SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1889.

IT ENDED IN DEATH.

The Strange Romance Which Entwined Itself Round-about a Rose.

ADVENTURES OF A FLOWER.

What Came of Tracing Up an Episode of the All-Night Car.

PETALS OF BEAUTY AND OF PATHOS.

The Story of a Rosebud—Waking the Morn With Its Fragrance—The Nursery-Man's Daughter—Borne on the Breast of Beauty Amid Wealth and Culture—Vulcan's Discovery—An Offering of Love—Little Robbie's Farewell to His Dead Mother—The Death of the Rose.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THAT I should have gone to so much trouble to ferret out the facts narrated below is not strange. To a journalist it is the most natural thing in the world to follow the scent of a story whether he is on duty or not. In this instance my usual nightly toil at the busy newspaper office had been finished. At 3:30 o'clock A. M. I was traveling slowly homeward in the "all-night car." That was a good while before cable cars made their advent in Pittsburg.

A circumstance so simple in itself yet quite pretty, in that car, formed the basis of my story-hunt. A dirty, greasy iron worker went to considerable pains to display a beautiful rose which he wore upon the lapel of his coat. The contrast between the flower and the clothes, the full development of the rose and the weather, the evident grossness of the man and the contradictory delicacy with which he handled the tiny splotch of red—all excited my interest and curiosity. In every newspaper reporter curiosity, sentiment and persistency are cultured to the very highest degree. Without either one of the three I would not have had the temerity to continue the pursuit of the history of that flower, as I did for some weeks, finally being able to connect a series of remarkable events ending in a tragedy, which would not have been near so tragical without the flower.

The Birth of the Rose.

Day was just breaking when the last box of flowers was sprinkled at the greenhouse doors and made secure for shipment. Already the coming light seemed to impart a brighter hue to the row of geraniums on the topmost shelf of the middle tier of plants. Their scarlet heads bowed in friendly rivalry to the morning-glories, which, although rich in their delicate tints of dawn, could only climb to the top of a trellis far below. A current of fresh morning air let in from an open panel by the careful gardener stirred up the hot atmosphere, so heavy with commingled odors, and in its swirling course lifted the oppression that even sweetest fragrance had gathered in a night's imprisonment.

Another window sash was thrown aside, and the cool breath touched every green leaf and colored petal in the nursery, and a glad rustling started at one end of the flowery aisle, sweeping in a voice of surprise to the other. As the stifling air was absorbed in the breeze the scent of each individual flower grew more distinct and

The Nurseryman's Daughter.

pleasant, and a vast ever-changing perfume filled the place, fairly intoxicating the senses. It was everywhere you turned; it clung to your clothes; man himself at last appeared to breathe it forth.

Presently a ray of dim light in yon corner, with the flash of magic, changed to a sunbeam. Then another shot down through the glass roof and played among a bunch of pansies planted along the floor. Soon the sunlight flooded the whole eastern slope of the roof, and struggling down through the towering palms of the conservatory, distributed itself over the little plants on lower shelves.

As pretty and fresh as the morning itself came a young girl to the door of the hothouse. She was a picture of country beauty, health and simplicity. Just from the dreams of her best sleep, the dampness of a dash of cold water preserving the perfect color of the cheeks, this little miss looked almost a flower of the rarest genius. It was only a little after 5 o'clock. Yet lithe and gay under the influence of her bracing surroundings, she greeted her father, the nurseryman, with a cheery salutation and the hearty kiss of childhood.

"You may carry the roses this morning, dearie," he said to her

Then they started for the railroad station, he bearing on his broad shoulders three flat boxes, several feet square. His man had three more. Little Margaret came last, and she carried the roses. They were the choicest and prettiest of that day's cuttings.

"But if they are not the heaviest, pa," she laughed, "they are the sweetest of all you got; they will bring you the most money, and will give the greatest happiness all around."

A few moments later the flowers were in the baggage car of the early morning train to town, and before the great busy city was scarcely yet awake they were carted to the florist's store, and stowed away in an ice chest to await buyers.

And so the rose had its birth.

The Full Blown Rose.

Wealth, culture and taste had rendered Mrs. B.'s evening reception splendid. The first of these made the mansion luxurious, filled it with bric a brac, and thronged its parlors with iron barons, coal kings, glass dukes and merchant princes. Dollars and dimes were many times multiplied by these men, and the rich tapestries, costly furniture, invaluable paintings, all inclosed in solid granite walls, seemed only the proper surroundings for such capitalists.

Culture had brought together noble-minded women, statesmen and authors. If it was not around the talented pianist of the hour, it was in a sequestered nook of the conservatory or a quiet corner of the drawing room that they talked about literature, art and the beautiful of life. As off in yon clique of money-makers the latest movements in stocks were being inspected, so in this and that assemblage of the more intellectual the freshest and the grandest of mind feats were being passed before the eye and the reason.

Over all and around all taste had triumphed in pleasing both rich and cultured. The glare of the gas jets inspired them, the yellowish, subdued light of table lamps and candelabra mellowed them, and the orchestrial music from a hidden bower exhilarated them. The white and dainty dresses of the ladies, and the monotonous black of the gentlemen's costumes made one of the contrasts that are always delightful. The german with its pretty favors was popular. The co-

The Early Morning Wearer of the Rose.

