

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HOW THE TROLLEY RAISES RURAL TASTES.

By John Parson, Chicago Banker.
Within the last four or five years the extension of interurban electric railways has worked a notable change in the character of rural communities. Before these roads were constructed people living in the country made only occasional visits to the city, while even to the inhabitants of the towns and villages along steam railroad lines the trip was attended with so much inconvenience it was rarely made. Now any one living within fifty to eighty miles of Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, or Chicago may leisurely journey to his metropolis, spend several hours in marketing or in transacting other business, and reach his home the same day.

Not only have these helps to transportation made local travel more convenient and more saving of time, but they have changed materially the character of small towns and cities. More than this, they have affected the tastes and the manners and customs of the people. It is always true that one opportunity breeds a desire for more opportunities. The rural citizen who can now visit Chicago once a week with less inconvenience than four trips a year gave him before the electric roads were built has come to accommodate himself to the ways and the tastes of the city. He has unconsciously absorbed much of the life of the city, and many of its tastes have become his own.

Travelers in the rural districts of Arkansas or the mountains of North Carolina and southern Kentucky have noticed that while the children have almost uniformly bright, pretty faces, the men and women seem altogether dispirited and lacking in intelligence. These people never touch the life of the cities. Seldom do they go beyond the confines of their own stony plantations, for roads are too poor for travel even on horseback. The women almost never visit even the smaller towns, and the ideas that prevail are the ideas of fifty years ago. Here the effect of the separation of the city from the country is seen at its maximum. To the extent that the life of the centers of activity can be shared with the less populated districts, the civilization of the entire country will be enhanced.

Of little less importance is the opportunity for recreation, with its beneficial effect upon the health and happiness of hard working people. Particularly is this true of the busy housewives, whose little journeys are no longer of such rare occurrence as to be epochs. The actual toll of the average farmer's wife is not half so hard to bear as its monotony.

This development is not due to one movement alone, and the beneficial effect of the extension of postal rural delivery routes and the building of telephone lines in the farming districts must be admitted. But above and beyond this, the traction lines reaching out from our large cities have probably been of more value in the development of our smaller towns and villages than any other agencies now at work.

INDIAN CRUELTY IS NOT ERADICABLE.

By Gen. Andrew A. Burt, U. S. A.
All that the United States authorities and various societies have done does not take from the Indian that cruelty which is inbred, and clings to him through life. As a boy his special delight is the torture of every bird or animal he can get hold of alive. As a man the torture of a human being gives him pleasure, and at no time is his laughter so joyous as when some special ingenuity wrings a groan or cry of anguish.

A few years ago I met a gentleman who told me that he was one of a party that went to the front after the terrible Minnesota massacre of 1862. He said that no words could express the horror of the scenes enacted. Scalded and mutilated corpses of men and women, and of babes whose brains had been beaten out against walls or trees, were collected and buried. Three young girls, scalped and terribly mutilated, were hanging against walls by large nails driven through the palms of the outstretched hands. The youngest had been dead some time; another

died almost immediately after being taken down; the third lived for a day or two. The ringleader of the outrage was well known to the family and had always been regarded as a special friend.

Cruelty is both an amusement and a study. So much pleasure is derived from it that an Indian is constantly thinking out new devices of torture and how to prolong to the utmost those already known. His anatomical knowledge of the most sensitive portions of the human frame is wonderfully accurate; and the amount of beating, cutting, slashing, and burning he will make a human body undergo without seriously affecting the vital powers is astonishing. The bodies of enemies are almost always terribly mutilated; but it is not generally difficult to tell from the nature of the mutilation whether the body fell into their hands before or after death.

If the body is pierced with many bullet holes or arrows or cut and slashed with deep and careless gashes, the spirit had passed before the Indian got possession. But artistic dissections, partial flayings, dislocations, breaking and splitting of fingers and toes indicate that the poor fellow went to his long home with all the accompaniments of pain and horror that these demons can devise.

WHY EVERY WOMAN SHOULD BE MARRIED.

