

THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

BY EUGENE BARRY.

I've lived here now for thirty years, and, stranger, I'll be here...

I've prospered well; these level fields as far as you can see...

The swallow seeks the grove where first it saw the sun's bright gleam...

STORM-TOSSED.

A Perilous Voyage on Lake Ontario.

BY W. L. FRENCH.

One fine June day in the year 1872, a young couple might have been seen strolling through a grove of magnificent beech and maple trees...

Harry was a handsome young fellow of six and twenty, a little too quick-tempered perhaps, but a good fellow...

Bessie was a handsome, vivacious girl of twenty, kind and considerate as a general thing towards others...

They had come down for the purpose of going around a point, which ran out a corner of hundred yards into the lake...

"No, Harry, you know there is not a bit of danger in going around there; you only refuse to go to spite me for flirting with Ed. Brooks, that's all."

"No, Bessie, you are mistaken; I never play the baby act. I do not consider it safe to go around that point in the present wind. While one might make it safe enough, it might also end in disaster."

"A truce to your fears, Harry," she replied; "I will flirt twice as bad with Brooks to-night if you don't row me around that point."

ceeding boat, all the time her terror increasing. Finally, when it disappeared from her view in the distance, she ran shrieking to the cottage where she was stopping...

When her friends heard of the accident which had befallen Harry, they had but little hopes of ever seeing him alive again; still for Bessie's sake they tried to make matters appear as favorable as possible.

As for Bessie, she was half crazed and sick with grief and remorse, and the hastily summoned physician expressed grave doubts of her retaining her wits should the young man be lost.

It seemed to him that the long weary hours of darkness would never pass, but at last it began to grow lighter in the east.

He had eagerly hoped that daylight would show a vessel near him but he vainly scanned the horizon in search of one.

The wind veered suddenly after daylight and blew him and his little boat westward up the lake.

He was wet to the skin, with the flying spray, and the heat of the sun as it rose, proved very welcome to him.

All day he drove before the wind without seeing any ship, and night found his little ship apparently as sound as when he embarked in it.

The second night was one of weary watching and laboring to keep the boat from swamping.

The wind shifted again in the night and blew from the west, driving him back toward the east.

Daylight came at last, but found no ship in sight.

six dollars a month, by walking fifty miles a day, as an itinerant seller. There are several old portesses to do the work even at forty, indicates a constitution of astonishing strength.

As a rule, the weight is such that no well-freighted portess can load or unload unassisted. The effort to do so would burst a blood-vessel or rupture a muscle.

In preparing for her journey, the young merchant puts on her poorest and lightest robe, and binds a plain handkerchief about her head.

At sundown, the portesses are coming from far Grand Ave to halt a moment in this village. They are going to sit down on the roadside before the house of a baker, and his great black porter, Jean-Marie, stands waiting to relieve them of their load.

The colored people in a small town in Georgia have their church to hold funeral services over the remains of a woman who had died a couple of days before, says the Chattanooga Times.

Car's wife, you're right at that. You've crowded 'yself up to de front. When de weepin' begun 'y' set 'y' self to work 'an' moaned 'an' took on until Henry hadn't no show 'all. Some de white folks reckoned 'y' was de bereaved 'y' self."

Everybody knows that we men owe an immense and ever accumulating debt to the ladies. One of its principal items is the gratitude due to them for putting our things to right and keeping them in order.

What his husband, that remembers the hopeless chaos in his hand, and contrasts it with the trim and tidy appearance of the drawers in which his wife carefully has arranged his shirts, handkerchiefs and socks in perfect harmony with heaven's first law, does not bless the day when he emerged from the single state into double blessedness?

Not So Near Sighted After All. "Herbert," she said with a melting mellowness in her voice that sounded like the ripple of an orange as it thaws, "Herbert!"

Only Waiting. A man who boarded an open car on Jefferson avenue found a woman occupying that end of the seat, while all the rest of it was empty.

Heaven will be full of surprises, but none greater than when a man realizes that all his good intentions have put no jewel in his crown.—Atholton Globe.

