Millionaire D. Edgar Cronse's Stables at Syracuse Are One of the Wonders of the World.

A DREAM OF MODERN SPLENDOR

That Will Compare With the Most Gor geons and Extravagant Conceptions of Ancient Royalty.

BARTH RANSACKED FOR MATERIALS.

Race Track, Carriage Rooms and Banquet and I ception Halls Under One Roof.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE, SYRACUSE, N. Y., August 23,-The fin ishing touches have finally been put upon the costliest stables in the world, and D. Edgar Crouse, of this city, is in possession of a palace for his borses that far surpasse in elegance any structure erected for a like purpose. Complete, the stables represent an outlay of over \$700,000. Three years have been spent in their erection, and drafts have been made unto the farthest ends of the earth for material with which to excel all patterns for the science of construction, and all limitations in beautiful ornamentation. An adequate description of these stables will sound like a chapter from

Monte Cristo or the Arabian Nights tales. The masonry on which the building stands is of cut stone laid in Portland cement, a substitute for mortar which entailed a greater expense, but must add durability to the work. The foundations are of extra thickness and were more than once relaid to correct possible, not apparent defects. The front of the building is some 60 feet in extent on Mulberry street and some 80 feet deep on the alley at the rear of the Crouse mansion. The stable is three stories in beight, exclusive of the gables, under the roots of which another habitabl floor has been fitted up.

THE MATERIALS USED.

The materials used in the construction were red sand stone quarried in New Hamp-shire, Trenton brick, encaustic tile and terra cotta. The first floor is enclosed in sand stone, above which the brick super structure rises. The architect has mainly depended on giving the front elevation effectiveness by skillful adherence to symmetry, its fine expanse being comparatively unbroken, except by a buttressed chimney, with carved base, projecting south of the main entrance which occupies a central

The exterior, impressive and imposing as it is, does not prepare one for the splendor of the interior. The rarest and most costly woods combined with the most exquisit workmanship, have made the rooms wonders of the designer's and joiner's craft. There is no veneering nor imitation here. The woods used in finishing the rooms are San Domingo mahogany, ebony, bethabia, white holly, California redwood and antique cak. The basement has been divided off into compartments for storing discarded equipages, coal cellars, wash rooms, cleaning rooms and for the heating apparatus. An elliptical track one-eighth of a mile long has been laid out in the eastern end of the base-ment, which will be used during inclement weather on which to exercise the horses.

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED, On the first floor are the stables, reception room and two offices fronting on Mulberry street. A billiard room, drawing room and dining room are on the second floor, besides the spaces over the stables proper, which will be used for storing hay, oats and straw. The main entrance is on Mulberry street, and is led up to by wide, heavy steps of gray granite. The entrance hall is in the early English style. The woodwork is tirely of mahogany, richly carved and panelled, and wonderfully beautiful in de-sign and execution. The floor is of tiled mosaics, and the ceiling is composed of small panels in honey-combed work. Two heavy mahogany doors open into the lobby. hangings of rich Turkish draperies, over which are open spaces, so that when the portieres are drawn the lobby is lighted from above, as well as through the glass in the doors. The woodwork in the lobby is of mahogany, inlaid with ebony. The wain-scoting is about 3 feet 6 inches high. Between the base and rail of the wainscoting are placed glazed tile of chocolate and yel

low, surrounded by intricate lacings.

The walls are of mahogany inlaid with ebony worked in panels. A small block of ebony two inches square acts as a bottom, around which break the moldings forming basket. The ceiling is put together in alternating square blocks of glazed black tile and mahogany beautifully molded and

A WORLD'S WONDER. The room which is entered from the right

of the lobby is probably one of the most ex-pensively decorated rooms in the world. The woodwork is entirely of solid rosewood This room will be used as a reception room The curtains and portieres are of the riches texture, and in their artistic tone fully harmonize with the deep, warm cold of the rosewood; thus, in spite of its massiveness, the room suggests that which is so often lacking in an apartment used for such purposes ospitality and ease. The floor is an exquisite piece of mosaic work, wrought from rare and costly woods, and in its entirety represents a mammoth bouquet of flowers. The woods used in its construction are mahogany, bird's-eye maple, bethabia, white holly and California redwood.

The extended wall space has been dealt

with in the most pleasing manner. A rose-wood base about 12 inches wide runs the whole length without perceptible break. Rising from the base to the rail of the wainscoting are exquisitely molded pilasters holding in place large slabs of elaborately designed tile glazed in yellow and blue. The tiling is flanked on either side by narrow strips of molding. On entering, the artistic eye realizes at a glance how much to these tiles is due the pleasing tone of the room, relieving as they do the too woody effect that would be sure to exist without them. From the wainscoting to the frieze line are beaded moldings interlacing each other, set with carved rosettes.

A MAGNIFICENT MANTEL. Between the windows is placed the man tel. An attempt to give a description of this would convey but a faint idea of its magnificence. It consists of two parts, the lower one simple in its outline, the upper massive, yet graceful, with columns, pilas ters, cornice and other artistic details. Prob ably no room in the United States shows finer specimens of woodcarving and molding than are visible in the frieze, cornice and ling of this. A frieze eight inches wide, highly polished, runs the entire round of the room. The design is plain except for h narrow bead running lengthwise in its cen-Above the frieze is a narrow picture olding, which hides the joint and makes s base for the massive cove that joins the cornice with the ceiling and completes an immense canopy. This cove is of solid roseood, three feet in width, and runs the entire round of the room without apparent break. The ceiling is of rosewood, con-structed with delicate bead moldings and utifully paneled, the panels being most

elaborately carved. A feature of this room is the immense chandelier of solid brass in Italian repour work, disporting all manner of figures and trailing vices. The fixture is suspended by means of three large brass rings linked to-gether descending from the ceiling and tersting with a grace ul hook similar to

tic tone of the corresponding office, opening from the left of the lobby, will be gained by drawing the portieres and viewing it at full length from the rosewood room. As one gazes the large mantel mirror seems to transform the room into an almost endless hall. Much of the massive expression of the room is due to the heavy cornice and wide frieze. A beautiful piane is to placed against the eastern wall and will, in a measure, serve to break its great breadth. The piano cuse is also of mahogany and will be sympathetic in color and tone to the rest of the room.

