Comfort Sometimes in the Belief That Fate Ties Knots.

STATUS OF THE WIFE IS IMPROVING

A recent writer wisely assures his readers that love is like the measles—we all have to go through with it sometime or other, whether early or late in life. But being over no one need be afraid of it a second time. Cupid never fires but one shot.

told by individual experience, but there certainly is such a thing as second love, and it is usually much more likely to be accompanied by respect and the quiet affection that gives rest and pleasure to life. The early first love which never can be taken again is what is commonly known as "ealf love." The philosopher is just as likely to take it as the prince or the peasant, the queen or the kitchen maid. A man wise on deal on what a fool she was to get married every other point may be a fool in love. He at all. What is needed to make life sweet will be crazy over the object of his adoration and be determined to marry in spite of every obstacle that can be set up. His friends may see that the woman is not one to suit him. She may be trivolous, giddy and vain, but to him she is, for the time, angelic.

It is a sunny hour of play For which repentance dear doth pay, love is heaven and heaven is love.

MATRIMONY IN THE PULPIT.

mendous sermons should be preached on the subject of marriage, and he holds the pulpit as guilty in not iterating and reiterating practical advice on this subject. But what man or woman, when they are "dead gone in love," ever take any such preaching to hear? Even good John Wesley, who saved so many from destruction, and possibly gave the best advice on this point to the young people of his day, made a blunder in his marriage that was the talk of the country, and he is cited continually as an illustration of her foolish are not as a part of the seal. "I had three tolerably close calls while I was in Europe during the Franco-Prussian war," said Murat Halstead the other day. "The first was near Point a Mousson, which is on the Moselle, 17 miles above Metz. Word came that the French of how foolish a man can be under the spell were to make a sally with 300,000 men and

There is hardly a paper that can be picked up that does not have a story of an elopement-a marriage against the wishes of parents-or imprudent enough to bring certain failure. The opinion most often ex-pressed on these is that it is quite smart and fine for the young people to get ahead of the obdurate parents. There is much laughing and joking about how slyly they managed it, but, as a general thing, it is not long be-fore the wisdom of parents in their opposi-

tion is justified. MISSING SWEET GIRLHOOD. It is a sorry sight for many mothers to see their daughters married in their early girlhood—when they should be in school—or enjoying the pleasures of youth—before they have judgment enough to rear a family well and wisely. It is always sad to see them miss the sweet season of girlhood, and "settle" he felt a sharp pinch on the arm and heard | which I found just the thing for that sort down to the cares of life before they have a voice whispering: "You did that very tested its delights. It is also hard to see a nicely. Try to find as pretty a girl as I young man so self-willed and selfish that he have. You have leave of absence until to-will marry with hardly a dollar in his morrow morning." ocket. He little realizes what a struggle he has entered upon, when he undertakes to keep a house and a family on \$6 or \$7 a week. But she, even less, has any concep-

tion of how she will have to stint and econo-Not long ago a delicately reared girl married for love, and she now lives in a close, stuffy room in a court, and has not had even a new calico for two years. Love in a cottage is all very delightful, it backed by an adequate income, but love does not stay there long when the wolf reaches the door. But if love is necessary for a happy mar-

riage, with income enough to manage both ends, it is also be remembered that the CHARACTER OF A HUSBAND s a great factor, or should be so esteemed. If he is cross, grumpy and selfish, an angel could not expect to live with him happily. Most married people want to get along happily. Neither men nor women enjoy a constant state of hot water. But this very point

is what they need to think of before they marry. It should be done before love has run away with the senses—before they have the measles—"they should fly betimes, for only they conquer love that run away."

But, after all, it may be that there is something in the old Greek idea that "what-

ever is fated will take place," or on the Darwin theory of "natural selection," or, as Mr. Ingersoll puts it, that the choice of one in preference to all others is the result of forces beyond the control of the indi-vidual." This gets us back to the old theory that marriages are made in beaven. It may be that the requisite discipline and probation for eternal life can be secured in no other way. It may be that the unhappy marriage of John Ruskin was essential to the drawing forth of his powers or was needed to secure the best fruition of his life.

A MATTER OF DESTINY. Nature has no respect for the happiness of mankind. The book of destiny is one that no one can translate. 'Tis the best use of fate to teach a fatal courage says Emerson. "Go face the tragedies, the disasters, the desolations that may come, knowing that you are guarded by the cherubim of destiny." So if a man or woman feel that it is his or her luck, or fate, or what you will, to make a bad marriage it may be some consolation to them to know it was written in the stars. Or they may comfort themselves with the idea advanced that disappointment is a wholesome medicine, or

that every cloud has a silver lining. Another thing should be remembered on he subject of love, and that is that people change. They grow either upward or down-There are men of mind who have increased in wisdom, in learning in all that tends to intellectual development, and whose wives are shallow-brained and rivolous and small-natured. They know little or nothing of the questions of the day-have

no interest in the problems that fill men's minds. These women are the

DULLEST OF COMPANIONS their narrow sphere is limited to gadding and gossiping. Such men are dull and re-ticent at home, while in other society, or among men, they may be brilliant, eloquent and the most entertaining of companions. Then there are gitted women who are doomed to live with clods—men whose lives are given solely to making money-who are

coarse and vulgar in nature, and who have no share in the hopes and asperations of their companions. These wives married when too young to realize that such things when too young to realize salar account when too young to realize salar and could be, and when their friends warned and besought they could not be persuaded and besought they could not make up for all the

they will be happy both here and hereafter.

into them from morning until night that if they learn housekeeping thoroughly, if they can cook a steak in unsurpassable style, if they can conduct the administration of a house they will become queen of some man's heart and nome and be happy forever after.

THE WEATHER WAND

In Fairy Hand Makes the Seasons Pass in Review in Dreamland.

DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT. Now would it not be better to let children grow up without fostering such illusions as that? Why should they have the pain of discovering that their most cherished dreams have no foundation in fact? That while they may be good as gold, pure and unright, full of loving kindness and benevolence, vet still the promised good does not ma-terialize. One man writes that the heaven

shows they fall far short of it quite often The idea of some men as to a wife is that the should be an unfailing, untiring attendant upon their wishes and wants, and there need not be any other side to the matter. This man wanted to have his slippers warmed and brought to him as soon as he came home. Whether he called upon her to blacken his boots when he went down town again does not appear.

THE WORLD IS IMPROVING.

on both sides is the love that is gentle and kind, the respect that is mutually due, the affection shown by loving acts, the friendship which inspires self sacrifice, but does not demand it as if by coercive authority.

already exists. The world is growing better upon this point, as men are gradually surmounting their prejudices as to home rule and their position as dominus.

PRESERVING THE VOICE.

Overwork is Its Enemy Just as It is of Life and Health.

presumably fresh is almost like asking how to keep from growing old, says Campinini in the Ladies' Home Journal. Some people grow faster than others because they are imprudent and do not take care of themselves, The voice should not be imposed upon, and instead of growing husky in a decade it should remain comparatively fresh for two fine example of one that has never been imposed upon, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinee.

A grand opera singer should sing only twice a week, perhaps three times if his or her physical condition warrants it. Singers should have plenty of sleep, good appetites, nothing to make them nervous, and, if possible, a more or less phlegmatic disposition. The latter they rarely possess to any great degree. Overwork is death to a voice. A singer will not notice at first the inroads that gradually undermine a voice and leave t an echo of its former sweetness

GAY EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Not Averse to Slipping His Good Arm Around a Tapering Walst.

The young German Emperor has a shriveled arm, but the right arm is endowed with extraordinary strength and vigor, and this youthful monarch is not averse to putting it to a very noble use at times, to-wit, encircling a taper waist.

great pleasure in ranging about incognito, and one day an officer of the Imperial yacht had the misfortune to come face to face with the young Emperor, when the latter had a very pretty girl by his side. What was to be done? It was too late to turn back. To halt, face front and salute would put the youthful Monarch in a bad fix. Under these circumstances, the officer turned his back and pretended to be gazing into a shop window. Suddenly

The Emperor's special chum is Count Eulenburg, and the two friends, attired in the style of well-to-do citizens, take great delight in knocking about the streets of

Simple Devices for Increasing the Effectiveness of Shotguns.

Louisville Courier-Journal 1 One of the most recent discoveries of the gunmakers is a method of increasing the

range of any gun. The new device is known as the Shrappell shell, and consists of a brass ball, slightly smaller than the bore of the gun, which is divided into halves, each half being fitted with two small flanges, each flange having a tiny hole in it, through which a steel wire can be passed. The shell is filled with any size of shot desired, and the wire being passed through the holes, the haives are held together, making a solid ball. At the bottom end of the shell a thick felt wad is fitted of the size to fit the bore of the gun. The cartridge is loaded

with powder in the usual way, with the usual wads, and on the top of these the Shrapnell shell is forced down so that the wad at the bottom of the wire comes next to the wads over the powder, and the brass shell lies snug within the cartridge. When the gun is fired the wad fits the barrel and prevents any escape of gas, and so leaves the muzzle behind the shell. As it strikes wad, which is slightly larger than the circumference of the shell, and so draws the wire slowly out, and sets free the two halves of the shell, when the shot spreads as if just leaving the muzzle of the spread as it just leaving the muzzle of the spread with lightning rapidity, and descending equally as quick, struck the screaming gull on its back with such force that the contents of its stomach were forced out of its mouth, and the pirate caught it in the air as it fell. leaving the muzzle of the gun. With this equipment I have shot curlews at a distance of 147 yards with an ordinary 12-bore gun, of which the average range may be said to be 50 to 60 yards. By cutting the wire with a pair of sharp nippers (being careful not to leave any rough overhanging edges to catch in the small flange holes) the spread of the shot can be made to take the place at almost

Women's Muscle.

Her Winding Stair, [WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

EQUALLED EVERY DAY IN PITTSBURG

MAY SHOWERS, SUMMER FLOWERS

Withering Frosts and Biting Blasts Along

"See what kind of weather we are going o have?" I soliloquized as I walked out of the office and into the street. "That's a pecultar assignment, indeed! As it any one could give a true forecast of what is going to come-in Pittsburg. Now if I were in direct communication with the weather foundry above-"

"Why shouldn't you be?" interrupted a sweet, musical voice at my side; and when I ooked around I saw the prettiest little lady maginable. She wore a dress of the finest atin, and carried a dainty little silk umbrella to shield her precious head from the censeless rain, that was like unto a deluge. was taken so unawares that I scarce knew

what to do or say.
"Why shouldn't you be?" repeated the little charmer. "At least you shall if you'll be so good as to go with me and mind what

Of course I was only too glad to go espe cially in such splendid company. I made all the promises possible and then when I turned to look around expecting to see a cab that would convey us to our destination I noticed that I was not in the city at all and wondered how in the world I had gotten into that big open park. There, too, was something I had not seen before-a tali, winding stairway of brass seeming to pierce the heavens, it was so high. UP A WINDING STAIR.

The little lady waived her silken umbrella and up the steps we started. I had come out prepared for all kinds of weather and of course were an overcoat and carried an umbrella. Before many moments I became entirely too warm."
"Hold on!" I cried. "This is too much.