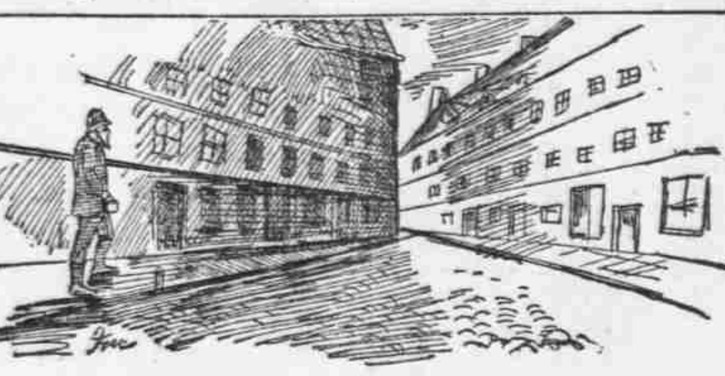
tillon intoxicated, and the dinner was a banquet indeed.

Blushing from the corsage of the fairest of women was a La France rose—one from Margaret's early morning burden. It was the burning center of a pyramidical bunch of rare and exquisite treasures of the garden. The fine texture of the robe did not dwarf the rare symmetry of the finest flower of the bouquet—the rose. The golden tresses of the wearer did not pale its coloring, nor did the alabaster skin shining above the decollete waist mar its purity.

And so the rose was full-blown at midnight

Love's Offering.

The night's work in the great iron mill was just over. At 2:30 A. M. the glare at the furnace doors was slowly dying out, and the weary workmen were preparing to leave for their homes. There stood a group of them at the great water trough. Veritable Vulcans were they. In the shadows of the gloomy mill their tall, powerfully built forms looked like those of giants in some dark, unnatural cavern. When one stepped within a narrow gleam of light from some of the fires, his bared bosom and shaggy hair gave him the appearance of a Tubal Cain.



FINDING THE ROSE AFTER THE BALL.

And the weird scenes in the forest forge recalled by that historical name could be easily repictured in the group around the washing tub. The wheels of the ponderous machinery had stopped. So perfectly motionless was the steam hammer that its monster framework seemed a solid and fixed part of the murky building itself. The cadaverous shears that could take a bar of thick iron in its huge jaws and snap it in twain at one bite now only cast crocodile shadows over half the wall. Long, sinuous trains of clumsy rolls looked dark and ugly, while the massive height of a "traveling" crane conveyed an exaggerated idea of the size of the rafters far above the seathing puddling furnaces. In the black recesses of the dirty, barn-like structure there were only needed tall, gaunt forms, moving silently around, to give the scene an air of the supernatural. As one by one the ironworkers left the mill a deepening quiet settled with the dust upon the unearthly-looking engines of earthly skill.

It was Vulcan who married Venus. And true enough, one of these big, broad-shouldered men of the forge was at that very moment on his road home to a fair bride. His iron-hoofed shoes echoed along the deserted streets, and a cheery whistle kept his way from being lonely. Weary from the hard night's toil, he yet seemed buoyant with expectations of meeting a dear one at home. Every now and then a smile broke all over his sooty face. There was evidently much of pleasure in his thoughts.

For a moment the heart of this strong man of iron was in his mouth! His heavy, hob-nailed boot had almost caused ruin! He first stood on his heel as if to hold himself back suddenly, and then stooping carefully down, he smoothed out the delicate leaves of a—rose. Who would have thought it? Could that great, big, rough fellow think of such a trivial thing as a little flower. And yet he did. He even crossed quickly to a hydrant and dampened its stem under the cold stream of water. Then he pinned it on the lapel of his coat—and such a greasy coat as it was. It was jet black with soot and oil. A finger would become soiled to touch the cloth. But the rose was not polluted. Its beauty

Little Robbie's Tribute to His Dead Mother.

shone all the brighter against the dirty garment, and the tint of its opening leaves made people forget its ugly background. Little did the belle of fashion think when she lost the flower—the same that came from little Margaret's box—that an hour later a giant laborer would pick it up from the carriage tracks. Nor could she see the pride upon his face when every few minutes he inclined his head to look at the star shining upon his greasy coat. More than one passenger in the all-night car was struck with the oddity of the thing—a dirty millman wearing a boutonniere. But they didn't know the surprise he was planning.

Home at last to his young wife! Quietly he stepped to her bedside. The drooping eyelashes were so still as to seem almost penciled. With a smile upon her features this Venus continued on in peaceful slumber, untrammeled with cares, rich in a husband's adoration.

It was the act of a child, but it was, oh! so sweet! That giant husband quietly took from his coat the rose, and laid it upon the white pillow, close to the face of the sleeping girl. Radiance beamed all over his countenance, and as he stealthily crept back he watched for the result.

She stirred gently. The smile on her face heightened. Now she took a deep breath. A sigh followed. The fragrance of the rose had entered her nostrils. It awoke her like a dream. Her eyes slowly opened, and as she scarcely moved she only saw one object—the La France rose lying on the pillow beside her. But as her lips met its dainty mouth tears came to her eyes.

The rose rested in its true significance—Love and purity.

The Death of the Rose.

Death had come to the house next to the love nest. To this grief-stricken home the rose—the same from little Margaret's lot—found its way that morning toward noon. The funeral took place at sunset. On the gently sloping side of one of the wooded eminences in the cemetery a strangely pathetic scene was witnessed. The laughing innocence of infancy and the grim solemnity of death were brought face to face at the tomb.

