

Evolution of a North American City.

The evolution of the North American city may be studied to better advantage along the North Pacific route than anywhere else. We touch towns at every stage of development.

The youngest settlements are on the newest part of the line, and that is under the west slope of the Rockies, between Terra Firma and Missoula. Here you survey the town in its earliest infancy. There is a railroad station with a name and a siding and nothing further. A canvas-top wagon stands near the track. Four horses or mules are tethered close by. The settler has driven stakes and pitched a comfortable tent, large enough to contain two black wool bedsteads, a table and other furniture. His wife sits in a rocking chair near the flap, watching the train as it passes. From two to a half dozen youngsters are tumbling around in the sun. The cook stove is outdoors, with such other property as cannot be stored in the tent. The citizen himself is not far off, hard at work already upon the frame of the building in which he expects to make his permanent residence. Then comes another wagon with two household furniture and a child. The location of the second tent as in relation to the first perhaps determines the bearings of the main business street of the city. By the time there are three or four wagons on the ground, and two or three frame buildings in process of construction, another sort of tent appears as if by magic, with "Saloon" in big letters across the front. Cowboys begin to ride in and buy whisky. The town becomes a point of commercial importance. The saloon tent is the germ of the future Board of Trade.

Now we get by rapid strides to well-established communities, which date their origin ten or twelve months back, like Gladstone and Dickinson in Dakota and Billings and Livingston in Montana. It built on the prairie, with look like toy villages arranged by a child on a brownish yellow carpet. The prairie towns of Dakota have a more orderly and at the same time a less real appearance than the valley settlements of the neighboring territory. It seems indiscreet to leave them out at night on the wind swept plain.

The first street is always parallel with the railroad track, extending each way from the station. The second street runs off at right angles, and if the growth of the town continues it usually becomes in time the more important highway. Other streets are laid out, right and left, shanties and brick buildings spring up side by side, and in a few months the real estate agent is prepared to exhibit a city map, plotted on a scale that would suit a place with 20,000 inhabitants, and to give you a choice of town lots at from \$25 to \$2000 apiece. It is only about a year since the first house was erected in Billings, and there are nearly 500 houses, and the population is well up to 2500. It has a brick church, a bank, several schools, three newspapers, three hotels and a horse railroad. Statistics of population however, are of trifling value in towns that double their inhabitants in a few weeks or a few months.

The social and business development of the town generally follows this order: Saloons, stores in the necessities of life are sold, gambling establishments, daily newspapers, schoolhouses, a bank, a church, a wholesale store, a jail. For a time the saloons and the newspapers, struggle for numerical supremacy. The appearance of the jail marks a distinct epoch in the crystallization of society. The jail at Livingston, the newest of the cities, was just finished, and had no inmates. It is a one-story structure of brick and stucco, standing next to a log house with red shades in the windows and this sign over the door: "Miss Cricket's Palace." The jail at Bozeman which is comparatively an old place, contained twenty-seven prisoners, seven of whom were held for murder.

Oriskany

The Oriskany monument will be completed shortly so far as the stonework is concerned, and the bronze tablets for the panels which break the four sides of the base are in course of preparation. For these tablets and the ordering of the ground the sum of \$2,000 is still needed. The shaft and pedestal are eighty-four and a half feet high. One of the tablets is to bear the following inscription, written by Professor Edward Worth, of Hamilton College: "Here was fought the battle of Oriskany on the 6th day of August, 1777, here British invasion was checked and thwarted; here General Nicholas Herkimer, intrepid leader of the American forces, though mortally wounded, kept command of the fight till the enemy had fled. The life-blood of more than two hundred patriot heroes made this battle-ground sacred forever.—This monument was built A. D. 1883, in the year of Independence 107, by grateful dwellers in Mohawk Valley, under the direction of the Oriskany Historical Society, aided by the National Government and the State of New York."

