MOUNTAIN RIVALS.

Between the Hackets and the Trowers there had long existed a feud. It had begun back in the time of the grandfathers of the present generation, and the original cause had been lost to sight, yet seven or eight of the different members of the two families had from time to time "bitten the dust" in a futile attempt at settling old scores.

At the opening of my story the feud was in as unsettled a state as for years previous, although the difficulties in the way of a final adjustment seemed less formidable, in that one sole male representative of each house was left to maintain its honor and uphold its reputation for bravery.

The two young men were of almost the same age, and were well matched in physical proportions, being athletic and hardy.

There seemed to be excellent grounds for apprehension when the two young men began to pay attentions to the same girl—a rivalry that is apt to produce discord, even between friends. With a woman's subtle art, even though untutored, Miss Betsy Scruggs managed to lead each victim a merry dance of it, and to besiege each bosom with hopes and fears alternately. It was a harmless coquetry, however, and she did not mean that any trouble should result from it, so she gave both suitors to understand that any breach of the peace would at once be visited with her lasting and severe displeasure.

Miss Betsy strove to avoid favoritism. If she went to singing school with Steve Trower on one occasion, she was apt to attend meeting with Grove Hacket on the next. The rivals had reached a tacit understanding regarding Sunday courting, so that one did not intrude upon the other.

There was not entire idleness on these Sunday afternoons, for when milking time came Miss Betsy took her piggin and accorded a gracious privilege to her attendant to loiter at the bars and entertain her, or perhaps to keep a hungry calf at bay while she milked. Miss Betsy was coquette enough to throw a charm over even this prosaic occupation, so that it became one of the enjoyable features of the day. On one occasion, as she sat and milked her "little cow with the crumpled horn," such as these mountainous regions develop, Grove Hacket leaned against the bars.

"Thar's goin ter be great times down ter Dry Crick settlement, nex' week come a Chuesday," observed Grove.

"Hez big meetin' begund down thar a'ready?" inquired Miss Betsy, glancing over her shoulder.

"Shuckins! no. Big meetin' don't come off till nex' mouth. Hit's a big show a-comin'," answered Grove.

"Shet up now! I know better," cried his interested auditor, pausing for a moment in her occupation, and thereby cutting off the two streams of milk that flowed into the pail with a sound most tantalizing to the hungry calf.

"Yes, sirree!" continued her admirer loquaciously. "Si Parker war down thar t'other day an' seed ther big picters hisse'f a-tellin' all 'bout hit."

"I s'pose yer air a-goin'?" Miss Betsy remarked, after a few moments' silence.

"If I kin git good company, I mout," said Grove, with subtle meaning.

"I 'low ef yer look 'round 'nuff, t'won't be no powerful hard thing ter do. Folks is plentiful 'bout yere."

"Anybody hain't company," said Grove with artful emphasis.

"Folks is folks, though," remarked Miss Betsy. "One gal can go on weth foolishness an' sech 'bout ez well ez t'other."

"Well, I 'low to go weth ther purtiest gal in all these yere hills ef she'll go weth me," continued Grove seductively.

"Thar iz them ez says Malviny Peevler is right peart lookin', though hit never struck me powerful," said Miss Betsy in audible soliloquy, apparently unmindful of her beau's presence.

"I warrent thinkin' o' no Malviny Peevler," retorted Grove.

"Sis Rice hain't no rale homely gal, et her hair is red an' her nose turns up some," continued Miss Betsy reflectively. "Saw Piney, saw!" she added soothingly to her restless cow.

"Tain't no Sis Rice, nuther," interposed Grove with a faint touch of reproach in his tone. "I'd just make a beeline fer yer, Miss Betsy, an' yer knows hit."

"La, Mr. Hacket!" exclaimed Miss Betsy with a toss of her head, and stopping long enough to send a disturbing glance in the direction of her admirer, "whoever did hear o' sech foolishness?"

Before the milking was over, however, Miss Betsy had consented to accompany Mr. Hacket to the circus at Dry Creek settlement on Tuesday of the following week.

In consequence of this engagement Steve Trower found his plans sadly shattered when he presented himself the next Sunday and asked for Miss Betsy's company to the circus. His disappointment was so evident that Miss Betsy's heart was touched, and she advanced the soothing suggestion that "big meetin' warn't a hundred miles off, an' she s'posed folks would want to go to hit too."

Added to Steve's sense of great disappointment was the feeling that his rival had taken undue advantage of him. Grove Hacket had gone with Miss Betsy to the circus the year before, and this should have been his own opportunity, and his heart was filled with a deep resentment.

Now Steve was something of a schemer by nature, and, incited by jealousy and anger, he began to cast about for some plan whereby he might circumvent his rival and accomplish his own ends. His cunning at once suggested for attack the weakest spot in his adversary's character. He knew Grove's fondness for "moonshine," and his propensity to get on a spree now and then, and as he had now been sober for quite a while he was probably in a fit condition to be tempted successfully.

Early Monday morning Steve rode over to Billy Warner's carrying with him a brown jug of innocent appearance but disreputable contents. Bill was a harmless, good for nothing creature, fond of his dram and of sweet idleness. He lived near Hacket's, and had frequently joined him on his sprees. When Steve rode away from Bill Warner's he left the jug behind and his host's parting words were:

"I'll fix him fer ye, sartain an' sho'."

