THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1891.

SNAGS IN THE OHIO.

Work of the Government Boat E. A. Woodruff in Clearing Up the Channel

FOR PITTSBURG'S TRAFFIC.

Its Unique Equipment and Novel Methods of Operation.

CAN LIFT OUT HUNDREDS OF TONS.

Monster Steel Beak That Ploughs Sunken Barges to Pieces.

RECORD OF OBSTRUCTIONS TAKEN OUT

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

As the typical Western river boat, evolved from the flat boat by American ingenuity, is both the product and the triumph of the necessities of the environment, so, also, may the same be said, with equal significance, of the stalwart creature known as the Government snag boat, which walks the self-same waters, and of whose habits and mission this article has something here to say.

A Government snagboat is a sort of John the Baptist to the boating interests of our inland rivers. It clears and prepares their way and straightens their paths by freeing the waters and the channels from sunken coal barges, trees and snags of every description. Few have an adequate idea of the havoc these obstacles have wrought upon our river commerce, especially in earlier days before our extended inland waterways were as well lighted and patrolled as they are at present.

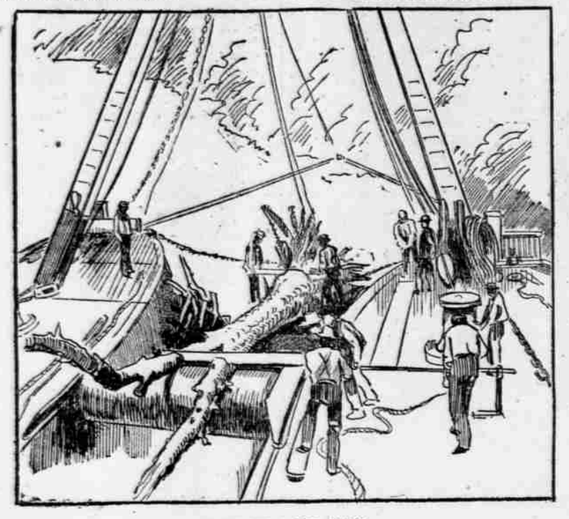
The Boat Pittsburg Knows.

There are now some half a dozen of these large snagboats on the Mississippi river and tributaries. Of these, Macomb's and Wright's are in the Father of Waters proper, while the Meigs, Wagner and Reese are in its tributary streams below the Arkansas and Red rivers. The subject of this sketch, a magnificent specimen of her class, is the United States snagboat E. A. Woodruff, of the Ohio river improvement. Its Captain is W. H. Christian, of Cincinnati. Its patrol is the entire Ohio river from Pittsburg to Cairo, a distance of 968 miles. Twenty-five thousand dollars runs the Woodruff for a year, taking care of salaries, provisions, repairs, etc. In that time the boat makes two and three round-trip snagging expeditions along the entire length of the Ohio.

One hears, commonly enough, of going a-fishing, of going a-ducking, and of going a-crabbing, but what is going a-snagging, and in what does the necessary outfit consist? For indulging the Government in this unusual pursuit along the Ohio river, the stanch E. A. Woodruff is provided. It is ably manned and officered, and abundantly and scientifically equipped with powerful engines, and modern and unique appliances especially designed for the peculiar work in hand. The Woodruff's original cost was $128,000. There is not a stick of timber in her hull, it being

Made Entirely of Iron.

Her length is 220 feet, with 48 feet beam, 7½ feet depth of hold, and a width over all of 73½ feet. Her main propelling engines are 20 inches bore and 6 feet stroke, making 16 to 18 revolutions a minute. Her four boilers are 26 feet long and 40 inches in diameter. When snagging they usually carry 120 pounds of steam, and when running 140. The oval paddle wheels are 24 feet in diameter, working a bucket 11 feet long and from 12 to 22 inches broad. Her mean draft is about 32 inches.



SAWING UP A BIG SNAG.

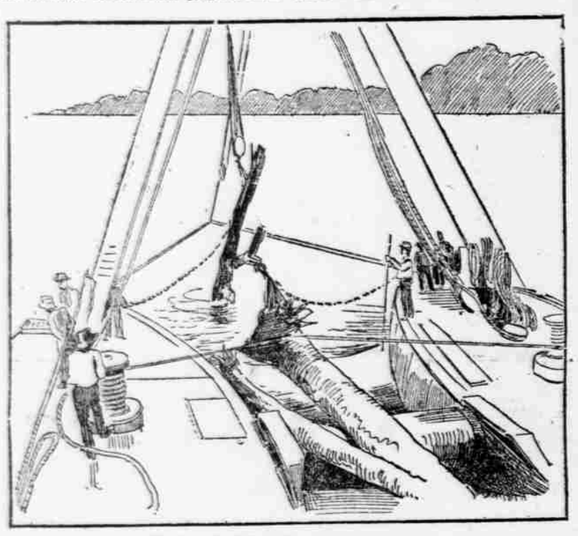
Besides the propelling engines and steam pumps she contains six auxiliary engines. The rotary engines work the windlass and operate the drag chain. The hydraulic jack and screw is used to raise and lower, adjust and operate, the pair of saws with which the great tree trunks are rapidly cut into pieces and then easily disposed of. This last, as well as the unique wrecking hook and many other mechanical aids and inventions which facilitate the work, were designed by the Captain.

