The Triton was built of solid material and was originally intended for the Arctic whal-ing ground. Although ugly to look at and a dull sailor, she was an excellent sea boat. The seas were the largest I ever saw in my long experience, but we rode out the gale with trifling damage. After cruising un-successfully for whales for some time, we laid our course again for Faval, where we were to ship men and fresh provisions. On September 20 we met the bark At-

lantic of New Bedford and "gammed" her.
Teannot give my readers the origin of this word, but it means to visit each other, exchange reading matter, swap jackknives, sing, dauce, and tell improbable stories of our adventures. The Captain takes a boat's crew and goes on board the other vessel, while the mate of that ship takes a crew of his men and the same boat and goes to the first-named craft. Then the two ships jog along near each other, sometimes for two or three days, until the Captains get tired of each other, or feel that they have no more

time to spare.

The crew of the Atlautic had seen whales the day before, and when we parted it was in the hope that we might soon "strike oil."

Our first mate, who was full of superstitious notions, made us grease the "try pois," as the huge boilers are called where the oil is boiled out, in hopes that it would bring us luck. Whether there was any virtue in this performance or not, certain it is that the next Sunday we killed three small whales which made, 46 barrels. As we were short-handed the Captain's boat did not lower and I am unable to give the details, which, however, were dull and un-

At last, on November 20, we sighted Faval, and beat up between the islands, intending to ship our oil home. The Captain's boat was lowered and I took my place with the rest, and pulled him to the rude stone pier, which is the only means of landing. We were not allowed to get out, but told to return to the ship at once, leaving Captain Keys on shore. Four days we laid "off and on" rather than anchor, and in the mean time we shipped several natives and one "beach-comber," or runaway sailor, an Irishman, and a native of New Jersey, and without any exception the most unblushing, monumental liar with whom I have ever been associated. But more of him anon.

> CHAPTER III. I TAKE A SWIM.

About this time I discovered the real length of the voyage, and in addition to this I received letters from home which gave me a severe fit of homesickness, so I



Compelled to Learn Tattooing

determined to run away at the first oppor tunity. I soon found that the steward was similarly disposed, and one dark night as the vessel was within what we considered about a mile of the rocks, we quietly dropped over the bow and swam for the beach. The steward had tied an oilskin bag about his neck and filled it with our little trinkets with which we hoped to bribe nomeone to hide us. I may as well confess that the bag was one of the legs of my oil-Everything promised success, but some

how the shore seemed to retreat as fast as we advanced, and, as my companion found himself unable to until the knot with which he had fastened his precious bag to his neck, he became exhausted and began to shout lustily for help. I was determ to escape, so I struck out vigorously and soon left him far behind. I swam until I became thoroughly chilled and my limbs moved painfully, for it was November, and the water was chilly, even in that latitude Finally I divested myself, piece by piece, of my clothing. Then I began to despair, and strange ringing noises sounded in my ears and all my past life seemed to pass before me like a panorama. I indistinctly heard some one shouting, and then I lost

When I opened my eyes next I was lying in the bottom of a boat, the seas breaking over me often, half frozen, half drowned and hardly able to realize what had hap-pened. I found the ship's crew had heard the steward's cry and lowered a boat, picked him up, found out who was his companion, and started after me. A stray moonbeam struggled out from behind the clouds, and the keen-eved boat steerer had caught a glimpse of my head as I sank insensible be nenth the waves, and had plunged into the

water and caught me by the hair. When we reached the ship the mate gave us dry clothes, as our own were already appropriated by our shipmates, although I fterward recovered most of mine. Next day the Captain came on board, and we were placed in irons. The steward was

put in the empty potato locker, while the Captain turned to me and shouted:
"You long ghost, take your bed and get down into the blubber tub under the mair

And I did. I stayed there till we were out to sea again. I was supposed to be living on hard tack and water, but as the steer age boy climbed over the casks and kept me

supplied with fruit, I had no fault to find and considered I got off easily. About this time there was an awful row over the food every day in the forecastle, and one of the crew named Henry and my self took advantage of it to play a practical joke on the cook, who was a green Portu-guese we had shipped at Fayal in place of a

There was a big, clumsy Dutchman among the crew, and we told him the best way to fix the cook was to wait until the following morning, when all went in line to the little square window in the cook's house, where each man presented his pan and received his "whack," or allowance, of hard tack, soaked in salt water, mixed with a litthe grease and warmed up, which goes by the euphonious title of "lob scouse." It was arranged that when Hans presented hi

pan and received his allowance he should throw the contents in the cook's face.
"By dunder, I does it," said Hans, Later in the day the idea possessed me

that the joke might be improved upon, so I quietly informed the cook of Hans' friendly intentions, and the next morning the final Hans arrived in his turn at the window

received his "scouse," and attempted to ornament the cook's head with the same, when to his surprise the cook rushed out o the galley with a huge club and dealt him such a blow over the head that he fell on deck, whereupon the cook would certainly or else his knowledge of the language

interrupted by some huge sea which would have killed him had not some of us dissweep him off to leeward, whereupon he armed him. This cured me of practical would coolly swim back and resume his seat jokes for a long time to come. jokes for a long time to come.

After leaving Faval we headed for Cape

and profanity simultaneously.

During the squall the whales had disappeared, and when we finally reached the ship it was blowing so hard that we had to double reef our topsails and finally heave to. The gale increased in violence until it blew a perfect hurricane, and for four days and nights we were at the mercy of the elements.