By 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning Miss Betsy had bestirred herself and the rest of the household in her preparations for an early departure, as the road was a long and rough one and a start by daylight was necessary.

After breakfast Miss Betsy arrayed herself in her most bewitching toilet in honor of the occasion. Then she got out her riding skirt and sat down to await her escort, who was already past due.

The faint streaks of light in the east deepened into broad roseate bands, while the mists slowly lifted from the awakening world, like curtains of gauze rolled up from some fair picture; and yet no sign of the tardy cavalier. As the moments sped Miss Betsy grew quite restless and kept her father busy ambling down to the stile to look for her missing escort. Finally "Pap" Scruggs discerned an approaching horseman leading another animal, and Miss Betsy came down to the stile to be in readiness, as it was already so late. To her surprise the rider proved to be Steve Trower instead of Grove Hacket.

"Hello! hain't ye gone yit?" he exclaimed. "I 'lowed yer'd be off 'fore day."

"How's a body ter go 'thout company er wings nuther?" asked Miss Betsy with evident irritation. "Hev yer seen anything o' Grove Hacket this mawnin'?"

"Why, hevn't he turned up yit?" questioned Steve in well feigned surprise.

"Not ez anybody knows," cried Miss Betsy petulantly.

"Ef that's ther case, hit's likely yer won't set eyes on 'im terday. I'm jest "minded," continued Steve, as with sudden thought, "I seed Bill Warner las' night, an' he tole me Hacket war on a powerful spree agin."

"Well, good mercy! now ain't that beautiful!" cried Miss Betsy indignantly.

"Jes' lissen ter me," said Steve persuasively, after a moment's reflection, "yere's a mare a'ready saddled an' bridled, an' she's a good 'un too. Now w'at's ther use ter stay at home when yer kin jump right on her an' go straight ter ther show, which hit's a pity ter miss fer a fellow w'at likes licker better'n a promise."

Miss Betsy looked anxiously up the road, then wistfully down it.

"Hit must be licker w'at's keepin' 'im, elsen he'd ha' been yere 'fore this," she said in hesitation.

"Ef folks is a-goin' they'd oughter be on ther way thar," said "Pap" Scruggs between the puffs of his cobpipe, and seemingly addressing his remarks to space.

"They say ez hit's a powerful big show," added Steve with alluring impressiveness. "Thar's ever' single varmint on thar whole face o' ther yearth yer kin see, an' ridin' an' tumblin' an' eddicated dogs, till yer'd die a-laffin' at 'en cuttin' up ther shines."

The picture was a most alluring one.

"Pap, I'm a-goin' weth Mr. Trower, that's jes' w'at I am," said Betsy, gathering up her riding skirt.

Fully an hour later Grove Hacket rode up to the Scruggs homestead. He was still under the influence of liquor, and showed unmistakable evidences of a night's debauch.

When he learned that Miss Betsy had gone away some time before in the company of Steve Trower, he turned about without a word, and giving his horse a savage cut with a switch, galloped back in the direction of his home.

"Thar's goin' to be trouble yit 'twix Steve an' Grove jes' 'bout this very thing,' muttered "Pap" Scruggs as he slowly retraced his steps to the house, dubiously shaking his head as he went.

Some two weeks after this incident Hacket was out one day with his rifle for the purpose of bagging some game, and also to freshen up a bit after his long spree. He had learned from Bill Warner, in a moment of maudlin confidence, of the part his rival had played in the matter of his recent spree, and a desire for revenge burned fierce within him. He had also possessed himself of the idea that Miss Betsy Scruggs was a willing abettor in the shabby trick that had been played him, and his feelings were undergoing that strange process by which hatred can be finally evolved from love.

He had seen neither of the parties since, and it was with surprise that he came suddenly upon Steve Trower taking a bath in one of the shady pools of a creek whose source was in the higher hills beyond. Grove's presence was no less unexpected to the bather. They looked at each other in silence for a moment, Steve standing in water up to his waist and Grove on the bank above him.

The bank was a little overhanging at this point, and Steve, with apparent indifference, moved slowly toward it, each step bringing the water farther up on his body and placing him more in the shelter of the bank.

Grove was not oblivious to this, and slowly raising his rifle to his shoulder said:

"Stop right thar!"

While the words were ominous, the action was more so, and Steve's head involuntarily disappeared under the water like a loon which had espied a foe.

Presently he came up within a little distance of where he had disappeared, while Grove, with a grotesque leer, deliberately brought his gun to bear upon him again, and Steve as promptly ducked his head under the water.

This odd performance was repeated several times, until Steve began to show unmistakable signs of fatigue, panting and blowing as he came to the surface.

As yet no word had been spoken.

"Gittin' skeerce o' wind, is ye?" demanded Grove with exultant satisfaction. "Yer thievin' skunk, I'm nigh a mind ter make yer drown yer triflin' carkis, I hev. Dip!"

Steve promptly obeyed.

Again and again Grove compelled him to go down under the water, each time giving vent to loud guffaws of delight which echoed through the valley.

