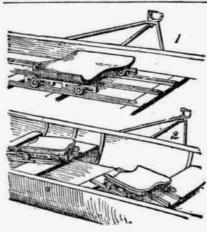
Paper Not so Good as Cedar When it Comes

to a Matter of Speed.

not American oarsmen as well? Till now our crews who have met with defeat. They have en-

boats built on a different method that was far ahead of our own. This has been all the more apparent from the fact that many of the amateur crews on the Thames showed they were able

oarsmen were slow to change their methods. They didn't want to imitate the English crack professionals were quick to grasp the idea that the lightest and swiftest shells



The Old and the New.

were of cedar, and that very much depended upon the rig. Others, principally ama-teurs, clung to papier mache boats for singles and doubles. And so the war between paper and wood went on, in an inter mittent fashion, each side having its advo Yale, Harvard and the colleges generally took a languid interest in it, and gave more attention to training than to the material or rig of the boats.

There is a prospect that the coming season will witness a revolution in American boating methods. Racing clubs everywhere are interesting themselves in the new departure boats to some extent. The old-fashioned sliding seat set in grooves has given away to the roller seat which moves on wheels. It is no longer to be in the center of the boat, immediately over the keel, but on the side, and it will have an oblique motion to correspond with the natural motion of the body in the

DIFFERENT FROM THE ENGLISH. With this improved side-rig, which will mer. Many of the oldest oarsmen opposed the change at first, just as they opposed the introduction of the adjustable rowlock and the sliding seat years ago, but they have come to regard the new rig in a different light since seeing it in use by experts on the Harlem and by some of the college crews. The sweeps used with the new rig are of the Donohue pattern, those for shells being 12 feet long and 22x7 inches in the blade. The blade in the best is ribbed and grooved, so that it may have a better hold of the water a plain blade often proving too flexible in strong tides. The sweeps for sculls are nine ong, the blade being the same as in the shells. They are all made of spruce, fully seasoned. These have the largest blades of

ing that the man with the larger blade has American oarsmen are still undecided whether paper or cedar is the better material or racing shells. At the present time there is not one eight-oared shell of wood of Amer ican make in use in this country. On the other hand, very nearly all the singles and doubles are of cedar. The great champions, with one exception, have all won their vic tories in shells of wood. Hanlan, Teemer, O'Connor and Searle would think of using Courtney, who clung to the paper boat, has met with indifferent success. All the cham-

> and stern of your shell. Any carsman ought to tell by glancing at the stern whether his boat is in shoal or deep water. If he wants

> > Light and Heat Produce Movements Visible by Microscope.

Mr. F. Newham, in the January number servations on vegetable protoplasm, which nature with the aid of the microscope. As form of protoplasm, to have recourse to the vegetable cell. The physiology or vegetable protoplasm is the simplest form of living function with which we are acquainted, and food products by the activity of vegetable

protoplasm. The motile power of protoplasm is very

When protected from external forces, as in the case of buried seeds, tubers, roots, rhizomes, buds, etc., or when the activity or quantity of these forces are diminished, a in winter, protoplasm enters upon a coudi-tion in which most of its distinguishing functions are suspended in repose. Its mar velous powers beccome dormant and latent. it ceases to build, construct, increase, or ap-

propriate pabulum, and simply lives. Secrets of the Senators. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Residents and Non-Residents Have Always Liked Our City. BETWEEN THE EAST AND WEST.

Conservatism of Old Cities.

"Why are Pittsburgers so fond of Pittsburg? Sure enough; why are they? I never

thought of the question until it was put to me the other day, and I found that to answer it by analysis was a rather difficult matter. There is a mountain town in California concerning which the inhabitants say, or used to say: "If you come once, you'll come again; if you come again, you'll stay forever.' The saying could not be applied literally

to Pittsburg, but it could be made to fit very well. Its people are very fond of it, and their fondness "keeps" through every sort of weather. I have met old Smoky children in many far-away places-within sight of the Pacific Ocean, on the prairies o the Northwest, on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, in New York, in Phila-delphia, where not?—and never one of them but had tender memories and loving words for the grimy parent left behind.

Some of them had gone afar in pursuit of

the fugitive dollar we all pursue; and some were in pursuit of the health which for some of us is equally fugitive; but all had the habit of looking toward the smoke-cloud at the Ohio river's starting place. Now what is the charm?

WITH ALL THY FAULTS.

For one thing, "home is home, if it's a hole in the ground," but that does not answer all the question. The spell has taken strong possession of many people who never lived in Pittsburg at all; who have only visited there from time to time, but who have stayed long enough to be inoculated with the subtle influence.

With these the taste has been acquired, like that for olives or tobacco. And it was very probably preceded by a strong dislike. For in the smoky days of old, Pittsburg was not fascinating through first impressions. It was rather discouraging than otherwise. The darkness of it; the dinginess of it; the uncomfortable sense of being constantly begrimed-all these served to make the final triumph more wonderful; for they were very dispiriting, and produced an impre

very hard to overcome. And in wet weather, the mud! Never anywhere else was there anything quite like the old-time mud of Pittsburg. Not only did it stick closer than any plaster ever in vented, but when you finally got it off it leit grease spots on the garments. The oil of precipitated smoke combined with the elements of street dirt to form a compound which would have broken the heart of washer-woman not native to the place. Ye n spite of all this strangers learned to like

Pittsburg. OLD-TIME AFFECTION.

And it is a curious fact that the warmest manifestations of the affection spoken of are for the city as it was when these conditions prevailed—the time before natural gas had done the work it was ordained to do. It was for the old city, not the new, that the wandering citizens—yes, and many of the citizens who have never wanderedtheir words of love.

They all admire the new order of things immensely; they are glad the new order has come, and wax proud and boastful of their city as it now is. But somehow they say the old feeling was different. It was more intimate, more individual, more responsi ble, more affectionate. The people lived closer together then. The individual was o more account. The town was a community and people knew each other and took in-terest in each other's affairs.

