HELENA WEEKLY HERALD

Volume XVIII. Helena, Montana, Thursday, December 20, 1883. No. 5.

The Weekly Herald.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription.

WEEKLY HERALD:

One Year.....$4 00
Six Months.....2 00
Postage, in all cases, Prepaid.

DAILY HERALD:

City Subscribers, delivered by carrier, $1 50 a month
One Year, by mail.....$12 00
Six Months, " 6 00

Changes of address will be made promptly and cheerfully, but requests MUST give the post office FROM as well as the one TO which such change is desired, in order to receive attention.

All communications should be addressed to FISK BROS., Publishers, Helena, Montana.

JOHN AND SALLY.

BY C. M. ST. DENOYS.

In a quiet spot stood a little cot,
With a garden, and chickens, and bees, and what not?
And a wedded pair, contented, dwell there,
With the wee bits of children that fell to their share.
Oh, favored John and Sally!
That cottage in the valley
Might have been a little heaven,
If the pair had only striven
Peace to keep through toil and trouble;
Temper only makes them double.
Oh, foolish John and Sally;

When John from the shop came ready to drop
With fatigue, and the worries that never will stop,
His wife he would find half out of her mind
With the children's vexations, and things of that kind.
Alas! for John and Sally,
Their patience they should rally.
John would say, "What great disorder."
No excuse would he accord her,
She would cry, "You're cross and fussy."
"No, it's you, you lazy hussy!"
Oh, wretched John and Sally!

Soon this practical two said, "This will not do;
When we love it is folly such quarrels to brew."
"I have it!" John cried, "my hat on one side
I'll wear when I'm tired, and my temper's been tried.
Then you, my darling Sally,
Will all your sweetness rally.
When you'r cross, your apron's corner
You'll tuck up; I'll heed the warner,
And be extra kind and loving,
Half our troubles thus removing."
Oh, happy John and Sally!

But one gloomy eve, I firmly believe
To be told their sad plight will compel you to grieve,
As home he came nigh, John's hat was awry,
And poor Sally's check apron was tucked up quite high.
What now for John and Sally?
Whose turn was it to rally?
First they stared, then laughed out loudly;
Then John tenderly and proudly
Kissed the wife so worn and weary—
Never evening passed so cheery.
Oh, happy John and Sally!

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and enoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed
While luxury pillows its aching head,
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realms of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And centre there are better than gold.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
For their love and counsel wise:
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deemed it a pleasure when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

ALL THE SAME.

CHARLOTTE L. SEAVER.

A wee golden head nestles close to my knee,
And slowly I strive to untangle the hair,
As wind-tossed and curly, as sunny and bright
As if some stray sunbeam were lingering there.
"It hurts so, oh, mamma," half sobbing she says,
My own little maiden, and eyes big and brown
Look up into mine, and two quivering lips
Are raised to my own, as I say, stooping down,
"I'm sorry, my darling." "Yes, mamma, I know,"
Then the eyes, full of tears, bend low in their shame,
As she tries to be brave. "I truly won't cry!
You're sorry, I know, but it hurts all the same."

And I thought, as I gathered her close in my arms,
Aye, surely, the hurts that are hardest to bear
Are the ones received from those nearest to us,
And often it is not because they don't care,
But because they are careless in word or in deed;
And e'en though their sorrow half softens the blame,
Yet the wound is still there in spite of regrets,
And truly, oh, baby, it hurts all the same.

LAUNDRY SECRETS.

What the Missing Mary Churchill Learned.

[Chicago News.]

Mary Churchill, the missing St. Louis girl who was found in an Indianapolis laundry, talks entertainingly of her experience in the laundry business. For three months she had the counting and sorting of the pieces brought in by Indiana people, and her reminiscences of the prominent people she has had business dealings with are valuable as defining the characteristics of each.

She says that Mr. Hendricks invariably brought two shirts, two pairs of socks, four collars and three handkerchiefs per week to be laundried. He had an aversion to starch—a characteristic peculiar also to his political convictions.