Between these outbursts of merriment Grove kept up a running commentary:

"Lordy! Lordy! this is a heap sight funnier than ther show, hit air. Hit's better'n them eddicated animiles. Ef yer gits a little wet 'twon't hurt yer much. I'll git Bill Warner ter fotch yer down some prime ole redeye, but don't yer git on no spree, kase yer mout not be able ter keep yer pintment with me. S'pose yer dip down again—that's hit—only yer mustn't keep yer noggin under ther water so long, fer I'm 'feared yer health'll be so porely yer can't go down ter Dry Crick Settlement nex' show day, which would be powerful onfortunit on Miss Betsy Scruggs, now wouldn't hit? Mus' yer dip down agin? Well, don't stay thar long, fer I want ter see yer purty face soon. Here yer come up. Now s'posen yer try divin' onct more—hit sorter 'minds me of a turkle slippin' offen a log. Danged ef this hain't a sight better'n any show I ever seed. Ha! ha! ha! how he kin dive."

Finally, utterly exhausted and breathless, Steve caught hold of the bared roots of a tree projecting out over the water.

"Ef yer air goin' ter shoot, why, shoot!" he cried sullenly. "What's ther use o' foolin'?"

"Tain't none," answered Grove laconically, "though hit do look like a pity ter spile a nice love match, liken yer an' Miss Betsy hev got up. I'm arter game, howsomever, an' I don't 'low ter miss none w'at comes in my way. This air a good time, too, ter settle up some ole scores w'at hev been runnin' fer a long time back."

He slowly lowered his rifle, examined the lock carefully, then the priming and deliberately raised it to his shoulder again.

"Ready, is yer, yer pizen headed rattler?" he called out to Steve, who through all these preliminaries had maintained a stoical bearing.

"Shoot, yer sneakin' coward!" the bather called out unflinchingly.

The next instant the sharp report of a rifle rang out through the silent valley, awakening the echoes among the hills.

Grove stood and watched the spot where Steve once more went down until the circling rings widened and widened and broke upon the further bank. Then when the troubled waters grew calm again he slowly shouldered his rifle and strode away.—H. C. Wood in Romance.

A Zealous S. P. C. A. Officer.

A man who was furiously driving through the streets and beating his horse repeatedly was halted by a number of indignant citizens.

"What's the matter?" asked one; "going after a doctor?"

"No," replied the man; "I'm a representative of the S. P. C. A. We've got a man on trial for cruelty to horses, and I'm the principal witness. I must get to the trial in time to convict him. Out of the way, please! Whack! whack!—Yankee Blade.

A Celebrated Traveler.

Passenger (to Chicago drummer)—Do you recognize that gentleman seated further up the car? He is one of the greatest travelers in the country. I don't know how many times he crosses the ocean every year.

Chicago Drummer—You don't say so! I never saw him before in my life. What's his name?

Passenger—James Russell Lowell.

Chicago Drummer—James Russell Lowell, eh. What line of goods does he sell?—New York Sun.

Uses of Diplomacy.

Jinks—If the government wants a first class minister to the court of St. James Blinks is the man. He's a born diplomat.

Winks—Think so?

"I know so. Why, sir, I've seen that man Blinks talk to a uniformed railroad conductor until he smiled."—Philadelphia Record.

END OF OLD WAR SHIPS.

THE VESSELS OF THE CIVIL WAR FAST DISAPPEARING.

What Becomes of the Boats That Fight No More—New Cruisers Taking the Place of the Wooden Ones—Changes in Recent Years—Some Famous Hulks.

Of the nearly 700 steam vessels which were recorded upon the navy register in 1865, at the close of the civil war, there now remain only the Lancaster, Pensacola, Hartford, Richmond, Kearsarge, Iroquois, Wabash, Minnesota, Franklin, Yantic, Monocacy, Michigan, Palos and Pinta, besides the thirteen single turreted monitors. This entire fleet carries fewer guns than were carried by three of the original ships of the navy—the Constitution, the Constellation and the United States—in the war of 1812.

Four of the obsolete war ships, old timers that were familiar to the navy yard hospital nurses, and which had been condemned by the government, lost their opportunity of ever again having their wounds healed at the navy yard, and were sold to the highest bidder for old junk. And so one after another of the old cripples is disappearing, and in a few more years the new cruisers, commerce destroyers, battle ships, ironclads and torpedo boats will have displaced them all.

It is likely that whoever visits Cow bay, a picturesque arm of Long Island sound, will have his curiosity excited by a picture that will suggest to him a marine junk shop. It is a place where the business of breaking up old ships is carried on. It is the place where the last scene of the eventful histories of very many of the war vessels has been enacted, and where the old Brooklyn and the Quinnebaug will have their weary and rotten bones laid away to rest. That is, they will be torn or blown to pieces.

BIG PRICES FOR HULKS.

All that can be taken apart with the crowbar and the ax and saw will be taken out intact, and then dynamite will be brought into play to complete the ruin. The timbers and planks that can be got out whole will be sold to the farmers and contractors for building barns and bridges; and there is many a bridge along the drives on Long Island upon the timbers of which may still be seen the names of seamen and landsmen, cut in by those who fought and died in battle on the Guerriere, the Roanoke, the Shamrock, the Powhatan and others of the war vessels.

Aside from these few timbers, the iron, copper and other metals are the only real valuable things in the ship. The copper, of course, is most in demand, and always brings a good price.