I'm getting tired and besides it's awfully warm for some reason or other." My companion laughed a merry rippling

laugh and I saw that instead of an um-brella she now carried a little wand of gold. and even four decades. Patti's voice is a The clouds had all cleared away and we were out in the pleasant supshine. were blooming everywhere. I decided that overcoats and umbrellus were of no use in such a delightful climate, but when I essayed to remove them I found that I had no overcoat and in place of an umbrella I now carried a dainty little golden cane. The little one noticed my look of surprise and her joyous laugh rang through the air. She would make no explanations, but soon asked if I were not ready to ascend higher and see

the mysteries of the clouds.
"Up! Up!" I cried, "We'll see the ruler INTO THE WINTER'S BLASTS.

This caused the little beauty to laugh

more beartily than ever and feeling the inspiration of the moment I joiged in. Soon began to sing of the beauties of summer, but before I had gotten through one verse, a chill overspread my entire being and as I looked up something struck me in the face. I found myself in the midst of a miserable hail storm and began to wonder if that were sent upon me as a judgment for having During a trip to Norway this summer, direction of my guide and behold what a says the San Francisco Argonaut, he took change! From head to foot she was one dark mass. Soon, however, she turned toward me and then I saw her beautiful shining face again. She was decked out in a water proof, ready for the worst of weather. There I stood shivering, wondering where my um-brella was and wishing I had my overcoat,

"What are you grumbling about?" asked the little creature in a severe voice, almost before I knew I really was grumbling, "Why don't you say what you want?" And there she stood holding out a mackintosh,

weather. "Let's move on," said I, hoping that action would drive away the "shivers,"

INTO SHOWERS OF MAY. Again the little girl took up the march, and soon we emerged from the storm into a

shower of rain as light and warm as the "Surely this is springtime," said I, addressing my companion. "The pretty birds, with their songs tull of joy to their Maker, will soon be heard in the trees, and then all

will be bright and happy summer."
"Yes, there will be birds," she replied, naively, "but I am afraid they'll disappoint you somewhat,

"For I am the Winter King,

Then I noticed her waive her tiny wand,

and even as she did so I found myself in the midst of a snow storm. The light, fleecy snow was falling on every hand. I imag-ined that already everything was covered

with the beautiful flakes, and in the distance I could hear the tinkle of the sleighbells and the merry, joyous laugh of the sleighing party. ONLY A DAY OF PITTSBURG WEATHER Again I was shivering and turned to my

little friend to ask the meaning of it all, but she was gone. I could see her nowhere. But somebody shook me roughly by the shoulder and I stood in the presence of a man I had often seen before, but whose name I could not remember. "Where am I?" I exclaimed,
"In the Signal Service office: Can I de

auything for you?" was the reply.
"Why, I thought I had visited the clouds with a beautiful little fairy as a guide. I saw it rain and snow and hail, and I stood in the beautiful sunshine admiring the sweet scented roses of summer. It is really too bad it's not true?" I said rather mourn-

"That's all right, young man," said the Sargent with a smile. "The only thing that's lacking is the fairy. You've merely passed through one day of Pittaburg's FRANK A. BURB

A PIRATE FISH HAWK.

How He Knocked Fish Out of a Sea Gull and

Governor Sterett, of Dallas, Tex., tells this story in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: While on a fishing and hunting expedition on the Atlantic coast in North Carolina a few days since my attention was attracted by the shrill and frantic cries of a sea gull. As I looked upward I saw a bird resembling a hawk strike the gull under its claws, when down came a fish and the pirate bird after it. The fish had not gone ten feet before the

pirate had it in his stomach. Then he soared upward with lightning I took aim at the pirate with my shotgun

and brought him down.

GOOD-NATURED FIGHTERS

ing to Knocker Slavin. To be "good-natured" or "good-tempered,"

at least to possess either of these qualities to any considerable extent, is a bar to success

TALES OF AN AUTHOR. Blind Chaplain Milburn's Interesting

Stories of William Makepeace

Thackeray. HE HAD TO HUNT PUBLISHERS.

A word of commendation from you would start him on the road to fame and wealth.' His Family Life and How Re Once Drank a it over. But suppose I should not like it?" New Year's Glass to His Daughter "I ask you to give your honest opinion, and whatever it may be I will be content. I have others beside this, and perhaps you Across the Sea.

A MEETING WITH A LITERARY BORE.

Thomas Carlyle's Irritability and How American Tourists

Bothered Him. ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, November 8 .- One of the

most remarkable characters connected with Congress is the Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the House. For more than 40 years he has been almost totally blind, and for a generation and more he has not been able to read a line in a book or a newspaper. Still, during this time he has left his imprint upon the people of the United States, has been chaplain of Congress time and again, and now at the age of 67 he is sound in body and limb and possessed of a mental activity which has hardly its counterpart among public men.

While in London Chaplain Milburn was intimately acquainted with William Makepeace Thackeray, and he had a closer essociation with Thomas Carlyle than any other American with the exception of Emerson. His reminiscences of these great authors covering a period of six years which he spent in Europe, are exceedingly interesting. Last night, sitting in an easy chair with a long meerschaum pipe in his mouth, he told story after story of unwritten literary history, laughing heartily at times and again growing pathetic as his perfect memory turned in the past from gay to grave.

A GENIAL COMPANION. "I met Thackeray during his visit to the United States," said Dr. Milburn. "He asked me to come and see him. I cannot imagine a more gentle, perfect courtesy than he manifested toward me. In this respect I think he was greatly misunderstood by the

'Indeed his usual bearing was such as to justily in a measure the general belief that he was a misanthrope, a cyuic. To those who were so fortunate as to reach his heart and his affections he was the farthest possible removed from such a person. In conversation his voice was as soft and kindly and sympathetic as the voice of woman. In all my intercourse with him I never heard him utter a harsh or bitter word. At that time Thackeray was perhaps 50 and at the height of his fame and prosperity. We exdinners. He impressed me profoundly. He often aligned with evident pleasure to his visits to our own country and the people whom he met. He seemed to have a high cut and future.

you in New York and I thought I would exchange all I had in the world for your power of utterance."
"Ah my dear, sir, I was only reading

his time he became the editor of Cornhill and subsequently he wrote "Roundabout Papers' and some minor works.