Mr. McDonald's shirts were ruffled and his socks were of variegated hue, while his handkerchiefs were always of the brightest colors, marked with a monogram in silk—emblematical of this gentleman's mooted voluptuous tastes.

Wm. H. English had a shirt and an odd sock laundried every other week and invariably kicked about the price. It was hard to do up his shirts nicely because they were of cheap material and were chalked over by the wearer as they began to show dirt. Miss Churchill says she had to watch the clothes line pretty sharp while Mr. English was in the shop.

Dan Voorhees was the handsomest customer the shop had, but Joe McDonald was the pleasantest to do business with, for he had a friendly way of chucking her under the chin and calling her "My dear" and "Baby," and asking her how she would like to go buggy riding with him some evening.

Mary saw Mr. Holman only once. Then he came into shop in somewhat of a hurry, and sat on a stool in a back room while he was having his gingham shirt sprinkled and pressed out. "He wasn't of much use to the laundry anyway, as he didn't go much on clean clothes," said Miss Churchill, "and he had a commutation ticket which did him a year at least."

Servants in Mexico.

[Cor. Cleveland Herald.]

Every Mexican household has a great number of servants in proportion to the size of the family, and how they occupy themselves is a mystery. There is one creado whose sole business it is to make tortillas; another to do the marketing and act as steward; another who does nothing but cook; another to wash; another to keep the house tidy; others to wait on table and attend the children; to brush the mistress' hair and shake the dust from her dress (which literally sweeps the dirty streets whenever she goes out, American short skirts being considered dreadfully immodest), besides, gardeners, hostlers, valets, etc.

But servant keeping is a very different thing in Mexico to that in the United States del Norte. Here they do not require the salary of a Congressman, nor demand days out and company in, nor grow so important that their employer is barely allowed to remain providing she is sufficiently polite. Mexican creados consider four dollars per month a munificent salary, and in time get rich on it, according to their ideas of wealth. They sleep, rolled up in their serapas, on the floor, in the court, wherever it is most convenient, require few clothes, and those generally the gifts or cast-off garments of their employers—and are invariably pious and appear contented.

A Rich Find.

[Arizona Miner.]

Two years ago Fermin Mejia found near the old Senator mill, seven pounds of gold quartz ore, from which he extracted $414, calculating the gold at $18 per ounce. Since that time he has upon various occasions made search for the source from which the rich ore came, and last week was made more than happy by discovering the vein, which is fully three feet wide and can be traced for half a mile. He exhibited to our gaze to-day a sample of ore, which is fully one-half gold, and will pay at least calculation $60,000 to $70,000 per ton. This is the finest gold discovery ever made in Arizona, and perhaps the world. Mr. Mejia is working his new find and carefully sacking his richest ore, while that worth from two to three thousand dollars per ton is left upon the dump as second-class.

Industrial Education in New York.

The New York Trade Schools were established by R. T. Auchmuty. They are not charity or free schools; to have them self-supporting is the end and aim of the founder. The buildings are plain unpretentious one-story brick structures on First avenue, extending from Sixty-seventh to Sixty-eighth streets, and are sufficiently commodious for the accommodation of several hundred practical pupils. Instruction is giving in plumbing, bricklaying, fresco painting, stone-cutting, plastering, pattern-making for molders and machinists, turning, scroll-sawing and wood carving. The courses in each vary from three to five months, with instruction three nights in the week, with a few special day classes, and the terms are from $2 50 to $5 00 per month and from $10 to $25 for the entire course. The instructors are skilled mechanics, selected from the most successful men in the several departments, and, in many respects, the instruction is superior to that obtained by the ordinary apprentice.

Circulation of Silver Certificates.

There are different opinions regarding the propriety of issuing silver certifiates, but it has a queer look to find the New York *Tribune* declaring they do not circulate as freely as National bank notes. There are over $80,000,000 of them in circulation, and according to several reports of the Treasurer of the United States they are eagerly demanded at the sub-Treasuries in exchange for gold coin, and are extensively used in moving the crops of the West and South. So generally do they circulate that they are very little used in paying customs duties, for which they are receivable.