Finally, when everything is taken out that is of any value, and when all the timber is taken out that will pay for the labor, whether for building or firewood, the rest of the hull is set on fire and burned. The sight of one of these burning vessels at night is really a brilliant one. The verdigris and other combustible matter in the timber give off rich lights of the most brilliant tints, and some of the superstitious sightseers have vowed that oftentimes the ghosts of dead mariners have been seen walking the sands and digging in them for their stolen kits.

It has often been a matter of wonder to those who know nothing about the value of old junk as to where the buyers of these old vessels make a profit? For instance, the old Quinnebaug was bought for about $16,000, and the buyer no doubt made a pretty fair profit upon his speculation.

AUTHOR OF A FAMOUS REMARK.

Upon some of these old hulks there is often saved out some particular part of the vessel that is looked upon as valuable for a relic. One of the greatest treasures of the odds and ends from these old ships is the steering wheel of the old Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," as she was called. The old sailing ship Cyane, which was one of the vessels she captured in 1815, and which did service for many years afterward in the Pacific, was sold a few years ago and broken up.

Few vessels of the old navy saw more active service during the civil war than the antiquated side wheel steamer Powhatan. Before then, in 1857, she formed part of the squadron which went to Japan under Commodore Perry. It was on this cruise that the famous expression, "Blood is thicker than water," originated. The expression has been credited to others since that date, and to an officer of the navy who died in this city recently. In fact Commodore Tattnall was the originator of it.

He was in command of the Powhatan during the troubles between the English and the Chinese on the Pi river, when he was obliged to remain neutral while the Chinese forts were shelling the French and English gunboats. One of the English gunboats was sunk by a shot from the fort, and turning to some of the officers alongside of him he said, "Blood is thicker than water," and ordered the boats lowered and sent them to rescue the drowning officers and crew of the British gunboat.

The Powhatan once chased the privateer Sumter from off the mouth of the Mississippi to Maranhao, Brazil, and missed capturing her by the giving out of the Powhatan's coal when she could not obtain a new supply. The Powhatan has disappeared, except a small portion of her hulk and a mass of old material which lies piled up on the shore at Cow bay.—New York Tribune.

Col. Shepard's Advice.

When Frank Gray went east last spring to become business manager of The New York Mail and Express he naturally felt timid lest his hearty western manners should shock his new associates and stand in the way of his success in that new field. One day his employer, Col. Elliott F. Shepard, invited him to lunch at Delmonico's, and a superb lunch it was, too, involving numerous courses and a vast amount of display. After this showy affair Col. Shepard drew Gray aside and said very seriously to him: "My young friend, I should grieve to wound your feelings, but there is one thing which I think I ought to tell you—one bit of advice which may come with propriety from me, an older and more experienced man, to you who are just starting upon a business career."

"Why, certainly," said Gray, eagerly. "You have a right, Col. Shepard—an undoubted right to advise me in matters which pertain to our mutual affairs; nay, it is your duty, for, as you say, I am young and unsophisticated, while, on the other hand, you are older and widely experienced. So, therefore, I beg that you will feel no hesitancy about confiding to me this counsel of which you speak, and which, I suspect, will greatly facilitate my success in New York journalism."

"But I fear," replied Col. Shepard, "that I shall wound your feelings."

"Have no fears on that score," cried Gray; "it ill behooves either of us to flinch in the face of duty."

"Well, then," said Col. Shepard, impressively, "what I wanted to tell you is this: Always eat ice cream with a fork—in fact, never eat with a spoon when a fork can be used instead."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Burnside's Title.

General Ambrose E. Burnside, who relieved McClellan as commander of the Army of Potomac, was at first colonel of the First Rhode Island, but when he came to the dignity of general he was titled "Rhody." Incidentally it may be stated that General Burnside also gave name to the particular cut of "sideburns" so much in vogue a few years since. "The general with his whiskers" was considered a very handsome figure.—Washington Star.

MARK TWAIN'S COURTSHIP.

Three Proposals Before the Humorist Got "Yes" for an Answer.

Mark Twain, if he is in the mood, will tell the story of his own courtship in a manner worthy of the greatest of living humorists. When he first met the lady who afterward became his wife he was not so distinguished as now, his origin was humble, and for some years of his life he had been a pilot on the Mississippi river. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune, her father was a judge and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter and after awhile proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After awhile he "tried" again, with the same result, and then remarked with his celebrated drawl: "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'Yes,' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task, to address the old man.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What! What!" exclaimed the judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"No, no, indeed!" replied the magnate, sternly. "No, sir, I have not."

"Well! Look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad," and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

Mark has a child who inherits some of her father's brightness. She kept a diary at one time, in which she noted the occurrences in the family, and, among other things, the sayings of her parents. On one page she wrote that father sometimes used stronger words when mother wasn't by and he thought "we" didn't hear. Mrs. Clemens found the diary and showed it to her husband, probably thinking the particular page worth his notice. After this Clemens did and said several things that were intended to attract the child's attention, and found them duly noted afterward. But one day the following entry occurred:

"I don't think I'll put down anything more about father, for I think he does things to have me notice him, and I believe he reads this diary." She was Mark's own child.—Philadelphia Press.

Changes His Lodging Every Week.