Into the open grave were being lowered the remains of a fond mother. Around the spot stood a small group of people, scarcely a dozen of them. The last slanting rays of the sun struggled down through the foliage of the trees, relieving the deep shade that usually overhangs the spot. Far removed from the noisy streets of the workshop city, not a sound floated there from the clanking machinery of distant mills. The mournful stillness was undisturbed.

When the coffin had been safely let down to the bottom of the excavation, the straps were withdrawn and a few handfuls of earth lightly dropped upon it. A lady advanced from the party to the head of the grave. She held in her arms little "Robbie," the 15-month-old child of the dead woman. He was smiling and cooing, apparently pleased by the sympathetic faces turned toward him. Entirely ignorant of the terrible nature of the occasion, he appeared perfectly happy in his innocence. He held in his tiny hand the fragrant rose. When the woman carried him to the edge of the grave he leaned over and looked into it.

Still the same smile lingered upon his countenance. Then raising his arm, he threw the flower into the grave, and at the same time, with a distinctness remarkable for one so young, exclaimed: "Gone, gone!"

It was audible to every person. The infant waved his hand over the open tomb several times, saying in a softer voice:

"Bye, bye. Bye, bye."

It was indescribably impressive. The deceased mother had given her dying blessing to the baby boy, and he in this beautiful manner placed his floral tribute on her corpse and sweetly sung his farewell.

And so the rose had its death.

L. E. STOFIEL.

HOW WE READ OUR PAPERS.

Every One Peruses His Journal in a Different Manner.

New York Times.]

"It is peculiar how personal characteristics manifest themselves," said an elderly gentleman in the elevated cars to his equally elderly companion, "and perhaps not the least noticeable is the way different people read newspapers, especially in public conveyances. Everybody has his own pet way. Take the way they hold them. Did it ever strike you in how many different ways this can be done?"

This peculiarity had never struck his companion, so the elderly gentleman, who wore a shining silk hat, a pair of gold spectacles, and a white lawn tie, continued his aphorisms. "Just look across at those men on the other side. No two are reading their paper in the same way. The eavesdropper at his side also looked across, and the observation was true. One man had doubled the sheet, another had made it into a quarter, still another had folded it into three straight sections the full length of the column.

"I have found," continued the oracle, "that a large portion of the men read the paper folded in half, the quarter section men come next, and the full length sectionists next. It is rarely you find two men sitting side by side reading a paper the same way." There was a momentary pause filled by the rustle of some assenting newspaper, and the oracle again remarked: "The way of holding a newspaper shows the man as surely as the way he walks. The refined, educated man, carefully creases his paper, sees that it is in compact shape, and then goes systematically through it, passing from column to column and page to page with ease and facility, whereas the shiftless, uncouth man bunches it into wads and goes through it as if hunting for something in a rag-bag."

WHY THEY RUSH.

The Reason That Young Men Crowd for Seats.

From the New York Star.]

Short as the trip from New York to Brooklyn over the big bridge is, one may learn something every time one makes it. A flood of light was thrown upon me on the home journey yesterday afternoon. I noticed that in the rush for seats between 5:30 and 6:30 o'clock some women joined in the scramble, while others moved on slowly and gracefully. I observed also that those latter were all either very pretty or very stylish, or both.

When all who had seats were seated, I further observed those girls either languidly reaching their lovely hands up to lay hold of the balancing straps, so thoughtfully provided by the trustees, or gazing pensively at the patterns of their gloves. But did they stand or gaze long? I guess not. In less than three seconds as many young men as there were pretty strapped ladies had risen, and with hat in one hand pointed to vacant seats with the other. It may be also stated here, incidentally, that the swiftest rushers for seats among the madding crowd are those young men and for reasons just implied. Had they no seats they would not have an opportunity of making graceful bows in presence of an audience more or less appreciative. Surely there is in beneficent nature a law of compensation.

THERE WAS A PAUSE.

The Name of the Distinguished Orator Had Been Forgotten.

Washington Post.]

Allen is never so funny as when he tells a story on himself. He and Mills were billed to speak in Connecticut.

"The posters," says Allen, "always read

HON. ROGER Q. MILLS

in great big type, 'and others'' in small type. I was 'and others.' At one town Mills missed his train and couldn't come for some reason, and I had to go alone. The committee came down to the train with a brass band and a lot of sashes and lugs. When the Chairman of the committee found Mills was not there he yelled out of the car-window: 'You needn't play, boys, Mills haint here.'

"At the hall the presiding officer remarked to chirk me up a little: 'The orjence was a-expectin' Mills 'n 'll be disappointed, but I'll interjuce ye.'

"'Ladees an' gentlemen, an' standerd barrers of untarrified Democracy [cheers], you will all jine me in the sense of disappointment we feel at the unavoidable adsence of the Honnerble Roger Q. Mills [cheers], who wuz to hev addressed us tonight. But his place will no doubt be ably and satisfactorily filled by the Honnerble—er—what is your name?'"

ATHLETIC JACK TARS.

How Uncle Sam's Sailors Introduced the National Game of

BASEBALL IN THE FAR EAST.

Celebrating the Fourth by Defeating Russian Oarsmen.