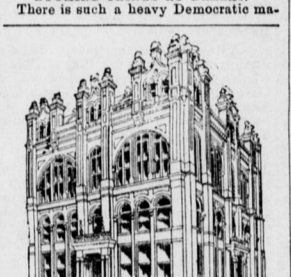
A WANDERER'S LETTER.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Spreading Texas—The Largest State in the Union Enjoying a Boom—Active Competition Among the Leading Cities—Northern Capital Invited—Railroad Interests Developing and Land Booms Everywhere.



DOUBT if any one in the outside world appreciates the sort of boom that this State is enjoying at this particular moment, and it is not a matter of immediate growth. It has been going on for several years; in fact, no Texas likes to have you speak of the boom. He always says, "We are not having a boom; we do not want a boom; we are having simply the natural growth to which our State is entitled."



CITY HALL, DALLAS, TEXAS.

There is such a heavy Democratic majority that voting and counting are both honest, and there is little, if any, complaint that persons attempt to manipulate the vote. Every one here is busy making money, and I am glad to note that every one succeeds. This is the first consideration here, and politics has to "take a back seat."

Fort Worth, only thirty miles from Dallas, has a population of 100,000. It is the former place. It claims to be the entrepot for all the great trade of the West and Northwest, so far as this State is concerned.



STREET SCENE, SHERMAN, TEXAS.

There is about Fort Worth much of the aspect of a frontier city, and it has the appearance of Minneapolis and St. Paul in the days preceding their phenomenal growth. Electric street cars are here, as in Dallas and other Texas cities; there is an excellent water supply, and the city is still growing, and prices of real estate were never before so high; still there is no sign of a decline.

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or seven hundred men, and to their credit many of the employees have established themselves in comfortable homes which they own. It has an exhibition building in which a splendid display of limestone, granite, marble, fire-brick, clay, saloma, and other minerals are made. It is a wonderful exhibition, and one who looks upon it can readily understand why Denison has had such an extraordinary



RUINS OF THE TEXAS SPRING PALACE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

The establishment of a cotton factory here has been secured, and the building is just being erected. It will be one of the largest cotton factories in the South, with 25,000 spindles, and is to employ 1,000 persons. An electric and motor system of cars and a splendid water system make the city attractive.

In making my hurried trip to Texas, I have been invited by the spirit of enterprise everywhere. There is a natural strife to secure railroads, and corporations take advantage of this to secure large bonuses. In this way the Texas and Pacific received property from Fort Worth which is now worth \$2,000,000.

WANDERER. DALLAS, TEX., June, 1890. Paralyzed by a Scratch. "I have read of men being paralyzed by a wound and unable to move," said a well-known prominent Maine office-holder and I believe it. I know that there has been many cases of the kind, and one of them in particular has such a personal twist that I have good reason to remember.

"It was at the battle of Chantilly in the early part of the fight. We had approached a low, rambling fence—a Virginia fence, as they were called—and I had my gun through it and was doing what service I could. I saw the splinter fly from a piece of that fence under the impetus of a ball from the enemy. In the lightning flash of the flying wood I seemed to find time to dodge, and there was a quick pain like the searing of a hot iron and the splinter was through my hat-band and along my scalp, penetrating it, but not injuring my skull. I was still growing, and prices of real estate were never before so high; still there is no sign of a decline.

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DOINGS OF WOMEN FOLK

NEWS, NOTES AND GOSSIP ABOUT FEMINE AFFAIRS.

Not Many Women Printers—The Abuse of Coffee—Women in the Dissecting Room—An Effective Dinner Dress—English and American Girls.

A noted New York costumer has made a dinner dress intended for a brunette. The train is a long one of the richest black Lyons velvet, while the front is of broadcloth, the shade being a perfectly clear yellow, with not a tinge of green. The bodice is pointed, and set in front, overlaid partially with gold passementerie, and the short sleeves, very closely shirred, are also of the cloth. Cut very décollete, the edge of the bodice is defined with a narrow gold cord. Only gold can be worn with this costume, so the necklace will be of Etruscan gold in pendants and balls, while in the hair will be worn glass fillets. The stockings of black silk, the slippers black velvet, with large gold buckles upon them.