There is a well known bachelor of middle age and prepossessing appearance in this town who resembles Thomas De Quincey in every particular trait of his character. He always maintains four or five different lodging places, and rotates from one to another at his own sweet will. His income is sufficient to permit him to live as he pleases, but he shows extravagance in no other way except in the number of these lodging places and the purchase of canes, which he has deposited in large lots and varieties in his several habitations.

Once a week he usually dines at the Clarendon with four or five bosom cronies, and he may often be seen in the lunch room of that gilded hostelry; but none of his most intimate friends ever knows just where to find him at home. Nor does any of his landladies know when to anticipate the sound of his latchkey. His rooms are kept ready for his coming at all times. He has not figured yet as an eccentric man in any novel or dramatic representation, nor does he pose for any way eccentric among business men; but it is certain he has figured in a good many romances of the heart, and is still searching for a fair partner who will bring his odd existence to a fitting climax in marriage.

Not having married he has tried to supply the lack of an establishment of his own by substituting fragments of expensive lodging houses. Instead of constantly moving his belongings every time he finds the house noisy or crowded with uncongenial persons he merely walks away when night comes to another of his abodes and tries that for a variety. In the course of a month or so perhaps he will get around to the first one he left and find it improved. This has been his way of living during many years. Among other lodgings he keeps one, summer and winter, away off in the locality of Patchogue.—Brooklyn Citizen.

My Garden on an Onion.

There was one great difference between this garden of mine and the gardens of my neighbors—an enormous difference, I might say—for, while they had onions in their gardens, my garden was on an onion. In fact, the onion was my garden, and in some respects this was an advantage to me. I had no soil to prepare, no seed to sow. I had merely to keep my onion a little moist and the crops appeared of themselves.

The first to come was a sage green down, appearing near the neck of the onion, just where the clear, shining scales close round the stalk. If the onion were put into the earth, this stalk would shoot straight up and bear a crown of flowers, followed by a crop of onion seed. It makes efforts to sprout even in a dark cellar. It pushes the scales apart, and the last remnant of life leaves them—of their own life, I mean, for, no sooner are they dead, than a host of tiny spores find life food in their remains. These spores had been falling on my onion scales for months, but, so long as the scales were unbroken, could gain no foothold. Now thousands of them had pushed out little threads, which, branching and interlacing with each other, at last formed a film that the eye could see. Then quickly followed the sage colored, velvety spots, and I knew that my first crop was ready for examination.

What was it?

The housekeeper called it mold. She said that my onion "had begun to get moldy." Mold is one of her deadly enemies. She recognizes it as a sign of rot or decay, and, wisely from her point of view, she gets rid of it as quickly as possible. I called it mold also—a mold. For I knew that before long there would appear other crops unlike this one, yet like enough to bear the name of mold also.—Katharine B. Claypole in Popular Science Monthly.

The Riders of the East.

The ancients rode without saddle or stirrups, on a blanket or pad or bare back, and in spite of this fact, or perhaps by reason of it, rode extremely well. It is wonderful what feats of military horsemanship the bareback rider could perform in the age of what we might call gymnastic equestrianism. Nothing but the knowledge of our oldtime Indian enables us to credit the historical accounts of his agility and skill.

When, centuries later, saddles came into use, there grew up two schools of riding—that of the mailed warrior, whose iron armor well chimed in with his "tongs on a wall" seat in his peaked saddle, and that of the oriental, whose nose and knees all but touched. Why the eastern rider clings to his extremely short leathers it is hard to say, unless it be to place him the higher above his horse, and therefore make him the more imposing when he stands up in his stirrups to brandish scimitar or matchlock. Yet he is a wonderful rider, this same oriental, as indeed is every man who from youth up is the companion of the horse.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

What He Would Say.

Tenkins (to Brown, earnestly)—Brown, what would you say if I were to ask you to lend me $20?

Brown (reflectively)—What would I say? Oh, I would probably say "Ho, ho, ho—ha, ha, ha—wow, wow, wow," or something of that sort, Jenkins.—The Epoch.

FUTURE RAILROADING.

ENGINES WITH A THIRTY FOOT DRIVER AND A WIDE GAUGE.

A Trip from New York to Chicago in Four Hours, at the Rate of 300 Miles an Hour, and No Stops Between—A Prophecy That May Not Be Fanciful.

Ten years from now there may be only one railroad in this country, to which trunk lines will be feeders.

The Americans of the near future must travel faster.

There are no reasonable grounds for believing that the present record of locomotive speed can be improved upon while the gauge and rolling stock continue as they now are.

The diameter of the locomotive driver wheels must be increased to secure greater speed, but master mechanics are not at all agreed as to how this can best be done.

The enlargement of the drivers beyond seven feet would necessitate a widening of the gauge, and this experiment is not likely to be repeated while the present forms of rolling stock are in use.

But sixty miles an hour is not fast enough for the American of today. The locomotive has probably attained the maximum of its efficiency. It makes a more economic use of steam than any other form of engine. The marine engine loses 94 per cent. of the latent energy in the coal, but the locomotive utilizes fully 33 per cent. of it. Therefore the problem is not to improve the locomotive, but to enlarge its capacity to get over the ground.

A NEW ERA FORESHADOWED.