A dainty elevator, done off in mahogany, rosewood and brass, connects the two offices with the apartments above, and is entered from the rosewood room. Ascending to the next floor, the first vista strikes one with a next floor, the first vista strikes one with a sense of the rich and magnificent. This apartment will be used as a drawing room. The woodwork is of the best quality of mahogany and is put into the highest state of finish. The wainscoting is constructed of large panels, highly polished and flanked on either side by heavy mullions. The nanels are about five feet long, and are held in their places by richly carved and elegantly moided pilasters. A wide, deep rail of nearly ten inches, hides the joint between the wainscoting and wall, and runs entirely around the room. Narrow yet beautifully around the room. Narrow yet beautifully designed pilasters rise from rail to frieze, disposed of about six inches apart. Between these pilasters are alternating panels, elaborately carved, and so constructed as to give the wall a honey-comb appearance.

BIRDS THAT ALMOST FLY.

The pen falters in attempting a description of the frieze and ceiling. At the base of the frieze, running the entire length of the room, is a heavy mold, highly polished. The trieze itself is wrought in representation of the plumage of birds, and so delicate the characters of the characters of the characters of the characters. tion of the plumage of birds, and so delicate are the tracings, so exquisite the chiseling, that it seems almost as if a breath of air might move them. This lovely frieze is fully two feet in width, and is flanked on either side by narrow, beaded mullions. Above it comes the cove, three feet wide, entirely of solid mahogany and polished to rival a mirror in its brilliancy and powers of reflection. In the center of the ceiling, set diamond-wise, is a large, beveled French plate mirror. Descending from the center of this is a chandelier, of solid brass, with its many crotscope figures and filigree its many grotesque figures and filigree work. Some of the panels are in relief, feathers and medallions covering their en-tire surface, while others are plain and highly polished.

In the dining room the immense side-board, 13 feet wide and 13 feet in height,

breaks the long wall space on the east. This sideboard was built in Syracuse and at a cost of about \$2,000. A ton and a half of mahogany was used in its construction, and as this wood is bought by the pound its value may be guessed at.

WONDERFUL IN DETAIL.

The dining room is connected with the culinary department on the third floor by means of dummy waiters and an elevator. The kitchen and buttery are complete in every appointment. The woodwork is of Norway pine matched and polished. The billiard room, and indeed all the other rooms, are finished in a style almost as

Entertainment for beast will be provided on the floor immediately beneath the billiard What is described as the receiving room of the stable is a spacious apartment beautifully finished in antique oak. A horse's head is delineated in besutiful etchwork upon each of the heavy plate glass work upon each of the heavy plate glass windows set in the massive mahogany doors that swing open from the driveway on the south into this room. Heavy rubber matting cover the stable balls. The floors on either side of this matting are to be heavily protected with the richest Turkish carpeting to be procured. Long cabinets, wit paneled doors constructed of fine grain oak, line either side, in which are to be hung the harnesses. The fourth floor, under the sloping roof, is finished in Norway pine and is used as a tankroom.

THE HORSE STALLS. From the receiving room an inclined plane covered with rubber matting leads down into the basement and opens upon the track on which the horses are to be exercised during unpropitious weather. The roadbed is made solid by a grouting two feet in depth covered by a heavy lining of adamant. There are 14 stalls. The woodwork is entirely of oak and has been brought From the receiving room an inclined up to the highest state of finish. Heavy pilasters are made to serve as door casings, and rise from the floor to the tops of the doors, meeting a deep frieze which runs around the entire length. Above each door is a paneled transom, richly carved in scroll

work and vinery.

D. Edgar Crouse, the owner of these stables, is the wealthlest person in Syracuse. For several years he has enjoyed an extentoga, the Mecca to which every reinsman urns his face with the coming of summer, he is a conspicuous figure in the procession of turnouts which wend their way to and from the lake at the driving hours. At no one's hands, save the late William H. Van-derbilt's, behind Maud S. and Early Rose, did Mr. Crouse ever take a grain of dust in that frisky throng. His horses are invaria-bly the best that money can buy, and in their company he finds the keenest pleasure of being a millionaire. JAMES NOLAN.

POISON FOR CRIMINALS.

Philadelphia Doctor Prefers It to Death by Electricity or Hanging. Philadelphia Press. 1

"In case I had to be executed." said the senior resident physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital, "I would prefer to be sent to my last long sleep by poison than by either electrothany or hanging. I think it a less barbarous and less painful way. There are a number of poisons that might be used for such a purpose, though I doubt very much if such a way of executing criminals would ever be adopted in this or any other civilized country. Nearly all of them act more rapidly when given hypodermically, and that, I think, would be the best way of ad-

ministering them. "The poison above all others that I think would give the best results as a means of execution is morphis. If one grain of morphia is injected into the arm of any ordiphia is injected into the arm of any ordi-nary man, the dose repeated an hour after-ward, the man would pass away in a quiet sleep. He would drop off into a delicious slumber, and from this painless sleep there would be no waking. Of course, if the man was addicted to the use of morphine, such a

was addicted to the best of morning, such a course could not be pursued, or the dose would have to be calarged.

"Hydrocyanic acid, better known to the general public in the form of prussic acid, is another poison that might be utilized this way. It is probably the most rapid of poisons. It is so deadly that when inhaled it causes death. Smelling and tasting it is very dangerous. It should not be experimented with save in a draught, and it should not be handled in summer. It is supposed that Scheele, who discovered prussic acid, died from inhaling the fumes, is he was found dead in his laboratory. A person taking it in one corner of the room would, I have been informed, die before he could take two jumps to snother corner. The man would have convulsions, but he would fall unconscious as he was seized with

"Aconite is also very rapid. Administered hypodermically it would cause death in less than a minute. A well-known octor was taken sick in the night and told his wite to get him a bottle of medicine. She handed him in mistake a bottle of security. He took a big dose, and recognized instantly from the tingling sensation about his lips what he had swallowed. 'My dear,' he said, 'you have given me aconite.' The next minute he was unconscious and soon he was dead."

