SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1889.

SULTAN OF JOHARE.

Something About His Kingdom and a Visit to His Palace.

HOW A RAJAH LIVES AND GOVERNS

Singapore Women and Their Wonderful Ear Rings.

TRYING TO KEEP COOL IN CHURCH

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

SINGAPORE, March 12.—Singapore is just 80 miles north of the equator. Its climate is the same the year round. Its sun rises and sets at the same hours each day the year through, and its flowers ever bloom and its trees are always green. Now, at the last of February, I am surrounded by the verdure of the tropics. Birds by the thousands sing in the trees and the air is that of a hot, moist July. The natives in many cases wear nothing but waist cloths, and all Europeans are dressed in white duck coats and white pantaloons. They wear hats of pith or cork, the rims of which are as big around as a dish pan and which rise in two stories to protect the head from the sun.

I attended church at the English Cathedral last night and listened to a service under 40 great punkahs or fans, which were pulled to and fro by men stationed on the outside of the church. This cathedral had an audience room about 120 feet long and it was, I judge, 75 feet from the floor to the roof. Below the ceiling there was a net work of iron rods and to these, by ropes, were fastened these huge fans, each of which was about 4 feet wide and 18 feet long. They consisted of strips of wide cotton cloth, weighted and hung from black walnut poles, and it was by ropes attached to these poles and stretched over pulleys in the windows of the church, that the natives outside kept them going and cooled those engaged in devotion. The dining tables in the hotels have these punkah fans over them and upon the steamers there are punkahs in the cabins which are pulled during the meals.

Some of the wealthier European residents have servants, who do nothing but pull punkahs, and not a few have fans over their beds which are kept going all night by manual labor. Just in front of the hotel, and along the shore of the sea, there is a tennis and cricket ground comprising several acres of lawn. Every afternoon these European nabobs of the East may be seen here by the scores. Each player has his servant with him, who runs after the balls and hands them to him. No one does any more than he can help, and the business hours are from 10 to 5.

Half Way Around the World.

Singapore is an island 14 miles wide and 27 miles long. It lies just half way around the world from New York, and it is the half way station between the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. If you will take your map

The Sultan of Johore.

of Asia and look up the straits of Melacca you will find this little island. Lying at their entrance just north of Sumatra and south of Indo-China, a little over to the left you will see Ceylon, and further still the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea. To the right and north are China and Japan. Singapore is the center of the trade routes going via Ceylon and the Red Sea to Europe, and all of the great ships trading with China and Japan stop here. More than 6,000 ships visit this port every year and all of the great islands of this vicinity send their freight here for trans-shipment. It is four days and 800 miles from here to Bangkok, the capital of Siam. There are weekly steamers to Batavia, the capital of Java, 500 miles to the south and you can in two days reach this great coffee island, which comprises a territory about 80 miles wide and longer than the distance between New York City and Cleveland.

Borneo is another great island at the eastward and it is 13 days from here to Calcutta by way of Burmah. The result is that the population of Singapore is made up of the natives of all these countries and you find here a mixture of yellows and blacks, of Hindoo turbans and Chinese pigtails; of coffee-colored Malays and of pale, white Caucassians from Europe. The costumes are as strange as the skins, and all the queer outfits of southern Asia jostle each other upon the streets and tramp upon one another's heels upon the highways.

Singapore Beauties.

The women of Singapore are of a dozen different types, ranging from the rosy-cheeked English girl, in a suit made by Redfern or Worth, to the half-naked beauty from Borneo, whose sole costume is a strip of cloth about the waist, which reaches to her knees and which is fastened by a knot at the pit of her stomach. I saw a black woman to-day who had holes in the lobes of each of her ears as big around as my thumb, and I noted that another woman used her ear holes as bouquet holders. Both of these women were Klings, and they came from Southern India. They were straight, graceful and by no means bad looking, but their chief dress consisted of jewelry. They had great bracelets of gold on their wrists and their ankles. Their ears were riveted with gold, and above these great ring-like lobes, little gold nuts and bolts were put through the ears so that they were bound with pins of gold from lobe to tip.

One of the maidens had each of her nostrils riveted with these screw rings and a great ring of gold hanging down from the center of the nose. The gold shone out all the brighter against the blackness of the skin and the jewelry was the more prominent from the scantiness of their costumes. These were merely a single skirt fastened tightly around the hips and the thighs and coming to the knees, and a sort of a scarf of cotton which was stretched around the shoulder and under one arm and tied in a knot at the side. Four yards of cloth would have made the whole suit and they wore neither hats nor bonnets. I noticed another of these women who had a large, pear-shaped pearl fastened to a rivet and hanging down from one nostril almost to her upper lip.

Chinese Ascendency.