After leaving Faval we headed for Cape of Verd Islands, and on December 3 we were in the trade winds. An immense school of blackfish was sighted, and we killed 13. It was tame work for the old hands, but we greenhorns enjoyed it immensely. The oil is used to burn in the ship's lamps. It is a dirty oil, with a vile stench, but good enough for a whaler to have. One would naturally suppose we have. One would naturally suppose we could burn the best of sperm oil, but on the same principle that a shoemaker wears ragged shoes, so a whaler burns the poorest

Having reached the port of Brava in the Cape de Verdes, we shipped a new boat steerer, two sailors, and a boy. We also took on board potatoes, oranges, bananas, melons, and other fruit, also two pigs. On December 21 we raised a large school of sperm whales and gave chase, but our unlucky star seemed to be in the ascendancy,



Just the Man We Want

for our boat steerer missed his whale, the second mate fastened to a fine large bull, but a loose whale became entangled in the line and parted it, and the third mate's harpoon tore out, and he also came back empty handed. The first mate killed our only prize. For the next two days we were busy cutting in our whale and trying out. I have read many descriptions of this opera-tion in print, but never one that seemed to have been written by a whaleman, so I will endeavor to give the reader some idea of

yields fully as much oil as the rest of the whale. It is cut into two wedge-shaped

barrels taken from one case. The case is then abandoned as useless. The remaining

half of the head is called the "junk," and is composed of alternate layers of rich, oily

fat, and a tough, worthless membrane which

carefully separated, the latter thrown over-

board and the former put into the try pots. When the oil is all boiled out of the blub-

ber the pieces are skinned off and used for

fuel. The oil is allowed to stand on deck a

day or two to cool, and then stowed below

During this operation of "trying" each watch has six hours on deck and the next

the voyage, all hands work with a will.

For the benefit of the curious I will say

that the Captain's "lay" or share is usually from 10 to 15—that is, he gets one barrel out of every 10 or 15 the ship brings or sends home. From this the lay is grad-

uated to the boat steerers, who get the seventy-fifth lay. And then comes an awful

gap. The sailor gets one barrel in 175—and the green hands the two hundredth lay! A

few figures will show how rich one of the latter gets when, after a four-year's voyage,

the thip comes home with perhaps 2,000

debt of at least \$150 for board and outfit.

and when to this is added the clothes, shoes

hats, tobacco, &c., which he has from the "slop chest" during the voyage, is it any

wonder he is almost invariably in debt to

trusted right over again at the same exorbi

If I telt any anxiety as to the bill of fare

on December 25 it was speedily dissipated.

No one would ever have known it was

Perhaps out daily dinners may be a warn-

ing to some would-be sailor, so I will ap-

Monday—Pea soup, Tuesday—Bean soup, Wednesday—Pea soup, Thursday—Duff," Friday—Pea soup, Saturday—Boiled rice, Sunday—Duff,"

Sailors don't call things by their right

names, but I could never see why pea soup was always "dog's body," and boiled rice "strike me blind."

Our breakfast and supper were always the

same. Salt beef one day and salt pork the

next, and even here the old tar perverts salt

beet into "horse." Every sailor has seen

some old "shell back" sitting on his chest with a big beef bone in his hand, repeating:

old horse, old horse,
What prought you here
From Sacarap
To Portland Piert
Tou're killed by kicks
And sore abuse,
And salted down
For sailors' use.
After our whale was safely stowed below
long period of innetion followed.

a long period of inaction followed. We shaped our course for the Cape of Good

Hope, for we were destined for New Zea

land, where we would make our head-

first serious trouble with a shipmate, and my propensity for fun was the direct cause.

One of the Portuguese we had shipped a

Brava was a large, powerful man, with a

name as long as a topsail yard, which the mate very summarily curtailed to Enos. He

had been on a short cruise on a whaler be-fore, and spoke only a tew words of English. The new clothes with which he was fur-

nished were too precious to wear, so he patched his old rags till Joseph's coat

would have been unnoticed on comparison. One pair of breeches in particular was the

delight of the whole crew. It was literally covered with little patches about an inch

quare. One day as he started to ascend

the forecastle stairs I remarked to one of

the men sitting near me:
"Enos' breeches look just like a checker-

He must have either misunderstood me,

It was while making this trip I had my

and "swankey" as usual.

pend a list of them :

tion, and must have weighed 200 pounds, at least. Our duties were light. We had "watch and watch" always, and the only break in the monotony was to hoist up a cask of water once a week to fill the "scuttle butt," and once a month the "slop chest" was opened and the goods displayed the way in which it is done.

When the whale is brought alongside the to tempt us. Brogans which on shore would be dear at 50 cents were \$2 50. Thin ship a strong chain is passed about the "small," which is the part of the animal between its body and the fan-like tail, or ship a strong chain is passed about the 'small," which is the part of the animal between its body and the fan-like tail, or 'flukes." This chain is carried in through "flukes." This chain is carried in through the hawse pipes (where the anchor chains run out when in port), and is fastened securely on deck. The head of the whale is then cut off, and before it is entirely severed a chain is fastened to it, so it will not sink when free from the carcass. When separated it is allowed to sink out of the way until the body is disposed of. The body is then stripped of its blubber in the same way one would peel an apple, by the use of two tackles and huge hooks. A strip some four test wide is started and one of the hooks inserted: then the crew heave steadily on the windlass and slowly roll the body over, while the officers stand on a temporary platform, rigged out from the ship's side, and form, rigged out from the ship's side, and cut the strip clear from the whale with longwith terrific battles with whales, boats shooting into the air, etc., while the sea was always handled spades ground keen as a razor. When all the blubber is on board the carblood red in the foreground.

