SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

CARPENTER'S GOSSIP

Senator Hearst as a Business Man and Speller.

INCREASE IN COPYRIGHTS.

Kennan's Siberian Experience Was a Financial Success.

ADVOCATES OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, February 22.

GEO. HEARST, the millionaire Senator from California, is bringing his mining knowledge to bear on the regions about Washington, and during the past week he has invested in some cannel coal veins in West Virginia, which, I am told, will make him another fortune. Thomas Jefferson Clunie, one of the new representatives from San Francisco, went with Hearst to make the purchase, and he tells the story. Said he:

"The trip taught me how Hearst made his fortune. It showed me that he was a sharp business man, and this West Virginia sale will give you a good insight into his character. We found the coal veins all right. There were several of them, each of which had its price and each of which contained a different variety of coal. The owners began to expatiate upon their virtues as soon as we arrived. The vein they particularly wanted to sell was 3,000 feet up the mountain side. They had samples of it at the foot of the hill, and the vein looked well from the distance. The samples were fine, the price was low, and I expected to see Hearst snap at the offer. As he did not I asked:

"'What's the matter, Senator?'

"'Well,' replied Senator Hearst, 'I don't like to buy a pig in a poke, and we had better crawl up and see that coal for ourselves before we discuss the price.'

"With that we climbed up to the vein, and Senator Hearst took a piece of the coal and lit it with a match. Cannel coal will burn like turpentine. The lump the Senator lit did burn when the match touched it, but a moment later it went out and the Senator said:

THE CLIMB WORTH THE WHILE.

"'There, Clunie, that's no good. There are other varieties of coal than cannel coal which will burn upon being lit, but the best cannel coal will continue to burn until it is reduced to ashes. This piece is not cannel at all, and I would not give a blank for this vein if we could get it for nothing.'

"We then sampled another vein, going through the same process. The Senator put a big chunk of carbon on the ground and lit it, and, as it cracked away, he watched as a mother does her firstborn. When it was half consumed I said: 'Well, Senator, are you satisfied now?'

"'No, I'm not,' replied Senator Hearst, and he kept his eyes on the blazing lump for fully ten minutes longer. At the end of that time the fire had died out and only a heap of gray ashes remained on the ground. Senator Hearst then said:

"'That settles it,' and he thereupon went to the West Virginian and bought the vein. It is a valuable property and it will probably make him a great deal of money. It was in this same way that he made millions in the gold mines of California. He looked at every mine he bought for himself, and the most of those he invested in he bought upon option, working them for six months, and if they paid out as represented buying them at the end of that time outright. The result was that he always made and never lost. Some call his good fortune luck. I call it brains."

WAS FIRST A STORE KEEPER.

"Where did Hearst come from?" said I.

"He was born in Missouri," replied Congressman Clunie. "His folks lived near St. Louis, and were well to do. Hearst began life by keeping store, but his health was poor and his business did not pay. He concluded to go West. He sold out his store for a promissory note of $1,000. This, in addition to his expenses, was the sum of his possessions when he started for California. It turned out to be worth only the paper on which it was written, and Senator Hearst still keeps it as an autographic curio. He went from Missouri to California, bought a pick and began at once to dig gold for himself. He was lucky from the first, and he soon accumulated a bag of gold representing at least $500,000. This gold was made up of dust, slag and good-sized nuggets, including some as big as your fist. He

Hearst as a Speller.

took it to San Francisco and deposited it with a banker named Lent. A few days later Lent's bank broke, and Hearst found himself poorer than when he came to California. He had scarcely the money to buy a new pick, but he borrowed enough to put himself on his feet, and his good fortune stayed with him. He kept on making money, and he has at times owned mines and mills on the Pacific coast which gave employment to 2,000 men and crushed 1,000 tons of ore every day.

THE SENATOR'S INTERESTS.

"He is still interested in mining and he has farms containing some of the finest blooded stock in the West. One of his farms has 40,000 acres. He is the owner of the San Francisco *Examiner*, and he has some of the fastest horses of the country. He has always been liberal in his gifts to the party and the Democrats gave him their unanimous minority vote for United States Senator when Stanford was elected by the Republicans."

Senator Hearst has been represented as an illiterate man, but Senator Frye tells a story that illustrates both his education and his pluck. He has not played cards among the bluffers of California for nothing, and, like many of his brother Senators, he is by no means averse to a bet. Not long ago he entered a well-known restaurant of San Francisco and on the blackboard at the back of the bar he saw the word "Bird" among the items of the bill of fare. It was spelled "Birde" and Hearst at once called up the keeper of the restaurant, who was a noted California character, and said:

"See here, Blank, that's a devil of a way to spell 'bird.' Don't you know any better than that? You ought to spell it 'b-u-r-d.'"

COULD SPELL IF MONEY WAS IN IT.

