gray of the morning-indeed, when she could hardly see though she had opened her eyes, finding herself summoned by the En-glish speaking member of the Shawnee party. This woman then made a prompt gesture of silence, which gave her to understand that the fewer words spoken the better. The woman wakened Mary as soon as she saw that Sarah was well awake, and in a whisper Sarah bade her be as still as she might be. In a moment they were upon their feet, and their guide silently led them along the beach, on the other side of the island from that where they had been upset. Here, in the gray morning light, to Sarah's infinite relief, they could see a cance stranded. She needed no solicitation when her guide pointed her where she was to sit. She placed Mary on the seat, but did not enter it herself till she had helped the other

to push it down the sand, and it was affoat in the water. The girl had herself rowed dories through the Marblehead surf, and would have had no trouble in paddling the cance even had she been alone, but she was not to be alone. Her silent guide pushed the boat into the water, and held it where the water was above her own knees; and then, when she saw Mary and Sarah both seated in the stern, entered it herself so dex-terously that they were hardly aware of any roll in the light craft, and then, with her own paddle, steered off shore. She let the current of the river carry her well by the island, then crossed to the western or south-ern side, and, in the eddy which she found there, worked up to the very camp which the girls and Cephas Titcomb had been trying to make when their unfortunate acci-dent befell them. The sky began to grow red in the east as she ran the cance upon the beach there, pointed to the ark which lay a little way above, and then, without so much as heeding Sarah's goodby, re-entered her own canoe, as she had done before, paddled stoutly out into the current, and per-mitted herself to drift down to her island. She had made no attempt to explain herself, and Sarah's eager expressions of gratitude to her seemed to fall un-heeded; they were perhaps wholly unintelligible. For herself, Sarah Parris was more rejoiced than words could tell. With her charge she walked along the sand to the ark, and as she approached it saw one of the men come out, stretching himself and yawning, from a little shelter he had made for himself in the cottonwood. He recog-nized her, having, indeed, often seen her in the hospitalities of the voyage of the fleet, if it may so be called, and of course asked her story, which was quickly told. The other inmates of the ark were called at once, ever rather earlier, perhaps, than they had expected; a fire was soon built upon the shore, and an early breakfast made. With the skiff which this ark trailed with her as a sort of tender, the two girls were soon dis-

"So, my dear aunt, all's well that ends This is the end of the letter which Sarah wrote to her aunt on the morning as they were waiting for the return of the two There was a certain anxiety lest these boys might have fallen into the bands of the hunting party whose weaker side had rendered the two girls the hospitality of the night before. As often as once in a quarter of an hour a shot was fired, in the hope that it might call some response from them if they were straggling in the woods; and once Mr. Titcomb even loaded the little swivel which he had upon the ark, and made it wake the echoes of the banks on both sides. But the balance of probabilities was in favor of two stout boys who had been last seen holding on by the canoe; and, in fact, before 2 o'clock of the same day, the boys presented themselves. They had drifte down the river farther than they wished be-fore they had been able to make the shore; then in the morning they had made a visit, which had taken them more time than they liked, to what Mary insisted on calling "the friendly island;" but they had at last escaped from the temptations of the sirens there, and worked their way up to the encampment of the party. This would have been done much more quickly had they

patched to their side of the river, and car-

ried with them their own account of their

did Sarah's guide. Everything was then refitted for the voyage down the river, and we have now told "the only adventure which was an adventure," as Sarah wrote in her letter to her aunt, which occurred before the party arrived in the mouth of the Muskingum, The Ohio river at this point sweeps down almost parallel with the Muskingum, and then, after a sudden, receives the addition made by that river. The Titcombs knew the lay of the land well enough to be on the lookout for the fort, and the great helm of the ark brought her up at its landing. The current of the Muskingum that day was very strong, and the hour was late. General Harmar and the officers were cordial and hospitable, and begged the travelers to spend the night within the barracks, but they could not bear to come so near the rney's end without finishing it, and Mr. Titcomb excused himself from accepting these hospitalities. He would leave his ark, he said, to be carried across the stream when he should find where she was to lie but he borrowed one of the boats of the garrison, and with his boys paddled the women of the party across and up to the Marietta landing, carrying with them such conveniences as they might need for the

night. And so, just as the sun went down, they found themselves in their new home. It was a week to a day since Harry Cur wen had landed at the same spot, and had walked up to First street, looking after the very people who, in their turn, were now wondering at all they saw. Every one asked first for General Rufus Patnam, that noble leader of the people, a man who showed himself equal to the largest cares and concerns, was called upon almost of course for each smallest service, and was as ready in the one as he was successful in the other. At this moment he was in his own cabin, with the members of his household around him at supper. To Mary's amuse-ment, the string of which she had often heard hung out from an augur hole in the door, and, when a hearty "Come in" answered her father's knock, and he pulled at this string, the wooden latch rose, and the door swung open. At a long pine table set on trestles was a large party of men and women. At the head was Rufus Putnam, looking the leader which he was. He was still in the prime of life, tall, vigorous and handsome. In a moment he had sprung from his sent and came forward cordially, but he said at once, "I do not know you, The elder Titcomb laughed and said, 'I know you, General; everybody knows you, but you have not spoken to me since the day when you sent me with a file of men to burn the bridge over Dobbin's creek in Jersey. I don't know, General, but I always thought that when you turned away you said to that Frenchman that the ten of us was enough to be cut to pieces. I was Sergeant Titeomb that day, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts; now I am plain Cephas Titoomb, and I have come with my folks to see what kind of farming there is in the Muskingum."

Rather to his surprise, General Putnam seemed to care more for his name than for the memory of Dobson's creek, athough he perly well remembered the circumstance of bridge. The General confessed very frankly that he probably said to the French officer that the file of men he sent were enough to be cut to pieces. But now, with a laugh, he was willing to say, "You understood your business so well that we cut off that whole cavalry troop, if you remember, and I think, Sergeaut, that you were not sergeant many days longer." At which recollection of his promotion the other smiled, well pleased. But the conversation drifted at once into matters of more imme-

"Your name is Titcomb?" said General Putnam, "Titcomb, and you are from Newbury?" Cephas replied that it was pre-

"Who is it-who is it that is here wants to see you?" said General Putnam. There was a man asking for you here yesterday-no, not yesterday, but not long ago. Are there any Newbury people here whom you know? The Boyntons and their set have moved up the river to Belpre."