BOAT RACING IN THE CHINA SEAS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Sailors, as a class, take a great deal of interest in athletic sports, and are generally well up on events occurring in the sporting world. Even on foreign stations, where papers from home are received not oftener than twice a month, Jacky keeps well posted on such matters, and can tell you the relative standing of the ball clubs in the pennant struggles, and will know accurately the records of even new players who have sprung into prominence during his absence.

On the China station, at all the principal ports, there are athletic clubs with excellent grounds, and owing to the predominance of Englishmen among the foreign residents, the popular games are cricket and lawn tennis. Baseball has obtained no permanent foothold, but the crews of American naval vessels have given the game a spasmodic life in those out of the way places. When I was on that station a few years ago, a club was organized by the officers of the fleet, and we gave the foreigners lessons in the great American game before Anson and his crowd of globe trotters made their famous trip. We did not play any games under the shadows of the pyramids, but in Japan we used Buddhist temples as backstops, and in China defined the foul lines with pagodas. Ours was really quite a creditable team, and we had some rattling good games at Yokohama on one occasion when the ships were all together. There are quite a number of Americans in that town, and the club against which we played was made up principally of our own countrymen. The scores of the two games played were 10 to 6 and 12 to 7, both in favor of the navy club, and so much interest was excited by the games that, after we left, the English cricketers organized a club and challenged the American residents. The Englishmen were beaten so badly that it killed the interest at once.

The flagship went from Yokohama to Hong Kong soon after, and the Englishmen, in the latter place, having seen accounts of the games, were curious to see what the game itself was like. With the assistance of a couple of Americans, the cricketers formed a club, and challenged us for a game, and we came nearer defeat than at any other time while on the coast.

SUSTAINING THE NATION'S HONOR.

The flagship was the only one of our vessels in port, and the nine had to be filled out with men who were very poor players. There was considerable feeling over the game, and the natural antagonism to the English animated every member of the nine with a determination to win, if possible. We knew that it would be anything but a "pudding," as we had seen the cricketers practicing, and they were all good fielders, and some of our men were anything but that. We won the toss and took the field, and the Englishmen led us until the ninth inning. In the last half of that inning, with two men out and two men on bases, we needed one run to tie and two to win. The man at the bat had not touched the ball during the day, and we were all preparing to accept our defeat as gracefully as we could. One strike was called, then two strikes, but the third ball that came over the plate he swiped for as pretty a two-base hit as Kelly ever made, and the game was won. The yell that went up from all the Americans present was a hearty one, and with characteristic generosity toward their antagonists, the Englishmen joined in the applause.

The sport, of all others, which is most popular with sailors, is boat racing, and a feeling of most intense rivalry animates the racing crews of the different ships. Races between boats from vessels of different nationalities are always matters of great interest, and the residents on shore are ready to back the crew of their own nationality heavily. A challenge for a boat race is never given in writing, but is conveyed according to a custom, whose origin I have never been able to learn. The boat desiring to challenge, with crew in racing trim, rows around the ship whose crew they wish to race, and coming up under the bow, toss their oars, standing them vertical. A meeting is then appointed and arrangements made. Formerly a great deal of open betting was done, but it is discountenanced now by all commanding officers. A large purse would be made up on the challenging ship and sent over to the opposing one in charge of a committee to be covered.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

The Fourth of July is often celebrated when in foreign waters by games and races. The last Fourth we passed on the station was celebrated in this way. There were two Russian, two British and two American men-of-war in port, and a programme of races had been made out for the afternoon. The Russians and Englishmen had entered boats in most of the races, and we anticipated great sport, and we got it.

At 8 o'clock in the morning all the men-of-war were decked out with bunting, it being a custom for all ships of war to dress ship when a national holiday of the country of one of the vessels present occurs. The forenoon was devoted to games. There were tugs of war, walking matches, three-legged races, climbing the greased pole and other well-known sports. The only one containing any element of novelty was that of the greased pole. It was suspended from a yard arm, and dangled over the water at such a height that it could be easily reached from a boat. The lower end for a couple of feet was dry. The candidate for honors would be rowed up under the pole, and getting a good grasp on it, the boat would be shoved away from beneath him. It was easy enough to climb until the greased part was struck, and then the fun began. Some would climb up a little way on the greased portion, and slipping back would cover the lower portion with grease, and they would finally have to drop off into the water. No one succeeded in reaching the yard arm, and the mishaps caused a great deal of merriment. At noon a salute of 21 guns was fired by each of the ships, and it was a grand sight. Each vessel was soon hidden by a thick cloud of smoke, and as the guns were fired, sheets of flame would belch out from this cloud, followed by rolling masses of dense, heavy fumes, until it looked as though a fog had set in.

The boat races took place in the afternoon. One of the cutter races was won by an English crew, but the Americans won the dingley, whaleboat and gig races. A race between a couple of Catamarans caused a great deal of fun. Instead of oars, the crews used large coal shovels as paddles, and the struggle was quite an exciting one. The race on which the greatest interest was centered was that between our admiral's barge and the Russian admiral's. Our crew was a picked one, and were in constant training, and we all felt confident of victory. The Russian officers, including their admiral, were on board our ship, and were just as confident that their boat could not be beaten. Our barge pulled 14 oars, and the Russian 18, but no handicap was allowed on this account. The race was two miles out, around a stake boat, and return. When the two boats took their places at the starting line, I, for one, felt doubts as to our winning. The Russians were big brawny men, and the difference in number of oars was greatly in their favor.