No Lower Egypt for Her.

New York World.] Miss Porkus Chicago-Yes, we are going to do Europe and then we'll pay a visit

ANOTHER JUST AS GRAND.

Egypt, pray?

Why Upper, of course. Catch my pa going to any place that's low."

NOT A DEADLY ROLL

A Good Word for the Modern Cigarette from an Authority.

CAN'T SMOKE OPIUM IN THEM. America Produces the Best Article and

the World Uses It. EXPERTS IN MAKING AND SMOKING

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) It is astonishing to find what erroneo ideas are imbibed, as it were by instinct, upon subjects of general interest, with which we are in daily touch. The eigarette is no exception, and, although known to everyone by sight, there are any quantity of people of the present generation who appear to imagine that the United States were the originators of this form of smbking, and still more who will be profoundly astonished to learn that eigarette smoking was a universal custom in foreign lands generations before the centerboard craft of Christopher Columbus plowed the Atlantic Ocean.

The origin of the cigarette is unknown as far as I can learn, and the two earliest, as well as the most primitive, records of it are found among the Samoan Islanders, who when first knewn rolled a few twigs of dried tobacco leaf in a green leaf from a tree, lit it and smoked it for a few whiffs, and then threw it away to roll another; the other instance is the inhabitants of Cuba, who when discovered were found to be smoking tobacco rolled in a dried maize leaf. The name cigarette was not evolved until comparatively recent years, and is derived from cigarros, which in turn is derived from cigarah, which name was given by the early smokers to the practice of smoking, owing to it generally taking place in a garden, under the waving trees, and among the chirping of the grasshoppers. At least so say the Cubans, and they should know. HISTORY OF THE ROLL.

The best starting point for the eigarette, or small roll of tobacco, is said to be in the Pacific Islands, where Samoa is situated, and that from there it was transmitted through the Bornean Dyaks and Malays to Singapore, and thence through Hindoostan to Russia. In Hindoostan at the present time the roll of Tunkah leaf is still seen in the mouth of every adult, and in Burmah everyone smokes them. A maiden presents her lover with cigarettes and helps him to smoke them, and every woman will be found to have a large or small hole in the lobe of the right ear into which she slips the cigarette or eigar she is smoking when she wants to use both bands. It is no uncommon thing for lovers to "trade" smokes that are half consumed, and in the bazaar one frequently sees a girl making purchases remove her eigarette from her mouth and hand it to her escort to keep alight until she is ready to receive it again.

In Siam every baby smokes, and if one cries while the mother nurses it, she will put

the cigarette she is smoking into its mouth to quiet it. The children run about naked and so have no pockets, and it is no uncommon thing to see one with a cigarette stuck behind each ear and another in its mouth as t runs along the street.

CONSUMPTION IN RUSSIA. In Africa, the cigarette is practically unknown, which is the more curious as all other forms of smoking, long pipes, water pipes, earth pipes, and also snnff-taking are commonly practiced. In Russia everyone smokes eigarettes of all kinds and all qualities. So great is the consumption that one factory alone, that of Boganoff & Co., is credited by the official returns with a yearly output of 2,500,000,000 cigarettes, or about 300,000,000 more than the total output of the industry of the United States. These, however, are mostly of very low quality, made of a coarse-grained, rank, badly-cured to-bacco, and not at all comparable with even the lowest quality we make. They are smoked principally by the monjicks or peasants, and are principally wrapped in a steeping it in a preparation of iron. that it always has a month-piece of card. made of the finest grade of Turkish leaf, for which fabulous prices are paid, for no matter what the product be, whether cigarettes, Havana cigars, Chinese tea or champagne, the very finest grade always finds a market among the rich nobles of Russia at prohibi-tive prices. I have bought cigarettes in w at 15 cents each. One of the m recent innovations is a cigarette made of enicotinized tobacco by a Pottawa firm, but they are alkaline, pungent and charac-terless, and can never become popular.

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE. It is strange that the mention of a eigarette should naturally be linked with the thought of Turkey, and that Turkish cigarettes should be a synoym in the trade when Turkey manufactures but very few and very poor eigarettes, and smokes still less. It is, however, beyond doubt a wonderful country for the peculiar grade of leaf required for the European taste. Austria troubles little about eigarettes, and although the German is more addicted to pipes of a voluminous size and length and cigars that are calculated to lower the rents of property adjacent to the confirmed smoker, a tremendons quantity of eigarettes are made from

France is generally styled the "nation of cigarette smokers," but as few but domestic made goods are allowed to be sold there, and the total production is estimated at 2,900,-000,000 a year, it is not so very great, as the population of France and her colonies nearly equals that of the United States, so that we run her very close for the record in point of average consumption per head. The cigarettes of France are a nightmare. Words cannot describe them, although many Ameri-cans, eminently gifted, have done their best. The only excuse for the nation smoking them is, they cannot get anything better, there being but two places in Paris where American eigarettes are sold, and these are sold at just double their price here.

