# THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, JANUARY

## HOW THEY WORK IT. Bill Nye - Discusses the Inter-State

Commerce Law.

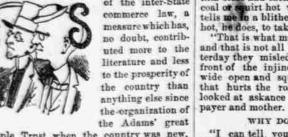
A RAILROAD COMPANY'S LEDGER.

A System of Bookkeeping That is Beautifully Simple.

A VERY TOUCHING OBITUARY NOTICE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

On board a railway train, which is just in the act of passing a given point, 1889. INCE the passage



the Adams' great Apple Trust when the country was new, many people who are not drawing salaries as inter-State commissioners have frequently wondered how the old thing was working. They have noticed with pride that rates have gradually changed from so much per hundred pounds on first, second and third class freight to so much and a half on same character of freight, and that there is a prospect for the consolidation of all great trunk lines and feeders, whereby rates will ultimately reach so much and three-fourths per hundred pounds, with all the responsibility

and the entire onus resting on the shipper. But there has been much curiosity felt, especially by the laity, as to how newspapers were meeting the law, and what methods were employed in preserving an armed neutrality between the press and the roads without the use of passes. Of course the general taxpayer recognizes the fact that the locomotive and the perfecting press go hand in hand, so to speak, having as I may say, grown up as boys and girls together, so it is generally believed that there is a tacit understanding between them whereby the press can swap kind words for transportaion and still dodge the penitentiary.

#### But how is it done? HOW TO DO IT.

Simply by keeping a running account and by the use of a system of debits and credits between the road and the paper, so that it is only a business transaction and not an evasion of the law. So that passes are, of course, abolished, and tickets or mileage go over the counter in exchange for little acts of kindness which any child may show. In this way an editor who cultivates a sunny disposition may scoot up and down over the whole broad land eating wormless cooking apples and throwing the debris under the seat of the man who does not ad-



Sympathizing With the Scalded Dog. In this way general good feeling is preserved; the taxpayer as represented in Con-gress, feels that all is well, and the editor whose money is mostly in non-taxable bonds or the rust and burglar proof treasury of a land which is more preferable than this, feels contented, while the railroad continues to drag out a miserable existence, borrowing a few dollars now and then to pay a dividend with and reading pleasant notices of its prosperity from time to time in the columns of the paper, its attention having been called to them by someone.

But very few, even those who know of the

plan, really believe that an actual account of this kind is kept. Of course, time tables its cold hand on the kidneys of Mr. Weeks. and regular standing advertisements can be easily settled for at regular rates, but do the roads actually keep an account of other matters that go in as news? I am free to say that I did not believe in the existence of such an account myself till the day before vesterday, at which time I was persecuted to always a very and over washe notes. mitted to glance over and even make notes from a page or two of the ledger belonging to a road, the name of which shall be considered solemnly fictitious so far as I am

A RUNNING ACCOUNT. It shows how the road, in order to comply with the law, is put to great inconvenience, er will always find, no matter at what un-

hallowed hour he may approach, that the kind words which can never, never die, no never die, and which are far more valuable to a lofty, high-spirited and tender-hearted, and rock-ballasted railroad, that wealth or honor or land grants, are made to balance the transportation account, and all is well.

I append a few items of account taken at random and using names which are of course extremely fictitious. It is entitled the Spiegelpeter, Eaglesburg, Shakenrag and Polypus Railroad in account with the Squirreltail Echo and Volksblatter. The paper it charged as follows: April 2.

tie J. Fountain, associated editor of the Echo and Volksblatter, who went over to see the Legislature about something, \$10.
April 3. To mileage book with red conditions on the back, issued the senior editor of the Echo and Volksblatter, because he

To mileage book, 500 miles issued to Squir-

really needed it: \$10. May 1. To round-trip ticket for Artie Place, who went over to Mushrat Valley to write up the new sidetrack at that place and also pick up a few subscribers, and possibly

some job work: \$3 74. \*May 10. To conditional 1,000-mile ticket issued to "Sans Sarahbellum," humorist of the Echo and Volksblatter, with the understanding that so long as he used them in prolonging his absence, other books will be warded to him and charged to the paper;

The paper is credited as follows: "March 31. By following news item at half a cent a word: The derailment referred to in our last issue, as having taken place on the Earlsville branch on the Speigelpeter, Eagles-burg, Shakenrag and Polypus Railroad, turns out to be a canard. We make haste to print the correction and also a regret that these columns, which have erstwhile been so fair and unsullied, should prostitute themselves to such a fly-up-the-creek rumors about one of the most genial and urbane roads it has been our lot to associate

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

"A road that minds its own business, a terian Church, Liverpool, the other Sunread that has endeared itself to one and all by a thousand little thoughtful acts and joint day, by Mr. Watson announcing that "A out of its way to injure any man, women or the pews after the special collection." child, and if it did so, has walked up like a "Perhaps," he added, "it had been intended

and putting in its place an electrotype, treat-ing of the life work and literary habits of Lydia E. Pinkham.

"Editor of the Echo and Volksblatter.