COLONEL GUTRIPPAH.

Ready for Wah--A Cigar for a Bad Dime.

"Did you all see that in they papah they othah day that the Lord Mayah of London didn't invite they American Ministah to dinnah, sah?" asked Colonel Gutrippah.

"Yes, Colonel," said the reporter. "It was a national insult; but what can we do about it?"

"I'll tell you all what I shall do, sah" said the Colonel, emphatically. I shall watch for the first Englishman I meet on the street, sah, and beat he all's livah out, sah. I wish they would out a wah between England and they Ewenited States, sah. Spill my Southern blood if you wouldn't find fourteen thousand Confederate soldiers flocking up foh service undah the stahs and bahs, sah."

"Stars and stripes, you mean, Colonel."

"Yes, sah, I'll guarantee to raise a regiment in Kentucky in less than foah weeks, sah, and every man will be a Colonel who owned niggahs befoah the wah, sah. I undahstand you all have a Congressman from Chicago, sah, who is opposed to England on general priniples, sah."

"Who is that, Colonel?"

"Colonel Finnegan, sah."

"Who?"

"Colonel Finnegan, sah."

"Oh, Finerty."

"Yes, sah, that's the man, sah. He all can be elected Pressdent by de independent votes of men like myself, sah, who don't like plaid britches."

"I done learned a new wohd de othah day, sah."

"A new word, Colonel!" exclaimed the reporter. "What is the new word?"

"It is 'pulchritude,' sah. I run across they word in they *Daily Snooze*. Ain't it a dandy? They funny man of that papah had just leahned it they day befoh, sah, in they same column."

"What does it mean, anyway, Colonel?" asked the reporter.

"I don't kno exactly, sah, but I am shuah it isn't fit to use in they society of ladies, sah. They cussed morals of the condemned newspapahs need looking aftah, sah. Yes, indeed, sah.

"I done went in a bah-room they othah day to get a cup of Baeh Grass, sah, and flung down a quahtah of a dollah on they countah foh they pay, sah. They bahkeep passed me out a tin ten-cent piece, so bad a countahfeit that I could see it without my glasses, sah. What do you suppose I did, sah?"

"I don't know, Colonel; but I should have called the barkeeper's attention to the fact that the change was bad."

"Oh, you all would! Sah, you all ah a smaht man, but you all was raised in Kaintucky, sah. No, sah; they propah thing to do was to do as I did, sah. I let the ten cent piece lay right in front of me till I had done had my drink, sah, and then I done called foh a cigar, straight ten, sah, and pushed they lead ten-cent piece ovah to they bahkeep, sah.

I knew it made him mad, sah, foh he all done gritted his teeth as he all picked it up, sah, and then he went out and kicked the nigger that was powdering ice in they back room. He all hated to see the lead ten-cent piece come back, sah.

Chronic Lassitude.

[Scientific American.]

There are certain characteristics connected with a lazy man which are admirable. They excite in the twanging, jingling breasts of the nervously fidgety a feeling which borders on respect and is akin to awe. Your double geared fidgety man will spin all day like a top and run down in the cool of the evening on the identical spot on which he started off after breakfast. The man suffering from chronic lassitude will keep still, keep cool, keep in the shade, put in a full day's work resting himself and arrive on time at sundown, cool, calm and collected, without having once sweat under the collar or laid a hair.

The professional lazy man seems to eat, drink and sleep with as much gusto and sang froid as his fidgety brother with the high pressure anatomy and patent double cylinder, fast, perfecting, hygienic apparatus, who gets hot in the box and wears and grinds and cuts his life away like a piece of misfit machinery. The fact of the business is the man of bustle wears his life away for want of the oil of rest. The lazy man just soaks along like a handful of cotton waste in the oil cup of a box car axle.

