Fall Styles for Tailoring

Nicoll's Moderate-Price
Tailoring is Foremost
in the Clothing World.

To pick your Fall Suit now from several hundred new patterns is no mean choice.

They came recently—the latest designs, striking figures and quiet colors—plaids and stripes, checks and mixtures.

They're Nicoll's assortment. That means well chosen from the source of fashions.

Many are Nicoll's own importation, and not sold elsewhere.

You can see several hundred patterns in as many half minutes—and you'll have an easy choice.

They're sure to please, and made to measure with the best of care.

The Price is Moderate.

Trousers, $5 to $12; Suits, $20 to $50; Overcoats, $18 to $60.

Advanced Styles received daily.

Nicoll the Tailor

The Principal Tailor in the World,

33 and 35 South Illinois St., Indianapolis.

PROHIBITION AS IT IS.

Drinks and How to Get Them in the Dry State of Maine.

Portland Letter in New York Sun.

This State has what it calls prohibition. Prohibition means ten-cent bad beer and cheap bad whisky, except at the big hotels in Augusta, where they make you buy a bottle or nothing. There is no cheaper way of getting intoxicated than on these drinks. There is prohibition, and there is rum. The same quality of drinks could be sold at a profit for quarter of the rate in New York. None worse can be bought on Mulberry street, and to a man brought up on Maine drinks a stale-beer dive would be an alcoholic heaven. Everybody favors this kind of prohibition except the consumer, and he has no say. The liquor-dealers like it because they can employ cheap bartenders and sell inferior stuff at high prices. The police, criminal judges, their clerks, the town supervisors, the big tax-payers and the Pharisees, of whom there are plenty in Maine, like prohibition because they profit by it. The customer pays it all.

There is no lack of liquor, though it is hard to get mixed drinks. Here, in Portland, they are made in the bar-rooms, in the cellars of the principal hotels, but in the other cities and towns the bartender shoves out a bottle and says:

"Take this, or you'll get nothing. This is a prohibition State."

All the stock needed for a bar is a few cases of beer, and a few bottles of whisky. Even this assortment is not found in all bars. It is a common thing for a bar to have only a case of beer and a bottle of whisky. A case of beer will make over fifty drinks, and can be stretched to a hundred. The bottles are big as champagne bottles, almost the same shape, but without a label. They hold a quart. A quart means any number of drinks, according to the skill of the bar-tender and the wretchedness of the beer. Each drink costs ten cents. In the ordinary glass of prohibition there is no more beer than could be put into a flat champagne glass. It is acrid, with a salty froth, and incites a desire to make war on somebody. Five glasses apiece to a thousand ordinarily peaceable citizens would provoke them to riot. After drinking it there is a fire in the throat that can be quenched only by drinking more beer, until the flame burns the victim into the insensibility of drunkenness, and to go on a Maine drunk is solemn business. A Maine man can carry a flask and use it as our West-side politician uses his flask of whisky.

There is an immense profit from the sale of this beer at 10 cents for a small drink. The police get part of this profit. They assess the saloon-keeper, if the common belief goes for anything. Then, about once in so often, the saloon-keeper is arrested and fined. The fees of his arrest make the liquor police and the court officials happy, and it is calculated to make the amount of his fines equal to a license of $200 or $300 a year. New individuals can be found for the same place, so that it will not seem as if the same man was being let off with a moderate fine for the tenth or fifteenth offense. The fines go into the city or town treasury, and help out the tax levy that much. There is enough margin left over to give the saloon-keeper more than the ordinary profit, and he cannot complain, especially as new men are hindered from going into the business by the necessity of having to get solid with so many people before they start. It costs money to be solid in Maine, and a man who succeeds in making a liquor store grow where there was none before is looked on as a public benefactor, besides being a man with a pull.

These saloons are called oyster-houses. The sign simply says that oysters can be had within. A man who wants oysters had better go some place else, as the only oysters in those places are in a lot of cans on the shelves of the front room, where there may be a cigar stand. Rows of canned goods and some crackers, sausage, and other luxuries of a free-lunch counter may possibly be found in this room, but free lunches are scarce in Maine. A man who has four or five Maine beers in him wants to go out at once and commit murder or arson, without waiting for a free lunch. This dummy part of the establishment occupies the part of the room facing on the street. Back of it is a partition going up to the ceiling, with a loophole like the peephole in a gambling-house. The space behind is twice as large as the room in front. Here is the bar, small and dirty, no chairs, no tables, nothing but bare walls and slops of the precious beer. This is the average and ordinary Maine bar-room. It must be a desperate desire that takes a man in one.

The bar is of dirty brown wood, not valuable enough to bother over in case it is necessary to have it publicly smashed by the liquor police. Behind are a couple of shelves with green quart beer bottles on them. A half dozen lumps of glass, an inch thick at the bottom, three-eighths thick at the side, and with a small cavity for beer finish the luxuriant appointments. Occasionally there is a bucket of water in which the glasses are dipped after being used. This is considered rather fastidious, and a party of Maine men can get along nicely with one glass, filled and drunk by each in succession as it is passed around the crowd.