Observe that the affection did not at all depend upon the smoke and the grime and the mud. It existed in spite of them. No-body wants them back again. But they were characteristic of the time when the other and more subtle conditions prevailed and so will always be fondly with the Pittsburg which won the affections

of the graybeards.

Well, there is this to consider in connection with the graybeards the whole world over. No swan of to-day is so white and graceful as was the gray waddling goose of their young time; no sunrise this year will be half so radiant as the murkiest sunrise was when they were 25 years younger. They will not be quite comforted because the present is not the past.

THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY. But bless you! The youth of to-day will talk about the Pittsburg of to-cay in precentury from now. So some allowance must be made for this retrospective fond-Also, a little allowance must be made for the inevitable penalty which growing greatness has to pay — the penalty of being pushed and crowded out of the intimate relations which belonged to its more modest and compact period. And after all has been granted it will be discovered that Pittsburgers still like Pittsburg pretty much in the old And why not? The reasons for the liking remain essentially the same. There are some new conditions to become used to, but they are outside and do not reach to the

center of things.

At heart the old town is the same that it was years ago. It can only change radically when the people change radically. They have not so changed as yet, and let u all hope they won't.

"Pittsburg is detestable, with its smoke

and its dirt and its perpetual clatter of iron; but the people here are delightful, and I like the place!" I heard an Eastern man say years ago, and I have no doubt he would now leave "detestable" out of his verdict

He had answered the whole puzzling question. The people gave flavor and quality to the place, just as they do now, and as they do always and everywhere. You see Pittsburg has a rank and character unique among American cities. It is the beginning of the West for Eastern people, and it is the beginning of the East for West-ern people. In reality it is the first West-

ern city. The Allegheny Mountains set off the East like a wall. Beyond them the West begins. ist, seeing that animals are sustained by the PARTLY WESTERN AND PARTLY EASTERN Of course human nature is the same at

heart everywhere; but it has different ways of manifesting itself. And the Eastern way is not the Western way by a very great deal. Still there are things about the Western way which Eastern people find that they like when the chance is given them. Now, I don't suppose that Pittsburgers ever suspect themselves of having Western ways; but they have them nevertheless in a very pleasant degree. That is the great reason why they like each other so much. The shell on them is thin and of small compass, not dense and all concealing. They habitually reach out beyond it in all directions, and very rarely encase themselves in it armadillo fashion. The quali-ties of head and heart which they possess they do not hesitate to show frankly. If they like they manifest their liking, and do not leave the object of it standing in doubt on the other side of a veil of opaque reserve. They are cordial and hospitable, and are heartily frank in their cordiality and hospitality, and not being averse to letting their teelings and preferences appear on the surface. All this is not saying that they are not warmer at heart than are many people who habitually practice reserve. It is a difference in manner and method, that is all.

That is a Western trait. But on theother hand Pittsburg is an old and well estab-lished place a place of cultivation and of social refinements, to say nothing of wealth and luxury. Its pace was long ago settled.

With its freedom and heartiness and MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT. is no rawness—none of the wildness and "wooliness" which Eastern people generally associate with the word "Western."

them. And therefore it is that strangers as well as Pittsburgers like old Pittsburg.

And yet, after all has been said and done,

Bumbalo Thinks the Taxation Pro-ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE LIKE US. viso Will Ruin the Library. It you are personally all right you can take your place in Pittsburg without having to show a diagram of your social status. And on the other hand, if you are personally all right you can take your place in

CONSTITUTIONALITY QUESTIONED. Pittsburg without having to show a diagram

Endowment the Only Way to Make Such of your bank account. Both Eastern people and Western people find these facts pleas-ant when they become a little accustomed to Institutions Permanent.

THE NEED OF A POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has renewed his offer to Pittsburg of a library or a series of libraries to cost \$1,000,000 or more, in which to keep books of every class, so that the impecunious may feast their mental appetites, and, like Mark Tapley, "come out strong" in all of the sciences and arts treated on in the multitudinous books to be found in well assorted libraries.

The general public at once goes mad and takes no thought of anything but the grand buildings which are to be built up in the city. Everybody is a committee to select sites for these buildings, and the locations recommended indicates a larger degree of mental aberration than was thought possible. The whole female population seems ten already how to dust thoroughly. And to be excited on the subject, and, as is usual then there's no comfort in managing it. I with them they, don't think that this library or system of libraries will cost the taxpayers a nice penny before they get through with them. It is now mentioned in connection with the libraries that the city or the taxpayers will be required to pay \$40,000 per annum for the maintenance of these luxuri ous buildings. Does it seem possible that there is any power in the City Councils to lay a tax on the people to pay the expenses of every building which liberal men like Mr. Carnegie choose to crect? Does it seem probable that the Legislature has any right to say that the people of Pittsburg or any other people shall be taxed for a public building that is not a necessity?

QUESTIONS THE FAIRNESS.

If it were a straight-out gift to the city the giver should pay the expenses in addi-tion to the gift, but as there is a provision that the people of Pittsburg shall pay \$40,000 per annum for its suppor it don't look like a fair thing, for the poor man who lives away back in the hills, who never has time to read, or who would never read if he had time, or for the man who cannot read, that he should be taxed for the support of a library. So might he as well be taxed for churches and their support and

for the pastor's salary.

It is claimed that this is an educational matter. It is not educational in the strict sense of the word, for novels are not educa-

appropriate money to build outright a general college, like Yale or Harvard, and hay the whole expenses of the same under general tag, attou, under the plea that it is educational in its character and a necessity to the general public

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

District libraries were established about 1830 for the schools in several Northern States. But although they had the assistance of State appropriations they generally succumbed after a few years of struggling cristence. Mercantile libraries were then started in most of the larger cities, founded of merchanis and their clerks principally, which were to be sustained by admission or annual fees; but they have nearly all fallen into decay. They have either become fossiliferous or have died altogether after herculean struggles and many sacrifices by their more enthusiante supporters, and the fact stands out in giffing characters that libraries cannot live without endowments or State and. Those which live the longost have the most vigorous management, but it is only a matter of time with the best of them.

and endow the institutions with the balance, the libraries would endure as long as the en-dowment lasted; otherwise they will soon go as other presents to cities sometimes go, for pur-poses other than that intended, within 50 years of their dedication, as, for instance, the Allegheny cow pasture, and the many small parks which have been presented to Pittsburg by he-eral-minded people in times past, but which have entirely disappeared from the knowledge of the needs.