Cephas Titeomo enumerated the various Newbury families who would know him, and the General again racked his memory, all filled as it was with a thousand such de-

But meanwhile his women-folk had asked in the other women-folk, had entreated them hospitably, and made them lay aside their wraps; and stools and boxes and barrels had been provided for them to sit upon.
The men of Putnam's household had moved
away, some with bits of bread and pork in away, some with bits of bread and pork in their hands and some pretending that their supper was done; clean plates had been brought and put upon the table, and in spite of all protestations that they were not hungry, good Mrs. Titcomb, Sarah Parris, Mary and the rest, found themselves seated at the amply provided table. No token here of the destitution or starvation of new colonists! The different hospitalities were pressed by Mrs. Putnam, who presided at the table, and matters were going on, with rapid question and answer as to the success of the voyage, when Sarah's cheeks flushed and she was unable to answer the question was unable to answer the question as to what she saw at Fort Pitt, because she

heard General Putnam say:

"I know who it was. It was that young fellow from the fort—you will remember him, Titcomb, you will remember him. It was Harry Curwen. He is a Licutenant in your Salam company." your Salem company; he acted as aid to Varnum only two years ago in the muster at Ipswich. I don't know whether your company was there, but I saw him. We had dinner together in my tent that day—nice looking, manly fellow, he is, though he is of the old Tory stock. It was he that was here, and he was acking after you."

"Asking after me?" said Cephas Titeomb.
"Why should any of the Curwens ask after
me? My brother John, he see old Lisha Curwen in London once, when the war was over, and he said the old Tory sung pretty small, and wished he was back to Essex again. I guess they all do, General. I guess they'd rather be in your cabin here than feasting with the King in his palace. But I never see any of the Curwens; they went their way and I went mine. Why should any of the Curwens ask after Cephas

Sarah Parris listened with all her ears, but the conversation refused to turn on the Curwens any more, and she found that the men were talking of trees and lumber and sawmills and boat building, while the women were talking of Jersey tea and drying berries and weaving and spinning, and she was left to wonder herself to sleep that night with the question, How could it be that Harry Curwen should be talking to General Putnam? and in wondering what try to read as she knew she would have read try to read as she was in a lighted to the read to turn on the was because she was in the open as try to read as she was of more use; sometimes she was in the open as try to things. Sometimes she tried to persuade herself it was because she was in the open as try to read as try to read as said the herself it was because she was in the open as try to the try to read as she was of more use; sometimes she was did to turn on the was of more use; sometimes she dealt more with the realities of things. Sometimes she tried to persuade herself it was because she was in the open as the was of more use; sometimes in the was try to the try to read as the was of more use; sometimes in the was try to the try to read as t Sarah Parris listened with all her ears, General Putnam? and in wondering what try to read as she knew she would have read had become of him.

CHAPTER IX. THE LOG HOME.

Into all the intricacies of land titles reservations, town lots and farm lots, which occupied the politics of the Titcomb family for the next weeks, this little story must not go. There are conveyancers who would make the ins and outs of that narrative as attractive as ever Dickens made a tale of London slums. But our story runs for the present on other lines, and we must leave it to one of our Ohio friends to work out as he chooses those delicate rootlets of the title. Suffice it to say that to Cephas Titcomb's experienced eye it was soon clear that the very best spots in the neighborhood of Marietta had been taken up. He determined to accompany the surveying party up the Muskingum river, and before a fortnight was over he and his, by the aid of a good stiff south cale numb hauling and police. stiff south gale, much hauling and poling and infinite work on the part of all con-cerned, had succeeded in bringing their ark some 10 or 15 miles from Marietta, where he had taken for himself a new claim, more distant from the town than Mrs. Titcomb would have liked, but on the edge of a grove so beautiful that the Titcomb's of this gen-eration bless him with all their hearts for the choice of that summer day when he planted them there. Perhaps he would have said that the choice was Hobson's choice—that he went as far as he could, and

that he stopped because he could go no It was already late in the summer and little enough could be done in the way of farming, although the provident man choose to break up some acres of prairie land, that he might try some experiments

before the winter.

And yet another novelist, of the architive vein, would make for us a story of the history of those two log cabins as they rose. Most of Mr. Titcomb's companions had determined "on the to remain with him through the winter, though to people who understood the New Englander it may be said that no man had bound himself, no, not for an hour, to do anything or to be anywhere in the future. But "on the whole" again, it "seemed as if" they "might as well" stay with him. And the sturdy men who had helped build the ark began the work of creations the cabling. erecting the cabins. None of them were afraid of work—not a man, woman or child. The women did not ply the ax, except to split wood, but the men did and the boys did. Hobson's choice and Titcomb's choice together had resulted in their being near one of the groves which distinguish the Ohio prairies from those farther west. And it was not long before logs enough were cut to make the walls of these cabins high enough for any man who would enter through the door. "We'll make 'em seven foot in the clear, said Cephas Titcomb, with a grim humor, "lest any of them big Virginny men they tell on, want to come in and make us a visit. They shan't have to duck their heads because they come into our cabins." The little sawmill on the river was heavily pressed by the differ-ent settlers, but still a few planks were floated up for use in the floor and for mak-ing doors and tables. Cephas went so far as to rig a sawpit, much to the grief of the boys and young men who occasionally had to work in it, but this work was avoided by every device, and the simpler power of the stream was made to take its place. The days were growing shorter, and at the very best they seemed only too short to the industrious workmen and workwomen. "You're all as hungry as bears three times a day," said Mrs. Titcomb good naturedly, as her working party came into her cabin after it was finished. The reader understands, of course, that one and the same room was hall of entrance, kitchen, sitting room, best room and bedroom. At one end an immense fireplace of logs, covered thick with clay, opened an immense chimney to the sky. It never really happened that logs were hauled into the kitch-en by the horses, but they were rolled up by crowbars, and lifted to their places by the joined force of two or three men. A fire once made held to its work through the day and evening, never went out, indeed, and, as the great logs burned, the women threw in light stuff enough to give the blaze or special heat which they equired when a pot was to be "brought to boil" or when a turkey was to be roasted. For food there was constant stock of what we call prairie hens, until the family tired of the frequent luxury; there were as many turkeys as people would eat. The gardens of Marietta, as autumn drew on; furnished already the white beans which replaced those which Mrs. Titcomb had taken from the barrels so carefully brought from New England. The Marietta farms had also produced enough Indian meal to carry them through the winter. They ground this in hand-mills from time to time as they needed

