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We talk more about men than hings. And-the secret of it all-our mapers are greater gossips than we They so deftly mix their news and gossip that you can't tell one from ther. You don't wish to, Only, if rou stop to think about it at all, you are row stop to think about it at all, you are likely to realize that the gossip is the best part of the feast. Without the gos-sip, news is like pudding unsauced. If really hungry for substantials you could out your bread minus butter, but you prefer the butter, and plenty of it. It is the newspaper that makes our great men. It is the newspaper that come hotel registers, sets Argus eyed ob-servers in hotel rotundas; it is the news-meer that makes the name of Col Sian-

paper that makes the name of Col. Slap-dash, of Texas, well known in Boston, and the name of Judge Goodboy, of Nev York, like unto a household word in the states of the Mississippi valley or the Pacific coast. The English newspaper does not gossip, except in the most lim-ited and frozen fashion. The French newspaper does not gossip, except about actresses, Boulanger, and the three or four conspicuous figures momentarily before the public eye. The German wapapers never heard of such a thing rossip, and I doubt if their language contains a synonym for the word.

In this country the man who does on es anything a little out of the on run is introduced to the public tail-as boy, collegiate, early struggier for distinction, winner of fame or success. We are told how many girls be courted before he married, what clothes he wears, what he cats, what sort of neckties he likes. His wife and en are introduced along with him, and a good many of his other relatives. All the newspapers gossip, and then swap gossip, and thus the new man be-fore the public eye, or the new woman, es as well known to the whole American people as if our country were a suburban neighborhood and we had a new settler with his washing out on the e and the first calls made by all our good but inquisitive and observing Nor is this all. We have developed an ing fondness for printing men's res, and for calling men by their al appellations or their nickes. Thus we have "Jim" Blaine, "Bob" Ingersoll, "Tecump" Sherman, "Mat" Quay, "Charley" Farwell, "Tom" Bowen, "Sam" Cox, "Joe" Cannon, "Tom" Reed, "Chance" Depew, "Uncle John" Sherman, "Grandfather" Payno and many others, just as we used to have "Andy" Johnson, "Chet" Arthur, "Jack" Logan and "Abe" Lincoln. All these are aids to the memory and proare of familiarity. Going still further re are prone to make men great for litthe things. In making its famous persons going uses a wonderful variety of ma-terials. This man is known the country over for his old hat, another for his cra vat, a third because he is in love with an actress, a fourth because he killed another man, a fifth for his funny pries, and a man may gain fame at one fell swoop by a single remark, like Flan-nagan's "What are wo here for?" There are centers of commerce, manuacturing, learning, railroads, culture, ree breeding, natural gas, literature and other material and immaterial things, but Washington is the center of gossip. In other places gossip is an amusement; here it is a business. And it is here the methods, trends and influence of the ational characteristic of gossiping are nest studied. Here is it seen as on a housetop how gossip makes a public man more widely known for his personal its or occentricities than for his genius manship, how gossip gives fame, or at least its common equivalent, notoriety, to men who have no other claim to, how reputations are manufactared out of trivial incidents and names are sent thundering down the ages with nothing but inconsequential idiosyncrathe to propel them. There is Kentucky's favorite son, Senstor Blackburn, surely a famous man. Yet he is better known for his bonhomie, is breeziness and as "Joe" than for his ce or statesmanship, great as bese are. If ex-Senator Bowen had not teen a poker player it is doubtful if his name would have been spread familiarly to all parts of the country, and his forague, Tabor, is to this day better known for his two hundred dollar int shirt than for his millions and his ability. Ex-Senator Chace, of thode Island, became quickly known for his Quakerish origin and appearance. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, though a brilliant man, has been helped to a genreal reputation by the beauty of his wife. for Evarts would never have become as miliar to the common people as he has not for the joke about his interminably and the popular notion good deal of a statesman is Senator , but his personal beauty has wind his name further than his ability and have done, had it been twice as not. The fact that Senator Gorman n once a page in the senate and after-

because the newspapers have told stories of his peculiarities, some of them apoc-ryphal. When asked, recently, how to win fame, Martin replied: "Blow out the gas."

Morse, of Massachusetts, was in congress a number of years and enjoyed but a local reputation till McKinley illus-trated his tariff speech with a suit of clothes bought for \$10 in Morse's Boston store. An able and admirable man is William Walter Phelps, but his bang and red necktie are better known than anything Phelps over did or said. Allen, of Mississippi, has won fame as a story teller and not as a statesman, and his namesake of Massachusetts will go down in history, not as the brilliant young member from the Old Bay state (though this distinction he may be fairly entitled to), but as the man who carried a camera under his vest and took snap shots at his fellow members of the house in all their various and undignified attitudes.