There are a few good and fairly well-equipped bars in Portland. They sell wine at hotel tables here, so a man can drink somewhere in comfort. With the relaxation of the sham enforcement of the law the quality of the liquor improves, and there is less drunkenness in proportion in Portland than in Augusta, which is full of hypocrisy. In Augusta a man at the hotel who asks for a drink is told to go to his room. A bottle of whisky is sent up to him, and he pays $1.50 for it, whether he wants one drink or five. He can take his two or three thinks from it and carry it off with him—an incitement to continual tippling—or he can sell it and break the United States internal-revenue law, which is a bigger thing than prohibition, or he can give it to one of the hotel porters for a tip, or he can sit and drink and drink until he is gloriously drunk. Often this is just what he does. A man who, left to himself, would go to the bar and take a drink before going to bed has a bottle in his room, and sits and smokes, and drinks ten times as much as he otherwise would.

Portland is the point at which most of the liquor is received, though a good deal is made by mixing and rectifying in the State. The railroads bring in some, and the New York steamers bring in a lot. On one steamer recently were thirty barrels, labelled "yellow mustard" and painted white at both ends. The paint failed to hide the United States internal revenue stamp and the branding on the barrel. It was whisky in original packages, but the yellow mustard label was enough to enable the liquor police to deceive themselves.

The number of liquor-dealers in Maine can be told by the United States internal revenue collectors. Any number of retail liquor-dealers' licenses are taken out. The State law makes the taking out of such a license prima facie evidence, but the United States collectors refuse to produce the records of their offices in court, and the licenses are taken out in other places, and at times in fictitious names, so this sort of evidence is hard to get.

There is little opposition to the prohibitory laws. Prohibition is incorporated in the State constitution, and there it is likely to remain. The only persons interested in having the law repealed are the consumers, and all the officers who get jobs by reason of the law, and who would be thrown out of employment were it repealed, are an active body of electioneerers to keep it on the statute books.

A FIGHT WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.

Exciting Experience of a Shotgun Messenger of Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1883.

San Francisco Special.

One of the bravest of the frontiersmen of the days of old, of the days of gold, is A. T. Ross, who has had his share in whatever was going that was rough and tough ever since he came to this coast in '57. He is still a shotgun messenger for Wells, Fargo & Co., and accompanies their treasure-box with one eye on the box and the other on his gun over robber-haunted stage roads. Once, in Calaveras county, he was one of a party of twenty-five that held a water ditch for two days against 250 armed men. At another time, in Montana, he was paid $100 a day to defend a water ditch on a mining claim, and held it against all assailants for a week. Then the work became too monotonous to suit him, and he threw up the job.

He says that the most exciting time he has had in his whole coast experience was in the express-car fight at Montello, Nev., in 1883. He was the express messenger on the westward-bound train that reached Montello at about 1 o'clock on a bright moonlight night. While the train was stopped on a switch to allow a freight train to go past, eight men appeared, three of whom covered the engineer, fireman and conductor with their revolvers, while the rest took possession of the train. While this was going on the freight train was slowly pulling out, its crew entirely ignorant of what was going on on the other side of the passenger train. Part of the robbers then separated the express-car from the train, leaving it standing at one end of the switch, while they pulled the remainder to the other end. Then they came back and began their attack on the express-car.

"First thing," says Ross, "they ordered me to get out and give up the car to them. I told them I'd see them in hell first, and during that entire night I didn't speak to them again. I had barricaded the doors with the safe and the boxes, and I was prepared to make it lively for every one of them. And I did, too. Six bullets came crashing through the sides of the car, and I realized that whether or not I saw daylight again was a question of pure luck. But I sent back as good as I got, and with a darned sight better aim. The robbers stood four on each side of the car, and peppered at me for all they were worth. During the night they fired into the car at least a hundred rounds of six shots each, and I sent my compliments to them in fully as many more. I had the advantage of them, because it was dark in the car and I changed my position frequently, firing first on one side and then on the other, and going from one end to the other of the car.

"They would bang away for awhile, and then go off a little way and consult, and then come back and begin over again. Once in awhile they would call out to me to surrender and give up the car, but all the answer I would give would be a fresh round of bullets. Finally, they began to carry wood, with the intention of setting fire to the car. That would have made it all day with me, and I just said to myself: 'Well, I guess not, my fine fellows,' and I made it so hot for them every time they came anywhere near the car that they were soon glad enough to give up that plan. Every one of them that tried it got a bullet somewhere in him. One of the men was so badly wounded that he died before daybreak.

"All this time the bullets were crashing in all around me. One shattered my left hand pretty badly, another one gave me a flesh wound in the thigh, and another grazed my abdomen. At about 3 o'clock the passenger train came in from the other direction, and, without giving anybody any time to inquire what was up, part of the men boarded it, and, with their pistols at the heads of the conductor and engineer, ordered them to move on. They did get out as quick as they could, and went on to the next station, where they got help and then came back. But they did not get back to Montello until after daylight, when the robbers had given it up for a bad job and gone. They had kept it up until daylight, though, when they quit and carried off their dead and wounded. They stopped about a mile off, within sight of the station, and buried their dead men, and had only just got through and disappeared when the train came back. But I was very glad to see it, all the same."

