PITTSBURG. SUNDAY, JUNE 1. 1890.

TOO MUCH FOR THE PHONOGRAPH.

to noon is somewhat confused and fragment-

arv. It consists mostly of exclamation points. At one time I asked my husband

if he did not think that an occasional day like this would obviate the necessity of

He Escaped. | Went on Reading.

spending \$19 for a pulley machine called

the "home gymnasium," which he had o'ten talked o buying, but his reply will not come

out of the phonograph without serious dan-

Again, I asked him what he considered

the best way to get a carpet under a piano. I called his attention to the fact that the legs of

he did not believe it would work. After-wards he consented to list one end of the

plane while I pulled the carpet along. Then I saked him to remove his feet from

the floor, because I couldn't get the carpet

under them unless he did. He was holding

up the piano at that moment and did not

have breath enough left to say much, but

what he did say I prefer to show by the camera rather than by the phonograph.

MADE HIS EXIT.

sie, and I regret to have done her so much injustice. As to the portraits of my hus-band, they are good enough for him; not one bit more than he deserves.

THE BARBERS DON'T LIKE IT.

Plays at Oberammergan.

are prohibited on the stage where the par

sion plays are to be given compels nearly

approaching greatness in the beerless soli-

READING HIS TITLE CLEAR

How Daniel Webster Changed the Favorite

If a stranger will go into a store in Frank-

Tone of a Good Old Farmer.

whether at home or away, at work or

swapped his small farm for one much larger. After the exchange had been made the good

man found out that there was a flaw in the

Webster, then a rising young lawyer, to make things straight. It was a hard struggle and a costly one, but Webster at last won,

and from that time on the deacon quit "dox-

When I can Read my title clear.

INVENTED THE STRAM HAMMER.

Death of James Nasmyth and How He Mad

Mr. James Nasmyth, inventor of the steam

ammer, died recently at South Kensington,

London. His death was ascribed simply to

old age. He was born at Edinburgh, in 1808.

The Nasmyth family is of great antiquity,

having held property in Tweeddale since the thirteenth century. Mr. Nasmyth's father, Alexander Nasmyth, was a well-

known landscape painter.

The deceased's invention of the steam

hammer took place while he was engaged on a contract for the Great Western Railway at

Bristol, in connection with a proposed ship

canal, when it became necessary to lorge a

very heavy iron shaft, which no existing machinery could turn out. He also invented

leed to his new place and he applied to

ude of his cottage.

loston Globe.]

ology" and sang:

ger to its delicate mechanism.

KEEPING A MANSION.

Mrs. Harrison's Ideas Concerning the White House.

HER CHINA AND SILVER.

The Sable Cooks Who Look After the President's Stomach.

ARTHUR AS A HOUSEKEEPER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, May 31. PROPOSE to tell you how our President's wire keeps house. She has a definite idea of her position. Said she to me today: "The President's wile s, as far as the White House is concerned, the steward of the people, and there are certain dutiesshe should never delegate to even the trustiest servant. The domestic economy of the Executive Mansion should be of as great and binding interest to her as

the domestic economy of her own private house. While she need not take an interest in details she should have a only lour dozen go butler's pantry, and by knowledge of the general workings of things the most skillful ingenuity they cannot be below as well as above stairs, and above made to do duty for 50 people. There is one everything else when she comes into the White House she should see that an invoice of everything belonging to the dining-rooms should be made and that the same should be done when she leaves. Everything that is purchased during her stay should be entered in a book, for everything in the White House is bought with the people's money, and therefore a strict account of it should be

Everyone knows that Mrs Harrison has been the ideal housekeeper during her 14 months' stay in the White House, and her definition of her position will touch the heart of every good housewife in the land. The best of it is that in spite of countless other duties, she has taken time to put her theories into practice, and the Executive Mansion to-day is as clean as a ribbon from attic to cellar.

DOES IT EASILY, TOO.

There have been ridiculous stories affont about her spending half the day in the kitchen, directing the maids and overseeing the getting of each day's meals, but I doubt if any woman understands better what a servant can do and what a mistress should and lorks which Van Buren added, and do. She laughingly acknowledges that if need be, she could prepare a good dinner, and she thinks it should be a part of every girl's education to learn how to do it. But she rarely goes into her kitchen unless it is made or to look into any matter that the steward tells ber requires a change. And yet everything goes on like a newly oiled

How does she do it?

First of all, she treats her servants well and they will do snything for her. It is cate than those commonly in use in this funny to see them as they meet her. No mat- day. ter who she is with they look up confidently for a nod, and they always get it. Old



House for a quarter of a century, always gets a kindly "Good morning, Jerry," from Mrs. Harrison, no matter if he sees her half a dozen times a day. He always beams just as proudly as though it was the first time he had been bonored with a salutation, and says cheer ully, "Mawnin', Mis' Harrison." DUTIES OF THE STEWARD.

