoralizing, and ought to be made unlawful, and I should be very glad indeed to see legislation adopted that would make it so. Very respectfully yours,

T. M. COOLEY.

Creeping Rails.

It is said that everything in nature moves, except district messenger boys! Stones roll, mountains crawl (the width of a hair once a century), while vast glaciers of solid ice have polished off whole continents of earth. In his address to the American Society of Civil Engineers, Mr. T. C. Keefer says:

"There is an interesting example of rail creeping on a highly elastic road bed on the division between Winnipeg and Fort William, where the line crosses a 'muskeg'—the Indian term for bog — causing it to yield about six inches to every passing train. With a heavy consolidation engine, hauling thirty-five cars, this track crept twenty-six inches in the direction in which the train was moving. The rails creep for about three-quarters of a mile east and about half a mile west of a small bridge at the foot of a grade in both directions. They creep with every train, and in warm weather will often run twelve inches under an ordinary train. Track bolts break almost daily and repairs are to the extent of a box of bolts per month.

Cinder ballast keeps the track in line and surface fairly well, but does not in the least prevent the creeping of the rails. Lining and surfacing are necessary at least once a week. On account of the flanges on the angle-plate spikes must be left out of a tie on each side of these plates, otherwise the creeping rail would carry the ties with them and throw the track out of gauge. Three trains running in the same direction are often sufficient to open all joints on one side and close them on the other side of the bridge between. The whole muskeg, when a train is passing, shows a series of short waves five to six inches deep, rising and falling with the passing load, and the rails can be seen moving with the passing train. The general superintendent of the western division, Mr. Whyte, to whom I am indebted for the above, proposes to use twelve-foot ties, forty-inch angle bars and cut a slot in alternate sides of the rail at every tie, as a means of holding the rails in position.

Reckless Railroad Competition.

Commercial Bulletin: It is a startling fact in railroad management that, following the ruinous competition which has been raging for months past among the great roads of the west, northwest and southwest, the so-called conservative managers of the eastern trunk companies are allowing themselves to drift into reckless hostility. The interior group of roads referred to represent some $750,000,000 of capital, and the Atlantic group embraces an aggregate investment of not less than $500,000,000. These great corporations are supposed to be controlled by the highest order of managerial talent that unstinted compensation can command. The men who chiefly own the roads are our monarchs of capital, whose immense fortunes are supposed to be a guarantee of their ability to conduct great enterprises upon prudent and stable principles. And yet, with all these pretensions to talent among officials and to matured wisdom among the controlling proprietors, our great railroads are distinguished beyond everything else by the utter powerlessness of their administrators to control them in the interest of investors.

Judging from the defenses generally put forth by these companies when they take the war-path, a railroad is a sort of uncontrollable monster, subject to periodic spells of insanity, pending which it is capable only of senseless mischief to itself and its neighbors. We are told that outbreaks of cutting are inseparable from the kind of com, petition that exists between railroads that the necessity on getting business is supreme, and that rates are secondary, and that compacts, no matter how backed by penalties, are powerless for equalizing charges, because the parties to them cannot be trusted to maintain good faith.

We have no doubt this defense is put forth in perfect sincerety. But what does it imply? And what has the investigating public to say to such excuses. Men of ordinary common sense will not readily comprehend why it should be so much difficult for a railroad to conduct competition with prudence than it is for any other form of enterprise to do so. It may be insinuated that there is all the difference between employing your own capital and administering that of others; but are we ready to accept the conclusion that the managers of our railroads could be as recreant to the interests of their clients as the suggestion would imply? If so, there is an end to all confidence in railroad investments; and yet the utter indifference with which some officials have persisted in pushing cutting to the verge of ruin suggests a reasonable suspicion that there are managers capable of wrecking their companies to promote private speculations. It is not necessary to suppose that all or many managers are thus venal; for one such may drive a whole group of companies into reckless hostilities. Without conveying a general stigma on railroad officials as a class, there is reason for supposing that motives of this kind are more responsible for railroad wars than is generally supposed.

Injurious to His Business.

Chicago Tribune: "Jane," said Mr. Phurry, "what was the subject of the minister's sermon this morning?"

"The sin of betting on elections," replied the wife.

"It was, hey? That sermon will just cost Rev. Mr. Surplice $600 in pew rent for 1889," replied the wealthy hatter in dignantly.

Marie Becomes Personal.

Chicago Tribune: "Your prejudice against tobacco, Marie," observed Mr. Billus, lighting his pipe, "is unreasonable. God made tobacco."

"He made a certain animal, too," said Mrs. Billus sharply, opening the doors and raising the windows, "and afterward, according to Moses, pronounced it unclean, Mr. Billus."

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Mr. Johnson resides at 2115 Burt street.

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