The Best in the State.

North Manchester Journal.

The story about the prospective sale of the Indianapolis Journal, as we expected, turns out to be false. The Journal is by far the best newspaper in the State. It has the confidence of its party and there is no apparent reason why it should change hands at this time.

CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

People of Genius Who Would Have Been Made Absurd by Fashionable Clothes.

Too Much Fat Drives a Once-Worshiped Idol from His Place—Reinstatement of McAllister—A Princess and the Beer She Drank.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The invalidism of Harriet Beecher Stowe removes from public sight, and probably forever, a member of the Beecher family who is just about as strongly individual as Henry Ward Beecher himself. My feminine recollection of her is that she was singular in being able so wear nothing successfully that was fashionable. If you will recall the often-portrayed figure of her brother you will see in your mind's eye a man who never wore a stove-pipe hat, and who couldn't have done so with any propriety if he had tried. There are masculine heads upon which anything except a soft-brimmed hat looks ridiculous. Their faces are so powerful and singular that a modish hat is comically incongruous. You can recall many an example of this fact. Beecher was a notable one. He understood it entirely, and never departed from the sombrero, except that once in a long while he would wear a massive, wide-brimmed derby for a brief change. His sisters were equally Beecher-like in their personalities. So is his daughter. None of these ladies can go to a fashionable millinery store and buy a ready-made hat or bonnet that would be becoming. They are compelled to be unconventional in dress if they would maintain their dignity of appearance. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, the sister of Henry Ward Beecher, who denounced him as guilty at the time of the Tilton scandal, and who was for many years an advocate of spiritualism, may, without disrespect, be described as frumpy. In adjuring modish attire, she took to old-fashioned and dowdyish garments, and in some of her costumes she strongly suggested a comic make-up for the stage. But Harriet Beecher Stowe did not fall into that error. Her clothes were always far away from the current fashions, but they were devised with a view to suitability, and, while they made of her a peculiar woman, they were never absurd or derogatory to her portliness. Neither she nor Thomas K. Beecher showed themselves in the court-room during their brother's trial, but Harriet was all the while in sympathy with him, and she kept up friendly relationship with his family until his death. Of late she has grown more and more eccentric mentally, and for a year has been in practical retirement at her home in Hartford, where all visitors except intimate friends are repelled. Now she has been removed to a quiet farm-house on Long Island, where she will doubtless end her days.

A person whose aspect has changed shockingly and suddenly, is that idol of the New York girls, Henry E. Dixey, the burlesque actor. For two years he was "Adonis" at a Broadway theater, and the self-appreciation he evinced by undertaking to embody the handsomest of the gods was ratified by the feminine verdict of the town. Matinee performances are usually the least profitable given in the theaters here, but on the two afternoons a week Dixey had audiences that averaged larger than those of his evenings. His pictures and his statuettes were enshrined in uncounted thousands of New York boudoirs. Alas! those shadows of the camera and models of clay have become reminiscent. Dixey is fat. He went away to Europe last spring in all his lithesome symmetry and comeliness. He has this week returned fattened by at least a third, with unpoetic jowls to his face, with no taper left to his waist, and with his hitherto nimble legs heavily weighted by adipose tissue. He has sauntered in Broadway since his return unrecognized by the girls who had seen him only on the stage, and sorrowfully identified by those who knew him personally. Of course, he may train down to his former loveliness, but at present Dixey is a fallen and fattened idol.

Tradition is reversed by fact regarding the age of ballet-dancers. At least it is so in the newest spectacular piece just produced at a Broadway theater. None of the jokes and jeers passed upon over-maturity will apply in this case. I sat last evening only three rows from the front of the parquette, where only two lines of bald old heads and addle-pated young ones, and the narrow spaces occupied by by the musicians intervened betwixt me and the ballet-girls. They did not number five hundred, as the bills said, but there really were about one hundred and fifty, and I searched in vain among them for evidence that any one of the number was over thirty years of age. There may have been a few instances in which a particularly smooth and pretty face enabled an older woman to look no more than that, but the average age could not have been above twenty, for the great majority had not got out of their teens. Not an ugly face was to be seen, and most of them were pretty, while some were positively beautiful. "This is as it should be," said an experienced theatrical manager to me. "There never was any need of putting grandmothers and mothers alongside the youthful dancers in a ballet. Young and comely women glad enough of the opportunity to go on the stage in spectacles are plenty and cheap in this big city. The reason why they were not utilized before is that the managers of show pieces were too lazy or too unskillful to train the raw material. Not that the job is very difficult if one knows how to do it. A month of daily practice under a competent master is quite sufficient to fit any apt, bright girl for the posing, marching and simpler kinds of dancing in mass. The coryphees, or those who do anything like difficult or pretentious dancing, require much longer training, but they are comparatively few in number. The bulk of those who fill the stage in these ballets that you have seen to-night have learned all they know about it within two or three years at most, and not a few are almost entirely new at it. An advertisement will bring a multitude of girls for this purpose, and from the applicants a cool and cruel manager can rapidly pick out the material he wants. Who are they? Some are poor and respectable girls, who take this means of earning an honest living, but more by far are vicious, and only appear in these spectacles for an ulterior purpose of displaying themselves. The manager doesn't care anything about that. He recognizes the New York demand for young and pretty women in the ballet, and he has said a final good-bye to those veterans upon whom the newspaper jokers have so long fired their shafts."

