THE WAYS OF WOMANKIND.

WHIMS AND NOTIONS THAT HELP MAKE HER INTERESTING TO MAN.

How a Texas Woman Cast Models of Her Own Inventions—Nellie King's Two Days' Adventures—A Fifteen-year-old Girl at the Forge—Interesting Short Stories of the Doings of Woman from Many Sources.

Sewing machine men and others in this city are being interested in the work of a Texas inventress who has come here to sell some of the clever devices that she has been getting up for a year or two past in her home at Galveston. Her name is Anne Lewis—"Miss Anne Lewis, if you please, and thank'ee for it"—and she was originally a New York girl, having been born and brought up at Elmira. She has lived in Texas for the past eight or nine years. Necessity was the mother of her first invention. In using her sewing machine, she says, she was often bothered by the difficulty of winding the thread evenly on the bobbin, the result of any defect in the winding being the slipping and breaking of the thread. She thought out a scheme for a bobbin-winding attachment that would be infallible, and set to work to make one. Her first model she made by whittling out on the surface of a pine board a mould about the shape of the thing she wanted. Then she nailed another piece of board over this, and into the improvised mould she ran melted solder material. The resulting cast she trimmed down and smoothed off until it was somewhere near the required shape.

"If I made one of those frames," she says, "I made a hundred before I got one that would do."

After she had experimented with her home-made model until she got just what she wanted, she got the aid of a mechanic and had a working model made in brass and steel.

The attachment consists of the usual frame to hold and wheels to revolve the bobbin, and can be made to fit any machine. Two little brass cylinders just the length of the bobbin press up against it gently from either side. The thread coming from the spool passes over a small loose wheel on a curved bar above the bobbin. The natural tendency of the thread when it starts to wind about the core of the bobbin is to be carried along in a smooth layer as thread is wound on a spool. The force of this tendency of the thread is just enough to overcome the resistance of the loose wheel upon the curved shaft and to carry the wheel along up one end and down the other of the shaft. The same tendency of the thread to follow the easiest possible course effects an automatic reverse when one layer across the bobbin is completed, and it is time to start the little wheel back up the slope it has just come down. The pressure of the brass cylinders upon the bobbin aids in preventing any irregularity in the winding. The attachment will work equally well with any sort or size of thread and without any change in adjustment. As a sort of postscript Miss Lewis has added to her winding machine another little necessity-born arrangement in the shape of a tiny oil stone wheel for sharpening scissors, knives, needles, or other things used by women in sewing. It is at the end of the bobbin-shaft and is snugly covered in a little brass case when not in use, so that it cannot soil the work.

After completing her winding attachment Miss Lewis undertook to solve the problem of a double-seam arrangement for sewing machines, and she has done so, she thinks, successfully. By a shifting needle-bar device she can make her machine sew two seams at any distance apart, from an eighth of an inch to two inches or even more if necessary. She has made separate attachments and can apply her principle to either quilting or ruffling shuttle machines. The best double-seam machines at present made, it is said, cannot make seams closer together than half an inch, and are in other respects inferior to Miss Lewis's.

Miss Lewis has already sold a half interest in her winding attachment, and is negotiating with one of the largest sewing machine companies in the world for the sale of her double-seam device.

"My price for it is $25,000, and I'm going to get it; at any rate, if I don't get the price they won't get the patent."

Miss Lewis is now taking out a patent on a street car starter that she is sure will be a great thing, and has other inventions under way. She is hurrying up her negotiations so as to get home.

"It's too cold for me here," she says. "I wouldn't stay here a winter for anything; I'm afraid of your blizzards."

Keeping House and Being Whipped were Better Than Being Nobody's Child.

Twelve-year-old Nellie King, whose father, Michael King, reported to the police that she had run away Sunday morning because he scolded her, was back in her home in the big tenement house at 22 Hubert street Wednesday. She is a scared-looking little slip of a girl, with straight dark hair hanging to her shoulders, gray eyes, and a faded dress of blue calico. Her mother is dead, and Nellie lives in two or three small rooms with her father, her big brother Eddy, who is 15 years old, her little five-year-old brother Johnny, and her little seven-year-old sister Stella. Nellie keeps house for them all. When things went wrong, she says, her father used to whip her. He did it with a heavy belt, and she says it hurt. Saturday night her father was out, and she didn't expect him back for some time, so she says, and when a woman she knows asked her to go along with her to buy some grapes, she went. Her father got back before she did, and scolded her, as he told the police. She says he also told her he was going to whip her in the morning. Keeping house for the family and being whipped with a belt besides wasn't much fun, and she made up her mind to try something else, so bright and early on Sunday morning she dressed herself, slipped out of the house, and went away to seek her fortune. She says she went first to the house of her cousin, Thirty-second street, near Ninth avenue. She only stayed there part of Sunday, and that night she says she was taken in by a woman in a tenement house on Sixteenth street. Next day she played about the streets, and toward evening scraped an acquaintance with a little girl, who said she might sleep in her back yard over night. Nellie went into a woodshed, and the little girl locked her in there, so the bears and wolves couldn't get at her. Before she went to sleep Nellie began to wonder whether keeping house wasn't about as easy as doing nothing. Tuesday morning when she arose from the soft pine plank in the woodshed floor upon which she had slept while not shivering at the sound of the wind rattling the door or of the mice chasing the big black roaches about over the floor, she had made up her mind that housekeeping, even with an occasional whipping, was better than being nobody's child. She dri ted back to the neighborhood of her home, and was hanging about, wondering just how heavy that belt was and if it really did hurt more than being hungry, when a policeman began to ask her a lot of questions about herself. She told him who she was, and he took her to the station house and sent for her father. Michael was so glad to see her that he promised the police he'd never whip her again, and she was so glad to see him that she was anxious to go home, weather she got whipped or not. So last night she slept in a bed instead of a woodshed, with a full stomach instead of an empty one, and was as happy as a little tenement-house girl can be when her father has promised not to whip her any more and has kept his promise up to date.