I was in the first flush of success at tattooing when we had our first exciting adven-ture with the sperm whales, which will eass is examined for ambergris by running a spade through the intestines in every direction. Ambergris, as many doubtless know. serve for another chapter. is the results of indigestion in a whale, and is a hard substance which forms internally, [To Be Continued Next Sunday.] ultimately causing death to his "whale-ship." Its presence is readily detected by A FISH THAT LIVES IN MUD. ship." Its presence is readily detected by the means mentioned. If nothing of the kind is found, the body is allowed to drift off, while myriads of sharks and birds of various kinds speedily devour it. The head of a sperm whale is one-third the entire length of his body, and often

the mate asked his name, as is customary, to enter it in the tablets of his memory for

use when the youth's services were required. The little chap responded glibly:
"Juan Ignacia de Francisca."
The expression on the mate's face was a

study for a painter. He let out a string of his choicest oaths, and, pointing to the fore-castle, finally ripped out: "Go to the devil—your name is John

And John Smith it was from that day.

A few days after my trouble with Eass a large school of porpoises came under our bows and the second mate struck one with a

harpoon. We had an agreeable change from salt meat, for while porpoise steaks would hardly equal a tenderloin, they tasted

very delicious to poor Jack. The brains were fried in meal for the cabin, and are really a delicacy. I secured the lining of the porpoise's stomach, and with the aid of our carpenter and an old cheese box manu-

factured a rude but serviceable banjo, which beguiled many a weary hour in the dog

watch. There were four of us Americans who made a very fair quartet, and often when "gamming" another vessel we were sent for to come to the cabin and entertain

the skippers with our music. Our reper-toire was very extensive, if not choice, and

we always received unbounded applause, and, to offset the satisfaction it gave us, we

were often treated by some of the crew in a manner which showed us how jealous they

felt of our popularity.

By this time we were all well up in our

duties on shipboard, and all our watch could take a "trick" at the wheel in fine

weather. I was gaining in health and strength. In fact, I was in splendid condi-

When the Water Gets Low It Rolls Itself in a Ball and Waits.

Pearson's Weekly.] There is no more remarkable creature than the mud fish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its whate. It is cut into two wedge-snaped pieces along a line running from just above the mouth back to the top of the of these rivers. At first sight there is head. The upper piece where the two spout holes are located contains a sack or "case" nothing especially striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary filled with pure spermaceti, which is simply bailed out with a bucket. I have seen 15 rious long clende fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrive at a zoo each one is encased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body, and perforated with a small aperture to admit of breathing. The "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to times called, on account or its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many cater-nillars in which to undergo their metamor-phoses, on being placed in warmish water is dissolved and the fish liberated. six to sleep, night and day, until the oil is disposed of, and as every person on board is paid only his share of the net proceeds of

The habit which the mudfish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river, is a most wonderful provision of nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabit are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent, the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which t lies, covering itself over with a thick ayer of mud. It can suffer with impunity the complete drying up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is, that during the time of its voluntary imrisonment, it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, like a land animal. When the rains lissolve the mud and liberates the fish, it breathes by means of gills, just like any

HOW THE NATIONS LAUGH.

the owner when he returns, and glad to get The Joke as Received by the Mongol, the Arab, the Christian and Mohammedan, All the world laughs, though the nations have different ways of showing mirth. The

Chinese laugh as hearty or as expressive as the European or American. It is oftener a titter than a gennine outburst of merriment. There is little character or force in t. As for the Arabian laugh, we hear little of its hilarious ring through the ages of mirth in the Old World. The Arab is generally a stolid fellow, who must either see good reason for a laugh, or be surprised into it. In Persia a man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given o femule merriment.

to femile merriment.

One reads of the "grave Turk" and the "sober Egyptian," but it is not recorded that they have never moments of mirth, when the fez bobs of the veil shakes under the pressure of some particularly "good thing." In Mahomet himself, Christian writers have noted cordiality and jocose ness, and they say there is a good ringing laugh in the prophet with all his seriousness. An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh as languid but musical the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as gnarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty, and the Irish

as rollicking. THE BIRDS OF OHIO.

A Valuable Collection at the Museum of the Ohio State University.

One of the most interesting portions of the geological report of Ohio is that on the birds of the State by J. M. Wheaton, M. D. In the preparation of his report Dr. Wheaton collected more than two-thirds of the species enumerated, and carefully cured their skins for preservation. The collection included about 1,000 specimens It has been the good for une of the Ohio State University to obtain possession of this valuable collection by recent purchase, and it now forms an interesting feature of the museum of natural history.

Educating Farmers Free. The free scholarships of the Ohio State University, which have heretofore been good for the short course in agriculture only, will hereafter be accepted, also, for the preparatory and freshman years of the full course in agriculture.

seriously enters into such affairs. On this occasion we were pulled apart by the rest, and the mistake was explained, but we never became very friendly, and both carried some ugly bruises for some time.

One of the "gees" was a bright young chap, and when he came on board at Brava. Bad Effect of the Frample Set by the

Duchess of Marlborough.

FAIR ONES OF WASHINGTON SMOKE

IWBITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



N her recent visit to New York the Duchess of Marlborough (who sailed for Europe lastweek) given a great impetus to cigarette moking among the ladies of the upper society cireles. The Duchas is well known as a devotee of the weed.

