SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1889.

NYE NIGH TO NIAGARA

He Sees the Great Cataract in the Grip of a Blistering Blizzard and

IS STRUCK WITH AWE AND A SIGN.

Indians Ruined by Free Trade and Other Relics.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GOVERNOR HILL

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

STILL AT LARGE, LOOKING WEST, 1889.

NIAGARA Falls at present, is practically free for all. You can go and look at them as you would at the Aurora Borealis or the rich creamy contour of the unskum Milky Way. If you walk to the falls and carry your dinner, you need not run up a large bill. The hackman even takes you the entire road of the falls on both sides the Whirlpool, the Three Sisters Islands, Goat Island and everything else at an agreed price. You get a coupon ticket which is just as good as a railroad ticket and there can be no skulduggery about it as Aristotle would say.

We visited the falls on the day of the blizzard which wrecked Reading, and which wound up by tipping the Suspension foot bridge at Niagara into the river below. The falls have been visited in summer and in winter, in the broad glare of day and the soft and mellow moonlight, but very few people have gone there during a blizzard.

A MEASLY DAY.

The day broke moist and measly at Buffalo but at noon the gray and choppy clouds scattered a little, and a patch of sky could now and then be discovered. Eating a hasty meal, our party, arrayed in alpenstocks and conscious rectitude, began the ascent from Buffalo by a circuitous route. We reached Niagara Falls station, whence we proceeded by drosky to our chalet. Here we alighted. The chalet is kept by a native American and after our long journey from Buffalo it was good to once more hear the music of our own language. Hastily eating a light lunch, we put on our top coats, and, in charge of a John Darm, we proceeded by diligence toward the fall via the American side.

The storm now burst upon us in all its fury and the rain descended in the wildest profusion, saturating the falls and rendering them well nigh impassable. Our muleteer covered himself with his pontoon, wrapped his tarpaulin around his ears and, while our slender diligence swayed in the blast he drove us across to Goat Island. The thunder of the immense volume of water was now swallowed up by the mighty roar of the bursting tempest, and then, as it died away like the wail of a perishing soul, one would again hear the sullen thunder of the great American dam site.

I Was Well Looked After.

We now began the descent on the side of Goat Island harbor looking toward Great Horse Fall. The rain fell in torrents, and, as our umbrellas had been turned wrongside out by the blast, we were soon wet to the skin. There we stood in the presence of the greatest spectacle America can produce, perhaps, outside of Congress. Like an egotistical author, Niagara for centuries has been pouring over its own works; it is really, however, beyond criticism. I went there thinking that if the falls really deserved scathing I would scath them through the press and inquire their business, but I must say that, like Mr. Booth, they deserve their great success, and I do not blame them for respecting themselves and having their pictures taken every little while and getting their names in the papers. They deserve all the glory they have got, and far be it from me to put a straw in the way of the progress of Niagara Falls.

A VICTIM OF THE STORM.

We next went down to the whirlpool, and on the way a detachment of John Darms escorted us with an air of suspicion. Our drosky driver evidently watched us every moment like a cat. At the whirlpool we alighted again, being narrowly watched by the driver and a John Darm from Cohoes.

Here as we reached the brink of the cliff, the blizzard struck us amidship, the great Niagara which has assisted so many temperance lecturers in scaring to death the moderate drinker, seemed to become silent in the presence of Old Mr. Blizzard from the wild and unkempt west. Just then my high silk hat, which I wear in ascending the Alps and doing the tourist act generally, went up into a large blue hole in the sky, and while I was watching it the square red remarks "Keep off the grass," with an iron rod on one side swatted me across the organ of alimentiveness.

In the Blizzard.

The storm was now at its height, the roof of the hotel gently lifted with the breeze, and through the fast falling rain we could see a surprised gentleman in his room just emerging through the neck band of a bright new shirt. With a look of wonder and horror he tried to pull down the roof again and conceal himself, but he could not do so.

The storm now took off its coat and shrieked while the whirlpool was lashed to its greatest fury, and at the whirlpool bazaar genuine Indian moccasins, made in Connecticut, went down to $2 a pair. I made a movement toward the brink of the precipice, intending to peer down over it into the boiling waters, when I felt the grasp of a John Darm on my shoulder, and I was jerked back with an oath which would have sworn in a whole precinct of non-residents at a Presidential election.

MEETS HIS NEMESIS.

"Monsieur fool heemself" said the John Darm in pure Buffalo French, with a slight patois of the Rue de Main street. Then grinding his teeth he managed to make me understand that I had stated in Buffalo that "I was going over the falls and through the whirlpool," but that a nemesis was on my trail. It is very disagreeable to have your trail stepped on by a nemesis and so I explained that I meant to be figurative and so when the John Darm had opened my overcoat and found that I was not dressed in tights with double-leaded bridge-jumping shoes, he allowed me to pass.

