MUSIC OF THE BODY.

The Glorious Melody of Motion That Makes Un Womanly Grace.

INDOLENCE LEADS TO UGLINESS.

The Cushloned Rocking Chair Responsible for Curved Spines.

HOW TO SIT WELL AND WALK WELL

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] What constitutes womanly grace, tha "swete attractive kinde of grace" of which

the ancient poets wrote that "dumb music of the body, that wondrous melody of temininity" of which Heine sang, which we in this latter day renaissance of physical matheticism hear discussed so universally? It is, indeed, only the outward and visible sign of some secret favor of the mmortal gods, as the Greeks argued, or is it not rather the expression of energy and sincerity of character, nicety of judgment, houghtfulness, unsel-

i-hness, sagacious calculation, and consummate deliberation? Right Way to Walk. There is occasionally s

woman so divinely fashioned that, as Emeron says, "whenever she stands or moves, or leaves a shadow on the wall, she confers a favor on the world," for whom the chasm o grace has glorified the crown of beauty, who could no more make an awkward motion than a nightingale could utter a discordant The women of Andalusia possess the gift

of grace, perhaps, more universally than these of any other race. Spanish women are moted for their majestic carriage quite as much as for their dark flashing eyes and dusky hair. The women of lower Italy have such elasticity of gait and superiority of conformation that they are said to pose unintentionally, and French women proverbially make up in grace what they lack in beauty. A French girl can express with her shoulders more than some girls can ever

eav with lips or eyes. Occasionally this enviable gift of grace manifests itself in some little child whose melodious movements, harmony of action and poetry of gesture while engaged in simple childish games unconsciously elimi-nate the most abstruse mysteries in the science of grace. But it is only in rare moments of inspiration that the Creator thus endows some fortunate being with the at-tributes of faultless beauty, and His handiwork on the average woman gives little evi-dence of His divinity. Just why He chooses to create one woman a goddess and another a caricature is one of His ways that are past finding out; it would be a good question for the Presbyterian dominies to wrangle over when they have finished the discussion of

At rare intervals a musical genius is born into the world, to whom harmony is instinct and melody an intuition, but the majority

of people have to learn five-finger exercises before they can render though a lifetime of practice will not make of the ordinary ungifted mortul a Liszt or a ubinstein, there is no reason why place little woman may not learn by study just enough melody to play an John's flute of an evening, and of vocal culture ean make her a Patti or a Nilsson,

she may learn



quite sufficient barmony to sing Wrong Way to Walk. Iullabies to ber babies that they will love if Wrong Way to Walk.

no one else appreciates. The theory of graceful movement is founded on a few fixed and unalterable principles, which taken in analysis seem as unimportant and monotonous as whole notes and shalf notes, but in their entirety enables one who masters them to run the gamut of harmonious action with a sure and expressive touch and bring out melodies of move-ment that are beautifully effective. The first and greatest impediment to grace is simple indolence. The awkward woman is the comfortable woman every time. She sits down in a chair in such a way that the back shall support her and touch her spinal column all the way up and down, instead of making little effort to hold herself erect and teach all intricate, shiftless little muscles around her body to support her. What is th result? She hollows her chest, throws her abdomen out, ten chances out of a dozen crosses her knees with her toe in the air for one to fall over, or else nonchalance. Long practice of this attitude allows the muscles to relax about the waist, settle down fold on fold, and presently that woman realizes that she cannot button her

own shoes as she used to or wear the dress she wore when she was married. The modern rocking chair with its luxurious cushions has made more prominent abdomens and curving spines than any other agent of destruction to womanly grace. The old New England housewives and spinsters sitting erect in their straight-backed, splintbottomed chairs never had to worry over an exuberance of adipose abdominal tissue.

The awkward woman establishes herself

in a street car as larily as if arranging her attitude for an afternoon siesta. What is the result? In the first elf up like a jackknife in the sloping seat, puts her feet exwhere they are sure to be stepped on, allows her umbrella to slide down where some one will trip over it, bangs her bonnet and her back hair against the win-

dow at every jolt, and when she reaches her destination arises only by an effort and a little see-saw motion, repeated more or less times according to her weight, to get up her momentum

There is no attitude Going Upstairs. at which a woman is more graceful than a devotional one. Indeed one old cynic has said women ought to do ail the praving in the world, since the kneeling position is so beautifully adapted to the lines of their slender figures. But see the awkward woman at her prayers. see the awkward woman at her prayers. Slowly the muscles relax, and she sinks lower and lower down in a little buddled heap, bobbing her head about for a com-fortable place on the edge of the pew in front of her, all so lazily that one wonders if her prayers are earnest enough to be The mischief of all this is less in the ridiculous picture she presents than in the permissions effect upon both form and

To sit well may be quite as great an art as to write a poem, and to accomplish either requires effect. The pretty pose of the head, the creetness of the trunk, and the graceful disposition of the lower limbs are clearly emphasized in our drawing of a type of smphasized in our drawing of a type of carnest endeavor, progression, and self-woman with which habitues of the opera are dependence, and woman's grace is the idealisabiliar. Now, this particularly graceful, astion of each and all these attributes. S.

alert, bird-like pose, which even in repose suggests something of action and energy, is only attainable by strengthening the mus-cles about the waist and hips. There are various exercises for muscular development which, of course, the average woman, who FOUR-FOOTED ACTORS Horses, Dogs, Elephants and the

even with no house to keep or children to rear is always more hurried than the Prime

rear is always more hurried than the Prime
Minister of a nation, never has a moment
to practice; but the best and most
effectual of them all she can attend
to with a little thought on her way to
the matinee, in the midst of the musicale,
or the rush of a sample expedition, and that
is to hold her body perfectly erect for half
an hour each day, touching neither chair,
carriage or car seat back, and sitting well
toward the edge of the seat with the right

toward the edge of the seat with the right foot slightly in advance of the left, ready to

rise quickly without help from the hands at ran emergency. After a time prolong the half hour to a whole hour, two, three hours, and finally, so elastic, sinewy, and inde-pendent will those lazy muzcles become that she will cease to care for spinal supports

and head rests like a pseudo-invalid. This strength and elasticity will help her in

walking as well when once more the indo

lent woman is the clumsy, ungrace ul figure, Dignity and grace of carriage depend

upon simple things, yet a graceful walk is one of the rare charms among American

The Wrong Way. not bend the knees except very, very slightly in taking a step,

and keep the toes in a straight line rather than turned outward. There is a great deal said and written about the bad effects of

said and written about the bad date so shoes, but, after all, the modern shoe is a very comfortable and well-cut affair, and in-finitely better adapted for walking with a

heel that emphasizes the arch of the instep than the fiat-bottomed schooners advocated

by refermers that let your foot down into the mud and would fit a Cherokee Indian

better than the Pittsburg woman.