In fact, her fondness for tobacco has led her into being the first American lady to possess a smoking jacket. The Duchess took less pains than formerly to conceal her liking for the cigarette. She explained this by saving: "Why, so many New York ladies smoke now that I no longer appear singular in

that respect; but there was a time when society ladies expressed surprise and even resentment on learning that I smoked. The increase in the number of those ladies who smoke has been very marked during my last absence abroad. I should not be surprised if smoking became the rule and not the exception among the society ladies." The Duchess' open advocacy of feminine smoking has precipitated a lively discussion in the ranks of the Four Hundred as

to whether a lady can smoke and still be a

A Recognized Society Fad. The Marquise Clara Lanza, one of the most beautiful women and talent d litterateurs in New York's exclusive circle, said: "I do not smoke, simply because I do not care to. I do not think any less of a woman because she smokes, unless it is done for mere bravado; then I think the offense disparation." gusting. A few years ago it was not the gusting. A few years ago it was not the custom for American women to smoke. To-day it is a recognized fad in society, and a woman is not considered any less a lady because she indulges. The politeness of this generation was the vulcarity of the last.

"Of course, cigarette smoking is on the increase in society. Everywhere you go nowaday you must comparatively young increase in society. Everywhere you go nowadays you meet comparatively young girls who wear delicately chased silver or gold pouches at their belts. As they greet their lady acquaintances, down go their dainty fingers and a cigarette is extracted from its little case. 'Now, do try one of these—they are somthing new, and, of course, I always do try one, to be polite. I smoke only when courtesy demands it, just as I laugh at a joke I had often heard before. In Washington nearly every society woman smokes cigarettes. My lather, Dr. William A. Hammond, is extremely conservative, and, I have no doubt, would object to my smoking in a crowded parlor, but I scarcely think he would object to my smoking at home with him when he smokes his cigara. Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Fredhis cigars. Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Fred-die Gebhardt's sister, smokes cigars, I am told, and I see no harm in it and would do the same, regardless of criticism, if I thought I would sujoy it."

The Manifish Woman Is the Smoker Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde has visited every part of the world, and is well acpuainted with all sorts and conditions of men and women. She was glad of an opportunity to voice her disapproval of cigarette smoking among ladies. "I know
many eminently refined ladies who do
smoke," she said, "and I do not believe
that a few whifts should debar a woman
from the society of ladies, but I am sure
the ment do not respect, the woman who the men do not respect the woman who smokes as much as they do her stronger sister who resists the temptation. The woman who smokes is usually of the mannish type. She wears stiff collars and a

large open shirt front.
"No man would think of offering his mother or sister a cigarette, although I am not sure that many women have not smoked their first cigarette to keep their husbands company, and I think in the quiet of the nome they rather like the little sacrifice made by the women they adore to keep them from the clubs, which have so rapidly become the bane of many homes. In society I have often noticed gentlemen offer ladies cigarettes, and watched the ill-concealed smile of contempt that overspread their features as the nauseous weed was ac-

"I admit frankly that I have smoked more than one cigarette, and therefore know what I am talking about when I denounce smoking among women as a disgusting habit. The first time I ever smoked was at the Victoria Hotel. I was entertaining the wife of the Governor General of Cuba, and she insisted on me trying a cigarette. I admit that I was curious and yielded without a struggle. I took a few puffs, and soon my head began to reel and ache, and I had to open a window for air. An American gentleman who came in took my cigarette from my fingers and took a puff. 'Opium!' he ex-

claimed and threw it away.

Mrs. Wilde Couldn't if She Would. "I have smoked once or twice since then. but the only impression left was a bitter, disagreeable taste in my mouth. I hardly think smoking unhealthy. My objection to tobacco is based on the fact that it is peculiarly a man's vice and should be shun by all refined women, as it discolors the teeth and gives a bold, don't-care air to the smoker. Women who have small, delicate hands are most addicted to the habit. Nothing shows off the beauty of a woman's hand so well as the graceful manipulation of a

ighted eigarette. "In Spain and the tropical countries the young women are not allowed to smoke. Such a thing would be considered the height of impropriety, and is unheard of. Even young married women disdain the use of obacco, save in a few cases where it is done sub rosa. But, as a rule, no woman smokes until she has passed the age of 40, which is as it should be."

Frances Willard Hits Hard.

Frances E. Willard said: "I was astonshed when I learned that the upper circles are honeycombed with the vice of smoking, and am told that if it be not speedily checked by some concerted action by women, cigarette smooking will be as common as it now is among men. It is my emphatic opinion that a lady cannot smoke and be a lady. It is bad enough that men smoke, and I am confident the time will come when no gentleman will do that which is so harmful to him, to his posterity and to the society in which he lives.

"The great barrier against the deteriora-tion of humanity by this nicotine abomination has been the cleanliness and purity of women from the accursed habit; but if they are to follow suit, then we may say goodby to progress for an indefinite perio It is, however, my confident belief that women as a class will never lower themselves to the acceptance of any such standard. Within 50 years smoking will be as little practiced by well-conditioned men as

the use of snuff is now."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher said: "I do not think any lady should smoke. I think it must be confined to the most fashionable it must be confined to the most fashionable set, for in the society in which I move I know of no lady who uses tobacco, and I certainly would not associate with one who did. It is a disgraceful habit, and I would be ashamed of any of my sex who indulged in it. When they do, however, I do not think it is so much the result of idleness as of the beaux. They no doubt suggest it to the ladies by asking them if they have ever smoked a cigarette and then insisting