It was here at the bazaar that I met my old friend Pocomoco of the Piute tribe of Indians. "And what are you doing here, so far away from home, Pocomoco?" I asked in the light running domestic accents of the Piute tongue.

"I am here," he replied in the same language, "to procure our regular supply of Indian relics for the coming year. We cannot compete any longer with Connecticut in the manufacture of genuine Indian relics. So we come to Niagara Falls for them. We also get most of our ornamental bead work done in England, and our ornamental massacre business is done there, too. The white man has facilities which we do not have, and so the red man's goose is practically cooked. We buy all our weapons and headache sticks now at Ridley's and our tomahawks at Macy's. We get our bows and arrows made at Waterbury, Conn., and Jordan, Marsh & Co. furnish us with our lingerie. We can buy arrow heads cheaper than we can make them, and why should we toil over a home-made arrow head all day when we can steal a horse in ten minutes that will bring nice new relics enough to last us a year?

Calling on the Governor.

RUINED BY COMPETITION.

"We have in our tribe favored free trade, and so we with our infant industries, are thrown into direct competition with the pauper relic makers of the Bowery. You can buy a good scalp at Chatham square for 69 cents to-day, and so the warpath is practically overgrown with grass. In a year or two men with sample cases will no doubt visit the Indian tribes and sell their year's supply of everything in that line. We are utterly discouraged. There has not been a war-like attitude among the Piutes since the Buckwheat Pancake Outbreak of '55."

Friday we visited Governor Hill at Albany and tried to mold the policy of the State. He spoke kindly of other things, but said he was doing his own molding almost entirely. Governor Hill has his office in the new Capitol building, and it is swept out before he comes down each day. He has a private office in which he does his Executive work, and then there is a large general office where he appears when encored by the populace and where he bows and tries to look pleasant when pawed over by strangers for instance who have just visited Niagara and then desire to scrutinize the Governor of New York.

He has a cold, calm eye with which he encouraged me to forget some bright and bon homme things which I had thought of saying to him. I had intended to chirk him up with a few buoyant thoughts of which I am the parent, but I did not do it, and I am glad now that I did not.

Governor Hill is one of our most esteemed coterie of bald-headed men. He represents the better element of Democracy which, though bald, scorns to comb its back hair up over the place. He stands for candor and honesty at the polls.

A SLIGHT RESEMBLANCE.

Some say that I resemble him a little, but people who have seen us together, talking over the future of our common country, say that they can readily distinguish the Governor from me. His figure is more commanding than mine and his carriage is more graceful and has redder wheels than mine. When we walk together people easily pick me out because I walk with more freedom and a sinuous movement which takes up most of the sidewalk. An old teamster with whom I associated once said that I would never make a good roadster as my feet did not "track." My walk is more extemporaneous than Governor Hill's. He possesses a conscious dignity which I sadly lack. This lack of dignity secures for me at a strange hotel the room in which former guests have been in the habit of blowing out the gas, or their brains, such as they are, and there is a soiled place on the threshold of the transom where the bell-boy has been in the habit of crawling over to examine deceased. This room also has an old-fashioned bell-cord in it with a woolly tassel at one end while the other is tied to a brick building on the next block.

After holding the hand of the Governor for quite awhile and trying to think of something to say to him which would fix my face in his memory for four years, I said we were having rather an open winter it seemed to me, and then, gently but reluctantly, I gave him back his hand, to do with it as he might think best. There being no obstacles placed in my way at this time, I came away by means of the door which was held ajar by a man who seems to have the entire confidence of the Governor.

BILL NYE.

PRECIOUS POCKET PIECES.

Men Who Carry Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Gems.

Jewelers' Weekly.]

"Because a man displays no jewelry upon his person it does not signify that he doesn't care for such things."

"There are plenty of men who are as passionately fond of jewels as any woman who ever lived, but they seem to regard the feeling as a weakness which they are half ashamed of. Some men will own right up, but they don't like to display their treasures, because it is not considered good taste to wear much jewelry.

"I know of half a dozen business men and professional men who do not wear so much as a watch chain; yet they carry about in their trousers pockets thousands of dollars' worth of unset jewels. This is a little out of the ordinary, but it is a fact nevertheless.

"The late Henry Ward Beecher used to carry in his pockets a number of beautiful diamonds, pearls and other precious stones, which he would sometimes take out in his hand and gaze at in admiration for several minutes at a time. He explained this habit by saying that there was something so pure and beautiful about the gems that they delighted and fascinated him. He used to say that it was one of the traces of our far-back barbarian origin—the inmate fondness for bright gems.

"I know of a physician up town who, while riding about in his carriage on sick calls, entertains himself by jingling a lot of unset diamonds, rubies and emeralds in his hands. He sometimes groups them on the seat opposite and looks at them, while his face is lit up with admiration and pleasure.

