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CHARACTER IN THE FEET.

HERE'S A WRITER HOLDING THAT BY THEIR SHOES THEY ARE KNOWN.

Some Specimen Outlines Which Go Far to Prove the Correctness of His Theory. Phil Sheridan's Foot—Lincoln's Foot. J. L. Sullivan's Foot and Others.

"Have you seen Haydon?" said Sir William Allen to David Bridges, a well known character of a set, and a good "hail fellow well met."

"Yes."

"And how do you like him?" asked the other.

"Why," replied David, "there is a good deal of genius in the toes of his boots," alluding to the square toes he wore to avoid corns.

There is very much more truth in the above statement than most people would suppose upon first thought, for there is much to be learned of character from the shoe. Describe to the writer how your friends are shod, and he will tell you something of their character and habits. For it is possible to tell of a person's tendencies—whether they are irresolute, fickle or evasive, or whether they are firm, set in their ways or open and free in their dealings, or whether tidy or sloven in habits—by the size of the shoe, breadth of the sole, the condition of the bottoms or strings, the amount of wear on the toe or heel, the condition of the linings, etc.

Yes, boots and shoes are revelators. There is the patent leather shoe; in some cases it may indicate taste and refinement, but when toothpick in shape and Chinese in tightness—calculated for stepping from the drawing room to the billiard hall or smoking room, but by no means fitted for plodding along the rough, dirty streets, how it tells of a character when thus seen—lazy, conceited and effeminate.

1—LINCOLN'S.

There is the stout laced boot—strong itself, and speaking of a strong form above it—the very type of vigorous, earnest, self reliant manhood.

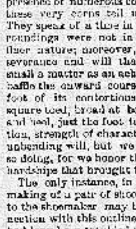
There, too, is the cloth boot—the dear old comfortable supporter of healthy, hearty age; the life of the fireside, as it rests cozily in its corner of the fender, on which the grandchildren delight to ride to Banbury Cross. Its step is well known in the aisles of the village church and to the ears of the sick and destitute; itself a pedestal of how great a weight of experience and goodness, of thoughtful kindness and hospitality.

There is the cowhide boot. How it tells of a plodding, thorough honest life, devoid of the finer touches and luxuries of life, yet its very element is squareness. This boot, with its wearer, goes through life fearlessly, not afraid of being contaminated by hard labor nor a rough life's journey, as is the case with the dainty patent leather.

Who shall say there is no character in a boot? Why, shoeology beats phrenology out and out. Note the sloven with his laces hanging, threatening his downfall at every step, heels run over as though, disgusted with the wearer, they sought an opportunity to slide out from under him and desert him, as the friends of every unsuccessful man are wont to do at the time of need. To read character by the footgear, one must not only note the condition and style of the shoe, but take particular notice of the general appearance of the shoe and the outline of the foot, just as the phrenologist reads character, not by the individual bumps, but by the general shape and formation of the head.

As an indicator of character we have a notable example in the outline of Abraham Lincoln's foot. Its length and breadth indicate a man tall and muscular, but devoid of surplus flesh. True, it is distorted by the presence of numerous corns and bunions, but these very corns tell as much of the man. They speak of a time in his life when his surroundings were not in accordance with his finer nature; moreover, they indicate a perseverance and will that would not allow so small a matter as an aching foot to deter or baffle the onward course. Could we rid this foot of its contortions we would find it square toed, broad at ball, fine line at instep and heel, just the foot to indicate determination, strength of character, high aims and an unbending will, but we have no thought of so doing, for we honor the corns by the early hardships that brought them.

The only instance, in America, where the making of a pair of shoes brought a fortune to the shoemaker may be mentioned in connection with this outline. President Lincoln had long been troubled with ill fitting shoes, and often was compelled to remove them in the presence of notable people, as he said, "to give his feet a chance to breathe." Soon after his election, in 1860, a Scranton (Pa.) shoemaker named Peter Kahler obtained an outline drawing of the president's foot, and from it made a pair of shoes, which he forwarded. They suited and the president wrote a letter of thanks, which Kahler was shrewd enough to have printed. It brought him fame, and he removed to New York. Lincoln continued to patronize him; this brought prominent patronage, and Kahler at his death left a considerable fortune.