By Helen Oldfield.
The lesson of all the ages is that woman, however gifted, finds her most congenial abiding place in "the sweet, safe corner of the household fire, behind the heads of children." Love makes a woman's world. "The soul of woman," says Mrs. Sigourney, "lives in love," and Bulwer, "There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it." The love of a good man and true seldom, if ever, fails, when thoroughly reciprocated, to secure for a woman an abundant entrance into happiness. It lightens toil, however hard; it lessens the bitterness of the bread of affliction, and sorrow becomes comparatively easy to bear when one leans upon the arm of a beloved husband; that support which, in sustaining power, is second only to "the everlasting arms." Mother love is an instinctive passion with all female nature; the mother who does not love her offspring is an anomaly, and no woman whose children are faithfully reared can be wretched, whatever trials she may be called upon to endure. Next to the love of a devoted husband whose affection, like the pure gold of the ring which symbolizes it, only grows brighter with the passing years, the love of her children is the sweetest gift which fate can bestow upon a woman.

The strongest advocates of marriage as the true vocation of all women cannot deny that there be some who have found blessedness outside of its pale—single women who have left the world the better for their work in it. There are some who are able not only to stand alone but to hold up others, who, mentally and morally strong, carve out a career for themselves. Yet it is forever doubtful whether fame alone can satisfy the hunger and thirst of a woman's heart, and there is much truth in the saying that talented women, who sacrifice a career for the sake of matrimony, who bring forth children instead of writing books or painting pictures, rarely acknowledge repentance for the sacrifice. When the apostle sought to typify the love of Christ for the church he could find no better simile than that of a husband for his wife. The treasure of a good man's love may well be the crown of any woman's life, and the beneficial influence of a wise and kindly husband cannot be overestimated. The wife's womanly weakness may profit much by the husband's manly strength, and if a woman have talent such a man will be the last to permit her to hide it in the napkin of domestic drudgery. Moreover, in any and all circumstances it is or ought to be joy to a wife to know that she is all in all to the husband whom she loves, the sunshine of his home. She cannot fail to find happiness in the consciousness that her society is to him the greatest joy that the world affords, the all sufficient recompense which he accepts as satisfaction for all his labors and for every trial.

SLEEP SONG.

Press close, dear head, against my breast,
Forget to sigh and weep;
My love shall lull your soul to rest—
Then sleep, my dear one, sleep.

Down droop, sweet eyes, your lashes wet
(My eyes the watch will keep);
Shut out the long day's care and fret,
And sleep, my dear one, sleep.

Fold, tired hands, the day is done,
And fast the shadows creep;
Dream not of battles lost nor won,
But sleep, my dear one, sleep.
—Washington Post.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

WHY didn't ye every marry, Mr. Parker? If ye'd a taken a wife ten years ago ye'd a had a nice family now instead of livin' alone on yer fine farm."

"I came very near marryin' one, Sally. I mismanaged the thing at the start."

"How's that?"

"'Twas workin' fur Mr. Noble at the time, and one day he said to me, says he: 'Parker, I wish ye'd git married, cause a woman would be handy about the place. I don't mean a servant; one to call on occasionally for a job.'"

"I was just a-startin' out to trim the hedge and stood with the shears in my hand thinkin' on what he'd said."

"I reckon that's a good idea, Mr. Noble. I told him, 'an idea that's occurred to me a quite frequent of late. Fact is, thur's a young gal I been thinkin' of askin' to marry me fur some time.'"

"Have you done any courtin'?" he asked.

"Why, no, I hain't no good at courtin' nohow. Anybody marries me 'I hev to do it without courtin'."

"Well, Parker, in some cases where practical women are concerned I don't know but it's just as well to tell yer story out and as to beat about the bush, who's the girl?"

"The young schoolteacher that started in last fall—Miss Field."

"What?" he says, surprised like, "Miss Field?"

"Yes, I says. 'D'ye think she's too good fur me?'"

"She's the one to decide that, Parker. It wouldn't be right fur me to express an opinion. The only way ye can do is to put the case to her and let her tell ye herself."