Premier danseuses are scarce, and they come high, if they be both young and able. The salary of a specimen imported for the piece above mentioned would pay forty of the rear-row figurantes. She is a great success. Her audacity is phenomenal. She is a small, rather plump and exceedingly piquant creature, and she performs what may be called a wondrous feat in mashing. At her first disclosure every night to the assemblage, she trots blithesomely out to a strain of music, just about in the usual style, but on getting to the centre of the stage, the orchestra stops playing for a space of what seems to be a minute, but of course is much briefer than that. It is during this interval of unexpected silence that she gets in her fine preliminary work. Striking an exaggeratingly coquettish attitude, she throws her head roguishly on one side, smiles pleadingly in a babyish fashion, and is literally as good as she can be. I suppose that all this concentration of coquetry and simulated bashfulness has grown with experience, and that she tested it a little at a time, for surely no woman on earth would try the experiment of all of it at once. But she certainly must have felt a little uncertain on her first appearance in America; and think how she would have felt if the audience had ridiculed her. Total paralysis must, in that case, have instantly incapacitated her for dancing. But no such thing happened. The audience was captivated like a flash, and at every repetition there is the singular occurrence of a performer receiving a hearty round of applause before doing anything except to ogle the spectators.

Turning to people of far more exclusiveness socially, let me give some news that is thrilling to "our best society," and ought to be of readable interest to others. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the reigning queen of fashion at Newport this summer. A runaway team tried hard to kill her the other day, but succeeded only in making her face unpresentable for a week or two. By reason of her enormous wealth, and her rather conservative method of luxuriating with it, she has been accorded a foremost position as a young society matron. Well, when she returned from a long and illustrious tour of Europe, about the first of August, she found that Ward McAllister had met with disaster. It had already been told in this correspondence that McAllister's famous four hundred had revolted against him, and that he would never again, if they had their way, act as the censor over their qualifications. He had offended a number of powerful families, and these enemies had determined upon his downfall. He was regarded as already a bygone institution. But Mrs. Vanderbilt would not have it so. She believed that McAllister had performed his peculiar duties with reasonable tact and discretion, and she made up her mind that he should not remain overthrown. To that end she has just given, in his name, an entertainment at his Newport residence. It took the form of a lawn party, and as many members of the four hundred as were within reach were invited. McAllister was the host, but he is not a very rich man and his pocket was not asked to yield the expenses. Mrs. Vanderbilt hired the orchestra, bought the copious amount of flowers, provided the elaborate luncheon, paid the heavy champagne bill, and was, in short, the financial backer of the occasion. In order to effect the rehabiliment of McAllister, she got signatures and the attendance of nineteen social leaders besides herself. They bore the names of some of the airiest of New York families, and the calculation was that their indorsement of McAllister thus ceremoniously made, would put him back, into that position which he has so famously held for a number of years. Of course, there will be further opposition to this, and it remains to be seen whether the favor of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt proves sufficient to overbalance it. But this is serious matter to McAllister, and is soberly regarded by the four hundred, notwithstanding that the general public may laugh at it.

It was in a music garden, one of the five in which Mayor Hewitt permits music and beer to flow simultaneously, that I saw a rotund and amiable German woman drinking her national beverage. The place was entirely respectable, but by no means fashionable, being a resort chiefly for German families and those native New Yorkers who have acquired a liking for simultaneous malt and melody. The woman I mentioned was something like fifty years old. She was plebeian of aspect, and her clothes, although of good texture, were not in the height of prevailing modes. She leaned back lazily in an arm chair, chatted in German with the gentlemen who was with her, and devoted an average of ten minutes to each glass of beer—or rather stein, for she ordered her beverage brought in one of those thick earthenware mugs, which are first chilled with ice so that they maintain the coolness of the beer until it is all drunk. The music was by a large and good orchestra, and it seemed to please her, as she slowly emptied one stein after another until in a little more than an hour she had taken six. Let the reader's wonder why I have been so particular in describing this one woman be dispelled by the announcement that she was a real princess; besides being the aunt of an emperor. This was the Princess Henriette of Schleswig-Holstein, and the new Emperor of Germany is her nephew. She is on a tour of America, and is accompanied by her husband, Prof. Frederick von Esmarch, a famous Berlin scientist. But she isn't putting on any airs about it.