After break ast, which always occurs a 8:30, Mrs. Harrison sees the steward, Me-Kim, and gives him the orders for the day are to be guests and whether she wishes an changes made in the decorations of the private dining room. He arranges the enmenu for the day, does the marketing and oversees the servants. Unless it is th use-cleaning season that is the time Mrs. Harrison gives to her kitchen, but you may be sure she has just as much interest in everything going well as a young matron when giving her first dinner, and she says that the only difence between her cares now and when she was a private citizen's wife is that she does not need to worry over the preparations for entertaining.

Sue has introduced numberless changes which give bomelike air to the private din-ing room. One of these is to have the table for break ast and luncheon spread with napkins instead o with one large cloth. It gives the table, which is a large round affair of very light oak, a dainty effect. Every fish has a pretty doyly, and in the center there is always a bowl of fresh flowers. There are six or eight covers laid as a rule for these two meals, although for luncheou this number is o ten extended to 10 or 12, President bringing in anyone with whom he wishes to talk beyond the hour set for incheon. Those who usually ait down are the President and Mrs. Harrison, Dr. Scott, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Bussell Harrison and Mrs. Dimick, Mrs. Harrison's widowed A high chair is always on hand for Muster Benjamin McKee.

WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOMS. The table has a little history. It was meant by President Arthur to be used tempo arily to take the place of the cumbersome one which had been in use during the Haves administration, and which was a magnificent offsir, lacking in only one particular. One could set down at it, but not to it, for it was so beavily carved that the one who sat at the corner could as easily have bestrided a bucking horse. President Arthur claimed that a dining table should be round so that people could sit near each other, no sharp

points intervening.
Out of patience with the superb affair she shows her white teeth on the slightest provocation. She is vounger than Dolly then in use he had this round table put in as a makeshi t until something more elepoliteness as belits a subject to a chief, call-ing her with the utmost humility, "Miss Johnson." They both wear tidy dresses of cut up into side tables to hold the silver and china, for which there was no room on Dutch blue calico, and big white aprons that cover them rom head to foot. Dolly wears the sideboards. There are two o these side boards, put in by Mrs. Hayes and richly a bandanna crossed on her capacious bosom in a picturesque fashion, but neither of them wear caps, as the least suggestion of livery carved. They are the handsomest pieces in the private dining room, although there are wo unique sideboards there which date back to Jefferson's day, and do not in the least suggest the simplicity for which that of that mansion who had the pleasure of seeat was noted. Mrs. Harrison is having an elegant new table made to match the mistress who would now attempt to put her maids in caps and men in knee breeches and cockades. Even that worthy gentle-man, Albert Hawkins, the coschman, has to content himself with what he dolefully calls other turnishings of the room, which are all

of mahogany and richly carved. HOW CHINA IS CARED FOR. I wonder if this country has any idea where its china is kept—there isn't a gentleman's house in the land that has not better
accommodations. There it is, all the elegant ware which former mistresses of the
White House gathered with so much pride,
and in the face of so many growls from the
Congressional Appropriation Committees
which supplied the money, tucked, crammed
and jammed into an unfinished closet
which would hardly kennel two mastiffs.
No wonder that so much of it is broken and
nicked, that each succeeding mistress of the nicked, that each succeeding mistress of the White House almost sheds tears over the

ruin of the thing most dear to a woman's heart, rare china.

Until President Arthur's day there was not even this closet, all the valuable china being stored in the basement, but he had this closet cut from the little hallway by the this closet cut from the little hallway by the elevator. There are two rows of shelves about three feet deep, and there the three sets which belong to the service are kept, one-third of them being on the floor. Mrs. Harrison says that of the 1,000 pieces made, at so great an expense, in the Haves administration there are not more than 400 left.

Even more inadequate than the china closet is the huller's penter on the other

closet is the butler's pantry on the other side of the dining room. Fortunately Charles, the present butler, is a slim colored man, for it he were of the generous proportions of Jerry, the guardian of the East Room, he would become hopelessly wedged in some morning when he went out for an extra spoon for the President.

A SCARCITY OF SILVER

Women all over the land know how it is not to have enough silver knives and forks to go round, and they have all eit the an-guish of seeing the most distinguished guest get the plated one by mistake. But who would dream that the White House would not have enough knives and lorks to go around, and yet it is true. Every time 50 people sit down to a State dinner there, two of them take their bouillion from plated spoons, their terrapin from plated forks and cut the fillet of beef with plated knives.

