The Twin Hustlers From the New State of Wyoming and Their Interesting Careers.

WARREN A MAN OF MANY PARTS.

He Claims His State Got the Worst of the Census Count and Cites Its Natural Advantages.

THE ALLIANCE AND ITS POLITICS.

Reasons for the Great Prosperity and Real Estate Booms of Washington.

CODRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 WASHINGTON, Dec. 13 .- The United States Senate opens this year with two full grown babies. These are the twin Senators from the new State of Wyoming. They are both bright fellows and they promise well. Senators Carey and Warren are of the same age, both were born in the East, both have made money in Western stock raising, and both come from the capital of the new State, Chevenne. Senator Carey has a good standing here as a territorial delegate. He has served five years in Congress, and he is as straight us a string and as bright as a button. He has studied the machinery of Congressional legislation, and he goes into the Senate well equipped for his duties.

The most interesting of the new Senators, however, is Governor Warren. He is entirely new to Washington, and his only political service has been as Governor of Wyoming Territory, Mayor of Cheyenne, and as one of the leading politicians of his section. He is a man with a history, and his life has been typically American. His father was a Massachusetts farmer who believed that all the learning a boy needed was comprised in the mastery of the three It's, "readin,' ritin,' rithmetic.'

LEARNING BY A TALLOW DIP. When young Warren was 13 years old he had to a certain extent mastered these, and he wanted more schooling. His father told him that if he got it he would have to earn it, and he let him have his time for himself. From that age until now Warren has made his own living. He got a good education by working in the summers and going to essons were studied by the light of a tallow dip, away up under the roof in his attic room in his grand'ather's nouse, where he boarded. He had progressed well in his academical studies when the war broke out, and he was at this time about 16 years old. He wanted to enlist at once, but his father sent him word prohibiting it, and, according to the laws of Massachusetts, he had to be considerably older before he could go

without his father's consent, He was under c ntruct to work for his master until he was 18. But on his 18th birthday, the 23d of June, 1862, he came into town with a load of cheese, determined to go to the war. There was a meeting in the town hall that night for recruits and Senator Warren tells me that when he went in he saw his tather there and he was atraid be might prevent his enlistment.

WENT WITH A FATHER'S BLESSING. He was also backward because a bounty of \$150 had been offered for volunteers, and he leared it would be thought he went into the army for the bounty. When the request for recruits was made, however, he found himself on his feet before he knew it, and as he started up for the front his fathe stood by his side and took his arm and walked with him saying that he had not wanted him to go before; but that he was a man now, and he had confidently expected

consent and his blessing.
So young Warren started out to battle. been offered a commission, when sickness drove him home to Massachusetts. He had tor a time charge of the largest dairy form in that part of the country and was making a high salary for New England, when he decided to go West. He stopped in Iowa, worked there for a time, and then went on to Chevenne. He had no money to speak of, but he got into merchandising and cattle raising, and gradually increased his capital by successful turns and by his knowledge of stock, until he is now one of

THE RICHEST OF CATTLE MEN. He is the President and the chief stock-

holder in the Warren Live Stock Company and this company has 100,000 sheep, 3 000 cows, and about 2 000 horses. It has flock of 5,000 Angora goats, and it has some of the finest imported rams in the United States. It owns 100,000 acres of land, and it is increasing the number of its animals right along. Wyoming is a State of thousands of hills, and Warren may well be called the Job of the Senate, for his cattle roam over the best of them. He is like Job, too, in his other possessions, for he is a man of many interests. His merchandising interests extend over the whole State, and the Chevenne house has agencies in Salt Lake and Ogden. He has interests in the electric light plant of Chevenne, and there are few business interests in the city with which he is not connected. Let me tell you how this Wyoming

Senator looks. I called upon him last night in his room at the Arlington Hotel, and found him a good-looking fellow or about 46 years of age, dictating like mad to a typewriter, who took down his words on a machine that rattled like a cornsheller. The Senator le t off his dictation upon my entrance, but the infernal clicking went on during our conversation.

HOW THE SENATOR LOOKS.

Senator Warren is about six feet tall and his form is as straight as the straightest pine which hugs the Wyoming slopes of the Rocky Mountains. His shoulders are as broad as are Western ideas, and his chest has been made deep and full by the rarified air of Chevenne which contains, I am told, 50 times as much ozone as any air east of the Mississippi. Senator Warren is a blonde. His hair is of a light brown. His eyes are due and he has a luxuriant straw-colored mustache, which comes well down over strong and clean-cut mouth. His forehead is high and broad, his nose is straight, and ce is, on the whole, rather handsome.

He dresses well, talks well and will judge, be a man of more than ordinary weight on the Senate floor. I asked him a o the present condition of the new State. Said he: "The State of Wyoming is increasing in population right along. It is true the census gives us only 60,000, but we

"Our State contains about 90,000 miles, and you could lose the six New England States inside of it. Some of our county seats are 175 miles from a railroad. No vada is decreasing in population, but our population will steadily grow, and we will ve, I think, one of the great States of the Wet. We have one of the richest mineral reg ons in the United States. Our coal and tron will eventually make us a great manufacturing State, and we have 30,000 square miles of good coal. Some of our iron cannot be surpassed in quality and quantity, and we have copper and lead and gold and

We have considerable agricultural country, and is the Government would give Wyoming its and lands, stock companies could be formed for its irrigation and great tracts of desert could be made to blossom like the rose. We have some of the richest oil regions in the United States. I have cil regions in the United States. I have man" is really the old English idiom for seen oil wells which would throw a stream the hard drinker."

60 feet in the air, and there are in parts o the State ponds of oil eight feet deep, where the oil has run out from natural wells and has been caught in basins. It is not really known how valuable Wyoming is, and the State is in its babyhood, materially as well as politically.

