

**OVER AND OVER AGAIN.**

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill;  
I must grind out the golden grain;  
I must work at my task with a resolute will.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderosa mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing falling us once or twice  
May come if we try again.

**JIM FISK'S PALACE-CAR.**

**Fitted Up Regardless of Expense and Now Moving as a Wrecking-Car.**

(New York Sun.)  
On a siding near the repair-shops of the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad is an old car, bearing on its side the legend, "Tool Car." It is used to carry the wrecking gang of the Susquehanna division and their tools. It was looking at the car, recently, and one of the employes said:  
"I suppose you would be surprised if you knew to whom this car used to belong."  
"Whose was it?" I asked.  
"This car," he replied, "has rather a remarkable history. When Jim Fisk was president of the old Erie he had a car built for his own private use, and it was named after Josie Mansfield. The car was built down in Delaware somewhere, I think, and it cost a mint of money. When Fisk ordered it he gave only instructions to build him a car in which he could travel and enjoy himself. When it was finished and delivered to Fisk, he was so pleased with the workmanship that he immediately sent a check for \$1,000 to the man who had designed the car and had charge of the work. The actual cost of the car was not far from \$75,000, which in those days was an enormous sum for one car. It was fitted up throughout in the most luxurious style. It was finished inside with oiled walnut and cherry, and the panels were adorned with oil paintings, which alone cost a large sum. All the appointments of the car were correspondingly expensive. At one end were sleeping apartments and dressing and toilet rooms. The remainder of the car was a traveling drawing-room. In those days the idea of taking meals on board a train was unheard of, but Fisk used to have wine and delicacies for lunch, and hired a butler, whose special duty was to take care of the car wherever it went.  
"In those days he used to do some pretty tall traveling. He had an engine at his command, and when he wanted to go over the Erie he went flying along at a rapid rate, regardless of all other trains, which had to get out of the way. It was Fisk who ran the fast train over the Erie carrying beef to the sufferers by the Chicago fire. When he made up his mind to send out the relief train he sent for Engineer Sam Walker, of Port Jervis, to come to his private office. "Sam," he says, "I want you to run that train through to Port Jervis as quick as God will let you. If you are killed I'll look out for the wife and little ones." Walker took the train through in the unparalleled time of two hours and ten minutes. Nat Taft, I think, took it over the Delaware division. At any rate it was a tremendous run, and the Erie beat them all into Chicago.  
"Fisk was a great favorite with the railroad men. He always had a good word for us whenever he was around. When Fisk died the car was used by his successor for a while and afterward did some duty on the eastern part of the road. It afterward found its way here to our shop. When they came to look it over they decided that it would be useless expense to repair it, and so, after lying on the switch for a year or two, it was turned into a wrecking-car, as you now see it."

**Havana by Night.**

(New York Telegram.)

New and strange were the sights I saw as I passed, a la Haroun al Raschid, through this city at night, with its far-off eastern air and multitude of Moorish buildings. Traders plied their wares under the gas lights, and Nubians and mulattoes, creoles and Chinese passed by. The creoles proper are the children of Spanish parents born here and their descendants, but the creoles as generally understood in the United States are a mixed race of black and white. Scanty indeed was the raiment of the poorer classes, black and white, and the feminine element of the negroes were especially liberal in the display of their persons. But one gets used to it and excuses much on the ground of heat.

Artists need not go to Algiers to find mulatto girls for subjects. They are here in abundance, with all the voluptuous play of form, the fierce, wild desert in their uncurbed glances, the deep, dark skin set off by the armlets and bangles of gold. And here, too, are the little Spanish boys that Murillo loved to paint, with their close cropped shapely heads, their clear olive skin, bare legged and artistically tattered garments, and the glances half piteous and half humorous in their speaking eyes. And behold! Take off your hat and bow low, for these passers you the living realization in noble face and carriage, with no little of the spiritual expression in the features, of many a virgin that the great Spanish master's hand has set on immortal canvas; while these courtyards, surely, that we whirl past, with their branching palms and spouting fountains, and marble columns and massive stairways winding under tiers of terraces, are his also.