A Pretty Moorish Girl in New York.

From the Worcester Spy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Features of the perfect Caucasian type, brilliant eyes with abundant brown and lashes, a complexion of beautiful brown, not sallow enough to be called olive, yet too soft and delicate to be called black, a figure that was tall, plump, and well rounded, but not too exuberant, and the entire framework and model of feminine loveliness set off by a quiet costume that both satisfied the requirements of good taste, and gave sufficient indication of the exquisite form it covered. Such was the girl I saw crunching chicory salad and dusting grated cheese over a big dish of excellent macaroni in a well-known Italian restaurant the other day. She was an Arab, a moor. At the same table sat a corpulent, curly haired man of unmistakable Italian physiognomy.

"Yes," said the waiter, as he laid a dish of anchovies and olives before me; "she is very pretta; she coma dere sometimes."

Her escort is a well-to-do attaché of the Italian Consulate.

Girl and Outfit Ready.

From the Chicago Herald.

COLUMBUS CITY, Ind., Sept. 15.—Jennie Fullerton, daughter of John Fullerton, who lives across the river, created a sensation Thursday by attempting to elope in a rather novel way. Jennie is about 16, and yearned for the company of a certain young man. She politely asked him last Sunday if he would run away with her. He said he would be delighted to do so. So the damsel began to make preparations for the flight. She had an eye to business, and first loaded a bedstead into his father's big wagon. The necessary bedtick and clothing were then bundled up, next came plates, knives and forks, cups and saucers for two, a pot, tea kettle, a can of coal oil, half a bushel of potatoes, and many other things necessary to start housekeeping. When the articles had all been carefully packed Jennie attired in her best Sunday dress, hitched up her father's team and started to run away. She left the paternal roof about 8 o'clock in the morning. The lover's nerve failed him at the last moment, and he did not meet her "south of town" as agreed. Jennie nevertheless pluckily drove on, and it was not until late in the afternoon that her father captured her. The caravan returned to the city just at dusk, and Jennie vows she will select a lover with more nerve the next time.

MISTRESS OF THE FORGE.

A Girl Blacksmith who Makes First-class Horseshoes.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Among the exhibits at the Mechanics' Institute Fair few have more interest than the dozen horseshoes near the main entrance.

These horseshoes, perfectly shaped, handsomely polished, and withal scientifically correct, are the work of Miss Annie Bole, aged 15.

Miss Bole is the daughter of a teamster, and lives in the rear of a blacksmith shop at 911 Battery street, kept by a man named Walsh. It was in this shop that an *Examiner* reporter

THE BLACKSMITH AT WORK.

found her yesterday. Walsh said that the young lady had been taught by him, and he was very proud of his pupil.

"I've seen dozens that tried it," he said, "but none of 'em had the natural talent for making horseshoes that the young leddy's got. Mis' Huntington, that's worth her forty millions, made a good offer at it, but couldn't quite do it. There ain't a man this side of Lunnon that could make horseshoes like that young leddy."

At the blacksmith's request Miss Bole made a horseshoe then and there.

A piece of round iron was cut off by Mr. Walsh, and Miss Bole rolled up her sleeves—thereby revealing a rather small arm—tied on a leather apron, and plunged the iron into the fire. The young lady is about five feet three inches high, and rather fragile than strong.

She brushed the hair back from a laughing face, and soon a hammer was ringing on the red iron with a true sound. She made the grease in the shoe, turned it into shape like a veteran, regardless of the flying sparks, drove the nail holes, and finally turned out as fine a shoe as ever graced the foot of a racehorse. For Miss Bole will have nothin to do with shoes or ordinary dray horses, but confines herself exclusively to the finer shoes of composition or polished iron.

Miss Bole said that she first became animated with the idea of making horseshoes by watching the blacksmith. Finally she asked him to let her try it, and he was so much pleased with her first effort that he showed her all that he knew, and the result was the exhibit at the Mechanics' Institute.