It is a horrible thought, but there are only four dozen genuine silver knives, forks

which has a history, for it cost a President

when the people learned that the public

PIECES OF HISTORIC VALUE.

would have the incalculable value of histor-

ical association just now. Mrs. Harrison has the hope that Congress will some time

make an appropriation to redeem any of these valuables that can be traced, and she

will surely have the good will of all in her

The busiest place in the whole Executive

Mansion is the two rooms in the basement over which Dolly Johnson, the colored cook, presides. Dolly is a tall, fine-looking

woman, light of color, and probably not much over 30. President Harrison secured

her a short time ago from Kentucky, and, from all accounts, Dolly knows how to suit

a Presidental appetite much better than the sormer cook, Mme. Pelouard, whose sanciful

French cooking was not at all to the plain American taste. Dolly is immensely proud

The Two White House Cooks.

of the fact that she belongs to "old Kain-

tuck," and she always answers when anyone

tuck," and she always answers ween anyone asks her the place of her birth, "Louisville, Kentucky," with a haughty emphasis on the "Lou sville." She never fails to add "Mary Robinson, she is from Vaginny," in

such a tone that one can see that she does not consider Mary Robinson at all her equal

AND THEY'RE GOOD COOKS.

Mary makes the pies, pakes the bread and frys the cruliers, and is the assistant of Mrs.

Dolly Johnson, who confines her ambitions to brewing soups and basting meats. The

two of them can get up a dinner that would put Phillipini, Nicolini, and all the other

\$10,000 chees to the test. Delmonico has no more juicy meats than Dolly draws from her oven, and Vanderbilt's own chef cannot

put up a better pastry than the "Vaginny

and always treats her with the most exalted

s unallowable at the White House. Martha

Washington was probably the only mistress

Mary is as black as the ace of spades and

in the matter of nativity.

Numberless

set of knives and forks in the sideboard

STEWARD M'KIM AND HIS DUTIES. Across the hall from the kitchen is the steward's room, a large apartment under the State dining room. It is taste ully furnished with carpet and chairs sent from the moneys were being taken to put gold spoons in Presidents' mouths they promptly de-feated him. Now, the truth of the matter upper rooms and contains a large desk where Mr. McKim enters the marketing in is that they are not gold at all, and the peo-ple were hasty in their judgment. They are solid silver washed with gold, and it was only a few years ago, in President Arthur's day, that they began to wear off and dis-close the hoax. He had them rewashed, and books as large as it takes to enter the deposits at the Treasury. He comes in about 11 from the Center market, where everything in the way of meats and vegetables are bought for the White House, enters these purchases and each month draws up a summary of the month's expenditures, which I have heard are of a size to make an ordinary man whistle "Razzle Dazzle," with all the mournful intonations of that

pathetic song.

The walls of the steward's room are lined Many of the larger pieces of silver date back to Madison's day, although no memoranda have been kept and it is hard to tell she in the White House and has to give a she scooped them, and then laid before old pieces bear the words "President's House," the state y term which was formerly used. These sets are very incomplete, and as silver never wears out, the only conclusion is that the White House has had its burgleries as well as private houses. It is the privilege of stewards to condemn arti-cles which have been in use some time, and there is no doubt among those who have thought of it, that in times past many an article has been condemned and sold which

MRS. HARRISON'S LAUNDRY. though it would easily stand another cen-

A large laundry stove stands in the middle of the room covered by two terraces of Joanna, Mary and Miss Grass keep changing the livelong day. They are tidy, pleasant-faced women, and can outdo Ah Sing in the polishing business. There are 13 regular house servants, althoug eight or nine more are employed about the grounds and conservatories. There is still another room where one can get an idea of Mrs. tacks." Harrison's housekeeping. It is the linen closet on the second floor. The linen was ormerly kept in the damp closets in the steward's room, but Mrs. Harrison noticed one day that there could be a closet amply large made behind the elevator, and she had the space walled in, shelves built, and now the White House has a

MATCHLESS LINEN CLOSET. It is under the care of Josephine, Mrs. Harrison's maid, and a whiff of it is like a breath from a meadow in May, for it is kept so clean and sweet. One side is filled with bedding and towels, while on the other in deep drawers are kept the tablecloths and napery. Everything is initialed with "U. S." in white linen, although one set of nap-kins has the initials in white with a faint line of red. The napkins are all a yard square and of the finest damask. Mrs. Harrison has added to the stock since she has set of dinner linen that was used at the first State dinner that is as fine and soft as sitk. In going through the White House one is that President Arthur made, and it looks us ecutive Mansion bad until Mrs. Harrison's name if she succeeds in getting the improve and which include the comfort of her servants as well as of the President's family.

MISS GRUNDY, JR. WE ARE GREAT FISH ERMEN

ese is persect, but the tip is satally weak and cannot be used as a substitute for the Calcutta tip. It is not generally known that America makes the best fishing rods in the

"jest plain citizen's closs," although he would dearly love top boots and a cockade. HER LITTLE CAMERA.