"I would have you understand, George Hearst, replied the restaurant keeper, "that I am just as good a speller as you, and I am willing to leave it to the best scholar in the room that you don't know any more about the matter than I do. In other words, I'll bet you a basket of champagne that you can't spell 'bird' the right way."

"Done," said Hearst.

"All right," said the man, "and here is a piece of paper for you to put it down in black and white."

With that he handed Hearst a sheet of brown paper, and Hearst with a stub pencil wrote out the letters:

"The right way to spell it is B-I-R-D."

"But," said the restaurant keeper, "you spelled it first with a 'u.'"

Senator Hearst threw himself back and looked the restaurant man in the eye. "And," said he, "did you think that I was blanked fool enough to spell 'bird' with a 'u' when there was any money up on it?"

THE WELL-POSTED LIBRARIAN.

I dropped into the Congressional Library this afternoon and asked Mr. Spofford as to the condition of the great American brain. Mr. Spofford is the man who gives out all the copyrights in the United States and every intellectual enterprise that starts must first come to him. He is a wiry little anatomy of skin, bone and brain with a face as dark as that of a Spaniard and with a body which is the personification of nervous activity. His forehead is broad, his eyes are as black as jet and his thick hair and beard are now tinged with grey. During the past 25 years he has by proxy contributed more to the *Congressional Record* than any man in Washington. Congressmen go to him for all sorts of information and get it. He has the title of every one of the half-million-odd books in the biggest library of the country on his tongue's end and he knows where to find information on

Edmunds and Spofford.

all topics from cooking to theology. He is a man of many literary friendships and there is scarcely an author in the country who does not know him. He hob-nobs with the Senators and when I entered the library old Father Jerome Edmunds was chatting soberly with him on the limitations of the infinite. Edmunds' bald pate was shining like the head of a boy's new drum and his severe eyes were jumping with enthusiasm as he argued with the librarian.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BRAIN.

He left a moment after I entered, and I went with Mr. Spofford into one of the narrow alcoves and talked with him as to our intellectual progress. "Yes," said he, "the great American brain steadily grows. We have more applications for copyrights every year, and there is a wonderful intellectual activity just now in the making of art, dramatic and musical works. A great deal of poetry is being written, and during the past year 41,000 literary inventions were entered into this intellectual patent office. A great part of our copyright now comes from syndicate newspaper letters, and I sometimes receive as many as 20 applications a day for such copyrights. The library is steadily growing, and we now have more than 625,000 volumes."

I asked as to the new library building. "It will be pushed as soon as the spring opens," replied Mr. Spofford, "and the people will be surprised at how fast we can build when we again get to work. We are now waiting for granite, but in one day last fall we laid 81,000 bricks, and on another day 89,000. The building is an imperative necessity, and it will be pushed along as fast as possible."

A FEW LITERARY PROJECTS.

Speaking of literary matters I understand that Henry Adams is still at work upon his history of the United States during Jefferson's administration. He has had four volumes of this work already published and Bancroft looked over the proofs and gave him his literary advice. The work as completed will be a very valuable one and Mr. Adams has the advantage of the valuable papers of John Quincy Adams and John Adams in the preparation of it.

The biography of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay is being prepared for book form. John G. Nicolay is editing the matter and reading the proofs and there is no doubt that he and Mr. Hay will make considerably more than the $50,000 which they received for the manuscript from the Century Company out of the sale of the book.

I see that George Kennan, the Siberian explorer, offers his valuable lots on Sixteenth street for sale. These are in the most advancing part of the Capital and they cost Kennan, I am told, $20,000. He will undoubtedly make something out of it.

Mr. Kennan is making cords of money out of his lectures. I chatted with Adee, the Assistant Secretary of State, about him the other day. He said:

KENNAN'S PRISON GARB.

"Kennan's suit of prison clothes and the iron chain which he brought with him from Siberia to America have already brought him $50,000, and they are adding to his bank account every night. At the close of every lecture he appears upon the stage in this prison garb, and he finds it a successful feature."

Major Pond, the lecture manager of New York, told me that Kennan was his best card. Said he: "I have booked more than $30,000 worth of contracts for him this season, and he is the best paying lecturer in the field. One of his secrets of success lies in the fact that he prepared himself well before going on the stage, and another is the splendid advertisement which the *Century* magazine has given him."

Doctor Burnett, the dark-eyed husband of Frances Hodgson Burnett, tells me that she is growing better in London and that she will return as soon as she is able to travel. She was preparing to come to America when she was thrown from the carriage, and she has been able to do no literary work to speak of since then. She has some plans mapped out for future work, but nothing in manuscript or in well-advanced preparation. Dr. Burnett says that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" paid very well as a book and as a play. Eighty thousand copies of the book were sold and it is still selling widely. The original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now in Washington going to school. It is or rather he is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Burnett.