FLOUR SOUP. Put some dry flour in a frypan, and shake it lightly over a clear, not too hot, fire until it becomes over it a sufficient quantity of milk to form the soup. It will, of course, entirely depend on the number of persons to partake of it. Add plenty of white sugar and powdered cinnamon. Cook this mixture very carefully, turning it round gently, always in one direction, with a silver spoon, like a custard. At the moment of serving, this soup must be thickened with the yolks of eggs; trica croutons, fingers of bread toasted brown, or crushed ordinary captain's biscuit, are eaten with it. Instead of browned flour, plain rice flour can be used, which need not be heated.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups each corn meal, Graham flour and sour milk, 1 of molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, steam four hours.

CONTINUE to cultivate and keep clean all hoed and growing crops, and prevent the formation of a crust.

"NEVER MIND."

What's the use of always fretting? At the trials we shall find. Ever strown along our pathway? Travel on and "never mind." Travel onward, working, hoping; Cast no lingering glance behind. At the trials once encountered, Look ahead and "never mind." What is past is past forever; Let all fretting be resigned, It will never help the matter— Do your best and "never mind." And if those who might befriend you, Whom the ties of nature bind, Should refuse to do their duty, Look to heaven and "never mind." Friendly words are often spoken When the feelings are unkind; Take them for their real value, Pass them by and "never mind." Fate may threaten, clouds may lower, Enemies may be combined; If your trust in God is steadfast, He will help you, "never mind."

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

"Only three days now to Christmas," said Jones, joyfully; to merry Christmas. "Ah, it seems as if I could scarcely wait." "The chick-click of the machines was keeping up a noise like the descent of a gigantic hail-storm along the narrow looms of the factory, the steambelts that supplied the motive power were whirling swiftly, and the workers, ranged in a row, sat guiding the long strips of cloth under the glittering needles. Outside, the December sky was already darkening for the storm-clouded sunset, and pines and cedars that fringed the mountain side, were tossing their arms wildly to the wind. Ruth Harper's machine was next to that of Mary Jones.

"Merry Christmas—is it, then, so merry to you?" she repeated, with a slight smile. Oh, I forgot. You have a home. "Yes," nodded Mary. "All our people are coming back to the old homestead to spend Christmas. We are to have a tree, just as if we were little children, and grandpa is to hang a present for each of us on its branches. And we're to have a ride over the hills, and a dance. Oh it will be fun. But Ruth, why don't you go home for Christmas?" she questioned, eagerly. "I have no home," said Ruth, shrugging her shoulders, "except at Mrs. Luffert's."

"Christmas at a boarding-house," said Mary, with arched eyebrows. "Oh, that can't be pleasant at all." Just then the foreman came striding past.

"We're going to turn off steam directly," said he. "It don't fairly pay to light up the place at night, and our hands like to get home stork."

Which was natural enough, for Benfield Mountain was a wild and desolate place in those chill winter twilights, and some of the girls lived several miles away.

And presently the sixty or seventy hands are dispersing in all directions, some laughing and pelting each other with snow-balls. Some striving against the keen north-west wind. Some clustered in little knots—some all alone.

Amongst these last was Ruth Harper, and as she descended the steep mountain path, where the monster pines rustled mysteriously in the wind, she repeated to herself:

"Merry Christmas! It is 'merry' to every one but me. Why should I be shut out from the general rejoicing of the world? And I will not be! I'll make a merry Christmas for myself. I'll go to old Mrs. Cappel's, the loneliest and most forsaken creature, except myself, that I know of, and we'll spend our Christmas together. Perhaps some human kindness and companionship will cheer her up a little. I am quite sure that it will do me good and keep me from turning into a mere lump of selfishness."

Ruth Harper went home and counted up her slender stock of money—not very much, we may be sure—and in her own mind she appointed it to various kindly uses.

She had been alone all her life, this dark-eyed factory girl. Her earliest associations had been the high, bleak walls and blue-checked uniform of an orphan asylum. From the very beginning, life had been a struggle with her.

There was one time—when she kept the district school at the foot of the mountains, before the factory wheels had begun to buzz and the spirit of commercial enterprise had entered into their lonesome glens—when she had fancied that John Cappel, the handsome, resolute grandson of this very friendless old dame with whom she proposed to spend her solitary Christmas, cared a little for her. And then life seemed to assume a more roseate hue, and all the world was different for awhile.