The awkward woman lets her knees bend

a great deal because they are inclined to, less her body sway and slop and turn, her

head bob and shake, plants her heels firmly

her skirts to sweep up the dust and ashes

and garbage on our beautifully kept pave-ments. When she mounts the stairs she re-

verses her position with an energy worthy a

better cause, and, leaning far forward, falls

makes her carry almost more than her own weight up, besides cramping her lungs so that she is all out of breath, puffing and perspiring when she reaches the top. The easiest way to go up-

reaches the top. T

yourself erect, and lifting your weight

continually with the chest step after

steps, lightly

mounting on the

toes, makes climb-ing the dread d

stairs of city houses one of the best forms of ex-

ercises yet in-

vented, according to a famous phy-sician, who claims

that great ad-vantage is de-rived from its de-

velopment of the

down stairs the

position should

be the same, and

Coming

Boarding a Car.

muscles in the calf of the leg that ought to

bear the strain of the ascent and descent,

and will if not imposed upon by throwing upon them a lazy load of flesh that the

scles about the waist ought to carry.

The awkward woman, too, is usually a

in a hurry. She ploughs along through the

mud on wet days with her skirts grasped in

both hands, and yet trailing and dipping here and there, to wipe up filth, wipe off

car steps, and sweep crosswalks, while her

inevitable bundles drop unbeeded from be-

neath her arms as she signals the car to

car in rainy weather. With one inde

scribable, all comprehensive touch with one

band she lifts her skirts just enough to es-cape the pavement and skims the puddles

like some light, swift-winged Mercury, cal-

culates with a nicety of reckoning that would be a fortune to an astronomer or a

bank expert just when to signal the car in order to have it stop on the crossing instead of three steps beyond in a pool of muddy water, trips daintily up the

steps, braces for the jar of the start, sails in

quires years of practice and sustained, con-

ples, but it is, after all, the simple notes and half notes of grace that we learned in

the old finger exercises that constitute the

Another consideration which must be

entertained

would - be graceful

womat is her age, and the style of her

physique must also

be adapted to that

peculiar kind of grace which best becomes

owy woman, with the

The slender, wil-

nding, delicate

urve of swaying til-

nt, swift, vivacious

the large and stately

girl or woman must

accustom berself to

the equally impres-

sive grace of dignified

moderation. The un-

assuming, flexible, un-

dulating, gracious air

belongs to the slender

beauty; the majestic,

symphonies of melodious action.

1

Wi.

The Wrong Way.

meenly poise to stately ladies.

In her youth a woman should be a Hebe

her motions light as a zephyr's wing, her gestures full of glad, unstudied abandon, her step as swift and light and free as that of

the wild woodland fawn; as she approaches the meridian of life she must be a Diana,

with every action tender and subdued, with the chaste dignity and intelligence of per-

feet womanliness; the meridian once passed,

bined power of beauty and wisdom pervad-ing every act and motion with the dignity

It one were to define gracefulness in a

single word, no better simile could be found than womanliness, for womanliness means carefulness, thoughtfulness, consideration,

and serenity of consummated womanhood.

becomes a Juno, a Minerva, the com-

inuous effort to master these simple princi-

heart.

women. Some one

has given a pretty

formula or walk-

ing correctly as

follows: Fancy a

slender cord about

your chest, just be-

the ends of which

an angel bears

aloft fluttering

head, and walk so

cently and smooth-

and erectly that

emain taut, yet ot be permitted

o break. Remem-

ber, too, to hold ourself firmly at

the waist; step lightly on the ball

rather than the

heel of the foot; do

Other Animals on the Stage. THE AMUSING CAPERS THEY CUT.

Love-Making Dick Who Makes Eyes at Laura Moore in the Colah.

RACE COURSE IN THE COUNTY PAIR JCORRESPONDENCE OF, THE DISPATCH)

NEW YORK, February 15 .- Animals have for years had important parts to play on the English and American stages, but a glance at cotemporary plays reveals an astonishing number of roles in which neither men, women nor children can be cast. Henry E. Dixey and Richard Golden, did very well some years ago as joint understudy for a heifer, but the genuine beast is much preferred nowadays to the counterfeits. A New York manager of experience received a parrot of ability from a London friend by a recent steamer. He could not help giving utterance to the regret that his friend across the seas had not sent him with so accomplished a bird, a play in which it could star. On the Parisian boards not very long ago

was a drama of "Eden." Adam and Eve in the course of the play named the animals. Nearly every known creature passed in procession before the original pair. There never was such a piece for the players who do not articulate. The American manager who gets ahead of the drama of "Eden" in four-footed, hundred-footed, winged or finned novelties will have to put on his studying cap. Yet the popularity of this species of stage realism may be interred from a glance at even an impromptu list of plays now acting in which animals have important roles.
Such, for example, the "County Fair,"
"The Oolsh," "Bootles' Baby," "The Still Alarm," "The Old Homestead," "Theodora," "Kerry Gow," "Mareppa," Frank Frayne's and Joe Emmett's and W. S. Steven's pieces, and "Around the World in Eighty Days."

ACTING UNWRITTEN PARTS.