2—SHERIDAN'S.

The outline of another notable foot is here seen. It is that of Gen. Philip Sheridan, and you can see by the way it turns in at the toe that its owner was a horseman of long practice. The foot is short and chubby like the man who used it. The muscular development is quite noticeable at the heel and ankle. The toe is square and the ball broad, indicating some of the characteristics noticeable in that of President Lincoln's foot. The length of the foot would indicate a size No. 6, but owing to the chubby development of the foot none other than a No. 7 could be worn with ease, and, as Gen. Sheridan showed his good sense by insisting upon lots of room for his pedals, a No. 7½ was the size he usually selected. The instep was high and finely arched. Gen. Sheridan wore none other than broad toed lace shoes.

John Sherman has a foot quite similar in general outline, except that its beauty is somewhat marred by the presence of corns and bunions. Mr. Sherman's foot is considerably longer than that of Gen. Sheridan, but that is to be expected, as he is a taller man. Its size is 8½, and the covering a pair of button gaiters, with broad toes and square heels.

Next comes a foot which many Americans hope some day to see in an Irish parliament at Dublin—that of the Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell. Notice the breadth at the ball, which backs up the wedge shaped toes, that if they ever get an entrance never let go. The narrow heel and instep indicate a man tall, but of good "staying" qualities. The instep is high and arched. Mr. Parnell wears No. 9's, which are really too big for him, but very comfortable. As though it were a habit born of desire, he wears only congress shoes.

It is a mistaken idea that small feet indicate refinement or "blue blood." We have a notable example of this in the royal family of England, though they can trace ancestral descent from royal blood for several centuries. They are famous for being the possessors of large feet. Queen Victoria wears 6's, the Prince of Wales 9's, Princess Louise 5's, and Princess Beatrice 4½'s. It is true that manual labor may in a degree be responsible for the development of the foot. It may make the small foot broader and the large foot larger, but in nearly every instance the foot is in proportion to the frame. The tall man of bony build will have large feet, whether he sits upon a throne or performs manual labor. Of course there are some few exceptions, as there are to almost every rule. A large, fleshy person is more apt to have a small foot than though he were of more muscular build.

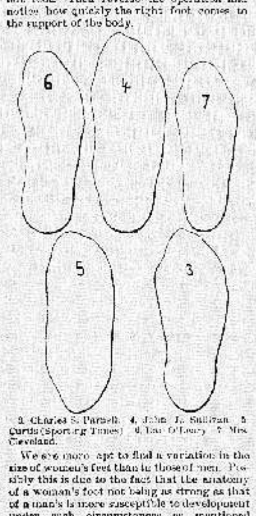
Breadth at a point just below the instep and in front of the ankle bone indicates great strength. We have a notable example of this in the foot of John L. Sullivan. Although the outline would indicate a rather shapely foot for so large a man, it has many peculiarities. Sullivan's power as a fighter is seen in that portion of the foot back of the line A B—here lies his strength. This half of the foot would call for a 9½ shoe, width EE, while the front half requires but an 8, width C—here lies his weakness. Were the "intellectual" part of his foot in proportion to the "brute" half, then it would be at least one-half inch wider at the ball, and the toes full and square. His foot measures at ankle 9⅞, heel 14, instep 9¾, ball 9¼ inches. His dress shoes are made on a No. 9 last, and his fighting shoes are No. 10's.

"I have noticed," says a Broadway shoemaker who makes a specialty of sporting shoes, "that as a rule sporting men have large, coarse feet. For instance, here is an outline—that of Curtis of The Spirit of the Times. You can hardly tell from the shape of it which is the toe or which is the heel."