A NEGRO'S THUMB.

The cartridge which Senator Ingalls received by mail from Mississippi a week ago brings to me a curious reminiscence of Secretary Stanton. It was during the stormiest days of the war, just before the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued, and when the colored man was the prominent factor in every man's mind. Stanton was sitting at his family table one evening, when a bundle of mail was brought to him direct from the postoffice. In it there was a little package of about the size of the box which held the cartridge received by Senator Ingalls. The package was opened, and inside the paper there was a long, round roll of linen cloth about an inch in diameter. Secretary Stanton took out the pin which held the roll and began to unwind it. He went on, and after two wrappers had been removed the ghastly thumb of a negro was found within. It had blooded the rag which was around it, and it had evidently been cut from a living man, or one who had but a few moments before the cutting died. The eye-witness of the opening tells me that the nail of the thumb was roughened as with hard work, and that the skin on the front of

Senator Hoar and Susan B. Anthony.

it was worn white by labor. He describes the disgust of the Secretary and his family, and says that the incident did not help the cause of the South with the gruff War Secretary.

THE FEMALE SUFFRAGISTS.

The women suffragists have captured the Capital. Elizabeth Cady Stanton trots about as though she owned Washington, Phœbe Couzins' eyes snap with grit and determination and Helen M. Gougar acts as though she weighed a ton. May Wright Sewell has put on her war paint and Susan B. Anthony is making scores of votes by her siege on the Congressmen in the Capitol committee rooms. Susan was 70 years old this month, but she looks no older than when I first met her years ago, and her eye is as bright and her brain is as clear as it was in the sixties. She has devoted her life to woman's rights and she has come into close association with the public men of the country for two generations. She is not a blusterer nor a notoriety-seeker and she has never cut off her hair. She dresses as well as any lady of Washington and she is fond of black silk as stiff as a board. She has the brain of a man rather than one of a woman, and her warm gray eyes look out through gold glasses in a very fetching way. I saw her chatting with Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol, this afternoon, and Hoar's face beamed with smiles, and his great round blue eyes popped out with kindness as he looked down upon her with a Horace Greeley air. To my mind he looked more like a grandmother than she did, and the picture might have served for a model for a great painting of the platonic affections of January and December. As I looked at them they were proudly rehearsing old times together, for both seemed decidedly tickled. I did not address either, but merely said to myself: "Oh, you giddy things," and walked away.

BANCROFT, THE HISTORIAN.

George Bancroft, the historian, is confined to his bed, and he has been sick for the greater part of the winter. He is not doing any literary work and he considers his life work done. He still plays whist occasionally and one night this winter he played the whole evening without making but one mistake, which is very good for a man nearly 90. His library is one of the most valuable in the country. It contains many rare manuscripts and it is, I am told, Mr. Bancroft's idea to have the Government purchase it at a fair appraisement at his death.

Ex-Senator Joseph E McDonald is practicing law in Washington. I saw him at the Capitol yesterday. He weighs 250 pounds and he says he is "solid from in to out." I asked him how he maintained his youthful vigor. He replied: "It comes from a good conscience and voting the straight Democratic ticket. These make me rest well at night, and I have as much iron in my blood as when I began to vote. I recommend the recipe to the young men of the present."

THE POPULAR EDITOR.

I hear that George W. Childs dictated the reminiscences which lately appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* to a newspaper reporter, and that the young man got $1,000 from the magazine for the job. Mr. Childs gave him the matter to help him along, and not to add to his own personal notoriety. Speaking of Mr. Childs, Colonel John Brownlow tells me that he made a fortune out of the Parson Brownlow book, which he published during the war. The book paid Parson Brownlow $20,000, and Mr. Childs, as publisher, must have got several times this amount.

Congressman Cogswell, of Salem, Mass., tells me that ex-Secretary Endicott has resumed the practice of the law. His shingle is out and he has two partners, and though he will probably not do much work himself, his name will add to the firm and his assistance will be given on big cases. The ex-Secretary spent his last summer in England with his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. He is well-to-do, and he lives very nicely at Salem.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

COURTING ON STREET CARS.

How Young Couples Escape the Vigilance of Angry Parents.

Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Love making?" said the conductor, "Oh, yes; I see a lot of that, too, and it does my old heart good. Why, there's many a young couple whose parents do not look favorably upon early marriage, or marriage at all, unless they make the selection, who do all their courting on the cars. The young lady will get on uptown, let us say, and a few blocks further down she will be joined by the young man. Their efforts to make it appear that the meeting is purely accidental are amusing to a high degree, but they don't blind old veterans such as I. I can spot 'em every time. Many a time I've seen one of these couples ride down very nearly to the ferry, get off and board another car bound uptown. They can keep it up all day if they feel so disposed and are not detected.