bring in a deer or a bear, and there was no difficulty in supplying the demand. It was clear enough that they were not to die of hunger that winter. At first there was no lack of society. Almost every day there would be a messenger sent down to the town for this or that, which had been forgotten, or which was needed in the building. But this changed as autumn came on. They were themselves almost the last of the settlers of that summer who came up the Muskingum. At first, from time to time, one or another adventurer going fartime, one or another surveyor returning, stopped for their hospitality at night, or at breakfast, at dinner, or at supper. But such occasions became more and more rare s October closed in, and now it would hap pen that for a week at a time no one spoke

it. If anybody complained of salt pork, he was told to take his gun into the woods and

tails, to recollect who had been asking for hungry. These lords of the soil had established a certain ground rent, shall we say, by which the new occupants were notified from time to time that they were not the orignal possessors. There was not a woman, and there was hardly a man who would have dared refuse the application thus made. And if a great Shawnee hunter did appear, Mrs. Titcomb and Sarah had learned, before the winter came on, not to be afraid of him.
They knew that, like other men, he was
hungry, and they knew that he expected to
be fed. They knew he would be quite indifferent as to knife or fork, but they knew
that he would eat more than they had concived it possible for a human help to est.

that he would eat more than they had con-ceived it possible for a human being to eat, when they left home.

On the other hand, they were not par-ticular as to what they gave him. If there were dry and hard Johnny cakes laid aside, they were good enough for Indians; if there were hominy only half-cooked in the pot, it was good enough for Indians; if there were salt pork not yet boiled or fried, it was good enough for indians; and they had no experience of any warrior or hunter refusexperience of any warrior or hunter refus-ing anything that was set before him. If the man wanted to spend the night, a buf-falo skin was given him, and he spread it where he chose. No salutes were exchanged on the arrival of such guests, and none

on the arrival of such guests, and none when they departed.

Sarah Parris wondered with herself sometimes, especially when the quiet Sunday came, with an opportunity to look in upon herself a little, that she was so entirely satisfied with the life that she was living. There was no writing in a journal; there was no committing to memory of Mr. Cowper's poems or Dr. Young's sentimentalities; there was no chattering with other girls of her own age; there was no cutting over of dresses or matching of ribbons; there was dresses or matching of ribbons; there was absolutely nothing of the life which had in-Sometimes, when she was in the mood for analysis, she said to herself it was because were in Salem and there were a storm. Sometimes she did read, but she was well aware that she was not interested in the book as she had been when there was less to interest her outside. She even wished sometimes that she had the writing of the book herself, and felt that she could come nearer to what she called "the true thing" once, when she was trying to make Mrs. Titoomb understand her, than the stately English writers in whom she had been so much interested while she was at home. The truth was that in the six months which the girl had spent in measuring herself against other people and against the world, she had advanced in life as she had not done in five years before. Her soul was a larger soul, her mind was a larger mind, even as her body was a different body. And, as she sat one day cutting to pieces one of the dresses which she had brought out for the winter, so that she might be able to put it on, she said to herself—what she dared not say to Mrs. Titcomb—that she believed she had grown as much in other ways as she was sure she had gained in the length of the belt she wore.

They were all happy because it did not occur to them that they were happy. They had not time to ask themselves the question whether they enjoyed their lives, and the first consequence was that they had "the joy of eventful living," and all lived as if they had never lived before. So passed October, and so, with an occasional frost now, the glorious Indian summer of November came

[Concluded Next Sunday.] Copyrighted, 1889, by E. E. Hale.

CHICAGO GIRLS' GAME. They Faint Without Reason, Except to Get

a Carringe Ride. Chicago Times, 7

"I don't think women faint as easily as they would have us men believe," remarked a horny-handed young man who is employed in a Westside factory.

"There is a number of girls in the shop." he continued, "who work among the drying ovens, where the heat is intense, and every now and then a girl succumbs to the heat and faints dead away. The head of the firm is a kind-hearted man, and he has given instructions to the foreman, in events of this kind, to order a carriage and send the girl home. A girl who can faint finently is an object of envy and admiration among

the other girls, and she is sometimes re-garded with jealous suspicion, too.

"Not long ago a serious accident happened to one of the girls while at work, and then followed one of the most harrowing fainting recitals I ever witnessed. The girls fell i all directions; some went into hysterics and others had fits and tried to bite the gallant workmen who endeavored to revive them. As fast as they fell they were carried out of the fainting department, and a doctor, who had been sent for at the time of the accident, applied restoratives. Then, when they were able to travel, they were sent home in car-riages, barouches and coupes, each girl in charge of a trusty male employe. A fat blonde, who was among the first to lapse into utter unconsciousness, was being carried out by a little sparrow-legged Norwegian, who had clasped her about the waist from behind. As he staggered along under his burden the obliging girl held her feet clear of the floor to make the trip easier the trip easier for him. But she went home just the same. carriage the excitement had about died out, when a big, red-cheeked, 200-pound girl, who had never before been known to faint, suddenly slid into a state of coma. A dozen muscular workmen got a plank under the girl and carried her out to another where an attempt was made to revive

her, but without avail. "The doctor was feeling her pulse, another girl was plying a fan, the foreman was pouring water down her back and two men were slapping her feet, when a big pomen were stapping her feet, when a big po-liceman came in to make a police report of the accident. He approached the group surrounding the unconscious girl, when she accidentally opened one eye. As she caught the big copper she jumped to a glimpse of r feet and shrieked: "'I an't agoin' home in no patrol wagon?"
"She walked."

A Princely Tooth Puller.

Portland Oregonian.] One European Prince has quit living off the toil of others, come over to the United States and gone to work to make an honest living. This is Prince Karl Ludwig, of Wurtemburg, and he is practicing dentistry in New Orleans.

It Come Bigher. 00000

(Scene-New York Banking House.) Sir Rotten Rowe (just over, to Office Boy, who has brought him some American Office Boy-One cent

to them from outside their own company.