A witty, brilliant, eloquent, useful and industrious man is the Hon. S. S. Cox, but his fame is twice as broad with the nickname "Sunset" as it would have been without it. So great is his reputation as a wag that one of the trials of his life is to convince people that he is sin-cere. Springer, of Illinois, is known to fame as the man who always wears a pink boutonniere, though he, too, is a hard working and useful legislator. Congressmen Bayne and Adams are known as the men who sit side by side in the house and look like a pair of twins. Frank Lawler, of Chicago, a very clever Irishman, has had his name sent to the four corners of the country on account of his peculiar use of the president's English. Bacon, of New York, came down to congress and became known almost instantly and very widely as the man who looked like Shakespeare. "Some men are great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Gibson, of Maryland, is well known as the Adonis of congress, Spinola as the man with the wide collar, Jehu Baker as the statesman with a suit of clothes of the pattern of Henry Clay's day. Bland, of Missouri, will live in history as "Silver Dollar Bland." Sowden, of Pennsylvania, became a national figure because President Cleveland vetoed his bill to build a government postoffice in Allentown. Foran, of Ohio, won more fame as the reputed author of "The Breadwinners," which he didn't write, than as a molder of his country's laws in the halls of congress. Holman, of Indiana, will be celebrated through all time as the great objector. John Wanamaker's strides toward fame are much accelerated by his Sunday school superintendency and his manufacture of trousers. Congressman Mason, of Chicago, is becoming famous as a story teller and wit, rather than as a great public servant, and the fact that all his friends call him "Billy" helps his progress amazingly. Weaver, of Iowa, won much potoriety as a filibuster. Kil-gore, of Texas, had his name printed in every American newspaper because of

DOSTUMES WORN AT THE CENTEN-NIAL BALL IN NEW YORK.

NEW IDEAS IN DRESSES.

og Jerseys That Are as Comfortable as They Are Protty-Newest Walking Gowns-Picturesque Biding Habits and Biding Hats-General Pachion Gossip.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORE, May 9.—Nothing has been thought or talked about among the feminine portion of New York during the past ten days, except the gowns worn by the ladies at the great centennial worn by the ladies at the great centennial ball, and I suppose the information would be as acceptable to those who did not see them. There is a certain pleasure, chas-tened and melancholy though it may be, in hearing how royalty attires itself on state occasions, and as we have no royalty we like to know what our president's wife and daughters were wife and daughters wore. Mrs. Harrison wore a sple ndid dress of

pure white silk, so thick it fell in heavy rich folds. The front was covered with finely plaited tulle, and this fastened with silver spangles, which were cut with facets so that they sparkled like frost work. The back was cut en princesse, and the train was square. On one side a panel was worked with silver. The other was made of marabout feathers. The corsage was cut V shape and the points filled in with tulle. The sleeves were of silk to the elbow with a deep fall of tulle below them. Her glove were white and she wore diamond

The president's daughter, Mrs. McKee, wore a trained gown of thick white armure silk with draperles of embroidered crepe lisse. The gloves were white, and so were the slippers and stockings, and the whole dress was much admired.

Mrs. Russell B. Harrison wore a magnificent dress, with a long square train of white satin striped with moire. The

stripes were ornamented with brocaded rosebuds and roses in natural colors, The front was of blue satin, draped with tulle, hand em broidered with silk and seed pearls. The waist was pointed back and front and had a bertha of tulle and blue marabout feathers. These delicate plumes, which are as othercal as thistle down, have not been

seen for many years, and it was an inspiration to NEW RIDING HABIT. have them on this occasion. The silk used in making these dresses is every bit of American manufacture, and there were no handsomer toilets than these, though many came from Paris.

Mis. Levi P. Morton wore a splendid Paris gown of heavy brocade with drapings of point de Venice some thirty inches deep, which alone must have cost an enormous price. Mrs. Morton is very handsome, and makes a fine dress beautiful by her own personality, but the pure white dresses of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee were certainly the most pleasing toilets at the great ball.