The literature of the surmal actors and actresses furnishes a comparatively unworked field for the dramatic writer. If one of the elephants in "Around the World," chose, he or she might elevate the stage in an admirably real manner. The horse, Dick, who played in "The Oolah" during its run at the Broadway Theater, tried to "mash" Laura Moore, the Darinoora of the Opera, in the most approved, not to say Bellewsque style. There is a legion of good stories yet untold about the heroes and heroines of the

need boo and stake, plants her heels firmly in the mul of the crosswalks, splashing it over boots and skirts as well, settles down into her clothes so comfortably that her ab-domen portrudes, and her bent back allows beasts' greenroom, or, shall we say stables? When one of the road companies was prepairing "Bootles' Baby" a fine dominicker rooster and a fat little white pig were enrolled to figure of course in the race at the bar-racks in Mrs. Stannard's amosing play. The particular dominicker and piglet in question behaved themselves quite well until one day better cause, and, leaning lar forward, falls into her dress skirt, tears the lace off her petticoats, trips and tugs along with her center of gravity pulling in some absurd place where it holds her body down in a half horizontal position, and makes her carry almost more than at dress rehearsal the rooster, who must have been a mad wag at heart, insinuated his bill shyly into the pig's ear and there against the very drum itself of the unsuspecting beast's sensitive auricle, sounded such a clarion blast as to drive the poor creature from the stage in frantic pain and terror and convulse the two legged and unteathered actors with inextinguishable laughter. That pig incontinently changed his vocation, he acts no more, and the chances are he walks around a bl .ck to keep out of a rooster's way.

> ORIGIN OF THE EQUINE DRAMA. The equine drama of this age dates probably from Astley's, in London, where a number of horse plays were produced early in this century. Among the earliest plays produced with real horses on the boards in is country was "Putnam, the Iron Son of 76." Dick Turpin, who "Vunst on 'Ounslow's Eath his black mare Bess bestrode, 'er," also bestrode his black mare Bess in the play of "Dick Turpin." "Herne, the Hunter," also had borses in the cast. "Richard III." has been played with a forse for both Richard and Richmond in the battle scene. It didn't seem so ridiculous then for the unborsed humpback to make his famous offer of barter. A horse may often have been worth his sovereignty to a king on

But the horse drams must make most people think of "Mazeppa." Talent, if not genius, itself, enough to make another lyron ensily and perhaps to spare, has been each step made as lightly on the toes as though the stairway was of porcelain and the supports of spun glass. There are some expended in the rendition of the stage ver-sion of his immortal poem. Who was the first Mazeppa? Your theatergoer of to-day emembers, if he is old enough, there is no sort of doubt. Charlotte Crampton would, had she been two inches taller, have startled the world, according to Macready. She did some things so well as to startle most people. For instance, she would play "Hamlet," "Richard III.," "Meg Merrilles," "The French Spy," "Mazeppa," and some other standard drams all in one arcless, thoughtless creature, and always week. She would play them all well, too; so well, that she narrowly fell short of even Macready's measure of her greatness. a woman she was with the foils! And she neath her arms as see signals the car to stop, and gets into it literally head first with the lurch of its sudden starting. It is a picture and a poem to see the graceful woman accomplish the feat of mounting a had eight husbands, too. So she ought to be forgiven for being deficient in inches.

The next Mazeppa one naturally remembers is Ada Isaacs Menken. It is hard to write anything new about the beauty, the coarseness, the genius, the melancholy of that wonderful woman. Her Mazeppa, however, was by no means the greatest.

ADA ISAACS MENKEN.

rode with nothing like the daring of Leo Hudson, who was fatally crushed by a fall of her horse in St. Louis while playing this very part. Then there was Kate Fisher who rivals either Menken or Hudson. The best exponent of the part, however, was Robert E. J. Miles, now known as "Bob" as serene and spotless as a white swan on a midsummer pool, and sits down with a pretty tilt of her skirts and throws them in graceful folds, and poises like a skylark, alert, easy, erect, and symmetrical. It results and experts as John B. McCormick and experts and experts and experts as John B. McCormick what such experts as John B. McCormick with the same experts as John B. McCormick experts and experts and experts as John B. McCormick experts and experts and experts as John B. McCormick experts as John B. McCormick experts as John B. McCormick experts and experts and experts as John B. McCormick experts and say. "He used," said Mr. McCormick, "to ride his horse upon the roof of the Front Street Theater in Baltimore and then ride the beast all over the roof and even around the very eaves." Of recent years Fanny Louisa Buckingham has played Mazeppa in

a desultory way.

The "County Fair" is a well-known cotemporary play in which genuine race horses appear before the audience in the last burst of speed of a race. The horse has a good part in "Shenandoah" also. It is said that the jockeys who are engaged to ride the thoroughbreds in the "County Fair" have seriously asked Neil Burgess to change the finale so as to permit some other beast than Cold Molasses to win all times.

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW. How is the race arranged? Easily enough when you understand it. Electric motors beneath the stage keep the fence in front of the race track moving at a speed of 20 miles an hour. Behind this fence are the horses, genuine racers, plunging like mad on tread-

mills invisible from the auditorium, and so perfecting an interesting illusion. The horse which puts its head in at a window in the first act in "Shenandoah," and afterward dashes across the singe with Sheridan on his back, has in more than one of the companies developed unusual acute-ness. In one case he learned his one, and pricked up his ears whenever he heard the sentence part of the ordinary stage dialogue—which preceded his entry. The equine understudy in "Shenandoah" one night got so confused at the lights and 'people and noise that he refused to dash across the stage with Sheridan on his back. This is said to have convinced Mr. Frohman of the opinion, he is said theretofore to have tained, that "any horse could do the act." In "Kerry Gow," Joseph Murphy, as the blacksmith, shoes the race horse before the audience with his torze in full view. He is supposed to "fix" the noble animal in that scene, but he doesn't do it. Lelex, the racer, appeared as the horse for a long time. In "Kerry Gow" carrier pigeons bring news

of the race. Pigeous and lovers seem easily accustomed to the footlights. DICK, THE MASHER. Dick, the mashing horse of "The Ootah," belongs to Mr. Cohen and is a favorite in-mate of one of the riding schools near Cen-tral Park. Hubert Wilke used to ride Dick on the stage in the first set. Laura Moore, the pretty little Darinoora, discov-ered, she said, the very first week she played with Dick that he had begun to make even at her. She hears bringing him make eyes at her. She began bringing him sugar from the Vendonse dinner table just across the street, and Dick began watching for her and the sugar with two big eyes that marked "her coming and grew brighter when, she came." One night when she forgot his sugar Dick is said actually to have brushed his lips with hers. Dick figured in equine roles in many of the productions of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House and has been on the stage hundreds of times. He easily

on the stage hundreds of times. He easily learns his parts and gives nobody any trouble. Hundreds of supes—warriors, dancers and attendants of all kinds pass and repass Dick, stroke his back and brush against his heel; he never rebels. Francis Wilson paid well for his use and wanted to buy him to go on the road as the recognized horse of the company. Mr. Cohen wouldn't sell him, however. Dick is too popular sell him, however. I with his riding pupils,

DOGS ON THE STAGE.