Another important feature in the vessel's equipment is a "smithy" and machine shop. Near this is a complete carpenter shop. The Woodruff has 26 water-tight compartments. These enabled her to go through with a singular experience three years ago, when for nearly the entire season she continued at her work notwithstanding there had been stove through her side and into one of these compartments, a hole 16 feet long and from 1 to 3 feet wide.

Adding to Her Length.

Another rather curious fact in her history is, that she has been twice cut in two in order to lengthen her, 18 feet being inserted a little beyond the middle at one time and 27 feet a short distance toward the other end at another time. These changes provided needed room and greater buoyancy. It, however, also required the swinging around of the boilers in order to make a better balance under the new order of things.

One striking and original feature in the vessel's construction is her double-pointed or twin bows, which give her a catamaran appearance. Between these twin bows there extends backward what is called a well. This is a canal-shaped opening which projects backward through the boat's structure some 50 feet, from which point it descends gradually, and through this raceway the water carries away beneath the vessel most of the smaller and unimportant parts of the snags, wreckage and debris. This well is bridged across, at the extreme front, about on the water level, and here some of the crew frequently take their position as a convenient point from which to grapple with the snags. About 25 feet back from the front, across the well, is inserted a large roller which has an important part to perform in the handling of the logs and snags after they are found.



TWO SNAGS OUT AND ANOTHER COMING.

Going Out a Snagging.

Taking our stand either with the Captain or the pilot on the upper deck, we join in watching for a "break;" that is, a surface indication or disturbance on the water sufficiently marked to indicate to the practiced eye that there is something in the nature of a snag or wreck beneath. When the pilot or others discover it a short, sharp whistle is sounded, and as the boat approaches the place all the signs are scrutinized and considered. The plan of operation is quickly decided upon and in person put in force by the mate, who conducts the job unless the Captain deems it necessary to add some directions or himself undertakes its superintendence.

In answer to the captain's signal the pilot steers the vessel in the most advantageous manner for the work, now forward and now backward, or veering her sideways now with one wheel and then with the other. If the current is swift, or there is danger of losing sight of the exact location of the wreck when the surface indications disappear with the progress of the work, a buoy is dropped to keep the locality marked. If necessary, soundings are taken with a long, slender iron pole or other means of the depth of the water over and about the obstruction. If it is not over 15 feet the obstruction is often probed with the long, sharp and curved steel wrecking hook or beak. If the obstruction proves to be a sunken coal barge the snag boat is given steam and slowly backs, the strong hook, which has been lowered into the water, catching hold of and tearing apart the wreck in a surprising fashion, part floating upwards when released and part being dragged to the top by the hook.

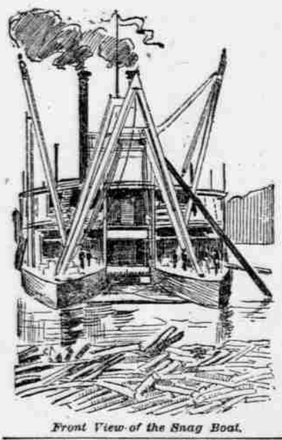
Lifting Out the Obstruction.

At the moment of the boat's advance and the lowering of the wrecking hook, the drag chain is also lowered, by the action of the rotary engines. This is a very long and strong chain, of which a greater or less length can be run out according to the emergency. It is let out and down from the points of the double bows and sinks through the water in the form of a loop. By maneuvering the boat the chain is pushed under or so about the wreck as to separately or together with the hook, loop or catch about it. The chain is then drawn taut and the signal to hoist is given.

The manner of procedure is much the same in the case of sunken trees or "snags," as they are called, only that then the wrecking hook is not used so freely as the drag chain. When the drag chain catches the snag and brings it to the surface there is frequently tackle and chain lowered from the "shears" above, which is the upright, heavy "A" shaped iron frame projecting upward from the bows, and it is thus hoisted high and dry. At other times a chain is run out and fastened to the smaller end of the tree-trunk, which is then pulled in by steam power, up over the "butting beam," and thence to and over the "well roller," which revolves as the load passes, until it is in port or wholly aboard and in the desired position.

Giant Trees Easily Handled.

In this way the writer saw a giant sycamore, 78 feet long and 3½ feet thick at the base, hauled entirely aboard. Then by ax or saw, by hand and by steam, the great tree or snag is quickly demolished, it being cut into pieces convenient to handle and dispose of. The small pieces and refuse are allowed to drop into the well and be carried away by the current under the boat. The logs, and especially the stump and spreading roots, are deposited out of the way along shore.