"I write this because you dort to know about it, and say something about it in your paper. For some weeks past, my dog been in the habit of sicking himself unit cars as they sped apast my place and he has never harmed no one by so doing, nor never rould, as I have known him from a child, being pencibul and fond of young children, and awful from the butcher's shop or would set up and beg or ask for what he requested at any time. When he would run at the cars he would act savage, but still would never injure the train by word or deed if I-had 100 trains whizzing past my place a day I know he would not harm any of them by right or day, but what does the fireman on the Speigelpeter, Eaglesburg, Shackrag and Pollerpus Railroad of but urge my dog to a high rate of speed and whistle to him to get

of the inter-State commerce law, a measure which has, no doubt, contributed more to the uted more to the contributed more to t terday they misled my dog and got him in front of the injine when they pulled her to the prosperity of the country than that burts the road and causes it to be looked at askance by every thinking tax-

WHY DO WE SUBMIT?

"I can tell you other things that this boasted road has done, such as taking fair between places and putting it in their own pocket, or worse still, letting its contractors knock down milks cowe and grass earnings in a way that makes me ache: Why will we in a way that makes me ache: Why will we submit, Sol Randle's dog has been squirted on with hot water by this copperation till his back looks like the back of an old dieshunary, and also they have killed one of his children, as they claim by mistake for which they pade \$150, which is no price at all for a child, as children goes and is almost like findin' a child in the rode,

"I say fy on such a condemb rode as that, with its airs and solid trains, and its meal with its airs and solid trains, and its mean stations and its time tables, and its nasty fried cakes and sandwiches, which has just a thin rim of ham around the aige, do's, when you lock your teeth into it, you get left, and the rode has got your money and your name is Denis, as we say here. Fy on the whole thing is what I say, and I wish you'd print it, for I don't care who knows it. If you will keep my name to yourself, on the onner of a man, and we can make it so hot for the rode that they will pay for said dog or figures will fall off, and it is to let you know the facts and not for my own selfish ends that I write this, as you know I don't squeal and rush into print as some does every time they think of something and can't get anybody to stand still long enough to listen to it. I hate a man that writes for the paper, because he can't possi-bly overtake an oddyence in any other way, and so I will draw to a clothes with much love, and hope you will see that no mistakes will go into the paper. My name for the present will be Hist! but my right name is William Flucker Surls, which you must not give to your best friend." Special note on above. 10.

A PICTURESQUE ROAD. May 12-By following items without ad-

vertising mark as printed in Echo and Volksblatter. "The scenery along the S. E. S. & P. R. R. at this season of the year is beautiful and undulating in the extreme. Everywhere nature wears her choicest robes. The streams are released from their icy fetters, and go dancing and laughing adown the vale. The songs of birds come in through the car windows, and drowning the roar of the train, or smothering the shrick of the engine. It will pay you to take a ride over the road, it, for it will renew one's youth, brighten one's vision, and make one feel good, even though one may have lost one's pleasure in one's business, or been unfortunate in one's

and, as it were, stepped on one's life, and, as it were, stepped on one's-self.

"We announce with pain to-day the untimely taking off of Division Superintendent Weeks, who passed away on yesterday evening just as the western sun was in the act of bathing the low hills which fringe the horizon at the base of the occident. He died conscious of his end, and said, figuratively, that he was called to the General Office, either to take a new division or get fired, he didn't know which.

THE DEPARTED WEEKS. "When Division Superintendent Weeks came here he was the picture of health, but Bright's disease, which has for years taken front rank among Eastern diseases, as we may say, and won a place for itself which ought to make Mr. Bright justly proud of He never murmured or squealed, but took his medicine like a little man. He got his

life insured for a large sum, bought a desir-able lot in the cemetery for the balance of his family, but managed to cremate himself, saying that through life his policy had ever been to avoid giving offense, and he aimed to do so even after death. "So he will be cremated, and his ashes brought back from Washington, Pa., in the

early part of next week.
"Mr. Weeks was a self-made man and even in his most prosperous days, would not allow finger bowls in his house. His edu-cation was mostly in the line of business which he had adopted, and though he did not know that evolution was a gradual



The Departed Weeks,

change from an indefinite and incoherent beterogeneity, to a definite and coherent mogeneity, through constant differentrations and integrations, a flat wheel would wake him out of a sound sleep before it had made two revolutions.
"He was a devoted husband, an active

father and those who have criticised his course as a railroad man, are now seeking for a new job.

By special arrangement, credit accounts of Squirreltail Echo & Volksblatter, \$20. The above will illustrate the method of keeping this class of accounts, and I trust will be of interest to the general reader.

BILL NYE.

Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye. Was it a Mistake?

British Weekly.] Considerable amusement was caused to the congregation of Sefton Park Presbylutions. A road which has never gone 25 note was found last Sunday in one of

### HOW TO RIDE A HORSE

Captain Charles King Discourses on Equestrian Exercise.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SADDLES.

The Finest Riders in the World Are the West Pointers.