**Foreign Emigration Figures.**

(The North German Gazette.)

The official Italian statistics show that, despite the lamentations of the Liberals as to the formidable dimensions of the emigration from Germany, the empire in reality is better off in this respect than most other European states, in proportion to its population. Taking the figure of population at 100,000, Norway, within the last five years, sent away the highest number of emigrants—viz., 963, Sweden 615, Great Britain 587, Denmark 317, Portugal 290, Switzerland 252, Germany (seventh on the list) 251, Italy 148, Austria 40, and France 10. From these figures it is also deduced that the maximum of emigration in each of these countries was generally attained in the same year.

**How Matches Are Made.**

(Circuit Herald.)  
Given the machinery, and the problem of match making is easily solved. With the aid of the apparatus which the Utica company has two or three men can turn out from 500 to 600 gross of sulphur matches per day. After the machinery has been set in motion the first step is to place a block in the splint machine. With each movement of the knife twenty-five splints are cut and at the same time stuck between two slats in the belt. They are then carried by the movement of the belt through the separator and thence over heated pipes, to dry the timber sufficiently to allow the dipping mixture to penetrate. About fifty feet from the starting point the belt passes under a couple of rollers, which pressed it just enough to bring the ends of the splints in contact with the melted sulphur, which is contained in a pan or vat and kept in a liquid state by the heat from a small furnace sunk in the floor underneath. A little farther on the belt is again depressed, and the tips of the splints are drawn through a black mixture, which gives them the finishing coat.

From this point the matches (they have by this time attained that dignity) pass down the hall, still traveling as hitherto, at the height of about a foot and a half from the floor. At a distance of 200 feet from the starting-point the belt takes an upward turn, and after ascending four or five feet the matches begin their return trip. Passing with the belt over the top of the iron framework, at an elevation of about seven feet, they come back over the splint machine, enter the room where the other machine is located, and are there knocked out. As they fall they are caught by a leather belt, which moves slowly and carries them to a table, where they are taken off by a boy, placed in trays made for the purpose and taken to the packing-room. The belt completes a circuit once in thirty minutes, and during the interval several thousand matches are finished. The match produced is superior in quality, and will light readily on being drawn across the window glass. This is claimed to be a crucial test, and inferior ones can not be ignited in this manner.

On arriving at the packing-room the matches are placed in small paper boxes, 100 in a box. The small packages are then packed in pasteboard boxes containing one-sixteenth or one-eighth gross.

**A World Government of Canals and Cables.**

(Democrat's Magazine.)

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps has recently delivered a lecture before what is called the Five Academies, in which he enunciates an epoch-making idea. He insisted that the maritime highways should no longer be subjected to the vicissitudes of the active politics of governments. Seas, straits, bosphoruses, and maritime canals must be freely open at all times, irrespective of all international conflict. He said that the construction of the Suez canal and the eventual construction of the Panama canal have effected the introduction of a new principle, which is more important than the execution of the works—namely, a vast association of the capital of the world, which conducted to the solidarity of the interests of all nations.

What a chance is here for our American government. Why should not this great peaceful republic call a meeting of all nations to act upon the subject of canals and cables? These ought to be owned and controlled by international commissions in which every commercial nation should have a representative. War ships or armies should be kept away from international canals, and should not be allowed to vex the commerce of the world. The cables should not be owned by private persons any more than the telegraphs on the land, but should be put in the control of all the nations of the earth in the interests of international commerce. These steps would be an entering wedge to put a stop to international wars.

**The Cost of Royalty.**

(Chicago Tribune.)

Mr. Molloy's book, "Courtship Below Stairs; or, The History of England Under the Last Georges," has made a sensation. And its large sale may be taken as a proof of Mr. Bradlaugh's assertion in Paris that the English republic is surely coming. It has set one clever accountant thinking and investigating with the result that he has ascertained that the house of Hanover, its mistresses, panders, debauchees, and procresses, have cost England more money than has been spent on its public schools since the death of Queen Anne.