There is going to be a marriage between the brother of an illustrious mimic queen, and the daughter of an almost equally celebrated king of pretense. The bride will be a daughter of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, and the bridegroom a brother of Mary Anderson. The wedding will occur next autumn. Joe Anderson used to make us laugh before he departed from this country with his beautiful sister, three years ago. He was then very tall and very thin, being physically constructed on the same family plan as the lovely Mary, but the scheme had not resulted so favorably in a masculine case. Besides, he seemed to have an idea that the brother of a tragedy queen should be theatric, and to that end he wore a slouch hat and a loose overcoat of the antiquated raglan pattern. He walked with long strides, he scowled portentously, and, take him altogether, he was a diversion to all who saw him. But he had a handsome face, and no doubt three years have changed him greatly for the better. I infer that that is so because his affianced wife is a sensible, mater-of-fact girl, who has been most carefully reared and educated, and has been kept by her father sedulously removed from the ordinary influences of the stage. It is not true, as I once read, that the daughters of Lawrence Barrett never saw a dramatic performance. They go to the theater frequently, but always as part of the audience, and I doubt if either of them has been a dozen times in her life behind the scenes. Joe Anderson and Gertrude Barrett met in London last year, and I am told that the wooing was no more romantic or eventful than if the pair were not so closely connected with stage exaggerations of sentiment. The young man did have histrionic aspirations himself, but they have not been encouraged, and he now entertains the idea of becoming a physician. Whether his enriched sister is going to do anything for him in the endowment line I do not know, but his wife will be an heiress, for Lawrence Barrett is accumulating wealth rapidly.

CLARA BELL.

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY.

Probability that the Pastors Will Not Be Subjected to the Usual Spring Changes.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have decided that the radical modification of the itinerant system, resolved upon by the national conference of last May, shall not be delayed. The action then taken was to permit a minister to remain in one pastorate five years instead of only three. There was a general feeling in the denomination favorable to an extension of the term, but when the conference came to discuss the proposition a powerful opposition was developed. Singularly, this did not come from lay delegates, but from some of the most influential of the clergymen, who argued that a fundamental principle of Methodism would be just so far abandoned as any change was made. The question was referred to a committee of thirteen, of whom eight reported in favor of prolonging the term to four years; but the minority advised five, and the conference sustained the latter report. The bishops have now ruled that the amendment of the Discipline took effect upon its passage, and therefore Methodist pastors throughout the country will not have their usual disturbance next spring. However, it remains optional with the presiding elders to transfer pastors every three years, as before, if the good of the service seems to demand it. But a pastor may be left in one pulpit five years out of ten, if his elder thinks best, and those five years may be alternate or consecutive. The talk at the Methodist Book Concern is that the practical effect of the new law will be to leave the entire Methodist clergy unmoved next spring.

Misapprehensions About Home Rule.

Prof. Edward Freeman, in Princeton Review.

Now, as I understand home rule, as I believe most home-rulers to understand it, no home-ruler has made any proposal to deprive the Queen of any part of her dominions. Under Mr. Gladstone's scheme, at any rate, the Queen would have remained as much Queen of Ireland as she is now. Nor do I know of any home-ruler who has proposed, under the name of home rule, any scheme by which the Queen would cease to be Queen of Ireland. Some schemes of home rule might propose the breaking-up of the United Kingdom, though Mr. Gladstone's scheme did not propose even that. Home rule, therefore, may imply, but need not imply, the "disintegration"—if anybody likes the big word—of the United Kingdom. But when people talk about "the empire," we generally understand something more than the United Kingdom—namely, the whole of the Queen's dominions. Those dominions no scheme of home rule proposes to dismember or to cut short in any way. To speak, therefore, of home-rulers as seeking the "disintegration of the empire," implies one of two things. He who uses the words is either, wittingly or unwittingly, bringing a false charge, or else he is simply using big words because he fancies they sound fine, without stopping to think whether they have any meaning or not.

A Prosperous Georgia Farmer.

Atlanta Constitution.

W. B. Glaze, of Whitfield county, ships 100 choice watermelons into Chattanooga every morning, for which he gets $25. These melons, grown high upon the mountain side, at Rocky Face, are universally agreed to be the finest, sweetest, and best flavored in the State, as the fancy price at which they sell indicates. The field in which the present crop is grown is set out in choice varieties of peaches, which will come into bearing in another year, and from past experience it is estimated that they will hit every year, being above the frost line. He has nine acres in melons, from which he expects to realize $1,200, and this is a mere aftermath with him, as his fine fields of corn and sheds of clover and grass hay will prove. He keeps four wagons hauling melons from the field continually to Rocky Face station for shipment, and to Dalton for local sales. He constantly sells fancy melons in Dalton to strangers at 60 and 70 cents each, which are shipped by express in all directions.

TWO HISTORIC STRUCTURES

Famous English Buildings Described by a Well-Known Indianapolis Man.