Front View of the Snag Boat.

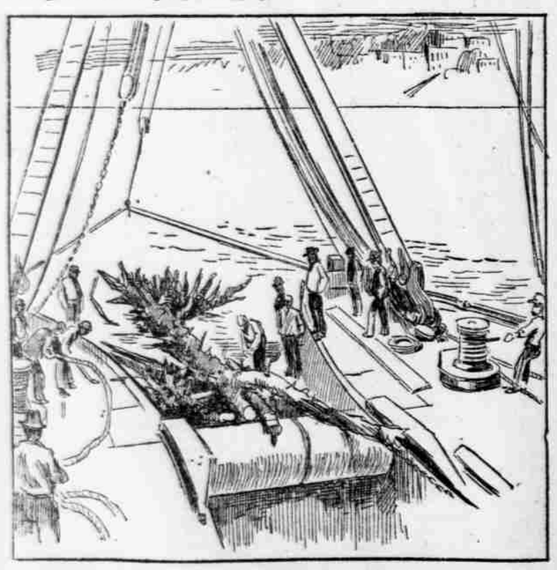
The largest snags are usually found in the lower part of the river, and the largest of all in the Mississippi. The clerk of the boat is required to keep a minute and methodical record of all their operations. During the day when I was aboard, the Woodruff, up to 4 P. M., took out of the river, between Steubenville and Warren, O., the following articles, viz.: The remains of Horner and Roberts' coal barge, No. 55, from below Mingo Island; an oak tree 18 feet long and 1½ feet through at the butt; an apple tree 14 feet long and 8 inches through; an oak 22 feet long, 1 foot 8 inches through at the butt, and with 6 feet spread of roots; an elm 50 feet long by 3 feet through and 14 feet spread of roots; a sycamore 42 feet long, 2 feet through and 10 feet spread of roots, and with two arms, one 28 feet long and the other 10; an elm 45 feet long, 1½ feet through and 6 feet spread of roots; an oak 50 feet long and 2½ feet through, and a giant sycamore 78 feet long, 3½ feet through at butt and 1½ at top, and with 8 feet spread of roots. Leaving Pittsburg on Friday noon and laying over Sunday at Steubenville they had taken out 33 snags up to Monday at 4 P. M.

Work in the Mississippi.

In furtherance of these records they use tables for estimating the weight of what they handle, and all this is stated in their Government reports.

In the Mississippi the Woodruff has taken out some big snags. By their record one such day's work in midsummer was the taking out of 13 snags, six of which were each over 100 feet long. Another day's record counted 21 snags. The records also showed snags of 127, 145, 146, 130, 115 and 142 feet in length. One was 40 feet long, 8 feet 2 inches through at butt, 4½ feet at top and weighed 108 tons. When water logged and loaded down with attaching earth, their weight sometimes reached into enormous figures. In a snag of this kind 115 feet long the center mass raised weighed 285 tons, or 570,000 pounds. This gives some idea of the power of the boat's tackle and appliances, and of what masses can thus be successfully handled.

ORLIN M. SANFORD



DRAGGING A SNAG OVER THE ROLLER.

A FLORENTINE FESTA.

Lillian Spencer Takes Her Chances With the Gay Crowds.

GOOD TIME TO STUDY CHARACTER.

Ouida's Attempt to Obliterate Florence and the Results.

A TALK ABOUT ART AND ARTISTS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

FLORENCE, Feb. 9.—We have had a "Festa" in Florence! And a "Festa" is a great event among the pleasure-loving children of sunny Italy!

A "Festa" means great singing throngs of people. It means streets covered with net-works of lamps, green, white, yellow, red. It means flaring torches climbing like vines up and down and across the buildings. It is a time when the "Palazaza Veccio" is ablaze; the "Duoino" a nest of fire; the "Campanile" a beacon of flame.

Everyone dons his or her "Sunday-go-to-meeting" wearing apparel, and parades the live long day and the whole night through. Fatigue is unknown. Instead of weariness, the crowd grows madder as the time slips by.

We, like everybody else, attended the "Festa." Indeed, we couldn't very well help it, since the "Festa" is everywhere!

What a sight!

Flags, and ribbons, and tapestries, and pictures hanging from the windows. Flowers heaped up and raining down from the balconies. Peasants from the hills mingling their picturesque and oft-times fantastic costumes, with those of the exquisites from Roma and Venezia. Soldiers with glittering arms and scarlet coats marching along to the tread of military music. And everywhere flower girls, and bands of mandolinists and priests. Yes, even the priests quit their gloomy cells to take part in the "Festa." We jostled against many a sleek black robe. We came face to face with bare-foot Dominicans and well girdled Franciscans.

A Glimpse of Royalty.