This can only be done by some radical change in the form of the roadbed and the rolling stock. To increase the diameter of the wheels is the first requisite. This will necessitate a widening of the permanent way. Suppose the driver wheels to be thirty feet in height, the gauge ought to be twenty feet. The rails would have to be a foot high, and ought to weigh a ton to the rod. They will be bolted to ties made of the largest tree trunks obtainable. Mammoth "fish plates" will join them end to end.

The cost of construction will be trebled. Bridges and viaducts will have to be built of the heaviest material, and tested to bear the weight of a 300-ton locomotive! The heaviest engines on the Pennsylvania railroad used in the passenger service weigh forty tons, and one five times as large will give power enough to pull the great cars that will travel on 30-foot wheels.

The gigantic engine will be suspended below the axles, instead of resting upon them. The boiler will be built around the axles, and the smokestack will not be higher than the tops of the driver wheels. The cab will be very commodious, and located just behind the smokestack atop the boiler. Several firemen will be required, and they will be provided for on a platform at a lower level on the rear of the engine.

FIGURES DON'T DECEIVE.

If the same number of piston strokes can be obtained by thirty foot driver wheels per minute as attained by an engine with six foot wheels, the increase in velocity will be as ninety feet are to eighteen feet. In other words, the train will travel exactly five times as fast. If the best speed of the present passenger locomotive be sixty miles per hour it may be hoped that the engine of the future will attain 300 miles per hour. Strange as it now sounds, it will then be possible to run out to Chicago after breakfast, take luncheon there with a friend and return to sleep in New York. Chicago ought to be about a four hour run. The track will be kept absolutely clear, and there will not be any stops except to change engines at a half way point.

Of course such a road can only be made to pay between great cities like New York and Philadelphia, Chicago or Boston. In another generation there will be ten cities in this country with a million people each. The saving of time will stimulate traveling, and every train will be filled. The engines will burn a tremendous lot of coal, but the cost of driving the train will be about the same as at present, because the time consumed will be a mere fraction of what is now requisite. Nobody will travel long distances by the old lines. There will not be any competition offered by the existing systems of transportation.

This brings us to a consideration of the cars. They will be 18 feet wide and probably 150 feet long. The most scientific artificial ventilation and heating apparatus will be adapted to the case. Of course no windows can be left open on a train going 250 miles an hour. They will have to be closed with the heaviest plate glass—double windows, in fact. The structure of the cars will be much the same as those of today.

LESS DANGEROUS.

They will be built wholly of iron and steel. The walls will be steel plates, and the interior finish and furnishing will be beautiful and luxurious. The size of the cars will insure a single compartment for every traveler. An aisle will run through the car, and the staterooms will be arranged on each side thereof, shut off by a curtain or wickerwork door. These rooms will be seven feet in width and provided with a large easy chair or sofa. The trains will be vestibuled, so that it will be quite possible to pass from one car to the other.

It is very doubtful if the element of danger will be increased. The cars of steel can be made of such form and braced in such manner as to render them less liable to go to pieces in case they leave the rails. Collisions will be impossible, because trains will never be permitted to follow each other within half an hour, and not even then until the preceding train has passed the station, situated at least thirty minutes' time distant, says 100 miles. Double track will be the rule, not the exception.

Difficulties about stopping the trains when once under headway will occur, but they will be met by improvements on the brakes that will render the gigantic machinery as tractable as any now in use. An ingenious system of signals will be devised, the bell and whistle no longer being useful, because they cannot be relied upon. They will be drowned by the noise of the monster train.

The local service of the present roads will be utilized for intermediate points. If a man wants to go to Detroit he will run through to Chicago in four hours and thence to his destination by an express. Cleveland and Pittsburg will be reached by regular train from the station at which the halt is made to change engineers.—Cor. New York World.

Publicly Disinfected.

A somewhat rare and curious sight was seen in Paris a few days ago. About sixty gypsy caravans were drawn up in line, and with their occupants (about 500 in number) publicly disinfected. The measure was taken in consequence of five or six cases of cholera among the gypsies who had recently arrived from Belgium and Prussia. The caravans were found to be in a most filthy condition.

The First Tomatoes.

It has only been eighty-one years since the first tomatoes were introduced in America. The original plant was cultivated as a vegetable curiosity at Salem, Mass.

His Name Is Legion.

"He can't live comfortably in the country. He's too much given to anachronism."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"He goes for trains at the wrong time."—Puck.

Thor was god of the chase, and was represented as being seated on a couch of skins with twelve stars over his head and a scepter in his hand. Thursday, or "Thor's day," was the day Thor was worshiped.

FOR RUSSIAN CONVICTS.

The Latest Vessel to Be Launched from a Clyde Shipyard.

The statement in Free Russia that a Russian convict steamer, fitted with iron cages for the Siberian exile trade, was being built on the Clyde turns out to be correct. Messrs. Denny & Co., of Dumbarton, are the builders. The Glasgow Mail says: "An exhaustive inquiry at all the yards in the upper reaches of the Clyde failed to elicit any confirmation of the above report, but the result of our reporter's visit to Dumbarton placed the fact beyond dispute that a steamship specially designed and intended for the conveyance of convicts and contracted for by the Russian government is now on the stocks in the yard of Messrs. Denny & Co. at Dumbarton.