It would not be possible to give a de-tailed description of all the dresses worn at this great gathering, but there was one general effect noticeable, and that was that all or nearly all the costumes followed the styles of a century ago as closely as was possible, and, indeed, there were very many dresses worn that have been handed down through successive generations since Washington's time, and very quaint and pretty they were. One or two young ladies work the very dresses that their ancestors had worn at the inaugural ball one hundred years ago, without alteration. There are some ladies who don't think these old styles pretty, and prefer the newer modes of today, and for such 1 show one of the prettiest I could see. This dress has a skirt of chocolate brown faille and a very slightly draped over skirt of striped novelty goods, in pink, green and brown. The corsage is of the brown faille with drapery vest of the stripe. The wrap is made of black ottoman silk and black guipure lace, which is being revived very extensively this season. It is a rich and durable lace, and being of pure silk threads never loses its rich luster. Both hats are large and trimmed with many feathers. Os trich feathers are very much used everywhere wherever they can be.



SOME NEW JERSEVS. Riding hats also are to be changed, and now, instead of the high hat or jockey, or Derby, a wide brimmed and soft felt hat, with a long, sweeping plume, will be worn. Of course, some conservatives will try to maintain the present styles, but their funeral cards are out. I am not sorry, but then, it really isn't my OLIVE HARPER.

CENTENNIAL ECHOES

Prentice Mulford Discourses About Things Washingtonian-In Wax. Special Corresp

SAG HARBOR, May 9 .- Washington's coach. Washington in wax in the coach. Martha in wax. Sitting as they used to on a journey for hours after a quarrel, looking out of opposite windows. Quar-rel in wax. Washington taking the oath. Oath in wax. Washington taking the oath with a "stick in it." In wax. Washington's eyes opened to the future glories of the republic. Republic in wax. Washington writing "Beautiful Snow." In wax. Washington's corns. In wax. Washington "swearing off." Swear in wax. Washington composing "Yankee Doodle." Doodle in wax. Washington's boil. In wax. Washington in wax trying to talk

through a telephone. In wax. "Hello!" "What!" "Who are you?" In wax. "Ring up '76." "Beware of entangling alliances." In wax. Washington's old clothes. In wax. Washington's shoe strings. Waxed, Washington's mustaches, Waxed, Washington's Derby hat. In wax. Full set of Washington's shirts. Nine dollars per dozen. In wax. Three pair of Washington's new breech es. Washington's oil stove. His hair oil. In wax.

Fifty-two chairs Washington sat in. Forty-five beds he slept in. Washing-ton with Daniel in the lions' den. British lions. Wax. Washington seeing the elephant, Elephant in wax. Washing ton's trunk. In wax. Elephant's trunk. Ditto of course. Washington at a spelling bee. Bee in wax. Washington's Mission of the second s in wax. His patriotism. In wax. His love of country. In wax. First in war. In wax. Second in peace. In wax. Third in the hearts of his countrymen. In wax. Fourth in the affections of his countrywomen. In wax. Fifth. Not yet out. In wax.

Washington's crochet needle. Wash ington's thimble. Bar of Washington's favorite soap. Washington's rolling pin. In wax. Sample of Washington's hash. Wax. Washington's bread bowl, corn cob pipe, chopping tray and chopper. The Washington sausage. In wax. Chaw of Washington's tobacco. Wax. Washington on a bicycle. Wax bicycle. Martha on a tricycle. Wax. Martha Washington interviewed by a reporter. Before cutting down his father's cherry trees. Reer in brass. Washington in wax. Hatchet in paraffine. Washington waxing wroth with Lee at Monmouth. Wroth in wax. Washington's love of country, Love in wax. The last buckwheat cake he ever ate. In wax. His farewell sausage. In wax. The last bread he ever mixed. Mixture in wax. His parting pinch of snuff. Pinch in wax. Snuff also in wax. Concomitant sneeze. Sneeze in wax. The love America bears to Washington. Bear in wax. The eternal gratitude of his fellow countrymen. Country men in wax. Gratitude also in wax. The thanks of millions yet to be for se curing us our liberties. Liberties-in Thanks in wax. wax. Millions yet to be. In wax. As Washington truly said, "There's millions in it!" PRENTICE MULFORD.