**Got It Mixed.**

(Exchange.)

Waxahachie, TEXAS, school children heard of the Gause insurrection and got it mixed with the "resurrection." They told their teacher that the negroes "had rose from the dead to kill the white people down at Gause."

**Helping Him Out.**

(From the French.)

Yesterday, in a pharmacy English, enters a young man blonde afflicted of a horrible stammer. "I wa-wa-want," says he, "some p-p-p pills of ip-ip-ip!" —"Hurrah!" cries himself the pharmacist impatient.

**The Hymn He Wanted.**

(Exchange.)

They say that at a prayer meeting in Westfield, Mass., the other night, a good brother rose and said he "wanted to hear sung that beautiful hymn, 'Spilt Doors.'" Every one looked at everybody else in perplexity a moment, and then a quick witted sister struck up "Gates Ajar," which was what the good brother wanted.

**Bright and Gladstone.**

(Exchange.)

John Bright makes notes and headings of his speeches, and with great care writes down and commits to memory all the important passages. Gladstone merely jots down facts and figures, and for expression trusts entirely to the moment.

**THE CITY OF PULLMAN.**

**An Outlay of \$6,000,000--A Model Town--How Good Order Is Secured.**

(Chicago Letter in New York Sun.)

It may well be asked if Mr. Pullman is not too modest, or if he does not do himself an injustice when he asserts that sentiment has had nothing to do with his great work. The city of Pullman, as it stands, represents an outlay of about \$6,000,000. All the buildings in the place are owned by the company. Nobody else can obtain possession of them for the reason that they are not for sale. They are rented to anybody of good character for sums calculated to return 6 per cent. on the investment. So many houses were built at one time they were, of course, put up much cheaper than they could have been constructed one by one. The rents are, therefore, much less than those asked for houses equally good in the city, or even in neighboring towns. To supply so large a population with religious and educational facilities became the duty of the founder of the town, as well as to provide for stores and markets. A fine schoolhouse was built, and teachers were employed. A costly church was erected. The Arcade and market place were built, and the church and stores offered for rent. Mr. Pullman knew that the church was a better one than any new society could afford to occupy. He built it expensively, however, for he believed that a congregation would be found able to pay for it. The rent is \$50 per month. It has not been taken yet, but there are several church organizations, and there is considerable rivalry among them as to which will obtain the prize. If other churches are needed they will be built by the company.

Feeling that the town would attract a good many visitors, Mr. Pullman built the hotel. It is owned and managed by the company, its landlord, so called, being merely an employe. The fire department is owned and operated in the same way, as also are the livery stable, the theatre, the public library, and every fixture of the town. A stranger arriving at Pullman puts up at a hotel managed by one of Mr. Pullman's employes, visits a theatre where all the attendants are in Mr. Pullman's service, drinks water and burns gas which Mr. Pullman's water and gas works supply, hires one of his outfits from the manager of Mr. Pullman's livery stable, visits a school in which the children of Mr. Pullman's employes are taught by other employes, gets a bill changed at Mr. Pullman's bank, is unable to make a purchase of any kind save from some tenant of Mr. Pullman's, and at night is guarded by a fire department every member of which from the chief down is in Mr. Pullman's service. Everything is first-class in its way. The library has 10,000 volumes, and is the personal gift of Mr. Pullman. The theatre, which, like the library, is in the second story of the Arcade building, is one of the most elegantly arranged places of amusement in the world. Its prices are reasonable, and it is open to dramatic and literary entertainments of the best class only. During the first six months that the library was open 75 per cent. of the books taken out were on historical, biographical, or scientific subjects.

Although the city has a population of 7,000, it has no government save that which is exercised in common over the entire township, county and state. In other words, there is no corporate government. No arrest has ever been made within the Pullman tract. There are no policemen or constables; no justice's court, no aldermen, no public functionaries of any description.

"How in the world do you govern these people?" is a question often asked of Mr. Pullman.