Sympathy.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Well, how do you feel this morning old man?"

"Bad. I have the worst cold you—"

"Had a cold myself last week; nose all stopped up, and pains—"

"You ever saw. I never got a wink of sle—"

"Pains in my back, and my bones—"

"Sleep all night. Took three glasses of hot whis—"

"Bones ached till I thought I should go wild. Had Dr. Beans called—"

"Whisky, but they didn't do me any go—"

"Called, and suffered terribly—"

"Good, and now I'm going to—"

"Well, so long, old fellow; I'll see you again soon."

The moral of this is, dear reader, if you have a cold say nothing about it. It interests nobody but yourself.

Planetary Influences.

A writer who has studied the planets with a view to ascertaining the influence they have over the people claims that people never agree in marriage whose horoscopes are antagonistic, and among the Hindoos and some other nations, even to this day, the astrologer is consulted to determine where there is a complete sympathy between the positions of the sun, moon, Venus and Mars in the respective nativities, and, if their relative positions are not found to agree, then the projected match is broken off. Women who have the sun or the western angle afflicted by Uranus, Saturn or Mars at birth should never enter wedlock. When they do so under these conditions misfortune is certain to result. Venus should be free from the cross aspects of the malefic.

COOKERY IN AMERICA.

Miss Parloa Declares It Still Abominable, but Improving.

[New York Star.]

Miss Maria Parloa reopened her school of cookery Monday. About seventy pupils were present, and she expects to have a class of about one hundred, besides her numerous private and out-of-town classes. Her first lecture was on that grossly neglected article in American cookery—soup. A part of the time the instructor stood by the side of a fire kitchen range and gave practical demonstrations. The kinds of soups treated on were consomme, bouillon, glaze, consomme a la royale, consomme with maccaroni and with rice and julienne soup. To the *Star* reporter Miss Parloa said:

"I always try to impress upon my classes the importance of knowing how to make a good soup. The ignorance of our people in this respect results in an enormous waste of material that might be made available. How seldom do we see an American housekeeper purchasing or ordering portions from the necks and legs of animals? And yet those are the best parts of the whole carcass for making good soups. If our housewives paid more attention to making soups our people would eat more bread, and they would be healthier and wealthier at the same time. But no! when a woman orders meat it must be from the finest and most expensive part, and it makes no difference whether she is the wife of a millionaire merchant or of a day laborer. Our people are naturally very proud, and nobody wants to be caught doing anything on a cheap scale. I am doing what I can to overcome this feeling, and I am beginning with the rich. I know that if the rich people will take the lead by copying the French in this matter the poorer classes will follow."

"Do you think the American people are making much progress in the art of cookery?"

"As a general thing the cooking in our American kitchens is still quite abominable. It is simply amazing to see how ignorant the majority of our housekeepers are in this matter. How often will you find a woman who knows how to boil a piece of corned beef, for example? It will come upon the table as tough as leather, and if you try to cut it with an ordinary knife you only tear it. And then, in so simple but important a matter as cooking rice! Why, I have scarcely found a single lady who knows how to do it."

"Do you attempt anything in the way of teaching your pupils the relative value of foods—the cereals, for example, as compared with meat and green vegetables?"

"I know the cereals, such as rice, peas, wheat, beans, etc., contain very large percentages of nutriment as compared with meat and green vegetables, but I don't go as far as some in insisting upon them as principal articles of food. I know that a good many scientific men tell us that really there is very little nutriment in beef as compared with some other things; but then it seems to me their theories are always changing, and until I am much more strongly convinced I shall stick to meat. I believe that meat contains a stimulating property that very few, if any other, kinds of food have."

"From what classes of people do most of your pupils come?"

"From the best. I have several private classes in this city. These are generally gotten up by young ladies from families which have brains as well as wealth. I will mention no names, but one of my classes last year was headed by the daughter of an ex-Secretary of State, and another by the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Murray Hill. These young ladies are generally very intelligent and make rapid progress. I also have a large evening school in 42 street for people who have not the time or the means to join the private classes."