The enthusiasm of the time will soon pass, The buildings will become political plums, and the charge of them will become pay for political services. The taxpayer will become tired of the oad he has to carry, and the very sight of the libraries will become loathsome and will make intraries will become loathsome and will make constant discontent to everybody but the poli-ticians. People will crowd into them for a while as curiosity seekers, but they will only be a nine days' wonder. The cause is known; the effect will be excuse for additional taxation and

notes in his diary:
"It was sharp cold, ye Wind Piercing, ye sled goes over ye tops of Walls and Fences. There were so many persons with snow-shoes—ye Corps was carried on a Bier on

it Was Named After.

After He Had Got I: All He Visited the Man

Paul and called on Judge Flandrau. "I now own the town of Flandrau, Dak.," said the pickerel statesman. "I have come all way down here to introduce myself. My name is Pettigrew. If I like von I shall retain the present name of the town.

If I don't like you, the name shall be changed." The town of Flandrau still exists.

A MEMENTO OF CARLYLE.

Characteristic Portrait of the Great Author Taken Fifteen Years Ago.

A new and characteristic portrait of Car-



years ago, and shows the sage indulging in the solace of a pipe. On his right is Dr. John Carlyle, the accomplished translator of Dante's "Divine Comedy;" on the lett is Carlyle's niece, Miss Mary Aitken, now Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, Carlyle was once a schoolmaster at Kirkealdy, and often visited the place after he became famous. It was on the occasion of one of these visits

How Tourgee Absorbs Novels. New York Evening Tork World. 1

Judge Tourgee, the author, lives in comy old house, in Mayville, N. Y. He is very rapid reader and is said to be able to

tional, and it is well known by librarians that more than one-half of the books taken from a library are novels.

Article 3, section 7 of the Constitution sags that the General Assembly cannot pass a local law, special in its purposes. Would it not be a local law, special in its purposes, to assess such an enormous sum to keep up a magnificent building, or buildings, for the benefit of a few people and the argrandizement of the cits or copies. people and the aggrandizement of the city or individual. The Supreme Court would hardly approve of any such appropriation of the peo-ple's money. As well might the City Councils

These which live the longest have the most vigorous management, but it its only a matter of time with the best of them.

If Mr. Carnegie proposes to give a "Carnegie library" building without books or income, and compel every poor or illiterate man in this city, who can have no interest in it, to help keep it up without pleasure or benefit to himself or family, it would be an injustice, which it is very likely the courts will be called upon to remedy. If Mr. Carnegie would put less money in the buildings and endow the institutions with the balance.

A PESSIMISTIC PREDICTION.

a nine days' wonder. The cause is known; the effect will be excuse for additional taxation and political jobbery.

In the rosy light of the fine buildings which are to be added to the city, men are not thinking of dangers ahead, but all run like the boy after the butterfly, until they fall over the precipice to flounder in the ocean, and their efforts at extrication become hopeless. Some of our ladies have expressed the wish that Mr. Carnegie would add a large music hall to his central library, which is very much needed in this city; but would it not soon be confined to the edification of the "100," and would not the poor man, or the poorly dressed man, soon get the cold shoulder from the officials and from those whom he would rub against in that music hall? And would not his wife or daughter get the cold shivers from the strong glare they would receive from the fashionably attired females they would come in contact with? It would not take very long for the poorer classes to know or feel that their presence was entirely unnecessary. That would make it more of a burden to the general taxpayer than the plain library building, and would throw the poor people into general diaquiet and unrest.

ENDOWING THE LIBRARY.

ENDOWING THE LIBRARY.

If Mr. Carnegie wants to benefit this community, in which he grew up to manhood and made his money, he would do so in a far more perpetual way by endowing his buildings. That ould call forth pæans of praise perpetually, while if the people have to give of their hard earnings, they will do so grudgingly and with indignation at the man who brought these extra taxes upon them. There is no salve that cures the wounds made by excessive taxation. Many of the best business men and financiers of the city have expressed the opinion that what is wanted in Pittsburg far more than libraries, is a polytechnic school or an industrial school for boys. The apprentice system has, of late years, gone out of existence, and a boy cannot learn his trade as he formerly could. If Mr. Carnegle or any other public minded citizen would donate \$1,000,000 for that purpose a site could be purchased and a splendid school building or buildings erected which would accommodate 500 boys for \$200,000, and thus would leave the interest on \$800,000, which at 5 per cent amounts to \$40,000, as an endowment which would educated hundreds of our young men every year to the very trades which are most common among us, and at the same time give them a good solid education in other percent beneated. earnings, they will do so grudgingly and with

cates inindrees of our young men every year to
the very trades which are most common among
us, and at the same time give them a good solid
education in other material branches.

The increasing trade and activity in this city
call out loudly for educated skill in all
branches of mechanics and of the arts and sciences. Most of our skilled mechanics are from
other cities, and many are from abroad. A
well-known employer brings all of his skilled
mechanics from the East and West, and has to,
for this market fails him. He cannot get the
man he wants when he wants him, if at all, in
Pittsburg, and consequently he goes away
from home for his help.

BUMBALO.

The Hog Isn't in It.

Detroit Free Press.] At a recent dinner, given to see how much

a man could possibly eat, there were 200 different dishes, and five of the eight guests tasted of them all. There is no use for a hog to expect to beat a man who sets his heart on getting ahead.