The Malay women, so far as I have seen, are not as good looking as the Indians, though this country was originally populated by them and there are now more Malays than any other Asiatics except the Chinese. The Malays live, as a rule, in the poorest of one-story thatched huts, and there is a Malay village within three miles of this city which is passed on the way to the steamers. It is the picture of poverty and desolation. The Malays will not work and they live like savages. Slowly but surely the Chinese are crowding them out of their own country, and there are now 86,000 Chinamen here in Singapore. The population of the city is 139,000 and the Chinese, the Indians and the Europeans do the business.

Everywhere I go I find that John Chinaman is pushing his way to the front. Within the past few years the Chinese have begun to emigrate, and the horde that came to America had its counterparts in those who went to Australia and who are now pushing themselves into the various countries and islands of the Pacific. They gain a foothold wherever they go, and they make money where others starve. One of the worst elements of their emigration the United States has not yet felt, and that is their inter-marriage with the women of the countries to which they go. Siam is already half Chinese and the Chinese are slowly

A Kling Beauty.

swallowing up the Siamese. It is the same here and it is the same everywhere. There have already been inter-marriages of Chinese and Americans, and with the ability of the Chinamen to make money there, I have no doubt that in case they are freely admitted to the United States we would in time have a class of squint-eyed Americans. The Chinese here are rich. They have large estates on the island, and one of the finest carriages I have seen in Singapore was that of a Chinaman.

An Independent Sovereignty.

England has already a strong hold upon the Malay peninsula, but among the tribes of Malacca, which are not subject to her, is that of Johore. Johore is bigger than Massachusetts, and it is governed by a Sultan, who has absolute power and who is one of the few independent Malay rajahs still living. I made an excursion to Johore last week; visited the capital, and there met this most noted Malay ruler. Leaving Singapore at sunrise, our carriage was driven by a Malay coachman, and we had a gray-whiskered, bare-footed East Indian in a red gown and turban as a guide.

We drove for miles on a road as level as the floor and as well kept as a race track, through plantations of cocoanuts and coffee. We first passed great estates with beautiful grounds and wide drives, and then on out into the jungle. The green cocoanuts hung by the bushels in great bunches from the top of tall palm trees, each of which was from 50 to 100 feet high and with a trunk of from 6 to 12 inches in diameter. The bark was grayish-white and there were no leaves to the very top, upon which the cocoanuts grew. Some of these groves had thousands of trees and they all looked as though they were drunken on their own milk. They leaned in every direction, and the tops of some seemed to embrace those of others in maudlin jollity. The coffee estates consisted of green bushes about eight feet high with many branches, and the coffee grows close to the branch and the yellow fruit is the size of small damson plums; each plum contains two seeds, surrounded by pulp, and these seeds are the coffee grains. They are cultivated, and the estates showed that they had been but lately plowed.

The Royal Palace.

Half way across the island our driver stopped and changed the horses of our carriage for a relay which had been sent on ahead. Then the Malay Jehu whipped up and we rode on through more villiages and more jungle until we came to the straits of Singapore, on the opposite side of which was the main land and Johore. A Chinese boat carried us across these and we were landed at the wharf of the Sultan's palace. A beautiful lawn of many acres slopes by half a dozen terraces to the water's edge. Above this lies the palace, which is reached by winding drives, and away to the right shine the blue and yellow buildings of the

Malay Women.

city of Johore, which the Sultan has built within the last few years for his capital, and which he laid out in the original jungle.

The palace is a large, gray and white, two-story building with wide porticos and many large windows looking out upon the water. It is, perhaps, 200 feet long and at least half that depth. Soldiers, in a costume half European, keep guard in front of it, and others in turbans march up and down through its various corridors. Some of these soldiers are olive-brown Malays, others are as black as ebony, and the officer who received my letters and took them in to the Sultan was dressed in European clothes with a Malay surong or skirt shining out under his coat.

The Sultan of Johore.

After waiting a moment the Sultan himself appeared. A tall, fine-looking, broad-shouldered, light-yellow man with gray hair, black eyes and gray mustache. He wore a suit of white duck with a lavender skirt reaching to his knees, and with bracelets of solid gold rope as thick as your finger around each of his wrists. There were diamond rings on his fingers, and he had a seal-brown plush turban cap on his head. He spoke English perfectly, shook hands with me cordially, and gave me a seat in an American rocking chair in his audience chamber while he took another one for himself at my side. He talked of the decadence of the Malay people and said that the Chinese made much better workers. He needed them for the development of his kingdom, and he was glad to have their immigration. He talked of his travels and told me he needed only to visit America to complete his tour of the world. He had visited in England and had been so well entertained that he was always glad to give Europeans a welcome when they came to his kingdom. He had visited China and Japan, and while in England he had gone one day to Liverpool to see a lady friend off for America. "I went down to the ship," said he, "and I put my friend on board. It was only seven days to New York, and had I remained I might have visited your country. I am very sorry I did not do so, for I think America is great and your people are a great and kind people. They give us the telegraph, the electric light, and they are at the front in invention. I like them and I have many friends in America."