"I have known an angry father and an angry mother, too, on another occasion to appear on the scene just when they were least wanted. Nothing of an open nature occurred in the car, but I noticed that the lovers left as soon as they could do so with any degree of dignity, and from the light in the old folks' eyes I judged that there would be rough weather off coast for somebody before long."

Advantage of Having Small Hands.

New York Mail and Express.]

Do you know that women with very small hands have the advantage in the glove market? There is always an overplus of 5½s and they are sold cheap. A woman who can wear this number and can tell a good glove when she sees it—not a difficult thing to do if you have an eye for it—can always be well gloved almost for nothing. The sizes from 6 to 6¾, inclusive, are mostly sold to women.

THE FUTURE UTOPIA.

Shirley Dare's Idea of What Wanamaker Will do When President.

HIS PNEUMATIC TRAFFIC POST.

New York Ordering Things for Dinner From Chicago and St. Louis.

GOTHAM CLEAN, HEALTHY AND QUIET

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, February 22.—How would life seem if everything and everybody from its beginning were devoted to making things pleasant? Would the world be any worse for our partial happiness, or we be any worse for living in a safe, kind, healthful world? To say that health and soundness of mind, ease of fortune and good feeling are not the due and right conditions of life, is to say that disease and sin are the best, and we are to submit to them, and we know it is not so.

To study to make life easy for one's self and for others does not seem a very noble ambition, yet it may hold the principle of the most unselfish deeds, the most warm-hearted service to the world. It is questionable if enlightened selfishness has not more real consideration for others than much of the one-sided self-devotion which wears a little silver badge at its buttonhole and manages to lay a very large one on other people's shoulders, with the very best of motives.

Such thoughts were in my mind as the ferryboat neared the Battery landing at New York. How long the trip had been through the fog I cannot say; but that had lifted as the boat glided to the wharf; and it struck me as unusual that a fragrant breeze was blowing off shore, in place of the smell of bilge water. By good fortune, too, the boat glided surely to the wharf without shock or jar, depriving us of those instants of dread and recoil which are part of every day's experience with ferry passengers.

THE CITY SEEN IN A DREAM.

It seemed strangely quiet in the city; but that was probably on account of some funeral or celebration unknown to me, being a person who often as not misses reading the newspapers. It crossed my mind indeed to wish there might be a funeral every day, for the sake of quiet, as I walked up Broadway to the postoffice. There had been a very careful cleaning of the streets lately, I remarked, and the fragrance of Jersey florist gardens came gratefully on the unperverted air. One somehow missed the sense of clouding, gloom and grime which attends the entrance to a city, and I took up the day's work with a better heart.

I went into the city postoffice, lifting my skirts from habit to escape the dirty floors, but behold, all was clean and dustless as a college museum, and, more wonderful, no trace of grime soiled lintels or sills. I spoke in praise of the admirable order to the custodian at the door.

"Where is the dust to come from," he asked, and I looked around to reply. The soothing quiet of the city had made itself felt before, and I discovered that the great causes of noise and dust were both gone. There was no traffic in the streets where the concrete pavements lay as fresh as Philadelphia doorsteps. Not a horse car or team of any sort could be seen, no litter of any kind offended the senses, instead, the street boxes of flowers lined the sidewalks as far as eye could see, and the breath of the city was that of a garden.

NOISELESS ON BROADWAY.

Here and there little gay gilded iron pavilions of lightest open work, with striped awnings, sheltered the business of a vender of papers, household notions, fruits or fancy wares. Presently a light, open car with awning over it, glided swiftly by with the touch of a musical, clear bell, and went noiselessly up Broadway.

Everything goes by electricity, I said to myself, but I was behind the times.

The mail was uncommonly large, there being 350 letters on superfluous hair and cosmetics by the 10 o'clock post, but I had hardly time for a thrill of dismay when the obliging clerk said, "Of course you will have them sent to the house?"

I said, "I can't wait for the next delivery."

"They will be at the house before, or at the same time, if you take the pneumatic yourself. They are just dispatching the Western unlimited mail, perhaps you would like to see it."

A gilded gate unclosed and huge iron cylinders, one after another, shot into the dark opening which could be seen sloping cellarward, and flew off, as the cash boxes vanish at shopcounters.

"It is a great benefit to the country, having the new service," said the clerk, "the return mail is here again by 3 o'clock in the afternoon from Chicago."

"Return?" I managed to ask in surprise.

"Yes, that is, the orders are sent by telegraph, and the parcels are here by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The routine perhaps, interests you?" she said politely, for though obliging, the clerk was still a woman.

ORDERING GOODS FROM CHICAGO.