He Pays a Reverential Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott and then Makes a Careful Inspection of the Tower of London.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

WARWICK, England, July 15.—We left Edinburgh, at 6:20 P. M., and at 8 were at Melrose Abbey. The light was still good as the sun does not set till 8:45, and we went directly to the abbey. It is a very beautiful and interesting ruin—the east portion where the altar was and about half of each side still standing. A small stone beneath the east window says "The Heart of Bruce," and here indeed it was buried. It was carried to Spain in a casket by the Earl of Douglas and thrown among the Saracens. Douglas was killed in the battle, the heart of Bruce and Douglas's body brought back to Scotland and buried at Melrose. Near by a stone marks Douglas's grave, and on the other side is the grave of Michael Scott, the great magician, who in one night by his magic wand, split Eildon hill into three parts or peaks. About the abbey is a church-yard, and here we lingered looking at the old graves until 9 P. M. On Thursday morning, after breakfast, we all started for Dryburgh Abbey, four miles from Melrose. Passing the Eildon hills, crossing the Tweed, in a few moments we saw, half-hidden by foliage, a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, who, next to Bruce, is the hero par excellence of Scotland. Soon we turned down a lane and were in a garden where the pink hawthorn, laburnum, roses and syringas abounded, and before us was Dryburgh (Drybro) Abbey.

Of course, the first spot we sought was the grave of Sir Walter Scott, and a few steps brought us to the iron railing that guards the spot where sleeps the great magician whose marvelous pen has adorned these hills and valleys of Scotland with tints of refracting beauty and gilded them with a glow of undying splendor. Strange and various were the thoughts that crowded my brain as I stood so near his dust. I looked at the various other graves near by, walked around through cloisters, chapter-room, and observed the winding passages made by the men who built the abbey seven centuries ago, and slowly bade good-bye to the place. Back to the bridge and to our waiting carriages; thence we drove along the Tweed, and under the shadow of Burnside Hall to Abbotsford. First into the small room called the study, where was Sir Walter's table and chair—the latter a roomy affair, cushioned on seat back and arms, and covered with rusty leather, well worn. In the study are shelves filled with books, and in a small closet room at hand is a plaster cast made from the death mask. From this room we entered the library—filled with books on all sides, to the ceiling. Over the mantel is a life-size painting of Sir Walter's son in full uniform. A case of curios is in a bay window that overlooks the gardens, and at the foot of these flows the river Tweed.

Next, the armory, where are a multitude of weapons, including Napoleon's pistols, captured at Waterloo, Rob Roy's gun, Helen McGregor's brooch, and a thousand other things of interest. The entrance hall is full of armor and military relics. And here we took our leave of the wonderful spot.

The Tower of London consists of a central square part called the White Tower, built about 1078, by William the Norman, and it is surrounded by a strong wall having towers and bastions, outside the walls there being a moat or ditch. It covers altogether about eighteen acres. It has been a palace, a fortress and a prison, and down to the time of Charles II it was the palace where all the Kings and Queens lived.

Near the Tower entrance is a small circular park, about as large as our Circle Park, with an iron fence around it, and this is Tower Hill, and near the center is a small space about thirty feet square, paved with stone, and this is the spot where the bloody scaffold was set up in the time of Edward III, and here were beheaded very many noble and good men, among them Earl Dudley, the Minister of King Henry VII; his son, the Duke of Northumberland; his grandson, Lord Guilford Dudley; Earl of Essex; Earl of Surrey, and his son; the Earl of Stratford, and numerous Scotch lords, the last one being Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. It is a very peaceful and quiet spot now, thanks to a higher civilization and better religion. The ticket-office (for it costs a shilling to get into the Tower) is at the entrance gate, where the Lion Tower once stood, and just beyond rises the Middle Tower, and under its archway I passed and reached a stone bridge across the moat, which once had a draw-bridge of wood in its center.

Byward Tower is next and then Bell Tower, and at the right and beyond is a large arch in the stone wall, and below it and recessed beneath it is a second arch, closed by the "Traitor's Gate," where prisoners were landed from the river Thames, after their trial at Westminster, and under this arch and through this gate have passed the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, Queen Anne Boleyn, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Queen Katharine Howard, Duke of Somerset, Lady Jane Gray, the Princess (afterward Queen) Elizabeth, James Duke of Monmouth, all on their way to prison and nearly all on their way to the scaffold. Opposite this gate, from which a flight of stone steps lead up to the road, is the Bloody Tower. In this tower Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for a time; its upper window opens on a garden, and here Sir Walter was allowed to walk during his long imprisonment. The arched entrance to this tower has grooves in the sides in which the portcullis ran, whose sharp teeth are still to be seen by looking directly upward, and this was raised and lowered by a windlass which still exists on the upper floor. Inside this tower and to the right is a small sign which reads: "To the Regalia," so handing over my ticket I entered a doorway and climbed a narrow flight of winding stone steps and after several turns entered a small, gloomy room, in the center of which was a glass case surrounded by a heavy iron fence, and in this case were Queen Victoria's crown, that of Queen Mary, wife of James II, the crown made for the coronation of Charles II, the Prince of Wales's coronet, gold sceptres and one of ivory; a golden salt cellar (a model of the White Tower), a gold baptismal font, wine fountain, spoon, plate, swords of mercy and of justice, the former pointless, the latter sharp-pointed; and in glass cases on the sides of the room are large gold maces, jewels of the orders of the Knights of the Garter, the Bath, the Star of India, and what is called a "model of the Kohinoor diamond," set in a gold bracelet, though entre nous it is the genuine jewel, and the inscription on the card is only to deceive and mislead the public, and this for safety's sake.