"There is nothing about her outward appearance to suggest the gruesome business for which she is being constructed. Indeed external appearances would lead any one looking at her to put the vessel down as an ordinary, respectable, possibly commonplace ocean going steamer of about 6,000 tons. She has what the experts in nautical matters would call a figurehead or fiddle bow, and although not supposed to go very fast is provided with a twin screw, not, however, of very much power. In the upper deck the vessel is got up in something like the manner of the ordinary class of ship, and it is only below where the real nature of the craft is revealed.

"There in the lower deck and under the lower deck the spacious accommodation is all divided off into the cells. These cells, it is quite apparent, are very numerous, for a large number of barred iron doors are being provided for them. As described to us, the doors resemble gates made of flat iron, and ribbed with tubes about one inch in diameter and about five or six inches apart. 'I don't think there is any accommodation in her for first class passengers,' said one of our informers, 'but there is no doubt she is intended for carrying convicts from one place to another—wherever they are going to employ them. Whether she is to carry anything else but convicts, or to engage in any other traffic, I can't say.'

"It further appears that it is no secret in the town of Dumbarton that the ship in course of construction is destined for service as a convict ship by the Russian government. The work is so far advanced that the ship will be launched in the course of a fortnight or so, and the people have all along regarded the matter with indifference, or as they would the acceptance by any builder of a contract for the building of a prison."

MODELED AFTER THE HAWK.

A Machine with Which the Inventor Thinks He Can Fly.

Bernard Cressler is the last man to insist that he has invented a practical flying machine, but as he is a hermit living in the wilds at the head of the Cheat river, West Virginia, scientists may still doubt without offense. Mr. Cressler is, however, a remarkable man in other respects, a scientist who knows all about his district and an astronomer of considerable ability.

The flying machine is his hobby. He has spent years in this study, and believes the only perfect machine is that devised and controlled by the Divine Builder, and he has taken as his model the enormous hawk of the mountains, which is able with immovable wings to soar for hours, not combating the winds, but utilizing such air currents as power to lift it higher. This hawk he compares to a skillful skater, who has acquired this momentum artificially, and then by merely throwing his body this way and that by force of gravity continues as he pleases, his cleverly poised body on the keen skates being an assistance instead of a hindrance to grace and speed.

TO FLY OVER HOUSES.

Being a taxidermist, with a wonderful eye for nature, he has scores of hawks in his cabin poised in all the positions assumed for flying. Some of these attitudes to a layman's eye appear extremely awkward, but the scientist's explanations are plausible and his proofs convincing. For instance, he has gone so far into the science of the hawk flying that he has dissected the muscles of a score, made drafts of each particular set and noted on the drawing their peculiar uses when the bird is flying. He has also closely estimated the strength exerted by each muscle or set of muscles, and applying them to the whole declares positively that man possesses each muscle necessary, and besides that has tenfold the requisite strength.

His machine is made to be worn like an ordinary suit, but when donned it unfolds marvelous possibilities. It fits like a glove and is manipulated instinctively as a part of the body, each muscle of arm and leg and body exerting itself at the proper time. The wearer is expected to rise against the wind like a kite. Unfortunately the correspondent who relates all this does not tell us whether Mr. Cressler really has flew or flown or soared, and so this is still a painful doubt.

The Turk and His Beard.

The Turks esteem the beard as the most noble ornament of the male sex, and consider it more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off than to be publicly whipped, pilloried or branded with a red hot iron. Almost any orthodox Turk would prefer being put to death rather than have his beard removed from his face. In that country to pull or irreverently handle the beard is an insult which can only be avenged by taking the life of the person who is rash enough to commit such a crime, or for the Turk to lose his own in making the attempt to call the offender to account. Turkish wives kiss their husband's beards, and children their father's, as often as they come for the customary salute.—St. Louis Republic.

Cholera Next Year.

Cholera is not contagious, declares a Munich professor, who has lately enjoyed ample opportunities of testing his theory. Both Professor von Pettenkofer and a fellow scientist swallowed quantities of cholera bacilli with no evil result. The professor thinks that the local surroundings must be predisposed to an epidemic before the cholera can spread, while, like most other authorities, he believes in a serious return of the disease next year. Should the season be dry the epidemic will be all the worse, though the late great rainfall has probably cleared the air.

The Brute!

She—Enjoying yourself, dear?

He—Hugely, my love.

She—Smoking one of those lovely cigars I gave you?

He—No, dear. I said I was enjoying myself.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Guardian of the Peace.

"Yes, he died a natural death. He just went from one sleep into another, till he fell into the last sleep."

"What was the deceased's occupation?"

"He was a policeman."—Epoch.

FAITH AND DUTY.

God made me; I will not apologize—
The workmanship is His; if firm and fair,
The credit of its strength I do not share:
If it be rudely reared, and men despise
Its quaint design, and deign to criticise,
I make no murmur, for I have no care—
I question not the Builder here nor there,
Believing still that all His ways are wise.
This is the one sweet duty that I claim:
To keep the palace chambers cool and pure
And lily chaste within, while they endure,
And all the many turret lights aflame;
To pour love's wine, and bid the world take part,
Around the purple altars of my heart.
—James Newton Matthews in Chicago Tribune.

Roses and Turks.