There is a peculiarity of the feet of sporting men that is worthy of mention, and that is that all prize fighters have what is sometimes termed a nigger heel, while, on the other hand, pedestrians have long, slim heels, as will be seen by the outline of Dan O'Leary's foot. In this outline this peculiarity is more pronounced than in most cases, but it serves to illustrate.

Even the trades have feet peculiar to each. The hod carrier, as might be expected, has a foot very full across the instep, due, no doubt, to the climbing of ladders with heavy loads. This same peculiarity is noticeable to a degree in the foot of the bookkeeper who sits perched upon a high stool with his heels caught over the rounds. The constant pressure brought to bear across the hollow of the foot tends to spread it, though not to the degree as is the case with the hod carrier.

Another peculiarity of the foot is that as a person may be right or left handed the opposite foot will be the larger. This is due to the fact that the weight of the body is supported in the greater part by the left foot while the right hand is being used, and vice versa. If the reader wishes to prove this, let him step up to a bench, pick up a heavy mallet in the right hand and notice if he does not intuitively throw the weight of the body to the left foot. Then reverse the operation and notice how quickly the right foot comes to the support of the body.



3. Charles S. Parnell. 4. John L. Sullivan. 5. Curtis (Sporting Times). 6. Dan O'Leary. 7. Mrs. Cleveland.

We are more apt to find a variation in the size of women's feet than in those of men. Possibly this is due to the fact that the anatomy of a woman's foot not being as strong as that of a man's is more susceptible to development under such circumstances as mentioned above. Quite frequently women will be found who should wear on one foot a shoe fully one size larger than upon the other. This may be due to the peculiar habit many women have of standing with the weight of the body supported for the most part by one foot. The outline shown is that of Mrs. Cleveland's foot, nor is so prominent a personage any exception to the rule, for there is a difference in her feet of fully one-half size—so says her Washington shoemaker. Mrs. Cleveland wears a shoe No. 5, one size smaller than Queen Victoria. As the average American woman is said to wear a No. 4 shoe, it will be seen that Mrs. Cleveland's foot is one size larger than the average, but that is to be expected, as she is above the average size. She is said to have a beautiful foot, and likes to have it well shod. Being fond of walking she orders a great many walking boots, which she likes to have with light uppers but heavy soles.

Mrs. John Wanamaker, wife of the postmaster general, is very particular about her shoes. There is only one kind she will wear, and she wears them always. It is French kid, with toes that are a compromise between a square and a pointed toe, and to protect her toes from corns her shoes are always box toed. The sole is projecting, and ornamented with yellow stitches. The heels low and broad. Her house shoes are the same, except that they have a thin, hand turned sole. She wears a 4½ D, and always buys two pairs at a time.

Each nation may be said to have a distinctive foot, and this peculiarity must be taken into consideration if we attempt to judge of character from the contour of the foot. Of all the civilized nations, the Scotch are said to have the most ungainly and ill shaped feet. They are large, broad toed, flat and bony.

The Irish foot is inclined to be short and chubby, particularly those of the women.

The English have feet broad at the instep and inclined to be narrow toed, though broad at the ball.

The Germans have chubby feet, but possessed of more arch than the Irish foot.

The French foot—contrary to the general supposition—is large, but with high arch and slim toes, that permits of the wearing of shoes with very pointed toes, which, together with high arched instep and high heels, gives the appearance of a foot much smaller than it really is.

To the Spaniards and Cubans is due the credit of small feet. Small heels, arched instep, long, tapering toes and a very slim foot, all go to make up the ideal small foot.

Whims of the Society Actress.

"A young woman of wealth and social position was about to make her debut under my management," said a well known theatrical manager. "The play was bought and the company engaged. One day she ran into my office in a great state of agitation.

"'Oh, Mr. Blank,' she cried, tugging at her little valise, from which she drew out a tiny ribbon, 'here's the color of the dress I am to wear.'

"I was dumfounded for a moment.

"'Well, Miss H——,' I said, 'I don't quite understand.'

"'Oh, yes,' she ran on, 'I shall have a dress made of that material and cut decollete.'

"'But do you know what the other ladies are going to wear?' I asked her.