While lions, tigers, hyenas, and even leopards have been utilized more or less as properties, in such plays as "Theodora," and in Frank Frayne's purely sensational animal dramas, dogs figure on the boards next often to horses. In "The Dog of Moutargis" a dog came on the stage in a of Montargis" a dog came on the stage in a heroic part, and really did many wonderful things. The name of the piece was entirely appropriate. It was the dog's play, "The Forest of Bondy" was also a good dog play. Joe Emmett, in several of his pieces, has used dogs to excellent advantage. W. T. Stevens, who is out with Minnie Oscar Gray, has magnificent dogs in his company and utilizes them with his company, and utilizes them with fine effect. Frank Frayne has dogs as well as many other animal actors usually confined in a menagerie. When Frank confined in a menagerie. When Frank Frayne killed his fiancee at the Coliseum Theater in Cincinnati some years ago he gave up rifle shooting for the time and built up his stage performances to suit various animals. Most of these reputably terocious

DIDN'T ALWAYS LOOK IT, and the audience was generally delighted with their appearance. Lions, leopards and hyenas have figured in the Frayne dramas. Visitors to his summer home, down on Coney Island, have the privilege of going out to the back yard and inspect-ing the animal actors during the dull season. There are sometimes as many as a dozen of the beasts quartered there at once, some of them quite impressive. The animal drama has yet to have its tragedy not down on the bills.

beasts were in reality old and quite harm-

Elephants have been used in "Around the World in Eighty Days" and in many spec-tacular plays. Many years ago in a wild drama called "The Laplander," a real sleigh was pulled across the stage by real reindeers in a mad rush to escape from wolves whose cries at all events were real-Who can tell whether the seaserpent and the bison may not appear on the boards long after they have vanished from the waters and prairies of this sublunary JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

ATTRACTED BY A MIRROR. Group of Women Miss a Train While

Fixing Their Baugs.

St. Louis Republic. 1 A mirror is to most women what a razor is to most men-an indispensable adjunct of the toilet-and though the razor has been relegated to the possession of the colored brother, the pocket mirror finds a place in the vest pocket of every well equipped society beau-purely, of course, for the accom-modation of the ladies. The Man About Town was forcibly impressed the other day with the high esteem in which a woman holds her mirror, by the desperate means some women resorted to when need-ing a reflection. The darkey employed at

sigh of satisfaction, gathered up the uten-sils he had employed and disappeared into the bank just as three ladies turned the corner on a semi-gallop to catch a cable train which had already reached Broadway. Strange to say, they made no attempt to stop the train. The brigh- convex brass surface, glistening in the occasional burst of sunshine, focussed their attention, and in just three seconds the group were busily engaged in front of it arranging their bar putting on little dabs of powder where they would do the most good with a powder-rag,

and in sundry and divers ways finishing their toilets. It was an exhilarating ectacle and was hugely enjoyed by the dudes loitering in the vicinity. The Man About Town is firmly convinced that a retailer could attract attention in no way better than by exposing a French mirror in some conspicuous position where it could be available for use.

PEOPLE WHO COURT DANGER. A Workman Talks About a Class That Give

the Coroner Jobs.

Philadelphia Inquirer. "The number of people who will walkunder an iron safe while it is being raised to the top floor of a tall building would surprise a Coroner," said the foreman of a gang of safe hoisters who were maneuvering with a ten-ton mass of iron which dangled from the fifth story window of a Chestnut street

trust company's edifice. "Look at 'em," as a hurrying crowd men, women and children passed under the safe, not thinking about crossing to the other side of the street, which was comparatively clear of people. "That's the way, mused the safe man. "People court dar ger. If those ropes would happen to break there'd be a few less people in this world, and a mighty big mess on the pavement. They like the sensation of passing under the dangerous affair, and looking up as they pass under to see if the thing's going to fall. It's no use to warn them. There isn't one out of a hundred that will take the opposite side of the street when there's a safe in the air. It's human nature. They all like it."

Remarkable Cure of Rheumatien Des Moines (Is.) Daily News.]

A News reporter, learning that Mrs. N. M. Peters, of East Des Moines, who was long afflicted with rheumatism, had been completely cured, concluded to call on the lady and get the facts direct from her for the benefit of any of our readers who may be similarly afflicted. He found Mrs. Peters to be a very pleasant lady of middle age, in good health and doing her own housework. On being questioned, she said: "I had suf-fered with rheumatism the greater part of fered with rheumatism the greater part of the time for nearly seven years. At times I was almost helpless. I had doctored a great deal for it with physicians, and tried electric belts and almost everything that is recommended for rheumatism, as no one will suffer with it as I did, without doing all that can be done to relieve it. Finally a neighbor woman advised me to try (themberlain's Pais Ralm. rised me to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was so sure that it would help me, that procured a bottle. It did help me right from the start, but it took, five 50-cent bottles to cure me, so you can guess how bad I was, as one or two bottles will cure any ordinary case. It is a graud good medicine and has done me a power of good, and I hope you will publish the facts in your valuable paper, that everybody may know

For sale by E. G. Sinckey, Seventeenth and Twenty-ourth streets, Penn avenue and corner Wylie avenue and Fulton street; and corner wylle avenue and Fulton street; Markell Bros., corner Penn and Frankstown avenues; Theodore E. Ihrig, 3610 Fifth ave-nue; Carl Hartwig, Forty-third and Butler streets, Pittsburg, and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal street; Thomas R. Morris, corner Hanover and Preble ave-nues; F. H. Eggers, 172 Ohio street, and F. H. Eggers & Son, 199 Ohio street and 11 Smithfield street. Wau

Another Letter From the Grand Canon Exploring Expedition.