If the King is in the city he drives around in the carriage of state all gilt and red, surrounded by the troops. The Queen and the young Prince accompany him. When the royal party approach the excitable Florentines go quite out of their minds. They shout, and yell, and wave their hats, and hop up and down and act like wound-up jumping-jacks. After they shriek themselves hoarse they go into a trattoria and drink a quart or two of chianti and then rush out and begin all over again.

They keep this up until midnight, and as there are about a hundred thousand of them, more or less, the result can be imagined. I was quite deaf for a couple of days after this "Festa." And when I heard that a good many people, Ouida among the number, had run away from it, I commended their good taste.

Ouida hates noise. She flees in horror before the throngs which surge into the city on festal days. And this by the way is not the only complaint she has to make against the Florentines. She has lifted up her voice in the *National Review*, against what she calls the "obliteration of Florence."

I did the same thing when I stumbled over brick piles and lumber and workmen all over the city. Not being a Ouida no one listened "to my tale of woe." But as a matter of fact Ouida is right when she says:

Every road for miles is choked up with the lumbering dirty trains of steam tramways. Even the glorious avenue of the Poggio Imperiale once a dusky, cypress-shaded nightingale haunted dream of beauty has been invaded by a steam tram which goes up and down, dragging its stinking and smoking length, over the once noble drive known as the "Colli," and under the shadow of the bell tower of San Muriato. * * * One of the most enchanting and richly-endowed cities of the past such as Florence is, had been obliterated wilfully and wantonly. The loss to the present is irreparable; to the future immeasurable.

Only a Piece of Progress.

This is quite true, but as a matter of fact the good citizens had no way of getting to their homes. They got tired of walking five or ten miles every time they wanted to buy a newspaper or post a letter, so they built their tramways.

Ouida gets even with them, however. She tells them they know nothing of art; that they have not wit enough to be conscious of their own absurdity. She informs them that they pompously adore their stove-pipe hats, their checked trousers, and their half-penny newspapers, while they are totally insensible to the value of Taddeo's bridge, Sansovino's shrine, the Barbadari Tower, and the gardens of Farnesina. She goes on to say with withering scorn that they are incapable of decent creation; that they are only capable of destruction. Oblivious to the glories of the sunset behind them, they hide their faces in pot hats, which cost 5 francs, and vow that the petroleum flame of their tenpenny tin lamps is lovelier than the dawn which rose with Perugino or the noon which smiled with Raffaelle.

Having thus frankly expressed her opinion of the nineteenth century Florentines, M'lle Ouida shuts herself up in her palazzo among the Tuscan hills, triumphant in the conviction of the crushing and withering epithets she has hurled at their heads. Meanwhile the callous and thick-skinned sons of Italy ride tranquilly home in their steam tramways reading their half-penny newspapers. They don't care a fig for Ouida, or the glowing sunsets, or the glories of Florence, or anything praiseworthy and artistic. M'lle Ouida up in the hills there—bah, they snap their fingers at her.

All Conditions and Classes.

Meanwhile the "Festa" goes on right merrily. And the sun goes down over the city. We sip muscado, and watch the lights of the thousand lamps flame out in their riot of colors. The "Festa" affords the visitor an exceptionally good opportunity of seeing Italians of all classes and conditions of life.

For instance, there are the people of the hills who don't come into the city on any other occasion. These good folk are sturdy, honest farmers who work like mules and live on next to nothing. They wear the traditional head gear, and the short scarlet petticoats familiar to us in the pictures of the great painters.

Then one sees the beggars and mendicants of the city itself. They are prohibited by law to beg, but they turn out in full force, and hang round the doors of the hotels in the hopes that the padrones will wax generous on the festal occasion and fling them a crust from the doors.

The shopkeepers are a numerous and interesting class. They appear on the scene about noon, after the morning's work has been done and the iron shutters barred. They are always accompanied by their entire families. If the "bambinas" can't walk they drag them along by the fat, brown arms, or carry them. The costumes worn by these people are bewildering. They scorn the pretty, quaint peasant gown, and array themselves in draggled-tailed skirts which hitch up a quarter of a yard behind, to give room for

The Enormous Bustle,

which seems to have just made its appearance in Italy. Over the skirt is worn a basque, generally of a totally different color. The hats are astounding. They are enormous affairs, rearing up in front and weighed down in the crown by bunches of cheap flowers.

It is almost incredible, but one really sees no style anywhere in Italy. The best people look antiquated. In these days of straight tailor-made gowns and small flat hats the bustle and the poke are caricatures. But the Italian ladies seem perfectly oblivious to the fact that fashion, like everything else, is subject to change.

Even Ouida, who is the "observed of all observers" in Florence, does not dress in good taste. She has her gowns from Paris, of course, but they are startling affairs in regard to color. A lavender silk, trimmed with old point, and a leghorn hat, weighed down with drooping white plumes, looks very well on a fresh cheeked young girl out for a drive in the park, but Ouida is not exactly a young girl. She was, no doubt, 20 years ago, but at present writing—well, lavender silk and leghorn are not becoming to her style of beauty.