"Do ladies have this habit? Well, I think not. I never met a woman who cared to hide her jewels in her pockets. On the contrary, they always like to have them set and displayed as conspicuously as possible. They don't believe in hiding the light of their gems under a bushel."

YOUNG MEN OF TITLE.

The Manners of the Sons of British Lords When Traveling.

MEN OF UNASSUMING MANNERS.

A Military Swell as a Companion on the Continent.

A CHAT ABOUT RUSSIAN MANNERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

IT is not always an easy matter to tell an English swell, even by his looks. There are certain kinds of English club men and military dandies who baffle detection. It is a fad among them to keep their station in life a secret from the careless observer. In reading the papers Sunday, I noticed that there was a tremendous and impressive wedding service in the English metropolis, whereat a Mr. E. Stanley occupied the prominent and shining place of groom. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Teck, a personal representative of Her Majesty, and dozens of other lofty and titled personages were on hand to see Mr. Stanley married. He was sent off with great splendor, and the Queen sanctioned the marriage by sending the bride a present of one of her eternal and everlasting India shawls. The Honorable Mr. Stanley is unquestionably a terrific swell. He will one day be a baron, and he was one of the most eligible bachelors in England.

The first time I ever saw him was in the Windsor Hotel in Montreal. Four exceedingly commonplace young men strolled into the hotel. They were evidently brothers. The Americans who were standing around the corridor did not give them a second glance, but there was an important rustle about the desk when one of the new arrivals walked slowly up to the register and scribbled thereon the following chart:

"E. Stanley,
"F. Stanley,
"C. Stanley,
"G. Stanley."

HEAVY SWELLS.

The clerk instantly wrote "Honorable" before each one of the names after the young men had walked away, and there was quite a crowding around the register to look at the signatures on the part of the Canadians present, after the clerk had finished bestowing the titles. I do not remember whether the initials are correct or not, but the name of each Stanley was prefaced by a single letter. They were the sons of Lord Stanley, the Governor General of Canada. During their stay at the hotel they wandered about, looking with an air of undisguised boredom at the crowd, playing billiards occasionally and devoting a considerable portion of the time to the study of their fingernails. They were always quite ready to enter into conversation with strangers, and they talked well. One might have imagined that they were clerks in some well-conducted shop if they had been judged by their dress or action. They gave a fair illustration of what is considered an essentially proper manner by Englishmen at home.

There is no such thing in England as the American idea of the English swell any more than we see the actual realization in England of what Englishmen think us. Just before I left London there was an outbreak of Americanisms on the English stage, and the effect of it all was tremendously funny. The Englishmen had one pronounced and undeviating belief, and that was that every American talked through his nose, and that American ladies said "By gosh!" and "You bet," in every sentence they spoke. This sort of thing was not only prevalent in newspaper caricature, but it was accepted in plays at the very best London theaters. The English type of the American girl is absurd, but it is no more so than the American parody of the British swell.

A BRITISH NOBLEMAN.

A man whose acquaintance I made on a train running from Berlin to Vienna was an admirable illustration of this latter-day type of a British nobleman.

When I entered the railway carriage at Berlin I discovered a bundle of Russian furs in the corner, from which there issued a slow and peaceful snore. In the racks overhead, and on many seats of the compartment, were tin boxes for carrying military helmets, big valises, sword cases, ticket and dispatch boxes and one or two big portfolios. All these traps had been carelessly thrown into the place, and apparently the bundle of furs, and the man inside of them, had been cast in as an after thought. The guard made room for me by moving some of the valises, and, as I had been up too late the night before, I almost instantly fell asleep and did not awaken until the train had nearly reached Hanover, four hours later. There I felt a tugging at my sleeve. I awoke drowsily, and saw by the dim light overhead that the huge bundle of furs had moved up toward me, and that a red and tousled head was bobbing my way.

"I have just got a bottle of Rhine wine off the ice," said the stranger thickly, "and I thought a glass might be refreshing. It's so infernally dusty. Though it's cold as Iceland. That is a feature of continental travel."

I nodded and sat upright. He gave utterance to an expression which I heard then for the first time, but which became familiar afterward, and nearly always in the mouths of men of decidedly good position and breeding.

"Beastly sweet, this," he said. "Isn't it?"

"What?"

"Traveling in the dust. I'm half dead," continued my companion huskily. "Been traveling for two days, you know, from St. Petersburg. Train ditched in one place, and long delays."

"I am glad you speak English," he added after a moment's pause. "It sounds good to hear the mother tongue again."

WINE PACKED ON ICE.