PLUMB HOPES FOR INGALLS.

Senator Plumb tells me that Ingalls will probably be returned to the Senate, and that he has a number of friends among the Alliance legislators which, in addition to his Republican friends, will secure his election. Senator Ingalls himself will say that he considers his success certain. There is a general desire here that Ingalls be returned to the Senate, and expressions of this kind to the Senate, and expressions of this kind are common even among the Senators who have been the most bitterly attacked by him. The newspaper correspondents without ex-ception are auxious that he should remain, as he furnishes better descriptive material has a new idea to offer upon every subject

I find a general impression that the Alliance party will be ephemeral, and that it will not have much influence on the next election. Senator Plumb said last night: "You can't tell what will be the state of things two years from now. Times may be better, and the effect of the McKinley bill may show that it will be a good rather than a bad thing for the country. The Farmers Alliance party will have a number of officer to distribute. Its leaders will probably quarrel among themselves, and it may all go to pieces before the Presidental election

POOH-POOHING THE ALLIANCE. Judge Tyner, ex-Postmaster General, and now Attorney General of the Postoffice De partment, thinks with Senator Plumb, and he says it reminds him of the granger movement which struck Indiana about the time he ran for Congress. He was advised not to accept the Republican nomination on account of the strong farmers' element of the district, which would certainly be against him. He took this advice, and another man was nominated. He was a weaker candidate than Tyner, but he was elected because the grangers lought among themselves, and could not at the end agree upon a candidate. Roswell P. Flower thinks the Alliance has too many crazy ideas as to fiat money etc., to hold itself together, and George (lones, who was the Greenback candida the Presidency some years ago, believes that the old Greenback element will unite and that they will rally around Senator Stan-tord as the next candidate for the Presidency. I called on Senator Sanders, of Montana, last night. He says there are no Alliance people in Montana, and ventures the statement that the Alliance party will,

within two years, be a thing of the past. MUST BE ABOVE BOARD. "The people of the United States," said he, "will not support any party which holds its meetings in the dark. Such actions are against the spirit of American institutions school in the winters, and the most of his and they are a part only of the craze of the times. We are growing insane over secret societies. If you will go into any crowd you will find more buttons and badges than you can count, and it would take more learning to read their meaning than it would to write a history of Moses and the

prophets.
"Parties have been in a transition state for the last ten years, and just now there is going on all over the United States a disintegration of parties and a change of social conditions, which make it almost impossible to prophesy for the future. This is an age of trusts, of false values and of great fortunes. It is an age of fortunes made dis-honestly, and it would seem to me that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later. Our great corporation values are based on lalse estimates. Our railroads are operated so that their directors and managers and great proprietors are little better than thieves in regard to the public, and the balance sheet must be made up sooner or later. As to the Alliance party it is only an evidence of the discontent.

FORTUNES IN REAL ESTATE. New railroads are being built out from Washington in every direction. Three new else ric lines are being constructed and the rails are already down between the Treasury and the Patent Office of the new G street line, and cars will be running, it is to find him here and that he went with his said, by the 1st of January. The business part of Washington is changing. A few years ago all of the chief business houses were on Pennsylvania avenue. Now the F street property is the most valuable busi-ness property in the city. Hon. John W. n. Washington's millionaire bank er, bought last spring the corner of F and Thirteenth street, just below the Ebbitt House, and paid \$225,000 for it. This was considered an immense price, but Mr. Thompson went off to Europe during the summer, and, after a nice trip through Norway and Switzerland, returned a few days ago and sold his property for \$350,000, making \$125,000 off it in six months.

The G street railroad has made a great boom in G street property, and it will soon be as busy as F street is now. The owners of residences along it have grown rich, and houses which three years ago were worth \$5,000, are now worth \$25,000.

QUITE A SUBSTANTIAL TOWN.

General Denver, the man after whom Denver was named, tells me that his land-lady was the other day offered \$54.000 for a house which she had bought for \$4,000, and there is a negro woman who owned a little \$5,000 property on F street some years ago, who has made \$75,000 on it. Ex-Senator Ruckalew of Pennsylvania, and General Denver were chatting together last night of the wonderful growth of Washington and of its elements of prosperity.
"The people outside of Washington," said

General Denver, "can't understand it. They say the town has no manufacturers no water front, and no commerce, and can't see anything to make it grow. It has, in fact, the biggest factories in the United States, and its hands are the best paid. There is the Treasury factory, with its 3,000 employes receiving an average of about \$1,000 a year. There is the Interior Department, which has 3,000 or 4,000 more high-priced hands. And there is the Pension Office, the War Department and the dozen of other governmental institutions which must increase in size, and which distribute millions of dollars here every month.

LOTS OF MONEY SPENT.

"Yes," said Senator Buckalew, "and there s Congress, with its 400 men getting \$5,000 salaries and spending more than \$5,000 a year here on the average. There are the thousand odd people who hang around Congress wanting to get something out of it, and there are the nabobs who are coming here from all parts of the country for their winter residence, and spending here the income of spent every year in a social way, and Washington has, I believe, the best elements of growth of any city of its size in the

"Yes," said General Denver, "and the transient element of Washington brings a great deal into the city. Every inauguraion brings 100,000 strangers, and he is a had only 15,000 in 1870, and I think our population to-day is really about 100,000.

We have a great many out-of-the-way towns and districts in which it was hard to get an average of \$500,000 a year from this source alone, and it has conventis consus. mighty close calculator who can pass through Washington without spending at least \$20 on the way. Washington gets tions of all sorts from week to week, year in and year out. To-day it is the dentists, to-morrow it is some branch of scientists, and the next day it is something else. It is a city of low taxation and of fair taxation, and it will be the Mecca of the capitalist for years to come.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. New York Sun.1
"Depew," said an enthusiastic admirer of

the genial Dr. Chauncey M., "is the best after-dinner man in the world." "You do him an injustice," replied his friend. "Do you know that an 'after-dinner. man' is really a deep drinker? Read up and you'll see, and, having seen, you won't malign a great public man by any such charge as that again."