BUFFALO BILL COMES A CROPPER



VERYBODY knows that when Buffalo Bill came back from his successful ventures in England one of his first reported remarks was, "We have revolutionized their style of riding,"and the writer, having known Mr. Cody many a long year and galloped with him over many

a long mile of wilder West than ever was portrayed at Erastina, is quite ready to believe that his old friend and scout believed what he said. Mr. Theodore Rossevelt, whom the writer first met when a babe in arms in New York City, and next as a ranchman in Dakota, is so good as to say that the West Pointers are probably the finest riders he has met, and he has seen them all. Indian, ranchmen, cowboy; English, Austrian and German cavalrymen; English "cross-country" hunters; English swell on Rotten Row with his park hack; Newport polo experts; Long Island and Washington drag hunts, and Central Park equestrians, of all styles from the anglomaniae to the "tongs-on-the-wall" of the ultra school. Possibly Mr. Roosevelt has not seen the "sancho" of the South American pampas, or the "vaquero" of Southern ican pampas, or the "vaquero" of Southern California and Mexico, but with the addition of a grace that is foreign to the average cowboy, the seat and general style of these renowned horsemen do not differ materially from those of the ranchmen of our wide Western plains. It is not that this accomplished observer and author means that in all points he prefers the horsemanship of the graduates of our military academy to that of any competition, but that admitting that of any competition, but that, admitting that each school may have its merits and demerits, he considers the West Point training the best "all around" system he has

ENGLISH STYLE OF RIDING.

Everyone of them is the result of years of Everyone of them is the result of years of study, experience and trial in the particular field for which it has been selected. The natty hunting bridle and London-made "pig-skin," which so thoroughly become the English "thoroughbred," and which are doubtless the very best device for easing and "raising" the steed over plowed fields and stubborn hedge-rows, giving the rider the long flat seat; the knee grin the high the long, flat seat; the knee grip, the high lift in the stirrups—would all be out of place in the cattle business; and the En-glishman were boldest and sturdiest of riders at home, who would attempt to lasso a Texan 2-year-old from such a saddle and such a seat would come the "nastiest of croppers" as the result of his experiment." On the other hand, the massive rance saddle, with its fore and after cinchas and ponderous stirrups would be manifestly out of place going full cry after a Berkshire fox. In such a saddle the rider sits with his thighs gripping the ribs of his steed and almost stands straight from the stirrups; yet sits for all the appearance of standing, and sits so firmly that no bucking or plunging can unseat him—provided he be experi-enced, and the saddle itself is so firmly lashed to the "broncho's" back that when that wiry steed braces himself for the shock and the rider takes two turns of the tight-ening lasse about the "knob" of the pommel, down comes the heaviest steer in the wildest herd, and the rider has not been

'phased" a hair's breadth. What is appropriate in style and equip-ment on the English hunting field would be o less absurd on the ranch than would the "calzoneros" appear at the Quorn of Pytch-ley. The funniest sight I ever saw was the crack light rider of on Austrian hussar regiment the first time he rode out in a Mo-Clelland saddle, going after jack rabbits with a lot of American cavalry officers. The oddest thing I ever heard of—in this line—of course, was that so noted a rider as our old chief of scouts, "Buffalo Bill," afore mentioned, was unhorsed the first time he went fox chasing in England. Barebacked he could have cleared that hedge easy as winking, but he couldn't get the hang of that queer, long, flat-seated hunting saddle and those short stirrups hung way out in

front of him. CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING.

An English rider who attempted to go "cross-country" on one of our army Mc-Clelland trees would be severely injured in less than 5 minutes. Such things have happened to inferior. happened to infantry officers of our own service who had not been taught the seat. A West Pointer who had never learned the flat seat and the utterly different "grip" of the English pig skin would be as unhappy as he was at his first squad drill, were he suddenly to take his place among a lot of old fox hunters. The easy, natural, proper thing to do when one uses the English saddle, or anything akin to it, is to rise in the stirrups at the trot. The rise need only be a slight and gentle accommodation of the body,—leaning forward at the moment to the motion of the horse. Like mercy "It is twice bless'd; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

-the latter being the quadruped beneath, who will be grateful to be thus aided. The man who clamps a saddle of such pattern and attempts to sit firm will only shake himself into misery; but this rule is only for the square trot-the "trot out," as we soldiers are taught to call it, and to see a man slowly and painfully rising and falling like the walking beam of an old-fashioned engine, while the steed is at a mere jog, is something bordering on the ridiculous. it can be seen, and frequently, too, and is as inexcusable as the squared elbows of the imitator of heaven knows what English fad

On the other hand, we often see, when our National Guardsmen are on parade, very picturesque young staff officers slowly trotting up and down the avenue while the line is forming and trying to rise in the stirrups of the American army saddle, a practice which is just as wrong in this case as it is right in the other.

SOME POINTS ON RIDING. The army saddle-whether it be for the use of officers or of the rank and filewhether it be the old Grimsley, the later McClellan or the modern Whitman-is an elaboration or modification of the "Texas tree" of many years ago. In the McClellan of the original pattern as well as in the Grimsley the stirrups were hung so far back under the rider that, as quoted from the Prussian tactics of '41, "a plumb line from the shoulder of the rider would fall two inches behind the heel," or words to that

effect. In other words the legs were almost as straight—not quite, as in the Texas sad-dle, and the seat, instead of being the flat is forked seat-the flat, under surface of

the thighs gripping (when necessary) the barrel of the horse. It is totally unnecessary and well nigh impossible to "rise" at the trot from such a seat, especially if the stirrups be of proper length; and the body is so much further forward as a consequence of the pattern

less noticeable than in the English seat. All that is necessary is to relax the pressure of the thighs; relax the muscles of the legs; do not attempt to grip the horse unless he shy or swerve, and sit well down in the saddle, taking a little "spring" of the weight on the foot, ankle and stirrup, but not rising at all. It is a knack soon learned, and can be carried out for some time without fatigue to either horse or man unless the animal happen to be—like "Barebones," of famous memory in the war days at West Point, the emory in the war days at West Point, the ssessor of a trot harder than the cider of

the original "Tippecance" campaign.