Then he got up and doffed his furs, and revealed a spare man, of perhaps 38 years, with thin hair, rather weak eyes, and a complexion which had been tanned by service in the tropics. He might have been anything. He had a pleasant smile, and an easy and unassuming manner. By means of vigorously bribing the guards he had performed the unheard of feat on a German railroad of telegraphing ahead and having a bottle of Rhine wine packed in ice for him. He was apparently a heavy drinker.

"You are an American," he said as he uncorked the bottle.

I had not yet got over my surprise for being taken for an American, even before I had spoken a word, so I asked him how he knew.

"Not a very difficult matter to tell," he said with a smile. Then he pointed to one of my valises, which was covered with the labels of American railroads and steamship lines.

He looked at me thoughtfully for a long while, as though trying to decide whether I was a burglar or a simple brigand, and then taking out a rough leather card case said:

"I will exchange cards with you."

He did not, however, for he could not find find a card in his case, so he said shortly:

"I am a captain in the service. My name is Waters."

After this he shook hands cordially with me, and we continued to drink the Rhine wine and talk about the condition of politics in Germany. I was struck particularly by his terse and forcible manner of putting things.

"This is the third time I have been to Russia," he said, "and I am just beginning to find out something about the Russian people. I suppose few men have read more books than I have on Rustian life, and yet I could not begin to call myself well informed. Why is it that writers do not tell the exact truth about the manners and customs of people when they are describing them. I am in the diplomatic service and have to travel a great deal, and I have always fancied that I could judge rather well what a man was when I saw him, and yet I am continually being deceived.

UNPLEASANT RUSSIAN MANNERS.

In Paris last year I ran across a Russian student of military history, and we got to know each other rather well. He was a man of advanced thought and his opinions on strategic and technical military operations attracted my attention. I saw him frequently, and after we had dined together a good deal, and I had learned to appreciate his polished and polyglotic accomplishments, I agreed to stop at his house when next I visited Petersburg. He left me for his home in Petersburg at that time. Later he wrote me that he had been appointed librarian of one of the most valuable collections of books in the Czar's possession, and renewed his invitation to me. I went to his house and he put me up in good shape. I had three rooms for my own use, and my servant was quartered on the same floor. It chanced that there was a good deal of writing to be done the first day or so, and I did not join the family at meals until breakfast on the third morning after I had arrived. I went down and found my host, who, in Paris was, as I have said, the most correct and proper of men, sitting at the breakfast table in a dressing gown that was absolutely the dirtiest and most repulsive thing I had ever seen. His wife was presiding over a tea urn, and we had got about half through the breakfast when his daughter, a girl of about 19 years, came bouncing in. She stopped when she was about half way across the room—and what do you think she did? There is no good telling you for you would not believe it and you would certainly be very much shocked."

"I think very likely I can stand it."

"Well, it is not a nice thing to say, and certainly it is an unpleasant thing to repeat, but the incident goes to illustrate what I have just said, that if novelists and writers would tell the exact facts about people they pretended to describe they could convey a real idea of the existing condition of things. Yet no writer would tell the incident that I am about to relate to you, and I doubt whether either you or I would dare to put it in a book."

I asked him what he referred to, and he said slowly:

A RUSSIAN BELLE.

"Well, you must remember in the first place that this was a young lady that moved in respectable, middle class society in St. Petersburg, whose father was an official in the Czar's palace and a man of position and learning, and who was herself a young person of many attractions. She was pretty, spoke French, German and a little English, beside her native tongue, was an admirable musician, and a jolly sort of a girl generally. She walked half way across the floor that morning at breakfast, and then stopped and deliberately spat on the carpet.

"Her mother reproved her by asking her why she did not go to the hearth, and the young lady replied that it was too far off. Then I was presented to her, and she sat down to breakfast. Imagine such a thing in the house of an English, American, French or German gentleman! That little incident will give you a better idea of Russian life than any other. I do not mean to say, of course, that all Russian women are like this. A few of the upper classes, Russian princesses, countesses, and so on, are tremendously clever persons, but they are not all so. There is a lack of breeding among the women that is amazing."

On the way across the channel the captain and I continued to talk. I was particularly struck by his unassuming manner. We parted in London, and a day or two later I received a telegraphic invitation from him to go down to Aldershot, dine with him and see the military maneuvers. When I showed the telegram to an English friend of mine he explained that the charming and unassuming gentleman whom I had met was not only a lord, but a lord of one of the most notable families in all England. He and Mr. E. Stanley are admirable illustrations of the English swell who is not haughty, hoighty-toighty and austere. It is the cheap swells who put on so much of what is technically known as "side."

BLAKELY HALL.

STEAM OUTDONE.

One of the Modern Natural Improvements in Dakota.

Harper's Magazine.]