The friend was right. An "after-dinner

THE REALM OF RHYME. [GARNERED FOR THE DISPATCH.] A Trifling Correction.

An Old English Epigram.] Bays Tom, who held great contracts of the na-"I've made ten thousand pounds by specula Cries Charles, "By speculation! you decely

Strike out the s indeed, and I'll believe thee. An Oriole. By Mrs. Mary E. Blake.; A dazzle of yellow, a quiver of wings, A flash like a beam from the sun's rays

And high on the tree tops an oriole sings, Dizzy with gladness, like hearts affoat On an ocean of love, in a fairy boat, While the joy belis of life unto bliss awaken

Only an instant, and then away Like the flight of a thought through the sun mer weather; But still and forever the song shall stay; To wake in my soul through the winter night
The rapturous thrill of that keen delight,
hen it and the oriole sang together.

The Dreams of Youth. Nora Perry, in Brooklyn Standard-Union.] The daisies blow, the roses grow, In garden, field and wood. And care is sweet, when youth is sweet, And God is very good.

I still must weave and still believe My dreams will all come true: For hope is bright, and sorrow light, When life is fresh and new. Love Can Tetl.

Cape Ced Item. 1 "Say 'Papa,' darling," the mother cooed, It opened its big eyes blue,
With wondering eyes the visitor viewed, And laughed and said "Goo-goo."

"Say 'Mamma,' darling." the mother said; "Say 'Mamma,' sweet one, do," It tugged at the hair or its curly head, And laughed and said "Goo-goo."

"Now say 'Goodby,'" and the mother smiled With a joy that was pleasant to view; "Now say 'Goodby,'" and the winsome child Responded and said "Googoo."

Then the mother embracing the little dear, And kissed it again and again,
As she gurglingly said "Did you ever hear
A baby that talked so plain?"

Novels, Oh, Novels, Oh, Novels! From the Library Journal. At a library desk stood some readers one day Crying, "Novels, oh, novels, oh novels!" And I said to them: "People, oh, why do you say Give us novels, oh, novels, oh, novels?"

Is it weakness of intellect, people," I cried,
"Or simply a space where the brains should
abide?" They answered me not, for they only replied:
"Give us novels, oh, novels, oh, novels!" Here are thousands of books that will do you

more good
Than the novels, oh, novels, oh, novels!
You will weaken your brain with such poomental food
As the novels, oh, novels, oh, novels!
Pray take history, music, or travels, or plays,
Biography, poetry, science, essays,
Or anything else that more wisdom displays,
Than the novels, oh, novels, oh, novels!

A librarian may talk till he's black in the fac About novels, oh, novels, oh, novels! And may think that with patience he may raise Above novels, oh, novels, oh, novels! He may talk till with age his round shoulder are bent And the white hairs of time mid the black

ones are sent.

When he hands his report in, still 70 per cent
Will be novels, oh, novels, oh, novels! W. Foss in the Yankee Blade,

At the debatin' club las' night we all discus a cure "For the debilitated state of English lit'ra chure." "The stuff thet's writ for folks," I said, "don't move 'em an' delight 'em, ause the folks who write the things don't know enough to write 'em."

The felks who write, they stuff their heads in some big cyclopedy,
W'ch ain't no place fer mental food to feed the
poor an' needy;
They're huntin' on an em'ty shelf, like poor ol'
Mother Hubbard, Natur's cupboard.

They crawl into some libery, far from the worl's inspection, Bury themselves in books beyond all hope of resurrection;
They cry out from their tombs, in wich no sun be open, so that all the current will nor star can glisten,
An' weep because the hv'n' worl' don't fin' no
time to listen."

Then Elder Pettengell he asked: "Can you sug-For the debilitated state of English lit'ra-"Ain't none; our authors' ignorance is far too dark for lightnin', While we who know enough to write hain't got

A November Note. Alfred Austin in the Spectator.]

Why, throstle, do you sing In this November haze? Singing for what? for whom? Deem you that it is spring, Or that your woodland lays Will stave off winter's gloom?

Then did the bird reply: That spring will surely come; That is the reason why, Though menaced by the snow, Even now I am not dumb.

HIL. "But few are they that hear, And fewer still that feel,
The meaning of my song;
Until the note be clear,
Re-echoed be the peal,
Early and late and long.

"But you have heard and owned The sound of my refrain, Yet tentative and low. Thus, post, be intoned, Your own foreshadowing strai Trusting that some will know:

"That some will know and say, When greetings of the spring Wake winter from its bed; This is the self-same lay We overheard him sing When dead hearts deemed him dead."

Old Man Thurman eorge Horton, in Cleveland Plaindealer.] [Allen G. Thurman usually addresses h A song for old man Thurman, And sing it clear and strong;

His life has been a sermon, Now let it be a song. And this shall be its burthen To give us greatest joy, He calls his old wife "Sweetheart" And loves her like a boy! There is no fairer story

In all our nation's life; No better, purer glory In all its peace and strife.

True is that man and steadfast,

Fine gold with no alloy,

Who calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"

And loves her like a boyl. Who cares for his position On questions of the day? He has a higher mission, A nobler part to play!

Smiling and patient amory.

Though age and pain amory.

He calls his old wife "Sweetheart." A fig for flowery diction
Of specion eloquence!
A fig for all the flotion
Of wealth and vain pretense!
Here is a man whose glory
No envy can destroy—
He calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"
And loves her like a boy!

We well could spars the splender And tinsel of these days. Give us true hearts and sender, And plain, old-fashioned ways! Of men like Allen Thurman

This world will never cloy.