didn't extend to checker-boards, for he understood me to say that I would find a chance to "chuck 'em overboard;" so down he came with fire in his eye, and in a minute there was the livliest kind of a fight in progress. Science is of no avail in a forecastle, with the floor all saturated with grease and the chests leaving only a passageway. Anything is fair—kick, bite or scratch—and too often a knife finally and seriously enters into such affairs. On this guests, but I always have my own mild eig-arettes, and rarely smoke more than a third of one of them. Sometimes I am caught out without them, and am overpersuaded to try one of my hostess' extra mild, and I comply. My table is often surrounded by well-known actresses, and sometimes I have guests well-known in fashionable sets, and as a rule they invariably like one sets, and as a rule they invariably like one or two cigarettes after dinner, and it is truly delicious to take one or two puffs with your coffee. But then, where one depends on one's voice for a living one must be careful, so while I like to see others smoke, if they enjoy it, I rarely indulge, and never smoke a whole cigarette at a time."

Mrs. Mary Frost Ormsby, who headed the American delegation to the recent Inter-national Peace Congress at Rome, and who is a brilliant member of Sorosis, said: "Looking at smoking from strictly a physical standpoint, does it not detract from a lady's chief requisite, purity, in that it pollutes her breath? What would become of the sweet-adored creature who has touched the tancy of all the poets who have ever sung? Could we imagine Longfellow writing that most beautiful tribute to 'Evangeline,' 'When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music,' tohacco; whether it be pipe, cigar or cigar ette, it is tohacco. May be the real reason why it shocks one to see a woman smoke is that we cannot think of our own mother doing that. However much any woman may justify her own smoking, I am sure in her own soul she is glad her mother never smoked. If cigarette smoking has really become a fad in the best circles of American society, it is indeed a fearful calamity, for our women are of too nervous a temperament to be able to stand the effect of tobacco. The first effect would be to transform the lady into a bold woman, robbing her of that veil of romance that surrounds our sex, and would eventually throw down the bars to everything else.

A Continental Woman Shocked Her. "At the farewell banquet at Naples to the President of the Peace Congress I was surprised when the men began to smoke in the ladies' presence; but I was painfully shocked when one of the ladies, a Continental woman, smoked with them. The English and Americans present were equally disgusted. Politeness can never be urged as an excuse. No woman would take snuff simply out of politeness. Politeness aims not to injure the self-respect of others, but it ceases to be politeness when it injures our own self-respect."

Mrs. F. Lord, President of the New York Women's Christian Temperance Union, said: "I was absolutely dumfounded when I first learned that cigarette smoking was becoming a fad among the fashionable women of New York. But I do not believe, however, that it is any more harmful to a woman than to a man. The time is coming when the world will demand equal purity from both sexes. Our Union will take it up at once. I find with the men we rescue that, after they learn what a curse liquor has been to them, they become quite willing to give up tobacco also. With the women it may be different. They never contess their failings openly as men do, but hide all the faults they can, and unwillingly acknowledge only those in which they are caught red-handed. We have found it necessary to add a narcotic branch to our Union, to which many women belong, and we will most gladly add a tobacco branch. I

cannot imagine a lady using tobacco, and hope none of my friends do so. Mrs. Dr. Paul Lozier, the motherly Pres-ident of Sorosis, was horrified to think that any of her sex should be accused of smoking. "If any of the ladies of my acquaintance smoke," she said, "I am unaware of the fact. It is almost impossible to say what constitutes a lady, but I do not think a lady would care to smoke, especially cigarettes, which are far more baneful than tobacco in any other form. From a mere physiological standpoint cigarette smoking is extremely

Keeping Tobacco Out of Prisons.

"I am a member of the Christian Purity Society. We now have a bill before Con gress to prohibit the distribution of tobacco to the young criminals in prison, and it there are any female prisoners I hope the bill will be amended to cover their cases. Sorosis will probably not take up for discussion the question of the women who smoke. I know that no member of our society is a smoker, nor would one of our number tolerate it in a female friend. Our object is to educate woman to a point where she will always be able to discriminate between right and wrong, and when that is accomplished, there will be no danger of

her smoking cigarettes.
"Everyone knows how injurious it is to the health of an infant to have its father smoke in the room in which it is asleen How much more injurious if the mother is an habitual smoker and transmits the poison of the nicotine to her offspring. Alcohol and medicines are transmitted to in-fants in this manner, and children have died of convulsions after being nursed by an angry mother. Tobacco affects the nerves, and you can imagine the kind of pale, puny man the child of a woman who is an habitual smoker would grow up to be. If this vice is taking hold of our American women t should be stamped out vigorously and at

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas held up her hands in astonishment at the idea of any number of her sex indulging in cigarettea. "What do I think of ladies who smoke?" she exclaimed in surprise. "I never knew one."

Mrs. Cynthia Leonard is the mother of Lillian Russell. She ran for Mayor of New York four years ago. She said. "Smoking York four years ago. She said. "Smoking is injurious to men, but not so much so as o women, for men are often out in the fresh air and their lungs have a chance. A woman who smokes habitually transmits to her male offspring a nervous desire to

smoke and drink.