SELLING VANITY FAIR. "His early experience was that common to succeeded in obtaining recognition. ld me he had a contract with the publisher Fraser's Magazine for 'Vanity Fair,

author of some reputation. I had written several books and short stories, which had been published and appeared to be popular, but I sould only get 'Vanity Fair' before the public by making an arrangement with Branbury & Evans, the publishers of Punch, by which I was to assume half the cally, I was under obligations to Fraser's lining it. I was to have received from that magazine £1 per page; as it re-

sulted I have realized a pound a line for it. UNFORTUNATE, BUT HAPPY.

'Thackeray's domestic life was happy in the companionship of his two charming daughters. There had been a great deal of care and sorrow in his life. You know his wife became insane in early womanhood and diedafter being for many years an inmate in an asylum. Thackersy died in 1863, between my first and second visits to Europe,

While there he spent much of his time as a guest in the family of George Ticknor who member of Parliament, John Dillon, now was celebrated in literary circles. On New Year's eve he and Ticknor sat smoking toin America, is a doctor by profession. Pregether in the library. The latter's wile was also present. Mr. Ticknor's two daughters vious to the land agitation he was demonstrator of anatomy at the Ledwich School had gone to a party. They sat talking till of Medicine, in Dublin, and distinguished himself by making some discoveries which have proved of importance to science. Mr. Dillon has visited the United 11 o'clock when Thackeray arose and said he would go to his room. You are not going to retire yet?' inquired his host. States several times. He is loved in Ireland

No," was the answer, "for I always at the biris of a new year drink to the health and happiness of my daughters, but I do not wish to keep you up so late."

A GLASS TO HIS MOTHERLESS ONES. "Thackeray replied that he would be delighted to do so if it would not trespass upon their hours of rest. He sat at the side of the great fireplace and looked two or three times at the clock upon the mantel, to

note the flight or the minutes.
"Do not trouble yourself about the time," said Mrs. Fickner. 'I will let you know when it is 12 o'clock.'

rapidly sinking, and, after much patient thought, it was decided that his nephew should approach him on the subject of his funeral. The nephew with much timidity at length broke the question Drinking the wine he bade his host good night and without another word re nor in tears. One more incident which occured in the Tremont House, A stranger called upon Mr. Thackeray at his room there. Placing

his hand upon his stomach and making Honorable William Makepeace Thackeray?' My name is Thackeray,' was the quiet

A DOWNTHODDEN AUTHOR. "Sir' said the stranger, 'I, too,am an au-thor but I can find no publisher. I have written much that ought to be given to the world. I have brought with me one of my manu-

scripts and I will be under lasting obliga-

and my fortune will be made, Will you not do this for me?'
"'My dear sir,' said Thackeray, 'you are New York Times.] asking a great deal of me, for, as you must know, my time is very much occupied. I

The speed of the sun slackens noticeably during November. The daylight is diminished by an hour, as it is 1014 hours in length to-day and only 9% on the 30th. The portunate visitor, I am sure you will not refuse to befriend a poor devil of an author. conjunctions for the month begin with a visit to Saturn on the 7th, Urbanus on the 10th, Mercury on the 12th, Venus on the 14th, Jupiter on the 17th and Mars on the same day. None of these is very close, but on the 17th, when the three heavenly bodies are together, the picture will be lovely, as

THE SKY FOR NOVEMBER.

cent shape and the two planets will be only ten minutes apart.

A partial eclipse of the moon will take place on the 26th, which will not be visible in this letitude, but can be seen in Asia, India and on the Pacific. Only a little piece of the moon is obscured. The moon is at its full on the day of the eclipse, and it is only when in that phase that an eclipse is The moon being illuminated by the light of the sun, the earth coming in be tween the two cuts off the sun's rays and forms a shadow. As the moon enters the shadow a portion of her surface seems to be cut off and to disappear entirely, and her visible portion continually grows smaller until, in case of a total eclipse, her whole disk is immersed in the shadow. In about half of the linear eclipses the moon passes so far above or below the center of the shadow that part of her body is in it and part outside at the time of greatest eclipse.
This is called a partial eclipse of the moon.
In this case, from the time the moon first
enters the outer shadow, or penumbra, until it leaves, there is an interval of more than four bours, the time in the deepest shadow

being 17 minutes.

At the beginning of the month Venus, Mars and Jupitr are evening stars; Neptune, Saturn, Uranus and Mercury morning stars. While greater in number, the brilliancy of the latter group does not compare with that of the former, as Saturn is the only one that is at all attractive. Early risers will find him in the morning in the eastern sky, about four hours before the dark is rimined with a length of bright horizon. The size of the ringed planet is gradually increasing, and as he gets to our meridian two hours earlier at the close of the month than at its beginning, before the end of the year we shall see his serene

vellow light shining in the eastern sky some ime before midnight. Saturn is to be found in the constellation of the Lion. Carlyle to sit beside her. She then requested Mrs. Carlyle to take the seat on the other Uranus and the far-distant Neptune are in the morning group, the former in the constellation of Virgo, not very far from gether upon her lap, she laid her own on top of them, and then raising her eyes and look-ing at Mr. Carlyle, she eestatically ex-Mercury, the two having just been in con-junction. Uranus is moving further to the westward away from the sun, and now rises about 5:30 in the morning. Mercury imagine how ridiculous such an action must is retracing his steps toward the sun, and i have been to two plain, practical, common-sense people like Thomas Carlyle and his now no longer in a favorable position for us to see him. Mercury is in conjunction with the moon on the 12th, but as this is the day

of new moon, we shall not be able to witness the meeting.
In spite of the beauties of Venus, a greater portion of the interest in the even-

considered him. rature with the sun and is in a fine position for telescopic observation. According to the best determinations the diameters of the satellites of Jupiter range between 2,200 and 3,700 miles, the volume of the smallest of the four being very near that of our moon. Venus is at present the brightest of the 3,000 stars that stud the sky. Even the broad sunlight does not entirely shut her out from view, and the full moon scarcely dims her luster. She has just reached her period of greatest brilliancy, but there will ble diminut or several weeks to come, as her diameter s increasing as she comes nearer the earth. Venus and the moon are in conjunction

OIL ON THE SEA.