IN A SPANISH FACTORY. A Spanish factory is a picture, one Seville has 2,500 girls employed, sitting rows of 20 each. The room is low and is blaze of color, for every girl has a handker-chief round her neck and a bright flower be-hindher ear. All along the walls hang the rich colored out door dresses, and a babel of tongues run never tiring. A married wo-man is allowed to bring her baby, and the aisles are growded with gradles which are the mother are busy rolling eigarettes. In the very hot weather a bell is rung before visitors are admitted, and entering one sees a twinkling of white arms and shoulders as a twinkling of white arms and she mantillas are hastily thrown on to hide the great dishabelle rendered necessary to seure comfort in working. They smoke if they

wish and although they earn only about 2 pesetas or 40 cents a day, they are a merry The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. I have seen a Spaniard ers in the world. I have seen a Spaniard take a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhale it, take up a wine skin, or wine bottle, pour a half pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth and not spill a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction close his eyes, and exhale the smoke from nose and mouth in clouds. They will also inhale the smoke converse for a few min. inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner, and then blow out

In Yucatan men, women and children smoke, and hundreds of girls are employed in making cigarettes. The better class of

adept do these people become in the man ipulation of the fragrant roll that it is no unusual to see a lady fan herself with on hand, and with the other tear off a piece of maise husk, gather up a portion of tobacco, and with one hand roll it up with a deft, quick motion, and convey it to the mouth. It is almost impossible to describe this achievement. The tobacco is gathered in a pinch in the paim of the hand, the husk being held in the fingers, a jerk of the wrist turning the hand under drops it on the busk, and the two first fingers and thumb roll it up. They cannot do the trick at all if they try to do it slowly. In Brazil the eigarette is also wrapped in maise husk and is omnipresent, and a traveler newly landed and taking a ride on a surface car, receives a severe shock when a richly dressed young and, and with the other tear off a piece o vere shock when a richly dressed young lady on a seat in front of him, turns around and asks the loan of his eigar to light the eigarette she has rolled with one hand in the recesses of her pocket.

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICA. Previous to 1867 we had only the Cubar make to supply our then very limited wants, but in the midwinter of 1867 two Armenians New York. They were the Bedrossian brothers, and they brought with them a stock of 100 pounds of genuine Turkish to stock of 100 pounds of genuine Turkish to-bacco for the purpose of introducing it. In February, 1867 they hired a store and with two workmen commenced the manufacture of Turkish eigarettes, unknowingly laying the foundation stone of the present industry. About 1872 the industry began to boom; in 1877-8 they commenced to be exported to England; in 1885 pictures were first given away, and in 1890, with a yearly output of about 2,200,000,000 eigarettes, the five prin-cipal firms formed a grand combination un-der the name of the American Tobacco Comder the name of the American Tobacco Com

As regards the methods of production em ployed by the principal firms there is litt to be said except that, notwithstanding all sensational reports to the contrary, the sys-tem of health, sanitation and cleanliness is perfect, and that only the finest quality of eat is used, combined with nothing but the leat is used, combined with nothing but the necessary amount of moisture required to work the tobacco. What method the factories making the very cheap goods may employ is immaterial, as their combined output is very limited, but the principal factories are above suspicion in this respect. England gets her supply from America. John Bull knows a good article when he meets it.

THE CIGARETTE WRAPPER.

As regards the paper used for wrapping elgarettes it is not made of rice, but either of fine linen or the pith of a plant. The cheaper grades are wrapped in a very common paper made from rye straw, etc. A new paper hailing from France is called papier aux sels de Vichy, or literally paper of Vichy salts, and it is claimed that a regular use of this paper will have the sam moderate but desirable effect upon the in testines obtained by the water of the Vichy springs. A wonderful machine in use in Paris cuts the paper, counts them, fastens them into cardboard cases, labels them, attaches the rubber bands and delivers ther ready for sale to the French consumer.

There has been much said about opium in cigarettes, and it is as well to set this idea straight right here. Aside from the high price of opium there is one special reason why it is not put into cigarettes, and is never likely to be, and as it would not burn, but would fall off unconsumed with the ash. When opium is smoked it takes about one minute to "boil" the opium for each pipe and get it dry enough to be burned and inhaled at one swift draught. If this were not done immediately it would absorb moisture from the atmosphere and would not burn. Now place opium in a clgarette containing moisture until it is saturated, and consequently will not burn it all. Apart from all other arguments of reason or policy, this one statement of un-deniable fact should be sufficient to set at rest the question of opium in the cigarette.

ARE THEY INJURIOUS? Much has been said about the injuriou character of the cigarette. But as a matter of fact, our best medical experts agree in regarding the cigarette as the most innocuous form or using tobacco if used in moderation and without inhaling. When inhaled it is the paper that deadens or kills the young tissues and prevents them fructifying in a natural way, and consequently the stamina and general health of the smoker fails by degrees according to his physique.

If a pipe or a cigar were inhaled it would

be injurious in a smaller degree, but the smoke of these is not generally taken into the lungs. An absurd idiotic fashion has decreed that the smoke of the cigarette must be inhaled, and any excess in this direction is generally to be found among that peculiar type which can best be spared in any community, it being eminently survival of the fittest. It is especially worthy of note in this connection, that in the Turko-Russia war, the men who fought so gal lantly, handicapped by insufficient ration and clothing amid all the rigors of a Balkan winter, were to a man, confirmed eigarett

CO-OPERATION A SUCCESS.

example of the Solidarity Watch Cas Company of Brooklyn. New York Sun.]

The establishment of a co-operative short

by the cloakmakers has awakened consid erable interest in the pet scheme of labor reformers. One of the oldest and most prosperous of these enterprises is the Solidarity Watch Case Company of Brooklyn. This company was formed in the early part of 1885 by 60 members of the United Watch Case Makers, a trades organization founded on the usual principles of a labor union. It was resolved to form a stock company, and, in order to gain a solid footing among the numerous other concerns engaged in this trade, to fix the nominal capital stock at \$50,000. Nearly every member of the union bought a few shares to start with, and work was begun with nine men. A suit-able plant had been purchased, and the workshop was stocked with all the necessary ools and enough gold to keep the men bus for at least a week,

The plan was a perfect success. Before the week was out more men were taken in and the facilities for turning out watch case and the lacilities for turning out watch cases were extended. An agent was sent to New York to fix up an office on Broadway and to dispose of the products of the shop. At the end of the month the company had orders for more goods than the men then employed could possibly make, and accordingly new new were taken in. men were taken in.

men were taken in.