Destroys Beauty, Then Complains Washington Post.]

clerk was talking to the solicitor be-Bother it, he is coming," thought Geof-

But no the solicitor bending forward in formed him that the Attorney General had ocen unavoidably detained by some important Government matter, and had returned

'Well, we must get on as we can," Geoffrey said. "I you continue like that we shall get on very well," whispered the solicitor, and then Geoffrey knew that he was doing well. "Yes, Mr. Bingham," said His Lord-

Then Geoffrey went on with his state-At lunch time it was a question whether another leader should be briefed. Geoffrey said that so far as he was concerned he could

get on alone. He knew every point in the case, and he had got a friend to "take a note" for him while he was speaking. After some hesitation the solicitors de-cided not to brief Iresh counsel at this stage of the cause, but to leave it entirely in his

It would be useless to follow the details of this remarkable will suit, which lasted two days and attracted much attention. Geoffrey won it, and won it triumphantly. His address to the jury on the whole case was long remembered in the courts, rising as it did to a very high level of forensic eloquence. Few who saw it ever forgot the sight of his handsome face and commanding presence as he crushed the case of his oppo-nents like an eggshell, and then with calm and overwhelming force denounced the woman who with her lover had concocted the cruel plot that robbed her uncle of life and her cousins of their property, till at the

last, pointing towards her with outstretched hand, he branded her to the jury as a mur-Few in that crowded court have forgotten the 'ragic scene that followed, when the trembling woman, worn out by the long anxiety of the trial and utterly unperved by her accuser's brilliant invective, rose from her seat and cried: "We did it—it is true that we did it to get the money, but we did not mean to frighten him to death," and then sell fainting to the ground—or Geoffrey Bingham's quiet words as he sat down: "My and and gentlemen of the jury, I do not think it necessary to carry my case any

There was no applause the occasion was too dramatically solemn, but the impression made upon both the Court and the outside public, to whom such a scene is peculiarly

fitted to appeal, was deep and lasting. Geoffrey himself was under little delusion about the matter. He had no conceit in his composition, but neither had be any false modesty. He merely accepted the situation as really powerful men do accept such events

with thank ulness, but without surprise. He had got his chance at last, and like any other able man, whatever his walk of life, he had risen to it. That was all. Most men cet such chances in some shape or form, and are unable to avail themselves of them, Geoffrey was one of the exceptions; as Beatrice had said, he was born to succeed. As he sat down, he knew that he was a made

So Geoffrey thought and felt. The thing was to be done and he had done it. Honoria should have money now; she should no longer be able to twit him with their pov-erty. Yes, and a better thought still, Beatrice would be glad to hear of his little tri-

He reached home rather late. Honoria was going out to dinner with a distinguished cousin, and was already dressing. Geoffrey had declined the invitation, which was a short one, because he did not think that he would be back from chambers in time to avail himself of it. In his enthusiasm. however, he went to his wife's room to tell

Well," she said, "what have you been doing? I think that you might have arranged to come out with me. It does not look well my going out so much by myself. Oh, I forgot; of course you are in that "Yes-that is, I was. I have won the

her of the event.

case. Here is a 'ery fair report of it in the St. James' Gazette if you care to read it." "Good heavens, Geoffrey! How can you expect me to read all that stuff when I am

Will you? I am glad to hear it; perhaps we shall be able to escape from this borrid fiat if you do. There, Anne! Je vous l'ai bien dit, cette robe ne me va pas bien.' 'Mais, milady, la robe va parfaite-

That is your opinion," grumbled Lady Honoria. "Well, it isn't mine. But it will have to do. Good night, Geoffrey; I dare say that you will have gone to bed when I get back," and she was gone. Geoffrey picked up his St. James' Gazette ith a sigh. He lelt hurt, and knew that he was a tool for his pains. Lady Honoria

was not a sympathetic person; it was not fair to expect it from her. Still he felt hurt. He went upstairs and heard Effic her pray-"Where has you been, daddy?-to the Smoky Town?" The temple was euphem-

You go to the Smoky Town to make end and butter, don't you, daddy?"
"Yes, dear, to make bread and butter." "And did you make any, daddy?"

Yes, Effic, a good deal to-day, en where is it? In your pocket?" 'No. love, not exactly. I won a big lawsuit to-day, and I shall get a great many pennies for it." " answered Effie, meditatively, "I

am glad that you did win, daddy. You do to win, doesn't you, daddy dear ?" "Then I will give you a kiss, daddy, be-cause you did win," and she suited the ac-

tion to the word. Geoffrey went from the little room with a softened heart. He dressed and ate some Then he sat down and wrote a long letter to Beatrice, telling her all about the trial, and not sparing her his reasons for adopting each particular tactic and line of argument

And though his letter was four sheets in length, he knew that Beatrice would not be bored at having to read it. CHAPTER XVIII.

which conduced to the great result.

THE RISING STAR. As might be expected, the memorable case of Parsons and Douse proved the turning point in Geoffrey's gareer, which was thencetorward one of brilliant and startling success. On the very next morning when he Frenched his chambers it was to find three heavy briefs awaiting him, and they proved to be but the heralds of an uninterrupted flow of lucrative business. Of course he was not a Queen's Counsel, but now that his great natural powers of advocacy had become generally known, solicitors trequently employed him alone, or gave him another junior, so that he might bring those powers to bear upon juries. Now it was, too, that Geoffrey reaped the fruits of the arquous legal studies which he had followed without cessation from the time when he found himself thrown upon his own resources, and which had made a sound lawyer o him, as well as a brilliant at was generally recognized that the sent which had been considered hopeless was which had been considered hopeless was

Thus it came to pass that, about three eks after the trial of Parsons and Douse, Geoffrey's uncle, the solicitor, died, and to his surprise let him £20,000, "believing," he said in his will, which was dated three of this single division, and therefore of days before the testator's death, "that this the country at large, held the Governsum will assist him to rise to the head of his | ment policy in particular horror. Letters

Now that it had dawned upon her that her husband really was a success, Honoria's manner toward him modified very considerably. She even became amiable, and once or twice almost affectionate. When Geoffrey told her of the £20,000 she was radi ing engine known to political science was brought to bear to forward the fortunes of

"Why, we shall be able to go back to either side.