"Do you think that the American people will in time rival the Europeans in the culinary art?"

"They will surpass them, and at no very distant period."

An Emergency

[Free Press.]

A few days ago a man with a meek and humble expression, and wearing a summer suit of clothes, applied to one of the railroad passenger agents for a dead-head pass to Toledo.

"Why do you want to go to Toledo?"

"To git married."

"And you haven't any money?"

"Not above 25 cents."

"Hadn't you better be worth your fare to Toledo before taking a wife on your hands to support?"

"You don't understand the case," protested the man, "I'm going to marry a widow worth at least $5,000, and the first thing I shall do will be to remit you the price of a ticket. I'm poor and the widow knows it, but she married me for love."

He protested so long and earnestly that he was finally passed down the road. Two days elapsed and then a letter was received from him, saying:

"Heaven bless you for your kindness! Reached here all right, and married the widow according to programme. It turns out that she isn't worth a copper. In this emergency may I ask you to pass us both to Detroit, where I have hopes of striking a job."

A Monotonous Life.

"How glad I am to see you, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. D. to the bride of a year. "And how do you like married life?" "I am very happy, but after all married life is awfully monotonous." "Indeed, I never found it so." "No, perhaps not, but then your husband is country bred; you came from a city; he is a blonde; you a brunette; he is a Christian and you a Jewess." "Really, my dear, I do not understand." "Not understand? Cannot you see how differently I am situated?" "Well, no." "Why, my husband and I both came from the same town. Our parents were as much alike as two families can be. We are both of the same temperament, both think the same way, both belong to the same church, and there is absolutely nothing for us to quarrel about."

THINNER THAN A RAIL.

Sprague, the Living Skeleton, Astonishes and Amuses Some Medical Students.

[Chicago Herald.]

The Dime Museum living skeleton, Isaac E. Sprague, whose weight is fifty pounds, age forty-two years, and height five feet five and a half inches, was the subject of a clinic yesterday afternoon at Rush Medical College, by Dr. H. M. Lyman, Professor of Nervous Diseases, about 300 students witnessing the examination and listening to the Doctor's explanation. Sprague took a seat in a chair, having a pair of black velvet trunks on, the body above the waist and below the hips being exposed. He is, literally speaking, a mass of skin and bones, and so light that his attendant easily carried him into the amphitheatre, and moved him about as occasion required. Dr. Lyman first called attention to the scapulæ projections or irregular flat bones forming the shoulder blades, which stood out very prominently, and their movement could be plainly seen on the subject, who said he was not able to walk, but could support himself on one leg—the right, and could use the arm on the same side. Dr. Lyman spoke of the shape of the bones, saying they were of natural size, although they had nothing but skin to cover them. He pointed out the location of the carotid artery in the neck, and showed the imperfect movement of respiration, during which there was very little expansion.

Sprague was requested to give a sketch of his history, and said his parents were large and healthy. He had three strong boys, the youngest of whom is ten years old and weighs ninety pounds. The atrophy, for such is the disease which has wasted away his body, began at the age of twelve years. Dr. Lyman said the disease usually ran its course in five years, and never remembered reading of a case of such long duration as that of Sprague's. Taking Sprague's left hand and holding it up he showed that the muscles of the hand and thumb were all gone. So long as the muscular fibre existed the muscle could perform its functions; when all the fibres are gone the muscle loses its power.

One of the most remarkable features of the case is that it is so prolonged. If the disease should invade the region of the neck it would paralyze the respiratory organs and death would ensue. The disease was unknown in the subjects family, which was strange, as it was hereditary. He had read of a case wherein the disease had been traced back in a family two hundred years.

Sprague said he had no sickness, no rheumatism, and his appetite was good, he being able to eat three hearty meals a day. Dr. Lyman felt his pulse and pronounced it good in volume and very natural. The sight was good, and there was no wasting away of the tongue, as was generally the case in atrophy. The vital centers had not been attacked. On being asked if he was cold in his semi-nude condition, he said he had been exposed for seventeen years, had been out with circuses and other shows, and never took cold.