Styles for Children.

The children who are not running about half naked are dressed like little old women of 40. They wear huge bonnets, short ruffled skirts and white stockings. They have fine eyes, but otherwise they are not pretty. Their swarthy skins and dusky hair gives them the appearance of little negroes. They don't have the good times that American children do, either. They have no candy or toys worth speaking of.

As for dolls—well, of all the hideous, wild-eyed objects I ever saw these Italian dolls take the palm. They are ghastly creatures in wax, with dead white faces smeared with paint, and thin, shapeless legs. Their flax heads, with the yellow tow standing straight out, gives them the appearance of having gone stark mad. As they cost a couple of francs apiece the children are not likely to be frightened out of their wits by the possession of them. For 2 francs is a goodly sum of money to the greedy, grasping Italian, and before spending it on a "bambino"—well, he would as soon think of tossing it to one of the beggars who prowl round the "piazza del Duoino!"

The Art of Florence.

Of course there is nothing new to be said about picture galleries. There is, in the "Pitti Palace," a splendid collection, mostly of old masters. The palace itself resembles a prison. It is remarkable for its bold simplicity. It is conspicuously situated on an eminence, and was begun, in 1440, by Brunelleschi. King Humberto lives here when in Florence. There are 500 pictures in the gallery, and they are all masterpieces. Of course they are very fine paintings, there is no disputing that, but some of them are so funny to—fin de siecle eyes.

The "Eves," for instance, and some of the Madonnas. Our "first mother" is generally represented as an apple-faced young woman, with the most inane expression of countenance. She is always standing under the "tree with the forbidden fruit," which fruit is made to dangle temptingly near by her yellow head. In most of the pictures she is clad only in her own loveliness. She is slender almost to thinness and very tall. She doesn't look as though she had an ounce of brains, and I daresay she hadn't. The "Madona" or "Holy Family" of Andrea del Sarto struck me as even more exquisitely lovely than that of Murillo. Andrea himself interested me as much as his works, and there are such a quantity of them here. He is a dark, spiritual looking man, with a pale, poetic face, and soft, fluffy brown hair. He appears weary and careworn, and I daresay he was, because it is told of him that he married a young woman, the beautiful Ginglietto, who led him a sad life. She kept him painting the whole day through, whether he felt like it or no, so that she could have money for expensive luxuries and freedom to carry on endless flirtations. Browning, by the way, has turned one of these episodes into a poem. Of course, in these days of Browning clubs everyone knows it. There is nothing dramatic in it—merely a gray twilight scene, but the Cavaliere Servente whistles in the garden, and the painter, as a well regulated husband should, goes to work.

They Wedded Shrews.

There is one odd thing about all these old painters. The majority of people look upon them as so many fine historical gentlemen, wedded to a muse. As a matter of fact, all of them who are wedded at all were wedded to shrews. Fra Angelico, of course, was "made one" with a monkish gown; Raffaello was joined to an idol who baked pies, and as for Michel Angelo, like Mr. Parnell, he was a very mysterious man. These for the unmarried side of it. All the others married shrews.

I have no especial interest in the matter myself, but after diligently studying the biographical history of great men, I have come to the conclusion that no man has ever come to anything in this world unless he had a shrew for a wife. Even Homer, who was "born in seven places," could not escape that deadly curse. And Dr. Johnson, who was only born in Litchfield, had his "Hetty." Dickens had his "Mary," and to come down to the present day Mr. William Ewart Gladstone has his "Catharine." It may be that the masculine beast is distinctly lazy; at all events, history goes to show that he needs the whip that only a shrewish wife knows how to swing.

As I have said this matter does not interest me. I don't believe in the "beast masculine," but it seems to me that there is a question here that the social philosopher might set himself to consider. It would give him a chance to look backward and forward as well. There is always a chance to make a book out of what Goethe calls "das ewig weibliche."

LILLIAN SPENCER.

FLORENCE'S LIVELY RECEPTION.

A Fusillade Prepared for Him in Memphis Just After the War.

The most exciting experience I ever had on the stage occurred in Memphis during the winter of 1867, says W. J. Florence in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. I was billed to appear in the "Mighty Dollar," and while on my way to Memphis, in the course of an interview with a newspaper reporter, had occasion to express my political views. I was a strong Northern man in my sympathies, and did not hide my light under a bushel, although I took pains to say nothing that I thought could hurt the feelings of the Southern people. It seemed, however, that I had considerably underestimated the delicacy of their sensibilities.