"He went into the house lookin' sort o' queer, and I worked on the hedge all day. Then evenin' I concluded to try my luck with the schoolteacher. So I puts on my store clothes and starts roun' to Deacon Welch's, where she was boardin'. The twilight was still on, and she was sittin' on the porch all alone. Thur was a smell o' roses in the air and a half moon in the sky. She was a-readin' a book, but when she see me she laid it down and give me a welcome smile."

"How'd do, Mr. Parker?" she said, with the sweetest voice in the world.

"I stood kind o' awkward-like, and to help me on she asked who I'd come to see, and when I tol her he'd come to see her she asked me to sit down. Then, rememberin' what Mr. Noble said about not beatin' roun' the bush, I begun."

"Miss Field, I said, 'I was a-talkin' with Mr. Noble 'bout my takin' a wife. He thinks one'd be handy 'bout the place. He advised me to go right to the girl I wanted and tell her. I tol her that you was my choice, but that I thought you might be too good fur me. He said you was the one to decide that.'"

"Fust off she turned sort o' pale; then the color come rushin' up into her cheeks. 'Curus,' I thought, 'how some women'll be taken aback by anythin' sudden.' After all, it might 'a been better to 'a done a little 'prev's beatin' 'bout the bush."

"I hope I hain't said nothin' that I shouldn't 'a said," I stammered.

"Not at all," she answered me, gatherin' herself together. "You have paid me a very high compliment, but I confess I don't like Mr. Noble's taking it upon himself to instruct you in the affair."

"I'm sorry I mentioned him," I said.

"There's no harm done. After all, Mr. Noble has nothing to do with the matter; nothing at all. You have made me a proposition and are entitled to an answer. You can tell Mr. Noble, who has thought proper to attempt to secure me for a handy person, that a previous"

"I thought ye said Mr. Noble hed nothin' to do with it."

"You're right; so he hasn't. Well, then, while I feel very much complimented, I must decline your proposition. I shall always think of you kindly and remember how you have honored me."

"Then I went away. I was dead certain that I'd made her mad by bringin' in Mr. Noble. After all, that was beatin' 'bout the bush. The next mornin' as he was drivin' out o' th' place I tol her I'd done the job. He pulled in and asked me all about it. I repeated what we said as well as I could remember and tol him I'd made a mistake by bringin' him into it."

"Perhaps you did, Parker," he said, after listenin' to it all mightily interested, "but since the lady has a previous attachment that would have beaten you away."



"I don't believe I'd want your job," observed the groceryman to the pretty cook as he emptied the peck of potatoes into the bin and carefully shook the loose dirt in the measure after them. "I sh'd think you'd get tired of cooking for so many."

"I don't see what difference it makes how many I cook for," said the cook. "It 'ud be easier cooking for one, wouldn't it?" asked the groceryman insinuatingly.

"That depends," replied the cook. "It might be and then again it mightn't. I don't know as I've any fault to find."

"You don't ketch my own idea," said the groceryman. "I meant cooking 'bout workin' out—runnin' your own kitchen."

"If you don't believe I'm runnin' my own kitchen now you're away off."

"You ain't next yet," said the groceryman. "Smoke up, Evelina. You may be runnin' this kitchen, but it ain't your own kitchen, after all. It may come pretty close to it, but it ain't. You prob'ly think you own it, but you don't. You may act as if nobody hadn't any business around but you, but I guess if the old lady had a mind to she could show you different."

"I'd like to see her try it."

"Well, if it comes to a show down you'd have to take water or hand in your resignation and hunt up an expressman. You can't get around that. Now, if you was your own boss an' boss of the maas that was payin' the rent for the flat you'd like it better, wouldn't you?"

"It 'ud depend on who the man was," said the pretty cook. "I might like it better, and then again I mightn't."

"Well, s'pose it was some good-lookin', easy-goin', hard-workin' man like me—jest for the sake of argument?"

"Land!" ejaculated the cook. "That 'ud be hard luck."