Lillian Russell's Love for Music. "My own life is an illustration of this. Before my daughter, Hattie, was born, had a picture of a beautiful woman hung in my room where I could always see it. To this day that engraving is a good likeness of my eldest daughter. Lillian I wished to be a singer, so before her birth I visited Patti and secured a position in a church choir. I was always singing, and to-day you see the result. I think the habit of smoking, if it became general among women, would prove disastrous to coming generations. I have never smoked a cigarette in my life, nor would I, although I know of many estimable ladies in high society who do Ella Wheeler Wilcox's remarks on ladies

rho smoke were characteristic of the autho "I have but one thing to say," she said, "and that is this: As soon as a lady iearns what her lips are made for she will not care of "Poems of Passion." to smoke. Smoking cigarettes is a disgust-ing and dangerous habit. I have known many manly young men whose brains have been sadly affected by this unhealthy habit. I do not care to think what the effect would be on my own sex. At school some of my girl comrades thought it would be a naughty thing to smoke, so, of course, they did so; but after they left school they soon learned what lips are made for, and stopped smok-ing. I ne er smoke myself, and know personally but one woman who does. She is a Russian, and I must say that it does not seem to affect her in the least, as she is strong and healthy; but then she is not an excitable American woman. I hardly think a true lady would care to smoke. I don't believe there is any real danger of eigarette smoking becoming a habit in New York society, for American women are the most sensible in the world, and above all others

Sparse time is here. The bugs will soon begin to crawl. Kill them all before they muitiply. Bugine will do it instantly. 25 cents.

they know what use their lips were mad

CATCHING A TRAIN. | would take a man with strong nerves to

Phase of Human Nature That Makes a Man Risk His Life That Way. TEMPTATION OF A NEWSPAPER.

Wrath of a Woman Who Chased Her Car When It Wasn't Ready to Go.

WOES OF THE PLOWER GARDEN MAKER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) "I have saw," the man on the wood-box

began, in his usual and painfully precise nanner of expression, "I have saw-"You mean." interposed the proofreader, who was on vacation, which is, indeed, his normal condition, "you mean, 'I have

"I have saw," repeated the man on the wood-box, with forced and unnecessary calmness, "I have saw men on this train risk their lives for the sake of a newspaper for which they paid 5 cents, who couldn't be induced to venture getting their feet wet to help a human creature out of the river. Only at the last junction, where the boy who was selling papers on the platform couldn't be bribed to come aboard because, being a railroader, he knew how dangerous it was to jump from a moving train, I seen men"-with a determined look at the proofreader, who merely sighed and nervously reached for his pencil pocket-"I seen men, passengers, who couldn't tell a drawbar from a spring hanger, jump off this train, get a paper, wait for their change, yell, run after the train, catch it, and climb onto the car all in a bunch. Nothing saved their lives but blind luck."

The Brakeman's View of It.

"Exactly," said the brakeman, carefully putting his flags case and torpedoes where hey would unseat the man on the wood-box should they happen to go off, "it makes me ery to see a passenger get on a moving train. Not that I am atraid he will get killed; that rarely happens to the passenger, but it



The Man on the Woodbox makes me ache all over to see the inartistic way in which he goes to work. He runs to meet the train, if he can, rather than chase after it; always selects the forward platform of a car, jumps at it like a Dutchman mount-ing a horse, both feet at once, and swarms abourd someway, spreading himself all over the platform, clinging with hands and feet on every loose thing he can reach; if he has a chance to catch hold of a lantern or a hand rail, he will take the lantern every time; the loose end of a coil of bell cord is his favorite hold; he groans and grunts all the time; but somehow he finally manages to get on, and usually winds up crawling into the car on his hands and knees, a mass of contusions and scratches and abrasions from chin to toe-

"As soon as he gets breath enough to talk with he threatens to report the conductor, bring suit against the company, and have the brakeman discharged because he didn't the weaker sex is no stronger than a young man, to say nothing of her delicately wrought organization, then eigarette smokwindow, "there is the way to shoot yourself

on a train!" A Specimen in His Element.

And we all looked out for to see how. long train of "empties" was swinging by; it was running out on a long siding—one of these nine-mile sidings—and had picked up the liveliest kind of a gait. A blue-bloused brakeman stood on the station platform carelessly shouting some rough-jesting fare-well to the station agent; his eyes picked out about the hardest car in the rocking col-umn; he let it come . roaring up to him and o by, chased after it with a half dozen fiving steps, with the nervous spring of a cat he threw himself at the ladder on the side, and was waving a graceful stenographic signal, such as railroaders only can make, from the top of that car before we caught our re-spective breaths, which had gone up that ladder with him.

"He'll get killed some day, just the

same." the reporter surmised.
"Yes," the brakeman admitted, "he will;
he expects to be, quite likely, but not by



Reeling Of the Appendix umping. Some of these days he will get slapped in the face by the dangling ropes of a bridge guard; he will get mad and yank off or tie up half a dozen of them so as to clear his truck. Then, the next dark night he comes thurdering along there, he will hear the engine squeal for brakes, he will elimb up on top of a cotton car, and knock his brains out against that very bridge. Then all the newspapers will go for the ompany on account of its callous and cold-looded indifference to the lives of its employes.