The Whitman saddle, however, slings the stirrup a trifle farther to the front and adstirrup a trifle farther to the front and admits of a seat that is a compromise between the two. It is here possible to ride "close"—(and in uniform and on parade no other style is recognized in the United States army at present)—or a gentle rise is a matter of easy attainment, and when not dressed or equipped for military duty, this is the more sensible way to meet the case, especially for long distances or the "trot out."

DO AS THE ROMANS DO.

As a result of much experience in the saddle, and of observation on the schools and systems in vogue the writer long since made up his mind to "do as the Romans do" when he happend to find himself among do" when he happend to find himself among them, and not set up a crusade against any especial saddle or system. It is not easy of course for an Englishman to admit that any saddle can be better for any purpose than the time-honored pig-skin on which he has "tally ho'd the hounds, sir" all over his historic isle. Even when he gets to Australia and finds that it really will not do in "the bush" he compromises by adding several pounds weight to it and making semi-circular stuffed leather buttresses to several pounds weight to it and making semi-circular stuffed leather buttresses to protect the knees. He can see—or at least up to the time Cody and his cowboys showed them the advantages of our "prairie seat" could see—no good in our style of riding. Years ago, in the ante-bellum days, Sir Grantley Berkeley came over and was feted and buffalo hunted, etc., at Fort Riley—then an extreme frontier post. Some of —then an extreme frontier post. Some of the very best horsemen of the old cavalry were there at the time, among them George D. Bayard, the lamented leader who after-ward met his death at Fredericksburg. ward met his death at Fredericksburg.
Berkeley was a fox hunter of no mean pretensions, according to his own accounts, and
it was thought on "the plains" that he rode
rather clumsily—certainly not daringly—
but he went home and was speedily out in a
book in which he ridiculed American horsemanship.

Despite this fact, it seems to have stood the test of time, and both in and out of the army we find active young fellows who are ready to ride against all comers, no matter what colors they wear. Certain it is, that in point of grace the American school has its advantage over the insular, which is remarkable for angularity and protrusiveness of elbow and an utter lack of that repose in saddle which is supposed to characterize the English gentleman in private life. France at Saumur and Saint Cyr has totally remodeled her style of riding in the last decade or so, and there are changes springing up in other foreign services from day to

West Point maintains the even tenor of its way, however, and teaches the same principles, but with many improvements, principles, but with many improvements, that were in vogue during the war. As the writer has been called upon to contribute a series of short papers upon "Horseback Riding," perhaps it may be as well to begin with West Point and show in the next why it is that the graduate of our National Academy finds it easier to adapt himself to any saddle or any horse than is apt to be the case with pupils trained in the English or

CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

A QUEER LETTER CARRIER.

Convicts. A common cockroach was trained to act as letter carrier between William Rodifer and "Starlight Jack" Ryan, convicts in the Southern Indiana Penitentiary. It is probably the first instance on record, too, where there was any use found for this little creature. Rodifer occupied a cell in the tier my line of work something to be proud of, inst shove the one where Jack was confined "But I was talking about young men and just above the one where Jack was confined and for a long time they had no means of communicating with one another. Rodifer was a daring fellow, but he had not sufficient imagination to get up a plan of escape, and he relied on the bright mind of his friend, he relied on the bright mind of his friend, "Starlight Jack," to suggest an idea. One evening Rodifer noticed an innocent-looking cockroach running about on the floor. After watching its gambolings for a time he concluded he would use it. So writing a short note to his friend, he tied it to the cockroach's wing, and kneeling down on the floor he put it on the wall under the iron balcony in front of his cell. He calculated that it would run into the cell underneath, and it did. Jack noted the paper, caught the insect and read the note. Then he an-swered it and poked the little creature out en the wall from the ceiling over the door, where he released it. The roach went into Radifer's cell, and was caught. Then they ted and cared for it, and used it in this man-ner for some months. In fact, it grew to understand its business. It must have been understand its business. It must have been a female cockroach, however, for one day it stopped to chat with a friend and was noticed by a warden. The note, which was written in some sort of cipher, was taken off and the hospital steward, Dr. Sid. C. McCure, read it. Then the beetle was put on the balcony floor, and it ran into Rodifer's cell. Thus the officials were kept posted as to the two famous jail breakers. After a time Jack began to suspect that something

time Jack began to suspect that something was wrong, and he added a postscript to his was wrong, and he added a postscript to his letter someting like this:
"If everything is right you will find a hair from my head in this note."