How to Save Boys. Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vain ambition, by thirst for action, by longings for excitements, by irrepresible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that your homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the end of their hearts. They go to the public house at first for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they find does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts.

See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires by night. Let your luminescence glow. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in every direction. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you.—Ran's Horn.

English and American Girls. Contrasting English and American girls, W. V. Story writes in "Conversations in a Studio." "Take an American girl and put her beside an English girl whose ancestry is pure English and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature, and color. The American, as a rule, is slenderer, fairer, and slighter-limbed, thinner-featured and more vivacious and excited in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in color, heavier in build and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But where you will find the greater physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high-arched and tender in the ankle. The English girl's is plain, and full at the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an English and American foot, and any one can distinguish them with half an eye. All the attachments, as they are called, are longer and more tendinous in the American than in the English. There is something charming in the one as of a rose, and in the other of a lily. Where the English have the advantage over the American is in their voices and intonations. An English woman's voice is a pleasure to hear—so sweet and low and pleasant in its modulations—while the Americans vibrate with a high-pitched voice. The latter sing better than the English, because the English never can fully try their voices and throw it out. Certainly the American girls are sometimes very handsome, and they generally have a refinement of look and feature, if not manner. In their ways, too, there is a certain wild willfulness and independence which, when it does not go too far (as it frequently does,) is very attractive."

Women in the Dissecting Room. It is often asked how the women take the awful experience of the dissecting room and the hospital, says the Baltimore Evening Post. The majority of the sex generally may be described as strong-hearted women never falter. Dr. Winslow started to report that, during the entire history of the institution, there had never been one case of fainting. One of the ladies was asked by the reporter concerning her feelings when she first began work in the dissecting room. She stated that the horror of what she would see had been so exaggerated to her beforehand, and she had been led, through popular report, to expect so much more than the reality, that her nerves were soaced to such a degree that she experienced no very disagreeable impressions. The first body was a fresh one and that of a colored person, and named like a mahogany statue stretched on the table. The bodies are never thought of as connected with human beings, but as mere things, mere machines, whose mechanism is to be investigated.

The ladies work two and two, choosing as their companions those congenial to them socially, as well as from their style of work. They work with a courageously over their work so that they are human fear. One of them confesses that, as she was left alone for several minutes by her companion one winter evening toward 7 o'clock, she felt some decidedly unpleasant feelings as she sat among the bodies, and also confessed that, while she could make herself do anything she had to do, she would not like very much to enter a dissecting-room alone in the dead of night. She languidly mentioned that she realizes that these things have once been living persons.

Not Many Women Printers. Women printers a few years ago were a standing menace to the trade, in the view of the men printers, and the question of their admittance to typographical unions threatened to become a burning issue in the labor world. In this city it was settled for the time being by the admission of the women to Union No. 4, with the condition that they be not allowed to work for less wages than men. This handicapped the women heavily, for the trade is not one in which the woman can hold her own with a man on equal terms, but even at this it was not satisfactory to a large element among the men, who objected to having women in the trade at all, and the trouble continually threatened to break out in new spots. Meantime, however, the matter has been summarily settled out of court, as it were. Women don't want to be printers any more. The introduction of the typewriter and the opening up of other lines of employment in the city, and the fact that a woman's work is more agreeable and suitable for a woman, seem to be the reasons for the female labor market of the greater part of the printers.

It is said by officers of Typographical Union No. 6 that there are not over three hundred women printers in New York now. One hundred of these are in the Union. The work, chiefly in large book printing offices, where the hours are easy and there is no rush. A few are in the morning newspaper offices, working as distributors in the afternoon. Women have worked as compositors on some of the morning papers, but the cases were exceptional, such as where a man died and his widow was allowed to take his case until she could get something to do to do. It is thought that the number of women printers is decreasing constantly in spite of the rapid growth of the trade. Men say it is a good thing, not only for selfish reasons, but because the trade, although generally classed as a light and easy one, is really too wearisome, too unhealthy, and in other ways unsuited for women.