Who calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"

And loves her like a boy!

LIGHT FROM THE ARC. An Explanation of the Electric Lamp

Used in the Streets.

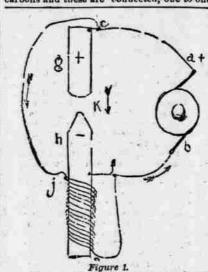
THE SOURCE OF ILLUMINATION. How the Carbon Points Are Kept the Re quired Distance Apart.

THE CAUSE OF THE PLICKERING

TWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. In describing incandescent lamps we have shown how that in the lamp filament the electric current, or better its energy, is transformed into white heat through the friction between the current and the filament. The light of the arc lamp is produced in the same way except that in this lamp there is a combination of effectsnamely, the white heat of the carbon tips due to the passage of the current to and from the air, and the white heat of the air due to the passage of the current through it.

The ordinary are lamp consists of two vertical carbon pencils about a half an inch in diameter and 12 inches long placed end to end, with about a quarter of an inch air space between these ends, and a suitable electrical device for automatically keeping this quarter of an inch air space while the carbons slowly burn away. If we firmly fasten two are light carbons in the positions just described and force about ten amperes of current to pass through from one carbon to the other, that is jump the air space between them, a light of dazzling bril-liancy will be formed between the carbon

THE THEORETICAL ARC LAMP. The electrical and mechanical details of an are lamp are many and complicated and could not possibly be entered into here, but the main principles involved will be readily understood from figure 1, which represents a purely theoretical lamp. Let "D" represent the dynamo, "A" its positive pole and "b" its negative; "g" and "h" are the carbons and these are connected, one to one



pole of the dynamo and the other to the other pole of the dynamous shown and indi-ested in the figure by the wires and signs,

plus and minus.

Between "j" and "e" there is represented a solinoid or coil of wire; inside the solenoid there is a loose iron core, which is attached to the lower carbon. The solinoid is connected to the circuit on either side of the two carbons, as shown at "c" and "f." If now there is an electric current generated at "D" "the current will start from "a" and "D," the current will start from "a" and go to "c;" at "c" the current will divide, part going through the solenoid "je" to
"t," and so back to "b." The other part
will pass to the upper carbon "g," then
jump to the lower carbon "h," and so to
"f," and then back to "b."

TOWARD THE LEAST PRESSURE. However, at "c" the current will divide itself according to the resistances of the two paths. In other words, the strength of the currents in the divided parts of a circuit are inversely as their resistances. The action in the are lamp is then as tollows: When the current is started, the circuit through "g" and "h" wil will pass through the solenoid "je." The action of the solenoid will then be to draw the carbon "h" up against the carbon "g." Under these circumstances the greater portion of the current will pass through the carbons, but now the solenoid will lose much of its power, and the carbon "h" will, by the force of gravity, fall away a little

from the carbon "g," and an electric arc will be formed between the two carbons.

The falling away of "h" increases the resistance of the circuit through "g h" and the solenoid will again be energized, but this parents sacrificed and suffered for her sake, time not so much as before. The carbon "h" will thus vibrate back and forth a few times till a state of equilibrium is es-tablished between the force of gravity and the force of the solenoid. When this is done the carbon "h" will maintain its position quietly so long as the air space between "g" and "h" is kept constant.

COMPENSATES FOR THE BURNING. This space, however, does not remain constant. It increases as the carbons slowly burn away. Now, this increasing of air space between the carbons means an increas-ing resistance in the circuit "g h," and any merease in the resistance of the circul-"g h" will cause more current to flow through the circuit "j e," and this increase of current in the circuit "je" means an in-crease in the power of the solenoid. The core of the solenoid will thus be drawn up higher and push the carbon "h" up toward the carbon "g," and so decrease the air space between the carbons. A state of equilibrium will thus again be established and the electric are will have the same

brilliancy as before.

Of course in practice the action of the solenoid is as gradual as the increase of the space between the carbons, so that there is no sudden up and down motion of the carbon "h." If, however, there is a soft spot in either end of the two carbons, rapid combustion will take place and the carbon "h" will drop suddenly. The solenoid will at once act correspondingly, the carbon "h" will vibrate for a few seconds, causing a flickering in the light, till equilibrium is again established and then all goes on as before. The flickering that we see in our street are lights due, not to any electrical or mechan ical defects in the construction of the lamp, but to the uneven composition of the car bons.

THE SOURCE OF LIGHT.

It must not be understood that the electric arc is visible electricity. The passage of erates great heat-that is, electric energy transformed into heat energy-and small particles of carbon being set free, they become incandescent in this heat and give out an intense white light. The ends of the earbons also become white hot, due to the heat. The light, therefore, from an arc lamp comes from two sources, namely, the white hot carbon ends and the white hot carbon sage of the current from one carbon to the

It is found that if the current passes from the upper carbon to the lower the upper carbon will burn away much faster than the lower; in last, the current seems to tear off particles from the upper carbon and deposit them on the lower. This action tends to make the end of the lower carbon somewhat pointed and that of the upper carbon blunt. as shown in the figure. NATURE OF LIGHT.

Although we talk of the electric light, yet, strange as it may sound, electricity does not produce light; neither do oils or gas produce light. In the oil lamp, the gas burner and the arc, or incandescent lamps, light is produced in the same way. In each

A RAINLESS CAPITAL.

duced raises solid carbon or carbou dust to a white heat, and the white hot carbon is what produces the light.