She says that she will not make any practical use of her accomplishment, though she seemed anxious about her exhibit, and several times asked: "Will I have to go out to the fair and make a shoe there before I get anything?" Her instructor confidently expects that she will take a premium.

The horseshoes were filed, polished, and finished in her own little vise, which she keeps in her own room.

Statistics of the Divorced.

From the Chicago Tribune.

What becomes of divorced women?

A vast field of unexplored territory is opened by this question. Just as ladies are supposed to seek for the dead some spot where no eye can behold them, so divorced women, once divorced, are believed to withdraw to some mysterious limbo in which the rest of their lives is spent unobserved.

But the *Tribune* has been at the pains of collecting statistics about them, and it finds that they can accurately be divided into the four following classes:

CLASS I.	
Remarried within a year	75 per cent.
CLASS II.	
Waiting for an offer	10 per cent.
CLASS III.	
Fallen into evil ways	10 per cent.
CLASS IV.	
Devoted to celibacy	5 per cent.

These figures have been compiled from a comparison of the divorce lists with the marriage registries, from the statements of Judges, Justices of the Peace, clergymen, lawyers, and court officials, and from personal inquiry among those who have been divorced. They can be accepted as substantially correct.

The Lights Went Out.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The love-sick passengers in a car attached to a New York express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad were given a chance to indulge their propensity for hugging and kissing on Sunday evening by the sudden darkness into which the car was plunged just after the train left Germantown Junction. The lights suddenly ceased to burn, and a dude who sat with his best girl in a forward seat remarked that the new tunnel was a success, and hugged his girl so hard that she said in a smothered voice:

"Oh, Charley, you hurt." A clerical-looking gentleman with a long black beard sat behind a charming widow, and when Broad street station was reached and the electric light flashed on the scene the widow had only one diamond earring, while the other shone brightly from the clerical-looking fellow's collar. One passenger, who did not look before he made the love leap, was found in a dead faint with the arms of a colored damsel round his neck and her face pressed affectionately against his own.

Beauties' Hour on Rotten Row.

From the Cleveland Leader.

London is a great centre, to which much of the female beauty of the world gravitates. A morning on Rotten Row at "beauties' hour," between breakfast and luncheon, when the sun shines brightly and society is sauntering up and down the bridle road which extends from Apsley House to Kensington Gardens, is a sight as well worth seeing before dissolution as the Bay of Naples. At first the eye is almost dazzled by the brilliancy of the complexions and the profusion of color. For instance, trips along a dream of loveliness in a lawn tennis gown, with a profusion of frills of creamy lace, and such pink cheeks! Another beauty of the purest English type wears one of the prettiest of dresses of a yellowish flint like honeysuckle, with brown silk at the shoulder. Her black open-worked stockings and low shoes and long black gloves contrast delightfully with the rest of the costume. These dark "fixings," even extending to black silk undergarments, are, I am told, *le dernier cri*, or the pink of perfection, a bit of Parisian slang.

A Girl of Spirit.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LINESVILLE, Sept. 23.—Some weeks ago Will Truesdale of Jamestown, who was opposed by the parents of pretty 16-year-old Jennie Arnold in his attentions to the girl, eloped with and married her. The couple returned from their bridal tour last week. The bride's father had his son-in-law arrested for robbing his old man's child.

Before the case came up for a hearing on Friday Arnold told Truesdale that if he would pay him $15 he would call it square. Truesdale lost no time in handing over the money. The bride's father then called on her to be reconciled, but the fact that her father only valued her at $15 aroused her indignation, and she refused to be reconciled.

One Way to Get Rid of a Visitor.

From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A lady the other day was heard to confess: "When I have somebody visiting me who has stayed as long as I think she ought to, I often send word to the Sunday papers that she has been and when she reads of her departure, or when I read it to her, as I generally do, wearing a mending real stern about its being a pity reporters don't tell the truth, it sets her to thinking of going, and I am usually rid of a burdensome visitor before the week's issue of the paper is out."

The Hard Lot of a Rejected Suitor.

From the Louisville Commercial.

Bagne B. Knight, a young tiller of Hart county soil, and Miss Annie Mansfield, a charming young lady from the same section of the State, eloped to Jeffersonville yesterday, and were married by Justice Kelgwin. Miss Mansfield had another suitor, who was more acceptable to her parents than young Knight, but not quite so acceptable a companion in her estimation. Yesterday she accompanied the other fellow to the fair at Horse Cave, and while there made an excuse to get away from him, saying she was feeling sick and would go to the hotel. She had no intention of going to the hotel, but on the contrary was met by Knight, and they were soon on their way to Jeffersonville.