The artesian wells of Dakota are probably the most remarkable for pressure, and the immense quantity of water supplied, of any ever opened. More than a hundred of such wells from 500 to 1,600 feet deep, are to-day in successful operation, distributed throughout 29 counties, from Yankton, in the extreme south, to Pembina, in the extreme north, giving forth a constant, never-varying stream, which is in no wise affected by the increased number of wells, and showing a gauge pressure in some instances as high as 160, 175, and 187 pounds to the square inch. The tremendous power is utilized, in the more important towns, for water supply, fire protection, and the driving of machinery, at a wonderful saving on the original cost of plant and maintenance, when compared with steam. In the city of Yankton a 40-horse power turbine-wheel, operating a tow-mill by day and an electric light plant by night, is driven by the force of water flowing from an artesian well, the cost of obtaining which was no greater than would have been the cost of a steam-engine developing the same power, and counting the continual outlay necessary (had steam been employed) for fuel, repairs, and the salaries of engineer and fireman. What has been accomplished through the aid of natural gas and cheap fuel in building up manufactories elsewhere, may some day be rivalled on the prairies of Dakota by tapping the inexhaustible power stored in nature's reservoirs beneath the surface.

POINTS ABOUT ENGINES.

The Love an Engineer Has for His Iron Horse.

Albany Journal.]

"It is curious" said a railroad man yesterday at the Albany depot, "how firm is the attachment between a locomotive engineer and his locomotive. I know an engineer on the Central road who calls his engine 'Hank' and talks to it as he drives through the rain and storm, just as he would to a horse, sometimes in sweet and mild tones and then with the strongest imprecations upon his lips. I know of another engineer, who insists on sleeping in the round house near his locomotive and thinks as much of it almost as he does of his child. Engineers do not like to take out new locomotives. They prefer one that has been tried a year or two. They are afraid that the driving rods may break and a broken driving rod often sends its fragments through the cab to the peril of the engineer and fireman. As a rule, therefore, new engines are run for a year or so with freight trains, and after they have 'become seasoned' they are put upon passenger trains."

A Man of Resources.

New York Sun.]

Tommy Traddles (threateningly)—I'll tell my father on you.

Willie Waffles—What do I care for your father? He can't hurt me.

Tommy Traddles—Can't he? Can't he? My father is a doctor.

A BIG BREAD FACTORY

Which Uses Up Sixty Thousand Barrels of Flour Each Year.

CAKE MAKING BY MACHINERY

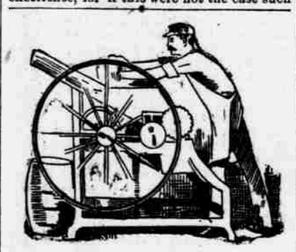
On a Scale That Would Have Surprised an Old-Time Baker.

1,000 CRACKERS MADE IN A MINUTE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE baker's trade is as old as civilization, yet it is only in very recent times that it has outgrown primitive methods and advanced to the dignity of a great industry. If a man who followed this useful calling half a century ago, doing all the work required in his establishment himself with the aid of one or two apprentices, should awake to-day from a sleep like that of Rip Van Winkle and find himself in one of the vast modern factories devoted to the manufacture of bread, biscuits and cakes, even though the picture of his old shop were as fresh in his memory as when his slumber began, he would scarcely be able to guess from his surroundings the nature of the business carried on in the place. About the only familiar objects he would see would be the ovens and the bread troughs, and even these, in his eyes, would appear to have expanded to abnormal proportions. For a complete modern bakery and biscuit factory is filled with complicated and curious machines, driven by steam power, and affords employment in its various departments to hundreds of busy workers.

Pittsburg bakers supply more crackers and cakes to the retail trade throughout the country than those of any other city west of New York. Her product is sent into 27 States and Territories. It is unnecessary to state that these goods are of unsurpassed excellence, for if this were not the case such extensive demand for them would not exist. The largest of the bakeries and cracker factories of this city uses up about 60,000 barrels of flour per year—5,000 barrels per month, or 1,200 barrels per week. Take the quantity of flour required to supply your own family for a year as a basis, and you can easily estimate the number of mouths this establishment could feed.



Kneading Machine.

It's a wonderful place. A big, six story building, every part of it as neat and clean as the kitchen of the most careful housewife, with sweet odors permeating every room from the topmost floor to the basement. To describe all the departments in detail would be tedious, therefore I shall only mention a few of the leading features which attracted my attention during the hour which I spent in the factory.

In the bread bakery is a kneading machine which in ten minutes time mixes up four barrels of flour into dough. It is then deposited in long troughs, whence it is taken by bare armed men, each of whom seizes as much as he can conveniently carry, and subjects it to the manipulation of another apparatus. When the material is ready to be formed into loaves the workmen shape it by hand. A few dexterous twists and turns and the work is done, a perfect loaf being formed in a very few seconds. This department presents a lively appearance at all times.