A LOOK AT LOS ANGELES. WARKED DEGENERATION OF A ONCE PROSPEROUS PLACE

The Boom Was Only Temperary, and the Reaction Has Bet In-Some of the Trials

of Ostrich Farming, and Two Pallacies About Ostriches

[Special Correspondence.] Los ANGELES, May 2.-This is not the Los Angeles of two years, or even one year, ago. Then the town was in a tumult of prosperity. A boom from the enst had swept over southern California and the storm center was this City of the Angels. Eastern capital joined in here and eastern men flocked to this section by the thousands. Real estate jumped to points far beyond its intrinsic value, and buyers were both reckless and numerous. The spirit of specula-tion was abroad, and land was the one marketable commodity. It seemed that people couldn't get enough of it. Like Col. Seilers' eye water, the more they had, the more they wanted. The result was that out near the foothills, miles away from town, farm lands were cut up into city lots and freely sold. The transactions in real estate were something enormous. Shrewd men made lots of money by quick turn; they spent it freely, and for a time no city in the wide world throve as did Los Angeles. Business of all kinds participated in the fictitious glory of the land. Not a store or dwelling was vacant in the entire town, and the supply by no means equaled the demand. Buildings flew up to accommodate the incoming crowds in search of the golden fleece and great was

the joy of the residents. But the reaction came with startling suddenness. Quickly as the boom ap-peared, just so quickly did it vanish. The bottom fell out of the bucket in a month, and the hectic, unnatural flush of yesterday turned into a severe and settled state of the blues. It need not be said, however, that Los Angeles is now dead or even sleeping. The boom, while it lasted, helped not a little. It gave such an impetus to building, and so urged the march of improvement, that this vicinity is much larger and finer and richer than it was three years ago. People from the east have crected elaborato homes here. Business men have invested largely in lasting improvements, and there is a certain stir and go to the community that argues well for the future. But the struggle is going to be a mighty hard one. A walk through the streets of Los Angeles reveals an alarming array of "To Lets," and the real estate offices not forever closed are alluring in their proffer of splendid lots and fine lands for astonishingly small sums of money. Sellers, however, are many and buyers few. For my part I cannot see how Los An-

geles can over hope to be really great, in a manufacturing or even commercial sense, nor can the many men in all conditions of life with whom I have talked give any reasonable hope for that wished for consummation. They have here neither wood nor coal, and there is no raw material to be developed by the skilled artisan. A beautiful appearing farming country in winter, yes, and a climate as lovely as a poet's dream, but water is fearfully scarce, transportation is inconvenient and costly, common labor is high, and the vicissitudes of the farmer many. Nothing can be grown except by irrigation. Oranges will not produce until they have had five years' growth. Wheat is an unknown quantity except in certain valleys, and the dreamer who thought California a land of milk and honey, where the fig and the palm, the olive and the date, merely awaited his plucking, finds this to be a weary workaday world after all.

I drove vesterday out to Kenilworth

and industry to raise, with much pro-gality and profit, oranges, lines, old and raisins. But the trouble with ma who come from the east is the expect tion of sudden wealth. That cannot secured, even in Californin, without toil and trouble, but with toil and trouble health and wealth can be won in this country quicker than in any state in the Union. This is my impression, after careful observation and protracted in-

quiry. When you come to California you hear wonderful stories of fortunes made in a day by lucky land speculators. They are not fairy tales. Millions have been accumulated by eastern enterprise and thrift. While at the beautiful hotel, Hotel del Coronado, the other night I was told the story of that peninsula. It lies, you know, just opposite San Diego, and is a low desert tract of perhaps five miles in length. A and B came to this vicinity full of bounce and bustle. They bought the peninsula for \$100,000. They then staked it out, planned the grandest hotel in the world, the loreliest drives, the most comfortable improvements. And while they were loudly proclaiming what they were going to do, they sold part of their purchase, plot by plot, until three million dollars' worth was disposed of, and they had plenty left. and they had plenty left.

I hear of C, who came to Los Angeles and with a little money bought a fine piece of land. He sold one lot, which paid for all his property. Then he bought and sold other land, and within two years was a bloated millionaire. I find these statements and many others of the kind to be gospel truth. But while they will tell you how well A, B and C made out, they make no mention of how D, E and F got along. I know them and can give you their experiences. D, for instance, was a New York man in business. Things were easy with him, but he caught the California fever, and picking up stakes, he journeyed to Los Angeles. It was before the boom. He bought land, held it awhile and sold it at a very trifling profit. He returned to the east and while at home heard that the man to whom he had sold had sold again at a profit of \$20,000. So back he rushed. This time he brought his wife, and together they purchased a plot near Pasedena for \$2,000 and put up a house costing \$3,000. That was the extent of D's pile. He might have sold soon after for \$6,000, but he wasn't going to repeat the mistake of his first venture, so he held on. The boom came and went, and today he cannot sell at any price. There is no business at Pasedena. It is a charming place, but like a summer resort; therefore D and his wife are almost stranded. They sent to an acquaintance, Frank Loring, a Boston man who lives at Santa Barbara, and wanted to borrow \$1,500 on the property to pay taxes, as-sessments, etc. He consulted the bank about it, and they reported that improvements counted for nothing; they valued the land only at what it would bring at farm prices; \$1,500 was too large a loan by half. Today D is driving an ice cart in Los Angeles, and his wife has a job running the mail wagon from Monrovia to a settlement among the foothills. During chilly mornings she appears in a handsome sealskin dolman, a relic of past greatness. The people think she is eccentric. But she isn't; D and his wife