Bolton street now," she said, "and as luck As time to the street now," she said, "and as luck as time to the street now," she said, "and as luck as time to the street now," she said, "and as luck as time to the street now," she said, "and as luck as time to the street now," she said, "and as luck as time to the street now," she said, "and as luck as the stree

will have it, our old house is to let. I saw bill in the window yesterday."
"Yes," he said, "you can go back as soon

"And can we keep a carriage?" "No, not yet; I am doing well, but not well enough for that. Next year, if I live, you will be able to have a carriage. Don't begin to grumble, Honoria. I have got £150 to spare, and it you care to come round to jeweler's you can spend it on what you

"Oh, you delightful person!" said his So they went round to the jeweler's and Lady Honoria bought ornaments to the value of £150, and carried them home and hung over them, as another class of woman might bang over her first-born child, admiring them with a tender ecstacy. Whenever he had a sum of money that he could afford to part with Goeffrey would take her thus to a jeweler's or a dressmaker's and stand by coldly while she bought things to its value. Lady Honoria was delighted. It never entered into her mind that in a sense he was taking a revenge upon her, and that every resh exhibition of her rejoicings over

the good things thus provided added to his contempt for her. Those were happy days for Lady Hon oria- She rejoiced in the return of wealth like a schoolboy at the coming of the holi-days, or a half-frozen wanderer at the rising of the sun. She had been miserable, as miserable as her nature admitted o', during all this night of poverty; now she was happy again, as she understood happiness. For Lady Honoria, bred, educated, civilized-what you will-out of the more human passions, had replaced them by this idol worship of wealth, or rather of what wealth brings. It gave her a positive phys-ical satisfaction; her beauty, which had begun to fade, came back to her; she looked five years younger. And all the while Geof-

frey watched her with an ever-growing Once it broke out. The Bolton street house had been furnished; he had given her £1,500 to do it, and with what things they already owned, she managed very well on that. They moved into it, and Honoria had set herself up with a sufficient supply of grand dresses and jewelry, suitable to her recovered position. One day, however, it occurred to her that Effie was a child of remarkable beauty, who, if properly dressed, would look very nice in the drawing-room at tea time. So she ordered a lovely costume for her-this deponent is not able to dress, but, coming home rather early one afternoon-it was on Saturday-be found the child being shown off to a room full of visitors and dressed in a strange and wonder-

Effie into that dress.
"I did," said Lady Honoria, "and a pretty penny it has cost, I can tell you. But I can't have the child come down so poorly lothed; it does not look well." "Then she can stay upstairs," said Geof-

frey, frowning.
"What do you mean?" asked his wife. "I mean that I will not have her decked suitable to her age. There is plenty of time for her to take to vanity." "I really don't understand you, Geoffrey.
Why should not the child be handsomely

"Why not! Great heaven, Honoria, do ou suppose that I want to see Effic grow up ike you, to lead a life of empty pleasur seeking idleness and make a god of luxury I had rather see her"—he was going to add "dead first," but checked himself and said-"have to work for her living. Dress your-self up as much as you like, but leave the

child alone." Lady Honoria was furious, but she was also a little trightened. She had never heard her husband speak quite like this before, and there was something underneath his words that she did not quite understand. Still less did she understand when on the Monday Geoffrey suddenly told her that he had £50 for her to spend as she liked; then accompanied her to a mantle shop, and stood patiently by, smiling coldly while she invested it in lace and embroideries. Honessing?"
oria thought that he was making reparation for his sharp words, and so he was, but to I say, I have won the case and I shall get himself, and in another sense. Every time ve her money in this fashion. Geoffres felt like a man who had paid off a debt of honor. She had taunted him again and again with her poverty—the poverty she said that he had brought on her; for every taunt he would heap upon ber all those things in which her soul delighted. He

would glut her with wealth as, in her hou of victory, Queen Tomyris glutted dead Cyrus with the blood of men. It was an odd way of taking a revenge, and one that suited Lady Honoria admirably; but though its victim felt no sting, it gave Geoffrey much secret relie. Also he was curlous; he wished to see if there was any bottom to such a woman's desire for luxury, if it would not bring satiety with it. But Lady Honoria was a very bad subject for such an experiment. She never showed the least sign of being satisted, either with fine things, with pleasures or with social de-lights. They were her natural element, stically known to Effic as the Smoky

and he might as soon have expected a fish to weary of the water, or an eagle of the rush-The winter wore away and the spring came. One day, it was in April, Geoffrey, who was a moderate Liberal by persuasion, casually appounced at dinner that he was roing to stand for Parliament in the one of the few thetropolitan divisions which had then returned a Home Ruler had fallen vacant. As it chanced he knew the head Unionist whip very well. They had been

old friends since they were lads at school to-gether, and this gentleman, having heard Geoffrey make a brilliant speech in court, was suddenly struck with the idea that he was the very man to lead a forlorn hope. The upshot of it was that Geoffrey asked if he would stand, and replied that he must have two days to think it over. What he really wanted the two days for war to enable him to write to Beatrice and receive an answer from her. He had an almost superstitious faith in her judgment. and did not like to act without it. A ter faith ully weighing the pros and cons, his own view was that he should do well to stand. Probably he would be defeated, and it might cost him £500. On the other hand it would certainly make his name known as a politician, and he was now in a fair way to cara so large an income that he could well afford to risk the money. The only great objection which he saw was tnat if he happened to get in it must mean that he would have to work all day and all night too. Well, he was strong and the more work he did the better-it kept him from thinking. In due course Beatrice's answer came Her view coincided with his own; she recommended him to take the opportunity, and pointed out that with his growing legal rep-

once proved himselv a capable member of Parliament. Geoffrey read the letter through; then immediately sat down and wrote to his friend the whip, accepting the suggestion of the Government fortnight was a hard one for him, but Geoffrey was as good a man on the platform as in court, and he had, moreover, now doubtful. A great amount of business as he could attend to. When tor-tune gives good gifts she generally does so both upon the Unionist and the Separatist side, each claiming that the result of the poll would show to their advantage. The Home Rule party strained every nerve against him, being most anxious to show that the free and independent electors were obtained from great authorities and freely printed. Irish members, fresh from