"We govern them," he says, "in the same way a man governs his house, his store, or his workshop. It is all simple enough, when you come to look at it." So it seems. A man going there to live applies for a house to the superintendent, who draws up a lease which may be cancelled by either party on ten days' notice. The company will not disturb him if he is a good citizen, and he may keep his house as long as he pleases, providing he does not sell liquor. On the other hand, if he is dissatisfied and wishes to leave he can do so at any time, and is not encumbered with a lease running a year or more. Not liquor is sold in the town. The only law against it, however, is an unwritten one whereof Mr. Pullman is the author. To provide healthful amusement and recreation for the people Mr. Pullman has fitted up handsome boat-houses on Lake Calumet, and this beautiful body of water is nightly covered with boat loads of pleasure seekers. There are many organizations among the workmen, including a debating society, a literary association, a brass band, a base ball club, and others. It is the desire of Mr. Pullman to encourage all these as much as possible. He feels the need of a newspaper in the town, and intends soon to establish one. It will be edited and managed by his employes. He has no selfish purpose in establishing this journal, his sole motive being to give his people the news at little expense, and afford them certain amusement. He thinks also, since they have organized so many societies, that it will be very entertaining and instructive to them to have their proceedings reported.

**Paris Pavements.**

(Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The paving of the streets of Paris is like everything else here, a work of art. Noisy stone pavements are few. The principal thoroughfares are paved with either wood or asphalt. In the summer time an army of men are placed at short intervals plying the hose, thus keeping the dust, the chief ingredient of the obnoxious mud, subdued. As soon as the rains begin the regiment changes "arms," and brooms are the order of the day. What dust has by some miracle escaped the inundations of the hose and is joyously forming with the rain, that dreaded chemical compound so prevalent in almost all cities, is ruthlessly swept into the gutter and carried away in carts. Just where I have never been able to find out. However, a little does escape the fury of the broom, and that little by the aid of unfeeling cabmen, is spread over an indescribable amount of surface. A shrill cry of "gar-n-r-r" by the unfeeling one, a jump from under the horses' bells by the victim, and the belle's snowy skirts, as well as the mirror-like boots of the self-satisfied dandy, undergo a sad metamorphosis.

**A "High Old Time."**

(Philadelphia Call.)

"Mersey on me! Edith, do stop that horrid slang." "Why, I have not used any slang. You know I never do." "You did just now." "Surely you must be mistaken." "I am not, for with my own ears I heard you say something just now about 'a high old time.'" "Oh, is that all? I was referring to Mrs. Whim's new purchase, an antique clock worth \$500."

"'Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don't feel too big."

**Man and Woman in Mexico.**

(Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.)

It is an archaic community, that in which we find ourselves. Each lover has his lass; and though the Mexican girl is ever faithful, ever true in word and in deed, to her love, yet the Mexican man is not true, true neither in sentiment nor in his acting. He is a born flirt, a flirt of the most disorderly kind. He flirts with any and every body—before the eyes of his betrothed and behind her back—but woe to her should she repay her lover and her husband in the same coin. "I am as jealous as a dog," will some great hulking fellow declare without shame, "and should any one flirt with you I would cut his throat." And would he? Yes, if he were a weak, inoffensive mortal, he would; but otherwise, no. With all his jealousies, all his little faults, the Mexican is a gentleman in the courteous meaning of the word. But he is jealous of the "gringo," jealous of his fair skin, light hair and blue eyes—jealous because he knows that his dark-featured country-women admire the fair stranger, and for this reason is very careful to guard them against forming any friendship; not that her parents would let her get in so close proximity as to prove dangerous.

And what a life is that which the Mexican girl leads. She has no aims, no ambition. When she arrives at marriageable age she marries, and then she becomes a slave to her husband, to her children and to the house. She attends church once or twice a week, and, if very religious, goes every day. She even loses the desire to look pretty, even forgets to put powder on her face, and her hair forgets the much-needed pressure of the corset. In fact, there is no place for her in the general bustle. She can emerge again from her retirement when she has daughters old enough to need her as a duenna. But alas, now she is forgotten. She is bedraggled, dirty and limp, crushed and broken.