But the cracker factory is still more interesting. One of the greatest wonders here is a machine which cuts over 10,000 oyster crackers every minute. The dough is placed at one end of the apparatus, when it passes through various rollers, and runs along like a strip of thick paper a yard or more in width, until it comes to the part of the machine that cuts it into round disks at the rate of 225 for each movement of the dies. As the pieces of dough come out at the front end of the machine they are caught on a wide wooden board, and thrown from it straight upon the big shelf of the revolving oven near at hand. Each of these ovens has 12 shelves, and one revolution of the apparatus completes the operation of baking. The oyster crackers are packed loosely in barrels, but of the larger kind each cracker is set on edge and all are arranged in rows to take up as little space as possible. In the packing room is still another curious machine which greatly facilitates this work. It is known as a "stacker," and has a sort of hopper into which the crackers are continually poured. As the machinery revolves the biscuits are pushed through, coming out one after another, and set straight upon their edges in small metallic troughs, when they are taken by the handful by the girl operatives and neatly packed in rows that conform to the shape of the barrel. Here are hundreds of barrels containing crackers just packed and huge bins heaped with piles of snowy white oyster crackers fresh from the oven.

The Egg Beater.

Where the small and fancy cakes are made there is a huge egg beater requiring a strong man to turn it, and holding several gallons. There are also machines for beating up icing for the tops of fancy cakes. These are run by a belt, and resemble big churns in appearance. What is known as the soft cake machine is an appliance the introduction of which has reduced the price of bakers' cakes nearly one-half. It is large and complicated. By its action, the dough, after being turned into a tank at the top is compressed, run through and comes out in perfectly shaped cakes ready for baking From this department the cakes go to the packing room, carried on large wooden trays, and are packed in boxes, which are afterward stamped with gilt letters or covered with ornamental labels. Fried cakes are cooked in big kettles of lard, a large number at a time, each kettle being provided with a sort of sieve, which is lifted out, together with the cakes, as soon as a batch is done.

The packing of cakes and crackers is all done by girls, some 200 of them being employed. For their accommodation, on one of the upper floors, a neat dining room has been fitted up. Bath, cloak and dressing rooms are also provided. The paper bags, in which crackers and other goods are put up in small packages, are made in the factory, and I was much interested in watching the rapidity and ease with which they were given shape and form. A few folds of the paper, which are rubbed down with a small ivory instrument somewhat resembling a paper cutter, the application of a little mucilage to these folds, and the work is done, in less time than it takes to describe it, and the result is a perfect bag, square at the bottom and all ready to receive the goods intended for it.

The Big Ovens.

Connected with the factory is a machinery department for the making and repair of apparatus. Here are seen innumerable dies of all shapes and sizes used in the cutting and ornamenting of the different products of the factory.

The wagons which bring the supply of flour are driven directly into the building and unloaded upon the first floor. At the other side is the shipping department, where the goods are loaded, from doors opening upon the street, upon drays and wagons, to be taken to the different railroad depots. There is of course great danger of fire in a building where so much heat is required continually. But provision is made to prevent a conflagration by a system of water pipes, extending to every part of the structure, and so arranged as to let loose upon the place threatened a part of the contents of a 5,000 gallon tank of water set upon the roof. There is apparently nothing about the place which is not well and systematically arranged.

E. W. BARTLETT.

BUFFALO BILL AS A SWELL.

His First Experience in a Claw-Hammer Was Worse Than Fighting Indians.

Omaha Herald.]

I met Buffalo Bill last night at the corner. He was entertaining a crowd of jolly fellows by relating his experiences in the wild east. It was not exactly the east, either, but it was east to him. He told of being with Sheridan during the war. On his return he was invited to visit the general at Chicago. He was in the Garden City two or three days as the general's guest and was asked to attend a society ball. It became whispered around that General Sheridan and his scout were to be present, and society was delighted with the idea of meeting the terror of the west.

On the afternoon preceding the society event Mike Sheridan asked Buffalo Bill if he had brought his full dress suit with him. This staggered the man of the plains, and he said he guessed he couldn't attend the ball. The general's brother rented an evening suit from a furnishing house, and Buffalo Bill got into it and started for the ball. "I was never in such a sweat in my life," said William. "I would rather have plunged into 40 Indian battles than to have entered that ball-room. I felt uncomfortable, but I went in with the general's brother. I was introduced to about one hundred ladies and the same number of gentlemen. My pants—or rather the pants which Mike Sheridan had rented for me—were terribly tight, as were also my gloves, which came through the same channel. I did not know which garment would break first, but fortunately neither did. I had one dance, and this was at the solicitation of a lady who was desirous of dancing with a cowboy. I got on the floor with her, and the music started. I was waiting for some one to call off, but there was no call, as I had been accustomed to. I never had such a dreadful time.