It might be that an Indian tramp came to the door, and gave an unintelligible indication that he was present and wanted something to eat. They already knew that the presence of an Indian meant that be was the animal!—Puck.

BATHS OF THE RICH

That Vie in Splendor With Those of the Great Roman Emperors.

MRS. VANDERBILT'S BATHROOM

Mirrors, Exquisite Marbles and Frescoe Combine to

MAKE IT A THING OF IDEAL BEAUTY

TWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ? If the Persian who is represented as exploring among the ruins of New York in the editor of Life's recent skit, had discovered any one of several bathrooms in which some of our rich men and women lave, as Cuvier could build up a mastodon from a single bone, he might have reconstructed entire

Madame Daniel Wilson at Chenonceaux and of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, But that of Marie Antoinette can claim pre-emihave dreamed of it, poets have sung it, and architects have copied it. It has terested her only a year ago. And yet, as she said to herself again and again, she was happier, stronger, indeed in every sense she was better than she was in Salem. and architects have copied it. It has evolved more print and more eloquence than all the rest of the historic pile. The she was better than she was in Salem. tire. It, in fact, not only inspired Mrs. Vanderbilt's bathroom, but the one designed for Mrs. Seward Webb in her father's house.

PRENCH LUXURY. Marie Antoinette's bathroom is a series of three rooms; or, one room in three divisions. Of these, one overlooks a garden; the middle connects with bedrooms on either side; the third is an alcove in which is the bath. The first two rooms are hung in silk, with beautiful paintings over the doors, the ceiling is in relief and colored with soft rich tint. The tubroom is panelled in marble and the tub, which is of marble, is set in the wall and fed by swans' necks and heads of solid silver. Back of the tub is a large mirror, and this mirror is painted over with dimpled little boys-why always boys no one knows—pelting one another with flowers. Mirrors are set also in the ceilings as ponds like crystal lakes amid the soft Louis XVI. garlands. Imagination can scarcely go further than this reality, in which beauty is reflected and multiplied, and in which is inextricably mingled the figure of the fair and luckless Queen.

The splendor we have, the romance we will

have to do without. In fact, in this busy money-getting age, the imagination carries one too near the ludicrous to be unleashed. The late Mr. Vanderbilt was no nymph. No more is Mr. Marquand, nor Mr. Robert Garrett and other rich men who have bathrooms panelled in mirrors and wreathed in morning glories. In two of the Vanderbilt bathrooms the feature of the mirrors is doubled. In that of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's house now attached to the guest room, the wood used is the lustrous silken satin wood, and the wainscoting, the wardrobes and the bath are lined with Mexican onyx, which repeats in greater beauty the tints of the satin wood. The doors are panelled with mirrors to the floor. Above the wainscoting the satin wood. ting the wall is overlaid with small bevelled mirrors, and these are carried up to and over the ceiling. Veiling these thousand eyes is a filmy net-work of lace painted on the mirrors, but parting above in order that Mr. Mitchell's Persian have thought of this

pretty fancy?

AMERICAN GORGEOUSNESS. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's bathroom even more ideally beautiful. In fact Mr. R. M. Hunt, who is the architect of the house, has done nothing more absolutely perfect. The room has a high marble wainscoting, perfectly plain to the top, where there is a band of incased ornamen traced in gold. The walls above are pan-elled in small bevelled mirrors separated by elled in small bevelled mirrors separated by bands of gilt molding. Over these are painted apple blossoms, drooping sprays laden with bloom. The ceiling is modeled in Henry II. ornament, for the bath connects with a Henry III. bedroom, and is colored in cream and gold. The color harmony of this cream, pink and gold caught here and there and echoed by the mirrors is one of the triumphsof latter day decoration. Beneath all this beauty is the tub cut out of a solid block of marble, with a carved molding of scallon shells. The fancets are molding of scallop shells. The faucets are swans heads and breasts of solid silver, and at the head of this magnificence is a niche in which is a copy of that fair figure of a bather with her tunic lifted and about to step in the bath, by one of Coysevox broth-ers, sculptors in the days of Louis XVI., and the original of which is in the Louvre.

and the original of which is in the Louvre. A marble slab resting on fabled creatures is the only piece of furniture in the room.

The Chenonceaux bathroom is the inspirer of other New York bathrooms equally magnificent, as those of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mr. Marquand. No chateau in France is richer in memories than Chenonceaux. It was begun by Louis XII. for Anne of Brittany. Brittanny. Hither the gallant Henry II. brought the fair widow Diana de Poitiers, who was ousted after a time by the strong-minded Catherine de Medici, who coveted this gem of the valley of Loire. For two centuries Chenonceaux has not been state property, and its fortunes have been brilliant, but vagrant. Its last owner was Madam Pelouze, the devoted sister of that recent scapegrace, Daniel Wilson, son-in-law of President Grevy, and for whose debts Madam Pelouze has had to sell and resign the chateau she had so enriched.

SPLENDID SCENIC REPECTS. This bathroom was added by Madam Pe louse. It is a large room with a vaulted ceiling, or what the architects call a barrel arch. The walls are paneled to the arch in colored marbles, and the arch is painted with sky clouds, birds and vines to render with sky, clouds, birds and vines to render an out-of-door effect. The bath is made of marble sunk in the floor and occupies the entire room. A flight of marble steps descends into it from the door, and it is fed from dolphins' heads cut in the marbles.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's bath copies this with a difference. The vaulted arch is laid in Moorish designs, and the walls are wainscoted in Moorish tiles. The bath does not occupy the entire room, but it is sunk in the occupy the entire room, but it is sunk in the floor and reached by steps, and the bath and

all the toilet arrangements are faced in Mexican onyx. Mr. Marquand's bath resembles this in some features. The walls are wainscoted and the bath which is not sunk, is faced with old Suracenic tiles, brought from Spain with shining, lustrous faces, lost with the disappearance of the Moors. All the angles are cushioned with round, polished metal. Above is a barrel arch decorated by Mr. Francis Lattrop in design and tint to complete the Moorish character of the room. complete the Moorish character of the room.