A Wise Ruler.

The conversation here turned to Johore and His Majesty told me it was he who had introduced coffee into Singapore and that he was anxious to see his own kingdom become one vast plantation. "We have a coffee," said he, "that will grow here, and many foreigners are buying estates. I believe in getting all you can off the top of the ground, rather than digging up the mineral wealth that lies under it. The whole Malay peninsula has mines of tin and Great Britain took from this region nearly $8,000,000 worth of tin ore last year. We raise pepper here, cocoanuts and gambier, a kind of a leaf which is made into a tanning mixture, and which we ship to all parts of the world. I have much fine timber in my kingdom and I send ship loads of it to Calcutta, Australia and Europe."

The Sultan then asked me a question or two about General Harrison, and then showed us his palace. It contains many large rooms all furnished in European style, and hung with paintings in oil of the royal family of England. At the head of the stairs leading to the ball room there is a fine full-length portrait of Gladstone, and the drawing room contains some fine pieces of statuary. After an hour's chat His Majesty told me that he had an engagement to go in his yacht about 40 miles up one of his rivers to show some foreigners a coffee plantation, and he gave me a cordial invitation to go with him. Upon my asking to be excused he said he was sorry he could not postpone the appointment, but asked me to take tiffin with him at the palace, and to accept the use of his carriage in driving about the capital.

A Ride With the Dato.

He then called a servant and spoke to him in Malay. A few moments later a fine-looking English gentleman of 50 appeared and I was introduced to Dato James Meldrum, who is one of His Majesty's English advisors and overseers. Dato is a title and it means a little more than Sir does in England, and I found the Dato a very pleasant companion. With liveried coachman and footman, we were driven, with a spanking team, through the roads in and about this little tropical city of Johore, and I had a chance to learn considerable about the kingdom. We visited a sawmill which would do credit to the pine regions of Michigan, and which was steaming away cutting great logs into boards on short notice.

"The Sultan," said the dato, "is the most advanced man of his race. He is administering his Government on European principles. He has a Council of State, a Department of Public Works, of the Treasury, of Prisons, of Medicine and of Immigration, under him. He has a Postmaster General, a system of schools, of police, and a Government printing office. He believes in the development of his country, and his extensive travels and education, together with his natural ability, make him a very good ruler. In religion he is a liberal Mohammedan, but in everything else he is a European. He has a residence at Singapore as well as here, and he is always traveling."

After a long drive and a visit at the dato's, after tiffin we were taken to His Majesty's steam launch, and thus rode in state across the straits, and thence in our carriage back through the jungle to Singapore.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A SENATOR AND NOT HAPPY.

A Colorado Statesman Tells How His Life is Made Miserable.

Chicago News.]

The Hon. Edward O. Wolcott, United States Senator from Colorado, is very much disgusted with the life which Senators are expected to lead at Washington. The qualifications demanded in a United States Senator are ostensibly of a high order, yet when he reaches Washington, after years of honorable toil and earnest study, the Senator finds that he is expected to devote a very large share of his time to the performance of menial and humiliating service. To the neglect of matters of national importance, he must dance perennial attendance upon the departments and must constantly curry favor with the Executive in behalf of the few greedy office-seekers who claim the constituents' right to his time, to his labors, and to his very thoughts. Forced by time-honored usages to become a mere machine for the solicitation of patronage, the natural and inevitable results are a debasement of dignity, a loss of self-respect, an abandonment of all nobler ambitions, a neglect of more important affairs, and an altogether humiliating feeling of irresponsibility and of shiftlessness.

It is against these usages that Mr. Wolcott protests, and against them he will rebel, too, if he be the man that we believe him to be. It is time that an end were made to the practice of prostituting congressional talent to the mean, sordid ends of common beggary. Edward O. Wolcott is a brainy man, an earnest man, a brave man, and a tenacious man; he combines the elements of a successful reformer. We hope that he will strike at this abominable heresy—strike hard, strike often, and keep on striking until the evil is wholly and forever abated.

ALL OF ILLUSTRIOUS LINEAGE.

Each of Us Can Claim Thirty-Five Million Noble Ancestors.

Baltimore Sun.]

Every man has 2 parents, 4 grandparents, 8 great-grandparents, 16 great-great-grandparents, 32 great-great-great-grandparents, etc. Now, if we reckon 25 years to a generation, and carry on the above calculation to the time of William the Conqueror of England, it will be found that each living person must have had at that time even the enormous number of 35,000,000 ancestors. Now, supposing we make the usual allowance for the crossing or inter-marrying of families in a genealogical line, and for the same persons being in many of the intersections of the family tree, still there will remain a number at that period even to cover the whole Norman and Anglo-Saxon races.