After I got through with the dance I started for the door, and put in the rest of the night at the nearest saloon, where I had a racket with the settler. I had changed my clothes, you know, and had neglected to change the contents of my pockets. I hadn't a cent, and the barkeeper or, as I called him then, the settler, saw me there in full dress and asked me what I would have. I told him whisky, and then he kicked because I did not offer to pay him for it. Mike came in shortly afterward and fixed it with the barman. Before this I was on my good behavior, as the general had told me that he wanted to show people that his scout was a gentleman. That was all I wanted with full dress evening balls, and I was myself again when I disrobed of those rented clothes.

AN AFRICAN ANT.

He Erects Pyramids 1,000 Times Higher Than Himself.

New York Mail and Express.]

It seems queer, does it not, to apply such a word as "dreaded" to a little thing like an ant, but the most wonderful stories are told of the destruction it sometimes causes. According to Mr. Holder, the houses of the white ants in Africa are dome-shaped mounds, often 18 feet high. They erect pyramids 1,000 times higher than themselves. On their travels—for they are invaders—they so conceal their approach that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it, and descend a tunnel bored in another leg, all in one night.

An officer of the English army, while calling on some ladies in Ceylon, was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright, and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them, the roof having fallen in, and laid all about, leaving them miraculously unharmed. The crash of the fall was distinctly heard all over the city. The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the framework of the house was ready to fall at the slightest touch.

The Latest Battle Trick.

Philadelphia Press.]

"I'll bet you $1,000 to $10 that you can't do it," was the startling announcement overheard the other day in a fashionable club. These odds were finally reduced to a bibulous basis at even money, and "it" was then attempted. An empty quart champagne bottle was brought, and the feat consisted in grasping it firmly around the neck in the hollow between the knuckles of the thumb and forefinger, and then without allowing the bottle to incline from the perpendicular, and without "jumping" it, to work the hand down gradually by the aid of the fingers until the bottom of the bottle rests in the palm of the hand. It can be done. The challenged party is one of the best known and strongest athletes in the city, but he failed in his attempt.

The Colonel's Cards.

AN ORIGINAL STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE WRITTEN FOR "THE DISPATCH" BY FRANKLIN FILE.

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CHAPTER X.

A SARATOGA GARDEN.

Two evenings later, a ball at one of the great hotels was a splendid occurrence at Saratoga. The season was near its end, and there was to be a climax of gayety, if one landlord and his guests could make it so. The garden which the immense building almost enclosed was brightly colored by other things than the few growing flowers. There was floral profusion, but it was in bouquets carried by the ladies, whose toilets, sometimes tinted as gently as daisies, and sometimes as garnish as tiger lilies, spotted the place with more dyes than nature had ever used in any square mile of tropical growth. Such flowering plants as grew in this garden of artificiality, as well as the variegated hues of the fabrics worn, were dulled into comparative insignificance by the prismatic illumination of several fountains, upon the spurting waters of which lime light and stained glass produced theatric effects. A band of musicians made excellent melody in the open air, without silencing the low hubbub of talk; the gravel walks, broad verandas and open parlors were thronged by moving people; the street sides of the hotel were equally alive with folks who were arriving with cards of admission and those who were shut out by gruff and grim doortenders; and this hour of hurly-burly was preceding the dances in the vast dining room.

Arba Van Rensselaer emerged from her room, the door of which opened upon a quiet part of the hotel's mile of veranda. Knickerbocker Knox arose lazily from the chair in which he had slumped while waiting, and straightened and expanded himself for the purpose of letting his evening dress settle smoothly into nice adjustment. Then he gazed at his cousin critically.

"Ah, Arba!" was his greeting.

"Well, Knick?" and she moved into the bright light of a calcium, quite fearless of the glare revealing any imperfections of the skin or cloth which made up her exterior.

"You're immensely handsome to-night," he said, with mild enthusiasm.

"I've known you since I was a baby, and this is your first compliment," she composedly said.

"Didn't I ever mention it? Perhaps I thought you knew it without telling. You're a glorious girl—you are."

"And I don't wish to be mean with you. You're a splendid fellow to-night."

"More than likely, Arba," and his brow indicated that the process of thought was going on inside, "if we had met here for the first time in our lives, we would be madly in love with each other this minute."

"Just as likely as not," and her pretty face was quizzical; "I wish I had never seen you in kilts."

"And I'm sorry I knew you in pinafores."

"No romance in pinafores."

"No illusion in kilts."

"Too bad."

"Rather."

Then Knickerbocker Knox, glancing along the veranda, saw Mr. and Mrs. Pootle approaching. Like a man who has something that he wishes to say before being interrupted by a third person, and yet of a nature not important enough to demand a later formal interview, he said to Miss Van Rensselaer:

"Look here, Arba—will you marry me this fall?"

"Well, yes, Knick—I don't mind," was the unagitated answer.