"'No, I don't.'

"'Do you know what the colors of the scenery are, and that it is customary to obtain information about these matters before deciding on a dress? Now, I think a plush gown would be just'——

"She roused in an instant.

"'I shan't wear plush! No, I'll never put a bit of it on my body. There, now! I'll agree to nothing but silk, sir, and this color, too.'

"I told her the color would never do (it was a bright yellow), but she insisted that she would wear it.

"'Look here, miss,' said I, for I was annoyed beyond measure, 'do you imagine that I am going to build a whole scene, with costumes and all the rest of it, around that bit of ribbon?'

"It was enough. She left. By-and-by she became a little more docile, and she wore the right dress after all. I only mention this to illustrate that there is something else in stage dressing than the mere selection of showy and expensive drygoods."—Philadelphia Times.

TALMAGE'S NEW CHURCH.

IT WILL BE A VERY HANDSOME STRUCTURE, INDEED.

Plans Were Well Under Way While the Embers of the Old Building Were Yet Smouldering—Views Outside and Inside of the Proposed Building.

While the embers of Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, on Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, still smoked, plans and suggestions for a new building of the same nature were already being offered. In a little while it was known that the money for the new structure was secure, and now the plans have been adopted, the place selected and preparations made to begin work. The new Tabernacle will front on Clinton avenue at the corner of Greene, will be completed next September and will cost about $150,000.

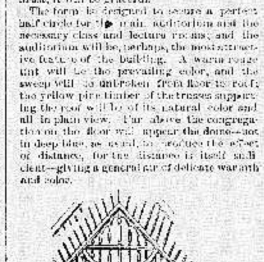
PROPOSED NEW TABERNACLE.

The site is in the most fashionable section of Brooklyn, on the "Hill," so-called. Clinton avenue considers itself the finest avenue in Brooklyn, and, taken through its entire length, no other has so many elegant residences. For some distance each way from the site selected the avenue is lined on both sides with the finest residences, and the trustees promise that the new tabernacle shall be fully up to the standard of the vicinity. It will be built of a peculiar kind of granite, found only in Connecticut, and noted for having thread-like veins of dark red running through it. The trimmings and ornamentation will be of Lake Superior brownstone, harmonizing well with the granite.

The style will be somewhat unusual, and will render the new structure a very striking object. There will be at one corner a tower 165 feet high; also two large gables at each facade with small towers at the extreme end of each. The general form of the corner tower will be square up to a point above the arch over the entrance ways, and there four minor towers will rise from the corners of the tower, producing an effect somewhat like that noted in too famed Turkish mosque. At the base of this square corner tower will be the two main entrances to the church, and these will be the subjects of the greatest ornamentation, each entrance ten feet wide and overarched in delicately carved stone. There will also be small entrance ways at each of the smaller towers. From this it is apparent that no specific name can be given to the architecture, but its general effect may be styled Norman-Moorish.

The windows will be very unique and ornate and in Norman style, that is, so long as to give the effect of narrowness, and with round headed tops, ornamented with much carving. In the gables each of the principal windows will be surmounted by a large rose window. The two gable walls will be seventy two feet to the roof peak, and each of the sets of windows there will be forty-four feet high, and finally there will be a line of small round top windows and arches along the entire wall, just under the roof. It is apparent that with such a combination of towers and arched entrances, and such long Norman windows, the wall design—indeed, the general finish—will be that of the most complete churches of the Greek cross form and Mediæval type. But with these that resemblance suddenly ends; the form is radically modern and unclassical, yet, the architects insist, it will be graceful.

The form is designed to secure a perfect half circle for the main auditorium and the necessary class and lecture rooms; and the auditorium will be, perhaps, the most attractive feature of the building. A warm rouge tint will be the prevailing color, and the sweep will be unbroken from floor to roof; the yellow pine timber of the trusses supporting the roof will be of its natural color and all in plain view. Far above the congregation on the floor will appear the dome—not in deep blue, as usual, to produce the effect of distance, for the distance is itself sufficient—giving a general air of delicate warmth and color.