How the Passenger Gets Killed, "But you can't kill a passenger that way. A passenger stands in the middle of the down track at noon, on a remarkably light day, looks at the express shricking down upon him, hears everybody within five miles of the station velling at him to look out, opens his mouth as wide as his hat and collar will let it come, and stands still, per feetly still while he gets ran over. Then he lives long enough to collect an accident policy and make an ante-mortem statement to be used in the suit of his heirs against the company, and dies declaring it wasn't his in it, that he couldn't see the train to

the court house and couldn't hear the whistle for the dining room gong." "Which he couldn't," hoarsely muttered the passenger who killed the gong major at Alliance, and then he smelled his hands and went to the tank at the other end of the car and washed them, and came back rubbing them and muttering to himself, and everybody shuddered. They say that he is haunted by the phantom of the murdered gongster, which stands at his side beating a processer, some with a cheesily mailer. It spectral gong with a ghostly mallet. It

Not if Anybody's Looking. "Do women ever try to climb on moving trains?" asked the census marshal. "Not often," the conductor replied. "I have known but two instances, and in both the pursuing women were abnormally ex-

"Rattled," the man on the wood box obligingly explained to the proofreader.
"One of them," continued the conductor,
"who wanted my train, ran in the wrong direction and caught the train for Washing-ton. It was express, and she was wrath-fully and ignominiously evicted by the con-ductor, who was ten minutes behind his time, against the indignant protests of the woman, who insisted that she had gone to New York on that very train, many a time, when Mr. Berripecken was conductor, and that the present conductor could let her off at New York just as well as not, if he



wasn't just too disobliging. Part of this she told to the conductor while he was elbowing her to the door, part to the brakeman who litted her off the lower step, part she shrieked after the departing train, and the appendix, which occupied the rest of the afternoon, she rehearsed to myself, the brakeman and the presengers in her brakeman, and the passengers in her vicinity.

A Woman Who Got Excited.

"In the other case a woman ran after my train at a dining station. She heard the bell, and looking out saw a train moving. She judged correctly; it was her train. She made a dash for the door, broke through the interfering line of station men and bystanders, jumped on all the steps of the car at once, alighting simultaneously on her chin, elbows and feet, lost her hat, shopping bag, shawl strap and some of her back hair, shricked and held on, got inside the car, and was triumphantly carried down the siding about 300 yards, where the alee er was coupled on, and brought back to the station in time to finish her dinner, which she did not do. Her ride had de-

stroved her appetite.
"She sent word to the dining room man that she would go to jail before she would pay for a dinner which she was not permitted to est in peace, and the dining room man sent back word that she did not owe him a cent. He said to me, which I did not repeat to her, that she could beard with him a week, any time she pleased, for the enter-tainment which she had given his guests. tainment which she had given his guests.

'We changed all the plates,' he said, in a thoughtful parenthesis, while he made figures on the back of a letter, 'while the guests were at the windows, looking at the race, and served the desert, and when they came back to the table some of them looked a little surprised, but decided that it must be all right, and went away filled and contents of the said o tented, paying 75 cents for a nutritious, well-cooked and promptly served two-course dinner; consomme and rice pudding." Moral.

Beloved, the people who lose their din-ners chasing after trains that are not going, or are going in the wrong direction, do not all show railway tickets at the gate. It has not been a month since, to quote our friend on the wood box-"We have saw" one or two men chasing Presidental trains, which when they caught, they discovered were not going to Washington via Minneapolis or Chicago, but were merely running local to Lonelyville via Firstballot-Siding. Many a man, my son, within the range of your a man, my son, within the range of your own tender young memory, has chased a train through devious side tracks and tangle yards, and catching it, has congratulated himself that he was safe on the short-line to Midasapolis, only to hear the grim con-ductor say, "Sing Sing! Change suits! Last stop; all out for Sing Sing!" Many a man jumps on a train without asking questions, intending to take a little run out to Shearemville, where he has heard a prime lot of lambs were at pasture, and has been put off at Shorntown, and walked thoughtfully home, with the biting winds of the raw and gusty evening time, whistling keenly over the place where his wool had been when the

the place where his woo. But market opened.

Oh, my son, child of my pride, and my hope, be dead sure you know where you are going before you start. Read your ticket clear through before you try to get aboard. Ask the gateman and then have a word with the usher, and don't try to get anywith the usher, and don't try to get any-where ahead of your train. Don't depend too much upon your own geography. Every train that runs east doesn't start out in the direction of the sunrise, not by 50 points, maybe. And if you don't know where you want to go, stay home, that's better than

getting lost. With hopeful heart I tilled the ground
I sowed the seed in faultless rows,
And waked next morning to the sound—
'Look out! See how it snows!"

I planted then sweet Mignonette Its faint perfume would glad the air, All night, with many a curve and fret, The dogs came down and rastied three.

With bitter heart, in taunting vein,
The strong-breathed onion then I sowed,
At morn' came down the pouring rain,
And washed my onions down the road. Still with brave soul I laughed at Fate,

"I will not yield me yet; not I!"
And broadcast sowed, with heart clate,
The plantain, that can never die. But I was whipsawed, just the same;
With Fare no longer I dispute,
Forthwith a horde of rabbits came
And ate my plantain, leaf and root,
ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL ON HORSE Secret of the Accuracy of the Equa Statue of Peter the Great,

Pearson's Weekly. Respecting the colossal statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, it is related that, as soon as the artist had formed his conception of the design, he communicated it to the Empress Catharine, at the same time pointing out the impossibility of naturally representing sostriking a position of man and animal without having before his eyes a borse and rider in the attitude she

had devised. General Melissino, an officer having the reputation of being the most expert, as well as the boldest, rider of the day, to whom the difficulties of the artist were made known, offered to ride daily one of Count Alexis Orloff's best Arabians to the summit of a steep artificial mound formed for the purpose, accustoming the horse togallop up to it, and to halt suddenly, with its forelegs raised, pawing the air over the brink of a

precipice.
This dangerous experiment was carried into effect by the General for some days, in the presence of several spectators and of the artist, who sketched the various movements and parts of the group from day to day, and was thus enabled to produce, per-haps, the finest, certainly the most correct, statue of the kind in Europe.