A LOOK AT THE KITCHENS. There are two kitchens in which Dolly There are two kitchens in which Dolly Johnson can carry out her dream of cookery—one under the private dining room and of the same size, and the other under the serving room and butler's pantry. The first is used when a state dinner is under way, and in the second the preparations for each day are made. The kitchens are as neat as a pair of pins, but they haven't the appointments of the kitchens that are now added to \$5,000 houses, and one cannot help wishing that the people who do so adore the quaint, historic White House would get a neep into these dark, illy-urnished rooms. They are damp, for the walls are so thick They are damp, for the walls are so thick that the hot sun of a Washington summer can hardly dry them, and the floors are of

she is "hoodoned" the country will have to answer for it. The upper floors of the quaint, historic White House are had enough, but the basement would be condemned by even a modern building inspector. Mrs. Harrison has done what she could to make the quarters where a dozen human beings spend their days cheery, and, among other things, she has had three rooms furnished brightly for the two cooks and the two chambermaids, who sleep in the house instead of going out

planks that creak and crumble in a way to

righten even the cheer ul second cook. If

to sleep, as has been the custom before. TILES FOR THE KITCHEN. She says that, although she cannot expect to have the lower floor remodeled in her day, she hopes that it may be done by the one who follows her, and, if you'll believe it that good woman cherishes another dream that she also does not expect to see fulfilled It is a modest one, too. She only wants tiles-good, clean Holland tiles-substituted for the rickety boards in the kitchen. She says her real kitchen is the kind that they have in the Netherlands, where the floor clicks cheerily under the quick step of the

The kitchens have countless shelves built in the walls, and these are filled with sauce-pans, skillets, griddles and pans, all of brass or porcelain, and some of them look as though they had seen yeoman service for a century. The Virginian's good right arm keeps them so polished that one can see her face grinning broadly on a hundred surfaces as she stands in the middle of the room kneading her bread. There are big ranges built into the walls of either room so that Mary Robinson can put in a dozen loaves of bread at the same time that she of "Louisville, Ky." bastes a ten-pound roast. The table in the big kitchen is long enough to roll out cookies for a hundred youngsters with the same appetite for sweetdistinguished, and is kept as white as a paper-daily scrubbing can make it. From the second kitchen there is a dumb-waiter going up to the serving room, and at the entrance to the room there is a refrigerator which almost touches the ceiling. In it is stored the day's marketing and all of the provender but the dry groceries, which are kept in a larder near the smaller kitchen.

when any attempt to trace up the history of silver and china has been made that Mrs. Harrison has ordered all books to be kept. Beyond the steward's room are the sleeping rooms and on the opposite side the big iur-nace room, while at the extreme end of the hall is a billiard room where a President and his opponent frequently chalk the cue.

But the laundry-that is worth seeing. for a cleaner room cannot be imagined. It is large and light, and off one corner is a little carpeted ironing room. There is an old-fashioned New England fireplace there which was built in the wall as far back as the time when Abigail Adams came down from Boston and wrote back such gruesome accounts of the "barn-like" East Room" which she could put to no better use than to or heating the boiler for the Monday's wash which occurs as regularly here as in the family of any orderly citizen. It is formed of hard-backed plaster, and looks as

been in the White House, and there is one impressed with the number of improvement though he was the best housekeeper the Ex

The Supply of Rods Doesn't Keep Up With

the Supply of Anglers, The manufacturers of fishing rods are in a state of mind over the fact that the stock of Calcutta bamboo poles from which the rods are made has given out, and it is impossible to secure another stock of these poles until next July, which will be too late for this season's trade. It shows that the anglers are increasing faster than the rod dealers ever imagined they would, and the dealers are totally unprepared to meet their demands.

The Japanese bamboo is almost as tough as the Calcutta variety, but the joints are so close together that it is difficult to cut it up to any advantage. The action o the Japan-

How Humorist Fielding's Better Half Stole a March on Him. VIEWS FROM THE HEARTH RUG.

Paithful Reproductions of Antics Per formed on Moving Day. THE EFFECT OF TACKS, BILLS, ETC

> [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] At this moment there was a ring at the beil, and a man appeared with a bill for the new carpet. I obtained a very expressive portrait of my husband and the bill. AVE you seen these recent interviews illustrated with the complicity of the instantaneous photographic camera?" asked my Then we adjourned to the parlor and began to move the furniture. The record kept by the phonograph from this time up wife. "Yep," I replied, in

that cheerful tone with

which I always endeavor

to make home happy. "Have you marked the studied grace of pose, and the almost marble calmness of the victim?" she continued,

"I have viewed 'em with suspicion," "Have you noted the polished and sandpapered eloquence of the language, and the comparative absence of glaring grammatical

"Very fair copy-editing," I admitted. "Well," she said, looking at me sternly, "have you ever thought what might happen if that sort of thing were introduced into the household?" "On the dead level?" I asked with a grow-

ing and clammy horror. "No chance to re-vise the manuscript or reject bad pictures?" "That's what I mean," said she. "Suppose I took one of your sample days at home. "Say, look here!" I oried, seriously alarmed, "you don't mean last Tuesday when..."