The newspaper that printed the interview took occasion to attack me editorially, and the first night that I played I had a very slim house. Next day the other papers took the matter up and the lessees of the theater came to my manager, begging him to get me to disavow the sentiments that I was credited with. This I declined to do, when the lessee came to me and said that unless I followed his advice I would be likely to be subjected to personal violence. I received warnings from other quarters, but still declined to retract, although I admit that I was considerably frightened. It was then given out that on the occasion of my second appearance I should be greeted in a way that I would not soon forget.

About two hours before the performance was to open, while walking nervously about the hotel corridors, I met General N. B. Forrest. He came up and introduced himself to me, and made some remarks about the play, saying that he hoped to see me that night. I told him that I hoped that he would, but feared that the audience would not let me complete the performance. When he learned how matters stood, he said: "Go right ahead; I'll see that no one hurts you."

When the curtain rose Forrest was sitting alone in a stage box. The house was packed, but there was not a woman in it, and I knew that there would be trouble. I went upon the stage feeling very shaky, and before I had spoken a dozen lines some one threw a turnip. In an instant half the men in the house were on their feet, every one with a missile in his hand. But before one could be thrown General Forrest leaped from his box and faced the audience. He was extremely popular, and was greeted with cheers. He spoke a few terse sentences, begging the men not to disgrace their city by an attack on me, and resumed his place. From that moment everything went smoothly, and I was heartily applauded. After the crowd left the theater I went among the seats, and such a collection of dead cats, turnips, eggs, cabbage-stalks and defunct fowls I never saw.

SLAVEYS TO STRIKE.

The Servants of London Organize an Aggressive Trades Union

TO PUT DOWN THE FLAT SYSTEM.

Won't Endure Them Because They Can't See Their Young Men in Them.

BOUND TO HAVE AN AREA OR A WAR

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, Feb. 12.—The London "slavey" is sui generis. There is nothing like her in the world that I know of. You cannot compare her with your American "Bridget," "help," or by whatever name you choose to call that independent young person; nor can you compare the London "slavey" with the Scotch lassie or the French bonne. The "slavey" of the modern Babylon is 'aughty yet 'umble, independent, and, at the same time, servile, and, moreover, she will tell you, "knows 'er place, and means to keep it, too."

Hitherto, the "slavey" has kept herself to herself; she has had wrongs, no doubt, but they were discussed in the servants' hall, or the back kitchen, and she poured out her secret sorrows in the correspondence column of the *Family Herald* or the *London Journal*. All that, however, is a thing of the past. The slavey must march with the times and she has her "rights," and the only way to have them properly attended to is, like her male brethren, by means of a union.

The Slavey in Rebellion.

The new unionism is spreading everywhere here, and the latest addition to its votaries is the slavey. The Amalgamated Society of Cooks and Housemaids is the very latest thing out, and they are hard at work, redressing the wrongs of their class, with all the proverbial cleanliness of the new broom. It was only the other day I heard of the existence of the new league, and I determined to pay a visit to the headquarters of the union, situate near London bridge, on the Surrey side of the River Thames. The offices were on the "second floor back" of a rather tumble-down tenement in a back street, and I was fortunate in finding both the President and Secretary of the new union in and hard at work.

The President was a fat-faced, jolly looking woman, who informed me that she had been 'ead cook in a "nobleman's fam'ly," and her sister was, or had been, cook with the "Markis of Queensbury," "'im as has a fancy for fighters," she explained. She had taken to unionism as a profession, and her brother was a "walkin' delygit" for the bricklayers, and the whole family were engaged in the "delygit and picket bissness," and, judging from what she said, made a good thing out of it.

Rather Slow With the Pen.

The Secretary, who was sitting with squared elbows like a child over a copybook, was busy addressing circulars at the rate of about two an hour, had been "hupper 'ousemaid with a rich gent in the city," and had still the "umble" look of the tribe about her. How was the union progressing?

"Why, first rate, and they were going to have their first strike soon." This was said with the same air of importance as if she were announcing the overthrow of the British Crown. What were they going to strike about?

"Why the 'generals' "—by this she meant the maids of all work—"the cooks and 'ousemaids were going to strike, and refuse to work in flats."

Flats, be it known, are becoming all the rage in London, and in the fashionable suburbs, such as Kensington, where new houses are built, they are all "flats," or, to use the more lordly term, mansions. "Yes, sir," said the President, warming to her work, "them flats has got to go. No respectable servant as knows 'er rights and means to 'ave 'em cun abide 'em.

Can't Spare the Area.

"It aint so much the flats, which is all very well in their way, and save the servant a 'eap of runnin' up and down stairs, a hanserin' of the bell and a carryin' of coals up to the two pair back; but it's them beastly lifts as perverts any kind of soshality. There ain't no hareas, there's the thing; and 'ow is a decent, respectable girl agoin' to get married without a harea, I'd like to know? Where is she agoin' to meet the pollisman, or 'ow can she ever become acquainted with the butcher's man, the baker's man, or the man as calls for orders from the coal man by whistlin' down a tube?