AN EXCITING RACE.

When the pistol was fired the boats started off on very even terms, the coxswains standing in the stern sheets, with the long racing tillers between their legs, and swaying their bodies back and forth to time the stroke. As they neared the stake boat, on the way out, it was impossible to tell which was ahead, but when our boat began to turn first, the crew commenced to cheer. There was evidently but little difference thus far, as the Russian boat turned only a few seconds later, and the race back commenced. The Russian Admiral was quite an excitable man, and walked nervously up and down, looking at the boats occasionally through a pair of ship's glasses. When they came near enough for their respective positions to be determined, we could see that our boat had a good lead, and was increasing it, and it crossed the line an easy winner. The yells from our men were deafening, and the Russians were decidedly crestfallen. They claimed that their defeat was due to the superiority of our boat, and our Admiral offered to exchange boats and re-row the race. The Russians jumped at the chance of redeeming their defeat, and the race was rowed after giving the crews a chance to recover from their severe exertions. In the meantime, a couple of scrub races were rowed. One was between crews selected from the firemen and marines. The firemen won hands down, and for months afterward used to twit the "Jollies" about it.

When the barges appeared at the line again, our boat was manned by 14 men from the Russian crew, and four men in addition to our regular racing crew were in the Russian boat. The Russian Admiral made a few remarks to his crew before the race began, and from the caressing tones of his voice, we concluded that he was offering them special inducements to win. Off they went, and at the turning point were on about even terms, but on the way back the superior training of our men began to tell. The Russians struggled manfully, but in vain. Our men passed the line and tossed oars in salute, with a lead at least double what they had in the first race.

To say that the Russian admiral was chagrined, would be drawing it mild, and as soon as he could get his boat manned, he left the ship, and we were undisputed champions of the station.

We got badly left on one occasion. There are several small boats in the navy that are celebrated for their rowing qualities, and they deserve their reputation. So well is their speed recognized, that no boat's crew will knowingly pull against them without a handicap. The J——, one of our naval vessels, when fitting out at the New York Navy Yard for the China station, captured one of these boats, and brought her out. We had not received a challenge since our race with the Russians, and were quite surprised when the J——'s boat pulled up under our bow one afternoon and tossed oars.

A CLOSE FINISH.

Arrangements for a race were soon made, and the interest ran high. We knew that for some reason her crew was very confident of success, but we never imagined the true one. A great deal of money was up on the race, and the feeling was intense. It was this time a five-mile race with a turn, and in such a long pull we were sure the superior training of our men would tell.

The start and finish were in easy view from all the ships of the fleet, and the rigging of all the vessels was black with men. It was a pretty start, both crews being held well in hand, and, as far as we could follow them, neither one had any advantage. To our view they seemed to move slower and slower as they neared the stake boats. Their boat was the first to commence to round at the turn, and as she did so a triumphant cheer came from the men on the J——, answered by our men an instant later as our boat began to turn. It seemed an age before the boats came near enough to tell what were their relative positions. When we could determine we saw that their boat was slightly in the lead, but the bow of our boat lapped the stern of theirs. What a pandemonium of yells was let loose as the distance from the finish lessened and the relative positions of the two boats was maintained. The old admiral and the skipper were as highly excited as the youngest middy, and danced around as though the deck were hot. The boats had to pass under the stern of our ship, and the finish line was between a couple of buoys about 100 feet beyond it. Both crews were pulling as hard as they knew how, and as they neared the stern of our ship everyone went wild. The coxswains standing in the stern with caps gone were swinging back and forth, and frantically calling on the crews for a spurt, and encouraging them in every way. "More beef, boys." "Hit her up." "Give it to 'em in the neck," cried the men from our ship, and as they passed under the stern, with the J——'s boat a quarter of a length ahead, the old admiral shouted out: "What in thunder do you mean, boys? Will you let the blamed haymakers beat you?" and the skipper, fairly jumping up and down, called out: "Beer or blood, boys. Once more for the beer." Our men did nobly, and we could see that they were cutting down the lead, and as they passed over the line it was impossible to tell from the ship which had won. The judges decided that it was a dead heat, and we were very well satisfied at getting off so well. The race was never rerowed, as we left for home soon after.

A. M. H.

DOGS TO HUNT CRIMINALS.

Not Effective in Texas Because They Could Not be Had in Time.

From the Galveston News.]

When Conductor Brown was murdered near Sherman, last Friday, the first cry was to "send for the dogs." There has not been a murder committed in the State for years that the dogs have not been sent for, and by the time the dogs arrive, in nine cases in ten the fugitive has been gone so long that his tracks have become cold. In the Nineteenth Legislature Senator Davis introduced a bill requiring sheriffs to keep dogs to track criminals and providing for their purchase and support. Living in the southeastern part of the State where there are veritable wildernesses, he declared that it was nearly impossible to catch fugitives unless these animals were employed.

At once there was ridicule sent up from all sides, and the bill was killed without hardly a consideration. "Send for the dogs" is the constant cry, for it is somewhat strange that the worst crimes are committed at points remote from the dogs. They are employed on the convict farms, and they are effective. They are not vicious, as the readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" imagine, and the cost of their breeding and support would be infinitesimal. Perhaps after a time the advice of Senator Davis, as expressed in his bill, will be found to be sound and will be taken. Had it been taken and the Sheriff of Grayson county supplied with the animals, the murderer of Brown would now be behind the bars.

