

RAILWAY TRAMPS.

Western Nomads Different From Their Eastern Namesakes.

Interesting Experiences On a Trip Across the Plains.

The railway tramps of the far west, says a writer in the Washington Star, are a class by themselves. I have seen a train on one of the Pacific coast railroads carrying it is save to say, one-half as many tramps as paying passengers. Going over the Siskiyou mountains a few years ago our train stopped four times within a distance of twenty miles to "comb out" the tramps. They were under the cars, on top of the cars, hanging to the platforms, riding on the cow-catcher—everywhere, in short, where human fingers could close a grip. They were more decently clad and better looking, as a rule, than the tramps we see in the East. I was told by an experienced railroad man that most of these men are mechanics and laborers of respectable antecedents who have drifted westward in search of work, spent their money and been compelled to resort to this ragged-edge sort of life in order to make their way home again. Some of them by-and-by acquire a habit of tramping and a taste for it, so that they are unfitted for steady employment, but others steal rides from place to place till they strike a job, then settle down and become reputable and well-to-do citizens. In the newly settled communities of the other coast a disposition to pry into one's neighbor's past is not encouraged, and the man who begins as a ride stealer does not have to live down his record, as he would at this end of the country. A member of congress from a western state, who has made something of a national reputation for himself, once told me in confidence that as a young man he was a champion tramp and train nuisance.

I remember one fellow I saw in Oregon, who was put off a way train at every station, between Roseberg and Salem, but who always contrived to get aboard within a minute or so after his expulsion. He was bound to go to Salem, and frankly said as much to the first train hand who tackled him, and he accomplished his purpose. Having formerly worked on a railroad, he knew all the tricks of the trade. At the start he crawled in under a car and rode on the trucks. When discovered there he walked off as if satisfied, only to go around the train and crawl in again on the other side. He was next caught riding on the roof. Then he climbed up the rear of the tender and stretched himself out so that he looked like a log of wood. Discovered there, he secreted himself under the step of the locomotive cab, and when the train was on a stiff up-grade, so that it could not very well be stopped, he mounted to the cab and impudently offered his services to the engineer as assistant fireman. Next he tried the tricks once more, and so on.

I recall another incident in my western travels, in which tramps played a most creditable part. Two of them had been put off a Denver and Rio Grande train a few miles east of Salida, Col., and had seated themselves under a tree to escape a rain which had begun to fall, when a cloud—one of those dreaded visitants which are not infrequent in that region—deluged the hillside a few yards away, scooping out a trough and burying the railway track several feet deep under earth, gravel and small boulders.

From the windows of our train, which had crossed the great divide on its way eastward that morning, we had seen the peculiar cloud formation strike the side of the mountain and disappear among the trees, but nobody suspected its effects. As the road had a single track, we waited at Salida several hours for the west-bound train to pass us on the siding and then concluding that it had been detained at the next station beyond, our conductor ventured to move us cautiously forward, whistling sharply all the while. Suddenly a man was observed on the track a short distance ahead of us energetically waving his coat as a signal to stop. On halting engineer learned from him that he was one of the tramps just mentioned, and that his companion had gone eastward while he went westward to warn approaching trains of their danger. He was taken aboard the engine and we went slowly ahead to the scene of the washout. Here we found that, thanks to the intelligence of our tramp's comrade, the west-bound train had been stopped and sent back for a carload of shovels, picks and men. In a little while laborers, train hands and passengers were all merrily at work digging out

the track. The other train then backed up to the nearest siding and we went on our way rejoicing, not, however, till we had lined the pockets of our protectors with plenty of cash and they had been taken aboard with the promise of a free ride as far as they wanted to go.

The Test of Bell and Mirror.

The dispatch from Sioux City, Iowa, telling of the burial of a young woman who was in a state of suspended animation has revived an interest among a club of German students in West Fourteenth street, organized about five years ago to advocate the Berlin method of applying the test of the bell and mirror to all persons declared to be dead, except those unmistakably so by violence that could not be questioned.

The idea is an old one and should be obsolete, but the young men in the organization cling to it because they have not and will not accept the infallible test of the present day. A learned German physician, whose name is not now recalled, suggested several years ago that in any case where cataplexy was suspected a mirror should be held in front of the mouth of the supposed corpse. If no moisture appeared upon the surface of the glass, he proposed—in order to be absolutely certain—that a string should be attached to the forefinger of the dead man or woman and that the other end of this string be connected with a bell so delicately adjusted over pulleys that the slightest movement would cause a tinkle.

This was accepted and is in practice now in certain morgues in Germany. The Fourteenth street organization maintains the rather extraordinary opinion that many persons are buried alive, and their doctrine has absolute proof in the news from Sioux City. It is scarcely probable that they will receive any encouragement from the New York Board of Health for the promulgation of their idea.—[New York Mail and Express.