The company has been established over five years now, and every month of its existence at least one new man has been employed, but few have been discharged. The esult is that to-day there are 95 happy watch case makers, working for wages as good as if not better than those of any other man who follows that trade, and holding an interest in the profits that accrue from his

THEY BLOCKADE THE RIVER. Salmon Se Thick to Alaska That Rowing is

ew York Sun.1 The salmon, most abundant in the Ala kan streams, is the humpback or garbusche At times they are so numerous in the Karluk river that it is impossible for a boat to force its way through them in crossing a stream. On one occasion a seine 90 feet in length took an enormous draft of fish. About 7,000 salmon were dressed out of it from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., and afterward the men were oc cupied three hours in cleaning the seine The remainder of the fish were in a mass four feet deep. During 1889 250,000 cases, of eight pounds each, of salmon were put up on the Karluk. The whole catch for four months amounted to 12,000,000 pounds o

in making cigarettes. The better class of people make their own, and in town, village and city the ladies may be seen sitting behind the prison-like gratings of the windows of the houses deftly rolling up tobacco in a small piece of maize husk and smoking these cigarettes incessantly, claiming that the toasting of the maize husk as it burns gives a delicate flavor to the cigarette, far surpassing that of tobacco leaf or paper. So

WATCH THE KITCHEN

A Good Place for the Young Mechanic Who is Hunting a Wife

IS SOME RICH MAN'S BACK FENCE.

The Good Wives Rarely Come From the Factories and the Stores. JOYS AND WORS OF WEDDED LIPE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Marriage is the summit of the average girl's ambition, and, alas, how often the ambition is gratified at the cost of everything that makes life worth living. Desirable as it may be to be coupled to one of the "lords of creation," one cannot help peep-ing into some of the homes of poverty, dirt and squalor, and wondering what there is about it that makes marriage so entrancing. There are thousands of so-called homes in this land where women toil from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same for naught on earth but their daily bread and the few rags which cover their attenuated bodies. Before entering this enchanting state, many of them scorned the idea of earning an honest living in domestic life, with some family where comfort and luxury even might be theirs. "No indeed; what, me live out? Never."

Every reader of THE DISPATCH will recognize this picture. Rather stand in a store or work in a factory all through the weary day, living in cheap lodgings or in kitchen. It is true, "there's no place like home," and, looking into some of them, I thank God there isn't. some thread-bare home in a back alley, than

Brings Out the Sour Side. Thousands of American girls spend their days under circumstances which give them no experience in the culinary art. When they are married the sour part of the husband's nature soon begins to manifest itself under the stimulus of ill-cooked food and slatternly housekeeping. A little while, and the bloom departs from the check, the brightness from the eye, the lightness from the step, while puny, unkempt children make confusion worse confounded. Such a home has little charm for the average man. He is apt to make contrasts, in which, if his wife has no domestic qualifications, or only such as those described, she suffers by the

What is there about domestic work that it belittles our young women more than any other kind of employment? If young men knew as much before marriage as they find out after, there would be a different state of affairs I imagine. If I were a mechanic and desired to find a suitable wife, I would rather try my luck over the area railing of some rich man's mansion than hang around a drygoods store or a factory, waiting for a wan and weary girl whose head is always fiching, and who is always tired. Rather the red hand of domestic industry than the cold and clammy digits of one whose per-petual round of toil robs lite of its brightest petual round of toil robs life of its brightest sunshine and saps away its young vitality. Which is the most irksome, to stand all the live-long day behind a counter, beneath the argus-eyed gaze of a snobbish floor walker, snubbed every moment of the day by aristo-cratic customers, or to be queen of some kitchen, where, though not seeing or some kitchen, where, though not seeing or seen so much, the work is not so hard, and where she is preparing to fill some workingman's home with bright, glad sunbeams?

A Wronged Woman. There are people who are ever pitying lonely old maids. It is the fashion to caricature them. Many times the facetious scribbler does a cruel wrong in this direction. That there are erabbed old maids from whose presence it is not irreverent to exclaim, "Good Lord, deliver us," I do not deny, but they are few and far between. sister. Nine times out of ten she is an angel in disguise, like the blessed Master, "going about doing good." You will find her in the sick room, smoothing rumpled pillows, soothing aching brows and cooling fevered lips, many a time rocking some other woman's baby to sleep while she lies with the shadow of death hovering near. Think you that such a life is a purposele one, or that heaven does not smile upon her labors of love? Time out of mind have I spect and honor. Denied the intimate con panionship of man, knowing not the joys of motherhood, her heart's best instincts find their outlet in deeds of kindly love and self-

sacrifice for the good of others. Which is the better life, this, or that of the slovenly, lounging, aimless and insipid wife and mother whose children advertise her negli-gence, and whose husband goes to his home when every other place of resort is closed against him.

Women on the Farm. One of our greatest poets has ventured to assert that there are circumstances on earth which cause the angels in heaven to weep. While I am not sufficiently versed in angelology to corroborate or deny such an assertion, I am sure that if they can they do weep when they get a glimpse into the homes of some of our farmers' wives. I am dealing with exceptions now, and in this case I am afraid there are not enough rules to cover the exceptions. With the rising of the sun, and often long before, the day's labor begins. The farmer's wife is frequently the first to arise. Before the gray mist of the morning clears her lord and master and all the little lords must have their breakfast. Amid the fumes of fat and the splutter of griddle cakes she gets her morning bath of perspiration. When all other appetites are satisfied her's frequently is too, although she has not tasted a mouthful. She has breathed enough of the breakfast through her open pores to satisfy nature's cravings. In comes the morning's milk before she has gulped down a cup of coffee. It must be attended to. As she strains and fixes it she tended to. As she strains and fixes it she hears the melodious voices of a horde of hungry little pigs crying for their share. All around the kitchen door the famishing chickens are cackling and fighting over some silly worm that has gotten up too early in the morning. The children must be gotten ready for school, and their dinners packed.