AN INTERIOR VIEW.

The floor will slope upward slightly from the platform, giving those in the back seats sufficient elevation, and there will be two galleries, securing sitting space for 5,000 attendants. The semicircular auditorium and the platform and organ across the square side fronting it are as in the old tabernacle; but there will also be lecture room, class rooms, reception rooms and other conveniences added. The unusual combination of styles raises a question as to the fine effect of the completed building, but the architects are confident of artistic success.

How to Be Miserable.

There are persons whose lives are rendered miserable by always contrasting their own lot with those in easy circumstances. Many a woman has grown petulant and lost the charm of a pleasant nature by dwelling on the difference in her neighbor's silks and velvets and the plainer fabrics which her small means compel her to wear. It is both foolish and dangerous to allow such thoughts to disturb the serenity of one's mind. It fosters discontent, and creates an ambition which too often seeks evil ways for its gratification.

Each individual's life is distinctively his own, and can be lived well and happily only when his mind is sensibly adapted to the circumstances which govern it.

There is something, however, to be envied. Something both prettier and pleasanter than costly equipages or fine dress; and that is—a sunny, happy spirit. A wife and mother with such a nature is worth more in a home than all the elegant furnishings that money can supply. She is the joy and ornament in one.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Wife.

There seems to be an impression that all Creoles have dark and swarthy complexions, with hair black as the raven's wing and eyes of "ebon darkness." I ran across a New Orleans man uptown last night who said that many have lily white complexions, golden locks and blue eyes. Continuing his remarks he said: "I know one Creole lady in particular who is as dainty as a carnation. She is like a gleam of sunshine in a murky sky; and her mind is as pure and sweet as her face."

"What is her name, please?" was asked.

"She is my wife," he replied.—New York Star.

FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE.

Plans of the Great Bridge Proposed Over the English Channel.

Once more the subject of a solid roadway across the channel from England to France is agitating the engineers of both countries. Some thirty years have passed since the project was first put before the people, only to be laughed at. Again it was brought before them and seriously discussed. Then interest in it died out, and a tunnel under the channel was projected. The British took one of their regular panics of a French invasion, and the tunnel project was condemned. Now the bridge idea is revived.

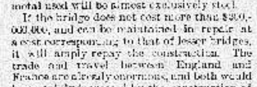
The bridge would be twenty-four miles long, resting upon 118 piers, and between these piers would be spans from 300 to 1,500 feet long and rising 200 feet above high tide. Ten years are calculated as the time required in which to do the work, and the total cost is placed at $173,000,000. An international company under the presidency of M. Leon Say has at last been formed to study the tunnel question and agree if possible upon international plans. Five years ago, however, the Channel Bridge and Railway company was organized at London and Paris, with a capital for investigation and survey of about $1,000,000. Its president is M. de Guy du Palland, and among its members is the Hon. Philip Stanhope, member of the house of commons. This company has consulted the most eminent authorities upon the feasibility of the operation.

Distance is only one point to be considered. There is the infra-structure as well as the superstructure. There is the nature of the bottom of the channel to be considered. Hence, the line adopted starts from the French coast at a point near Cape Grisnez (gray nose) and reaches the English coast at Folkestone, thus passing over two submarine banks. The distance is twenty-four miles, and the line is not straight, but deviates at two points in order to keep the foundation upon the banks and avoid deep water. Thus through the entire course of the bridge the infra-structure will be upon solid or chalky debris bottom, which is ample to sustain the great weight required. The greatest depth is 180 feet, and it is in sinking and placing the caissons that the highest engineering skill will be required.

PROPOSED CHANNEL BRIDGE.

The width of the bridge will vary considerably. The greatest distance between the axes of the principal girders will be a little over eighty feet, this space being thought the least that was safe, and something that more will be necessary to assure stability against the most violent gales, but the width of the platform upon which the rails are to rest is a little less than thirty feet, but enough to allow of a double track of the ordinary width and the track is to be set in grooves, to prevent all possibility of accidents. There will be no carriage way, and no footpath except for persons employed on the bridge. The metal used will be almost exclusively steel.