to go back east. Then there is E and F, of Santa Bar-When the railroad was nearbara. ing that exquisitive little place E and F felt the effects of the boom caused by that circumstance. Just how the railroad would help Santa Barbara no one stopped to consider. Enough that land was going up. E and F didn't have much money. They were merely indus-trious New York clerks; but between them they had \$1,400 in cash which they wanted to increase, and they listened to the voice of the siren in the person of a real estate agent. He showed them two lots for \$700 each "worth double the money." True, they were on the side of a steep hill, but the persuasive agent showed them how the value was greatly increased by that fact. "Excavations already done!" he exclaimed. "Splendid cellar in the rear actually made." So they bought, and owing to that natural cellar, which they banked on, they held the lots at \$1,500 each, and asked the agent to sell them. But he counseled going to another agent, as it wouldn't look well to have him selling and reselling, etc., etc. They did so, and, taking agent No. 2 to the iots, descanted on the "fine cellar." "Fine be _____," exploded the real es-tate man, who was of the earth earthy, "those lots ain't worth \$150 each." And they are not.

are simply working hard to get enough

TOSSED ON THE WAYES.

APANESE JUNKS CAST AWAY IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Hardships Endured by Oriented and der the Old Rotheds-Two T Miles Out Without Reat or Radder

On the morning of the 9th of Jensery, 1877, the City of Peking, on her outward trip, sighted what at first appeared to be an abandoned vessel sairlift at appeared to be an abandoned vessel sairlift at an the steamer hore away for her, when it was seen that she was a Japanese junk with one mast gons. An officer and boat's crew were sent off, who found that the junk belonged to Ha-Rodadi; that abe was partly loaded with rice and anki (Japanese whisky), and besides the aktip-per and supercargo had a crew of five men. On the lat of December preceding the junk, which, by the way, rejoiced in the name of the Hissyoshimam, had been men. On the 1st of December preceding the junk, which, by the way, rejoiced in the name of the Hissyoshimsen, had been driven out to sea, and things having got badly mixed up in an unusually terrific blast it was found to be the easiest way of lowering sails to chop the mast down. Then a heavy sea carried away the rud-der and stove in the bulwarks, after which the junk drifted and sloshed around in the old and unoriginal way of "at the mercy of the winds and waves." THEY STUCK TO THE SAKL

THEY STUCK TO THE SAEL Captain and crew had become so com-pletely disheartened on the waste of waters, or so unduly jolly on a waste of saki, that when boarded by the officer of the steamer they didn't know the day of the week or the month, hardly knew where they had come from, and certainly didn't know where they were going to. They were informed that they were something like 2,000 miles distant from Japan, but despite this warning intelligence, only four of the crew would leave the junk-the captain, supercargo and the fifth man declaring their intention of sticking to the junk so long as the rice and saki held out.

The Coos Bay News, published at Marshfield, Ore., in its issue of July 17, 1878, had the following report from the captain of the schooner Parallel, which arrived at that port July 15 from San Francisco:

'The schooner Parallel on the 7th inst., in latitude 39 deg. 43 min., longitude 130 deg. 25 min., at 4 a. m., sighted a Japanese junk adrift. A boat was lowered and the strange vessel boarded, when a terrible sight met the boarders. Not a living soul was aboard, but three corpses of Japanese who had probably been dead at least a month. Two of the bodies had been shackled together, doubtless having been crazed for want of food or water and fastened up by their comrades. Two of these bound bodies were lying amidships with their knees bound together with cords upon their breasts, their arms were drawn over their heads and securely tied and cords were bound around their necks; in short, they were completely inclosed in a netting formed by the lacing and interlacing of cords. The sunken eyes and shriveled condition of the bodies were frightful to look at. The other corpse was found forward, stripped to the waist, and gave indications of the terrible sufferings that the man must have endured previous to his death. From the numerous fireplaces and mats found between decks it was evident that the vessel had been manned by a large crew. Upon examination considerable water was found in the hold, but no evidence of her having had a cargo on board could be discovered. The only article of food that was found was a portion of a chest of tea, covered with mold. In the cabin were several handsome pieces of furniture.