How Marbles Are Made.

"The playing-marble trade is not what it was twenty years ago," said A. T. Holmes, an Eastern chinaware man, at the Palace yesterday. Probably the boys of the present age don't take as kindly to this form of amusement as they did in those days, but however that may be, the demand is not near so large.

Most of the stone marbles used are made in Germany. Only the refuse of the marble and agate quarries is employed, and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste. Men and boys are employed to break the stone into small cubes, which are then thrown into a mill consisting of grooved bedstone and a revolving runner. Water is fed to the mill and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest. In half an hour the mill is stopped, and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles is taken out.—[San Francisco Call.

Lovers of Cold.

Climate affects the inhabitants of the sea just as it does those of the land. As Arctic land plants cannot flourish at the equator, so in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans marine plants are found which are unable to survive in warm water.

Among the most remarkable of these cold water plants are the laminarisee, a kind of sea-weed, which sometimes attain a gigantic size, exceeding in length the longest climbing plants of the tropical forests, and developing huge stems like the trunks of trees.

Recent investigations have shown that these plants flourish in the coldest waters of the polar seas, and that they never advance farther from their frigid homes than to the limits of "summer temperature" in the ocean. The genial warmth destroys them, just as a polar blast shrivels the flowers of a tropical garden.

Hard Lines.

"Think of a man doing time for picking a pocket that the lady hadn't got!" said John Delappe in a tone of intense disgust, as he received a sentence of six months' hard labor. At Victoria Station he selected the alleged pocket of a lady as his prey, and followed its supposed proprietress with assiduity. At last he swooped down upon the booty, and just as he found that the lady's dress contained no pocket at all, a railway constable who had watched his movements swooped down upon him and took him into custody.—[London Telegraph.

The Penalty.

The Young Doctor—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.—[Life

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FAYAL LACE.

Few people know that the beautiful lace known as Fayal lace is made from the fibres of the leaves of the bitter aloe, a relative of the common century plant. This lace is manufactured by women, and the necessary skill is so rarely attained that there are but about twenty-five persons on the islands—the Azores—who can make it. The art needs to be practised from childhood.—New York World.

A CROWN OF GLORY.

A fine head of hair is within the reach of almost any woman by the use of the most ordinary and simple means. Here are some useful suggestions:

When the hair has been neglected, cut it to even length and wash the scalp nightly with soft water into which ammonia has been poured.

This may be as strong as possible at first, so that it does not burn the skin. Afterward the proportions may be three large spoonfuls of ammonia to a basin of water. Apply with a brush, stirring the hair well, while the head is partially immersed.

A healthy system will supply oil enough for the hair if the head is kept clean. If the scalp is unnaturally dry, a mixture of half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia in a pint of sweet oil makes the most esteemed hair invigorator.—St. Louis Republic.

SELF-CONSCIOUS BLONDES.

"Blondes are, as a rule, much more self-conscious than brunettes," said a man who flattered himself that he was a keen observer, "and they seldom realize, moreover, that they may grow too old for the pale pinks and blues that once were so becoming to their delicate coloring, but which make a faded beauty look so insipid and melancholy. I had a veritable shock the other day in Paris in meeting the once beautiful Mrs. B., who, when I last saw her, was like a piece of Dresden china in delicacy and freshness of tint, and who was always bewitchingly attired in delicious little Watteau-looking frocks or elaborate lace furbelows and flounces that made her look positively adorable.

"Well, now, it is positively sad. She still wears her pinks and blues; but what a fatal mistake! Properly dressed, she might still be a fairly good-looking woman, although that kind of blonde prettiness never does wear well; but the rose-pinks and baby blues render her really an absurdity. And yet, poor thing, she does not know it, and I suppose no one will ever have the heart to tell her. 'Once a beauty always a beauty' is evidently her creed, and she fancies she can be a perennial blonde, year in and year out. How women can continually ignore the truths their mirrors cannot fail to tell them is quite marvelous."—New York Tribune.

THE CUBAN GIRL.

A Cuban girl's life is very restricted and she is never allowed to go out alone nor receive callers of the other sex except in the presence of her chaperon or some member of her family. If during her childhood she attends a day school, a maid or some family servant takes her there every day, and she cannot go as short a distance as across the street unaccompanied.

In some instances Spanish customs are absurd and incongruous. Every well-fitted establishment in Cuba is provided with a concierge to guard the entrance and admit callers. This man, usually an ignorant peasant, sometimes escorts the young ladies of the family he is serving, and that is considered perfectly proper, whereas it would not be proper for them to go out attended by a gentleman, even if he were old enough to be their father, and an old friend of the family as well.

Of late years, however, the frequent intercourse between Cuba and the United States has somewhat modified the customs. For instance, two ladies can now go out alone in Havana in the daytime, which would have been considered an unheard-of and most shocking proceeding a few years ago.