For example, in a Bunsen burner giv-ing a blue flame we have intense heat and no light, but if we sprinkle a little carbon dust into the flame a bright light will at once be produced, due to the incandescence of the carbon dust. In the candle flame or gas jet light is produced in the same way; particles of soot and dust are made incan-descent by the heat generated, and from them we get light. And so it is in any electric lamp. Electricity is converted into heat, and this heat causes carbon to become ncandescent, and thus emit light. TEMPERATURE OF THE ARC.

cording to the latest researches, between 3,000° and 4,000° C. This is the most intense heat known to man and of the greatest value in scientific researches. The arc light is pest suited for street lighting; it is also very useful in factories and places where general illumination is all that is needed. But it is quite unsuited for dwellings and stores, and in few ings and stores, and in fact any places where detail work is to be done, such as writing, reading or the distinction of colors, For interior lighting and places where the light would not be needed after midnight, one pair of carbons is sufficient, but for all night work a double set is required so that when one pair has burned out, the current is automatically switched over to the fresh carbons and the light thus kept up during the entire night. The consumption of carbon is about twice as much in the positive carbon as in the negative, and the total consumption is about one-tenth of a grain per candle of light per hour. The average street are lamp gives about 2,000 candle-power, but if globes are used much of this light will be absorbed, the amount depending on the character of the glass of which the globe is made.

Scirk FACIAS.

The temperature of the electric arc is, ac-

ENGLISH ON INDIAN SCARE.

Our Trans-Atlantic Cousins Feel Puzzled and Wax Facetious. The Saturday Review.]

The so-called Indian scare is one of those things which no fellow can be expected to understand on this side of the Atlantic. Who is scared and why? The great Yaukee nation cannot surely be scared by a few housand Sioux in Dakota; and if the Sioux are scared, one cannot help suspecting it is because the agents of the great Yankee nation have been doing something they should not.

The items of information are difficult to pick out from among reports of what the Free Silver Democrats intend and what the Farmers' Alliance, When you do get them they hardly prove more than that somebody is lying like a Zanzibari valet. At the top of the column we see told that seven settlers have been scalped and that a battle is raging. At the bottom it is confidently an-nounced that this is fiction, and that all is quiet on Pine Ridge. We dare say it is; but then, if nobody has been scalped, the fuss

would seem to be about nothing.

Then the appearance of our old and respected friend, Buffalo Bill, as an active personage on the scene is confusing. We like Buffalo Bill. We never-tiked him the less because his temporary popularity with duchesses was so maddening to "respectable Americans." It was justified by the excel-lence of his manners. Then, too, he wore his long half and picturesque costume with cranerie, and rode like an angel. Still one does associate him with a traveling circus, and though General Sheridau certifies him a brave fellow, and good frontier guide, his reappearance on the way to the scene of action harmonizes pleasingly with the air of tureality cast over the whole thing by newspaper lies.

paper lies.

It fills up the picture to learn that Red Shirt "is with him." Red Shirt, if our memory does not fail us for the first time, was with him when we last saw him at West Kensington. We respect Red Shirt. He refused even to be entired by Mr. Gladstone into giving his opinion on home rule. He is a long-headed red man, and his candid topinion on the Indian scare would be

THE PET OF THE FAMILY Is the One Most Likely to Find Marriage a Failure.

I never see a petted, pampered girl who is vielded to in every whim by servants and parents, that I do not sigh with pity for the man who will some day be her husband. says Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Ladies' Home Journal. It is the worshiped daughter, who has been taught that her whims and wishes are supreme in a household, who makes marriage a failure all her life. She has had her way in things great hoping finally to see her well married. They carefully hide her faults from her suitors who seek her hand, and she is ever ready with smiles and allurements to win the hearts of men, and the average man is as blind to the faults of a pretty girl as a newlyhatched bird is blind to the worms upon the trees about him. He thinks her little pettish ways are mere girlish moods; but when she becomes his wife and reveals her selfish and cruel nature he is grieved and hurt to think fate has been so unkind to

A DAZZLING SUCCESS.

The Operation of the Women's Lunch

Counter in New York. The woman's lunch counter in New York City is a dazzling success, and is patronized as extensively as any of the men's places down town, says the Sun. The women took to it from the day it was started, and now no young woman, with a day's shopping, or a list of callers on hand, would think of wasting time at a restaurant table. Last Saturday noon a reporter followed a crowd of women into a well-known restaurant in upper Broadway. All turned to one side of the room, where there was an oval lunch counter of cherry, smoothly polished and much lower than the lunch counters patronized by men exclusively. The stools were of cherry with cane-bottom seats. Sixty persons could sit very comfortably at the counter, but the managers of the institution had crowded the seats together so as to acommodate more. The service was much better than men are accustomed to. At the time of the reporter's entrance the seats were nearly all taken. Behind the counter were four mild-mannered waiters in white jackets and aprous. All sorts of feminine gossip could be heard, and, of course, that settles

FRIED OYSTERS BY THE FOOT. South Australia Claims to Outdo Ancients Along This Line.

From Oysters and All About Them.1 Pliny mentions that, according to the hisorians of Alexander's expedition, oysters a foot in dismeter were found in the Indian Seas, and Sir James E. Tennent was unexpectedly enabled to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottier, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought to the rest house. One measured more than 11 inches in length by half as many in width. But this extrao dinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in South Australia. which are the largest edible ones in the world. They are as large as a dinner plate, and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his habitation so well that

It is a new seasation when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide to have one oyster fried in butter, or eggs and bread crumbs, set before you; but it is a very pleasant ex-perience, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial even case it is a transformation of some form of Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial even energy into heat energy, and the heat pro- in that land of luxuries.

The City of the Three Kings and Its Wonderful History.

ITS DAYS OF SILVER AND GOLD. in Odd Climate Made Tolerable by the Use of Peruvian Bark.