"The orders for goods are sent by morning telegraph to Chicago, by 7 o'clock, and the goods are selected, packed and received here by the middle of the afternoon. Many families order their flour, vegetables and beef from the Western central markets direct, and get them in time for dinner the same day. It is a great saving of expense and things come so fresh. We are pretty well up with the business at this end, for most of the mail just sent was ordered from Denning's & Stern's this morning for St. Louis ladies, who want things for the great reception to-night. The charm seems to be in getting up parties since the Pneumatic came in. It has revolutionized everything. There comes the New Jersey mail, the flower mail, I mean. The milk mail for the children's lunches is in by 12:30.

"Can you get it uptown by 1 o'clock?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, most of it goes direct to the houses, though some waits here on call. There, they have spilt the milk at the Gilsey House, and the cook wants more sent up for puddings before the eggs begin to fall. All right, delivered and received," she said as a silvery ting rang at her elbow from the transmitting wire. "Wonderful system that shoots the milk can on the pantry table and never sends to the wrong house."

"But I don't quite understand," I said. "Your mail seems to be mostly goods. Don't it interfere with the letters?"

ONLY LOVE LETTERS BY MAIL.

"People don't need letters as they used to," she said, "since every person has his private wire and talks to his correspondent direct. The telegraph and phonotelegraph have dispensed with writing, except for love letters, which it is still refined to send in the old silent way, by writing. But we have all we can do sending family supplies by the pneumatic underground across the continent. The country owes a debt of gratitude to President Wanamaker for establishing the pneumatic traffic post. Except the sending of grain by ships along the inter-State canals there is no commerce except by underground. Doesn't it make a delightful difference? I can hardly believe that I used to live when they had horse cars and wagons on the streets. Everything has been so much sweeter since they gave up teams and sewers. The railways, too, are so much nicer since they came to be used only for traveling."

I went up town pondering. A well-known door admitted me promptly to that wonder in a city house, a light, cheerful hall with a dressing room opening directly from it, also light, roomy, and furnished in agreeable taste with tiles and enamel, lovely Worcester and Carlesbad panels filling the sides. A large white bath of enameled metal showed in the room next it, where a jet of perfumed water played softly from a vaporizer. It was delightful to lay aside outer wraps and put oneself in trim without going upstairs, and I found that houses paid great attention to these lower dressing rooms, so that it was no penance to make use of them often.

OVERCHARGES AND TAXES ABOLISHED.

"How can you afford these lovely decorations?" I asked my friend one day afterward. "We always thought ourselves fortunate to have ornaments of these beautiful wares, and you line the walls of dressing rooms with them."

On which she pointed out to me all unnecessary expense, waste and overcharging had been abolished, from taxes to plumbers bills and the price of sugar, so that people could afford luxuries of taste they never thought of having before. But the charm of all houses was the absence of unmeaning, unnecessary ornament. You found the walls bare at first after our modern surfeit of color and pattern, but the colors were soft and satisfying in the plain spaces, and wherever the eye needed a little relief, it was there in some delicious corner or border painting, Japanesque, naturalistic, Arabesque, as it might be, harmonious enough to stimulate, never to weary the sight. Those enameled walls wore the surface of Doulton faience, in their tintings of fawn and silver, tea-rose and rose-crimson, April blues, turquoise, and grays of vapory distance shot with rich mellow color, ever a delight, so well fancied, so correctly and suavely drawn were all the scrolly and vignettes, the far reaching flowers or pine-feathered branches, airy shafts of cane or sedge or palm, the drifts of birds' plumes or falling flower petals. With these pictured walls one hardly noticed the simplicity of the floors, with beautiful borders and centers of wood fiber, treated to be elastic and noiseless as rubber yet patterned like Persian carpet. But the exquisite and pervading purity of the houses charmed and mystified me till my friend told me how it was secured.

COMPRESSED AIR INSTEAD OF BROOMS.

"No more sweeping, shaking and cleaning in the old way," she said. "You shall see how it is done?"

The knicknacks were taken out, one window opened, and the maid fixed a hose in position and turned on a jet of compressed air, which, with the force of hydraulic pressure, swept walls and floors, so that a microscope could hardly find a speck of dust behind. The jet of air was so controlled that it could be directed to the corners of window frames, clearing them of dust as with the point of a steel pencil. Playing on a parquet floor with a waxed rubber, it brought the wood to a mirror polish in a few minutes, and turned on a carpet not only took up all dust, but drove that before it, to the window, so that the room was swept and dusted, at once removing one great cause of disease. By the way, all the public buildings and streets were swept in this way, the dust of the city going via the pneumatic underground out to the Jersey barrens to feed the State timber growing there.

The soft equable temperature all over the house as night came on chill and sharp, was a pleasurable surprise. Never to know chill or ache is almost as blessed as to reach that land "where never wind blows loudly."

ALMOST AS GOOD AS NATURAL GAS.