In the bathroom of Mr. Marquand's son there are further reminiscences of Chenon-ceaux. The bathroom is three times the ordinary size, and the length of the room and half its width is occupied by a marble basin into which several steps descend. It is so large that young Mr. Marquand may chose the spot in which he prefers to bathe, and in a moderate way strike out. It has indeed something of the effect of a swimming tank, and is fed through carved dolphins.

A POMPEIAN BATHTUB. The private bath of the late Mr. W. H Vanderbilt was Pompeian in decoration.
It was panelled in mahogany and the wardrobe doors enclosed mirrors set in mahogany, while the interior was lined with glass

tiles. Above, the freize was painted in Pompeian designs of women and cupids.

Mr. Robert Garrett in his bathroom makes a new departure at least in decoration, for his bath, which is also of marble, is sunk in the floor as those of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and young Mr. Marquand. But the room itself, after the designs of Mr. George Maynard, takes the semblance of an arbor. It is, to the eye, bounded by a lattice wreathed in morning glories. On each side is an octagonal opening. One is filled with a mirror; on the other cupids sat gathering flowers. Everything confributes to an out-of-door effect. The climate of Baltimore is warmer than New York and so arry a bathing place may affect the imagination as deing place may affect the imagination as de-lightfully as it does the eye, for it is charm-ing in color. Mr. Maynard's painting has been done on white marble, and then submitted to what is known as the endo-lithic process by which marble is made to take any design or any hue. Here it is made to harmonize with the creamy tints of Siena marble, which is used in bands below the decoration.

So varied are tastes that while Mr. Gar-rett luxuriates among vines and flowers durour era of great wealth. With their marble and enyx, their crystal and silver, they are like tales out of the Arabian Nights. They seem to be the culmination and epitome of our material prosperity.

Somebody has said that the three ideal bathrooms of the world are those of Marie Antoinette at Fontainbleau so recently, of Madame Daniel Wilson at Chenonceaux heating arrangements are perfect.

A TEMPLE OF PURITY. The bathroom of Mr. Howell Osborne in nence. Artists have raved over it, lovers the Mamaroneck villa is also a very temple have dreamed of it, poets have sung it, have dreamed of it, poets have sung it, and architects have copied it. It has evolved more print and more eloquence than all the rest of the historic pile. The walls literally exude romance. The Empress Eugenic endeavored to link her name with the charmed spot, but the ruthless French effaced her monogram and the verses she wrote on a glass panel they removed entire. It, in fact, not only inspired Mrs. ing from the tub.
In Mr. Whitelaw Reid's home to each

chamber is attached a large toilet room and bath. In these there is no attempt at decoration. The walls are wainscoted high with white enamel tiles, the baths are porcelain lined and the final evidence that everything is bout toward enamels. is bent toward cleanliness and health, is the plumbing, which is all exposed. In the upper floor among the servants' apartments, are two bathrooms appointed in the same manner, one on each side of the long partition that separates the quarters of men and maids.

In Mr. Marquand's house the servants

In Mr. Marquand's house the servants' baths are as carefully considered as in the Villard home. They are lined with the same white enamel tiles, and if necessary can be cleaned with a hose.

These enamel tiles, which are not only white but may be found in the tints of heaven sunset, pearl and gold, all of which seem to make them practical as well as pretty, are all in all the most valuable things that the desire for decorative interiors has produced. They come within teriors has produced. They come within the means of people who cannot afford to spend much money, and the possibilities of prettiness and cleanliness go hand in hand in a manner that presses closely upon that cleanliness which ranks next to godliness. Glass tiles are also used for bathrooms, and in turquoise or tints of sea green have special fitness

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

A CRAWLING PENCE.

A Snake Story Told by an Old Resident of the Mountain Regions. Kingston Freeman.] "The Traps" is the name of a locality on

the top of the Shawagunk Mountains, about midway between New Paltz and Tuttletown. It is nearly all rock and covered, as town. It is nearly all rock and covered, as the settlers who live near there say, with "underbush, huckleberries and snakes." The mountain seems to be split at this point, and into the split hunters set traps for game. This is why it is called "The Traps." This forenoon a resident of that delectable neighborhood told the following snake store which he said he down as welcome they have never forgotten. delectable neighborhood told the following snake story, which he said he had every reason to believe was true: "About ten years ago a man named Daniel Hasbrouck, called by his neighbors 'Mountain Dan Hasbrouck,' owned a farm which took in a part of the mountain where 'The Traps' are. One forenoon he started out to build are. One forenoon he started out to build a piece of rail fence. He had cut the rails about two weeks before, and had them near at hand. The night before was a cold one, and early in-the morning the frost covered everything. 'Dan' worked hard and fast. About 11 o'clock he went home for dinner. The forenoon had been cloudy and disagreeable. The wind blew cold and chilly, and 'Dan' was satisfied to go home early. About noon the sun shone out brightly, the wind died away and it was warm like. 'Mountain Dan,' after hav-ing finished his noon meal, returned to his work. When he reached the spot he found that his fence had disappeared. Not one rail was left. The disappearance of the fence which had been carefully made by him was beyond his comprehension. Going to the spot where he had commenced his work was startled by the movement of a big black snake.

""There,' said 'Dan,' as he told the story,
'I'll be busted, by gosh, if I haint laid that
there sence up with black snakes. "Sure enough, the snakes had been frozen stiff during the night, and 'Dan' thinking they were rails, had laid them up just as he would wooden rails. While he had gone to dinner the sun had warmed them up a bit and they crawled away. 'Dan' said that he measured the snake he killed and it was eight feet in length. He had an ax with him, and it was as long as four lengths of the handle. I reckon the whole lot of blackies must have been from 6 to 10 feet long and about from 3 to 4 inches through.

FISHING FOR GANDERS.

How a Soldier While Foraging Caught Bird for Supper.

The old story of the Maine soldier who was caught skinning the sheep and remarked that no sheep could bite him and live, reminds a contributor to the Oxford Advertiser of a veteran of the "unpleasantness" of 20 years ago, who regularly draws his check from a P. O. on the banks of the Androscoggin. At one time while in the enemy's country the order "no foraging" was issued. About dusk our hero might have been seen on a very rapid retreat from the rear of a farmhouse near by, closely pursued by a rebel gander with wings outspread, whose feet seemed to searcely touch the ground, and from whose

beak issued angry screams.