"The only company she ever sees is the sweep, and then it's early in the mornin', when 'is face is all covered with soot, and she don't know 'im again when he bows to 'er on 'er Sunday hout. Them flats is like machinery, they does away with the employment of labor. There ain't room for more than one 'general,' who does the cookin', washin', housemaid and tablemaid work, so they only employ one, when, if they 'ad an house, they would have 'arf a dozen. No, flats must go, and we're going to strike until there ain't a flat in London, at least one as is built of brick and wood. There's lots of t'other kind—always will be.

No Imported Labor for Them.

"What do you say? Import German and Swedish servant girls? Never, sir. Why, we'd picket 'em the same as they does the 'blacklegs' at the docks. Never you fear, sir. Import, indeed!" and the good President looked up as if she would like to have just one minute's conversation with any "imported."

On taking my leave of the President of the newest union, I asked her name. "Mrs. 'Annar Turner," said she. "First name, Hannah or Annar?" queried I, preparing to write it down. "Haitch—hay—ben—hay—'Annar," was the reply. Which was it? I don't know.

On making further inquiries I found that there was no doubt the discontent spoken of by the President was widespread, and that the London slavey did object to flats, and for the reason given above. In the various servants' registry offices the same answer was given, that higher wages had to be paid to servants to get them to engage in flats than in a house, and that in spite of the fact that work in a flat was much easier than in a house. But in the latter she had her beloved "harea" gate, where in the still moonlight she could keep the appointments made with the butcher boy or the muffin man in the early morning, and the thought of which kept her happy through the day and made the scuttle of coals being borne to the two pair back seem under weight. To 'ave 'er rights and keep the "harea" gate, flats must go, or the "slavey" will strike, and in this she has the full sympathy of the "pollis" and the backing of the Amalgamated Society of Cooks and Housemaids.

MACLEOD.

ANOTHER PUZZLE CRAZE.

Worse Than Pigs in Clover and Intended to Help New York Out.

[New York Press.]

A prominent banker was deeply absorbed in a square piece of pasteboard yesterday as he sat in a Broadway car going up town. On the pasteboard was a horseshoe with round spots on the shoe, and a big spot containing 13 rings was printed in the hollow space between the arms of the horseshoe. The banker was studying out the game of "blind luck," which the Grant Monument Fund Committee have put on the market to aid in completing the memorial. It is a fascinating and curious puzzle in mathematics, but so simple as to be easily learned even by a child.

The puzzle is published by Samuel Lloyd, the well-known newspaper man and chess player, who acquired a wide reputation as the author of the "14-15" puzzle and the "Pigs in Clover." It is the latest craze, and those who indulge in it will also be aiding the Grant Monument fund. Wall street has taken it up, and one enthusiast has already played 2,200 games in the hope of finding out its secrets. Can you solve it?

A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

CHAPTER X.

Unorna laughed at the speech, and threw back her dishevelled hair with a graceful gesture. Keyork paused.

"You are very beautiful," he said, thoughtfully, gazing at her face and at the red gold lights that played in the tangled tresses.

"Worse and worse," she exclaimed, still laughing. "Are you going to repeat the comedy you played so well this afternoon, and make love to me again?"

"If you like. But I do not need to win your affections now."

"Why not?"

"Have I not bought your soul, with everything in it—like a furnished house?" he asked merrily.

"Then you are the devil, after all."

"Or an angel. Why should the evil one have a monopoly in the soul market? You remind me of my argument. You would have distracted Demosthenes in the heat of a peroration, or Socrates in the midst of his defense, if you had flashed that hair of yours before their old eyes. You have almost taken the life out of my argument. I was going to say that my peculiarity is not less exclusive than Lucifer's, though it takes a different turn. I was going to confess, with the utmost frankness and the most sincere truth that my only crime against heaven is a most perfect, unswerving, devotional love for my own particular self. In that attachment I have never wavered yet—but I really cannot say what may become of Keyork Arabian if he looks at you much longer."

"He might become a human being," suggested Unorna.

"How can you be so cruel as to suggest such a horrible possibility?" cried the gnome, with a shudder, either real, or extremely well feigned.

"You are betraying yourself, Keyork. You must control your feelings better, or I shall find out the truth about you."

He glanced keenly at her, and was silent for awhile. Unorna rose slowly to her feet, and, standing beside him, began to twist her hair into a great coil upon her head.

"What made you let it down?" asked Keyork, with some curiosity, as he watched her.

"I hardly know," she answered, still busy with the braids. "I was nervous, I suppose, as you say—and so it got loose and came down."

"Nervous about our friend?"

She did not reply, but turned from him with a shake of the head, and took up her fur mantle.

"You are not going," said Keyork quietly, in a tone of conviction.

She started slightly, dropped the sable, and sat down again.

"No," she said, "I am not going yet. I do not know what made me take my cloak."