But John Cappel went away and never told her that he loved her. He was coming back when he made his fortune, he said, with that sanguine air which belongs to one and many.

But he had never come, and Ruth Harper had put all that part of her life away into the dark chambers of the past, trying to think of it as seldom as possible.

"What is the use?" she said to herself sadly. She went to the village the next day, after work hours, and bought a little five-pound turkey, and peck of red apples, and a quart of rosy cranberries. And she stood before the baker's window for some time, thoughtfully considering which of the Christmas cakes she should buy, finally deciding on one frosted over with sugar lilies struck with scarlet berries.

"Dollar and a quarter is a good deal to pay for a cake," she pondered. But, then, Christmas comes but once a year, and grandmother Cappel used to be fond of cake.

Mrs. Luffert, the boarding-house keeper, was there, pinching boy turkeys under the wings, pricing forlorn looking geese, bargaining for damaged apples and wrangling over shriveled bunches

of celery. She looked keenly at Miss Harper. "Eh?" said she, "Iraid I won't give ye enough to eat? Buying fruit and cakes for yourself?" "No," said Ruth quietly, "I am going to spend Christmas with a friend."

"We don't make deduction of a single day off," said Mrs. Luffert sharply. "Neither do I expect it of you," said Ruth biting her lip.

And the boarding-house keeper went chucking on her way. Old Mrs. Cappel sat, all alone, in the dreary little cabin, perched high up on the mountain-side.

The wind was from the east—a quarter that never agreed with her rheumatism—and the fire smoldered, and her oatmeal porridge had been scorching by the widow Perkins, who came in, by fits and starts, to "do" for her.

It ain't no use," said Mrs. Cappel, "it ain't decidedly comfortable, living this way. And Betsy Perkins has forgotten to bring in the wood. The teapot is put up on the high shelf, where I live, reach it, and—bless me! who's that over your head? Come in, who's over your head? Why, if it ain't Ruth Harper!"

"Yes," said Ruth brightly, as she came in and set down her multifarious baskets, packages and parcels. I'm Santa Claus, Mrs. Cappel. I've come to spend Christmas with you. We are both alone in the world—widow and old maid. Do you think that we can do better than to eat our Christmas turkey together?"

"I'm mortal glad to see ye," said the old woman. And that's a fine fat bird, if it ain't so extra large. Cranberries, too, and a loaf of company cake! I declare to goodness I don't know when I've tasted cake before! And I smell real gunpowder tea; and as I live, there's a paper of white loaf sugar! But 'praps, my dear, if you put a log on the fire, I shouldn't feel quite so chill and creepy along my poor old bones!"

And Ruth Harper built up the fire, brushed up the hearth, and went out into the woods for branches of cedar, and spruce, and hemlock, which she disposed of over the shrunken doorways, and above the mantel, and around the window-castings, until the dreary little room looked like a forest bower in a transformation scene.

She put on the little saucapan of cranberries to stew, and busied herself in preparing the turkey, with plenty of thyme and bread-crumbs stuffing, for the oven, while old Mrs. Cappel kept up a careless stream of talk.

How badly the world in general had used her. How careless the widow Perkins was of her wants although the town allowed her one dollar and a quarter a month for "keeping an eye" on the solitary inhabitant of the mountain cottage.

How her nephew, Isaac, to whom she had caused the widow Perkins to write, volunteering a Christmas visit, had speedily sent back word that every room in the house was occupied, and that her visit would be highly inopportune.

How Bill Bissley's wife, her cousin once removed, had taken no sort of notice of the letter which had been dispatched to her, asking for something to buy a new winter shawl.

"Nobody cares nothing about me no more," said Mrs. Cappel very sorrowfully. "But I care," said Ruth softly.

Here, indeed, was some one more forlorn and more solitary than herself—some one for whom she, powerless as she was, could help to make a merry Christmas.