His Grandmother Knew How.

Oneonta Herald.]

A little boy in a Milford school received his first day's instruction last week. Before night he had learned to recognize and spell one word. "Now," said the teacher, "you can tell your grandmother to-night how to spell 'ox.'" "My grandmother knows how to spell it," indignantly replied the loyal little fellow; "she's teached school."

She Reproved the Cat.

Youth's Companion.]

Margery was playing with the kitten and all at once received a severe scratch. She looked at the ugly red line, then she stretched out her hand toward the kitten and said, sternly, "Titty, dive me that pin."

AT AN ENGLISH FAIR.

The Market Place Full of Buxom Lasses Looking for Employment.

HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE.

A Young Farmer Hires a Servant and Gains a Pretty Wife.

LIVELY DEBATING IN A COUNTRY INN

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, October 20.

AMONG the rural English, and more particularly in the North of England, the semi-annual fairs are full of interest and entertainment to the wandering American. Especially is this true in Northumberland, on the border of Scotland, where the people have many of the peculiarities of both nations, and use a dialect entirely their own. "Fair Day" in quaint picturesque Morpeth is an occasion never to be forgotten.

Early in the morning crowds of strong, red-cheeked, well-built country lasses hurry through the streets to the market place, where the sturdy British farmer hires his help, male and female, for the ensuing six months. This feature really constitutes the fair, and the fact of all the country maidens being there, attracts their sweethearts, friends and curious people. Tiers of candy stalls, "penny" shows, etc., are on the streets and it is evident that the town has absolutety resigned itself to the hiring of the buxom beauties.

Hiring a girl in the public market place is a very interesting piece of business. I became acquainted with a young farmer who was there to "hire a lass." His mother was a widow, and he had been assigned that pleasing, and in many instances important, duty. As he elbowed through the crowd he eyed a "lass" who was the picture of health and vigor and whose face was pretty and ruddy as the cherry.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

"Aw wud like to avil thet yers," said he.

In plain English this meant that he would like to sign the young beauty for the next six months. But there was an old man trying to come to terms with the young lady,

AT A NORTH COUNTRY FAIR.

who was probably 18 years old. She saw that my young friend was also on the lookout and the old man's offers were soon laid aside for awhile.

"What are ye asking the day, hinny?" said my friend.

"Aw want £6," was the fair worker's reply.

Then the real higgling of the market commenced. Finally the young man remarked that his mother was only prepared to pay £5½ for the six months. Whether or not the implied fact that the young employer was single had any influence was hard to determine, but she accepted the £5½, and we all adjourned to an inn to have the young woman "earled" or signed. I say all because she had other female friends who had their country sweethearts with them. At the inn each party signed the agreement. The young woman received a shilling as her "earling" money and when she got it there was a general remark to the effect that "that settles it." We all had our beverages, and the country maidens were not in the least bashful in tipping off a goodly quantity of Mumm's best brandy. At every table of the inn the same business,

Country Girls Going to the Fair.

that of "earling" was going on. Almost every other in the town had similar scenes, and it was nearly nightfall when the work of hiring young women in that public street was over. Of course many were left unhired; some whose general appearances did not make good impressions, but they were consoled by the fact that there were other fairs at other places in the county.

THE BACHELOR'S OPPORTUNITY.

The custom is centuries old, and has been handed down from generation to generation without almost any change since it was first established. Many stories are connected with the "Fair Day." That is the time above all others when these "lads and lasses" from the obscure homesteads away back in the country districts look their very best, and that is about the only time of the year that they get a brief respite from their daily drudgery. But their condition in life must be a healthy one, because a man must needs travel a very long way before he will see such a large number of plump and good looking, rosy-cheeked girls. "Fair Day" is the prompter of hundreds of marriages which result in a life's happiness for the contracting parties. Widowers often find another "helpmate" at the fair when on the lookout for a housekeeper, and a widower would be very difficult, indeed, to please if among the hundreds of maidens from 16 years old to 20, and others whose ages are of the unknown quantity, he could not select one who was deserving of a higher position in a lowly household than housekeeper merely.

At this fair I was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. D——n, who became man and wife through a business introduction at the fair. Mr. D.'s mother had died and he and his father were left with no one to manage the household affairs. Mr. D., Sr., said:

"Noo, Bill, thoo mun gan to the fair and git a nice young housekeeper. Mind thoo gets a cumly yen and yen thit'll not disgrace the hoose."

Bill, as he was called, related to me in that Morpeth inn the extreme anxieties and the unbounded pleasures of that day when he visited the fair in quest of a housekeeper. He talked business to almost every "lass" at the fair without making a choice. Eventide was fast approaching and those who had been hired, together with their friends, were all making their way to the "dances." But among a small group of unhired young women still in the open market place there was one "nice and canny lookin' lass," as Bill called her. Her manner was exceedingly more gentle than the ordinary, and her face was sweet and intelligent. She wasn't there to hire for farm work, but desired a "place" just such as our friend Bill had to dispose of.

A RURAL ROMANCE.

"Are ye hiring, hinny?" said Bill. With an unusual bashfulness this particular young woman replied in the affirmative. It is needless to say that they did not higgle a minute about terms, for Bill told me that he felt sure that he was hiring one that would become his wife. And such was eventually the case, and a happier married couple I have never met than Mr. and Mrs. D——n, who never fail to enjoy "fair day."