New York Times.] The Hydrographic Office at Washington has just issued the following remarks, show-ing the best way to use oil: "To cross a bar in heavy weather, after battening down all hatches, etc., take two pieces of india rubber pipe about 20 feet long and 1 inch in diameter. Put these through the hawes pipes, one on each side, and let their ends trail in the sea. On the upper end of each piece of tube lash a good-sized funnel, secure it to a stanchion in a vertical position, and station a man at each with a three-gallon tin of colza oil. When the vessel enters

pipes. This will sn and your vessel will steer much better.

the wreck. In using oil bags in heavy weather they should be weighted, if hung over the side, in order to keep them down.
When scudding it is best to pour the oil down the closet pipes."

Now Proposes to be Comfortable. Pall Mall Budget.]

Mr. Stanley thinks he has undergone sufficient hardship in his journey through Central Africa, and does not mean to rough it in future travel. In his engagement with the agent who has arranged his forthcoming lecture tour in the States he stipulated that Peter's Church, Hicks and Warren streets, he shall have a private car, in which he was visited by his favorite nephew, Arnold Fransioli. The aged clergyman was
randly sinking, and, after much
only agreed to this request, but writes that he has had a car specially constructed for

> on the same princely style. For his first lecture he will receive £1,000 and £100 tor each repetition. This compares favorably with his last lecturing tour, which took place a short time before he started to rescue Emin. He then contracted to deliver

Detroit Free Press.] A young man at Newark, N. J., was left fortune of \$70,000. He went to a dozen different business men to ask how he should invest his cash, and only one man recom-mended a mercantile career. All the others advised him to start a newspaper.

home rule question, taking occasion to praise en passant the American system of government; and as she knew absolutely nothing of what she was talking about it BLUE STOCKING CULT. was rather interesting to listen to her.

I always like to hear what some people are pleased to call their "views" on big questions, especially when you can see they A Night Among the Library Geniuses know nothing about the matter. As a study of how a thing should not be done it GREATNESS THAT OVERWHELMS.

is always interesting. MISS BLATHEBSKITE'S LIMITATIONS. Miss Blatherskite next proceeded to give me a few particulars of the men and women in the room and a history of their "works." According to what she told me they were all geniuses, or likely to become so. Many of them were still in the incubating process. As the name of genius after genius was rat-tled off, and books which I was assured had sold in thousands were discussed, I began to think that, perhaps, after all, I had been living a fool's dream of knowledge, and that my education had been wofully negbig city, has lected. When at last she stopped and I managed to get in a word edgewise, I thought I would tackle her on some of the names that are household words among "them litterary tellers" on our side of the where people addicted to water.

certain trades "You have heard of Howells and James, and habits ive, move and have their being. In the day time they may prowl all over the city,

I suppose," said I.

"Oh yes, papa bought me a lovely brace-let at their shop the other day."

I was staggered until I remembered that Howell & James were well-known jewelers on Regent street. I then explained that the Howells and James I meant were the famous revealed. novelists. Rather hesitatingly she thought only thought-she knew their names, not

they "kennel their works. A RAPID ORAL EXAMINATION. "Oliver Wendell Holmes?"
Oh yes, she had read his "Democrat at Breakfast." Bret Harte she knew and Russell Lowell, but when I came to "the forty immortals" of the Critic she had never heard districts which by long use and habit they have come to look upon as of more than three. Ever heard of Murat Halstead?" exclusively

they form dis-'Ward McAllister?" tinct colonies, and the outsider before he finds himself a welcome guest there must "Richard Watson Gilder?" 'Amelie Rives?"

"Ella Wheeler Wilcox?"

people outside Bayswater."

HALSTEAD A PRISONER.

How He Came Near Suffering the Fate of

Spy in Europe.

attack the Red Prince. M. D. Conway and I had visited a conical mountain, in the

neighborhood of which was encamped a Ger-

man regiment. We concluded that that

when we got to the top of the mountain we

"They were looking for just such fellows. They were excited; they were bunting for

spies. They knew we were not French; they saw that we were not in uniform, and

they concluded that we were spies, and in

and I then drew my passport, and they

looked at the American eagle with a good

deal of consideration.

done were made prisoners by peasants.

Joseph Pulitzer?"

"Joe Howard?"

United States?"

time to say goodby.

New York World, 1

"Johnny McLean?"

make himself acquainted with all the shibboleth of the district. It is not only trades and foreigners that have their particular colonies, but lately it has become the fashion for all "cults" and "isms" to herd together in some recognized quarter. Chelses, when Carlyle was alive, was the recognized home of the particular literary set who followed the "Sage," and since he died it still remains the home of the heavy literary brigade. South Kensington is the quarter most affected by the artis tic and mathetic set, who, instead of seeing sermons in books and poems in running

A Bayswater Poet.

at Bayswater, London.

The Queen of the Occasion Interviewed on

American Authors.

BOOK SALES THAT BEAT THE RECORD

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.

LONDON, October 28.