That settled the matter with no unessential ado, but not without sufficient warmth of feeling to radiate in their faces, and to fit them to waltz together more enjoyable than usual.

The Pootles were not in a similar calm of satisfaction. That was visible. It is true that Mrs. Pootle was an amiable sight. Her face shone with smiling animation, and she surpassed herself in jolly vivacity as she greeted her acquaintances. But Jonas Pootle was out of humor. Puckers of annoyance and corrugations of displeasure were in his big, soft face, and as he came along it was clear, by his reluctance, that he had not given his arm to his wife, but that she had taken it for the purpose of bringing him against his will.

"What do you think of a man," Mrs. Pootle asked, "who sees his wife all arrayed in the really first fine ball toilet of her life, and then doesn't wish to change his afternoon clothes for evening dress?"

"Take him away—" Knox began.

"And show him to himself in a mirror," Arba interposed.

She may have meant that Mr. Pootle's face, with its unusual expression, would punish its owner for his misbehavior; but Pootle applied her words to his careless attire, and said complainingly:

"How can I feel like dressing up for a ball when I don't know but I ought'o put on mournin' for a funeral?"

"He is worried about Victor," Mrs. Pootle explained.

"And ain't you?" he rejoined shortly.

Colonel Sam Dallas at this moment joined the group. His ball attire was beyond critical fault finding, and his dignified urbanity justified no suspicion of insincerity. Upon learning that Mr. Pootle's great anxiety about Victor was the subject of conversation, he grasped the old gentleman's hand sympathetically, and said:

"I assure you, and I don't say it for mere words of comfort, that I believe you will find your nephew safe and sound, when you return to New York."

"In other words," and Mr. Pootle was snappish, "you think I'd be more comfortable to find a cowardly nephew alive instead of a brave nephew murdered?"

"Murdered?" The word was an exclamation, but the Colonel's self-possession was not disturbed. "Why should you surmise so dreadful a thing? The tramp said that Victor got away safely, and I don't see any reason for doubting it."

"If you knew Victor as I do you'd have plenty of reason to doubt that he ran away from robbers, leaving them to attack a girl whom he—well—regarded damned highly."

Mr. Pootle's state of resentful anger was proven by his taking no note of the damnatory adverb that he had spoken in the presence of ladies. His innocence of offense made Miss Van Rensselaer omit the slightest shrug of deprecation, while Mrs. Pootle further exasperated him by her unclouded face.

"But having lost his head in a moment of danger," the Colonel suavely persisted, "wouldn't he be acutely sensitive to blame, and therefore go directly to New York? The men I set to searching the neighborhood of the robbery have reported that no trace of him can be found there."

"Did they search thoroughly?"

"Every square foot of the mountain. They did it secretly, of course, for I thought it well to avoid a publicity that might be annoying to the young gentleman."

"I'm sorry the scamp that we captured escaped."

"So am I; and I shall never forgive myself for letting him get loose, after undertaking to convey him safely to the boat. But I strongly advise silence about the matter, at least for a few days."

At that the group broke up. Arba and Knox sauntered together into the thronged part of the garden. Mr. Pootle grumblingly permitted his wife to take him to his room.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE COLONEL'S PARLOR.

Colonel Dallas went in another direction to his apartments, of which there were three. One was a parlor, between two bedrooms, and all were rich in furniture, and situated in the costliest section of the hotel. Winston Dallas was not a young man given to economy, nor to investigating the sources of good luck, and yet he wondered at the sumptuousness of these quarters. He had just come from his own room into the larger central one, when the father entered, and was deftly touching his collar and necktie at a mirror. The Colonel went to a small table, opened a drawer into which, an hour before, he had swept the chips and cash winnings of a casual game of cards with two newly cultivated acquaintances, and began to pick out the notes and coin.

"I WILL TAKE YOUR WORD."

"How much did you get from those chaps?" Winston asked, sauntering across the room and standing by the table, while his parent laid note after note in one neat pile and stacked the silver precisely by itself.

"A hundred and thirty-two," as the assorting and counting were completed; "only enough to cover expenses for a day or so."

Winston nonchalantly picked up the top two notes, pocketed them serenely, and neither expected nor received any rebuke for his levy upon the plunder.

"Dad," said the son, "what are you doing the wooping grand for? Of course, we've got to live like gentlemen and all that—business and pleasure combined—but a suit of parlors on the main floor is a little above our average."

"We've never played so heavy a game before," the Colonel half musingly replied. He had pocketed the paper money, but was clinking the silver pieces in his deft fingers—abstractedly putting them through little feats of legerdemain—as some gamblers are accustomed to do with the ivory disks when absorbed in play. Like them he was trying to mentally calculate his chances.

"I say, governor," Winston suddenly broke in, "where's Victor Leroyd? Blest if I think he ran away, but you say his body wasn't found there where