A Woman Pays a Wheelbarrow Bet.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Mrs. V. Pease of Appleton made a bet with Mrs. Sprowl that the Hon. S. J. Gushee would be elected Senator. The condition of the bet was that if Mr. Gushee was elected Mrs. Sprowl was to wheel Mrs. Pease on a wheelbarrow from the Grange hall to the Post Office, some fifteen rods. On the other hand, if Mr. Gushee was defeated, Mrs. Pease was to wheel Mrs. Sprowl over the same ground, with the same carriage. Tuesday night, Sept. 11, Mrs. Pease owned she was beaten, and appeared at the Grange hall with a wheelbarrow, assisted Mrs. Sprowl to a seat in her carriage as per agreement, and wheeled her to the Post Office, amid cheers and shouts for Harrison and Morton.

HOSTS OF PRETTY GIRLS.

BEAUTIES SEEN IN A DINING ROOM IN A LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

The Enthusiastic Comments of a Kentucky Planter—A Disclosure About Actresses Among the Belles—Beauty in the Shops.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 23.—It was in the breakfast ordinary in the Galt House in this city this morning. Old Col. Snediker, from the Blue Grass region, had finished damning the colored waiter, to whom he presently said: "You understand, Sam, that I have found fault with you because you need it; but I will say you are the best waiter, sir, that I have ever seen in Louisville." He went on with his meal, and soon there came into the room a young woman of ravishing beauty. She was short, but as shapely as a nymph, with large deep black eyes that seemed to melt with sympathy and humor. Her hair was raven black, and her eyebrows were two arches of jet. Her complexion was faultless, her mouth a perfect Cupid's bow, disclosing teeth like pearls, and she wore a film of terra cotta India silk, girdled at the waist with a sash of the same color.

"Gad, sir," said the Colonel to his vis-à-vis, a young reporter of THE SUN stopping there over one day. "Gad, sir, look at that! Where else, sir, under God's blue canopy of heaven, sir, can you find anything to match that? Louisville, sir, is the seat and Capital of Beauty—the eldorado, sir, of female perfection. Oh, by the powers, observe what now approaches. I have never known it to fail, sir; you scarcely see the pink and climax of the sex—as I had just thought the dark young lady to be—when she is wholly eclipsed by the next lady to come. If you can do so, sir, without a breach of politeness, turn slightly and observe this second lady. Gad, I would have died for a glance of her eye at your age.

This second maiden was indeed worthy some part of the hearty Colonel's enthusiasm. She seemed to have stepped from a French picture of the court of Louis XV. She was tall and willowy and a pure blonde, with a little head under a halo of tight flaxen ringlets. Every detail of her appearance—except her stature—was petite. Her complexion was like wax, tinged with rose color. Her eyes were pale blue, and her nose and mouth beautifully moulded. She floated, rather than walked, in a silken morning gown the color of straw, spotted with polka dots of blue. While THE SUN'S young man was imbibing the picture she presented and the poetic rapture in which the Colonel indulged a third beauty walked in, and, seeing the brunette in terra cotta, waved a lily hand, laughed a little like a peri, and went over and sat down by her friend. She was a chunky little miss—as sound and wholesome as a pippin, a figure of ripeness and light conscience.

"Gad, sir," said Col. Snediker, "my breakfast will be cold, my omelette is already ruined. I starve, sir, whenever I come to this house; and yet, old as I am, strike me down, sir, if I can avoid this hotel when I am in Louisville. It is not becoming a Kentucky gentleman, sir, to eat food when his every sense is being surfeited with a repast of such beauty as distinguishes Louisville, by gad, sir, above every city of the earth. Pardon me, sir, for I mean no affront, but at your age I could not eat a mouthful in the same week in which I saw such women as these. Even now, sir, I cannot eat until I leave the city. You must be a foreigner—by the powers! This is a bride, a bride, by gad, sir."

There minced into the breakfast ordinary as he spoke a little slim of maidenhood in a novel and enchanting costume. From behind she looked as if she wore a heavy gown of a rusty red color—the color of walnut stain—cut as severely plain as a nun's dress. But in front it was parted from her chin to her dainty slipper toes, and flew asunder airily so as to show an inner lining of pink satin. An under robe of lace, caught here and there with bow knots of pink silk, formed the actual front of her dress. She was a picture of modesty. Her eyelids drooped, and their long black lashes touched her cheeks as she fastened her gaze on the floor and followed the clown she had married. The man who marries a pretty girl excites the ire of his sex. Every disgruntled clumsy as as a calf beside his lady, but he who weds great beauty needs courage to face the position he takes in men's eyes. This bride was exquisite. For a full description of her see the best portraits of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. The Colonel, a stalwart big fellow, he weighing 300 pounds and bearded like Gambrinus, but with a strong commanding pose and characterful face, sat helpless by his dishes, unable to eat, able only to give relief to his ecstacy in hard breathing.