Dr. Lyman next drew a diagram on the blackboard, and explained that the seat of the disease was in the spinal column, and they would find in all these cases a chronic inflammation of the cords. The obliterations of the muscles was very slow, and the disease was not necessarily a fatal one. The subject might live for many years, anent which Sprague said he would let them know when he died, which caused some laughter. Dr. Lyman told the students that they should not hold out any expectation of a cure in such cases by medicine. The patient could be helped by hygienic treatment, but the best treatment was electricity—the use of the galvanic current with from eighteen to twenty-five cups. Atrophy may be arrested in its course, but it would prove fatal sooner or later; no time could be fixed. It was a disease generally caused by accident, and the doctor gave instances where the limbs of patients had been strained by lifting and falling, and palsy had ensued. In Sprague's case it could not be accounted for, as he had never met with any accident and had no sckness. Typhoid fever was also an underlying cause of otrophy.

This finished the doctor's explanation, and Sprague informed the students that he weighed eighty pounds when the disease first appeared. He married his first wife when he was twenty-six years old, and his second, who weighs 170 pounds, last December. "I can lick any man in this country of my size and weight," he said, which caused general merriment. He has been carried around for the last eight years, and still has a natural feeling in every part of his body. This remarkable man has two sisters who weigh 200 pounds each, and a brother who weighs 170 pounds.

A Street Full of Millionaires.

No street in the world, perhaps, possesses more value to the square foot than Fifth avenue, New York, the abode of so many millionaires. The figures as taken from the tax books of the current year show that the city derives a revenue of over $1,000,000 a year from this one avenue, between Eighth and Eighty-second street. The total amount of the figures printed is $49,449,000, it being forty per cent. less than the actual value of the property? Taxable property is supposed to be assessed at sixty per cent. of its real value, at which rate the estimation of the tax department officials place the actual value of the property on Fifth avenue, not including that which is exempt from taxation, at $60,228,-600. These figures, however, only take in the property from Washington Square to the end of Central Park; and in many instances the records of portions of assessable property could not be found on the tax books by the reporters.

Living at Great Elevations.

An Englishman named Graham, who has been making ascents of the Himalayas, has disproved the general impression that life at an elevation of 20,000 feet is almost impossible. He has demonstrated the possibility of both breathing and living at an elevation several thousand feet higher than Mount Blanc, and of undergoing the fatigue of much longer and more trying ascents than those from Chamounix and Zermatt.

THE LARGEST SAILOR AFLOAT.

A Vessel in Whose Fashioning the Best Art of the Shipwright is Displayed.

[New York Sun, November 10th.]

A new ship with lofty spars and a long black hull lies at the foot of Wall street. Her jibboom reaches half way across South street, while her stern is far beyond the ferry house. There is not a straight line in her model, and the inspectors and seamen who have examined her say that no finer model is afloat, if she has an equal.