"Oh, I don't know," said the groceryman. "It mightn't be so worse. He'd come in like a ray of sunshine an' he'd say, 'Hello, sweetness!' an' he'd ketch hold of you like—"

"That'll do," said the pretty cook. "Now you can keep your distance unless you want another like that."

"Once a great plenty," said the groceryman, retreating and rubbing his head. "I guess you can pound steak all right. See here, I allus had an idea that I'd eat my 'nook pleasant if my wife took a notion to put it on the bill. If I ever took them des'p't chances I'd calculate to turn over my wages every Sat'd'y night to the queen of the flat an' let her squander 'em to suit herself. I'd—you've noticed how I wipe my feet when I come in, ain't you?"

"I ain't noticed that," said the pretty cook. "I noticed the mud you track in."

"So you don't think you'd like a job of cooking for one?"

"I ain't had no offer lately."

"Don't you let it offer you," said the groceryman. "You might get one 'most any time. There's lots more lookin' than you are, an' everybody ain't so dead particular. Don't you lose heart, Evelina; they won't all turn you down."

"I guess they won't," said the pretty cook. "I know two or three that won't anyway. And I think you've been in my way about long enough for this mornin'. Go tell your boss he wants you."

"Well," said the groceryman, "I guess it is time. There's little cream an' peaches who cooks at 62 lookin' for me about now. I'll be back, though, Evelina."

"Don't hurry," said the pretty cook.—Chicago Daily News.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

While Exhibited by Perch and Pickered in a Sullivan County Lake.

"The unaccountable things that fish do, whether it is in swim or suspicion that prompts them, are an unending source of wonder to the observant angler," said one of that guild.

"With a companion, a young man who had never fished for either perch or pickered in his life before, I once went to a well-known pickered water in Sullivan County. It was in mid-summer, and we still fished with live minnows, I from one side of the boat and my companion from the other side.

"There are perch in that water, and big ones. The fish bit fairly well, but while my fellow fisherman caught pickered, not a thing but perch would come to my hook.

"This peculiar division of catch showing no sign of changing, we changed places in the boat, as I wanted to land a pickered or two before we quit, and didn't see any way to do it except by fishing at the spot where they seemed alone to be. You may imagine my amazement, then, when the first fish I caught was a perch and my companion still caught pickered."

"After he had caught three big ones and I had landed half a dozen perch I suggested that we exchange rods and see if that would make any difference. To my joy I soon hooked and got into the boat the biggest pickered that had been taken all day, and my companion surprised himself by catching his first perch."

"I can't understand it," I said, "but your tackle seems to suit the pickered better than mine, and mine seems to be the choice of the perch, although there is not the slightest difference between rods, lines, hooks or bait."

"But that wasn't what all the fish experts do, was it? They use the same tackle, not another one gave a soldier from their early youth, and who have looked upon a soldier's life as a sacred duty in defense of ancient tribal rights.—Brooklyn Eagle.

BUYING A HAT FOR JIMMIE.

Jimmie, on the drop seat of the brougham, leaned forward and asked his aunt where they were going. She named a big department store and his face lighted up. "They have ice cream soda in the basement," said he.

"Oh, I'm sure it can't be good!" "No-o-o-o." Jimmie always agrees with a lady. "It isn't so bad, though. When we bought the kitchen coal-hod Courtney treated me. We had chocolate and strawberry mixed—oh, fine! Don't you think I might treat him to-day? I could carry a glass out to the carriage without spilling a drop." He suddenly thrust his head out to the carriage. "Courtney, what kind—"

His aunt dragged him inside. "Some other time," she said.

"What can I do?" he asked, after a gloomy pause.

"We're going to buy a hat, dear." "I don't want any old hat."

"A nice new hat."

This feeble correction fell flat. Jimmie grasped the hat on his head with both painfully gloved hands and dragged it down to his ears. "It's just got comfortable!" he moaned. "She—he meant no disrespect to his mother—wants to send this one to the Indians or the Florida children, I s'pose. A gleam of hope illuminated his face. "I wish they might have the new one. I wouldn't mind having it fitted on me. Don't you think they'd be pleased?"