If the bridge does not cost more than $300,000,000, and can be maintained in repair at a cost corresponding to that of lesser bridges, it will amply repay the construction. The trade and travel between England and France are already enormous, and both would be certainly increased by the construction of the bridge. It is not England's trade alone with France, but with Holland, Belgium and Germany, which is to be considered, and the shipments already amount to over 14,000,000 tons. Leaving out of account the heavy merchandise which, owing to its relatively low value will mainly be sent in vessels, there remain nearly 7,000,000 tons that will probably be transported every year over the new railway. The promoters of the bridge say that 5,000,000 tons and 1,000,000 travelers are the lowest of the cash items that could reasonably be expected for the bridge.



ROUTE OF THE BRIDGE.

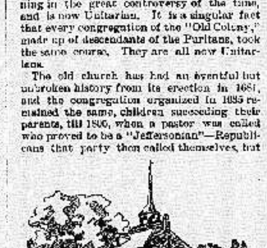
The fear of an invasion by the French, which strikes the British mind at regularly recurring intervals, was of course not overlooked by the projectors of the bridge, and they have arranged to make the first two spans at each extremity movable so that in case of need communication could be immediately cut off. If that mythical French army, which periodically arises to the British imagination, could indeed march over the bridge to invade England, on reaching the northern end it would find itself before a precipice at least 175 feet high, and practically impassable with any known resources of the military art.

Oldest Church in America.

The annexed picture is of the oldest church structure in North America—208 years old. It stands, in pretty good repair, on a commanding eminence on the edge of the old cemetery at Hingham, Mass., and is locally known as "The Old Ship." Its preservation is due to the fact that it was built of thoroughly seasoned oak, in massive timbers, and is located in a favorable place.

Hingham is in what was called the "Old Colony," settled by English Puritans in 1635. Down to the late war there was an older church in Virginia, but it was destroyed by fire. The English settlers in the "Old Colony" were the staunchest of Puritans, but in 1820 the congregation took sides with Channing in the great controversy of the time, and is now Unitarian. It is a singular fact that every congregation of the "Old Colony," made up of descendants of the Puritans, took the same course. They are all now Unitarians.

The old church has had an eventful but unbroken history from its erection in 1681, and the congregation organized in 1635 remained the same, children succeeding their parents, till 1800, when a pastor was called who proved to be a "Jeffersonian"—Republicans that party then called themselves, but



THE HINGHAM CHURCH.

in Federal New England they were oftener called Jacobins. The pastor was an "offensive partisan," so Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, of revolutionary fame, and his supporters withdrew and organized a rival church. Soon after the old congregation followed Channing, and so ceased to be Puritan after 198 years of Congregationalism.

Halloween Usages.

Lighting bonfires is one of the oldest and most universal of Hallow eve usages, yet the Germanic and Celtic nations were both accustomed to kindle them Oct. 31 centuries before they ever heard of the Christian religion and its vigil of All-Hallow eve. It is probable that the boys of those old races indulged on that date in the same mischievous practices which now afford so much pleasure to our own youngsters, and no doubt the little sons and daughters of the ancient Romans, Germans and Celts carminated the municipality (or in the vulgar, "painted the town red") quite as extensively as our own children do now by ringing door bells and running away before they can be answered, beating in the panels of front doors with cabbage heads, misplacing signs, gates and fences and raising Old Nick generally.—Chicago Times.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

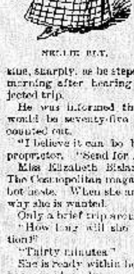
"NELLIE BLY" AND MISS BISLAND GO RACING ROUND THE WORLD.

The First Named (She Is Really Miss Corcoran) Goes for The New York World, and the Latter for The Cosmopolitan Magazine—Glory and $1,000 Up.

Now we're off.

Eastward goes the steamer Augusta Victoria bearing Nellie Bly, of The New York World newspaper, and westward goes the Chicago limited bearing Miss Bisland, of The Cosmopolitan magazine, in a race around the world.