ONDON, like

everyother

but at night

up" in special

their own. In

these districts

"quarters"

streams, see the same thing in peacock feathers and old china. THE LITERARY CRANKS. But it is Bayswater that is the ideal home fevery literary crank in London, where the air is filled with the retrains of odes to a "Dying Mouse," and the author of the latest pamphlet on "The Way to Run a Slop Shop" is the coming "K" for the time Literary society as it is in Bays-



tion society. Curiously enough there is little jealousy to be found here, and everyone seems to try who will scratch the other's

back the hardest. Women do not say mean things of each other, provided they belong to the society, but instead take great pains to irapress upo the stranger that Miss Angelina McFuddle is a genius, with a great big G. They will tell you, with looks of admiration directed toward the genius, that copies of her book entitled "Sarah Ridgeway, or the Underdone Mutton Chop" sold in thousands, and that an eager public is breathlessly awaiting k, which, they tell you in strict confidence, and under promise not to publish the fact, is to be entitled "Dorothy's Baby, or the Story of a Pair of Pantalettes."

MARR VOIL PERL SMALL. If you do venture to hint that you never heard of Miss McFuddle, and had never read "Sarah Ridgeway," the look of utter incredulity, and "where were you brought up?" that you are met with, forbids you to try the experiment again. I suppose these people do speak slightingly of each other, and decry one anothers "genius" and "works" when alone—they would not be human if they did not—but I will give them the credit of never doing it before an outsider. I went to one of these Bayswater "at homes" the other day. I was told before I went that I would meet some of the most distinguished literary men and women in London, and that ought to mean the world.

Well, I knock about a good deal and seeing that I carp my living by the sweat of my pen, I fancied I knew most of the current literary men and women and their works by name at any rate. I found, however, that what was true in the big world, was equally true in the literary world, viz: that half the world does not know how the other half lives; for in all the crowd of "litterary ellers" gathered there, I had never befor heard the name of a single one. ignorance on my part, no doubt; but I was comforted by the thought that if I was gnorant of their very existence, how many thousand were plunged in equally total

darkness!

the accepted version. Of course you have read her translation of Hey Diddle, Diddle' from the original Cingalese. No? How

strange." On my way across the room I was intro author of the successful novel, "The Broker Shoestring." I found the famous trans tilted like the petal of a flower," and re

the average as countries go nowadays.
"Are my works read there much?"
Of course I had never heard of her works, but I should never be so rude as to say so, so I assured her that her works were the delight of the nation, and were read with equal pleasure by the millionaire in his mansion on Fith avenue and the Sioux Indian in

Virtues of His Love's Papa. Boston Courier.] Irate Father-What do you mean, sir, by telling me that you want to marry this ignorant and low-born girl?

1. F.—You make me perfectly sick! Do you know what her father does for a liv-M. S.-Yes, sir, he is a real estate con-

Two Inexplicable Things. tchison Globe.] There are two things which men can Isn't Usually as Strong as it is on the Eloping Escapade.

HOW CUPID MAKES MANY FOOLS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] Whether this be true or not can only be

WOMEN HAVEN'T THE SAME CHANCE, Women have more excuse than men for Women have more excuse than men for making mistakes in marriage. They, as the manners of the world go, have not the same freedom of selection that men seem to possess. They are more nearly confined to Hobson's choice, and have to put up with what they can get. But the man who falls in love loses his head, so to speak. Wisdom, discretion and judgment desert him for the time being, and as some poet says in his definition of love:

The momentous question of love is the theme of all novels, the subject of all dramas, the foremost topic of real life, and yet it is considered a good deal of a joke. When Mary Ann's John Thomas comes to see her on Sunday night and they are happy "Oh, you are teasing me, these people don't exist." "Oh, yes they do," said I, "and their names are known to probably 50,000,000 of in the kitchen in the enjoyment of saying fond nothings to each other, they are enjoy-"Do you know who is President of the ing as much of bliss as Lady Geraldine who is being courted in the drawing room, for "Of course I do; it's General Grant, isn't This is a fact, and I thought it was then

> Talmage says somewhere that the most treof love.

would be the place to see the approaching battle. We started early in the morning. Of course the French did not come, and found the German troops had gone, and while we were considering what was to be that character they proposed to massacre us. They gave us a scrap of German newspaper to read. I told them we were Americans and produced a copy of the London Telegraph. That seemed to impress them

"There was a big red seal on the parchment, with ribbons under the wax, floating out in the most impressively official way. Minister Washburne had fixed that for me. He told me these ribbons might save my life, and I believe they did. The ribbons and the eagle together staggered them, and, forming a group, they discussed the situation while Mr. Conway and myself deliberately walked away. They allowed us to do this, assuming as a certainty that we would go down the mountain the same way as we

came up, but we turned sharply the other way, descending the other side of the moun-"They concluded to intercept us, and arming themselves with reaping-hooks made across the fields to cut off our retreat That they intended to remove us is certain but whether they could succeed was not decided, when the clatter of a troop of horses was heard, and there rode upon the scene a squad of the ubiquitous Uhlans. They turned into the road toward which we were making. The peasants beat a retreat. The Uhlans came up just in time to prevent us from disgracing ourselves by running, and

preserved our dignity. We lit our cigars to show that the situation hadn't excited us." THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS. A Gigantic Scheme Originating With Cap-

tain Eads for Preventing Them. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] James B. Eads once had a novel Mississippl river scheme. He proposed to make St. Louis a seaport, or, at any rate, to make it possible for ocean steamers to come right up the river. To do thisit would, of course, be necessary to deepen the channel, and ordinary dredging would not suffice, owing to the peculiar nature of the bottom and the circuitous route taken by the river. He proposed to shorten the distance between ere and New Orleans at least 150 miles by cutting canals to avoid exceptionally awkward curves and double bends. By this shortening process the current would be

greatly accelerated, and that in itself would selp to keep the channel open and make floods impossible.