Jimmie's aunt ignored this artful appeal. "You know your mother wishes you to be spick and span when grandma comes Thursday."

"Oh, my grandma won't mind," confidently. "And I'd brush up great!"

His aunt shook her head. "Perhaps boots would do? They'd be all right. New ones kick fine."

This easy sacrifice to the home goddess was promptly rejected, and Jimmie knew then that it was to be a hat.

"When I buy them myself they'll be old and big, and everything new will go into the barrel—and maybe there won't be any barrel," he threatened, darkly.

Jimmie helped his aunt to alight at Out & Cash's store, and followed her to the hat counter, the sullen tread of his feet speaking volumes of disgust. The counter was surrounded by women, mostly mothers, but Jimmie's turn came at last.

"Well, lady," said the perspiring clerk, "what can I show you for your little boy?"

"She's not my mother!" said Jimmie. "She's my aunt. She isn't even married. My father says—"

"Show me something in a white straw, please," Jimmie's aunt said, hastily. "Something suitable for a boy of nine."

"Nearly ten," corrected Jimmie. "My father says—"

"Something a little wider in the brim, and I prefer a navy-blue band," said Jimmie's aunt.

"My father—" began Jimmie. But his aunt promptly clapped a hat on his head, and his time changed. "It don't feel good! It's too small! And I don't want an elastic under my chin; only small kids wear them. Oh, it hurts my head!"

When the clerk was on his knees opening boxes, trying to find another hat, Jimmie again became amiably sociable.

"The last time the New London man was there, he said—"

"Something similar to his old hat will be right," said Jimmie's aunt, in an agitated falsetto.

"The New London man said, 'A kiss is as good as a smile,'" continued Jimmie. "I was under the sofa, and I heard—"

"This will do. You need not look any further," said Jimmie's aunt, seizing a hat and placing it on Jimmie's head with a determined hand. The clerk rose, but not before he was master of his countenance, and began to turn over the slips in his book.

"You must be awfully rattled, aunt," said Jimmie. "This is my old hat."—Youth's Companion.

HOW A TREE IS MURDERED.

Some Growths Are Exceedingly Difficult to Destroy These Days.

A gentleman of means living in a suburban town tells how his mother once undertook to murder a cherry tree. "I was a boy at the time," he said. "The tree stood on our lawn; it had been planted by my father, and he loved it with a parental affection; but it was an eyesore to my mother, for she thought it spoiled the looks of the garden."

"She decided to murder it secretly because she knew that my father would never consent to its removal. For a long time she pondered, asking herself how she might kill the tree without being detected, and finally she decided that she would use for her weapon boiling water. Accordingly whenever my father was away she would get a kettle, and, tipping out to the tree with a gully look, she would pour boiling water upon its roots."

"At first the tree showed no change under this treatment. After a time, though, a change began to manifest itself. My father noticed it."

"By 'joy,' he said, 'my cherry tree seems unusually fine and hearty.' "And this was a fact. The more boiling water my mother poured on the roots the more the tree thrived and flourished. Finally, in despair, she gave up trying to commit her vegetable murder.

"A florist to whom she narrated this strange story one day, laughed when he heard it. He said it was no wonder the tree had gotten along so well. He declared that boiling water was often used on trees, as it killed off the worms and bugs molesting them."

Cost to Come From Asia.
The cotton plant first came to America from Asia; now the greater part of the Central Asian crop is grown from an American cotton seed.

You can scire seven men out of ten by hitting at a mysterious arrest shortly to be made.

Did you ever notice that some people have a housemade look?

A. S. SHERMAN DEAD.

Was Mayor of Chicago When the City Had Only 8,000 Inhabitants.

Alson Smith Sherman, who was mayor of Chicago in 1844, when the first city directory was published, died at his home in Waukegan in his ninety-third year.