The fugitive was not at all reassured by the dies of the owners "Hold on, soldier, he won't hurt you?" The soldier never stopped until he reached his friends, who of course relieved him from his pursuer with the aid of the butt of a musket. Who removed the hook with the cod line attached from the mouth of the unfortunate gander, still remains a mystery, but several witnesses say it was there all the same.



Star Actress-Ladies and gentlemen, I never disappoint my friends. Now, Antony, get over in your corner and we'll start the a circus.-Puck.

AFTER CHIEF JOSEPH.

A Running Fight Across the Continent With the Shoshones.

JOSEPH'S SPLENDID STRATEGY And His Escape Down Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone.

MET AND CONQUERED BY GENERAL MILES IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

Sherman's "March to the Sea" was the dramatic and picturesque episode of our great war. The admirably organized and disciplined army, complete in its commissa riat and transportation and unencumbered with "deadwood" of any kind, cut loose from Atlanta and tramped through the heart of the Confederacy to Savannah, meeting hardly any opposition that its advance guard could not easily brush away. In proportion to numbers engaged and obstacles to be surmounted, an Indian chief, Joseph by name, simply triple discounted this brilliant exploit of our brave and brilliant general, and despite pursuing forces, despite incessant efforts to head him off, despite five times his numbers in fighting foemen, despite the fact that he was burdened with all the women and children of his tribe, this coolheaded yet daring Indian general, this modern Moses, led his people through the wil-derness from the eastern border of Washington Territory, through the prairies of Idaho, up the vailey of the Salmon river, across the Bitter Root Mountains, through Montana to the Yellowstone Park, down Clark's Fork, across the Yellowstone, then straightway northward for the British possessions and, not until within a day's march of the Big Missouri-not until two days more would have landed him safely across the line, was he finally hemmed in and captured; by which time just about half the cavalry and one-fourth of the infantry of the United States army were in the field engaged in the chase. Sherman's storied march to the sea was completed in 250 miles with little to hinder. Chief Joseph's rush across the continent carried him some 750 miles by the way he had to go, and it was fight or dodge every inch of the route.

At the outbreak of the war, we of the Fifth Cavalry were stationed on the Union Pacific Railway headquarters, and six troops (companies) at Fort D. A. Russell, just west of Cheyenne, the others at Fort McPherson down in the valley, and at Sidney Barracks midway. Early in the season General Crook had sent five of the six troops from Fort Russell to establish a camp of observation way up along the northeastern toothills of the Big Horn range, where he fought the Sioux the previous summer, and we had only the band and Captain Payne's troop (F) to "hold the fort" at Russell. Similarity, all the troops from McPherson and Sidney, except a mere postguard, were in the QUELLING BIOTS. ney, except a mere postguard, were in the field, scouting toward the Sioux reservations, when the great railway riot of '77 burst upon the land. Pittsburg was in flames, the militia overpowered. Chicago was in the hands of the mob and the police exbausted. Then came the order for the regulars, and all the Fifth Cavalry within reaching distance of the railway were hurreaching distance of the railway were hur-ried in. The McPherson battalion rodelike mad for the nearest station; left their horses with the quartermaster and a small guard, and were whirled through to Lake Michigan by special train. The Ninth Infantry started first from Omaha, but the strikers "side-tracked" them somewhere, and a welcome they have never forgotten.
"These fellers ain't got no bouquets in their
muskets" was the remark of a newsboy that made the troopers grin. And while the regulars in Nebraska were hurried to Chicago, those along the railway in Wyoming and Utah were similarly hurried to Omaha, and our colonel, General Wesley Merritt, was assigned the command at this latter point. Here we guarded the big bridge across the Missouri and kept order from July 26 until the 9th of August, when we were sent back to our stations, the trouble

being over. ORDERED TO THE FRONT. Meantime General Crook had got in from a scout through the extreme northwestern section of his department, and the very day we started for home Gibbon, with his little command, was having its death grapple with the Indians at Big Hole Pass. The next thing we heard was that Chief Joseph was across the mountain, coming east. Still the War Department hesitated. Still it was believed that despite all his ill-luck so far Howard with his big force must overhaul the wily Nez Perce. But day after day crept by; every dispatch showed the Indian still ahead, and at last it became suddenly apparent to the powers at Washington that he was almost at the Yellowstone Park, and meant to cross the mountains. Once over, there were just three ways for him to escape

there were just three ways for him to escape:
northeastward, by way of Clark's Fork;
eastward by the Stinking river to the Big
Horn, or southeastward through the Wind
River Valley.

The Seventh Cavairy, already out along
the Yellowstone, was ordered to block the
first gap. Hart's Battalion, of the Fifth
Cavairy, already up on the Big Horn
range at the headquarters of the Tongue
river, was ordered to march in the Custer
oattlefield of the previous year, where some
Sioux and Cheyenne scouts would join
them, then up Pryor's Fork and the Stinking River Valley, until they reached its
head, and to stop the second hole, while
General Merritt, at Russell, received telegraphic orders to go at once to Camp Brown graphic orders to go at once to Camp Brown (now Fort Washakie), in the Wind River (now Fort Washakie), in the Wind River Valley, and organize a force to meet Chief Joseph, should he come that way. All the Third and Fifth Cavalry near the railway were hustled aboard the cars and shipped to Green River station, whither the General and I, his Adjutant, hastened by first train, reached there the morning of the 30th of August, jumped on a buckboard, drove northward all that day, that night, and the next day, reaching Camp Brown at 4:30 P. M. The cavalry followed by forced marches.

General Crook soon arrived, and on the other of the seven in troops of the september, with seven fine troops of veteran cavalry and 35 picked Shoshone scouts, away we went, still northward, under orders to reach the head water of the Stinking river and tackle Joseph if we could possibly find him. It was certain he was coming southeast and General

WHERE IS JOSEPH?

tain he was coming southeast, and General Crook, who had not been consulted, apparently, in the orders coming from his su-periors—shook his head over the plan. "You won't be apt to find him," he said, "he will be over and away long before you can get there, and he is making for the British possessions or I'm mistaken."