Her husband is a free man. He caresses with the rest of them. He flirts with the young girls, and comes home, perhaps, intoxicated and warlike. But she is uncomplaining. He flouts it in shiny broadcloth, small boots, big collars and big head of hair. She is dirty, old, patched gown, worn-out shoes, and, perhaps, stockingless. There is little of poetry, little of pleasantness, little of the intercourse that improves and cultivates in the ordinary Mexican household. And the woman is not inferior; she is superior. She it is who will endeavor to make things look cheery when the aspect is gloomy. But will she ever take her place as man's helpmeet, as his equal?

**Grant on Exhibition.**

(New York Letter.)

Speaking of men worth looking at, Gen. Grant has been on view in the Academy of Design. The occasion was the opening of an art exhibition in aid of the Bartholdi statue of liberty fund. This 150-foot woman of bronze needs a pedestal as high as herself to stand on. Frenchmen's contributions are making her, and she will arrive here next spring. Americans have been persistently importuned to provide the money for completing the base, and this slow one of the means to that end. Hundreds of rare art objects have been loaned, and Grant was asked to be a living curiosity, long enough to formally open the exhibition. A fashionable crowd gazed at him interestedly. He lives among us New Yorkers, it is true, but he does not ordinarily go labeled, and his personality is not striking enough to cause general recognition.

As he appeared in the Academy, there was not a trace of his military training visible. He was always rather short, and an increase of fat has rounded his shoulders. His hair and beard have become very gray, and he wears both trimmed closely. The invitations to the ceremony had enjoined the guests to come in evening dress, but Grant's costume had neither civilian nor soldierly fashionableness. His coat was not a swallow-tail, nor even the double-breasted frock of morning occasions, but one of those long-skirted, smooth broadcloth things that inevitably make a man look rural. It sagged in front, because left unbuttoned, and it strained across the back of his neck so that a ridge of his fleshiness bulged over the collar. He provided entertainment for eyes only, except to the few cars that were within two yards of the little platform on which he stood while making a very brief speech. His utterance was so low as to be wholly inaudible to the rest of the assemblage.

**The White House.**

(Chicago Herald.)

The White House was first built in 1792, at a cost of \$330,000. It was not occupied until 1800. It was rebuilt in 1818. Its porticoes were not finished until 1829. Altogether, it is computed to have cost, for building, rebuilding and furnishing, about \$1,700,000. The whole structure has a frontage of 170 feet and a depth of 68 feet, and its vestibule is 50x60 feet. The garden and park, which enclose the mansion occupy twenty acres. The cabinet room, 40x30 feet, is on the second floor. The White House was modeled after the palace of the duke of Leicester.

**Were "Wet" or "Dry."**

(Chicago Herald.)

South Carolina has a local option law which applies to incorporated cities, towns and villages. When a place votes in favor of prohibition it is said to have gone "dry," and when another votes for license it is said to have gone "wet." More than twice as many towns have gone "dry" as have gone "wet."

**Easily Pleased.**

(Courier-Journal.)

Washington Irving once told a mother to teach her daughters to be easily pleased. Since then, judging from the sort of beaux the girls pick out, it would seem that nearly every mother's daughter has been taught to be easily pleased.

**Rich Men's Clothes.**

**Vanderbilt, Gould and Field as Dudes of Mild Degree.**

(New York Journal.)

The other day a reporter invited a distinguished haberdasher to give him some information on the dress vices of his customers. He said: "Wm. H. Vanderbilt, like the majority of men in civilized communities, wears neckties, but he sticks to the same scarf a long time. His collars, however, are changed every day. He pays from \$5 to \$10 each for his shirts, except those for ordinary wear, which, it is said, he buys very cheap, at prices ranging from 55 cents to \$1. While deprecating the great railway king for patronizing the cheap-shirt trade, we must admire his economy. He never wears a dickey, and his underwear, including half-hose, is silk, with an occasional change to balbriggan by way of variety. In the matter of jewelry William is exceedingly simple. He would not be ashamed to fasten his cuffs with a pair of unbleached bone collar-buttons."