Rare Beauties of One of Nature's Most Ma-

jestic Wonderlands. MEMORIES OF LAST SUMMER'S TRIP

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ., January 22.—This etter is written at Camp No. 68, of the Denver, Colorado Canon and Pacific Railroad Exploring Expedition. The camp is in the Grand Canon, 15 miles below the mouth of the Little Colorado river and is sent to Flagstaff by messenger. Our expedition left Lee's Ferry, from which point I wrote you last, December 28. We had quite a flattering farewell from the good people at the ferry. The whole settlement to the number of 32 turned out to see us depart, and to witness our little fleet run the first rapid at

the head of Marble Canon. This rapid, No. 101 from the head of the river, is about 11/4 miles long, and very steep. The little company standing upon the bank at the middle of the rapid gave us a hearty cheer, as our boats went pitching and dancing over and through the heavy waves, and as we disappeared behind the cliffs, they waved us a God-speed with their hats and bonnets. This was the first real test of the ability of our new boats to cope with the rough waters of the canons below, where our smaller heats of last summer's where our smaller boats of last summer's expedition suffered so disastrously; and it was with feel ngs of the greatest satisfaction that we came to the end of this first exciting and somewhat dangerous run. Our boats were each loaded with between 3,100 and 3,200 pounds (including men), and yet they danced over the waves and through the huge breakers almost as lightly swans. Engineer Stanton stood up in the bow of boat No. 1. the whole way down, showing his confidence in the sturdy boats, and the faithful steersman and carsmen at his back, while some of the waves dashed their spray completely over his head, drenching the whole crew.

WHERE PRESIDENT BROWN DIED. We camped that night, and spent Sunday eight miles below, at the mouth of Badger creek. We reached the next Tuesday, the spot where President Brown lost his lite on that sorrowful 10th of July last, and it is not surprising that the silent surroundings and the inscription cut on the side of the canon should call out some little feeling of depression in the party at this time. But what a change in the waters! What was then a roaring torrent, now, with the water some nine feet lower, seemed as we looked upon it from the shore, like the gen-tle ripple upon a quiet lake. We found, however, in going through it in our boats, that there was the same current, though without waves, the same huge eddy, and between them, the same whirlpool with its ever changing circles going round and round and on and on, like the brook, forever. With one exception we have had a most successful journey all through the Marble Canon and to this point in the Grand

On January 1 our photographer, Mr. F. A. Nims, while going up on a little bench to take a photograph, slipped and fell about 22 feet onto the sandy beach below, giving him a very severe jar and breaking the small bone just above his right ankle. Having plenty of bandages and medicines, and an experienced man in our first boatmeans some women resorted to when needing a reflection. The darkey employed at the Laclede Bank was busily engaged polishing the brass signs of the institution. He rubbed and scoured and brightened and wiped until the perspiration stood out upon the black marble of his brow, notwithstanding that the day was chilly in the extreme. He finished his task with a right of satisfaction cathered up the utenman, McDonald, we made poor Nims as

The next day Mr. Stanton, after finding a way out on top through the side canon, walked 35 miles back to Lee's Ferry for a wagon to take Mr. Nims where he could be cared for. But then came the tug of war, the getting of Nims up from the river 1,700 feet to the Mesa above. Eight of the strongest men of the party started with him early Saturday morning and reached the top at 3:30 P. M., having carried him four miles in distance and 1,700 feet uphill; the !ast half mile being at an angle of 45 degrees up a loose rock slide. In two places the stretcher had to be hung by ropes from above, while the men slid him along a sloping cliff too steep to stand upon, and in two places he was lifted up with ropes over perpendicular rocks 10 and 15 feet high. The party reached the top, however, without the least injury to the sick man or themselves. They did not receive the warmest reception on top, for Mr. Johnson, with the wagon from Lee's Ferry, did not arrive till late Sunday morning, and the men spent that night in a snow storm, without blankets, supper or breakfast, and with no wood except small

grease wood bushes, to make a fire. Late on Sunday we bade Mr. Nims good-by, leaving him in the hands of Mr. W. M. Johnson and his estimable wife, where he would get the best of care, and we returned to our camp in the canon below. Mr. Nims' loss is a great blow to the expedition. He was a most experienced photographer, and had great success in taking the views of this country last summer, as his 200 photographs will testify. Ever since the accident Engicook, James Hogue, has been taking all the pictures of the canon and the surrounding country, but with what success the future levelopment of the negatives can only de-

LOW OR HIGH WATER

We continued our journey over the same the river that we traveled last summer till January 13, when we reached Point Retreat, where we left the river on our homeward march—just six months before. We found our supplies, blankets, flour, sugar, coffee, etc., which we had hidden in a marble cave, all in good condition, and they made up for the provisions used in the five days' delay caused by Nims' accident. Traveling over about 38 miles of Marble Canon twice, with quite high and very low stages of water, gives one an opportunity to study the much disputed point as to which is the better time of year to run the many rapids in this angry river. Two or three points are already settled. At the lowest stage of water all the rapids are much shorter and the waves much smaller. In those rapids formed by ledges of rock, across the river, what was a sloping rapid in high water becomes a single fall with short rapids below in low water. Those formed by boulders washed in all across the stream become masses of boulders with num currents between them, impossible to with boats, but easy to portage, while that class of rapids formed by slides of rock crowding the water into narrow channels and penning it up above the partial dam, thus forming chutes of rushing, boiling and surging waves, at low water become simply swift draws and splendid running water. Only one class of rapids, all things considered, are worse at this stage of water. These are the long rapids formed by gravel bars. Over these the water is spread out so thinly. at low water there is bardly enough to flos our loaded boats. One of our in the center of one of these yesterday, but was gotten off without damage by throwing a line to the men from the other boats. SHOOTING THE HAPIDS.