THE DEATH RATE EXTREMELY HIGH

LIMA, PERU, Nov. 15 .- Pizarro must have been rather hard up for names when he dubbed his Peruvian capital La Cuidad de los Tres Reges, "The City of the Three Kings." It came about in this way. After he had subdued one of the royal brothers who claimed the Inca throne and treacher ously strangled the other, he found little difficulty in conquering Cuzco, the splendid "City of Gold," which was at that time the capital of Peru. As soon as he and his few European followers, a band of drunken adventurers whom Spain was glad-to be rid of, had glutted themselves with the vast treasures of the place, they marched westward, not so much in search of new worlds to conquer as to find a more convenient spot in which to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. They did not relish being surrounded or all sides by the Indians, who, although conquered, outnumbered them a hundred to

one, but preferred to be within sight of the sea, the broad highway that led toward home. This Emerald valley of Rimae, with a river running through it, the ocean on one side and the towering Andes on the other, combined all the advantages they sought. So here they established the second Spanish city in South America, which soon grew to be one of the proudest and most luxurious capitals of those profligate days and continued to be the seat of a corrupt rice-regal court for three centuries.

THE STORY OF A NAME. It happened that Pizarro designated its ite on January 6, 1555 (old style), the day of the festival of the Epiphany or the mani-festation of our Savior to the Magi, who in King James' version of the New Testament are called "the Wise Men" from the East, but are known in all the old Spanish traditions as "the Three Kings." Hence be of the Epiphany and christened his capital accordingly. Then Carlos V. of Spain, sent over not only his benediction and congratu-lations but added some complimentary words to its already ponderous title, mak-ing it "The Most Noble and Most Royal City of the Three Kings"-so it appears i the original charter-and formally cede its appropriate coat of arms; three golden crowns for the three kings and a rayed star on an azure field to memory of the star which led them to the spot where the young

Child lay.

But that was altogether too long a title for every-day use, and so the easy-going Spaniards fell into a habit of calling it "the ity of Rimae," the latter being the name o he valley in which it stands. Rimae is a Quichua word, the past participle of the verb rimay, to speak; and in this applicaion it referred to a famous oracle of Inc. times, whose shrine was in the valley, probbly among those extensive ruins that may yet be seen near the present village of La Magdalena, and in honor of whom the river and surrounding country were named.

THE SOUND OF A LETTER. The Quichua sound of the letter "r" much like the Spanish "l," and so it is not strange that in the mouths of another race it became transformed to Limae and ther to Lima. For many years the river was called Lima, too, but somehow it got back to its ancient cognomen. It is a small and quiet stream through most of the year except during the summer months, the season of melting snows and rains among the mountains where it rises, when it swells into a deep, swift and turbulent torrent, whose yellow tide resembles the Missouri in spring time. It is as e-sential to the valley as is the The lawyer's place became famous. John Lima would long ago have dried up and disappeared from this rainless region. To the Rimae, which furnishes ample irrigation,

fertility of its surrounding fields and gar-One walks about the streets of Lima as in a dream, oppressed by a multitude of historical reminiscences that crowd upon the memory. Here, too, were centered the products of the mines. In 1681, I think it was, La Palata, the Viceroy of Lima, rode through these streets on a horse whose mane was strung with pearls and whose shoes were of pure gold, over a pavement made of solid ingots. of silver. To its sea-gate, Callon, came the Galleons of the East, bringing silks and spices from far Cathay and the Philippine came the buccaners Rogers, Anson, Hawkins, Drake and others, all eager to snatch from the "treasure ships" the rich boots which even the Virgin Queen did not dis-dain to share with her loyal free booters of the South Seas and the Spanish Main.

THE MODERN CAPITAL."

whole is by no means densely The old walls of the city which that energetic Vice King, La Palata, caused to be built in 1638, described an irregular oval, on the left bank of the Rimne, about three miles long by a mile and a half wide. They were from 18 to 24 feet high and twenty feet thick, and were entered by 12 gates. But they were never of much use except to facili-tate the collection of local duties and to afford an elevated pasco or bridle path for equestrians, and were demplished long ago. The city's present population is variously estimated between 100,000 to 125,000. Much of the heautiful region round about was laid waste by the Chilian army during the recent war, and has not yet been rebuilt. The invaders were as merciless and as needlessly hundreds of country villas and all the suburban villages were burned to the ground. Thus Chorillas, the Long Branch of the coast, was entirely des railway leads from Chorillas to Lima, pas ing through the once lovely village of Miraflores, whose name literally translated mean "See the flowers!" The Chilians landed at Chorillas, and having reduced that town to ashes, they marched along the line of the railroad to Lima, ruthlessly de stroying everything on the route. A NIGHT OF TERROR.

For one whole night Lima was in th hands of a mob of armed soldiers, who had broken loose from all restraint and were as bloodthirsty and unfeeling as so many Sepoys; and they were only prevented from entirely burning and sacking the city by the energy of the British Minister and members of the diplomatic corps, backed by the English and French admirals whose war It is said that there are 1,500 foreigners

Lima, and no fewer than 6,000 priests. The latter gentry are met at every step, in black robes and white, gray cowls and shovel hats, monks of all orders and varieties of hats, monks of all orders and varieties of habit, and clergy of every degree. Pro', Orton affirms that there are at least 25 different admixtures of blood in Lims. Be that as it may, certainly a more mixed collection of people would be hard to find. There are English, French, Spaniards, North Americans, Belgiaus, Chinese and negroes, black, white, yellow and all intermediate shade of complexion minutes. mediate shade of complexion, mingle among the leather-hued native population

months that answer for winter on this side of the equator (from June to November), the thermometer ranges from 57° to 61° of the equator (from June to November), the thermometer ranges from 57° to 61° Fahr., and is often so cold that warm woolen clothing is necessary for comfort, especially indoors, where the thick walls retain dampness and exclude the sun, rendering the interiors much more chilly than the open street. The low temperature of the place may be partially accounted for by the close proximity to the snowy cordilleras and also from the fact that the great Antartic current of the Pacific sets from the southwest full on the coast, where the temsouthwest full on the coast, where the tem-perature is 310 less than the waters of the

open sea 100 miles from land.