"You have really no cause for nervousness now that it is all over," remarked the sage, who had not descended from his perch on the table. "He is very well. It is one of those cases which are interesting as being new, or at least only partially investigated. We may as well speak in confidence, Unorna, for we really understand each other. Do you not think so?"

"That depends on what you have to say."

"Not much—nothing that ought to offend you. You must consider, my dear," he said, assuming an admirably paternal tone, "that I might be your father, and that I have your welfare very much at heart, as well as your happiness. You love this man—no do not be angry, do not interrupt me. You could not do better for yourself, nor for him. I knew him years ago. He is a grand man—the sort of man I would like to be. Good. You find him suffering from a delusion, or a memory, whichever it be. Not only is this delusion—let us call it so—ruining his happiness and undermining his strength, but so long as it endures, it also completely excludes the possibility of his feeling for you what you feel for him. Your own interest coincides exactly with the promptings of real, human charity. And yours is in reality a charitable nature, dear Unorna, though you are sometimes a little hasty with poor old Keyork. Good again. You, being moved by a desire for this man's welfare, most kindly and wisely take steps to cure him of his madness. The delusion is strong, but your will is stronger. The delusion yields after a violent struggle, during which it has even impressed itself upon your own senses. The patient is brought home, properly cared for, and disposed to rest. Then he wakes, apparently of his own accord, and behold, he is completely cured. Everything has been successful, everything is perfect, everything has followed the usual course of such mental cures by means of hypnosis. The only thing I do not understand is the waking. That is the only thing which makes me uneasy for the future, until I can see it properly explained. He had no right to wake without your suggestion, if he was still in the hypnotic state; and if he had already come out of the hypnotic state by a natural reaction, it is to be feared that the cure may not be permanent."

Unorna had listened attentively, as she always did when Keyork delivered himself of a serious opinion upon a psychiatric case.

UNORNA PRESSED HER HANDS TO HER EARS.

Unorna Began to Twist Her Hair.

Her eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he finished.

"If that is all that troubles you," she said, "you may set your mind at rest. After he had fallen, and while the watchman was getting the carriage, I repeated my suggestion, and ordered him to walk without pain in an hour."

"Perfect! Splendid!" cried Keyork, clapping his hands loudly together. "I did you an injustice, my dear Unorna. You are not so nervous as I thought, since you forgot nothing. What a woman! Ghost-proof, and able to think connectedly even at such a moment! But tell me, did you not take the opportunity of suggesting something else?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Unorna, with sudden coolness.

"Oh, nothing so serious as you seem to think. I was only wondering whether a suggestion of reciprocation might not have been wise—"

She faced him fiercely.

"Hold your peace, Keyork Arabian!" she cried.

"Why?" he asked with a bland smile, swinging his little legs and stroking his long beard.

"There is a limit! Must you forever be trying to suggest, and trying to guide me in everything I do? It is intolerable! I can hardly call my soul my own!"

"Hardly—considering my recent acquisition of it," returned Keyork calmly.

"That wretched jest is threadbare——"

"A jest? Wretched and threadbare, too? Poor Keyork! His wit is failing at last."

He shook his head in mock melancholy over his supposed intellectual dotage. Unorna turned away, this time with the determination to leave him.

"I am sorry if I have offended you," he said, very meekly. "Was what I said so very unpardonable?"

"If ignorance is unpardonable, as you always say, then your speech is past forgiveness," said Unorna, relenting by force of habit, but gathering her fur around her. "If you know anything of women—"

"Which I do not," observed the gnome in a low-toned interruption.

"Which you do not—you would know how much such love as you advise me to manufacture by force of suggestion could be worth in a woman's eyes. You would know that a woman will be loved for herself, for her beauty, for her wit, for her virtues, for her faults, for her own love, if you will, and by a man conscious of all his actions and free of his heart—not by a mere patient reduced to the proper state of sentiment by a trick of hypnotism, or psychiatry, or whatever you choose to call the effect of this power of mine which neither you, nor I, nor anyone can explain. I will be loved freely, for myself, or not at all."

"I see, I see," said Keyork, thoughtfully. "Something in the way Israel Kafka loves you."

"Yes, as Israel Kafka loves me, I am not afraid to say it. As he loves me, of his own free will, and to his own destruction—as I should have loved him, had it been so fated."

"So you are a fatalist, Unorna," observed her companion, still stroking and twisting his beard. "It is strange that we should differ upon so many fundamental questions, you and I, and yet be such good friends. Is it not?"

Unorna and the Wanderer.

"The strangest thing of all is that I should submit to your exasperating ways as I do—"

"It does not strike me that it is I who am quarreling this time," said Keyork.

"I confess I would almost prefer that to your imperturbable coolness. What is this new phase? You used not to be like this. You are planning some wickedness. I am sure of it."

"And that is all the credit I get for keeping my temper! Did I not say a while ago