"This morning before I came to this room, when it was possible for a gentleman to read (which it is not possible for a gentleman now, sir, in spite of that infernal Massachusetts drummer, with his devilish newspaper, sir), I read in the *Courier-Journal*, sir, an account of the approaching nuptials of a Miss McFavish of Virginia, to some Count, or Duke, or Irish duke. Very well, sir, but the beautiful women of Kentucky, sir, are more fortunate. By gad, sir, they marry men who can appreciate them, who become their vassals, sir. That youth with that bride looks like an infernal devilish sight of money, but he is a lucky man, sir, as I pray God he is, he appreciates that lovely woman by his side, and would die for her—two duties of a Kentucky man, sir, that it is not the privilege of any d——d Duke in England to enjoy."

The Colonel was about to say more, and had actually opened his mouth to proceed, when in walked two stately, regal brunettes, as proud as eagles, as beautifully attired as queens. As they walked they chatted merrily, as only maidens fancy free can chatter. The cadence of their voices was like the sound of twittering birds. They were as innocent of sin as night have been, in another age, the sisters of Apollo. Over the low-necked, sleeveless dress of each of these girls was a gown of black lace through which the flesh peeped.

"Sam," said the Colonel, "you good for nothing, lazy ace of spades, can't you see that my coffee is cold?"

"Do whole business am cold, sah," said Sam.

"You'se so much took up wid de ladies, sah, you done forgot yo' whole breakfus. You'se always dat-a-way, sah, since, yo' lady died, sah. I 'member yo' lady ver' well, Kunnel, an' dey don't no more of dese ver' ladies 'are with yo' lady, sah, for being grun an' fine, an'——"

"You're a good boy, Sam," said the Colonel, his voice faltering and a tear standing in each of his eyes. "My wife was kinder to you, Sam, than you deserved, you black rascal; kinder than you deserved, Sam. She was too kind to everyone, an' too good for this world——"

"'Deed, an' 'deed she war, sah."

"Coffee, Sam," said the Colonel. "I'll drink a cup of coffee, and then I'll get out of this yer room before I forget what that nigger has called up to my lame and dull old mind. My young friend, pardon my feeling. I had a good wife, as the boy says, and when I courted her, sir, I said to my friends that she was as beautiful as the finest horse in Kentucky—the highest praise man ever gave to woman. And I offered to back that sentiment, sir, against any gentleman who disputed it, but until she died the challenge never was answered."

The old gentleman gulped down his coffee and strode out of the room. When he had gone a man who had been seated at the table burst out laughing.

"I beg pardon, old man," said he, "but I had to laugh at his praise of Louisville women. Most of these ladies (all of them except the two brunettes you described as sisters to Apollo and also the young bride) are members of the Rice & Dixey "Pearl of Pekin" company, now stopping at this house, and billed for the week at Macauley's."

A man who destroys sentiment is like a man who judges poetry by prose standards—he is more to be pitied than the bridegroom in a Kentucky love match. The young reporter of THE SUN felt frozen blue. Before the day was over, after the reporter had walked down Broadway and up Fourth avenue and along Brook street and past all the shops, he understood why old Col. Snediker was such an enthusiast about Kentucky women. The city is simply crowded by beautiful women, lovely young girls, buxom young matrons, and old ladies with silvery hair and the carriage of goddesses. The same young reporter has often reported the beauty of the women elsewhere—from that realm of female perfection, Montreal, to the paradise of loveliness he invaded among the Blue Ridge Mountains when Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee was running for Governor; from the beauties of Narragansett Pier to the sirens at last year's Anti-Poverty fair. But he acknowledges that Louisville beats them all. It has beauties in greater numbers, and its prevailing types of beauty are more refined and gentle than any and all that he has reported. When the reporter learned that Col. Henry Watterson's editorial windows look out upon Fourth avenue at that point where the lovely women of Louisville congregate in the greatest numbers on the shopping days he could not comprehend how so gallant and positive a man as the Colonel was able to do his work, and do it so well. He inquired at the *Courier-Journal* office, and was told that the Colonel does the greater and best part of his writing while he is away from Louisville in Boston, Philadelphia, or Washington.

Minnie Palmer's Plans Changed.

When Minnie Palmer, the soubrette, went away from this country some months ago, it was told by her husband and manager, John B. Rogers, that she wouldn't return for two years, but would go to Australia after playing through England and the provinces. But a change has come over Miss Palmer's plans. It is learned that she will sail from London for this city on Dec. 2, and that she will open a tour Christmas week at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago. She will further remain in America until the following May—in other words, play the entire season through here.

A COLORED PREACHER MISSING.

He Left a Letter Threatening Suicide, but it is Believed to be a Blind.