As time went on Lady Honoria, who at

utation there was no office in the State to which he might not aspire, when he had

first had been somewhat indifferent, grew quite excited about the result. For one thing she found that the contest attached an ortance to herself in the eyes of the ruly great which was not without its charm. On the day of the pol! she drove about all day under a bright blue parasol in an open carriage, having Effie (who became bored) by her side and two noble lo the front seat. As a consequence the re-sult was universally declared by a certain

section of the press to be due to the efforts of an unprincipled but titled and lovely woman. It was even said, that like another lady of rank in a past generation she kissed It was even said, that like another a butcher in order to win his vote. But those who made the remark did not know Lady Honoria; she was incapable of kissing a butcher, or indeed anybody else; her inclinations did not lie in that direction. In the end Geoffrey was returned by a magnificent majority of ten votes, reduced on a scrutiny to seven. He took his seat in the House on the following night in the midst of loud Unionist cheering. During the course of the evening's debate one of the members of the Government made allusion to his return as a proof of the triumph of Unionist principles. Thereon a very lead-ing member of the Separatist opposition retorted that it was nothing of the sort, "that it was a matter of common notoriety that the honorable member's return was owing to the unusual and most uncommon ability displayed by him in the course of his can-

vass, aided, as it was, by artfully applied and aristocratic feminine influence." This was a delicate allusion to Honoria and her blue parasol. As Geoffrey and his wife were driving back to Bolton street, after the declaration of the poll, a little incident occurred. Geoffrey told the coachman to stop at the first telegraph office, and, getting out of the car-riage, wired to Beatrice: "In by ten votes." "Who have you been telegraphing to, Geoffrey?" asked Lady Honoria.

"I telegraphed to Miss Granger," he an-"Ah! So you still keep up a correspond

ence with that pupil teacher girl."
"Yes, I do. I wish I had a few more such correspondents." "Indeed. You are easy to please. thought her one of the most disagreeable young women whom I ever met."

"Then it does not say much for your taste, Honoria." His wife made no further remark, but she had her thoughts. Honoria possessed good points; among others she was not a jealous describe it, but it consisted largely of velvet and lace. Geoffrey heard nothing of this to be jealous. But she did not like the idea of another woman obtaining an influence over her husband, who, as she now began to recognize, was one of the most brilliant men visitors and dressed in a strange and wonder-ful attire, with which, not unnaturally, she was vastly pleased. He said nothing at the time, but when at length the dropping fire any other woman. She was no fool, and of callers had ceased he asked who had put | she saw that a considerable intimacy must exist between the two. Otherwise he would

not have thought of telegraphing to Beatrice at such a moment. Within a week of his election Geoffrey made a speech. It was not a very long speech, nor was it upon any very important issue; but it was exceedingly good of its kind, so good that it was reported verbatim, and those listening to it recognized that out in those fine clothes. They are quite un- they had to deal with a new man who would one day be a very big man. There is no place where an able person finds his level quicker than in the House of Commons, composed as it is for the most part of more or less wealthy or frantic mediocrities. But Geoffrey was not a mediocrity, he was an exceedingly able and powerful man, and

this fact the House quickly recognized.

For the next !ew months Geoffrey worked as men rarely worked. All day he was at his chambers or in court, and at night he sat in the House, getting up his briefs when he could. But he always did get them up; no solicitors had to complain that the interests of their clients were neglected by him; also he still found time to write to For the rest he went out but Beatrice. little, and except in the way of business associated with very few. Indeed, he grew more and more silent and reserved, till at last he won the reputation of being cold and hard. Not that he was really so. He threw himself head and soul into his work with a fixed determination to reach the top of the tree. He knew that he should not care

very much about it when he got there, but he enjoyed the struggle.

Geoffrey was not a truly ambitious man; folly of ambition too well, and its end was always clearly before his eyes. He often thought to himself that if he could have chosen his lot he would have asked for a cottage with a good garden, 500 a year and somebody to care for. But perhaps he would soon have wearied of his cottage. He worked to stifle thought, and to some extent he succeeded. But he was at bottom an affectionate-natured man, and he could not stifle the longed-for sympathy which was his secret weakness, though his pride would never allow him to show it. What did he care for his triumphs when he had nobods with whom to share them? All he could share were their fruits, and these he gave away freely enough. It was but little that

Geoffrey spent upon his own gratification. A certain share of his gains he put by, the rest went in expenses. The house in Bolton street was a very gay place in those days, but its master took but little part in its gaieties. And what was the fact? The longer he remained separated from Beatrice the more intensely did he long for her society. It was of no use; try as he would, he could not put that sweet face from his mind: it drew him as a magnet draws a needle. Success did not bring him happiness, except in the sense that it relieved him from money cares. People of coarse temperament only can find real satisfaction in worldly triumphs, and eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow they die! Men like Geoffrey soon learn that this also is vanity. On the contrary, as his mind grew more and more wearied strain of work, melancholy took an ever stronger hold of it. Had he gone to a doc-tor he might have been told that his liver was out of order, which was very likely

'What a world to live in when all a man's happiness depends upon his liver?" He contracted an accursed habit of looking on the black side of things; trouble always caught his eye. It was no wonderful case. Men of large mind are very rarely happy men. It is your little, animal-minded individual who can be happy. Thus women who reflect less are, as

true. But this would not mend matters

a class, much happier and more contented than men. But the large-minded man sees too far, and guesses too much of what he cannot see. So think Geoffrey and his kin, and in their unexpressed dismay, turn, seeking refuge from their physical and spiritual loneliness, but for the most part fieding none. Nature, still strong in them, points to the dear fellowship of woman, and they make the venture to find a mate, not a com panion. But as it chanced in Geoffrey's case he did find such a companion in Beatrice,

after he had, by marriage, built up an impassable wall between them. And yet he longed for her society with an intensity that alarmed him. He had her let-ters indeed, but what are letters? One touch of a beloved hand is worth a thousand letters. In the midst of his great success Geo!frey was wretched at heart, yet it seemed to him if he once more could have Beatrice at his side, though only as a friend, he would

find rest and happiness.

ject his reason is soon convinced of its innocence, even of its desirability, and a kindly fate will generally contrive to give him the opportunity of ruin which he so ardently de-

When a man, heart is thus set upon an ob-

(To be continued next Sunday.) New Wrinkles in Cricket. The latest innovation in cricket will give the players something to talk about. The idea is to divide the innings into three, that is, that three men bat, and then the other side come in and do likewise. In the third turn four wickets will have to go down. The

The Married Woman's Lot. When a man doesn't impose on his wife. she acquires the idea that he no longer loves

idea comes from Philadelphia.