"The two bound bodies were well dressed, and a lot of fine silk ladies' wearing apparel was brought off

his stubborn resistance to the bill to make Sheridan general of the army while that popular hero was lying on his death bed.

Thus it goes through a long list of men whose names are familiar in the ears of the people. You can count on your fingers the public men now living who have a fame as wide as the country itself and who have not been helped thereto by one or other of these little things on which the popular eye or car seizes with such avidity and the popular memory holds so tenaciously. Two conspicuous instances, and only two, come to mind as I write. One of these, and the most notable one, is Senator Allison, who has been a quarter of a century in congress, whose fame is as broad as the domain of his country, and who has no peculiarity or characteristic of common notoriety, The other is Congressman McKinley; but even he has been helped by his some-what theatrical and clever display of a pair of trousers as emphasis to his speech on the tariff.

There is an old saying that it is the little things that make the man. Surely it is the little things in this country and era of gossip that make the man's rep tation. WALTER WELLMAN.

Good Appetite.

A certain well known college professor began his career as a teacher in a country school district and, following the cus tom of the time, "boarded around" one winter. His arrival at one rural home took place just at dinner time, and he at once sat down with the family to enjoy the repast. He does not remember that his appe-

tite was particularly sharp that day, but at the close of the meal the mistress of the house looked across the table toward her husband and remarked:

"Well, John, I guess you'd better kill that heifer after all."-Youth's Companion.

A Case of Courage.

It is remarkable how moral courage will almost always overcome brute force. When Gen. Clarke was subduing hostile Indians he once had before him a chief whose record was one of bloodshed and pillage, and who made it a boast that he feared no man. Clarke treated him with contempt, accused him of being a squaw who would never fight, and had all his insignia of rank stripped off him. The savage, who had always been accustomed to being cringed to, was awed by the intrepid bearing of the white man, and begged for peace and pardon. He never gave any more trouble.-St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Wanted to Know Her Sphere of Duty. "Are you the girl who was to come to our house as a nurse?" asked a fashionable lady of the healthy looking girl who had just entered the room.

"I am, ma'am."

"I have examined your references and I find them satisfactory. You may begin next week." "But if ye plaze, ma'am, I'd like to ask

vez wan question. "What is it?"

"Is it a baby or a poog dog that I'm to look afther?"-Merchant Traveler.

The Graphophone in Sickne A Dr. Richardson has achieved some

instructive experiments in the use of the graphophone for recording physical symptoms, such as coughs and pulses. A cough of today can always be recorded and compared readily with one of days before.



BOVELTY WALKING GOWNS I recently saw some beautiful new jer seys. Some had vests of velvet, broadcloth, satin, silk or jersey cloth in contrasting colors; some were made with vests and trimmings in close cashmere patterns and Persian embroidery; others had military effects; others again the empire and directoire styles wrought out in their collars and lapels, and all have seams and side forms, so that they are perfectly adjusted to the figure. The backs and fronts at the bottom are better finished than ever before, and they set better and are more ornamental. Until how the form of the jerseys left some-

thing to be desired in finish, but now the most carping critic cannot complain, for no waist can be made to fit like a jersey or give such perfect ease and durability. Riding habits are undergoing a great

change, and one which fills the heart of the man dressmaker with dismay. Ladies are now finding out that jerseys are easier to ride in than the stiff "habit basques" of late years, and they are adopting them, and riding skirts are no

longer made so tight that the wearer has to button them all the way up. The skirts are now made a yard and a half long, and only the front breadth is

gored. The rest is plaited in at the sides and back. The skirts are two yards and a half around. The effect is thus far more graceful, and pleasing to the eye, It is to be hoped, however, that ladies will not run into the other extreme and make the skirts so long as to be danger-The trousers will not be discarded

Prolonging His Life.

Judge-I sentence you to ten years labor in the penitentiary. Prisoner-God bless you, judge! My physicians said I have consumption and could not live more than a year or two. You have prolonged my life.-Omaha World.

A Story of Von Bulow,

While playing the piano before large audiences he has often suddenly stopped, walked to the front of the stage and made speeches absolutely antithetical to the spirit and opinions of his listeners. On one occasion he suddenly took it into his head that it was positively essential for each individual member of the vast orchestra he was conducting to stand while playing. They had to stand, some of them with heavy instruments, for nearly three hours.