From the head of the Colorado river to this point, a distance of 290 miles, there are just 200 rapids—not counting small draws or riffles—and from Lee's Ferry to this point, a distance of 80 miles, there are just 100 rapids. We have run the greater part of this 100, and portaged but few, and over many of them our boats have danced and jumped at the rate of 15 miles per hour, and and 11 over some, by actual measurement, at the was rate of 20 miles per hour for a half-mile at

time. Standing in the bow of one of the houts as she goes through one of these chutes, with first the bow and then the stern jumping into the air as she shoots from wave to wave, with the spray of the breakers dashing over one's head, is something the excitement and fuscination of which can only be understood by being experienced.

That part of Marbie Canon, from Point Retreat for 40 miles down to the mouth of the Little Colorado river, is far the most THE PHOTOGRAPHER BADLY HURT. beautiful and interesting canon we have yet passed through. At Point Retreat the marble walls stand up perpendicularly 300 feet from the water's edge, while the sandstone above benches back in slopes and cliffs to 2,500 feet high. Just beyond this the canon is its narrowest—being but a little over 300 feet wide from wall to wall, while the river in places at this stage of water. the river in places at this stage of water is not over 60 feet wide. The marble rapidly rises till it stands in perpendicular cliffs 700 to 800 seet high, colored with all the tints of the rainbow, but mostly red. In many places toward the top it is honey-combed

1890.

and wonderful picture. FOUNTAINS AND PERNS.

At the foot of these cliffs in many places are fountains of pure sparkling water gushing out from the rock. In one place, Vassey's Paradise, several hundred feet up the wall and dropping down among shrubery, are ferns and flowers, some of which, even at this time of year, we find in bloom. Below this for some distance are a number of these this for some distance are a number of these fountains with large patches of maiden-hair ferns clinging to the wall 15 to 20 feet above the water, green and resh as in the month of May. The sparkling water running down over them makes a most charming picture. Our weather has been most wonderful through the whole winter. The thermometer has never registered at six o'clock in the morning lower than 24 degrees above zero and in the sun in the middle of the day has registered as high as 75 degrees. We have had but one snow storm down in the canon and one rain. The sun has shone brightly nearly all the time, though for eight days at one time it never shone directly on us, we being under the shade of the cliffs all the

Ten miles below Point Retreat as we went into camp one evening we discovered the remains of Peter H. Hansbrough, one of the boatsmen drowned on our trip last summer. His remains were easily recognized from the clothing and shoes that were still on him. The next morning we buried them under an overhanging cliff. The burnal service was brief and simple—we stood around the grave with uncovered heads while one short prayer was offered, not only for the dead, but for the living, that we might be spared his fate, and we left him with a shaft of pure marble 700 feet high with his name cut upon the base, as his headstone, and in honor of his mem-ory, we named a magnificent point opposite,

Point Hansbrough. BEAUTIFUL LITTLE FARMS. From Point Hansbrough to the Little Colorado the canon widens out; the marble benches back; new strata of limestone quartiite and sandstone come up from the river, and the debris forms a talus equal to a mountain slope, while the bottoms widen grass and groves of mesquisonmer pic-most charming and beautiful summer picture after the narrow canons above. We reached the end of Marble Canon at the mouth of the Little Colorado, January 20, and slept that night in the Grand Canon.

Last evening we were much surprised to meet Mr. Felix Lantear, of Flagstsff, Ariz, who is in here prospecting. He is the first person we have seen since leaving Lee's Ferry, and it is by him that we are enabled to send out this letter. This first section of the Grand Canon, from the Little Colorado to the beginning of the Granite Gorge some 18 miles in distance is one of the inter and curious sections of this part of Arisons.
The whole section seems to have been upturned, tumbled over and mixed up in every imaginable shape, some of the oldest and newest formations standing side by

spring. The top walls of the canon are miles and miles apart and hills and knobs, with pinnacles and spires, rise up between the river and walls beyond, these being cut between by deep washes and guiches run-ning in every direction.

A few miles below begins the great gran ite gorge, the mysterious and dark canon of this noted river. We start down into its depths to-morrow. May the good fortune that has followed our little fleet so far accompany us through its many winding and its rushing estaracts. TRAMP.

BOOKS THIEVES COVET.

An Engineering Work is a Favorite With Them Everywhere. Washington Herald.) "One would naturally think " said Mr.

Ganiard, the manager at Brentano's, "that in a place like ours shoplifters would find it easy to get away with a good many articles, but the fact is we lose very little. About the only thing we have stolen are copies of 'Roper's Handbooks of Engineer The thefts of 'Roper's Handbooks have come to be recognized as a sort of feature of the book trade all over the coun try. Not long ago there was a perfect epi-demic of it in a number of cities. One person seemed to be devoting all his or her time to stealing the volumes, going from city to city and getting away with a few of them in every stopping place."
"What is there about the books that

makes them specially attractive to thieves? asked the reporter. "Well, the 'Handbooks' are standard pub lications, and the thieves can realize on them almost as easily as they could on so much old gold or silver. Then the volumes are small and compact, and they sell from \$2 50 to \$6 each. They are always in denand, and the thieves, of course, are aware

of these facts." "But don't you lose anything from kleptomaniacs, said to be very common, whose passion for books causes them to commit theft to get hold of works they covet without paying for them?" was the next in-

"No, we are not troubled in that way, the gentleman answered. "The only people that kind we have to deal with are those who try to beat us by buying periodicals and books, reading them, and then getting us to take them back on one pretext or an-

A Long, Loud Caterwant Gardiner, Me., Home Journal, 1

The Independent Ice Company has whistle at its ice house that can make the most horrible noise of any on the river, according to all accounts. A gentleman trying to describe the noise said if one could imagine a cat half a mile long, with a pile driver dropped on its tail, the yell that would follow might equal that whistle.

She's Always Right. She's Always Eight.

Don't take on so, Hiram,
But do wnat you're told to do;
It's fair to suppose that yer mother knows.

A heap sight more than you.
I'll allow that sometimes her way
Don't seem the wisest, quita;
But the castest way,
When she's had her say,
Is to reckon yer mother is right.

Courted her ten long winters—
Saw her to singin' school—
When she went down one spell to town,
I cried like a durued oi' fool;
Got mad at the boys for callin',
When I sparked her Sunday night,
But she said she knew.
A thing or two, A thing or two, An' I reckoned yer mother was right.