He worked out on paper that levees could be done away with by this scheme above the mouth of the Red river, and was convinced that disastrous floods would be no longer possible. Of course, such work as would be involved would cost a large sum, but \$40,-000,000 would more than cover it, and an immense amount of valuable bottom land would be reclaimed. Eads is dead, but his scheme lives after him, and there is nothing

to prevent its being carried out. CONVEYED REAL ESTATE.

How the Misguided Swain Extelled the

Misguided Son-Father, I know that her people do not move in our set, but they are nest; and she is very good and very beau-

yeyancer.

I. F.—You young scoundrel, don't you know he's done nothing all his life but cart M. S .- That's what I said.

never understand. One is why they are not appreciated. Another is, why they are expected to appreciate anyone else.

Children are taught that if they are go They have numerous crosses and woes and hardships, but when they grow up they think their taste of Eden will certainly be attainable. Girls especially have it disued

of a wife is to be found in her never-failing untiring devotion to him, but observation

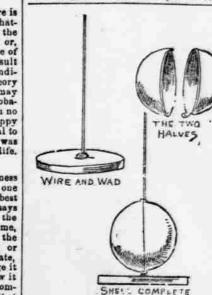
The world's is large vision.

To speak plainly, men have had too much of this pampering by tired, seif-sacrificing wives. What needs impression at present, especially among toreigners, is that heaven for a wife means something more than "her never-falling, untiring devotion." When there is none of that on the other side, she is tempted to think a good daylon what a feel whe was to est married.

In many homes such a condition of things BESSIE BRAMBLE.

How to preserve the voice and keep it

Berlin, arm in arm, smoking eigarettes. REGULATING THE RANGE.



any distance, as the shorter the wire the sooner it is withdrawn.

Detroit Free Press.] Six women at Castile, N. Y., selzed hold May as Well Quit the Prize Ring, Accord

in the "prise ring," or rather, to be with the times, we should say in "glove con-tests." Such, at least, is the opinion of Mr. Six women at Castile, N. Y., seized hold of a rope with six men at the other end, and the women pulled so strong that the foremost man was pulled down and had his nose hroken. They weren't picked for their muscle, but just happened along in time to take a hand in.

his 'Literary Portraits' were especially pop-ular with the young ladies, and I knew of many girls who slept with these volumes under their pillows. Gilfillan was a lecturer appreciation of our national greatness, presas well as a writer. He appreciated his popularity and had a very good opinion of THACKERAY IN POLITICS. "I remember that when I first met Thack-George Gilfillan. He called one day at Mr. Carlyle's and his knock was responded to eray he was about to 'run,' as we Americans 'stand' they express it in England-as by Carlyle himself. "As Carlyle opened the door and stood a candidate for member of Parliament for Oxford. 'I would gindly give all I possess,' before him Giffillan introduced himself with a grandiloquent bow and said: 'I am speech.' "You amaze me,' I answered. 'I heard I would George Gilfillan and you are Mr. Carlyle, I suppose. I have been lecturing about you ail over England.' "'Carlyle looked at him a half moment,

and then throwing back his shaggy mane, blurted out: 'What the deuce did you lec-ture about me for?' and with that he then. It I get upon my feet and try to talk without manuscript I immediately become slammed the door in his face. It must have been one of his most irritable days, and one "Of course I laughed at this, but he assured me that it was strictly true. He ran for Parliament as a Liberal, but was delented by a Torr. I believe this crushed his political ambition, and he was not again a candidate. Thackeray had already made his reputation in literature. Most of his books had been written and were being rend by millions on both continents. About

most authors. It was a long time before he It was to be printed in parts, but he was required to submit the manuscript of the entire work before its publication was begun. It was examined and declined. Thackeray tried every reputable publisher in London, with the same result-all declined it, and

literally worn out. "Let me tell you one or two incidents that occurred when Thackeray was in Boston.

'Pray stay with us and we will join you in a health to your absent ones."

Brooklyn Citizen.] sioli, the founder and first paster of St. At the moment the new year began Thackersy took in his hand a glass of sherry, rose to his feet and said in tremulous tones, "God bless my motherless girls! God bless them and all who are good to them."

and waited for a reply. He did not have to wait long. Father Fransioli said "Should a man who eats well, drinks well and sleeps well, think profound bow he said: 'Have I the great of arranging his funeral?" He was dead a day or two after.

it and pass your opinion upon it. If your judgment is favorable I can find a publisher

scarcely see how it is possible for me to

oblige you.'
"Oh, Mr. Thackeray,' persisted his im-

would--'
"'Pray excuse me; one is enough."

APRAID OF THE PUBLISHER.

"There was a rap at the door and Mr. Appleton was announced. 'What! Appleton, the publisher?' exclaimed the strange author, and, seizing his hat, he left without

rieuce with Appleton in his quest for a pub-

"Thackeray told me," continued Dr. Mil-

burn, "that the manuscript was the poorest be ever saw. It was made up of all sorts of

paper, written in blue, black and red ink, and not a lew of the pages were scratched

off in lead pencil. It was without a spark of merit, and it was soon after re-

turned to the owner. Thackeray spent several hours in its perusal, and I imagine that

few men in his position would have con-sented to have even looked at it. I was

present at the time the man called, and the

tun of it was that the Appleton who came

was not Appleton, the publisher, but Tom Appleton, a noted man about town, who was

more distinguished for doing nothing than

A GUSHING BOSTON GIRL

As an instance of how Mr. Carlyle was

often bored by American tourists, Mr. Mit-

Boston, who came to him with a letter from

Emerson. She was only 16 years old, and

evidently a hero worshipper, and Carlyle

was one of her heroes. She called and pre-sented her letter, and was invited to dinner

said Mr. Milburn, "one of her first actions was to take a senton the so a and to ask Mr.

side, and clasping the hands of the two to-

claimed: 'Now I am in paradise.' You can

MR. CARLYLE'S TEMPER.