"It would give a genuine and religious Turk a fit if he saw how little appreciation Americans show for the rose and what little reverence they have for it," spoke a florist as he wrapped the foil about the stems of a bouttonniere.

"The rose is beyond question the prettiest flower that blooms, and it was so considered by the Turks many years before the conquest of Grenada. There is a religious legend generally believed in throughout Turkey that the red rose sprang from a drop of the great prophet Mohammed's blood. Everything beautiful in nature is ascribed to him. The Turks, therefore, have great reverence for the flower, and allow it to bloom and die untouched, except on state occasions and for the purpose of making rose water.

"After the conquest by the Turks they would not worship in any church until the walls were cleansed and washed with rose water and thus purified by the blood of the prophet. It is used on the body for the same purpose. A Turk whose conscience is stung by some act or deed he has committed will caress and pay reverence to the rose to appease the wrath of the prophet and Allah.

"With these ideas inculcated in him from youth it would shock him severely to see the pretty flower strewn in the path of a bridal couple, thrown on the public stage or banked up in hundreds at a swell reception or party to be crushed and spoiled in an evening."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Wonderful Chicago Cat.

A woman asked a Chicago Herald representative a few days ago to come to her house and observe the cunning device of her cat in its war against the rats. The cat, a big tom, was found in the back yard, standing on a box under a tree. The boards around the fence had been cut, and through this aperture the rats were in the habit of emerging. The woman took a bacon bone and threw it into the yard. Immediately Tom got up, jumped off the box, and taking the bone, carried it near the hole and began rolling on it and rubbing himself with it industriously. After he had greased himself well he left the bone near the hole, lay down in front of it and appeared to go to sleep.

"Now," said the woman, "he will stay there through the night, and in the morning there will be half a dozen rats laid out around him. You see, the rats smell him if he remains in his natural condition and won't come out, but the grease of the bacon bone deceives them, and when they come out he catches them. When he can get a venison bone his catch is enormous, sometimes as many as twelve rats being found dead in the morning. As soon as any of us get up in the morning he will scratch at the door to be let in, and will, by his mewing, induce us to go out to see the result of his scheme.

A Few Errata.

A number of errors crept into the story on the first page of last week's issue, writes A. W. Bellaw, in The Yankee Blade, the printer being intoxicated and the editor being off, that is to say, off on a hunting expedition:

For "she fell into a river," read "reverie."

For "he wore red headed hair," read "he was an hereditary heir."

For "in front of the mansion he had the bull pup," read "to pull up."

For "darling, this is your nasal morn," read "natal."

For "I never was so awfully hungry in my life," read "angry."

For "you say she ate me with a smile," read "satiate."

For "she did not for a moment cease her violent trombone," read "trembling."

For "he gently threw her played out shawl around her," read "plaid."

For "some said it was the spinage meningitis," read "spinal."

For "Herbert, I know you rascal," etc., read "risk all."

For "she saw his lip grip ale," read "grow pale."

For "is it possible! And meows for board, with nothing to sustain me," read "overboard."

For "he threw both arms around her ancient maiden aunt," etc.; period after "her."

For "but my age must be renumbered," read "remembered."

For "her heart was filled with et ceteras," read "ecstasies."

For "you are my last darling," read "lost."

For "I am thin, I am wholly thin," read "thine."

How He Secured a Pass.

When Agnes Booth was here as Mrs. Schoeffel her husband was on the door upstairs at McVicker's one night when a young man presented himself and asked that the privileges of the house be extended by reason of the young man's position as correspondent of some eastern newspaper. Mr. Schoeffel said he could not recognize the young man to that extent.

"I desire to know who you are, sir," said the correspondent. "I'll attend to you in my paper."

"My name is Schoeffel, sir; John B. Schoeffel. You can have my name and be —— to you, sir."

"I didn't hear the name aright," said the young man.

"Schoeffel, sir; J-o-h-n, John Schoeffel."

"Write it for me; I want to get it right," thundered the correspondent.

Mr. Schoeffel wrote the name on a card and almost flung it in the correspondent's face.

That night when the "count up" was going on Mr. Schoeffel found his autograph among the tickets, and over it was written "pass two." The correspondent had utilized the autograph at the box office. Mr. Schoeffel is now the partner of Henry Abbey.—Chicago Times.

Suspicious People.

People who suspect everybody are very unhappy, and we know of no remedy for their discomfort except self improvement. Let them root out of themselves whatever vicious propensity they suppose to have its counterpart in the breasts of all mankind, and their opinions of their fellow men will at once change for the better.

People who have no faith in their kind are dangerous persons to deal with. Taking it for granted that everybody with whom they come in business contact is bent on overreaching them, their object is to spike the enemy's artillery by being the first to overreach. Candor is lost upon them; they consider it refined hypocrisy. Favors they look upon as cunningly devised lures, intended to lead them into a trap, and while receiving them willingly, chuckle inwardly at the thought that they are old birds and cannot be caught by any such devices.

Nobody will lose anything by avoiding such people.—New York Ledger.

Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who was for six years president of the Union Pacific railroad, is a graduate of Harvard and a thorough Bostonian. He has a delightful home on Commonwealth avenue, but lives at Quincy, his birthplace, during the summer. Having served his country with distinction during the war he began the study of railroad law, and met with much success in its practice in later years.