"It is as easy for me to go back and forth to the factory from here as from Mrs. Luffert's. I will come and stay with you, Mrs. Cappel. I have a very nice grey shawl which I don't often wear. I can do very well with my fur-gedged saques, if you will take the shawl, And you don't know what a good cook I can be. May I come, Mrs. Cappel?"

"My dear," said the old woman, with tears in her pleased eyes, "I do believe that Heaven has sent you to me. I was just beginnin' to despair, but now it's all right again."

Christmas came, all wrapped and mantled in pearly snow, and Mrs. Cappel's lonely cabin was glowing with freight and warmth, while she herself, in a clean cap trimmed with black ribbons, sat basking before the blazing logs, and Ruth Harper, with a bunch of scarlet berries pinned into her black hair, was dishing up the Christmas dinner, when she glanced out of the window and gave a little start.

"Some one is coming!" she said very quickly. Mrs. Cappel stretched her neck to see.

"Well, I declare," said she. My old eyes ain't as good as they used to be, and the sun on the snow makes a dreadful glare, but I believe that's our John. He's come back. He's made his fortune. Our John, my son Martin's only boy, as we all s'posed was dead and buried long ago."

She began to tremble all over. Her eyes filled with tears. "Don't leave me, dear Ruth," she faltered, "keep hold of my hand. For I'm very old, and all this seems like a dream."

In another minute John Cappel dashed into the room, his heavy boots sodden with melting snow, his brown, bearded face flushed with the exercise of climbing the mountain-side.

"Don't be frightened, granny," said he, cheerily; "it's only me. And I've fancied how this bright fire-side would look all the way up the mountain."

"Why," glancing around him, "this is Christmas cheer, indeed. And there is Ruth Harper with you, looking exactly as she looked ten years ago."

"Have you made your fortune?" said Ruth, trying to smile as he wrung her hand.

"Not a bit of it," said John, with a great breezy laugh, "but I've come into a little learning of common sense. I decided to leave off mining and to come home to work granny Cappel's farm among the mountain pastures. How say you, Ruth—is it wise or not?"

"Very wise," said Ruth. "Only is it not rather late to arrive at such a conclusion?"

"Is it?" said Cappel wistfully. "Is it

too late to start the world anew? Too late to ask you, Ruth, if you will stand shoulder to shoulder with me in my battle with fate? Look into my eyes, Ruth, and answer me."

"Dinner is ready," said the factory girl shyly. "But you must give me my reply first," insisted Cappel relentlessly, holding both her hands in his.

"What shall I tell him, grandma?" said Ruth, laughing and coloring, yet making no attempt to withdraw her hand.

"Tell him yes," said Mrs. Cappel. And what could Ruth do but obey this noble behest?

Ruth Harper did not go back to the factory. She was homeless no longer. They built an addition to the little cottage and began life as farmer and farmer's wife. And all things prospered with them; and in ten years John Cappel was a rich man.

"It was all my good luck getting such a wife," said he exultantly. "It was all our good luck in becoming engaged on Christmas Day," said Ruth.

And of all the holidays that stud the year, as diamonds flash along the golden band of bracelet, Christmas Day is with the Cappel family the brightest and the best.

"Flim Flam."

A reporter, while talking to a gentleman in New York one evening, heard that he had just been "done up" through the manipulation of a crooked device that has never until recently been attempted in that city, and the chances are that it will not succeed very well unless it succeeds in landing the party who attempts it in the penitentiary. The scheme is known in thieves' parlance as "flim flam."