"One of the most curious receptions,"

went on the blind chaplain," was that which

A BALLOON AMONG PRASANTS.

It Meets With a Reception Onite Characte

istic of Their Benighted Condition.

An account which recently appeared in

the Novoe Fremya of a balloon voyage from

St. Petersburg to a point not far beyond

Lake Ladoga, conveys a striking picture of

peasantry, even within a few hundred miles

containing a Colonel Pomostzeff and Count

Covanko, descended at a place called Mous-toi, in the Government of Oletz, 300 versts

rom St. Petersburg, and this is what fol-

There was a general panic. The peasants

thought that antichrist was descending from

the sky, and that the end of the world was come; women screamed, children cried, and

all the inhabitants were well nighout of their wits from fear. Soon, from the wood came the women who had been gathering

mushrooms, running as fast as their legs could carry them. "A house," they cried, "has come down from the sky with wonder-

ful strangers in it?" The peasants there-upon all hid themselves in the village as

best they could, with the exception of a few bold tellows who took their hatchets and cudgels and proceeded cautiously to the

forest. It was long before these latter, who

assisted to convey the apparatus to the vil-lage, could prevail upon their fellow

villagers to come out of their hiding places. The gronauts spent the night in this vil-

balloon being packed on a sledge because

there was not a wheeled vehicle in the place.

DILLON IS A DOCTOR.

A Fact About the Irish Enthusiast Not Gen-

erally Known.

It is not generally known that the Irish

with a peculiar love; it is akin to a mother

for a favorite child. He, on the other hand, always speaks of the Irish as "My people."

Mr. Dillon entered the present Irish move

ment because he took in the spirit of Irish

Nationalism with his blood, and because by

his nature he was bound to be an enthusiast

WASN'T GOING TO DIR.

Incident at the Bedside of Father Fransioli

the Aged Priest.

He Rose Early.

She (as he rises to go at a late hour)-I

suppose you'll sleep until noon, will you

not, Mr. McJinkum?

He—Why no; I'm a very early riser.

She (looking at the clock)—Yes, I see you

Just previous to his death, Father Fran-

New York Telegram.]

in some cause.

the benighted condition of the Russian

of the capital. The balloon in question,

When she came the next afternoon,'

Perhaps he had had some expe-

Well, you may leave it and I will look

What the Heavenly Panorama Will Dis close This Month-Conjunction of Planets and an Eclipse of the Moon-The Evening and Morning Stars.

the sweet regent of the sky will be in ores

anything else. He was much amused when he found he had been taken for the pubburn related to me a story, the subject of which was a bright young American girl of she had all of the gush of that age, added to a natural admiration for lions. She was

Carlisle gave George Gilfillan. Gilfillan was quite a literary character of a genera-tion ago. His books were widely read, and ing planets centers in the meeting between Jupiter and Mars. It has been an interesting thing to watch these two plane's as they slowly decrease the distance that separates them, and this will be intensified as the time draws nearer the period of conjunction. The presence of the moon will add greatly to the loveliness of the tableau. Unfortunately for a thorough enjoyment of this rare picture, Mars, the last-named body, has now drawn so far away from us as no longer to appear so important as we once Jupiter has just passed the point of quad-

the 14th, but they are too far separated for

How Uncle Sam Advises Its Use to Calm the Ocean's Waves.

the outermost sea that breaks on the bar, let each man gently pour the oil down the booth the bar immensely "Almost any oil of animal or vegetable origin will do, but petroleum is not of much service, excepting to mix with and thin the other, it necessary. When lying to in a gale, head to wind and drifting slowly, if a little oil is used, a ship ought to pull through the heaviest storm. Running in a lage, and in the morning marched back, the | gale, an oil-bag hung over the weather side or oil poured down a pipe, well forward, is of great service in preventing the sea from breaking aboard; gale increasing, to round to, prepare a sea anchor, watch for a smooth spell, and then put the helm down, heave

overboard a lew gallons of oil and float the sea anchor. Keep pouring the oil on the sea down a weather pipe or scupper while the ship is coming up to the wind. "In a good steamer, to take a shipwrecked crew off a wreck, run to windward of the wreck, lower the lee boat, put your vessel head to the sea and dead to windward, and let the boat drop down toward the wreck, veering out on the line and constantly pouring considerable oil into the sea, which will keep the sea smooth between your ship and

NO HARDSHIPS FOR STANLEY. He Has Had Enough Bad Traveling and

the use of the lecturer and his bride. Stanley's remuneration for his lectures i

is a very big place-America?" WHAT SHE KNEW OF AMERICA. I agreed with her that its size was above

This "at home," however, was a fair representative gathering of literary Bayswater. On my entrance I was accosted by my hostess, who said: "Now I want to introduce you to a young friend of mine, quite a Genius, I can assure you. Of course you have heard of her, Miss Matilda Blatherskite. She has just translated 'Pop Goes the Wessel' from the original Sanskrit, and the rendering she gives is quite different from

duced to a man in spectacles who, my host-ess informed me in a whisper, had "what you Americans call a boom, and was the Shoestring." I found the famous translator of "Hey Diddle, Diddle" a mild-mannered young woman with a small nose, "tipmarkably handy, as the Irishman said, for taking snuff.
"Ah, you come from America, oh-ah. It

his wigwam. She then "let herself go" on a dissertation on the copyright law, and when she had pumped herself dry on this subject she went off at a hard gallop on the