The houses in the block all used the old-fashioned furnace for kerosene and water, the oil being fed through a fine pipe to a firebox of porous brick, into and through whose walls it filtered from the outside, filling the box with flame alone. Into this played a jet of vapor of water, which combining with the kerosene, raised a fierce heat, which could be controlled easily as a gas jet. Turned down to the least flame when the house was warm, it kept the temperature through the 24 hours without fluctuation and without care, the oil feeding itself from a reservoir outside the furnace room. The same fire heated ample supplies of water for baths and house uses, and kept a pretty conservatory warm all winter.

A peculiar brightness and purity of the air struck me as singular in a city house; moreover, no transfer of ashes or garbage took place at any hour of the day or night, all going from kitchen or bathroom in tight screw-capped metal cans by the pneumatic shaft in the cellar wall to the city grounds out in New Jersey sandhills.

EMPTIED, SCOURED AND RETURNED.

There the contents were emptied by airblasts, which returned every can clean and scoured, as by a sand blast, and they were ready to be whisked back again, flying into place with the precision of the little cash cylinders in shops by the air tubes. Sewage and wastes were composted for the State forests and the immense fields of espart grass grown for a thousand uses. For in place of timber, much use was made of compressed pulp, of which the railway ties, rails and wheels were made, and houses and furniture made. The old sloppy, dangerous sewage system was done away, the city drains having no other office than to carry off the rains and bath water, which was filtered with alum and used to sprinkle streets, being clear and inodorous as the Croton reservoir. One must have seen the workings of this new system to imagine its comforts and capabilities. But I have not told half my dream. SHIRLEY DARE.

LATEST OF THE ROSES.

A New Variety That is Most Beautiful and Also Hardy.

Farm and Fireside.]

One of the new and beautiful roses brought out this year is Vick's Caprice. It is indeed a novelty. It is a true hybrid perpetual rose and perfectly hardy. We are assured that it may be grown to perfection by the amateur equally as well as by the professional florist. The flowers are large, the

Vick's Caprice.

ground color a soft, satiny pink, distinctly dashed and striped with white and carmine. It is wondrously beautiful in the bud, too, being quite long and pointed, also showing the stripes and markings to great advantage, making it a valuable and desirable variety for cutting.

THE SEASON FOR CIGARS.

Christmas Brings Out the High Priced Smokers in Chicago.

Chicago Tribune.]

I went into a cigar store on the corner of Lake and Leavitt streets and asked the man for some cigars—two for a quarter. He said he hadn't any of that price cigar.

"There is only one time in the year," he continued, "when I have them. That is Christmas. Everybody smokes two for a quarter cigars then, and after that they either quit smoking altogether or else they smoke cheaper ones. Last Christmas the master mechanic of a certain railroad bought 40 boxes of the cigars you call for. I guess he has still some of them left. My cigar trade always falls off just after Christmas."

LEGENDS OF IRELAND.

Story of the Nine Princesses Who Were Changed Into Hazels.

THE NUTS THE SOURCE OF WISDOM.

How Fionn, the War Hero, Won the Beautiful Graine for His Bride.

RACE OF MAIDS UP A MOUNTAIN SIDE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Stored away in the musty tomes and illuminated manuscripts of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dublin, are myriads of legends, quaint and curious, connected with ancient Ireland—the Erin of poets and sages. And in the fresh, unfading treasurer houses of lonely glen and rocky height, these old stories live a dual life. The white haired seanachie tells them round the turf fire to the listening peasantry, and his fathers told them to high chief and noble dame, when harps were in hall and the red wine on the groaning board.

But alack and welladay! The aged seanachie must now relate his ballads and legends in the harsh Saxon tongue where once they flowed forth with all the musical intonations of graceful Gaelic. Still the thoughts and images are the same, and it is not from the want of a proper interpreter that the folklore of Erin loses anything.

A strange legend of the midland and southeastern counties is that of "The Salmon of All Knowledge." Far away, in the mist of ages, there was a certain mountain well high up in the purple Slieve Bloom Mountains, and this well was called Tubbern-a-Connla, or the spring of Connla. The sparkling waters bubbled to the surface all the day long, and then leaped out playfully through the flowering heather, and bounded down the rocky hillside to form a whispering rivulet far below. And this rivulet wound through moss and mire, waxing greater every moment, till it left the purple mountains altogether and flowed swiftly through a broad green valley, where a thousand other streams fed it and a thousand other springs brimmed its banks. Then under the sweeping branches of mighty trees and by noisy towns and stately palaces the river rolled onward and men called it the "Nore" or the "fair stream."

NINE DAUGHTERS OF A KING.