DERBY, Sept. 29.—The parishioners of the Rev. W. J. Smith of the A. M. E. Zion Church are excited over the mysterious disappearance of that gentleman. He was unmarried, and kept bachelor's hall. On Thursday his landlady and a plumber visited his house to fix the pump. He walked around the yard with them, and talked cheerfully and pleasantly. Yesterday one of his parishioners called to see him on church matters. The door was unfastened, and getting no response she walked in, supposing he would return in a few moments. Becoming tired of waiting she left. He did not attend prayer meeting that evening, and several of the church members went to his home after the meeting, but no traces of him could be found. On a table was a pile of letters, one of which was addressed to "whom it may concern." They were dated Monday, 24th, and contained the startling information that he had become tired of his troubles, and, having made his peace with God, he would commit suicide by jumping off the old town bridge into the canal at 5:30 on the 25th inst. The letter requested that his things in the house be undisturbed until his mother had arrived from his home in Plainville, Mass., and asked that J. A. Queenan, a deacon in the church, write to her and tell her of his death. He also wanted George Thomas, 14 South Main street, Attleboro, Mass., to be notified. Two other letters directed to members of his congregation in Ansonia were found. The contents of these will not be divulged by the receivers.

The time fixed for his death was Tuesday. He was at home on Thursday. This fact, with developments that have come to light to-day, show that the threat to commit suicide was a blind. Dobson Harris of Ansonia is positive he saw Smith in the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City on Friday afternoon. He sat holding his head in his hand and rocking his body to and fro. As Mr. Harris was not aware of his disappearance, he of course did not think of anything wrong. Smith changed his clothing before he left, even putting on clean linen and underclothing, his best black suit, and black silk hat. Stories to-day are to the effect that it had come to his knowledge that charges were to be preferred against him to the conference for improper conduct, and his name is connected with a white married woman of Ansonia. Other scandalous stories have been circulated of late about his conduct.

Smith was a black negro, over 6 feet tall, and weighing 225 pounds. He was of fine appearance and was fairly well educated. He was an eloquent speaker, and many white people attended his services. He had many friends among the well-to-do whites at both ends of the town. He also belonged to the colored Odd Fellows, and was in high esteem as an orator at their conventions. Last July he began the erection of a new church edifice. The lot is paid for, and the building, now nearing completion, is paid for as far as done, and the money was nearly all raised by Smith's solicitations.

FRITZ'S DOG.

He was Popular in England, and a Crowd Said Good-by to Him.

J. K. Emmet's $5,000 dog Plinlimmon has a reputation on the other side of the water. Last year his former owner, who was a man of benevolent proclivities, employed him in raising money for a new hospital in which he was interested. He fastened a tin box to Plinlimmon's collar, and painted on it a notice that contributions dropped in the slot were for his pet charity. Wherever theown or went to solicit dollars from the wealthy, Plim, as he was familiarly called, travelled along to coax sixpences and shillings from passers in the street. The intelligent dog very soon learned his part, and along the street and in hotel corridors and restaurants wherever his master took him he brushed up against people to attract their attention, and then stood looking wistfully at them till they dropped a coin in the tin box. The man and dog travelled through a good many English towns, and the hospital was benefited. Plim's contributions, his master says, were no small part of the money raised. The dog and his work attracted attention everywhere, and got newspaper notices all over England. The result was that when he was sold a great many people were interested, and his new owner got letters asking if he was going to take him out of the country. When it became known in Leeds that the dog was going away quite a crowd gathered in front of the hotel.

"What are all these people here for?" asked Mr. Emmet of the landlord.

"They want to say good-by to Plim, they tell me," was the reply.

The dog was turned out in the street, where he wandered about in the crowd wagging his tail and licking the hands of those who cared said him. Mr. Emmet also received a score or so of letters from people who never heard of the Irish duke. Very well, sir, but the beautiful women of Kentucky, sir, are more fortunate. By gad, sir, they marry men who can appreciate them, who become their vassals, sir. That youth with that bride looks like an infernal devilish sight of money, but he is a lucky man, sir, as I pray God he is, he appreciates that lovely woman by his side, and would die for her—two duties of a Kentucky man, sir, that it is not the privilege of any d——d Duke in England to enjoy."

A DOG-FACED GIRL.

Her Expression, Gait, and Speech Have Canine Peculiarities.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Sept. 29.—In a lonely cabin on the banks of Otselic Creek, in the town of Willett, Cortland county, may be found a remarkable freak of nature, known throughout the country roundabout as the "dog-faced girl." Here mother and daughter, named respectively Orilla and Sarah Walls, live alone, and in poverty, gaining a precarious support by picking berries and gathering roots and herbs, and from gifts at the hands of the numerous visitors whom curiosity brings to their hut.

The peculiarity of the dog-faced girl's features lies in the chin, mouth, and nose, which protrude from the head and neck to an excessive and unnatural degree, and in a shape strikingly like a dog's snout or muzzle. Otherwise she is well formed and fully developed for a girl of 15 years, and is notably robust and active. But she is weak-minded, and the wonderful thing about her lies principally in the canine characteristics in voice and movement.

Up to about 10 years old the girl persisted in running about on all fours, and in this posture she could outrun any child of her age. Her vocal utterances, also, were marvellously like the barking or howling of a dog. As she approached the period of womanhood she learned to walk erect, and her voice lost something of its canine tones, but her features and utterances are still so unmistakably dog like as to attract marked attention and wonder.