Along the black planking just forward of the cathead is the name in gold block letters, "John R. Kelley." She was named for her owner, who lives in Bath, Maine. She was built for strength as well as speed. Her frames were allowed to season for fifteen months before they were put up. As a specimen of the size of the timbers put in her, it is said that the timbers of the bilge ceiling are 14x14 inches. They are bolted to the frames with 1⅝-inch iron. She has the strongest frames ever put in a wooden ship. Her length over all is 280 feet; length of keel, 253 feet; beam, 45 feet; depth of hold, 28 feet. She has three decks. Her bowsprit and jibboom are not very long, projecting about 60 feet outboard, but the length of jibboom is 350 feet, or a little less than two city blocks, away from the end of the spanker boom that hangs over the taffrail. She measures 2,-364 tons. She will carry 3,500 tons dead weight. Two sailing ships have been built that measure more than this one. One was the Great Republic and the other the Ocean King, a four-masted ship belonging to Boston. But the Great Republic is not now afloat, and the Ocean King will not carry so much cargo as the John R. Kelley by nearly 200 tons. She is, therefore, the largest sailing carrier afloat. The main truck is about 170 feet above the deck. Her main yard is 90 feet long. The first glance shows that her rig is peculiar. The tops are supported by angle iron. It takes a second look to show that the lower masts are also metal. They are made of steel plates 5-16 of an inch thick, and are stayed on the inner side with four metal strips of angle iron. They are the first steel masts ever stepped in a sailing ship. They are the lightest in weight as well as the strongest. They were made by the Goss Marine Iron Works of Bath. She has the first complete suit of steel standing rigging ever put on a ship. The shrouds are served over with small stuff, but even then they appear slender beside the common run of rigging. With sky-sail yards crossed she will show a big spread of canvas. On deck there is an engine house with a donkey engine to get up the anchor, make sail, pump ship, condense water, and do pretty much everything that has to be done about ship except, perhaps, taking the sun. The windlass is the largest ever put on a sailing ship. Her chain-cables are made of two and one-eighth inch iron. One of the largest sized patent anchors hangs on the port bow and a common one equally as large hangs on the starboard bow. Comfortable quarters for her twenty-four sailors are provided in the house forward. There is a long poop aft. An ornamental rail surrounds the house aft, where it projects over the quarter deck. Between the after end of the cabin and the wheelhouse is a broader space than was ever shown on a sailing ship. "A quadrille of six sets would not be cramped," as the captain said yesterday. The wheel is a work of art. It is built of solid mahogany with rosewood spokes. The whole is beautifully carved and is inlaid with brass stars. The wheelhouse is finished with ash. No yacht on New York waters has finer steering gear. The handrails down the companionway are of solid ebony, silver tipped, and supported in silver sockets. Corrugated brass plates of ornamental outlines keep the feet from slipping on the steps. The floor of the saloon is carpeted with the best quality of Brussels. On each side of the saloon is a large sofa of carved mahogany, upholstered in dark red plush. A sideboard at the forward end is built of solid mahogany, relieved by rosewood trimmings and French burl panels. A silver rail runs around its marble top, within which are kept a large silver water pitcher and silver drinking cups. The walls of the saloon are finished in mahogany, rosewood, French burl and mountain laurel. The handsome little steam yacht Viking has a saloon of about equal alegance. The Captain's room, the quarters of the mates, and the spare rooms are noticeably large and are finished in like manner. No detail in the joiner work has been neglected. The doors will shut and the joints come together so that they are hard to discover. It is the work of Amos Hackett, of Bath.

The John R. Kelley was the one hundred and seventy-fourth vessel built by Goss, Sawyer & Co., of Bath. She will run in the Van Vlack California line. She will be commanded by Capt. Thomas P. Gibbons, of Bath. He has commanded the Triumph, a Boston ship, for the last five years. Philip Mason, a Massachusetts man, will serve as mate.

Capt. Kelley, the owner of the new ship is an old sailor himself. His last ship was the Tacoma. He run in the Webb line of steamers from San Francisco to Panama for a number of years. He is one of the best known seamen in the country.

A Soft Answer.

'Twas past twelve at midnight when he rolled home and prepared to concoct some story for the lateness of his return. She, however, was awake, and with sharp-scented nose detected an odor of gin.

"What smell is that, my dear?" she remarked.

"Cloves, my love."

"But the other odor, sir?"

"Allspice, my sweet."

"But I smell something else."

"Oh, that's cinnamon."

"But I am certain I smell something that isn't spice at all."

"Oh, that's an apple I ate before I came in."

"Well, I should think," she replied, "that if you'd just taken a good drink of brandy before you came in and eaten a ham sandwich you would have had all the ingredients necessary for a good mince pie."

He sighed as he dropped to sleep, and murmured that he'd have done so if he hadn't been afraid of bad dreams.