A PASTORAL.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden; Her crook was ladened with wreathed flowers; I sat and weese her through smilight wheeling, And shadows stealing for hours and hours.

And she, iny Doris, whose lap incloses Wild summer roses of faint perfume, The while I sued her, kept husbed, and hearkened Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;

She said: "We linger; we must not stay; My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander; Behold them yonder-how far they stray?" I answered bolder: "Nay, let me hear you,

And still be near you, and still adore; No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearing; Ahl stay, my darling, a moment more."

She whispered, sighing: "There will be sorrow Beyond to morrow, if I lose today; Ny foid unguarded, any flock unfolded, I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said 1, replying: "If they do miss you, They ought to kiss you when you get home And well rewarded by friend and nei Should be the labor from which you come.

"They might remember," she answered meekly "That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild; But, if they love me, it's none so fervent; I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot omber glowed quick within me, And love did win me to swift reply: "Ah! do but prove me, and obne shall blind you, Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting, As if debating in dreams divine: But I did brave them -I told her plainly

So we twin hearted, from all the valley Did chase and rally her nibilian own And homeward describers with relagether, Through thereing the thermal electric dess.

That simple duty from grace det is ud her-My Doris tender, my Doris true; That I, her warder, did always tiless her,

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling -With love excelling, and undefied; And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent-No more a servant, nor yet a child.

where is located the ostrich farm-Ivanhoe and Glendale, and talked with the smaller colonists of that delightful locality. Nothing could be more charming, nothing seemed more prosperous. The foothills were deliciously green, the valleys abundant in the promise of rich harvests.

"You see our country at its best," said

Granville Buechamp, the ostrich farmer, to me; "at its very best. I am a resident Californian, my interests are all here, and here in this beautiful state I expect to end my days. But it is not continuous sunshine, believe me. There are several months during our dry season when all is brown and bare and water is a luxury as well as a necessity. During last season water was so scarce that I had to pay \$5 a day for water privilege, and, as my farm and birds need much of it, the expense was greater than I can stand. As a result I am going to move from here to San Monica, on to the coast, to a point where one of the little rivers of California empties. There I can perhaps make it pay, although ostrich farming in this country can never be very remu nerative, unless on a large scale. If two or three men with ample means an inexpensive tract, rich found in alfalfa, and imported a lot of first class birds from the Cape and could afford to wait until nature brought the returns, money could be made. I do not make money, nor do either of the other two ostrich farmers in California, but I like the novelty of the occupation, it is healthful and interesting. I do not know why I like it, for the ostrich is a mean and vicious bird. It will as readily attack and kill the man who feeds it every day as the stranger. It kicks forward and does all its damage with its long, iron like feet. The ostrich produces remarkable feathers when four years old, and then it is good for feathers annually until it dies, and it lives to a great age. I have some here that are forty years old. There are about fifty in all on my farm. The male bird hatches as well as the female. The two divide the time in sitting on the eggs. We do not use all the eggs for hatching. Some-

times we eat them; one egg is a good meal for four people. Come and see the birds."

They were a queer lot, with thin long legs and equally long necks. The "chicks," standing ten fer high, were

corralled in two acre plots, and the older birds were paired off in smaller sections. When a visitor appeared at a distant point they flew down to him like the wind, in the hope of a few grains of fancy food, and when it was not forthcoming they turned about and minced away in the funniest manner imaginable.

"There are two popular superstitions about ostriches," said M. Buechamps. "One is that when the bird is frightened it will dig its head in the sand, and that being covered it feels that it is safe. The other is that it hides its eggs. Neither of these are true. I think I know all about the bird. 1 have been among them for years, and never knew either of these popular beliefs to be verified."

But if the farmers of Kenilworthand I talked with several not engaged in special occupation-are inclined to be doleful, there are many beautiful places in Los Angeles county where the water is abundant and the people are remarkably well to do. They can praise the country as it certainly deserves to be praised. It clearly needs but patience

So you see all is not gold that glitters even here. Still, California is a really wonderful state. It has a marvelous climate, and there is good fortune in store for those ready to tickle its magnificent soil. FREDERICK W. WHITE.