SIDE-RIGGED SHELLS.

American Oarsmen Trying New

AN OBLIQUE ROLLING BOAT-SEAT.

EXPERT HINTS FOR THE AMATEURS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH]

MERICAN yachtsmen lead the world. Why crossed the Atlantic have almost uniformly better men, but

countered not

to give the water to our professionals. Now all this is going to be changed. Our shells. They experimented a good deal with different models of boats at home, and tried various kinds of rowing gear. The

The old center-rig. 2. The new side-rig, with oblique seats.

which promises to change not only the rig of our racing shells, but the general lines of the

any oar yet designed, all authorities agree the better leverage. no other kind than cedar-built shells, whil

pionship races are now rowed in wooden DEFECTS OF THE PAPER BOATS. "There have been many drawbacks to the building of wooden eight-oared shells in this " said Billy Oliver, the best-known

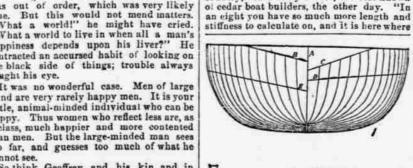


Fig. 1.—For eight oarsmen.—A. Midship line, B. Line of bow, C. Stern section, D. Draught at stern with crew averaging 150 pounds each. E. Draught at bow under same condition, Fig. 2.—Section of cedar boat. Fig. 3.—Section of the contract of the contract

paper boat, showing brace. the great difference between the paper and the wooden boat comes in. The papier mache boat, being differently braced and so much more flexible, gives to the pressure and does not retain in the water the same form it has when seen on dry land. It sags at every point, and the section, if it could be seen when the crew are aboard, would seem bag-I might compare it to a bandbox or to India rubber, as far as its ability to retain the correct shape is concerned. Of course this has a great deal to do with retarding

speed and acts as a handicap on a racing

A boat of cedar gives evenly all round

and does not change its shape in the water.

Amateurs say that paper gigz compare favorably with other boats in their racing qualities; but this opinion is not shared by professionals. The ideal English racing shell is of cedar; indeed no other material is used by the London Rowing Club, other crack English organizations and the Cambridge and Oxford crews in their annual regattas. Clasper, the most famous boat-builder on the globe, makes all his shells of cedar. His eights are the model of the aquatic world and he sends them everywhere. There are a few Clasper-built shells pathy with anything of that nature.

in this country, in which almost all the

champions have rowed races at times, such as Pinkerton and Nagle, the champion double-team scullers, Buschman and Palatt, another crack double-team, Stevens, of the New York Athletics, and David Roach, the veteran instructor of the New York club men in aquatics. FINEST SHELL EVER BUILT HERE.

Plans have been received in New York of a boat designed by Clasper which will be put on the waters of the Harlem in April. She will be by far the finest racing shell ever built in this country, and will be in every way an ideal boat. Her length will be 61 feet; beam, 22 inches; depth, 8 inches, and she will closely follow the lines of the eights used in the great college regattas on the Thames. The section plan, which has till now been kept a close secret, was shown to the writer recently, and an outline of her graceful proportions is now published for the first time. She is calculated for a crew averaging 150 pounds each in weight, and even with this heavy freightage ber displacement will be three-fourths of an inch from stem to stern less than that of a paper boat. Her total weight will be 250 pounds. Her section amidships is the same as that of most of the English race boats. The side rig will be used, instead of the center rig as now followed in the American boats. first she will be tried on the Harlem, and hen entered in some of the big matches of

the coming season if she fulfills expecta-The side rig is a new thing in racing shells. By placing the sliding seats to the sides alternately, instead of right above the keel, as hitherto, a greater purchase is se-cured by the oarsmen, and the motion is more natural than in the former method, Crack crews like the Gramercys, the Nonpareils, the Atalantas, the New etics and Empires are watching the result of the experiment with much interest, and the general adoption of the side rig for racing purposes seems a foregone conclu-

A DELICATE MATTER TO TRIM.

It will be some time, however, before it can be taken up by novices for the reason that with the side rig it is a very delicate matter to trim the boat, and only an expert crew can work with the steadiness that is essential to racing form. It is an English idea, but those who have experimented with it say it is bound to come, and that the racing shell of the future will have the side rig pointing inward, and will beat the peed of the present models several seconds o the mile.

To-day the fastest time in the world is made in English boats, which have beaten the best American shells five seconds on a four-mile course on the Thames. This was done in a contest between English amateurs and American professionals. But the coming American boat, our oarsmen confidently assert, will be able with its oblique side-rig to outswim the English by at least an equal

listance.

There is little difference in the cost of wooden and paper boats. The Atalantas, the crack New York club and the amateur champions of the United States, say that the papier mache crast are more easily repaired when injured than the cedar boats. wooden boat is not nearly so liable to injury, however, as the paper shell, which suffers from abrasions, exposure and the action of the water, the latter sometimes reducing parts of the shell to a pulpy con-

COST OF A COMPLETE RIG.

"A good cedar eight, with full set of

sweeps and side-rig will cost \$500," said a prominent boatbuilder. "A paper one of the same dimensions might be had for a lit-

tle less. I regard the paper boats just as good for all ordinary purposes as the best wooden ones, but for racing it lacks the stiff-

Two Fine Boats.

Fig. 1.—Eight-oared wooden shell, designed by Clasper, with side rig. Fig. 2.—Cedar coach-ing shell, canvas covered, with four bulkheads. ness necessary to great speed. The thick-ness of a papier mache shell and a cedar be different in many respects from the En-glish, the leading crews will row next sum-an inch all round except at the reinforced parts near the rowlocks."