She has a constant stream of visitors, including physicians and scientists as well as ordinary curiosity mongers, and these are told truthfully that her father, who died shortly after her birth, was in no way malformed or peculiar. Her mother is good looking in feature and figure, and only that he intelligent. None of the dog-faced girl's visitors has as yet suggested any plausible theory of the freak which gave her to the world.

Joseph Young's Strange Death.

The friends of Joseph Young, Jr., whose body was found late on Thursday night on the track of the Suburban Elevated Railroad, just north of the 133d street station in Morrisania, scout the idea that he committed suicide. Inquiry yesterday in the vicinity of 259 West 133d street, where Mr. Young had lived until recently, developed the fact that he had not quietly away leaving his rent and a number of tradesmen's bills unpaid, and that he was not in the habit of drinking to excess, as had been stated, with the evident purpose of showing the existence of a motive for suicide. It is now thought that Mr. Young may have been crushed between the cars and a post at the end of the platform while attempting to leave a moving train. Another theory of the man's friends is that he was robbed, and pushed off the platform. The body was sent to Philadelphia last night in compliance with the request of Mr. Young's son.

Trying to Levy on Theatre Properties.

George M. Dayton, a scenic painter, secured a writ of attachment for $1,000 yesterday on the property of the Lights of London company, which is playing in B. S. Jacobs's Hoboken Theatre. Henry Seman, the manager of the theatre, heard of it, and applied to Supreme Court Justice Knapp for a writ to prevent the serving of the writ of attachment. It was served on the constable, who tried to levy on the goods after Justice Knapp had gone to the country late in the afternoon. The company left Hoboken last night with its property. The second writ cannot be argued before next Saturday. The ground on which it was issued is that a Justice of the Peace has no right to issue an attachment in a city where there are district courts. If such is the case it will be a great blow on the Justices, who at present issue nearly all the attachments that are issued.

Fireman Dunn's Suicide at Sea.

A despatch from Galveston yesterday stated that Patrick Dunn, a fireman on the Mallory line steamship San Marcos on its last trip had jumped overboard before the vessel reached the gulfs. Although Chief Engineer William Cliff reported that Dunn was in a delirium when he went overboard, steps were being taken in Galveston the telegram stated, to impeach his story. It was hinted that Cliff had maltreated the fireman.

The managers of the Mallory line in this city say they have received no intimation of any charges against Chief Engineer Cliff whom they consider incapable of maltreating the men under him.

Quakers Who Sell and Drink Whisky.

RICHMOND, Ind., Sept. 29.—The report of the Executive Committee on Temperance put the yearly meeting of Friends to the test politically yesterday, and one speaker, in opposing local option, had to be called to order. During the last year, the report said, twenty-one members have used and four have sold intoxicating liquors; six raised tobacco, forty-seven sold it, and nine hundred used it.

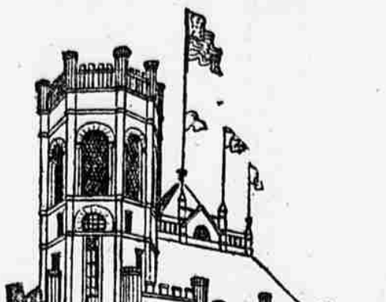
THE SECOND CORN PALACE.

A UNIQUE MONUMENT TO THE INGENUITY AND ENTERPRISE OF SIOUX CITY.

It is Bigger and Handsomer than Last Year's, and there will be Yet Bigger and Handsomer Ones in Years to Come—The Architectural and Decorative Wonders Accomplished with Ears of Corn—A Two Weeks' Festival in the Novel Structure.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Sept. 24.—Sioux City's second annual corn palace festival opened today, and will continue two weeks, closing on Oct. 6. Probably no more original and unique recognition of the importance and value of a local product was ever conceived than that embodied last year in the design and construction of the corn palace, and the showing that will be made this year will be as much more extensive as can be imagined—in fact, the brightness and splendor of the Palace of Mendamin, opened to-day, will outshine that of 1887 as the noonday outshines the gentle twilight. The idea and the working out thereof is distinctively original with Sioux City, and she claims the honor of being the "only corn palace city of the world," and that the erection of a lovely temple to the king "fixes Sioux City for all time as the seat of the empire of King Corn, and the centre of the great corn belt, with its illimitable resources, its tireless activity, and its unparalleled prosperity."

In the building of the first corn palace no definite plan was adopted, but the working out of the details of the building and the beauties



THE GREAT CORN PALACE.

of the decorations came with the discovery of the artistic possibilities of the corn plant. This year it is different. Profiting by past experience, competent architects were secured, who prepared carefully drawn plans of the framework of the structure, and, taking these plans, as a guide, artists sketched and prepared outlines of the decorations, so that the workmen in covering the outside of the mammoth building have their plans before them and are enabled to cover as much space in one day, and do it with more pleasing effect, than was done in the last year. The corn palace last year was honored by a visit from President Cleveland and party, and many noted men of the country gazed on its unique beauty. Chauncey M. Depew, standing with Cornelius K. Vanderbilt and others within the shadow of the palace, said: "I have been all over the world and have seen all the natural and unnatural curiosities, but I have never before seen a corn palace."