The social pastimes a girl enjoys in Cuba consist of balls, parties, concerts, receptions, the theatre and opera and picnics—for Cubans have adopted this American diversion, although in a modified form, to suit the requirements of Cuban etiquette.—North American Review.

SENSIBLE SOFA PILLOWS.

Women are beginning to appreciate the fact that sofa pillows are meant to use, or at least, that it is difficult to disabuse the masculine mind of the idea that they were intended as rests for their weary heads.

A woman will hesitate before she leans her back hair against such a marvel of embroidery and lace or of exquisitely painted silk, but a man, fresh from the hands of his barber, will peacefully repose on the prettiest of them all.

A cushion of red denim has a conventional design outlined with old gold silk, the insides painted with dashes of gilt paint with a ruffle of red silk. Another is worked in black with black silk. Yellow denim, worked in brown, with daises of brown in oil, is very effective. The ruffle matches the embroidery and decoration. Olive denim, worked with darker olives, is effective.

Black silk handkerchiefs, worked with an effective design in red or corn color in one corner, are made up both with and without a ruffle. Squares of white linen, or linen handkerchiefs, where these are large enough, with a little simple embroidery, are greatly liked, because they can be slipped out and the covers laundered. Bright-colored Madras and bandanna handkerchiefs make showy pillows. A Columbia College boy has a collection of these, and his room is as gay as a Southern cotton field when all the hands are on duty.

Linen in dull blue, terra cotta and old pink is an admirable material for sofa pillows.

For parlors, but still intended for use, the real or imitation Bagdad stripes look well, if the room is furnished, as to its floor, with Oriental rugs. China silk in old tapestry colors and tapestry or brocade, also in these old art tones, make admirable and durable covers.—New York Advertiser.

MRS. COLBY'S INDIAN BABY.

Mrs. Clara Berrieh Colby is a resident of Washington and the editor of the Woman's Tribune. She is of English birth and spent the early years of her life in the West, where she met her husband, General Leonard Colby, the ex-Assistant Attorney-General.

Mrs. Colby's practical philanthropy has led to the adoption of a little Indian girl, whose interesting history dates from the battle of Wounded Knee Creek in January, 1891, when hundreds of unfortunate Sioux warriors and squaws were found on the battlefield wounded or frozen to death. Hanging in the papoose pocket on the back of its dead mother was found this little baby, alive, but badly frozen. It was carried to the fort, and General Colby, who was in charge of the Nebraska state troops, took the little creature, and had it cared for by Dr. Mary White, Mrs. Colby's sister, so that the little one was fat and thriving when Mrs. Colby arrived in May.

They call her Zitka Lunni, which name was given her by the Indian women, and which means Lost Dove. She has been legally adopted and is considered the sister of their son, a boy of 12. Little Lunni is bright, pretty, and brown as a berry, with every Indian feature, being a full-blooded Sioux. She is now 3½ years old, a merry little soul who can with difficulty be kept in the house, and who is so active that she climbs over everything to master the art of turning on the electric lights. She has begun her education, which will be of the best, by studying at the kindergarten, where she is said to display a great deal of mechanical skill in plaiting mats and making squares. She is now on a visit with General Colby, and as she kissed her adopted mother good-by she said, with the touch of mischief which seems to mark children of every nation, "Good-by; I 'spect when I come back I won't know you!"—Washington Post.

FASHION NOTES.

Portraits in Limoges enamel set in silver frames make the heads of paper cutters.

Toy teapots, ewers and basins of silver are introduced as presents for children.

New tea-gowns of rose-colored India silk are trimmed with ceru gipure lace.

Silver standards for fruit knives come in new shapes. The knife blades are in silver gilt.

Very wide turn-over collars and cuffs of linen are worn. They are not universally becoming by any manner of means, but they are made less "trying" by the addition of very fine torchon lace to the edges of both collar and cuffs.

A pretty new sleeve has been introduced into night gowns, a slender puff coming from the epaulet which reaches to the elbow and is met by a close-fitting armpiece set into a pointed cuff of lace falling over the hand. In place of flannel skirts there are light silk-wadded under petticoats with lace flouncings, which are very

Latest Styles in Feminine Footwear.

It makes a girl long to be worth at least half a million just to look at the boots displayed for the season's wear, but when it comes to slippers, half a million is nowhere. A million is the very lowest that would let a girl live up to such jewels in footwear as the spring has introduced to the shopper.

Still not all of them are quite so extravagant, and a young lady who couldn't afford all the fancy styles, yet had to have variety, showed me what she had bought to carry her through the summer season.

The walking shoes were really curiosities. Instead of being the five-button shoe that came in in the winter, they have a square flap, with six buttons. It doesn't seem as if it could be becoming to every foot, but it certainly was to hers. She says they are an improvement on the usual button or lace walking boot.