HE REMEMBERED THE DAY. "Yes; last Tuesday, when we made trifling

alterations in the arrangement of the parlor furniture. I've got every word you said in a phonograph; and a few choice views of you illustrating your grace and ease in critical moments, and the lamb-like docility of your countenance. It will make a good news-

"My dear," said I, "how much is that



What? Said Howdy. | Wouldn't Raise His

Here are 10 pieces of silver.' "Ruise you five," chirped Maude, who knew how to play poker with beans. "Well, Maudey, I've got to call you, if it

pretty sum as bail for their safe-keeping.

Hitherto each steward has had the privilege of taking his book with him when he leit, but it has lead to such endless confusion

She scoped them, and then laid selected me the transcription from the phonographic views, samples of which are given herewith. When I bought that camera for Maude I When I bought that camera for Maude I had a presentiment that she would hurt somebody with it. The story I would gladly have concealed, but I had to give it o the public to get my \$15 back.

Here is the story Maude had prepared for the press: For several days I had kept my camera loaded and the phonograph in position, waiting for a favorable opportunity. At last it arrived. Howdy told me that he proposed to stay home from the office al day because they were making some repairs and alterations over there, and it would be npossible to do any work. He added that he noped there was something fit to est for break ast, because for once it didn't make any difference how late it was; he would have plenty of time. Then I turned the camera on him and said calmly:

TOOK HIS BREATH AWAY. "Will you please favor me with your riews on the subject of rearranging the parlor furniture and putting down the new carpet to-day?" Howdy paused in the midst of his ablu-

ons, and turned his dripping and horrified countenance toward me. e room covered by two terraces of "What!" said he, in a voice full of ex-which the three white women, clamation points. "Am I to have no peace this side of the grave?"

"But, my dear ---"Here I announce my intention of spending a single day in the quiet and sacred pre-cincts of home," said he, "and you proceed to turn the domestic fireside into a howling wilderness, full of dust and desolation and

"Yes," said I, cleverly attempting to turn

the conversation, "as you say, we shall need some tacks for the new carpet. There is a box in the closet, if I am not mistaken. I procured the tacks, and almost immediately afterward I secured one of my mos instructive views. It represents Howdy picking up one of the tacks which I had dropped upon the floor. The picture is full of action, as we artists say. I value it highly, because in the old days of our courtship I used to be so pleased and flattered when Howdy picked up things that I dropped-my handkerchief or fan or a book, for instance. But even then I do not think he ever performed courtesy of that kind with so much alacrity



Howdy Picked Up the Tack, icture is a little out or focus, but this only brings the tack into greater prominence, and therefore adds to the realism.

I regret that the phonograph did not record exactly what Howdy said, but the instrument was brought up in a Christian family, and it sometimes runs to simple dots and dashes in critical moments. HE KEPT ON BEADING. An hour later we had finished our cozy

little break/ast, and Howdy was reading the morning paper. "What are your views," said I, "on the influence of the press upon the higher education of women?"

He went on reading the paper.

cation of women?"

He went on reading the paper.

"Do you believe that it is a woman's duty to keep herselt informed on the news of the day?"

other improvements now widely used in engineering work. At the age of 48 Mr. Namyth retired from business, and devoted his attention principally to astronomical studies.

JINGLING BEAUTIES.

He went on reading the paper.

"Do you think that the failure of woman
to follow the course of events can
be traced to the fact that her husband takes only one newspaper; monopolizes that during breakfast time; carries it away with him to read on the way to his office, and never brings it home again?"

He went a little deeper into the paper.
"Don't you think I ought to have a new dress?" Uncle Sam Wants Fresh Designs for His Dollars and Dimes.

A CONTEST THROWN OPEN TO ALL.

He disappeared behind the paper alto-gether. There is nothing like this pleasant interchange of views to make home happy and insure against the mental stagnation of Director Leech's Criticisms of the Hard Money Now Agoing.

When he had finished reading the paper he put it into his pocket, and said: "If I've got to juggle that infernal furniture, I sup-pose the quicker I get at it the sooner it will be done." THE SCHOOL MARM AND THE INDIAN

PERITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR 1 Now is the time for artists all over the country to get out their tools and see what they can do at making designs for the new United States coins that will soon be issued. Within a few days the bill that has already passed the House will be approved by the Senate—only the prolonged silver discussion has delayed it-giving authority to the Director of the Mut, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, to change the patterns of Uncle Sam's coins as may seem to them desirable. As quickly as this shall have been made a law L.rector Leech will advertise for designs, and the contest will be thrown open to all, amateurs and professionals, with awards of not less than \$500 for each one accepted.

Up to the present time the law has not permitted any alteration in the coins of the nation, save by special act of Congress in each case. But the passage of the bill referred to will give the Director of the Mint, with the Secretary's approval, power to make changes according to his discretion once in 25 years. Thus it will be rendered possible to steadily improve the beauty of American coins, which, or the most part, are to-day very bad, artistically speaking. To begin with, the design for the silver dollar is to be altered entirely.