But what is the use of multiplying words? So it goes all the day, from one year's end to another. This is the lot of thousands of women. They delve and work and scheme and patch and save and darn all through life, and when, finally, nature gets up a re-bellion and the cold grave receives the mortal remains of the tired wife and mother, i is called "the inscrutable decree of Provi-dence." The clods of the valley fall upon the casket. The form is so thin and wasted that it sounds very hollow. There is not much in that coffin if the flowers and furbelows were taken out. Flowers? What mockery! Through life naught but work and toil, toil and work. Flowers indeed! Better spread a few along the path of life and less upon the grave, methinks.

Put no flowers upon my grave,
I'll take my flowers now;
I want no wreath of roses brave
To deck my pallid brow.

A Brighter Picture I would not have the many readers o

THE DISPATCH imagine that all farmers' wives have such a lot as this, or that all the homes where the wife has not had girlhood training to domestic work are so desolate, Many a farmer's home is a perfect bower o bliss and sweet content, where the good angel of love, with ever-spreading wings, hovers near, from the springtime of life to its hoary winter. There are those who think that women were not created simply to slave through life for men. There are farmers, even, who believe that a woman is entitled

to some little share in the good things that come to lite. There are farms where the music of the parlor organ, and even the plano, may be heard mingling its melody with the lowing kine and the neighing horses. You will generally find good fences, neat outbuildings and carefully-kept garden spots near such homes as this. There may not be quite so much money in the bank, nor such a broad acreage of land under tillage, but there is home and love and peace—a galaxy of blessings infinitely superior to dollars and cents and penuriousness.

Around such homes the weeds seldom grow, and the laborers do not groan. What would be slavery to the farmer's wife alone, is, comparatively speaking, pastime with the rosy girl who helps her in her duties till the daughters gain strength and education to fit them to fill their places. One of the best investments on a farm is a good girl in the kitchen. Instead of the haggard, weary look upon the farmer's wife's check you will see the expression of content. see the expression of content.

Not a Heaven at Best. At best the life is a lonely one. It is trying and tying. Not for long can she leave her home. Once a week to church and possibly once a week or so to some neighboring town, where all her time is taken in trading this and that to make all ends meet, She sees little of society, and has not very much time for books if her inclination leans in that direction. Surely her home should be made as pleasant as possible. And further, there are girls who have had

no chance to know much about household duties who are very apt at learning. Many a man of moderate means has won a happy helpmeet from the store and the factory. A criticism that does not open the door for ex-ceptions is always unjust. Bright and blithesome is many a house from the good offices of such a one. And yet it must be acknowledged that the general rule holds. Let every young man try to get a wife. It is his duty. "Her price is above rubies." That is to say it ought to be. Well, it is if

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please, When pain and sickness rack the brow, Then, ministering angel thou.

THE COUNTRY PARSON. KIPLING MEETS TWAIN.

How the Indian Soldier Was Received b the Great American Humorist. Rudyard Kipling tells in an article printed in the New York Herald how he met Mark Twain. He chased all over several square miles of territory before he cornered the humorist at his brother-in-law's house. "As I rang the bell," says Kipling, "it occurred to me for the first time Mark Twain might possibly have other engagements than the entertainment of escaped lunatics from India, be they ever so full of admiration. And in another man's houseanyhow what had I come to do or say? Sup-pose the drawing room should be full of people, a levee of crowned heads; suppose a baby were sick anywhere, how was I to ex-

plain I only wanted to shake hands with "Then things happened somewhat in this order. A big, darkened drawing room, a huge chair, a man with eyes, a mane of mouth as delicate as a woman's, a strong, square hand shaking mine, and the slowest calmest, levelest voice in all the work

saying:
"Well, you think you owe me something and you've come to tell me so. That's what I call squaring a debt handsomely." " 'Pif!' from a cob pipe (I always said a Missouri meerschaum was the best smoking in the world) and behold Mark Twain had curled himself up in the big arm chair and I was smoking reverently, as befits one in the presence of his superior. "The thing that struck me first was that

he was an elderly man, yet, after a moment's thought, I perceived that it was otherwise, and in five minutes, the eyes looking at me I saw that the gray hair was an accident o the most trivial kind. He was quite young. I had shaken his hand. I was smoking his cigar, and I was hearing him talk—this man I had learned to love and admire 14,000 miles away.

**Reading his books I had str

an idea of his personality, and all my pre-conceived notions were wrong and beneath the reality. Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer. That was a moment to be remembered; the land of the 12-poun salmon was nothing to it. I had hooked Mark Twain, and he was treating me as though under certain circumstances I might be an equal."

DUMAS THE SON.

It is Not True That He Works in a Dress Solt and by Wax Tapers. Philadelphia Press.]

Alexander Dumas fils is the most inter esting of cotemporary French men of letters, he is so brilliant a paradox in himself and in his environment. He inherited his brains from his father, yet he is his father's opposite. The great, large-hearted giant, bourgeois sometimes, and even Philistine, yet never indelicate or immoral, full of humor, but with no wit, whose brain was ever teeming with inventions, with plots, incidents and characters which he hurled together pell mell with little art or method who enjoyed life with a sort of grandiose grossness, who was as healthy and hearty and unsophisti-cated as a child, forms a queer cated as a child, forms a contrast to Dumas fils, the literary quisite, who sits down to write in his dress suit at a table lighted by wax tapers, who has a brilliant and cutting wit but no humor, who preaches morality in terms that might often make vice blush, whose plots are put together with nice mathematical precision, whose sentences are trimmed and polished with tireless art, and whose inventive resources are extremely limited.

We have repeated the old fable about the dress suit and the wax tapers rather as a metaphor than as a fact. It has indeed been asserted as a fact. But at present Dumas has discarded this affectation, if he ever assumed it. He appears in his studio in what looks like a compromise between a bathing robe and a suit of overalls. He is surrounded by elegancies, for he loves the little things that make life great, the luxies that are more indiagenable than the uries that are more indispensable than the

CITY OF THE UNKNOWN.