Charles Reade's Character

This volume of "Readiana" is full of excellent material for an estimation of the character of Charles Reade. His catholicity of feeling, his hatred of cant, his high sense of justice, his sympathy with the suffering and poor, are shown from first to last in his writings as well as in his life. What would have struck you next if you had known him well, was the difference between Mr. Reade at home and Mr. Reade in print. Call upon him. He would receive you with the gentleness of a saint (not that I pretend ever to have known a saint, but you will appreciate the simile), talk to you with singular modesty, listen to you with the greatest respect, ask you to dinner, or to take a cup of tea as one who receives a favor by your acceptance, and you would have gone away thinking of him as the mildest, sweetest, most long suffering gentleman you had ever met. But give him a grievance, tamper with his rights. tread on his moral corns, then put a pen in his hand, and you would find him a writer of thoughts that breathe, of words that burn indeed. Not, my friends, that I ever experienced his wrath. On the contrary, he was always kind and sympathetic toward me. He took me by the hand, and said cheery words of welcome to me when I came to London, some twenty years ago. We met for the first time at the inaugural dinner of The Belgravia Magazine. We were introduced to each other by Miss Braddon. We had a long, interesting chat during the evening; he had read my first novel (he was a multifarious reader) and spoke kindly about it. From that night we were friends. He wrote pleasant letters of encouragement to me; and in later

years intrusted me with his defense

against a cruel personal attack leveled

One Way to Encourage Truth Telling

Ninety-nine children out of every hun-

dred will tell a falsehood if you speak to

them thus: "My son, I do not know

whether you did the act with which you

are charged or not. I have no means of

knowing. I must rely on what you now

say. If you say you did not, I will make

you a present of a handsome pony, sad-

dle and bridle. If you say that you did

the act I will whip you till you can't

stand up and put you on bread and water

for two days. Now truth is beautiful. Speak the truth!"-Nashville American.

at him by an American clergyman.

Joseph Hatton in London Times,

wreck by the sailors. The stench of decaying bodies was such as to prevent a thorough inspection. The hull of the junk was in good condition, and when last seen was drifting to the south and east and bearing with it, perhaps, a mystery of the Oriental seas."

PROBABLY THE LATEST CASE.

When the steamship City of Peking arrived at San Francisco from Japan, June 12, 1881, one of the passengers related the following story to a Chronicle reporter: The tenth day out from Yokohama the steamer came across a dismantled, helpless Japanese junk, which had been driven off from the entrance to the bay of Yeddo during a typhoon that had oc-curred on the 9th of December, or ten months previous to their rescue. They had lost their masts and rudder and had been drifting at the inercy of the winds they knew not where. After their own provisions were exhausted they had subsisted on their cargo, mostly beans and dried fish, and on such rain water as they could catch. They had burned most of the small woodwork, doors, berths, windows, etc., of their junk for fuel, and were on short food rations, forty beans per day for each man being the allowance. Their fire, when put out from time to time, they had rekindled by rubbing two pieces of wood together. One of their number had died from exhaustion and they had given up all hope of ever seeing land or anything human again when they sighted the City of Peking. They were taken on board the steamer, a concert was given in their aid, and on the next trip of the City of Peking they were taken back to their own country.

So little by little the long record of disasters has been gradually abridged, if not wholly terminated. Japan has now not only a navy, but an excellent fleet of coasting steamers and well built sailing craft of modern construction. Before her awakening Japan drove away the rescued junk men from her coast as though they had the plague; now she rewards the rescuers. - San Francisco Chronfe'a

Bechnanaland.

Bechuanaland is the paradise of the workingman. In the course of our sojourn we never saw a beggar or a starving person. Masons in Bechuanaland were getting wages of 15s. to £1 per diem, and this with meat at 5d. a pound. Natives in the coal pits were getting 5s. a day. When we consider that a Kaffir's food, consisting of Boer meal pap, costs from 5d. to 6d. a day, there is a good margin for saving. We had Baralongs and Basutos working for us. The former we found clever with their fingers, but very poor in physique, with a great dis-inclination for hard work. The Basutos are a fine race, magnificently proportioned, and excellent workers, willing and intelligent. The superiority of the Basuto and the Zulu is shown indisputably by the fact that from them are recruited the police and the searchers of the diamond fields. Some think it probable that the native races of South Africa came originally from the South Sea Islands, but, be that as it may, it is certain that Jewish customs obtain among them. Circumcision is universal, and the old Jewish law of raising up seed to the deceased brother survives in the South African tribal law that when a chief dies his next brother marries his widow, and the children afterward born from this union are accounted the children of the dead man, not of the living father.-The Fortnightly Review.

MODEL BL.

She doubted vainly : she must he mine And often press her to take her due