The experience of the gentleman referred to is about as follows: He was standing in front of a gambling saloon when a man came up in a hurry with a \$20 bill in his hand and asked the gentleman whether he could change it, as he wanted to get 50 cents out of it. He was answered in the affirmative, and the victim took out a \$10 bill and a handful of silver, amounting in all to \$20, and handed it to the crook. The fellow was all the time feeling in his vest pocket, when all at once he exclaimed: "By George! I've got 50 cents right here that I didn't know I had, and I don't care to have so much silver. Just give me back my \$20 bill," which the gentleman did, and received in return, as he supposed, the \$10 bill and the silver he had given the thief, which he put in his pocket. The crook thanked him for his kindness and apologized for the trouble he had put the gentleman to, and the pair separated. The victim did not know he was a victim till some time afterward, when he put his hand in his pocket for the \$10 bill. On pulling it out and looking at it he discovered that it was only a \$1 bill. He thought the matter over, and could think of no other way in which he came into possession of the \$1 bill than from the fellow who wanted to get the \$20 bill changed. He had never heard of such a thing being played, but on asking some of the posted ones around town he learned that the game of which he had been the victim was being played around town, and that he was doubtless one of the sufferers.

The manner in which it is worked is about as follows: The thief, or "flim flam," as he is called, goes up to the party that he has picked out, and has a \$1 bill concealed in his hand, which by constant practice he manages to change for the \$10 that is given him, and which he returns to the party from whom he gets the \$10 bill, in place of the latter's money. He does so dextrously that it is said the worker rarely gets caught in the act if he understands his business.

Generally the game is played on shopkeepers. The "flim flam" goes in and buys 50 cents' worth of something and gives the clerk the \$20, receiving back the change, generally containing a \$10 bill. All at once he discovers that he has 50 cents in change, and as he does not want to carry so much silver, he asks the obliging cashier to return him his \$20 and he will give him the 50 cents. Instead of giving him back the \$10 he has received in change, he puts a \$1 bill in its place and keeps the \$10, thereby making a profit of \$9 on the investment.

The Care of Trotters.

During the late exhibition of fast and valuable horses at Carter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., says a correspondent, we took a ride along the track to see some of the renowned animals that were valued at tens of thousands of dollars. That which interested us most was a fine horse with one foot in a tub of warm water. Three men were actively at work upon him. The horse's feet were carefully cleaned, his legs washed thoroughly, and his body rubbed dry with brushes and cloths. His mane and tail were braided and tied up.

Then his legs were bandaged in a skillful manner to support the tendons and prevent swellings after the severe task to which the horse has been put in trotting a mile in less than "2.20."

It seemed good that there is, at least, one class of horses in the world that are treated with care and kindness. "Fighting" men are treated in a similar way. But how is it with the owner of the horse? Is he put into baths, is he groomed to preserve his health? Are men and women, whose lives are more valuable than this \$30,000 horse so carefully cared for? Do they, indeed, care for themselves, take frequent baths and crush towels rubbings? A good doctor once told us that the open pores of the skin were about as important as the lungs in preserving good health. A little salt, soda or alcohol, or ammonia if preferred, in the bath is an advantage. But the breeders of fine colts by the most scientific methods, devote more care, labor and attention to their valuable animals in preserving their health and developing their physical powers than in bestowing upon most people. Something may be learned from the breeders of horses and the trainers of pugilists, in the way of producing healthy bodies and strong constitutions.

Portrait of Christ.

About the original portrait in the Vatican I know but little, says a scholar, but I remember reading about it falling into the hands of the Turks, probably at the fall of Constantinople. It was in their possession many years, and at last it was given as a ransom for the brother of the Sultan held captive by the Christians at some subsequent period. All the great masters who have painted pictures of our Lord have followed, as near as their hearts would allow, the features on the original. Perhaps Carlo Dolce's "Ecce Homo" is the truest picture, Leonardo Da Vinci's portrait in the famous "Last Supper" is very fine; so also is Raphael's picture "Lo Spasimo," now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, and in his last and unfinished picture, "The Transfiguration," now in the gallery of the Vatican. Perhaps the finest dead Christ is Rubens' masterpiece, "Taking Down From the Cross," an altar piece in the cathedral at Antwerp; and there is a very fine portrait of the dead Christ in the Metropolitan Gallery in New York, by Joseph Biber, a pupil of Murillo, and there is at the present time in the Art Museum, New York, a very fine "Christ Among the Mockers," by Gustave Dore, which will compare favorably with Carlo Dolce's picture. Our Dord is represented crowned with thorns, and drops of blood stream down his forehead; his hands are bound with cords and his body bears the marks of the cruel scourges. One of the tormentors leans his Herculean arms on his lap and looks into the face while the other holds forth a rod in place of a sceptre. This painting belongs to a museum, it is one of Dore's best efforts.