But up in the monntains, to the northward, trickled the little rill and bubbled the silver spring all day long. And around this well of Connla grew nine lovely hazel trees—once the nine lovely daughters of King Connla, whom, for fear of their deep learning, the Druids had changed into senseless hazels. Annually these nine trees brought forth blossom and fruit, but unlike all other hazels in the world, they brought forth the blossoms and the nuts at one and the same time. Now these nuts were of the richest crimson color, and within each dainty shell lay the nucleus of poetry, of literature or of art. And when the nuts had hung on these branches for nine days untouched—for no mortal ever ventured to the craggy hilltop where lay the well of Connla—they began to drop from the boughs into the well, raising by their fall bubbles innumerable on the clear surface. Some sank to the bottom, but the majority were borne with the stream down through the mountains into the fair green valley. At that time of year—for it was the spawning season—the river Nore was full of salmon, and these fish devoured the nuts of wisdom and poetry as they sailed down stream. Instantly over the bodies of the salmon burst out crimson spots like unto the color of the nuts. And, having eaten, the fish swam down the broad Nore toward the sea. Now all men who were lucky enough to

CATCH ONE OF THESE SALMON

who had eaten of the fruit of the nine hazel trees, and to partake thereof, were sure to become tuneful bards, or wise seanachies, or excellent craftsmen in gold and silver. For these salmon are called the "Salmon of All Knowledge." But for every one of these lovely fish that is permitted to escape to the sea, another fifty years is added to the period of Ireland's slavery.

Such is the remarkable legend of the Salmon of All Knowledge. The writer has seen Connla's Well in the Slieve Bloom, in fact he has eaten his breakfast on its mossy bank, after an excellent day's grouse shooting. There may at one time have been only nine hazel trees near the well, but at the time of the visit alluded to, the hazels had multiplied to hundreds; the whole hillside was covered with them. The stream still leaves the mountain well and jourdeys on till it becomes that poetic river which Spencer in his "Faerie Queen" calls "the stubborne Newre." The nuts still float down, and the salmon still gobble them up, but it the effects upon the lucky fisherman, are, as of old, there must be a great many geniuses wasting their sweetness on the air of the Nore Valley.

HOW FIONN WON HIS BRIDE.

Fionn MacCumhall, the great war hero of the Irish legends, and whose actual existence has long since been clearly proven, has had more songs and stories sung and told about his adventures than any other Irishman. Fionn's mighty fortress, lay at the top of Slieve-na-mon, a lovely mountain, in the south of Tipperary. Slieve-na-mon became the rebel headquarters in 1848, and it was the center of the guerilla warfare of two centuries. Well, while mighty Fionn was resting in his mountain hold, with his trusty Knights around him, it suddenly occured to him that he should like a wife. So, in order that the maidens of the surrounding country should not be jealous, because of his selecting any one in preference to another, he sent for the whole of them, and placing them in his camp, scrutinized their features intently. It required little time to tell him that one of them, the beauteous Graine, was not only the loveliest woman there, but also the loveliest in all green Erin. Yet it would not do to select Graine. Fionn was, like many another mighty chieftain, mortally afraid of women's tongues. So he declared that all maidens who wished for his hand should run a race up the steep sides of Slieve-na-mon, the winner of the race to be his wife. Away went the ladies to prepare, and Fionn secretly sent a message to Graine, advising her not to run hard, but to husband her strength until the last moment.

SHE RAN LIKE THE WILD DOE.

The advice was taken. While all the other maidens utterly exhausted themselves by their wild efforts to run up the mountain, Graine trudged steadily by an easy path. Presently the swifter runners began to give way. Many fell fainting among the rocks and heather; others were forced to rest by the wayside.

"Then Graine," says the old poem, "kilted up her grass-green skirts and ran like the wild doe at the sound of the hunter's horn." She vanquished all competitors, and was the first over the battlements of Fionn's castle. The nuptials were soon afterward celebrated with great pomp and splendor. The thousand hills of Erin glowed with fires to Bel, the sun god, and far and wide king and chief and peasant were glad at heart. BRENAN.

The Newsboy Got Even.

Chicago Tribune.]

"Mornin' paper, sir?" sung out the newsboy. "Only 2 cents."

"Here's 5 cents, sonny," replied the facetious customer. "Keep the 3 cents, buy a cake of soap with it, and give your face a washing."

The newsboy handed back the change with great dignity. "Keep the change yourself, sir," he said, "and use it in buying a book on decorum, sir!"