Chicago was an unincorporated village of 3,820 inhabitants when Mr. Sherman came to it from Barre, Vt., his birthplace, in 1836. In the year he became mayor the population was little more than 8,000. From the first he was identified with the upbuilding of the city. He was first a building contractor, and later established a marble works and engaged in the milling business. The first substantial building he erected was for P. F. W. Peck, in 1838, at the southwest corner of La Salle and Washington streets, where Ferdinand Peck in later years built the Stock Exchange building. The effects of the hard times of 1837 were still felt, and it



ALSON S. SHERMAN.

was not until two years afterward that the city, an incorporation two years old, made great strides in improvement.

He was chosen mayor in the spring of 1844, at a second election held to fill the office, the result of the first canvass being disputed and both the candidates, George W. Dole, Whig, and Augustus Garrett, Democrat, declining to make a contest before the board of aldermen. The Whigs refused to make another nomination, but Garrett stood again, and Sherman was put up as a competing Democratic candidate, and triumphantly elected.

The city government transacted business in a frame building at the southeast corner of La Salle and Randolph streets on the site of the present city hall. One room only was used.

In the year of Mr. Sherman's administration the first boom took place. Over 600 houses were built, and the population was increased 2,000. The first good school building, the Dearborn, was erected at a cost of \$7,500, and the first fire alarm bell was purchased. The first railroad out of the



Don't get your image needle sharp; remember that the lens only looks at nature with one eye while you view it with two, consequently your vision is entirely different from what the camera gives.

Stand in front of a tree and look steadily at it with both eyes, and you will find that the outlines on both sides are slightly diffused, whereas by closing one eye the edges become much sharper. This arises from the fact that your eyes represent two points of vision at some distance apart, the right eye being able to see a little further round the right of the trunk than the left eye, and it is from this fact, from the blending of the two visions into one, that objects in nature appear in relief.

Aerial perspective is the effect that we see when viewing nature with both eyes. Try the experiment of looking at any object with one eye only, and you will see the same effect exactly as is produced by a sharp photograph.

To go to the extreme, and blur every line and tone together until they are all mixed up in one unintelligible tangle, is, if anything, more atrocious than minute sharpness; and the result, viewed from any distance, is decidedly unpleasant, and has the appearance of smudginess—all the beauties of nature, all her sublime devices to make everything pleasing to the eye are thereby entirely obliterated, and unless we can produce by the aid of the camera some, at least, of those delicate half-tones, the photograph will be anything but a representation of nature; no photograph should be diffused more than will just soften the outlines or the edges of the tones.

Photography at best is but a very poor medium by which to reproduce nature, and we should therefore endeavor to use it in its best form; that is, to take photographs as near as possible to what we see, not what the lens gives us. Except from an architectural or from a topographical point of view, it is certainly wrong to reproduce every leaf on a tree or every brick in a building. You cannot see them. Therefore why seek to produce them on your negative? Unless photographers generally reform their cast-iron conservatism in this respect, photography can never aspire to become one of the fine arts, but must ever remain on the same level as the commercial trades.—Photo Times-Bulletin.

Striking Results of Irrigation. In the Western States the results achieved by irrigation are everywhere apparent. With an irrigating ditch as a foundation the Mormons built a rich and powerful State. Thousands of farms dot what was once known as "the great American desert." Fifty years ago Southern California produced nothing but mesquite and cactus; now it is a garden of beauty and prosperity. Each year 30,000 cars of oranges and lemons are shipped from its prolific fields across the continent—fruit that competes successfully with the best that can be imported. Thousands of acres of western land, once valueless, have become through irrigation veritable gold mines to the owners.

It is but a short step from the critical to the hypocritical.

Eastern Jugglery. An eye-witness of a celebrated feat of oriental jugglery tells the following story of what he thought he saw a band of Indian fakirs accomplish: "They produced a chain seventy-five feet in length, and in my presence threw one end of it toward the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward and, being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up and, reaching the other end, disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger were successively sent up the chain, and all disappeared at the upper end. At last they pulled down the chain and put it in a bag, no one ever discovering in what manner the different animals were made to vanish."

The men do not notice any decrease in their millinery bills because of the practice the women have of going bareheaded.