And while speaking of the first corn palace it will be of interest to know something of the magnitude of the labor and wealth expended thereon. The following figures are given by the builder: There are 300,000 feet of lumber consumed, 15,000 bushels of yellow corn, and 5,000 bushels of variegated varieties, 500 pounds of carpet tacks, 3,000 pounds of nails, 1,500 pounds of brads, 2,500 feet of rope, 500 feet of small wire, and 3,500 yards of cloth. It took forty-six men six days to erect the palace, and the decorating occupied about ten days. Load after load of wheat and oats on the stalk, millet, corn stalks, grass seed, and in fact every product were used in its construction.

The palace that is the most noted in the world to-day is located on the northeast corner of Pierce and Sixth streets, just opposite the Court House. It is 150 by 150 feet in size, and occupies every inch of a quarter block of ground. At the southwest corner of main entrance rises the main tower to a height of 175 feet, while to the east and north are Moorish towers by which support the Moorish's pavilions. At the apex of the main pavilion rises a flagstaff to a height from the ground of nearly 200 feet. From each corner of the pavilion rise smaller flagstaffs, from which float beautiful streamers bearing the words "Iowa," "Dakota," "Nebraska," and "Minnesota." The roof of the main pavilion is shingled, thus insuring a dry interior, a precaution that was not taken last year. The towers are also made waterproof on the top. In the main hall there is a winding stairway, and from the top a splendid view of the city can be obtained. Between the smaller towers on both the Pierre and Sixth street sides are beautiful fountains in the centre of miniature landscapes, made as natural as life with green, grassy seds, mossy rocks, and dwarfed trees, with a silvery rivulet flowing past.

But the reader will ask: "How is the exterior covered, and what the effect?" Briefly, the great body of the outside is covered with eares of corn, sawed lengthwise through the centre and nailed with two brads, the flat or cob side next to the wall. To relieve the monotony, different colors are used, and white, red, speckled, purple, and golden-yellow ears are obtained. The exterior is laid off into panels, which are plainly marked by the varied colors of the great Western product. Next to the ground is a wainscoting of corn stalks, stripped of their leaves and packed close together. The entrances, windows, etc., are bordered with corn stalks, prepared in the same way. The railing of the towers is also covered with corn stalks, and the long stalks of grain, wheat and oats, while the cap stones of the turrets are represented by the bushy heads of millet, bearded oats, and sorghum seed. Springing from the towers are the ribs of the covers to the apex corners of the roof of the main pavilion are light festoons, or, to use the architectural terms, flying buttresses, covered with full sheaves of golden grain, and imparting an effect of graceliness to the structure. The roof lines are harmoniously irregular, sweeping from the central pavilion to the exterior as the several front elevations require. The broken and irregular outline was intentional, to give a maximum surface for decoration. The apertures in the towers are spacious, generally of an arched style, with the upper courses and entrances, but angular in the ground course. This purpose was also to give a variety of outline for decorative purposes. Thus, while the structure is of a composite and original architectural order, the plan is admirably adapted to the uses to which it was designed.

A force of 50 to 60 men have been at work for four weeks on the interior and outside decorations. In addition to the plans of decoration furnished by the architect, many original and unique designs are worked out by the decorators themselves. Panels are laid out and ornamented with variegated ears, mostly sawed lengthwise and arranged in a variety of ways, forming bright rosettes about an inch thick and of the diameter of the corn ear. A slender nail through the centre of the cob holds each piece in place, and many tasteful designs are thus made. Signs and mottoes are made, the borders being stock denuded of blades and ears, interwoven with golden wheat straw and sorghum-colored, sorghum leaves. The letters are made by fastening the corn rosettes as above, and a very gorgeous style of block letter is produced. The windows of all the towers are latticed with corn ears strung on twine, some ears purple, some are red, others yellow, and still others golden, giving that variety of coloring which is at once the charm and novelty of the general effect. Viewed from the distance of a block or two the trifling irregularities of detail are softened, and a magnificent blending of color is presented to the eye. The prevailing shade, of course, is yellow, while the red and white of the corn ears, the brown of the sorghum, and the dead green of the corn blades relieve the outward surface of a monotony which might ordinarily have been expected, while the varying heights of the several outlines add a charm of perspective, with lights and shadows, that combine to produce a singularly beautiful and striking effect.

The interior of the palace is veritably a realm of enchantment. Under the brightness shed by hundred hundred electric lights after nightfall it presents a transformation that rivals fairyland. From the rough pine floor, unsightly posts, and a high vaulting dome of irregular outline and unsight y rough surface has been created a bower of beauty never before equalled in any clime. And all this marvel was worked without the aid of those adjuncts of decorative art which have heretofore been