The warden read it, as he did the others,

but dropped the hair and lost it. "Never mind it," said Captain Craig, whose hair was red, "put one of mine in The answer came back: "That last whipping must have been an awful one, Jack, for it has changed the color of your

AMELIE'S LATEST FREAK

worthies came to naught.

The Virginia Poetess Enjoyed the Holiday Distributing Blankets to the Poor.

Thus the scheming of these two ingenious

The latest sensation in regard to Amelia Rives Chanler has been produced by the news that she rode through the rural district n the vicinity of her residence, Castle Hill, Va., in an ox cart.

For some time past Mrs. Chanler has been dispensing charity to the poor around her as she heard of their need; but recently, 'tis said, she has sent for \$200 worth of blankets and warm clothing, which she presented in person at this festive season from the body of this unique chariot.

Those who have seen Amelie Rives Chan ler can fancy her standing with her fair hair in her new found car of mercy, radiantly beautiful against the rough outlines of the eart, like a lovely rose blushing beside a rude hut, which serves as a foil to its beauty Perhaps she was nearer happiness, as sh looked with moist eyes into the upturned faces around her, than she had ever been before. She is turning from her self-centered life to consider the woes of others. Surely this is one of the points on which happines catches the light.

She is very much of a child in many ways and would take this cart ride for the sake of a new sensation and for an innocent, childish "lark." She has little variety in her quiet, studious, country life. Just before Mr. Chanler left for Paris she sent for a numman and paid for such person, and always at a much higher price than such person was really worth to said road. What other road would pay \$5,000 for a man and then a dollar and a half for gathering him up."

April 5. By taking out at the time of going to press, the following communication at the time of going to press, the following communication intended for the bag or not."

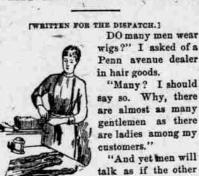
The lorked scat—the lat, under surface of the colored people, and to the music for the offertory; if not, the owner could the thighs gripping (when necessary) the bark alr. The lorked scat—the lat, under surface of the colored people, and to the music for the offertory; if not, the owner could the thighs gripping (when necessary) the bark alr. The lorked scat—the lat, under surface of the colored people, and to the music for the offertory; if not, the owner could the thighs gripping (when necessary) the bark alr. The lorked scat—the lat, under surface of the colored people, and to the music of the banjo and the violin played by two of them, the offertory; if not, the o

MEN WHO WEAR WIGS

And Ladies Who Adorn Their Heads With Hair Bought at the Store.

BOTH CLASSES NUMEROUS HERE.

What the Bewitching Bang is, How it is Made and What it Costs. PRETTY KEEPSAKES IN HUMAN HAIR.



talk as if the other sex monopolized all he vanity in the world !" "True-enough. But it isn't always vanity that makes a man wish to cover up his bald head. Did the thought never occur to you that a man whose scalp is bare is is the reason given by many for wearing wigs, and I do not question its truth. Old men have often told me that they would be be glad to do without wigs, but were afraid to, they feared the cold so much. Young men may not be quite so sensitive to the cold, but they are more particular about their looks."

"But surely you do not mean to say that oung men in these days wear other men's

"Don't I? Why, there are hundreds of them in this city alone who do that very thing, and even their nearest friends never know it. Let me tell you something. The art of wig making is now so well understood that false hair cannot be detected. I've een in this business 17 years, and am sure wigs are more common to-day I am sure wigs are more common to-day than they were when I first began making



them. It used to be the case that nobody could wear a wig without the fact being patent to all—the clumsy contrivances bore so little resemblance to natural hair that it with one on his head was laughed at. Now wigs are made that look so natural and fit so perfectly that even a barber would think the hair in them grew from the owner's head. Why, the other a tonsorial artist actually wanted to cut the hair of a gentleman who has no hair except what he purchased of me. The gentleman told me about it, and of course I was pleased, for I considered such evidence of success in my line of work something to be proud of. wigs. Strictly speaking, it is not wigs which they wear, but topees, as we call them. These are small patches of hair, just

them. These are small patches of hair, just large enough to cover the bald spot. The natural hair is combed over and in with the other, and it is impossible to detect the topee. How is it fastened on? Well, the under side of the topee is covered with an adhesive substance that makes the patch stick close to the scalp, whence, however, it can be removed without any trouble."
"What is the first step in the production Get your material, then get the measure

of your customer's head. Then select a wooden block of the same size and make the wig to fit it. You see this fine netting? It is the basis or groundwork of the wig. The material is so delicate that it is almost invisible, and it becomes entirely so when placed upon the scalp. It is woven from fine hair. Now when I tell you that through every one of the meshes of this net the hair must be drawn and knotted, you can form some idea of the labor involved in can form some idea of the lanor latter to manufacturing a wig. It takes a week to make a fine one, which when completed is from \$50 to \$75. Of course worth from \$50 to \$75. Of course cheaper ones are made—indeed, if one particular he can get a wig almost any price.



most customers are very particular. They seldom complain of the cost if they get suited." "Now, please tell me something about the

false hair which the ladies wear. Is as much of it worn as formerly?"
"Not as much in quantity, but of a better quality. The prevailing styles of dressing the hair are so numerous that there is a great demand for long hair. As for the number, I think more women are wearing false hair, in some form or other, now than ever before. They talk about abolishing the bang, but it is my honest opinion that bangs will never go out of style. They are such an improvement, you know. A set of bangs often makes a lady look 15 years younger; and they add so much to the attractiveness of young ladies that they simply can't do without them."