Oue of the prettiest little craft shells seen in many a day has just been built for Van Raden, the coach of the Atalanta Club, for his own use while instructing his crews next season. She weighs only 35 pounds, is canvas-covered, built of the best cedar, fitted with the English rig, and is calculated to carry a weight of 400 pounds in addition to two bulkheads full of water, if necessary. Her length is 36 feet, beam 18 inches. A craft of the same design and by the same builder was built for James J. Tighe,

noted amateur, and on several occasions he filled it with water and sat in it, yet it floated. There are four bulkheads in this style of boat. On one occasion George Johnston made a 200-mile trip out on the ocean in Tighe's boat, and Wallace the famous oarsman, said he would engage to cross the Atlantic in her if the stakes were big enough. A shell of this miniature would cost \$100. ROWING IN SHOAL WATER. "The best qualities of a boat can never be brought out in shoal water," said an old oarsman and "coach" yesterday. "The reason is that you throw the wash from the front oars and retard the progress of the boat at the back. In rowing in dead or shoal water you throw up rollers behind like a steamboat, while in deep water you simply leave a trail behind, showing that

to get the best work out of a boat and crew let him steer clear of dead water and get on in the live, even if he has to go further for it."

GEORGE H. SANDISON.

the life in the water has carried off the wash

instead of letting it roll up against the sides

VEGETABLE PROTOPLASM.

of Hardwicke's Science Gossip, has some obare full of suggestiveness to all who study he very popularly points out, it is necessary in order to study the primary or elementary without it animal protoplasm could not exchemical force accumulated in vegetabl

wonderful and interesting, in the majority of cases, it is slow and ill-defined. But the most remarkable feature of protoplasm is its extreme sensitiveness to external impressions or stimuli, even such feeble vibrations as those of the luminiferous ether or light being competent to arouse it from nuscent to an active condition. The more powerful undulations of heat might, there ore, be expected to protoundly affect it. And such is the case. Heat not only pro duces molecular activity in protoplasm, but visible protaplasmic movements are caused

Next to the pocketbook, the most popular volume among the United States Senators is Anna Katharine Greene's "Behine Closed Doors." The Senators are in sym

FOND OF PITTSBURG.

Frontier Hospitality Combined With the SKATING IN THE PANHANDLE TUNNEL

> I have sympathy with the old-timers who look regretfully backward. One would (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE, 1 suppose that if any earthly being would re-joice with exceeding great joy over the introduction of natural gas for domestic purposes it would be the housewife. Most of them do so rejoice; but there was one who spoke to me repiningly; and she repre-sented a class. All her life she had "kept house" in Pittsburg, using bituminous coal. Suddenly she had been emancipated from all the labors and annoyances implied in that statement; and she did not relish her emancipation. The old routine had been

broken up.

"There's so much make-believe about!"
whe said plaintively. "You sit down before a grate full of firebricks and try to think they're lumps of coal. Of course that is imssible. Then there's so little to do. You an't educate a girl to do housework properly with that kind of a fire. I've almost forgotdid use to enjoy slacking down a coal fire for the night!"

THE NEW LIBRARY PROJECT. Progress does have to be paid for with a

"There's to be a new library in Pittsburg," says a retrospective man of middle age. "Well, I remember when the Mercantile Library was opened, and that was a fine event! Everybody was there, and we were all very proud of the handsome new place. I found a young minister sitting on a win-dow sill, looking down on the stage of Trimble's Varieties next door. It was the first variety show he had ever seen, and he enoved it immensely-until I caught him at

In these days the young minister might have gone in through the door and have made a sermon about the show a terward. There has not been very much good skating this past winter; but that does not prevent recollections of skating frolics long ago. And more than one old citizen has had thoughts of the boyhood winters when he used to skate through the tunnel through which the Panhandle Railroad now passes. It was a canal tunnel then. In summer canal boats passed by means of it and the locks beyond it, out into the Monongahela THE CANAL IN THE TUNNEL.

That tunnel was a great engineering won-

ler in those days, and commanded as much

admiration as the new Court House does now. And the arrival and departure of

passenger packets on the canal was a far

more momentous event than the arrival and

departure of any number of limited express trains is to-day.

And yet the Pittsburger who skated in the canal tunnel, and who has told me delightful things about those old times, is not vet an old man. Verily, whether "the sun do move" or not, Pittsburg does. And it keeps a lot of us, who are not so young as younger people, busy taking note of the changes that come to pass. May it be long, very long, before we have to note any change in the old characteristics that make Pittsburgers fond of Pittsburg!

JAMES C. PURDY.

A FAMOUS SNOWSTORM.

inecdotes of the Great Fall of the Beautiful

Youth's Companion. Among the severe snowstorms which visited New England in the last century was the famous one of 1780. In many places the snow was piled up to the second story windows of tall houses, while those of one story were snowed under. The author of "Glimpses of Life in Westborough" tells several ane dotes illustrative of the straits in which the snow placed the people of that town.

A farmer James Bowman, discovering in

the morning that the snow reached to the

second story of his house, thought of his neighbors who lived in one-story houses. He called his boys and bade them put on their snowshoes and go over and see if Neighbor Tribbet was suffering for any-It was with difficulty that the boys found the little house; but a faint line of smoke

on the surface of the snow revealed the chim

ney, down which they called:
"Anything wanted, Tribbet?" "No," came up his answer. "Bless nothing. Go home and mind your cattle!" During this snowstorm, Mr. Daniel Forbes was taken sick. When it cleared off a company of eight young men drew his two daughters on a hand-sled to their father's house that they might see him before he died. At the funeral the clergyman, not having snowshoes, was drawn on a sled to the house of mourning, by several men. He

Men's Shoulders.' SENATOR PETTIGREW'S TOWN.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.] About ten years ago, more or less, Sena tor Pettigrew, of South Dakota, came to St.



that the above photograph was taken.

"absorb" an ordinary novel in three-quar-ters of an hour.

The cynic is a man who strips all the petals from a rose and then finds fault be-