A NEW SILVER DOLLAR.

"We are going to have something entirely new for the silver dollar," said Director Leech to me when I visited him in Washington last week. "Designs on coins ought always to mean something; but I should like to know how the Philadelphia schoolmarm's head signifies Liberty. We shall drop her and put in her place something very different-may be a head of Washington; but that remains to be determined, and lee-way will be given to the artists who contend, in order that the greatest variety of ideas and suggestions may be obtained. As for the piano were very much in the way and that they stuck to the floor real bard. He replied that he supposed "my foolish idea" would be to unserew the legs and leave the they stuck to the floor real bard. He re-plied that he supposed "my foolish idea" would be to unserew the legs and leave the remainder of the instrument in the air, but

"How about the half dollar?" "That, as well as other subsidary coins— the quarter and the dime—needs alteration. Of course all three have the same designs. The eagle on the back seems to me a very creditable sort of bird, and I rather think we shall retain it as it is; but the slab-sided young female sitting on a cotton bale we shall do away with. I don't in the least know what we shall put in her place, but we certainly don't want her." "And the penny?"

THE INDIAN AND LIBERTY.

At last, after many trials, we got the carpet down and the furniture rearranged. But I was not satisfied. I did not like "The Indian must be wiped out. It is a well-executed head, artistically speaking; but the law says that the design on the face the parlor so well that way as I had before. There seemed to be less room in it. I therefore suggested moving the furniture back to the original positions. before. There seemed to be less room in it. I therefore suggested moving the furniture back to the original positions. Howdy escaped. Even instantaneous photography is not quick enough for every emergency. I caught one of his feet in the locus, but the rest of him was already upon the sidewalk, and rapidly disappearing around a corner. The principal force of the camera was expended upon my favorite kitten. Her attitude and her extravagant proportions as shown in the picture are the competing designers make their own suggestions. The nickel, as it is now, is a proposition as shown in the picture are the competing designers make their own suggestions. The nickel, as it is now, is a proposition of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless to fit is Liberty very badly abused, with an overdose of bad whisky thrown in. We shall put something in place of the red man, the picture of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless of the penny must typi y Liberty. I don't see how an Indian typings Liberty—unless the how an indian typings Liberty—unless the provided how an overdose of bad whisky thrown in. We shall put something in place of the red man, the provided how an overdose of bad whisky thrown in. We shall put something in place of the red man, the provided how an overdose of bad whisky thrown in. We shall put something in place of the red man, the provided how and the provided how and the place of the penny must typi it is Liberty very badly abused, with The gold coins will not be altered; they tions as shown in the picture are the fault of the lens. She is a very pretty pus-

are admirable as they are now. Because of their greater value, more trouble was taken originally in the designs for them. The stars around the edges of the subsidiary coins will be increased in number, to cor-respond with the number of States in the Union as it now is.

"Colonel Bob Ingersoll, in the last num ber of the Arena, declares it an outrage that the words, 'In God We Trust,' should ap-Curlous Eff of the Coming Passion pear on United States coins; but I am not prepared to say that the motto will be re-The barbers and hairdressers at Oberammoved. When the bill has passed the Senmergau are to their cost finding out the ate giving me the authority I shall advertruth of the saying that "one man a meat is for designs for the coins in open comanother anan's poison;" for, while everypetition. Probably the Secretary of the Treasury and myself will call into consulbody else in the village is rejoicing at the tation a number of first-rate artists, who forthcoming performances, the "artists in will give us their judgment in the mathair" have for some time past been doing very little business. The fact that wigs, together with all other unnecessary finery,

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COMPETITORS. When the time comes, competitors should send in their designs, if possible, in the everyone of the actors to allow his hair and shape of models of plaster or papier mache, beard to grow for a considerable time before or any convenient substance, and not merely drawings. Here is a great the performances, in which every male actor appears with long flowing hair and opportunity for some ingenious Pitts-burger to earn fame and a pretty Since this decree was sent forth by the theatrical authorities all the hairdressers sum of money by turning out one have taken to another trade.

Herr Meyer, the villager who is to take acceptable suggestions. Doubtless the advertisement of the Director of the Mint will the part of Christ in the play, is also underbe accompanied by some definite instructions going an ordeal, the severity of which can as to what is required in a general way, so only be gauged by those who know the fatal attractions of Bavarian beer. For the 47 that there will be something to go upon. If you are ordinarily vain, you will hide somewhere in the design you offer the initial years of his life Mr. Meyer has been a regular attendant at the village inn, drinking of your name. On the silver dollar at presbeer and playing at skittles, but his apent is the initial "M" of the designer in two pearance in public, together with his habit of drinking beer (even in private), are con-sidered infra dig. for the time being, and places—on the edge of the neck of Liberty, where it is cut off and close to the hair, and on the other side of the coin, where the the poor man is now paying the penalty for clamps the arrows and olive branch in its claws. The twenty-dollar gold piece—handsomest of all Uncle Sam's coins shows the initials of the designer, "J. I."