Paul Delarocche's portrait also is very fine and a few years ago I saw a portrait of rare beauty in the "Belmont collection." It was by Hugues Merie, and it brought a very high price.

Fathers have done their best and carvers in ivory have made beautiful fac-similes of the original portrait. Sculptors have transferred those features to marble, but it is not in the power of man, no matter how mighty his genius, to give us the full beauty of the meek and amiable face of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Codfish Near-By.

To the angler the codfish is one of the most uninteresting of the inhabitants of the sea frequenting our coast. It usually makes its appearance off the New Jersey coast about the first of November and remains there until April. For want of better sport during the cold months, anglers sometimes visit Atlantic City for the purpose of taking this fish on the r-d. There is no difficulty, however, in bringing it to the surface from a depth of thirty to forty feet. It makes no effort to escape from the hook and "comes along" as quietly as an old horse led by the halter.

As a fish of commercial importance, however, none equal the cod. As early as 1594 Normandy sent several vessels annually to the coast of New England after it. Fifteen years later England forwarded her first vessel to that coast, which returned heavily laden with salted cod, which were sold at very remunerative prices. On each succeeding year there was an increase in the number of vessels from the mother country until at the lapse of a century, 1615, she had as many as 250 engaged in the codfishery of Newfoundland.

In his earliest letters from this country, Penn expressed the hope that cod would be found in the Delaware bay. I believe there are no recorded catches of that fish there, although it is taken every winter a few miles beyond the capes of the Delaware. On the New England coast it is captured at all seasons. A Philadelphia visitor the Isle of Shoals told me the other day that he has taken them there ranging from ten to thirty pounds each in weight during the summer. It is believed that the early colonists in New England would have perished if this fish could not have been captured by them in Massachusetts bay and they subsequently struggled into life and power by curing and selling it. From so small a beginning grew the great and everlasting industry. As long ago as 1775 Massachusetts employed in its vessels of an aggregate capacity of 35,000 tons, her fishing crews numbered 4,000 men, and the product of the fishery at that comparatively early day reached an annual value of \$1,000,000. So much for the despised cod in the days of our forefathers.

Life in a Coach.

Mr. B. K. Jamison, the Philadelphia broker, who, together with his wife and two sons, arrived in Washington, having driven all the way from Philadelphia, was met in the Riggs House by a reporter the other day.

"Yes, I drove in recently," he said, "but not direct from Philadelphia. I left there about two weeks ago and have been driving all through Pennsylvania—through the oil regions, the iron country, and all along the Cumberland mountains. That is the way we always take our vacation. There comes my fix now," he said, as a large black chariot, drawn by four fine dark bay horses drove around to the ladies' entrance, where it was immediately surrounded by a crowd of curious people.

Upon an invitation of Mr. Jamison, the reporter examined the equipage. The body is built something like an old-fashioned stage, and painted a rich black. The springs and running gear are bright lake, with black stripes. The outside of the coach has seats for three in front and two back; two large lamps are on each side of the front seat and one large headlight on the dashboard. It also supports a clock, axe, knife, pistol, etc. On the left hanging behind which is a step ladder to be used for ladies when taking seats on the outside of the coach. Inside of the boot

seats and blankets are stored. The back seat is situated over the boot and is approached by iron steps; under this seat a place for another large wicker trunk (the "whip" is a small leather case that contains driving gloves, change for toll-gates and various small conveniences. On the left side of the coach, adjacent to the box, a silver handle denotes the existence of a private locker which carries traveling supplies of all kinds, even down to hard tack, with a water-color, marked "Rambler." On top is a large wicker trunk, immediately back of which the tent, camp chairs and blankets are stored. The back seat is situated over the boot and is approached by iron steps; under this seat a place for another large wicker trunk (the "whip" is a small leather case that contains driving gloves, change for toll-gates and various small conveniences. 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