It is not positive cold that renders life in Lima unpleasant during the winter time, so much as the logs and dampness. Sometimes for days together the sun refuses to show his face, and a regular "Scotch mist," heavy enough to form a continuous drizzle, makes the sidewalk slippery as ice, and so permeates the air that even the sheets of one's bed feel sticky. Though visitors are often assured that "it never rains in Lima," the most partial citizen is obliged to admit that what he calls la guara, a dense fog that forms itself into minute drops, brings all the discomforts without any of the benefits of a good, healthy shower. Yet umbrellas and overshoes are not in fashion here.

CURES OF PERUVIAN BARK. It is said that when the last of the Incas heard where Pizarro was going to establish his capital, he rejoiced in his heart, saying that soon not one of his enemies would re-main alive. Tradition has it that long before the arrival of any Europeans this par-ticular portion of the valley of Rimae was set apart as a place of banishment for crim-inals—a sort of Inca Dry Tortugas, or Siberif, where evildoers soon succumbed to the deadly climate and ceased from troubling. Some 60 years ago the celebrated Von Teschudi wrote that "Two-thirds of the people of Lima are at all times suffering from tercianas (intermittent fever), or from their consequences." But that was before the Countess of Cinchona, whose husband was one of the Vice Kings of Peru, had been cured of her terciana by the "Peruvian bark," whose remedial virtues had been discover by a Franciscan triar during the

early days of the conquest.

The aborigines made a decoction of it to cure their agues; it was tried upon the shaking soldiers with great success, and it remained for the Vice Queen to make it fashionable by merely consenting to be set upon her legs again through its agency. She introduced the bark into Spain, where it was given her mane girchors and the it was given her name, cinchons, and the drug that has since been made of it, known as quinine, has certainly accomplished more real, substantial good right here in Lima than have all the missionaries, Romish and Protestant, that ever came over. Yet year by year the death lists are alarmingly longer than those of births, and were the city not constantly recruited from other parts of the country it would have been depopulated long ago. It is said that the mortality among infants here is three times greater in proportion to population than in London, Paris or New York; but that is doubtless as much due to bad drainage and the poverty, carelessness and filth of the lower classes as to climatic causes.

FANNIE B. WARD.

INDIAN GUIDES FOR GUESTS. They Repaid The Summer's Sportsman by

a Fraternal Visitation. Queer things happen the world over says he New York Sun. A well-known lawyer of Hartford went every year down to Nova Scotia to fish, and always had the same Indian guides. He liked them-as guides; they liked him, too. One day his office boy appeared in his private office in great excitement. "Indians!" he exclaimed; and Indians it was, seven of them, the lawyer's

Micmac friends.

They had come to spend the summer with They had come to spend the summer with him, they announced cheerfully. Luckily he lived just out of the city, and had a fair-sized place; so, as he couldn't send them away, he took them out to his home. There he had them pitch their tents in the remotest field, near a little brook, and there they spent the summer. They fished and caught little. Three times a day they came up to the house for what they called "les restes de la maison," and countless other times a day they came up to see the lamily. and Riddy walked out in the summer even-

ings to see the "rale Injuns," and so did Hans and Gretchen, and Silas and Huldah. At the end of the summer the Indians went home, telling their relieved host that would come again the next summer. But they didn't. Forewarned was forearmed and the lawyer kept them away. Perhaps

QUEER DOGS IN THE OLYMPICS. Western Exploring Party Claim to Find a

Race of Whistling Animals. One of a party recently returned from a tour in the Olympic Mountains gives the Whatcom Reveille the following account of some strange animals discovered there: One night we camped near Sentinel Rock, about a mile from the divide. This rock stands boldly out alone, like a massive fortress, guarding the entrance to the valley of the

Dungeness.
Suddenly the mountain sides seemed to be alive with men whistling to one another, when-and one would turn sharp around cumference, but as a large part of its area is the other side; and soon we saw lots of ani-whole is by no means described. populated, bushy tails, running about from rock to that enersused to be sitting bolt up, erect, like a ferret does. We gular oval, shot a couple of small ones that night and afteward shot several more larger ones. Campbell called them whistling dogs, and declared they were good to eat; but the smell was enough for us. Their odor is peculiar, but not fragrant. They have two long teeth in front- like a beaver and feet

almost shaped like squirrels' feet. I believe their right name is mountain beaver. Whenever we went afterward to the mountains as long as there was grass we saw these whistling dogs, as we got to call them. I like to see them; they seemed to make the place cheerful and lively, and were very amusing to watch. In winter they have long burrows under the snow, and their coats get a dark gray; in summer they are yellow Their skins should make good fur, and, I think, would pay for being trapped in winter

A DINNER GIVER'S SECRET.

Roswell P. Flower Turns His Little Bar quets to Good Account. I WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Roswell P. Flower, of New York, gives ome of the best dinners of the Capital City. He dined nearly every member of Congress last session, and he is now one of the most popular men in public life. I learned last night the secret of these dinners. They were given on the ground floor of good fellow-ship in the first place, but in the second place they were also given to educate Mr. Flower to the peculiar tastes and natures of the men who dired with him.

Under the sparkling bubbles of Flower's champagne the Senators and Representatives burst forth in their real feelings as to publi matters, and Flower now understands how to work each of them as to his own plans in regard to national interests and as to the axes of his constituents. Flower is one of the best diplomats in Congress. He has a big heed and a brainy one. When he smiles he smiles all over, and he never smiles in vain.

A Drunken Man's Fall.

George Tompkins, a drunken logger at Marysville, Wash., fell from the secondstory window of the Pacific Hotel, in that among the leather-hued native population; and one need not walk half a square to hear a dozen different languages spoken.