I courted till I waz aging
And she waz past her prime—
To have died, I guess, if she hadn't said yes
When I popped f'r the hundredth time;
Said she'd uever hava took me
If I hadn't stuck so tight—
Opined that we
Could never agree, And I recken yer mother was right!

Exaces Field in Chicago

THE GOSPEL ABROAD.

Foreign Mission Work and What it Has to Contend Against.

IGNORANCE OF THE REAL FACTS.

The Old Argument That All Unenlightened Heathen Were Lost.

COMPETING WITH OTHER CHURCHES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] "The field is the world." Anybody who wants to know what are the boundaries within which missionary work ought to be done, is commended to that descriptive senwith caves, caverus, arches and grottos, with here and there a natural bridge left from one tence. Hang up a map of both hemispheres, with all the continents and all the crag to another, making a most grotesque islands and all the seus upon it, with polar ice at the top and polar ice at the bottom, and the equator across the middle of it-

that is the map of missions. I like to think of Christ, standing in the midst of that little, contracted, out-of-theway, provincial Palestine, gathering about Him that obscure company of Galilean peasants, and looking out into the great reaches of space and time, and saying: "The field is the world." There is nothing like it anywhere. It has no parallel in its divine audacity.

Remember that the place was Judea and the listeners were Hebrews. The place and the people typified religious sectarianism and nrrrowness. Remember that the time was 1,900 years ago, or very nearly, and that at that time the idea of a universal religion had never been dreamed of. The profoundest philosopher, the most daring reformer, the most prophetic statesman had not even conceived either the desirability or the possibility, or even the merest visionary outline, of a religion for the race. A hundred and fifty years later the sceptic Celsus ridiculed the notion of a universal religion as

A COLOSSAL FOLLY.

We are so accustomed to the wide ides, it is so in the Christian air we live in, that we do not appreciate the sound of it in the ears of that little company who heard it first. It was an amazing announcement. "The field was an amazing announcement. "The field is the world." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "Go, make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." We have hardly learned the meaning of that yet. We are forever limiting the field, and asking who is my neighbor? and trying to put narrow duties in the place of wide ones, and questioning the value and the use foreign missions. Even to-day, with all the widening-out of thought, with all the brilliant generalizations, and the bravery of out into little farms covered with green Afric n discovery, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for human brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite, making a man brotherhood, and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite and brotherhood and the schemes for hugrass and groves of Mesquite and the scheme for hugrass and groves of the scheme for hugrass and g not yet wide-minded as He was. We still keep within the limits of a parochial and provincial Christianity. We still need ser-

ons on foreign missions. One of the disadvantages of foreign missions is that they are such a long way off. Not many of us have visited Africa, or China, or Japan, or ever expect to. We find it difficult to realize the conditions of life and work in those distant regions. The imagination, always an essential element in enthusiasm, finds little to build upon. What out missionaries are doing in those remote countries, what their hardships are, what kind of sumbling blocks they have to change into stepping stones, and how they are succeeding in that difficult endeavor, we know hardly at all.

WE DON'T READ THEIR LETTERS. This is not the fault of the missionaries. They do their best to keep us posted. They are forever writing letters, and their correspondence is being printed every month in born into this world. Surely it means full in our missionary magazines somehow we do not read the letters. The whole matter is out of sight and out of mind. These missionaries represent us. They are there in our place, doing the work which is laid upon all Christians alike, try-ing, make a Christian world, and succeeding wonderfully sometimes and in some places But somehow we are not interested. It is said that in some churches the announcement that upon the following Sanday a mis sionary from some remote outpost of the church will be the speaker will considerably lessen the size of the congregation. We have no wish to listen to missionaries. We do

not even read their letters. One of the reasons why we do not read foreign missionary correspondence with more interest is because we are so far behind in missionary history. The letters take for granted, of necessity, a hundred things which we ought to know, but of which we are in fact quite ignorant. It is like taking up a newspaper to-day, after a month's interruption, and reading all the latest news from Brazil. It would be unin-

telligible. Another reason why the letters do not interest us, is because they are not interesting. They are very quiet, unromantic letters. They tell about planting gardens, and building cabins, and teaching arithmetic and ology, and conducting examinations, and holding services, and preaching the gospel to small congregations. They are very com monplace letters.

WHAT WE WOULD READ.

The kind of correspondence which we would find attractive would read like chapters out of mediæval history. We would like to hear of the conversion of great multitudes; of the dramatic baptism of Pagan than that, when a struggling church within these coasts asked offerings and help from over the ocean. And they mean foreign missions to-day, when we who, thanks to warriors and princes; we would like have some of our missionaries martyred!
Instead of that, the work is going on quietly, steadily and most undramatically. It is not very brilliant work. But we have reason to believe that it is effective and permanent work, which is a good deal better. There is probably more martyrdom than we

hear of, but it is that silent, everyday mar tyrdom of personal self-sacrifice and unsparing work which does not take up many paragraphs in history, but which has its honorable record, none the less, upon the pages of God's book of remembrance. We are told sometimes—most often by people who do not read missionary reports that foreign missions are a failure. The Board of Missions does not think so; the statistics of missionary work do not show it; the testimony of intelligent travelers is not to that effect. Even if the work did seem a failure, that might not mean that it had

succeeds, and no one else does. Sometimes what we call success He calls by another name; and he who in the sight of men has failed wins the crown which God has promised to the conqueror. CAN'T PUT IT IN FIGURES. It is best not to try to measure spiritual accomplishment. Foreign missions are hard, slow work, like any kind of missions. And the good which is done cannot by any means be set down in figures, valued by dollars, reported in statistics, nor discovered by every transient tourist. It is safe

God knows what fails and what

But it we knew all that anybody can know about the re-ults of foreign missions, and if we multiplied that even by 20, still would it not be true that our first duty is just here at home? Would it not be true that the best place to spend missionary money is right here? Undoubtedly it would.

to multiply every missionary report by ten.

Suppose we say, then, that the first barrier in the way of missionary enthusiasm

The first and most imperative duty for a man, or a nation, or a church, is the duty which lies nearest. The great work which God has given the Christian church in this land to do in this day, is not the work of foreign missions. With our great beathen cities close beside us; with the wide West

plain, an unmistakable duty. It is the Christianizing of this continent.