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Bryngelly, on the Welch coast. Geoffrey Bingham, a very promising young London barrister, is taking an outing at Bryngelly with his little daughter, Effie, and Lady Honoria, his titled wife. She married him for an expected fortune, which did not materialize, has little wifely feeling, frets about poverty, and makes her husband generally miserable. Geoffrey is cut off by the tide one day, and Beatrice Granger, the charming, beautiful, but somewhat eccentric, daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, undertakes to row him ashore. The canoe upsets, and Geoffrey is knocked senseless. Beatrice rescues him, and he is taken to the vicarage to recover. Here Lady Honoria and Geoffrey have several scenes, after which the former bundles off to Garsington to visit wealthy relatives, leaving Effie with her papa. Geoffrey and Beatrice learn to admire each other. 'Squire Owen Davies, honest, stupid and very rich, is madly in love with Beatrice. She can scarcely bear his society. Elizabeth, Beatrice's sister, is ambitious to become Mrs. Owen Davies. The latter makes up his mind the crisis is at hand, and appoints a meeting with Beatrice. The girl, of course, rejects him, but, touched by his wretchedness, she gives him the privilege of asking again in a year, though holding out no hope. Elizabeth, from a hiding place, sees the meeting. After Beatrice goes she comes to Owen and he tells her Beatrice has refused him. This is her opportunity and she plots accordingly.

CHAPTER XIII.

GEOFFREY'S LECTURE ON RELIGION.

Meanwhile Beatrice was walking homeward with an uneasy mind. She had, it is true, succeeded in postponing it a little, but she knew very well that it was only a postponement. Owen Davies was not a man to be easily shaken off. She almost wished now that she had crushed the idea once and for all. But then he would have gone to her father, and there must have been a scene, and she was weak enough to shrink from that, especially while Mr. Bingham was in the house. She could well imagine the dismay, not to say the fury, of her money-loving old father if he were to hear that she refused—actually refused—Owen

GEOFFREY'S HIDING PLACE IN THE ROCKS.

Davies, of Bryngelly Castle, and all his wealth.

Then there was Elizabeth to be reckoned with. Elizabeth would assuredly make her life a burden to her. Beatrice little guessed that nothing would suit her sister's book better. Oh, if only she could shake the dust of Bryngelly off her feet! But that, too, was impossible. She was quite without money. She might, it is true, succeed in getting another place as mistress to a school in some distant part of England, were it not for an insurmountable obstacle. Here she received a salary of £75 a year; of this she kept £15, out of which slender sum she contrived to dress herself; the rest she gave to her father. Now, as she well knew, he could not keep his head above water without this assistance, which, small as it was, made all the difference to their household between poverty and actual want. If she went away, even supposing that she found an equally well-paid post, she would require every farthing of the money to support herself; there would be nothing left to send home. It was a pitiable position; here was she who had just refused a man worth thousands a year quite unable to get out of the way of his importunity for the want of £75, paid quarterly. Well, the only thing to do was to face it out and take her chance. On one point she was, however, quite clear; she would not marry Owen Davies. She might be a fool for her pains, but she would not do it. She respected herself too much to marry a man she did not love—a man she positively disliked. "No, never!" she exclaimed, aloud, stamping her foot upon the shingle.

"Never what?" said a voice within two yards of her.

She started violently and looked round. There, his back resting against a rock, a pipe in his mouth, an open letter on his knee and his hat drawn down almost over his eyes, sat Geoffrey. He had left Effie to go home with Mr. Granger, and, climbing down a sloping place in the cliff, had strolled along the beach. The letter on his knee was one from his wife. It was short, and there was nothing particular in it. Effie's name was not even mentioned. It was to see that he had not overlooked it that he was reading the note through again. No, it merely related to Lady Honoria's safe arrival, gave a list of the people staying at the Hall—a fast lot, Geoffrey noticed a certain Mr. Dunstan, whom he particularly disliked, among them—and the number of brace of partridges which had been killed on the previous day. Then came an assurance that Honoria was enjoying herself immensely, and that the new French cook was "simply perfect;" the letter ending "with love."

"Never what, Miss Granger?" he said again, as he lazily folded up the sheet.

"Never mind, of course," she answered, recovering herself. "How you startled me, Mr. Bingham! I had no idea there was anybody on the beach."

"It is quite free, is it not?" he answered, getting up. "I thought you were going to trample me into the pebbles. It's almost alarming when one is thinking about a Sunday nap to see a young lady striding along, and then suddenly stop, stamp her foot, and say, 'No, never!' Luckily I knew that you were about or I should really have been frightened."

"How did you know that I was about?" Beatrice asked a little defiantly. It was no business of his to observe her movements.

"In two ways. Look!" he said, pointing to a patch of white sand. "That, I think, is your footprint."

"Well, what of it?" said Beatrice, with a little laugh.

"Nothing in particular, except that it is your footprint," he answered. "Then I happened to meet old Edward, who was loafing along, and he informed me that you and Mr. Davies had gone up the beach; there is his footprint—Mr. Davies' I mean—but you don't seem to have been very sociable, because here is yours right in the middle of it. Therefore you must have been walking in Indian file, and a little way back in parallel lines, with quite 30 yards between you."

"Why do you take the trouble to observe