An Astec Metropolis Which Indians Say No White Man Has Ever Seen. elphia Inquirer. 1

"During trequent visits I have made to Mexico," said a mining engineer of this city last night, "I have come in contact with many of the Indians resident there and have heard some very singular stories. One, which all the Indians unite in telling, in that far in the interior exists an enormous city never yet visited by white men. It is described as peopled by a race similar to the ancient Axtecs, who are sun worshipers and offer human sacrifices to their deity. The race is said to be in a high state of civilination, and the Indians say that the city is full of huge structures which are miracles of quaint, but beautiful architecture, and are situated on broad, paved streets far surpass-ing those of the City of Mexico.

"One Indian, I recollect, assured me that he had seen the city and its inhabitants with his own eyes, but had been afraid of being captured and had fied. Of course, I did not believe him, but, all the same, it is not a little strange that the accounts of the Mexi-can Indians relative to the mysterious and nagnificent interior city agree perfectly."

Young Cubley (who hasn't eaught sight f the lady who has just slipped in at the loor).-It's your ante, Billings!
Mrs. Billings.-No, it is not! It's his

GAS CITY GOURMETS.

Dishes That Do Most Tickle the Palates of Local Celebrities.

THEY YEARN FOR SUBSTANTIALS.

Pittsburg's Mayor Takes Prog's Legs, Allegheny's, Roast Beef.

BEST PARS FOR POLITICS AND LAW

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) We can live without books; what is knowledge

We can live without hope; what is hope but de-

We can live without love; what is love but repining?
But where is the man who can live without Deep in the heart of every man there

lurks a latent affection for some particular kind of eatable. He may be fond of fois-gras; he may revel in roast beef; but whether the entree of the epicure or the tidbit of the Bohemian tickle his palate most effectually, in the dish which is most pleasing he indulges whenever occasion offers.

Some men humor their table whims when they fancy themselves unobserved; others display their weaknesses boldly and in the full light of day. But each and every one among us has his favorite dish, deny it as e may. Frequently the tastes of urchinhood change or dwindle as sober middle-age draws on apace. But there are many cases in which the pet morsel of the infant has remained the chiefest delight of the FAITHFUL TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

An elderly friend of the writer had, during his schooldays, a penchant for straw-berry jam. He now enjoys a position of power and trust in the hill provinces of farpower and trust in the hill provinces of far-off Hindostan; but in spite of gray hairs and a commandership of the Star of India, the Sahib Judge still receives by every east-ward bound Peninsula and Oriental steamer a fresh hamper of that delectable preserve, to which, as a lower fourth form fag, he had been so sadly addicted. There are people galore who remain true, like His Honor, the Judge, to their first loves in the way of edi-bles.

Pittsburg, as a rule, is not productive of gourmands; but her citizens know a good thing when they taste it. An attempt has been made to ascertain the feelings of the principal citizens of cisflumine Pittsburg, as well as of those belonging to the trans-pontine Pittsburg, which is called Alegheny, on the subject of the table and its dishes. The result reveals the fact that the tastes of our civic fathers incline rather toward the substantial than toward the light and delicate in the matter of eating. From this one might establish the new theory that men of sound mind prefer sound meats. FACTS HARD TO GLEAN.

Some little difficulty, arising from reasons heretoiore alluded to, was at first found in getting the elect and elected of this city to 'less up their amours of the table. In numerous cases strategy had to be resorted to before the desired information could be obtained. But a representative list of names with favorite dishes attached was at length gathered together and will be given to the

Several of the gentlemen interviewed, seemed to think the question of their pet selections for dinner a trivial and uninteresting one. But oh! Mr. General Public, were they not in error? Do you not desire to study the tastes of distinguished indi-viduals, and by forming your own thereon, copy their characters while you imitate their menus? And ob! worthy Mrs. General Public, whenever it becomes your felicity to invite one of these magnates to dinner, would you not like to know the precise dainty which he most affects, in order he be tempted to come often to your charming parties? Assuredly the question of what the foremost citizens eat is of value and interest to the readers of THE DISPATCH.

THE DELIGHTS OF MAYORS.

were the first ascertained. The Mayor is hardly substantial in his preference, which is for Jambons de grenouille, alias frog's legs. But when these tender mouthfuls are out of season the Mayor flies to rissoles or broiled chicken for consolation. Mayor Wyman, of Allegheny, esteems roast beef highly, white his very efficient Chief of Police, John R. Murphy, has a strong affection for chicken and waffles. Of the Allegheny county officials, Sheriff A. Æ. McCandless holds a deviled kidney to be first among dishes, but Coroner McDowell stoutly pro-tests his undeviating adherence to the oldtests his undeviating adherence to the old-time country dish of corned beef with cab-

The legal fraternity ase varied in their tastes. Colonel W. D. Moore acknowl-edges the supremity of chicken gumbo. Judges White and Magee like be and lamb with mint sauce repectively Major Montooth agrees with the late Duke of Abercorn that roast mutton with currant jelly constitute the very finest dish known to epicures. And the writer vouches for it that roast mutton and current jelly will prove highly satisfactory to anyone who tries them together. William J. Brennen, Esq., likes lamb with mint sauce, and the table love of City Solicitor George Elphin-stone, of Allegheny, is chicken salad.

CITY HALL SPICURES.

Among the City Hail officials: Chief Bigelow affects light entrees, and Controller Morrow still retains his boyish fondness for apple dumpling, and his boyish hatred of the tear-cooking onion. Chief J. O. Brown, of the Department of Public Safety, resembles that erstwhile great chief of public un-safety Napoleon I. in his being adicted to roast chicken. Major Denniston, the City Treasurer, adores a fillet of veal, but he has been known, in honor of his old army days, to manfully assert an imaginary taste for "salt horse" and hard tack.