Down the narrow stairs and out into the light again, and straight ahead and a turn to the right brings you to the entrance to the armory, where the yellow ticket is surrendered to the uniformed guard. You are closely scrutinized but politely treated, and shown up stairs into a large entrance-room filled with arms and armor of all kinds. On the ceiling and walls are stars, sunflowers, wreaths, serpents and leaves, all made of ramrods, sword blades, pistols and muskets of old and disused models, and much skill and not a little art is displayed in the grouping and arrangement. Up stairs again and here in two large rooms, opening into each other, are lines of horses, full size, (models, of course,) covered with armor, and upon them nobles and knights clad in complete armor of the early and later periods of English history. Many of these have the visors of their helmets closed, and hold their lances poised, as if ready for the onset of the tourney, or the sterner charge of battle, and everything is bright and in perfect order. The sight is of surpassing interest, and a careful examination of these coats of mail only increases the interest and heightens the admiration, for the work is not only curious but intricate and beautiful. But here you are watched everywhere, for a few years since some miscreants undertook to blow up the tower with dynamite, and the guards were doubled, and all are very vigilant. One of our party dropped a little piece of paper, which she had twisted up, on the floor, and in a moment the guard had picked it up and carefully examined it.

From the armory we descended to the court-yard where the red-coats who garrison the tower had been drilling, and now having broken ranks were scattered all about us taking their ease. But at every side and angle was a sentinel with loaded musket on duty. Just at one side of the drill-yard is the spot where stood the scaffold on which Anne Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey, and others were beheaded, and this, too, is marked by a square, paved with stone, and a metal plate in the center having a suitable inscription, and just a few steps away is the old chapel of St. Peter "ad vincula," and, although as a rule the interior is not thrown open to the public, a few of us were admitted. We saw the burial places of three of the queens of that bloody monster, Henry VIII—Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. Near by is the Beauchamp Tower, and this was long used as a prison. We ascended another narrow and winding flight of stone steps and came into the principal prison room, and on the side of the wall and in the recesses near the narrow openings that served to admit light are a number of inscriptions cut into the stone by various prisoners. Among those of peculiar interest I saw one, "Robert Dudley," he who was afterwards Earl of Leicester, and who was Lord of Kenilworth. Another, "Arundel, June 22, 1587," was carved by Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel," and another, the oldest of all, is "Thomas Talbot, 1462." Above this was Lady Jane Grey's apartment while in the prison, and to this we were admitted by the favor of the wife of one of the keepers. The walls, ceiling and floor are the same, though the floor is covered with a carpet. An upright piano, books, flowers, curtains, birds and modern furniture have quite revolutionized the old room. From the bay window of this room Lady Jane saw her husband and Lord Guilford Dudley go forth from the tower to execution, and in the distance the place of execution can easily be seen.

But we had been lingering long enough, so, with a last farewell to the memorable spot, we turned away.

CHARLES P. JACOBS.

NATURAL GAS GIVING OUT.

Investigations of a Maryland Scientist—A Substitute for Natural Gas Wanted.

Pittsburg Letter in Baltimore American.

Your correspondent has had an unusual opportunity to examine that most interesting section of Pennsylvania and Ohio which just now is calling forth such general attention to the facilities afforded for manufactures, and which is the real center of the coal, coke, iron and natural-gas interests of the country.

The Eastern man can hardly realize the extent to which revolution in iron and steel manufactures has been brought about by the introduction of natural gas. The Murraysville and Grapeville regions are connected with all the towns near Pittsburg as far east as Johnstown, and the Andrew Carnegie (E. A. Thomson), Oliver Bros. & Co., Cambria Company, and, in fact, all iron and steel-mills are using natural gas as a cheaper and better fuel than coal. In domestic use it is also universally employed. When we think of merely turning a lever, applying a match and then regulating the flame, as all that is necessary to "kindle the fire," and that no dust, dirt or ashes are consequent upon its use, we see what a domestic blessing nature has provided. The cost is far less than an Eastern housekeeper would imagine. Eight to ten-room houses pay thirty-eight to forty dollars per year for natural-gas privileges. There are no meters (a blessing of itself incalculable), and the use may be as lavish as desirable. The "servant question" is thus promised a possible solution, and domestic life receives an impetus, for it is easy to see servants become less necessary, and the scarcity of these adjuncts and their unfitness often, when procurable, become less and less considerable factors in arguing the question, "Shall we go to housekeeping?" The broad application here possible, and the general influence upon society, I leave as open questions to the sociological students up at the Johns Hopkins. We might expect a monograph from that institution upon "cheap fuel gas as a factor in civilization."

Of course, the natural-gas flame is too blue (on account of richness in hydrogen) to serve for illumination, but mixed with artificial gas (to supply carbon) the illumination is far better than ordinary gas, and much cheaper, eighty cents to $1 per thousand being the usual charge. But the electric light is so generally used throughout Pennsylvania and Ohio, even in small houses, in all towns of 2,000 inhabitants and over, that gas is fast passing out of use for illumination.