What, therefore, might have been pious, princely, kingly or aristocratic stands side by side in line with the most ignoble, plebeian or democratic. Each man for the present day may be certain of having had not only barons and squires, but even crowned heads, dukes, princes or bishops, or renowned generals, barristers, physicians, etc., among his ancestors.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH.

How to Keep the Complexion Soft During the Spring Wind Season.

FACE AND HAND BEAUTIFIERS.

Some Studies From Life That Women Should Ponder Over.

LATEST NOTIONS ABOUT THE HAIR

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A dozen correspondents wish to know how to keep their complexions from growing harsh and dry in spring winds, which are very unkind in this climate. A dozen more or less ask for the best all-around spring medicine, and these may be answered together, for a purified skin will stand the wind better than one which is irritated into roughness and cracks from inward disorder. Take taraxacum extract with mandrake added (the druggist knows how to prepare it), for the most thorough and gentle anti-bilious medicine, and treat yourself after this fashion: Brush your teeth and mouth well on going to bed and getting up to keep the acrid impurities from adding to the disturbance of the stomach, then take a charcoal tablet, a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in water before dressing to give it time to purify within. Take the taraxacum in teaspoonful doses after each meal, and charcoal-magnesia water or dissolved soda whenever an acid taste forms in the mouth. This acidity

RUINS THE COMPLEXION

and raises wrinkles and fine pimples. Wash the face with hot water and tar soap, rinsing well, and when dry rub in a very little vaseline, cold cream or fine oil before going out of doors. Wipe gently to have a mere film on the skin, not to be seen. Last of all, before leaving the room, if the face looks at all shiny, rub it lightly with a piece of dry flannel, which finishes the face as sculptors finish their marble of statues to take off the polish. The face will look soft as if powdered after this treatment. The hot water and vaseline will keep the skin soft, spite of drying winds, and the taraxacum and charcoal bleach it, if one goes out in the sunshine two hours a day beside. Then veils must be worn windy days, not dotted net which hurts the eyes, but clear tissue of the thinnest kind. A mask would be better still if it were the fashion to wear it.

"Charlotte, Wyoming," asks for a toilet mask to wear at night to improve her face, and wants to know if kid masks are advisable? Kid softens the face, but is oppressive. A light mask is lately devised of elastic tissue, no thicker than the skin, which protects the face perfectly and bleaches it quickly. It costs $1. For whitening the hands there is really nothing like a long-wristed pair of gloves, loose enough to be easily worn at night. Rub the hands with cold cream, button the gloves snugly and wear another pair with finger tips cut off, by day as much as possible till the skin softens and refines.

Pray write again about anything, everything of the feminine toilet and don't make excuses. I am writing now to answer questions and tell people just what they want to know. That's what I am here for.

TO DRESS AND NOT TO DRESS.

Watch the throngs of women passing on any uptown thoroughfare and count the number who are either well dressed or have interesting faces. The rarity of such a presentment gives one a fit of sympathy for the human race. Are men doomed to pass their lives with these dowdy, ungracious looking women, and are children to reflect such faces from their mothers? The well dressed women look harassed, their daughters hard, self-satisfied and critical. As you study their faces you cannot help the conviction that the average person is a hopelessly ordinary sort of being after all, and the quality of her mind spread out for sale. Shopworn, rusty, frayed, sleazy and faded to begin would hardly attract custom on a 3-cent counter. Try these women with the question of the week, "What do you think of the diamonds at Tiffany's?" and see how many answer, "Well, I don't know," to begin, and finish their views by telling you which piece she would prefer for a present. Puerilities and personalities are the fund of such women's talk. Add to this the fatality into which the average woman chooses the wrong thing to wear, or, having a good costume, manages to spoil the effect by some inharmonious detail, and you cease to wonder why men speak lightly of the intellect of women. If she succeeds no better in her toilet, the one specially feminine interest on which her future and present depend, how is she to cope with anything less familiar.

STRIKING SAMPLES.

Take as a sample these observations, actually made on Fourteenth street, New York, within a week. No. 1, short, insignificant woman, green skirt and sealskin sacque nearly to her knees, too long and too big for her; common black velvet bonnet, red flowers, not good enough to wear with such a cloak.

No. 2. Three stout women weighing at least 180 each, in tight slate blue dresses, no cloaks. A stout woman makes a mistake in crowding herself into her clothes and exposing her embonpoint in full outlines. She should wear as long a cloak as possible on the street, of supple smooth cloth, with bordered fronts to give long lines to the figure, but no trimming on the lower edge to take away from the height, and the bonnet should be rather compact in shape, of the same color as the costume. Women do not know what a harsh trying effect is given to the toilet by a hat of different color, or what a completeness it has when the hat corresponds. Above all, it increases the apparent height when costume and hat are one color, and stout figures should take advantage of this.