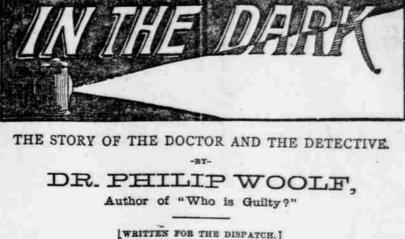
RENE BACHE.

Butterworth and Beer. One of the best things said at the dinner of the National Brewers' Association was by Ben Butterworth. The brewers were lin, N. H., any Saturday evening he will still hot over the imposition by McKinley hear a story about how Daniel Webster won of a duty of 30 cents a bushel on barley. the everlasting gratitude of an old farmer by the name of Read. Deacon Read was Butterworth, who made a protest against the increase, made a speech in which he said his mortification at so enormous a duty very religious and musical withal. His favorite tune was the doxology, and ook an honest beer mug in the face."

> DICKENS IN BYRON'S CHAIR. One of the Striking Features of a Work

That is Interesting England. In Mr. Kitton's "Dickens by Pen and Pencil," which is attracting a great deal of attention in England just now, Mr. Leonardo Cathermole has a remarkable drawing showing Charles Dickens in one of Lord

Byron's chairs. Here is a reproduction of



CHAPTER I. NARRATIVE OF KARL BRANDT.

In the summer of 18- I hired a little cottage at an out-of-the-way place called "Eglantine Hill." This is a narrow spit of sand plunged into the measureless ocean; a sandy, stony, inhospitable stretch of land,

came custom, and at stated intervals I called on the woman, prescribed a nervine, listened to her rambling account of her symptoms, real and imagined, and to such inconsequent details o: her tamily history as she deigned to relate to me. She seemed to have a profound respect for me professionally and socially, and when her maid left her and I took the trouble of going to the city and hunting her up another, gratitude was added to respect.

Mrs. Amelia Glaye was a widow, rich and

reached the rising ground I turned to gaze at the sea. The blackness was no longer there, but in its place were long streamers of pale, phosphorescent light. The rocks were all affame, the waves quivered in a second of the season of the sea dazzling green fire, every bit of seawood on the shore as it was touched by the waves glowed into life, with a sad, solemn brightsandy, stony, inhospitable stretch of land, with masses of rock shouldering its way through the dry soil and rank grass; the buge, waving ocean on one side, an inlet of the ocean on the other.

I had a patient at the hotel, a charming, but nervous and sickly middle-aged woman. She called to me as the pain-subduing, merciful physician, and I could not resist the appeal. What was at first accident between the stretched from the shore toward the far off horizon. The phosphorescent breath of the panting, restless, uneasy ocean, greaning under its perpetual misery of intering "Hush!" H-ush!" I was unexpectedly startled from my reverie; above the wind and roar of ness. I had seen the phenomenon before, and my reverie; above the wind and roar of waters I heard a human shriek of pain; a quick, sharp, shrill shriek of pain, of agony, of fear; a shrick like that I have heard more than once on the battl-field. For a moment my heart stood still; but I am the foe of icar, and speedily regained my sel-posses-sion. It was 4 woman's voice that had aroused me, and I listened, hoping to near a repetition of the sound, that I might dis-cover rom what direction it came. The wind nowled, the grass shrilled, the ocean roared, but the cry or distress was not repeated. It was the night and the place for a murder, Mrs. Amelia Glaye was a widow, rich and just a trifle eccentric. She had the usual thousand whims of her sex, and a few that were peculiarly her own. She was pas-



THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

sionate and obstinate, sensible and stupid | the criminals, but to discover them. I turned by turns; easily moved to tears, more easily from the ocean and stared island; but, of coursed to suspicion. She had a persistent course, I could see nothing. The ground beand all-absorbing fear that her relatives were plotting to poison her on account of fore me gradually rose upward toward the clump of poplars, and I thought if I crouched down in the hollow I might see any moving orm outlined against the clear, bine sky. The thought was immediately her wealth. She even suspected her daughter, a charming, modest, graceful and beantollowed by the act; I threw myself prone on the grass, and toward a mass of blackberry bushes I saw clearly projected against the immensity of heaven a black human figure. If there were crime I was surely equal to cope with the wretch. I rose and boidly walked in the direction of the figure, grasping my heavy walking stick tightly in my hand, and ready for nothing or everything. I took no precantions to hide my approach trusting to the darkness and the noise of wind and waves to shield me. But the wretch saw or divined that he was detected, for I had not crossed half the distance that separated him rom me when he started into activity and disappeared in the direction of the poplars. To tollow him was a stupidity, especially as I was ignorant whether he were a crim-inal or an innocent night wanderer like myself. I write "he" from habit, but whether the individual were a man or a woman I could not say. The figure might have been a male in an overcoat, or a woman in a tightly fitting cloak. In any case, if there were a crime, it was my duty to discover the victim and give aid if aid were needed. So I thought then and so I think now. When I reached the neighborhood of the blackberry bushes I opened my bull's-eye