Never have I seen anything in wild beauty to match the magnificent mountain beauty to match the magnificent mountain country through which we marched day after day. We climbed and crossed the Owl Creek Mountains on the 12th of September—a wonderful experience. Then came range after range, valley after valley—the Meeyero, the Beaver, the Gray Buil, the Meetestes; all clear running streams from the towering Shoshone peaks on our left. We lugged our wagons along until the 18th, but they hampered us so that Merritt could stand it no longer, and we left them. We ran into a blinding snowstorm on the 15th, and I, "topogging," as usual, out on the flanks, lest all sight or trail of the regiment until, catching a view of some four-footed until, catching a view of some eets a few yards ahead, I trotted un-itatingly among them, never dis-ering until my horse almost turned back somersault in his fright,

of a herd of buffalo. Then it cleared as suddenly as it stormed, leaving the face of nature six inches deep in powdery white with our column crawling like a black snake over the divide to the next valley, and snake over the divide to the next valley, and finally, after a rapid 25-mile march on the morning of the 17th, through an atmosphere clear as a bell and a sweep of scenery simply superb, we reached the forks of the Stinking river, and struck a recent and heavy cavalry trail. Sturgis or Hart? Seventh or Fifth? that was the question. At 3 P. M. the General had his command bivouacked between the beautiful streams, the north and south branches of the river with the infelicitous name. Cedar Mountain loomed right to the east of us. Pure as snow, clear as crystal, the waters plunge snow, clear as crystal, the waters plung into and under it on the western side and reissue on the other, slimy, yellow and thick, and smelling like sheel. It would seem as though they had plunged through sulphuretted hydrogen.

A LONG RIDE.

And now came the longest ride of my It was necessary that the General should It was necessary that the General should know at once whether the Indians had passed or were coming this way. It was necessary that he should know at once whether Sturgis or Hart had made these trails and whither the makers had gone. "Take any Lieutenant in the regiment you choose, and what scouts you need, and find out," were his brief orders to me, and, after a cup of steaming coffee and a hearty lunch, mounting my spare horse who had been led along during our 25-mile jog of the morning, at 4:30, rode out northward with seven companions, six Shoshone Indians on their airy ponies and my "statesman," Lieutenant panions, six Shoshone Indians on their siry ponies and my "statesman," Lieutenant Bishop. I had chosen him because he was all muscle and sinew—a man who never tired, and who could stand all night's work if need be and be just as ready for a chase

on the morrow. We rode light-burdened, with nothing but our arms and ammunition, and at sunset we were loping up—up—up—following a winding trail leading to the summit of the lofty crest beyond which lay the valley of Clark's Fork. It was the old Bannock trail, said one of our Shoshones. To our right was the long narrow range that at its southeastern end is called Cedar Mountain. To our left the main divide between us and Yellowstone Lake—the backbone of the continent. Ahead of us the bold range connecting the two. We had ridden miles along that twisting to the continent of the con ing, tortuous trail and still could not say whether 'twas made by the Seventh or Fifth. That they had gone in eager haste was evident. We passed horseshees, we picked up abandoned lariats, a saddle bianket, two canteens, but oddly enough there was no distinguishing mark. At last, under the rays of the full moon, I found the evidence I wanted. Generally the trail was that of this was a double file of horses following in each I did.

FOOLED BY THE INDIAN. Here and there were places, though, where in crossing the brook, or ascending or descending deep places, each troop leader (company commander) had chosen a separate path for his men. We had passed several where four and five separate trails were made, but Hart had five troops and that proved nothing. Far up in the narrowing gorge we came upon a grassy ridge they had clambered across and here were seven distinct trails of troops in columns of twos. It was the Seventh Cavalry and they had unquestionably crossed the rangs to Clark's Fork. So much was settled. Back down the Bannock trail we cantered—the full moon high in the heavens now—and turn ing westward when we reached the broad, beautiful valley of the north fork we rode in beautiful valley of the north fork we rode in wide, dispersed order scouting it for miles toward Yellowstone Lake, Indian game trails innumerable but not a trace of lodge pole, pony hoof or Indian property, and at last, at 11 P. M., I gave the word to rein about and made for camp—a glorious gallop over springing turf through silvery moonlight that made the valley bright as day.

At midnight we were challenged by our sentries after our 45-mile jaunt, and at day-break, changing horses once more, Bishop

break, changing horses once more, Bishop and I, with five of our six Shoshones, were off again. Twenty miles we trotted around Cedar Mountain to the fords of the Stinking river, 15 miles further up the highlands to the north we went back on the Sturgis trail, nearly running over a magnificent elk as we nearly running over a magnificent elk as we rounded a sudden turn, and then my field rounded a sudden turn, and then my held glasses detect a dust cloud miles away down in the valley. Thither we gallop, and in an hour, waving our hats, we ride full tilt into the halted column of Hart's battalion. Twenty-five miles we lead them back around the mountain to Merritt's camp, reachin there at 6 P. M., in time for supper, having been in saddle 29 hours out of 36, and ridder nearly 140 miles. Where was Joseph? He had dodged past Sturgis ten days before we got there, and was far beyond the Yel-CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

THE THEOSOPHISTS' CREED.

A Bellef as Old as the World, Which is Rapidly Gaining Ground. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Theosophy is as old as history, but among what the present is pleased to call the civilized people of the earth it never gained a foothold, being confined chiefly to the Orient. Even there it has during the past few centuries slumbered, and, strangely enough, it was left to two persons of very different sex, race, creed and characteristics to revive it in its old home and to propagate it in other natious. They were a New York Tribune reporter and a widowed Russian strength, endurance, activity, or their oppe-Blavotsky. The former is now President of the Central Branch of the Theosophists of the World, and the latter the General Sec-

While Count Blavotsky was alive he and the Countess sojourned for a while at one time during their travels at Advan, Madras India. There the Countess became greatly interested in the religious records of the country, and devoted considerable time to their study. Returning to Russia, her husband died, and she was given a pension of \$5,000 per annum. This, together with the income from her private possessions, she spent in travel. One evening she found herself being introduced to a Tribune re-porter, Mr. H. L. Olcott, at a soiree literaire in New York City. The conversation turned on India. Olcott had devel oped much time to the subject of the In-dian religions and theosophy, and their mutual knowledge led to mutual regard for one another. They struck a partnership, as it were, and decided to travel to India to study the subject on the ground and revive

heosophy.