3. Stoutish young woman, looks as if she held views on reforms, not a bad figure, but rendered clunky by a light chestnut directory coat, with lapping capes, and sharp lapels, a distressing ugly style, and spoiling to most figures. The clumsiness of a costume of good material was completed by a stiff round hat, too young for the 30 years of the wearer, the brim too narrow for her round face.

4. Young woman, tall and slim, jacket too short, skirt in straight pleats, so that she looked as if mounted on stilts. To accent the steeple effect, her tourist hat with taper crown had stiff bows several inches higher. Such a figure needs drapery, wide sashes, a well proportioned coat, giving due length of waist, and a low, broad-crowned hat.

FACTS TO REMEMBER.

5. Stout young woman in fur cape, looking as if shoulders were a yard across.

6. Expensively dressed woman, embroidered green cloth dress, black armure cloak, showy passementerie, tan gloves, rather soiled, jet bonnet with red roses. Costume made no good impression because it lacked unity, looked as if she went to her wardrobe and pulled out what came first to wear, no fitness, things not designed for each other; a dark green plush mantle and darker bonnet, or a black lace and velvet one, with roses and rich foliage, gloves of some dark shade would have made the toilet remarked for its elegance.

7. Big young woman, clumsy in seal cloak, and large hat with five plumes, yellow tan gloves. It should be understood among well-bred women that large plumed hats are never to be seen outside a carriage in city limits. They are solely for driving and out of town. In it they are conspicuous, demi-mondane.

I say nothing of the shoals of women, young and not so young, wearing cheap muslin violets in their dress, or the plumb big girls who look a sight with a huge jacqueminot rose and bud prominent on a corsage already pronounced in its contours. The homelier a woman was the more certain to wear the poor little violets, which made her look bluer and skinnier than ever. But one must wonder at the carelessness of women about their gowns. One bright day Twenty-third street seemed full of shabby well-dressed women, wearing good clothes, all in need of refreshing. The fur cloaks showed rusty and worn on the edge, the wool dresses and manties looked as if they were out in the last rain and needed brushing and pressing to make them trim again. Very few women pay attention to this process as they ought, or hang their gowns in roomy closets, but crowd them together dusty or damp, as the case may be. I was near a woman in silk dress and cashmere shawl in a shop this week whose clothes smelt as if they were kept in a cheese press, from hanging in a crowded closet with soiled linen and unaired nightgowns. Not all the spices of Arabia could have sweetened her presence.

AN ELEGANT COIFFURE.

A welcome variation of wearing the hair is the Greek fillet, confining the short front curls or the bandeau of tortoise shell or silver. A more elegant coiffure can hardly be devised, or a more convenient one. The short recamier curls, too, will perhaps be found so becoming to faces in general that we may be spared the parody of bangs worn by gray-haired women in every stage of wrinkles and haggardness. What fiend of the unbecoming ever possessed the feminine mind to adopt this most trying and graceless style for all ranks and ages, must remain unknown, but the effect shakes one's respect for feminine intellects in general. Bangs are only tolerable on the freshest rounded faces; on any others, they are a caricature. The elderly woman, or one leaving youth, should show the attention to her toilet of parting her hair in front, showing the dignity of her brow, and softly curling the hair in those short, feathery rings which indescribably soften the features. The rigid puffs which ladies of a certain age used to wear gave a hard threatening effect, as if they had been rolled up on the ten commandments for curl papers. It is the hardest thing in the world to persuade a woman to dress her hair becomingly. The more unsuitable a fashion, in general, the more wedded she is to it—a fact of which anyone may convince himself by taking note of the women of his acquaintance. Several divorce cases I am persuaded might be happily settled if the woman would only take care of her teeth, and learn some art in hair dressing and dressing herself.

SHIRLEY DARE.

NOTE—Shirley Dare will answer each week a limited number of questions relating to the cultivation and preservation of health and beauty. Queries should be sent to the office of this paper.

A MERRY CENTENARIAN.

At the Age of 115 He Teaches the Boys a Very Clever Trick.

Savannah News.]

There was a very old man from Meriwether county in attendance at Pike Superior Court last week. He was feeble in appearance, and, indeed, some of his old acquaintances asked him his age.

"Well," he said, "if I live to see February 31 I will be 115 years old. Another remarkable fact connected with my construction is that I haven't a tooth in my head," opening his mouth and pointing to his smooth, toothless gums. He continued:

"I was born that way. Wonderful as it may appear, my youngest son and eldest daughter were born that way also."

The same old fellow, looking as if he was standing at the other end of the corridor of life, with all the gravity of over a century hanging over him, seriously says to an acquaintance, "You mark a dollar and give it to me, and I will put it with one of mine, and you can't tell for the life of you which one you marked."