> that she was dead. The figure of a young, slender and handsome woman, dressed coquettishly, and with jewels in her ears and on her flugers. There were no signs of a struggle, the poor creature laid placidly as in sleep, only down the soft, still warm breast there was a stream of yet liquid blood that flowed from a wound in the heart. The one fatal blow had stilled the young life forever. I had heard the instructive shrick, hat had arrived too late! The woman was past human help, but human justice demanded prompt action. I had to summon assistance and then notify the authorities. The nearest house was the hotel, and, walk as briskly as I might, it would take me a sull bals bour to reach it. A half hour going, a half hour returning; one hour at least before the dead woman could be removed. I do not know what stimulated me into the sotion, but before leaving the victim I removed the breastpin from the cold throat and a ring from the cold finger, and carefully studied such details of the attire as the dim lantern light allowed me. My action was instinctive, but it was born of a systematic and cautious mind that is always on the alert, and reaches consequences of the future as well as of the past. At the time I could have given no reason for despoiling the placid figure ot its now useless ornaments. Per-haps I was inspired! Be this as it may, I

lantern and carefully scanned the ground.

My labor was not long. Lying there in the grass was the motionless figure of a woman,

and a moment's inspection demonstrated

There was no police at Eglantine Hill, and I knew that I could open no communication with the city until the following morning.

Fortunstely what prevented me from warning justice also prevented the escape of the criminal. The trains had ceased running for the night, and for some hours, at least, the wretch must remain in the neighborhood of the victim. This was satisfac-

placed the jewels care ully in the breast

pocket of my rock coat and then, with a last look at the pale, handsome face I walked briskly toward the hotel. It was a

weary walk, and seemed interminable to me

in my anxious frame of mind. I was not

being to prevent the escape of the criminal.



ti'ul young lady, some 19 years of age, yet who had the bad taste to dislike the poor, harmless Dr. Brandt. By nourishing it Mrs. Glaye made this suspicion an integral part of her nature; her food was specially prepared or her and served in her own room. She doubted the people of the hotel as she doubted everyone else, and she would not take a spoon ul of tea or a morsel of food without first trying it on her maid. Her condition-which in certain aspects puzzled me—was made worse by an unfortunate family squabble. Her charming daughter Bertha had engaged hersel! to a young man named Cyril Durand, who was, if report spoke true, a gay, wild, careless biped, with an attractive presence, it not a very strong brain. Mrs. Glaye dismissed the young man, and forbade the charming Bertha ever to see him again. The reason she gave was that Cyril Durand had wasted the little money he owned in wild dissipation; that he was a dreamer; that while paying court to her daughter he was devoting his leisure hours to another woman, a poor creature who clung to him with desperation, and whom he had promised to make his wife. The reason was good, but was it the true cause of the dismissal? I doubt it. When a woman reaches a certain age, self becomes a very important element of her life; she includes the entire world in her subjective feelings, and conversely considers her sub-jective feelings as being the entire world. She has her dreams and ambitions; but, whereas in youth she dissipates them in tears, at the certain age she is desirous of converting them into reality. Mrs. Glaye's husband had died long years ago; at least, that was the report, and, despite her oddities, the good lady had a very affectionate heart. Had she herself fallen in love with Cyril Durand? On my faith, I believe so. After she had forbidden him to the charming Bertha, I know she frequently saw him hersel, and as she possessed a very strong will and determination, and he was weak willed and suddenly became very much depressed, I had the inney that the worthy elder lady had taken pos-sesion of him. When a strong-willed woman makes up her mind, obstacles fall be ore her like chaff before the wind. Her impetuosity makes up for her lack of strength, and what she cannot conquer through orce she wins through rapidity, so the grain-eating bird dushes himself to pieces against the light-nouse window. Did the charming Bertha

still love the banished lover? It pleased me to think otherwise, for the young girl'ssake. With youth love is frequently nothing more than indolence stimulated by opportunity. Pie crust has destroyed as many romances as it has stomachs; and, in the absence of opportunity, what might have been unwise love is converted into painted plates or em-broidered bulrusb. If youthful imagination were more frequently tempered by the use of the scrubbing brush, the passion that deyours would become the seli-denial that One of my favorite amusements is the study of entomology, and it was my ambition to make a complete collection of the insect life of Eglantine Hill. On a certain night in mid-September I set out on my cus-

mary expedition. It was a cold, wonderfully beautiful night. The sun had set, but there was a dark russet glow on the restless waters, deepening in the distance to a dull black, and touched shoreward toward the east with the silvery glory of the quiet moon. Overhead the sky was a deep serene blue, with a gamut of blues running down toward the horizon—where there was a laint streak of red as of diluted blood. I had stumbled through the hellow, and when I