But the Countess was still a subject of the Czar of all the Russins, and if she should go to India as such the English would re-fuse her residence there on the ground that she was a spy. To surmount this obstacle the Countess refused her claim upon the pension of \$5,000 and became a naturalized American. The reporter and the Countess then journeyed to India and fulfilled their object of extending their theosophical knowledge and of reviving the tenets of theosophy. This was about 15 years ago, and since that time the new faith, if it may be so denominated, has had a wonderful growth. The society has 125 different tranches in India, as many in Europe and almost as many in the different cities of America. Chicago has two.



tortionist)—You pays me that dollar rowed, or you don't go ever!—Puck.

and Your Likelihood of

SUCCESS IN LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

A Professor of Palmistry Speaks of the Wonders of His Art.

A MAN'S HAND THE INDEX OF HIS SOUL

[WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] A prominent expounder of palmistry, in explaining the methods of his art to a Drs-PATCH reporter yesterday, said:

"The reason we are able to discern many hidden truths from the simple inspection of the subject's hand, is, briefly, in this way: We know from having observed the characteristics of innumerable people that persons with this or that hand have such and such characteristics. Certain occupations produce certain lines in the hand, and we can most always tell the person's occupation from the character of his hand. Knowing his occupation, it is not very difficult to tell his characteristics.

"The lines of life and accident are fixed, and the predictions which we are able to make from an inspection of them are almost invariably fulfilled. There is a certain line in the hand which tells me that the subject has recently passed through a serious difficulty of some kind. You remember when Kate Claxton came so near losing her life in the Park Theater fire in Brooklyn a number of years ago. Well, I was in St. Louis at the time and was an enthusiast in palmis-try. I traveled all the way to New York to see whether that line indigating difficul-ties had developed in her hand. I inspected her palm, and there was the line as plain as

"Here is another instance. In my youth the line of life indicated that I would die at about the age of 36. I had looked forward to the time with some dread, and when it came sure enough I was laid low with a se-rious illness. The doctors gave me up and were about to arrange for my funeral, but my will dominated the disease. I simply said to myself: 'Here, it isn't time for you to die yet awhile. Your business is in bad shape and you can't leave your family in this way. You must recover.' And recover

THE LINE OF MARRIAGE.

"The lines of marriage are less distinct than those of accident and death, but, nevertheless, we can tell pretty accurately whether a man is to be married at all and if so how often. A man of domestic, affec-tionate and impressionable characteristics will in all probability take unto himself a wife. More wives die and are divorced than husbands, therefore it is pretty safe to say that this impressionable man will marry twice. There is the man who has the Shylock hand. It is easy enough to tell that he will attempt to gather great riches. Then there is the man with the fat, pudgy hand. He's generous. The man with long, taper fingers is likely to be an artist and to have the artist's characteristics. A man with short fingers and round hand is more of the sensual order. And so on with the other kinds of hands.

"You may smile when I tell you, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that it is the most in-telligent class of people who have the greatest faith in palmistry. You can't satisfy an ignorant person by telling him what his capabilities are or what special line of useful-ness he can pursue with the best prospect of success. He wants to know everything of his past and future, and if you can't tell him he is dissatisfied. On the other hand an intelligent person knows that the art of palmistry does not pretend to go as far as that and is satisfied with the simple character reading. It is curious, but true, that nothing is more interesting to the average man or woman than hearing about himself. That's what brings most of my visitors here. They have their own opinions of their char. They have their own opinions of their characteristics but like to have them confirmed by an expert. I do not say that a man is a poet, a musician, an artist, an orator or an artisan because his hand presents certain features, lines or mounts, but being of a certain character and in possession of cer-tain powers his hands reveal the character. The soul is the real man, and the body is simply its material manifestation. body exists and subsists from the spirit, for its use and changes naturally solely in obedience to the power and direction of the spirit. It can be changed mechanically by outside forces, but it can be developed only by the spiritual and vital force working

"The soul is constantly developing the fleshly body. Every lineament and peculiarity not the result of some objective opposition or injuring accident is the result of the character and development of the inner man. Every human being is constantly incarnating desires, thoughts and acts in his own body. The hand is the immediate servant of the will. It is the index to the

"But to return to hands and what they reveal. The palm of the hand shows physical also the appetites and inclinations. The lower part, next to the wrist, indicates animal strength and instincts when promi-nently developed, the middle of the hand the power of the brain and nerves, and the upper part the force and character of the

"Large hands belong to those that work, A man with such a hand executes his plans, acts out his impulses and materializes his thoughts. He is complete in the perform-ance of his work. Small hands indicate magnitude of plans, grace in execution, and magnitude of pians, grace in execution, and a delight in dealing with generalities. The medium sized hand is the hand that will do the thing best. James B. Eads, the originator of the great St. Louis bridge, had very small hands, as has also Jay Gould. The hard hand indicates persistency in effort and endurance in physical exertion. The sinewy hand expresses rapid, skillful activity.

and so on. A CONTRACT HE COULD FILE. A Scotchman Tells His Paster How to Tur

an Honest Penny. ttish American.] "Hoo's a' wi' ye minister?" asked Don-ald M'Alpine of his minister, an oldfashioned Established Church clergyman. "Oh, brawly, Donald, brawly; but the

turnips are fair rotted away. I'll need to do something to bring in a bit o' money. Maybe get some city lad to tutor or something."
"Could ye no' dae something in the con-

glebe's no' doing well at all this year. The

trac' way, dae ye think?"
"Contract way! What dae you mean Donald? "I see the Highland Railway's advertise

ing the noo for sleepers, an' I wis thinkin' ye had mair in the kirk than ye kent what to dae wi', an' ____'''
Here the minister started in to give him such al Highland railing that Donald has not been to church since

LEMONS FOR INSOMNIA.

A Clergyman Names a Simple and Effectual Cure for Sleeplessness. sheville Chronicle.)

The Rev. T. S. Brown, the pastor of the Lutheran Church of this city, is running opposition to Bishop Lyman on insomnia cures. Mr. Brown yesterday told a Chronicle reporter that lemon juice diluted in water and taken just before retiring, will almost certainly produce sound and retreat-

ing sleep.

Mr. Brown also said that he had learne from an eminent physician that if diluted lemon juice were drunk after a heavy dose of quinine it would prevent the latter's causing busning in the head.