"But surely young ladies don't get their

bangs at the store?" said the writer. "Don't they? Young man, I'm afraid you are wofully ignorant. Why, we have an immense trade in bangs. See how pretty

they are." And the interviewer gazed into a showcase full of the bewitching appendages.
"That is the English bang," the lady went on; "the very latest. It is a loose mass of finfly curls, as cute and natural as any bang could possibly be. A set costs \$4 or \$5—some are cheaper and others more expensive; but that's about the average. Here's another thing that is all the rage now—the Grecian knot, for the back hair.

white. Gray hair is difficult to get, especially that in natural curls. I had an order for a set of such curls some time ago, and sent to New York for the material. Well, it was three months before the merchant could fill the order, so difficult was it to ob-tain the kind of hair required."

"Where does the supply of hair come

"A man named Pellery, in Paris, has almost a complete monopoly of the busi-ness. I think he supplies nearly the whole world with false hair. Certainly the best of all that is used in this



Curling and Dressing Wigs. country comes from him. I have been told that he has over 1,000 agents traveling about Europe buying hair. The French under-stand how to treat it with chemicals so as to preserve its life and color better than any other people. The pensant women in France and Italy have very fine hair, and many of them sell it regularly, at remarkably cheap prices, too. As they are out of doors a great deal of the time, their hair grows fast, and they have it cut as often as they can dispose of it. The longest hair comes from Nor-

The lady showed to the writer some speci mens of hair-work that were marvels in their way. A picture, which, instead of being painted, was made up in all its parts of hair, fastened in some mysterious way to ground glass, was one of the most curious of many interesting objects. Even the trees, flowers and foliage and the fence shown in the picture were made of hair. This unique work of art was valued at \$75. Novelties without number in the jewelry line, such as without number in the jewelry line, such as rings, watch chains, charms, lockets, etc., composed either wholly or in part of hair were also exhibited. Some of them were surprisingly beautiful. The lady stated that this kind of keepsakes were much in request at present. E. W. BARTLETT.

GOING OUT BETWEEN ACTS.

Boston Chemist Gets Up a Capsule That Will Keep Theaters Quiet.

lew York Graphic. ] The problem of being able to "see a man' during the play without being obliged to walk on the toes of half a dozen gentlemen and perchance on the dresses of several ladies has been solved. These to whom the drink in the entract is an essential part of their enjoyment of a performance, can now, without leaving their seats, indulge in their libations. A clever Boston chemist has struck on the idea of having whisky handy and other strong liquors put up in galatine capsules like those used in admingalatine capsules like those used in administering nauseous medicines, only considerably larger. The capsules are colored so as to resemble large hot house grapes. They are easily broken in the mouth and the contents swallowed without attracting atten-tion. The capsules are sold in boxes containing a dozen each. The box is of con-taining a dozen each. The box is of con-venient size for the pocket, and the quan-tity of liquor contained in the capsules suffi-cient to make the ordinary man feel comfortably happy by the time the curtain falls

on the last act The idea is not altogether an original one. About two years ago similar capsules were sold in all the leading drugstores in this city, but instead of being of gelatine the capsule was of very thin rubber. It was soon found that the rubber conveyed the reverse of a pleasant taste to the liquors, and they rapidly went out of fashion. The new test of the appointed 4:30 o'clock, and not a test of the appointed 4:30 o'clock, and not a gelatine capsule imparts no flavor whatever to the liquor, and it promises soon to become a boon to the gentleman seated in the middle of a row of orchestra chairs, and to earn for its inventor the gratitude of the ladies whose plaints over their ruined dresses and crushed hats lately filled so

many columns in the papers.

THE GLASS-PUDDING MAN Large Panes of Glass Have Banished Him From the Street.

Advancing civilization demands that the in his clothes, which were those of a tourist. weaker and less fitted for the struggle of life Of his 25 years, one or two of the later ones Advancing civilization demands that the should go to to the wall. A queer instance of this rule, which Darwin formulated as the "survival of the fittest," is to be found in the disappearance from the streets of the "glass-pudding" men. The modern window consists of one or two large panes of glass, where the old window contained four, eight, or sometimes 16. As a result of this change, the "glass-pudding" man no longer wanders through the streets carrying numerous small panes in a rack on his back, and a footrule with piece of putty on the end in his hand. Instead, when a pane gets broken, the painter is told or the carpenter; the measure of the window is taken, and in course of time comes glazier carrying with great care a large sheet of glass already cut to the required size. The broken wane is not knocked out with only enough care to pre-vent one's hand from being cut; it is taken out carefully, because, unless the break is very complete, enough of it may yet remain unflawed to make lights for hothouse frames, or for the modern antique doors.

When the broken pane is out, the new pane slips into its place, and the glazier goes away with the remains of the old one under his arm, not in the old-fashioned rack. And the old "glass-pudding" men have retired

AND HE STILL HAS HOPE.

The Sublime Faith of a Man Who Has Met With Everything but Death.