There were several styles in low shoes, and a bronze kid with the long pointed toe was very pretty on her foot. Neither of these were very expensive, and would make up in wear for the price. That should always be considered. A good shoe will outlast two pairs of cheap shoes as a general thing.

There was a selection of slippers made with extraordinary care. Some like the "Elsmore" hand embroidery on gold leather, with dark kid lower pieces. Another pair was in stripes of black and white. But what the girl was most pleased with was her two or three pairs of dark kid slippers without a bit of fancy work about them.

She said: "I'm going to have half a dozen sets of bright ribbon bows and sets of gauze rosettes to fasten on the tops of these and change when I please. It is a splendid plan."



Any girl can carry out this idea and have a pretty slipper that will look very cooing as it peeps out from her dress when she has callers at home. One pair of slippers with several pairs of rosettes made from left-over pieces of gauze would make quite a variety.—New York Journal.

Wolves 'n' Kausas.

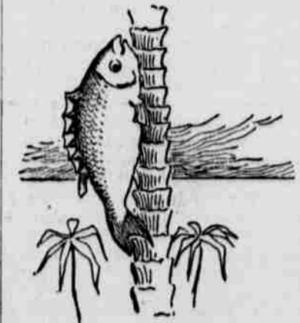
It is said that there is good reason to think that some of the farmers of western Kansas make a business of raising wolves for the bounty paid on their scalps. The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture has just issued a statement, showing that the several counties of the State during the year 1893 paid for wolf scalps the sum of \$17,600, and that during the past four years the gross amount of \$60,000 has been paid out in these bounties. A significant fact shown by the report is that the amount so paid out has regularly increased each year. It is said that, what with the bounty and the value of their hides, wolf-raising could be carried on at considerable profit.—Pacayune.

Pennsylvania "Manors."

The word "manor" is of frequent occurrence throughout rural Pennsylvania, and it frequently marks some of the sixty odd manors conferred upon the heirs of William Penn by an act of 1779. These manors, ranging from two hundred to many thousand acres, were scattered thickly over the eastern part of the State, and their names have since become the names of many townships. The manors aggregated more than 500,000 acres, and included some of the finest lands in Pennsylvania.—St. Louis Republic.

A Fish That Climbs.

The climbing perch was first noticed by a naturalist over a century ago, one having been caught high up a palm tree, where it had gone, it is said, to obtain the moisture that might be



THE CLIMBING PERCH.

found in the crevices of the leaves. This story was doubted by many, but a perch was found in the tree by M. Daldorf, so the circumstances may be placed among the strange facts of natural history.

The Amateur Gardener and the Playful Small Boy.



Ginghams.

Even a medium-priced gingham can be made up stylishly and be very dressy, especially if it is a color that doesn't require washing. A gingham



A SEASONABLE GINGHAM.

made after this pattern requires plain goods enough for a skirt foundation and the little cape. It is caught up prettily on the side to show the plain skirt. The crossed bodies of the cape is becoming, and a shoulder cape of plain gingham, with deep lace carefully laid over it and a little velvet bow to fasten it, will make a very convenient frock that will be needed soon. If it is made now there will be some chance of getting it by the time it is needed. Dressmakers are swamped with work, and the best way is to leave the goods with them a long time ahead.

General Fitzhugh Lee.

Than Lee, there is no name more distinguished in the South, and it has been prominent in our history since the establishment of the Government, writes Stanton Edwards in the New York Advertiser. No living representative of this great family is better known than General Fitzhugh Lee, now a resident of Glasgow, Va. Fitzhugh Lee was born at Arlington, Va., May 31, 1837, and graduated at Harvard in 1857. He was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry. He served in Utah and California, and resigned in 1859 to take charge of the historic White House farm. Although opposed to secession, he went with his State and in 1861 was Captain of Cavalry, from which position he was promoted to be a Major



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

and Chief of Staff to General Loring. By sheer ability he rose rapidly, and in 1863 was made a Brigadier of Cavalry. He was severely wounded at Brandy Station and made a prisoner. For some time he was detained as a hostage for Captains Flynn and Sawyer who were condemned to death in Libby Prison. After the war he returned to farming, and took an active interest in the agricultural development of his State. From 1875 to the present time he has been prominent in the politics of Virginia, serving in the State Senate, representing his district in Congress, and finally being elected to the Governorship. General Lee is popular North and South. He is a man of pleasing address, and his politics are broader than the limits of his State.

Do Alligators Swallow Stones?

The Indians of South and Central America declare that prior to attacking some large animal, such as an ox or buffalo, which may come to the river brink, alligators always swallow a stone, so that it may acquire additional weight to aid in dragging victims under water. Balvoz, who shot and examined several, found stones in all of them, varying in size according to the size of the gator, one fellow having a stone in his stomach that weighed seventy-six pounds.—St. Louis Republic.