"Very eccentric in his dress is Cyrus W. Field. His outer garments, especially in the winter time, are remarkable for their bad fit. Particularly true is this of his overcoat. He has it finished off with a fur collar. He revels in well-worn gloves. Field's linen is of the finest quality, and he indulges in gold studs of phenomenal proportions. His favorite collar is a stand-up all around, and his tie a straight end, which he adjusts very carefully. Field, if he wished, would make a first-class dude, but he lacks style about the legs."

"Jay Gould dresses with taste and without ostentation. His shirts are well made and fit like a glove. He has a weakness for fancy underwear, but adheres to the plainest kind of suspenders. Just at present he affects a pair of white pique braces, which are very becoming to his style of beauty. Jay was the first man to appear in the 'street' with the new style of scarf called the 'Teck.' He puts on a new one, generally black, every day. He once remarked that the separable style cuff-button had saved twenty years of his life."

"Russell Sage is so erratic in his style of dress that it is rather difficult to describe. He dotes on fine goods, especially in fancy handkerchiefs. The fancier they are the better he likes them. I had one woven to his order, bearing a picture representing a bull chasing a bear dressed in a red uniform. I have often had occasion to note the perfection with which Sage fastens his long black tie."

"Sidney Dillon's great weakness is socks. He dotes on fancy half-hose. I always keep a good supply of pink and yellow effects for him."

**Thomas Nast's Troubles.**

(New York Cor. Chicago News.)

"Th: Nast," is in the dumps. The true inwardness of Nast's trouble with George William Curtis, editor of Harper's Weekly, has never come to light, but certain it is that the world's greatest cartoonist finds no place for his sketches in the paper his genius made famous. His contract with the Harpers is for \$10,000 a year for life, and he draws \$2,500 every quarter with unfaltering regularity. I understand that he sends his sketches to Harpers promptly every Monday afternoon, and they are promptly put in a dark pigeon-hole. The Harpers will not use them, nor will they give up the contract, and hence Artist Nast is in a queer position. He is now acting as secretary of the Mann Boudier Car company, with an office on Cortlandt street, near Broadway. His friends say he is unhappy and aging very fast. Funny, isn't it, that a man with \$10,000 a year for life should be unhappy. If some people had the earth, and it fenced in with barb-wire, they would still be unhappy.

**The Quicksilver Industry.**

(Exchange.)

Of late years California has supplied more than half of the quicksilver consumed in the world. Only two countries of Europe produce it in sufficient quantities to deserve mention in commercial report—Spain and Austria. The Spanish mines are located near the town of Almaden, province of Mancha, and yield about four-fifths of the entire production of Europe, while the Austrian mines, located near Idria, and the minor mines mentioned, produce the other one-fifth.

Quicksilver is carried and shipped in wrought iron flasks of twenty-five pounds, containing seventy-five pounds of the metal. Prices throughout Europe are always given in English money, and the quotations invariably refer to the flasks described.

The consumption of quicksilver in the world has averaged 133,000 flasks per year. The principle uses to which quicksilver is applied are: Meteorological and other scientific instruments; chemical preparations; looking-glasses and mirrors.

**When Mrs. Langtry Got Angry.**

(Courier-Journal.)

Mrs. Langtry said, at a breakfast recently given her, that in all her American experiences she never had occasion to be really angry but once. When playing in Detroit one night, not herself but the whole company was exceedingly annoyed by the disturbingly ostentatious manner in which a "hideously over-dressed" lady in one of the stage boxes devoted her attention to a pet pinguin dog in her lap. The complete ignoring of the performance. Just at the close of the second act, and while the whole house was wrapped in intense regard of the situation on the stage, the lady in question suddenly arose and cried, in an agonizing voice: "S-s-s-h! Everybody be quiet. Little Fido is having a fit!" And amid the piercing outcries of the owner, an usher yanked Fido out of the theatre by its tail.

**Longfellow: Love is sunshine; hate is shadow.**