The Abuse of Coffee. Much has been said, says the British Medical Journal, concerning the undoubtedly evil effects of excessive tea-drinking. Dr. F. Mendel has recently enjoyed opportunities of studying the results of an unbridled abuse of coffee, and his results are now published. The great industrial center round Essen includes a very large female population. While the women of the working classes in this country are often addicted to dosing themselves with tea that has stood too long, it appears that the workmen's wives at Essen drink coffee from morning till night. Some consume over a pound of Ceylon coffee weekly, and one pound contains over sixty-four grains of caffeine. In consequence of this, many cases of nervous and circulatory disturbances are frequent. The nervous systems are characterized by a feeling of general weakness, depression of spirits and aversion for labor, even in industrious subjects, with headache and insomnia. A strong dose of coffee causes the temporary disappearance of all these symptoms. The muscular symptoms consist of distinct muscular weakness and trembling of the hands, even during rest. The circulatory symptoms are marked by a small, rapid, irregular pulse and feeble impulse of the apex of the heart. Palpitations and heaviness at the pre-cordial region are frequent. The hands and feet feel very cold, and the complexion becomes sallow. Dyspeptic symptoms, chiefly of the nervous type, are very common. Acne rosacea, as seen in a large number of the sufferers, those coffee-drinkers cannot be cured by simple abstinence from their favorite drink with substitution of milk as a beverage. They require rest from work, open-air exercise, cold ablutions, followed by friction, and small doses of brandy. Care must be taken, especially when a large body of working-women are under the care of a medical officer, lest the first and last items of treatment do not lead to malingering. Up to the year 1860 their stood on the main road leading to Suffolk, Nauset county, Va., a venerable white oak. Many are the stories told of a ghostly visitant to this tree every night. The story had it, that in 1830 a murder was committed at the foot of this monarch for the purpose of robbery and that the money taken from the victim was buried there. Every attempt to secure it had failed because a phantom horseman was guarding the oak. It was said of this tree that it bore a kind of fruit, not unpalatable, called oakballs, which furnished to the credulous additional evidence that treasure was at its roots. One night a party set out with the intention of securing the hidden riches. They brought with them an ax, a pick and two spades. Arrived at the tree they began excavating the earth, being on guard against any unusual sight or sound, when a scream of unearthly character pierced the air. A second and third shriek were heard, followed by the cry "Help! oh my God!" The diggers looking across the road, saw, in the full glare of the moon, a large powerful bay horse, with a rider toppling from the saddle. He fell to the ground with his face toward the tree and seemed gasping for breath. The horse began to melt gradually away before the astonished and terror-stricken gaze of the party. As soon as the horse disappeared, the fallen rider rose to his feet and started directly for the tree. The treasure seekers immediately started on a run, glancing behind to see if they were pursued. The rider, with a look of agony, went to the tree, and pointing with his right hand to the ground at the foot, uttered a deep groan and vanished. Nobody has since visited the tree in the night time. Senator Jones' Silver Dollar Story. Senator Jones, of Nevada, was twitted by Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, in the course of his silver speech the other day, with the fact that the silver dollars were only worth 72 cents. Of course it "reminded him of a little story." "I recollect," said he, "talking on this subject once with some Senators in the cloak-room. During the conversation one of the Senators brought me a telegram, on which he said the telegraph messenger had told him there were 50 cents due. I gave the page a silver dollar and said to him: "I have been informed by some very respectable and intellectual gentlemen in here, some of them candidates for the Presidency even, that this dollar is worth only 75 cents. For do not you see, if the boy thinks it worth only 75 cents he can send me back 25 cents, and if he thinks it is worth a dollar he can send me back 50 cents. I will leave it to him." "The page brought back 50 cents and said the telegraph boy told him he did not know what those old 'infers' in the Senate might say, but he would send a dollar as he was wanted, and was very hard to get." (Laughter.)—Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune. Is it right to call an expert craftsman a first-class snail.