An Item in Boiler Economy.

A writer on the subject of boiler economy alludes to the poresity of ordinary bricks and mortar, and for all exposed flue walls or boiler seatings advises a facing of glazed bricks, in neat coment mortar, to reduce to a minimum the entrance of coid air to the flues which undoubtedly takes place through the millions of pores in a rough brick wall guilty passenger; that would be a relief.
It is the awful spectacle of a gong, beaten with terrific violence, emitting nothing but dead silence, that is driving him mad. It

TOBACCO ALL RIGHT.

Smokers Can Console Themselves With a Roman Doctor's Report.

NO CHOLERA NOR PNEUMONIA.

The Throat Can Be Hardened So as to Pre-

vent Troublesome Ailments.

SOME NEW APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 Notwithstanding the almost universal growth of the tabacco habit, there are some who still regard it as one of the most vicious and injurious of indulgences. There is no doubt that it is but too often carried to exess, and the use of tobacco by children of tender years may work irrevocable mischief. However, the weed may be abused, its effects when judiciously used have been proved by overwhelming scientific testimony to add materially to the welfare of the

human race. The London Lancet has given the results of some experiments to test the influence of tobacco in the prevention of disease transmission by bacilli. It is found that smoking is highly beneficial in preventing the decay of teeth. Women suffer more from dental caries than men, and few women smoke. Some of the earliest experiments in this field were made by an American dentist in 1884. The micro-germs of dental earies when passed through the smoke of tobacco were rendered innocuous. Four years later, a physician in Naples lined a small balloon with a layer of gelatine containing cholera bacilli. When the smoke of from one to cigars—the number of cigars required de-pending on their strength in nicotine—was drawn through this balloon, the gelatine was completely sterilized.

These and other experiments have now been repeated by Dr. V. Tassinari in Rome, and the result is to establish the fact that the smoke of tobacco either entirely de-stroys, or retards the development of the bacillus of cholera, of anthrax, and of pneu-monia. The bacillus of Asiatic cholera and monia. The bacillus of Asiatic cholera and that of pneumonia was in every case completely destroyed, no matter what sort of tobacco was used. The bacillus of anthrax showed stronger powers of resistance, and that of typhoid was hardly affected by the smoke. The only question now remaining to be proved is whether the sterilizing of microbes can be effected in the human being with the service of the starting antitity and the service of the starting and the service of t with the same certainty as in nutritive gelatine.

Ravages of Animal Pests. The ravages of the pocket gopher in Iowa have increased to such an extent as to seriously affect farmers' profits. These concealed pests not only feed on surrounding vegetation, but, what is really worse, choke it out by the innumerable mounds of earth heaped up by them everywhere. A field i otten as effectually turned up as it would have been by the rooting of swine. Be-sides this, the loss by accidents to machinery and animals, occasioned by striking against the gopher hills or by sinking into their holes or runs, is very considerable. So important has this question become that concerted action has been taken toward the extermination of the pests. A liberal bounty is offered by the State for their capture, and trapping has become a lucrative employment. In Poweshiek county \$14,000 was paid for the capture of 140,000 pockets in 11 nonths in 1890, and the number trapped in 1891 was over 200,000. It is, however, doubtful weather this prolific little rodent can ever be got rid of unless the steps for its extermination take a wider and more thorough scope. It may be stated for the benefit of those who have never seen a peaket grapher that it is shout the same pocket gopher that it is about the same color as, and perhaps a shade larger than, the domestic rat. It is devoid of external ears, it has small head-like eyes, a short tail and powerful fore legs, armed with strong claws for digging. and one of its most dis cheek pouches or pockets. The presence of the gopher is made known by its mounds of earth, about the size of large ant-hills, for it s but rarely seen. The mongoose would, in all probability, put an end to the gopher, but the remedy would be infinitely worse

How to Strengthen the Thront.

than the disease.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, who was a specialist in throat troubles, always insisted that great many of the allments that were brought under his notice could have been escaped but for injudicious coddling of the throat. The throat must not be wrapped up too much; the great thing is to try to harden it. By care and persistence the neck can be made as waterproof as the face. Many people who are not in the secret are amazed that the patriarchal Gladstone can stand for hours with head uncovered in the open air while a strong breeze is blowing. The ability to do this with impunity was gained by sitting habitually at a window through which a draught was created, so that the head became accustomed to all variations of temperature and all degrees of air motion. In the same way the throat can become habituated to varying conditions. It should be kept free from wrap-Women should dispense with their great feather boas and Medici collars, and men should cast aside their stifling mufflers. It is an excellent practice to wear turnlown collars, and gargling with cold salt and water in the morning has sovereign virtue, as well as bathing the throat first with very hot water, and then with very cold The throat thus gets the effect of a sudden shock, and is braced up and perma nently strengthened.

Sure Signs of Death,

The public is often startled by the interment of living persons supposed to be dead.

One of the simplest and best tests is the holding of the hand of the supposed corpse in front of a candle flame. A sure evidence of life is a tinge of red at the side of the fingers. Dr. Martinot now asserts that an untailing test may be made by holding a candle to the skin of the hand or foot until a blister is formed, which will always soon occur. The presence of any fluid in the blister is a certain evidence of lite; but if, on the contrary, the blister contains only steam, it may be taken for granted that life is extinct. Dr. Martinot shows that these phenomena are simply the result of natural aws, and that the proof is as conclusive a the test is simple.

Bueing kills roaches, bedbugs, etc., in tantly. 25 cents at all dealers.