The village inn is another feature peculiar to English rural life. Each is provided with a drinking parlor, and here the village schoolmaster, the village politicians, the village employers and the intelligent and

A Debate in the Village Inn.

industrious workmen meet from time to time, and over their glasses of hot whisky or Bass ale discuss, pronounce upon and settle the most complicated questions of national or international policy.

I spent a few evenings at one of those inns, and I had not only a merry, but an instructive time. The parlor held about 30 of us, and as a means of making it somewhat exclusive each drink was increased in price a penny or a halfpenny. An official of a local mine and the local schoolmaster were prominent and the latter had the honor of presiding over the party. Almost all in the room were smoking long clay pipes. The schoolmaster opened the proceedings by remarking:

"Well, Mr. Clarke, we've got our drinks in, and I think it your turn to speak. Only five minutes now, mind. Do you all hear, only five minutes each now, I say. It's getting late."

Mr. Clarke, who was a bright looking young working man of about 26 years, stood up from his chair and proceeded to knock to smithereens something that the coal mine official had said about home rule.

"Does our friend Mr. C—— mean to say that each of us hasn't a right to manage our our own household affairs? We have a right, sir, and so has the Irish people a right to manage the affairs of their own native land." This evidently was a settler, as it was cheered, and the official sipped his hot whisky, but did not reply.

EMBRYO ORATORS.

But the discussion went on until nearly midnight, and I was surprised to find the remarkable knowledge of history displayed by almost every person in the room. Almost every village has its reading room, and the patrons of these inns read up to a remarkable extent on their favorite subject for days and days. They go to the inn thoroughly primed and bent on flooring somebody. Opportunity is soon offered them to air their various views, because as soon as the company becomes a little noisy a chairman is appointed, and he holds the scales of justice. This custom has developed many prominent speakers among the working classes.

After working hard for six days some men will walk miles on a Saturday evening to have a drink and hear and take part in the discussions of the topics of the week at the inn parlor. To a great extent it is there that public opinion is formed on general political questions and it is there that many poor unfortunate creatures, whose lot in life has been so severe as to deprive them of even the rudiments of education, learn very important truths in their own plain and every day language.

KNICKERBOCKER.

RED SHIRT AT LUNCHEON.

While Shining in Parisian Society He Becomes a Happy Parent.

Paris Letter to Brooklyn Eagle.]

The Buffalo Bills, as they call the show here, have had great success. The syndicate is thinking of getting up a winter show which they expect to be as successful. But I doubt if there remains any one in Paris who will care to go to any show so soon after having had such a sufficiency of them this summer. Mme. Nevada a few days ago offered the spice, to a few guests, of meeting the Indian Sioux Chief, Red Shirt, at a luncheon. She had him sit next to Buffalo Bill in case he might be ignorant of some of the rules of hospitality and would want management. But, to our surprise, he kept all the strict rules of table manners; not the most civilized gentleman could have done better.

He wore his Sunday go to meeting blanket. Don't smile, for it is his Sunday go to meeting blanket. He has been converted to Catholicism and wears that blanket at mass. Amusing incident: While Red shirt was convivially breaking bread with us, a son was born to him in the camp adjoining the inclosure of the show.

HEREDITARY DRIVERS.

The Vanderbilts All Noted as Fearless and Skillful Charioteers.

Brooklyn Eagle.]

The most notable instance of inherited talent with the reins that I know of is that of the Vanderbilt family. The old Commodore was a fearless and indeed almost a reckless driver and gained a reputation on Harlem Lane and the uptown avenues, which people talk about to this day. He was a master mind and impressed his individuality on his horses as well as the men with whom he was brought into contact.

His son, William H., inherited that as he did other paternal qualities in a conservative way, and was up to the day of his death a remarkably good driver. He was particularly fond of driving two horses, which is an art far more difficult than that of driving one.

Asking Too Much of the Girls.

Philadelphia Record.]

If a girl were to attempt to follow all the secrets of health and beauty found in the ladies' columns of the magazines she would spend the entire night in bathing, brushing her hair, oiling her hands, donning old gloves and doing the host of other things recommended to be performed before retiring.

A GREAT AUTHORESS.

An Interesting Account of the Life and Literary Triumphs of

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Some Remarkable Extracts From Her Autobiography.

A REFERENCE TO THE BEECHER TRIAL

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

One by one the great personalities, made great by the work they wrought for the preservation of our Union, are passing away. Grant has gone, Beecher is dead and it was not many months ago that the funeral dirge was chanted over the bier of Sheridan.

No figure among the few of those great ones still remaining to us stands out more prominently and sharply against the horizon of popular affection and veneration than that of Mrs. Stowe. The author of an epic of love and wrath, than which no other book, with the exception of the Bible, has circulated more widely; the writer of 30 other volumes which have but cemented more closely the bulwarks of her fame; a loving, simple-minded, natural woman; the place filled by Mrs. Stowe among the grand characters of this century is unique.