"You are mistaken," says the acquaintance, and the silver dollar is forthcoming, marked and handed over. Then the grave old man rattles it with one of his own and pockets both.

"Give my dollar back," says the acquaintance.

"No," interrupts the old man. "I said that if you would mark a dollar and give it to me you could not tell it from one of my own—that is, because I am not going to give you a chance. Remember, I did not ask you to loan me a dollar, but give it to me; you did so, and now I don't care to have any joking."

The fellow grunts, and goes away with a blank expression of countenance.

HARD TO DISGUISE.

A Rustic Couple's Unsophisticated State Apparent to Everybody.

Brooklyn Citizen.]

There sat opposite me in an elevated railroad car, on Wednesday, a country clergyman and his wife, accompanied by a lady, living in Franklin avenue, as I learned by their conversation. The atmosphere of rural roads and broad pastures enveloped the couple, and filled the whole car in which they were sitting. The picture of the minister hanging over a barnyard gate talking about the crops to a parishioner among his cattle, involuntarily presented itself to my mind. He knew that he did not have the bearing of a town-bred man, but he did not care for that. The sights of the city were new to him, and he was going to enjoy them. As the train left the De-Kalb avenue station and sped on to Greene, he began talking about the car in which he was riding, and his remarks attracted the guard's attention. When the next station was reached the guard put his head inside of the door, and looking directly at the couple, called out, with significant emphasis:

"Greene!"

With a smile as calm as if he had been asking after the health of some "sister's" children, the minister ceased speaking of the car long enough to remark:

"Even that man knows we are green."

The three left the train at the next station.

A WONDERFUL TURTLE.

It Bit an Inch Plank in Two After Its Head Was Cut Off.

Henry County (Ga.) Times.]

A turtle weighing 88 pounds was caught in Walnut creek Monday by a party of fishermen. Its head was as large as a dog's, and when cut off snapped in two an inch plank, which Mr. McKibben placed in its mouth. Its shell measured 28x18 inches, and will hold nearly a bushel. There will be a turtle soup supper given at this office on next Saturday night. Admission 25 cents. Proceeds to go toward purchasing "snake bite" for the Piscatorial Club.

We hope everybody will come out and make the occasion a pleasant and profitable one. Mit Turnipseed is putting rockers on the shell and it will be raffled off at 10 cents a chance. Those with little ones should not fail to attend and get a novel and lasting crib.

AMERICANS AS SMOKERS.

Our People Consume Nearly Twice as Much Tobacco as Europeans.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

According to population, Americans consume nearly twice the amount of tobacco that is consumed by Europeans. This comes of the great smoking of tobacco in the form of cigars. In cigar smoking there is only a partial combustion of the tobacco. The tobacco in a cigar would load an ordinary pipe four or five times. There is another thing to consider. Cigar-smoking is very expensive compared with indulgence in the pipe. The habitual smoker who buys the cheapest cigars could for the same money provide himself with the best and costliest pipe-smoking tobacco.

NYE, THE HISTORIAN.

He Describes the Rise and Fall of the Great Mormon Empire.

THE BAKING POWDER DESERT.

A Bright, Early, but Erratic Light of Mormon Journalism.

BIOGRAPHY OF BIG-NOSED GEORGE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

IN the spring of 1847 President Brigham Young started from Omaha by full team from Utah. He had 143 picked men of marriageable age and great versatility, also 8 of the 12 apostles. These apostles were plain men with thick-set whiskers and a great yearning to resemble some of the tough element described in the Bible. They wanted to inaugurate somewhere a church which should be self-supporting and encourage the social instinct to a remarkable degree. Their chief ambition was to organize a paying church, wherein the elders would not have to rely upon donations, and wherein also the Old Testament idea of home might be carried out. So they hitched up their cattle and steered their caravan toward the West, over "sage and salaratus, across unbridged rivers and through

A Worthy Member Addresses the Club.

mountain defiles" which became still more so as the troupe approached them.

Discovering the Great Salt Lake Basin, they returned across the baking powder desert, and on the 23d of December, at Council Bluffs, issued their epistle recounting the disagreeable repulsion from Nauvoo, the fortunate discovery of the Valley of the Jordan of the Great Salt Lake, and recommending a reorganization of the church by selecting a president, vice president, umpire and corresponding secretary. Mr. Brigham Young, a rising young red whiskered man, who combined the philanthropical instincts of Jay Gould with the keen social instincts of the Duke of Marlborough, was chosen president.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

The gang then went into winter quarters on the banks of the soiled Missouri.