"I have been shipwrecked, been baked in a railroad accident and fired out of a foundry window by a boiler explosion. I was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, suffered starvation in Libby Prison, fell overboard from a transport off Charleston, and left four of my fingers in the mouth of a shark. I had my right arm broken in two places in a New York riot, and stood on a barrel with a halter round my neck in a Southern town at the outbreak of the great Rebellion from sunrise to sunset. I was buried under the ruins of a building in San Francisco during an earthquake, and dug out after 50 hours of imprisonment. I have been shot at three times, twice by lunatics and once by a highwayman. I was buried two days by a gas explosion in a mine, and narrowly escaped lynching last year in Arizona through mistaken identity. And though I am over 50, and have nearly lost the use of stand, all my property, on which there was no insurance, destroyed by fire in a western town; and the doctor in New York to whom I went last week for an examination assures me that I will soon be bedridden from rheumatism; nevertheless," he added cheerfully, "while I undoubtedly have met some obstacles in the past, I still refuse to believe that luck is against me.'

Hospitality in the West.

# HECOLONEL'S CAR

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH BY FRANKLIN FILE.

CHAPTER I. AN INTRODUCTORY GAME.



OULD the cab get to the end of the whar before the steamer go away? The question really concerned only the occupants of the carriage, but the spectators took an excited interest in it. Passengers strained their

eyes at the approachng horse as at a racer on a coarse, loiterers huddled like an anxious group of turfmen with money wagered, the handlers of the gangboard stood ready to obey the steam-whistled order to remove it, and there were whistled order to remove it, and there were numerous outeries to hurry the pace of the beast, who crotted briskly under the very signboard which said that he must walk. While the commotion affected the horse who drew and the hackman who drove, it did not visibly disturb the two men who sat in the open-fronted vehicle as placidly as though they cared nothing about time or distance. The final blast of steam was a command to free the boat altogether from the pier; but there was something in this calminess as they alighted from the hansom the companions, for they could not stand near her, owing to the closeness with which the chairs were placed. that particular instance. The vessel was

impressed the deckhands with duty of disobedience in this bout to make its afternoon trip down New York Bay to Sandy Hook, carrying a full load; composed mostly of men who were spending the business hours of summer in town and the rest of the hot season somewhere in the Long Branch section of seahore. These daily passengers were not ac-

and some manners make their men. The dominance depends on the strength or weak-ness of the man. Knickerbocker Knox was negative, while his mannerisms were posiive, and so he was no more than an imper-onation of beaux current usages. People sonation of beaux current usages. People were apt to make his acquaintance one day, meet him without identification the next, and submit to an introduction again on the third without suspecting that they had ever met him before. If he faded so quickly from memory day by day, it was a grateful sensation to him to be instantly recalled by a man who had not seen him in a year, during which his cut of clothes and tricks of manner had changed with the lour seasons. manner had changed with the four seasons.

"Glad to see you, Colonel Dallas," he said, with rather more vivacity than the summer's rules for dandies directed; "and

happy to meet you, Mrs. Dallas."

The Colonel turned to his son, and waited

chairs were placed.

The three men, practically excluded from the deck, sauntered aimlessly through the less occupied saloon until they came to a

"Hello, there, Knick!" cried a cheery voice. "Come in! Bring your friends in!" The cordial invitation came from the occupant of a chair of willow, that was capa-cious enough to hold his somewhat rotund bulk easily, and pliant enough to shape it-self considerably to the requirements. It



"THIS GIRL IS YOUR OWN DAUGHTER."

utes of the appointed 4:30 o'clock, and not a few had been able, by keeping their watches right, regulating their gate accurately, and waiting in their offices until the latest feasilikeness. ble moment, to march aboard to the music of the last whistle. Not one of them, however, ever counted on an instant of grace. Nevertheless, it did not seem singular to

those who saw the incident of the tardy travelers that a brief indulgence was made n this occasion.

The younger of the two men was not the one who afforded the excuse for an infraction of the rule of promptaess. He was an ordinarily good-looking fellow, with a dawdle in his manner, and the latest style had, manifestly, been spent on the further side of the earth, for he had an all-aroundthe-world aspect. A perceptible film of London and Paris overlaid his New York originalty. This distinction was principally in his garments, no doubt, for considered without regard to them he was simply a tail, erect, well-poised young gentleman, with a face which he deemed good enough

was not strong in its bareness. No; the steamboat would not have stayed a moment for him. It was the other man whose imperturbability was influential as he stepped out of the cab, paid the driver, and strode over the bridge. He was not slow, but his motions were so measured as to seem delib-erate. If there had been a cleat lacking, as he put his feet down on them exactly, one after another, and he had stopped thereat, no observer would have been sur-prised by the boat waiting for the hammer. nails and a strip of wood. His bearing was an embodiment of impressive deportment. That he was the father of his companion anybody could see at a glance. Their forms and features were much alike. But the elder's face was roseate, his close-cropped elder's face was roseate, his close-cropped hair was perfectly white, his heavy mustache and eyebrows were jet black, and this arrangement of color on a shapely head made it singular.