Mr. Croslis Gray, Clerk of the Department of Public Safety, has very Bostonian likings. His favorite dish is baked beans and brown bread. Deliuquent Tax Collector Ford is English by birth, which may account for his preferring, to all other edibles, the roast bee', plum pudding and mince pies of "Merrie England." Mr. Ford prob-ably thinks we live in an age when we receive not only our dinners, but almost every-thing else connected with us, served a la

A PARALLEL IN LITERATURE

Our literature, for instance, is no longer substantial. There is more spice in it per aps, but we get entrees instead or joints. is much the same with our philosophy. Shakespeare, Fielding and Francis Bason have given place to Swinburne, Howells and Edward Bellamy; just as the haunch of venison and baron of beef have been succeeded by the lucious confections of the modern chef. Verily there is a parallel beau tween the so-called "refinement" of the table, and the so-called "re ormation" of book-writing, and we are sometimes drive to sigh for the brave old days when "Othello was written, and the boar's head and pud-ding or plum decked the banquet board of

But "revenous a nos pates," if 'nos moutons." After the City Hall folks it will be in order to review the politicians.

Mr. C. L. Magee, who may be styled facile
princeps of the kind, is an epicare to some
extent. He has a weakness for wild fowl, extent. He has a weakness for wild fowl, and patronizes can asback and squab largely when they are in season. Mr. William Flinn is a votary of calf's head, with plenty of sauce and garnish. W. A. Magee chooses terrapin in preference to anything else. John N. Neeb likes quail on toast, but also possesses the German relish for sausages. Postmaster McKean alleges that he has no favorite dish, and indeed the Postmaster is a very elight ester. But there are occasions very elight eater. But there are occasions upon which he has been seen to discuss a soft-shell crab without an appearance of

THEY TAKE SUBSTANTIALS. The Democratic politicians are generally

substantial in their choice of dishes. Post-

15

substantial in their choice of dishes. Postmaster Larkin gives beefsteak and tomato
sauce first place. W. J. Brennen's selection
has already been given; while John Ennis
prefers ham with vegetables, especially
cabbage or Brussels' sprouts.

Inspector of Police McAleese is also an
admirer of the vegetable, and goes in mildly
for salads of every describtion. Assistant
Superintendent Roger O'Mara eats broiled
beefsteak; and Soi Coulson pins his faith
upon porterhouse steak embedded in mushrooms. Captain Reed, the Nestor of the
Central station, declares that no combination of digestibles has for him such charms tion of digestibles has for him such charms as potpie and roast corn. Inspector White-house likes weal cutlet with tomato sauce; and Inspector McKelvy is very fond of roast

beef, when tender and not overdone.

The list might be prolonged indefiniely by the addition of such names as those of Colonel James S. Andrews, of Allegheny, who likes oyster pate, and of Mr. Robert Pitcairn, whose dish of dishes is an omelette souffice. But space prevents any such extension, and the article must conclude with a few good wishes. May Mr. and Mrs. General Public benefit by the information collected for them. May Mr. G. P. become a gourmand and Mrs. G. P. an accomplished dinner giver. And may the favorite viands of each and every one of Pittsburg's prominent men never pall upon the palates of

CABLE CLICK-TAKERS.

The Work Required of the Telegraphers Who Get Foreign Nows.

New York Tribune.] There is something extremely weird about the lives of the men who work in the tele-

graph cable offices on the Eastern coast. They are the most successful of all tele-graphers, for even the slightest errors in transmission would cause great trouble. Nearly all of the cable dispatches are in ciober, and as the operators cannot possibly understand the nature of the messages that pass through their hands, they must work in the dark, as it were. The cipher code is to the dark, as it were. The cipher code is to them equivalent to an unknown language; it has no sense of meaning to guide the opera-tor aright, and every letter, as it is formed by the instrument, must be transcribed upon paper with a mechanical exactness. The words are disconnected jargon, and the memory cannot be trusted to the extent of even a single word.

Ordinarily operators receiving commer-cial or press dispatches copy the commercial characters and words some distance behind the transmitter, the sense of the dispatch being then a guide to correctness in tran-scribing. There are telegraphers who, in receiving press news, copy from 4 to 20 words behind the sender. This is impossible with those who handle the cable messages. Every letter must go on paper the instant it is formed by the armature. To do this, requires a directness of attention, a concentration of thought, that is scarcely less than painful. As a rule, cables land at out-of-the-way places, and those employed on the work of interpreting the signals flashed under the ocean must spend their lives in what amounts almost to seclusion.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Gen. Ontes Describes the Sensation of a Minte Ball Through His Arm.

Washington Post. 1 General William C. Ostes, M. C., of Alabama, was one of the worst shot men who served on either side, and yet he lived six times, and left his right arm in front of Richmond after having taken part in 27 battles. When he got this last and most dangerous clip he was trying to hold Han-

cock's left in check.
"General," I said, "how does it feel to be wounded?"

"When a minie ball strikes you at a short distance, as the ball did which took off my arm, you feel a stunning shock, very much as if a man had struck you with a brickbat. After that you feel the pain—sharp, sting-ing, cutting, as if a thousand knives were lacerating every nerve and red-not coals were consuming your vitals. Then fol-lows a sickening sensation, caused by loss of blood, and, if you are fortunate, you lose consciousness and forget your

IMPROVES THE MEAT.

Killing Cattle as Kemmler Was Killed in

New York Sun.] One of the beneficent results of the various experiments which have been made during the last two years, with a view to determine the value of electricity for killing purposes, is the establishment of the fact that not only can cattle be despatched by the electric current without the least pain, but that the meat of the animal is actually improved by the passage of the current, and will keep longer than by any other method. The sue-

cessful operation of an electric slaughtering apparatus is reported from Colorado. The apparatus consists of a pen provided with a metallic floor divided into two sections, to secure a good electrical contact, with which the hoofs of the animal are made wet. The killing is effected either by applying the current direct to the metallic floor, or making a direct application of the



VERY Housewife RY Counting Room EVERY Carriage Owner EVERY Thrifty Mechanic EVERY Body able to hold a brush SHOULD USB

DIK-DON ARMSE TANK SOLE TAY IT.

Who Value a Refined Complexion MUST USE

MEDICATED

FOR SALE BY

III Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywi

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.