The winter quarters were situated upon the lands belonging to the Omaha Indians, who felt sorry for the Mormons. Some of the holes in the ground where the saints lived are still visible, although they were dug 43 years ago. A newspaper called the *Frontier Guardian* was then published by Elder O. Hyde. From it I make a few excerpts:

The Apostles will hold a meeting next week, Friday, at the Bucket of Blood Saloon for a general conference and interchange of thought.

Elder Kimball will add another story to his residence next week by digging it seven feet deeper.

President Young was feeling quite rocky all last week and thinks he is about to have another revelation. Should such be the case, our readers may rely upon the *Guardian* to at once correct the spelling and print it at an early date.

Brother Blakeslee, who was unfortunately and fatally wounded in a watermelon patch before leaving Nauvoo, died yesterday in his dugout, which he had facetiously named Fernhurst-on-the-Missouri. Funeral services on Saturday at his former residence, after which his furniture will be removed, also everything but Brother Blakeslee and Fernhurst will be filled up.

Of course the above meagerly shows the character of the paper, but it was said to be newsy, bright, spicy, and at times, comic.

In the early history of Omaha, the first successful club organized for mutual benefit was called the Claim Club. The object of this club was, according to its preamble, to better protect those who had good and prior claims to lots and lands.

The Claim Club met upon call of the

An Enterprising Editor at Work.

president, and was addressed at times by men who were selected by the club as thoroughly worthy. These after-dinner orators stood on a barrel while addressing the club and at the close of the speech the barrel was generally kicked out from under them, leaving them supporting their weight entirely by means of their neck. But all lawless acts of claim clubs were afterward attributed to special clubs who ran an impromptu business, something as the White Caps do now when they want to whip a woman and are afraid to do so single handed.

EARLY JOURNALISM.

The *Arrow* was the first Omaha newspaper. It started out July 28, 1854. It was devoted to the arts, sciences, letters, climate, resources, agriculture, mean temperature and politics. Mr. J. E. Johnson was the business manager, and had four wives beside. It is needless to say that he was a man of great ability. All day he would manage the paper and then, weary and exhausted, take up the task of successfully managing his four soul's idols. He also practiced law. Incidentally he ran a blacksmith shop and preached. He was an insurance agent, and kept a general store. On a cold day he would frequently, while drawing a gallon of molasses, shoe a bronco mule, write a sermon on humility and whip a wife. He would then put up the molasses, wipe his fingers on his whiskers, and write an editorial entitled, "We Have Come to Stay." He remained in Omaha and Council Bluffs until one day he saw a man enter the store wearing a new silk hit. The next morning Mr. Johnson sold out his varied interests and went to Salt Lake City, where he became the head of several more families.

His wonderful versatility in matters of business was obtained by driving a bobtail car on Forty-second street, New York, while quite young, during which time he had to drive a skittish horse, make change with his teeth, whip the newsboys off the rear platform and shove snow off the track at the same time. Mr. Byron Reed has the *Arrow* complete with the exception of No. 6.

Mr. Pattison was the editor. He was also a successful obstetrician and undertaker, which frequently gave him a scoop over his rivals in Chicago. His "Salutatory," as Mr. N. C. Barrow, the able associate editor of the *Boomerang*, used to say, starts out as follows:

"Well, strangers, friends, patrons and the good people generally, wherever in the wide world your lot may be cast, and in whatever clime this *Arrow* may reach you; here we are upon Nebraska soil, seated upon the stump of an ancient oak, which serves for an editorial chair, and the top of our badly abused beaver for a table, we purpose editing the *Arrow*." He then took another drink.

Pattison was of a romantic mold and was married under a large tree during a heavy thunderstorm. I do not know why he did this.

A SOULFUL WRITER.

He wrote some real touchful things, one of which was called "A Night in Our Sanctum." It went on to state that there was more joy in one moment of the glad, free, unfettered life in the prairie than a thousand years in the bosom of civilization, weaving suspenders and putting dinner off till after dark. He loved to commune with nature and chew maroon plug tobacco. He scorned the roar and bustle of the crowded cities like Dubuque, and yearned to nestle in the wild wood and listen to the chipmunk's honest bark. He turned up his nose at New York and the other settlements, and wanted to just lie back in the lap of nature and live on her relatives.

But how changed! Where once the loud cry of the contending warriors, the ever warring clans of the Sioux and the Omaha, clove the air, well dressed men, between the acts, come in and clove the air. Where once there were no luxuries whatever, now we rode on an electric train which does the rapid transit from one extreme of Council Bluffs to the further extremity of Omaha. Where once was heard the hiss of the arrow as it sped on its way to the middle of a white man who was looking the other way, now all is changed. Where there were once no residences, to say nothing of hotels, I visited a town in interior Nebraska last week where they had a good hotel with matches in the office. "What do you want it for?" asked the landlord when I said I wanted a match. I said I had just chopped some wood and wanted to start a fire in my room if he would let me have a match that he was not using. Then he took a key out of his pocket, blew a grain of wheat out of it, and, looking at me with a keen, searching glance, opened a drawer in his desk and got me a blue-headed match.