OUR GREAT WORK AT HOME. England may set foreign missions first That is the province and the duty of that Christian nation. England has no domestic missions. But our duty is quite other than that. We give to-day twice as much toward the maintenance of missions at home as we do toward the maintenance of missions sbroad. We might well give five times as

There are two ways, however, of doing that. One is to divide foreign missions by five; the other is to multiply home missions

by five.

To say that mission work at home is our first duty does not mean that it is our only duty. You might as well say that because the most important book for any man to read is the Holy Bible, there are he should read the Holy Bible and no other book at all. Do the nearest task, but do not let that fill the whole herizon of your interest. Provide for yourself and for your amily. That is well. But if you stop there, it you shut the whole world out when you shut the door of your house—that is selfish. The truth is that that your will do the is that that man will do the near-est duty best who recognizes remoter duties also. The penalty of neglecting wider duties is a gradual incapacity for doing the nearer duties well. The wider interests a man has, the better he is suffilling the pur-pose for which God has put him here; and the better it is for the man. Narrow interests make men narrow-minded. Narrow

giving makes narrow parishes. THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

Begin at Jerusalem, the Lord said, but reach out to Judea, and to Samaria, and to the uttermost part of the earth. You know what "Catholic" means in the creed. When you follow that command. When you realze that every offering affects the interests of Christ's religion in every remotest parish, in Chins, in Japan, and along the Western coasts of Airies, you gain a conception of the church universal

We live at the center of a series of widening circles. The family, the parish, the national church, and the great church Catholic. The interests of the family must not hide the interests of the parish, nor the mission of the church at home tempt us to neglect the interests of the church abroad. I am afraid, accordingly, that we will have to add a second reason for the absence of many Christians from the honorable roll of missionary helpers. We will have to say that torging missions are hindered not call

that foreign missions are hindered not only by ignorance, but by narrowness.

But neither enlightenment nor breadth will breed enthusiasm. Enthusiasm begins at the heart. Our fathers had two arguments for foreign missions which were meant to make men enthusiastic by touching their hearts. It used to be said that foreign missions ought to be maintained because in the absence of the preaching of the word of truth, these benighted heathen are falling instant by instant, score by score into,

THE EVERLASTING FLAMES. No salvation outside the visible church: no salvation except to him who has heard the syllables of the name of Jesus. If that is true we have no business to think of anything else. We have no busi-ness ever to lorget it. We may not listen to the ticking of a clock without the awful

consciousness that second by second, tick by tick, immortal souls are going down into immortal agony.
I cannot believe that. Even the Christians who have had it in their creed are trying hard in these days to get it out. I do not know how God will save the heathen. The Bible was not written for the heathen, and so does not undertake to answer that question. The whole spirit of revelation in regard to this and 20 other like sques-tions is in the reply of our Lord to him who asked, "Are there few that be saved?" and who got for answer "strive to enter in." I do not know how God will save the heathen; but I do believe most firmly that everyone of them, whether Buddist or Brahmin, whether Parsee or Mohammedan, everyone of them who up to the measure of the opportunity which God has given him serves and pleases God, the just and loving Father in heaven who can-

mething when we read that other sheep there are outside our fold. Them, also, in His own wise and good way, will God bring.

not but do right will save them. Surely it

means something when we are taught that

Christ, the Light, lighteneth every har-

THE ELEMENT OF COMPETITION. But it used to be said, as a second argument-and this argument has not yet quite vanished out of religious papers-it used to be said that we ought to be zealous about foreign missions, because other Christian communions are. The motive of competition brought in. Men's loyalty was appealed to. Unless we are watchful and ag-gressive these heathen will all be converted into Presbyterian or Methodist or Roman Catholic Christians, instead of into good Baptist or Episcopal Christians, as we might desire. The argument needs only to be bluntly stated to be proved unworthy. It is one of many strange positions which our unhappy divisions have made possible. What then is the motive of missions! Here it is in the words of the Great Missionary: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Christ said that. Christ looked out into the future, century by century, down to this day in which we live, and said that. We have inherited that. That is the great commission. That is the official marching order of the militant church. That is what the church is for. "Into all the world," "to every creature"—that means foreign mission work as plainly as if those two unpopular words were written right there in the Bible They meant foreign missions in the Middle Ages, when our own heathen and barbarian ancestors turned the battle-ax of Odin into the cross of Christ. They meant

the care of foreign missionaries, are able to help ourselves, are asked to lend the same kind of helping hand to somebody else. IT IS A COMMAND.

foreign missions a good deal more recently

A good Christian believes in foreign missions because he believes in Christian obedi-ence. Christ commanded foreign missions. Who will go in the face of that command? A good Christian believes in foreign missions because he believes in Christian truth. He believes that the Christian religion is true, and that no other religion on the face of the earth deserves that adjective. There is some spark of truth in every religion under beaven. There is truth in the creed of those poor Congo savages, out of whose country Stanley comes, who believe that in every village there are men who can contro the rainclouds, and whom a writer in one this month's magazines describes as som what less intelligent than the chimpanism Even they have truth in their religion. Bu there is only one religion which is true, an

that religion is the Christian. Foreign missionaries are sent out to teach men truth. We know what that truth has done for us. We want that same blossed, uplifting influence to get into every corner of the wide earth. We know what that truth is to us. We want to share that benediction, that strength, that consolation, with every needy, tempted, sinful and sorrowful man under God's sky. The good rowful man under God's sky. The good tidings of the love of God, the good tidings of the clearer revelation of God's truth and man's duty, the good tidings that in the midst of this blind and sinful race a blessed cross was set up 1,900 years ago, whence, as from a great world-pulpit, a Savier preached the love of the heavenly Father and the sinfulness of human ain, so that averybody could understand it, and nobedy could forget it; this is the message of mis

I ho will deny that such a message is worth while? GEORGE HODGES

Mu-t Have Reen Chained Down. Hingham, Mass., Journal.

There is a man now living at West Hingham who has an umbrella manufactured by the late Hon. Edward Carneau, of this every day getting settled, and every day having its character determined more and more toward good or toward evil; we have a vation. Beat it who can,