There is an exaggerated idea of the dangers from explosion, etc., from natural gas. The fact is that, under ordinary circumstances, it will not explode. There must be present, as a positively necessary condition to explosion, a definite proportion of air with the gas. This combination is so rarely present that we may feel as safe as when using ordinary gas. The explosions which have occurred, and have reached us in exaggerated reports, have been due to unreliable gas-fitting, which was due to the rush to utilize the escaping product when gas was first "struck." Now, of course, this is all remedied, as well as the unequal pressure, and accidents are as rare as in the use of any inflammable substance—kerosene, for example.

The most interesting question now is, "Will the gas hold out?" To this question your correspondent addressed himself with some care, and he thinks he can give you fresh information. Two years ago, when visiting the Grapeville and Murraysville region, many new wells had just been "struck." To show the enormous pressure they then exhibited, we would note the following: From an "escape tube," six inches in diameter, the gas issued in such volumes as to appear visible as a "blue streak"—shot with momentous force fifteen feet across a ravine, against a bank. From this bank the soil and smaller stones had been combed off as if by a road-scraper, leaving the bare rock exposed, which was polished by the force of the gas blowing pebbles, dirt, etc., across its surface. A stone, six inches thick, and as large as an ordinary [illegible], held in the gas, was blown across the ravine and crushed against the rocks on the other side, into thousands of pieces. The last section of this "escape tube," though standing in the sun, and the thermometer registering 86°, was covered with ice one-quarter of an inch thick (release of pressure causing lower temperature)—a most wonderful example of the force here released. A year since we visited the same region. The wells were under perfect control, and the pressure was given by engineers, gauge-inspectors, etc., as "600 pounds."

This year we find a weak flow of gas as easily controlled as in the ordinary gasometer, perfectly obedient to a system of gauges, cocks, etc., and the pressure is understood to be "300 to 375 pounds." The conclusion is clear. Natural gas is giving out. The stocks of the Philadelphia Company are all quoted low—35 to 40—and this shows the state of general opinion.

But we have a conclusive proof that even the owners of these wells are preparing for the emergency of a deficit in gas, in that the Westinghouse, Philadelphia, and other companies are making exhaustive experiments in order to find a substitute for natural gas.

This is, of course, in the line of cheapening artificial gas. The full extent of our observations, etc., in this direction we are not at liberty to divulge, but sufficient it is to state that by superheated steam process they are already able to offer artificial gas for heating, manufacturing, steam generation and iron and steel processes at seven to nine cents a thousand. This will make a revolution, for then the same advantages now bringing glass factories, iron and steel plants to western Pennsylvania can be extended to central Ohio, Canton, Mansfield, Columbus, etc., where gas coal can be had "at their doors." When we know that $3,000,000 is already in the ground in pipes, etc., by one company alone, which now furnishes natural gas, we can well see the avidity with which they will seize upon the cheap gas process in order to continue their dividends upon their capital.

What Is Needed in Fiction.

Andrew Lang, in Princeton Review.

Very great skill and art may be expended in drawing people exactly like our tormented and bewildered selves, with experience like our own but this art will give us neither joy nor any rest. A person who is yet young enough to feel the distresses of the heart, and who is actually feeling them, will hardly be able to read a novel in which these regrets and disasters are too minutely studied, in which he sees his own tortured face as in a glass. He will want something very different, as Carlyle felt the need of Marryat's novels in the literary misfortune of his life. The course of things at present makes for disorder and unhappiness. Nobody but the stormy petrels of our race can enjoy this. We are driven, perforce, to the shores of old or new romance, and are compelled to care less for the feelings, and emotions, and thoughts of fictitious characters, than merely for a sequence of exciting events. We are concerned, in fiction, with what happens, if it be forcibly described, rather than with what is suffered or thought by the fictitious persons of the tale. Happily, the world is well supplied with books in which plenty of unusual events are made to happen with sufficient frequency and lack of verisimilitude. From the "Odyssey" to the "Arabian Nights," from those to "Don Quixote," to Sir Walter Scott, to Dumas, to Mr. Stevenson, to the "Mystery of the Hansom Cab," if you please, or to "Mr. Barnes of New York," there be records enough of the deeds that never were done.

Stole $18,000 from a Mexican Temple.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A theft recently committed in a temple at Izamal, of the State of Yucatan, and which is valued at $18,000, embraces the following articles: One crown of gold and precious stones—the cross of the crown is two inches and all diamonds, the whole weighing six pounds; one half moon of solid gold, weighing from six to seven pounds; two rosaries of genuine pearls, two diamond rings, two emerald rings, two pearl rings, one brooch with precious stones, twenty-five lilies of gold, two silver candlesticks and two silver chandeliers.

Long-Haired Cats Come High.

Hartford Record.

Dr. Joseph E. Root recently received from his brother, who is touring through Maine, a pair of beautiful black Angora kittens. Their fur is now three inches long. Angora cats are very valuable, ranging in price from $30 to $75 each. The Angora breed of cats have a more melodious voice than our ordinary grimalkins. The Doctor has reason to be proud of the gift. The kittens must be seen to be appreciated.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.