CLIMATE OF PERU.

Being situated under the tropics and at an elevation of only 512 feet it might reasonably be expected that the climate of Lima would be too warm for comfort, but such is by no means the case. During the six

THE BEAVER ANGLER.

Senator Quay Chats About the Sport He Had Down in Florida.

SHOOTING THE WILD TURKEY.

Dick Quay and Faithful Ben Soov Treed

by a Wounded Buck. AN EXCITING PIGHT WITH A TARPON

Senator Quay sat in his library at his residence enjoying his post-prandial eigar, says a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, and willingly opened the subject of fishing in Florida. He said: "I reached St. Luce in the very nick of time for tarpon fishing. Dick and Ben Sooy begrudged the time it takes to bait and hook the big silver king and went off in the country, where they camped out for two weeks, often sleeping in the woods in November without sheets when miles away from camp. Florida is the most wonderful country in America for game, and as an evidence of the abundance of deer, from the hummocks within a mile of where Ben Sooy and he had their camp, they killed six deer

in the last two weeks of November. "To a genuine lover of the joys of the woods, no sport is more fascinating than hunting the wild turkey. Two negroes who are skilled in 'calling' the gobbler built a blind out of pine tags, scattered brush over the tags and taking care to build the blind in the neighborhood of a turkey roost, for this avariest of game birds, if not hunted too much, will return for years to the same spot to roost, generally in the deep woods, and often on the lottiest hemlocks at the edge of some big swamp.

HOW TO KILL TURKEYS.

"The keenest hunter brings out his 'call," made from a turkey wing, and soon he will have a big gobbler strutting through the woods, with his 'put-put-put,' his beard



shining in the gray of the dawn and his head well in the air. You reserve your fire till you can see the sheen of his eyes and then let drive at him with your right barrel, and, if only wounded, you take the gobbler on the wing as he rises, and the game rarely escapes you unless some bad luck scares the wary bird away before he reaches within gunshot of the blind. On the 15th of Norember three of us killed two hens and four gobblers by 9 o'clock in the morning, rising

at 4 o'clock to reach the turkey roost.
"I care nothing for hunting deer, as it involves walking or riding many miles when the game is started, unless the gunner has the patience that makes a good still hunter. The last day Ben Soov and Dick were out they wounded a back by breaking its fore-leg, and it led them a chase for six miles around a dense swamp, and then, when wounded again, drove both the boys up a

wounded again, drove both the boys up a big cypress tree, charging on them when their guns were empty.

"Fortunately the buck was so badly wounded that they only had to hold the tort an bour till the deer died at the foot of the tree in which they were ensconced. THE BRUTAL SAWFISH. "You saw at my house in Beaver some

and wondered what they were. Well thes ent animal from the Block Island swordfish which are good to eat, and give a great deal of sport off the Rhode Island coast in sum "The sawfish is a big sea brute and often

weighs 1,500 pounds and is a terrible nuisance when he gets into the fishermen's net, winding the same all around his huge body till the fish has to be killed with a rifle His flesh is of no use. With this terrible saw he dashes into a school of menhaden or nullet and at every whack cuts hundreds of the little fish into pieces and devours them at leisure. Even a shark never attacks a sawfish.

"Tarpon is the king fish of the bays and estuaries near the sea. The excitement and pleasure of bagging and his lordly fighting qualities have not been exaggerated. It is the gamest of our big fish. My last tarpon weighed 1.76 pounds, and after swallowing the mullet bait he swam away in the most indifferent manner till be elt the barb of the hook bite; then he dashed off and towed my little boat three miles up the bay, jumping ten feet at a time and savagely shaking his silvery head in vain to break my hold.

THREE MONSTER FISH. "It was the longest fight I had in November with a tarpon, but when the big fish turned, as they often do, and went straight back to where he was hooked he between two splendid specimens of the sawfish, which weighed at least 1,200

pounds each.

"My big fish got tangled up with the fighting sawfish, and every moment I expected to see him break away. All three mousters worked into shallow water, where the turpon always feeds, and while the negro held my big tarpou I killed both sawfish with a Eullard rifle and pulled the turpon into shallow water and gaffed him safely. The stories of sharks killing tarpon are a good deal exaggerated. Generally speaking the tarpon can hold his own even against the scavenger of the ocean."

THE CHANGE IN CARPETS.

The Colonial Style of Furnishing Makes a Very Radical Revision

What a change there is in the style of carpets now that the Colonial style of furnishing is in fashion. The carpets are made to match it in designs and tone both. The Scotch Axminster carpets are favorites now, and come in tints that are delicately exquisite, the carpets being of plain centers in ail site, the carpets being or prain centers in all the favorite colors, surrounded by rich borderings in floriated and set designs. The Aubusson, Wilton, moquette and body brussels are also in new colorings and designs. A novelty in the design of a carpet, chiefly in the Axminster, is the orchid design, the flowers scattered artistically over the center and turned in a garland for the border. The design in any color of grounding desired. The pale gray, however, is quite the swell color for a carpet and looks exquisite when furniture and drapery correspond to its tint. The furniture covering is French in design, too, a pretty style being tapestries, with the seats and backs in landscapes, or in great odd flowers. Draperies and curtains this year are of the richest brocatelle, and are in the pale tints. The drapery is above all things beautiful this year, and the cost is quite in keeping with the other extravagant luxuries of the day.

How Sunday Opening Works. In Philadelphia, says the Inquirer, the Mercantile Library, which is open to readers on Sundays, is opposite the St. Stephen's Church, and a candid and importial spectachurch, and a candid and impartial specta-tor would be forced to admit on any Sunday that the open library and the decorous con-duct of its frequenters interiored no more with the church than the chimes of the church interiored with the readers at the library.