It was about two ago weeks that, upon my bicycle, I glided over the crackling leaves through Hartford streets to call upon Mrs. Stowe, with whom I have had an intimate acquaintance for years. It was a lovely day, and as I turned into Forest street, near the corner of which stands Mrs. Stowe's modest residence, and in a moment more dismounted by her gateway, the front door opened and there, standing upon the threshold, was Mrs. Stowe herself. I shall never forget the picture. A slight figure draped in black, sharply outlined against the shadow of the hallway beyond, the snow white hair brushed straight back from a broad, low forehead, features, Beecherian in their strong, fine outlines, creased into innumerable minute wrinkles, bluish gray eyes dimmed by age, thus does the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" look in her 78th year.

It is not my intention in the limited space at my command to speak further of my visit. I may say, however, that I enjoyed it much more than former ones because I had spent the evening before in reading the advance proofs of Mrs. Stowe's autobiography. It is from these advance proofs that I have been permitted to take the extracts, none of which have ever been printed before, which appear in the following article.

A CHILD ESSAYIST.

The thing which most interested me in the beginning was a composition given entire in the first chapter, which shows Mrs. Stowe's marvelous precocity as a child of 12.

The title is the remarkable one of, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?"

The following extracts speak for themselves:

It has justly been concluded by the philosophers of every age: "The proper study of mankind is man," and his nature and composition, both physical and mental, have been subjects of the most critical examination. In the course of these researches many have been at a loss to account for the change which takes place in the body at the time of death. By some it has been attributed to the flight of its tenant, and by others to its final annihilation.

The questions, "What becomes of the soul at the time of death?" and, if it be not annihilated, "What is its destiny after death?" are those which, from the interest that we all feel in them, will probably engross universal attention.

In pursuing these inquiries it will be necessary to divest ourselves of all that knowledge which we have obtained from the light which revelation has shed over them, and place ourselves in the same position as the philosophers of past ages when considering the same subject.

The first argument which has been advanced to prove the immortality of the soul is drawn from the nature of mind itself. It has (say the supporters of this theory) no composition of parts, and therefore, as there are no particles, is not susceptible of divisibility and cannot be acted upon by decay, and therefore if it will not decay it will exist forever.

And here it is said that a being of such infinite wisdom and benevolence as that of which the Creator is possessed would not have formed man with such vast capacities and boundless desires, and would have given him no opportunity for exercising them.

In order to establish the validity of this argument, it is necessary to prove by the light of nature that the Creator is benevolent, which, being impracticable, is of itself sufficient to render the argument invalid.

But the argument proceeds upon the supposition that to destroy the soul would be unwise. Now this is arraigning the "All-wise" before the tribunal of his subjects to answer for the mistakes in his government. Can we look into the council of the "Unsearchable" and see what means are made to answer their ends?

The great desire of the soul for immortality, its secret, innate horror of annihilation, has been brought to prove its immortality. But do we always find this horror or this desire? Is it not much more evident that the great majority of mankind have no such dread at all? True that there is a strong feeling of horror excited by the idea of perishing from the earth and being forgotten, of losing all these honors and all that fame awaitd them. Many feel this secret horror when they look down upon

THE VALE OF FUTURITY

and reflect that though now the idols of the world soon all which will be left them will be the common portion of mankind—oblivion! But this dread does not arise from any idea of their destiny beyond the tomb, and even were this true it would afford no proof that the mind would exist forever, merely from its strong desires. For it might with as much correctness be argued that the body will exist forever because we have a great dread of dying, and upon this principle nothing which we strongly desire would ever be withheld from us, and no evil that we greatly dread will ever come upon us, a principle evidently false.

Again, it has been said that the constant progression of the powers of the mind affords another proof of its immortality.

In answer to this it may be said that the soul is not always progressing in her powers. Is it not rather a subject of general remark that these brilliant talents which in youth expand, in manhood become stationary, and in old age gradually sink to decay? Till when the ancient man descends to the tomb scarce a wreck of that once powerful mind remains.

Some minds there are who at the time of death retain their faculties though much impaired, and if the argument be valid, these are the only cases where immortality is conferred.

Again, it is urged that the inequality of rewards and punishments in this world demand another in which virtue may be rewarded and vice punished. This argument, in the first place, takes for its foundation that by the light of nature the distinction between virtue and vice can be discovered. By some this is absolutely disbelieved, and by all considered extremely doubtful. And, secondly, it puts the Creator under an obligation to reward and punish the actions of His creatures. No such obligation exists, and therefore the argument cannot be valid. And this supposes the Creator to be a being of justice, which cannot by the light of nature be proved, and as the whole argument rests upon this foundation it certainly cannot be correct.

This argument also directly impeaches the wisdom of the Creator, for the sense of it is this: that, forasmuch as He was not able to manage His government in this world, He must have another in which to rectify the mistakes and oversights of this, and what an idea would this give us of our all-wise Creator?

From all these arguments, which, however, plausible at first sight, are found to be futile, may be argued the necessity of a revelation. Without it, the destiny of the noblest of the works of God would have been left in obscurity. Never till the blessed light of the Gospel dawned on the borders of the pit, and the heralds of the Cross proclaimed "Peace on earth and good will to men," was it that bewildered and misled man was enabled to trace his celestial origin and glorious destiny.

This remarkable piece of literary composition was read at a school exhibition by Mrs. Stowe when in her twelfth year, and the original of it is still in the possession of her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe.

MRS. STOWE'S CONVERSION.

As the daughter of the most prominent clergyman of his day, Mrs. Stowe's early life was spent amid surroundings and influences which could not fail to strongly influence her naturally sweet and reverential nature. It is not sur-