Just as he stepped solidly on the lower deck with one foot, and the gangboard was hauled from under the other, a woman met

him with a kiss and a momentary clasp of her arms. He accepted the greeting with-out responsiveness, but gave his arm polite-ly enough, while she said "How do you do, Winston?" to the young man, without seeming to care about the reply. They made their way through the crowd up the stairway to the upper cabin and out to the after deck. "I thought you hadn't come in to-day's steamer after all," the woman said, "and I was going back to Long Branch without

cotton. Five weeks ago it was iron gray.
Was it a fright turned it in a single "In a single hour," was the reply in a

overheard. "I had it bleached. One even-

"So, Sheeba, you're at Long Branch yet,"

was the elder man's response, "How is

ing I saw an actor made up for a stage nobleman. He looked it and he looked like me—except that his hair was white. Next day I completed the likeness, I think it is a help to me-eh?" "It makes you ten years older."
"And ten years better for business."
Then he raised his voice to a young man whom they encountered, shook his hand, and said: "How are you Mr. Knox? Let

careened a little as Mr. Jonas Pootle leaned forward to shake Knex's hand without "I'm too pulpy to git up," he said,

"Really, this weather softens a man so't he feels like he'd have to keep a cool mold of himself to sleep in nights, or else lose his "That chair won't do, then," said Knox; "It needs molding on its own account. It doesn't seem able to hold you."
"I wouldn't have no chair that could hold,

me, Knick. I want to hold the chair. Don't you see the distinction? I mean -" "Mr. Pootle, this is Colonel Dalias," in-terposed Mr. Knox.
"Right proud to know you, Colonel Dal-las," and Mr. Pootle, grasping the stranger's hand, but without rising, pulled him into a seat. I like this chair so well that I don't

want to get out of it. I wouldn't have no other chair on the boat, and —"
"Mr. Winston Dallas," Knox again in-terrupted, introducing the son, who hesitated in the doorway.
"Come in—come in," was the hearty acknowledgment of the transitory host. "Take that chair. "Tain't as good as this, though. When I hired this stateroom for the season I stipulated for this particular willow chair."

See, I can swing in it almost like a ham-mock—easy—so easy—ah-h!"

Mr. Pootle closed his eyes in luxurious indolence, and his face looked like that of one who had slept most of the time since one who had slept most of the time since infancy. Indeed, his visage might have been that of a 60-year-old baby. It was big, round, smooth, and very mobile. Expressions would break out in one portion and spread thence over the rest of the broad countenance. Now his eyes shut, cheeks, overcame the smile at his mouth, and sagged his fat chin. In an instant his eyes opened, as though two pebbles had been thrown into placid water, and ripples of enlivenment circled larger and larger until the shores of his millpond face were reached by the grimaces of joility.

"Tain't one man in a New York million that knows how to rest," Mr. Pootle conthat knows how to rest," Mr. Pootle continued, in a voice that boisterously disagreed with his assertions of lazinesa. "There's my nephew, Vic." The visitors followed with their eyes the gesture of the speaker to a lounge where the head of a well-dressed recumbent body was covered by a newspaper. "He's asleep, I guess, and that's a wonder, for he hasn't lately known enough to sleep when he's sleepy. That's Victor Learoyd—you know him, Knox—you don't, gentlemen? Well, he's the junior member of Jonas Pootle and Company. I call him senior, though, be-Company. I call him senior, though, be-cause I'm younger than he is, no matter what the family records say about it.

Smoke? Cigars being provided and the door closed, the three men filled the room with tobacco smoke, and sent it out in a cloud through the open window. The room from which the berths had been removed, to adapt it to the purposes of an hour's sail in the "O, a change of mind. And—why, you've had a change of hair!"

That was an exclamatory as a low tone could make it, while the quick eyes were covert in their scrutiny. "It's as white as talk for five minutes was of stocks, grain, oil and other things in Wall street specula-tion. The Colonel learned from the con-versation that the firms in which Pootle and "In a single hour," was the reply in a Knox were component parts were concerned voice moderated so that it could not be in some scheme together, but it was blind to him, and he betrayed an unmistakable absence of mind. In nothing that has been told of his undemonstrativeness did he alter his demeanor, save in a fidget of his hands. Those members seemed strangely tensible in their long, white fingers, which moved with a nervousness unlike the general self-control of the man. A small Bible lay on the stand where the American Bible So-Mhom (Ore.) Weekly Courier.

The city jail will be weatherboarded. It will cost \$25. Blankets costing \$8 have also been procured. Heretofore the jair has been such an uncomfortable and cheerless place that it has offered no inducement to the tramps and vags who infest Portland and East Portland, and they have consequently avoided us to a considerable extent. We acknowledge that we have been somewhat derelict in this matter and beg pardon. Hereafter we hope to offer more comfortable quarters.

whom they encountered, shook his hand, and know? Let me introduce you to my wife. Mrs. Dallas, this is Mr. Knickerboeker Knox."

Mr. Knox lifted his hat and bowed. The fashions in politeness change from time to time. This dandy's salutation, like his garb, was in the style of the summer season of 1888. The right elbow was raised to a level with the shoulder, the hand brought the hat down smartly in front of the face, the bow was slight and quick and sooner than this sentence can be read the ceremony was over. Some men make their manners, ciety had placed it. Probably the Colonel's