Omaha has some good hotels, but good cooking is the last thing to penetrate into a new country, and especially at hotels.

The first theatrical entertainment ever

Nye Earnestly Pleads for a Match.

given in Omaha was in 1860, at the old Herndon House, now the Union Pacific headquarters. The company had no scenery, because it was not on a regular professional tour, so the manager borrowed a bolt of muslin from Tootle & Jackson's store and made a curtain, allowing the same background to figure in all the scenes.

Later on an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, provided with a blind bloodhound and a deathbed, played there to good business. Omaha has always been gentle and kind toward rocky shows. I have been there twice myself.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

My attention has only recently been called to the discovery made by a Dr. Motschulkowsky, etc., of Odessa, in the State of Europe, of a new method for treating spinal troubles by means of suspension. Dr. Lewis A. Sayre has also been accredited with the invention of the apparatus by which the patient is so suspended as to straighten and elongate the spine.

I hope it may prove successful, and in the future be so perfected as to afford great relief to those who suffer in this way, but it did not work with us years ago, when we tried it on a patient known as Big Nosed George.

B. N. George was a somnambulist, and had been for years. A somnambulist, and troubled with color blindness, so that time and again he would be found somewhere wandering around in the night, also en dishabille, riding a pirato horse, when his was a black. Color blindness and somnambulism got Big Nosed George into several of these scrapes, till at last it occasioned talk, and some people came to speak to him about it. It was then that he got his back up, and in order to reduce this spinal curvature, some acquaintances tried this suspension method.

Possibly it was carried to excess, or then again, his overshoes might have been too heavy. Anyhow, when a man went back there a day or two afterward to ask George if the draught was too strong for him, or if his head seemed to be high enough, he was shocked to find that B. N. George was no more.

People who make scientific experiments that way cannot be too careful. Big Nosed George left a wife and four small children. Also a wife and two smaller children. He left them about two years before his death.

A Western paper at the time of the accident said: "We were in error about the brilliant meteor seen night before last at about 11 o'clock. It now proves to have been the bugle of Big Nosed George, who at that time ascended a telegraph pole by means of his neck."

BILL NYE.

Listen to the Mocking Bird.

Leary, Ga., Courier.]

When a mocking bird perches upon the topmost twig of a tree, on a sunny day, winds up his music box and turns himself loose, it is mighty fine music that he makes. The man who would kill a mocking bird is a savage. The world needs all of its mocking birds, its sunshine and flowers. The way is lonely enough even with them. It is proper to remark, however, that this suggestion may be the result of disordered editorial liver.

BRECHAM'S Pills cure sick headache.

PEARS' Soap, the purest and best ever made.

WASHINGTON RELICS

Artistically Arranged at the Centennial Loan Exhibition.

GAUDY APPAREL OF PATRIOTS.

How a New York Gentleman Manages to Make Fairs Pay Well.

POINTERS FOR EXHIBITION PROMOTERS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, April 27.—The city is fenced in along its main streets with stands for the centennial, and we are only anxious that there may be hooks enough to hang up all the strangers who come for the great occasion. The sense of thronging humanity, the hum, the pressure for a week past has been almost intolerable to sensitive people, and when it is over ordinary city life by contrast will seem the quiet of a village. But first, there will be four days of enthusiasm, enough to try the endurance of a strong man. Four miles of pageant, the flower of our armies East and West, the lads from West Point and Annapolis, a show of politicians, which counts with some people for a good deal, the mile of troops marching buoyant to martial music, and a stir of patriotic memories and intense national and family pride, which will lift those four days far above common life. The grand feature of the time next to the sight of soldiery, which is for many the one grand and moving spectacle in the world, will be the great chorus of German musical societies one evening in Union square, singing in the open air. For once music takes its place in a patriotic festival, and it will be something to dream of and remember. Much if not most of the best effects of the centennial will be due our German artists and musicians. For two months over a dozen of the best German artists, sculptors and decorators have been working together on the designs for the parade which will bring in review a succession of historical scenes in all the spirited grouping in which modern German art excels.

THE CENTENNIAL LOAN EXHIBITION,

now open, is curious in old papers and medals, the various paintings of Washington and Revolutionary leaders and a large collection of beautiful old family silver. If not the famous Fairfax candlesticks, tall, fluted and wreathed, their duplicates are here in company with broad, low bedroom candle holders with long porringer handles which kept the melted wax from dropping on silk stockings and nankin breeches, or satin gown, as my master and mistress sailed off to their chambers. Handsome dessert stands of pierced silver and some old saltcellars in silver and rock crystal are fit for my lady's