"Around the world in seventy-five days!" says the enterprising manager of The New York World. "It can be done and Nellie Bly shall do it."



NELLIE BLY.

Nellie Bly had four days in which to prepare. She orders a traveling dress, an ulster, a waterproof, a double peak cap. In a gripsack she takes two suits of underclothing. This substantially is her baggage.

"How quick can a woman go around the world?" asks Mr. Walker, proprietor of The Cosmopolitan magazine, sharply, as he steps into his office on the morning after hearing of Nellie Bly's projected trip.

He was informed that Nellie Bly's time would be seventy-five days, unusual delays counted out.

"I believe it can be beaten," exclaims the proprietor. "Send for Miss Bisland."

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, a contributor to The Cosmopolitan magazine, is summoned in hot haste. When she arrives she is informed why she is wanted.

Only a brief trip around the world.

"How long will she require for preparation?"

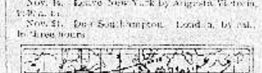
"Thirty minutes."

She is ready within her proposed time, but has considerably more. She is to go in the opposite direction from Nellie Bly and can't get off till 6 o'clock in the evening.

Now, here is a sensation and no mistake. Away with all fictions of walking races, running races, bicycle races, horse races, between women or even men. Here is a race around the globe between two young women who make no pretense to athletics, but who have been blessed with indomitable pluck and high intellectual endowments. They start on the 14th of November, and are expected back in New York on or about the 27th of January. Here is Miss Bly's programme:

Nov. 14. Leave New York by Augusta Victoria, 9:30 a. m.

Nov. 21. Due Southampton. London, by rail, in three hours.



"NELLIE BLY'S" ROUTE.

Nov. 22.	Leave Victoria station, London, 8 p. m., on India mail.
Nov. 23.	Calais, Paris and Turin.
Nov. 24.	Brindisi at 10:14 p. m.
Nov. 25.	Leave Brindisi, steamship Cathay, 2 a. m.
Nov. 27.	Ismailia.
Dec. 3.	Aden.
Dec. 10.	Colombo (Ceylon).
Dec. 16.	Penang.
Dec. 18.	Singapore.
Dec. 23.	Hong Kong.
Dec. 24.	Leave Hong Kong for Yokohama, Japan.
Jan. 7.	Leave Yokohama, via Pacific Mail steamship.
Jan. 22.	Due San Francisco.
Jan. 27.	Due New York.
Nov. 14 to Jan. 27.	Seventy-five days.

Miss Bisland will make the same trip, going in the opposite direction. She will sail from San Francisco on Nov. 21 on the Oceanica, the same vessel that Nellie Bly expects to take on her return, reaching Yokohama, Japan, on Dec. 11. The manager of The Cosmopolitan has cabled for a government boat for her use from Yokohama to Hong Kong. This is a slight departure from Miss Bly's programme, who starts with the intention of traveling all the way by regular conveyances. But now that another has started to race her, before the journeys of these two lively young women are ended, it would not be surprising if the two enterprising managers were chartering trains and steamships right and left. Neither would care to be beaten, and both have plenty of means. The World is a great newspaper, and it is intended to make The Cosmopolitan a great magazine. Look out then for one of the biggest sensational advertising enterprises on record.

Miss Bly is 20 years old and Miss Bisland 22. Miss Bly lives with her mother, to whom she is devotedly attached. Her real name is Corcoran. Miss Bisland is a French creole from New Orleans. Miss Bly had a better opportunity for preparation, and is well provided with chronometers and all kinds of incidentals to so long a journey.

The route to be traversed covers about 30,000 miles. To make the trip within seventy-five days will require a daily accomplishment of 430 miles. It is intended that Miss Bly shall make frequent contributions to The New York World along the route. She will have plenty of time aboard steamers and trains to get up her letters, and while hurrying between stations will be able to drop them in lamp post letter boxes. If she doesn't find these convenient receptacles in Yokohama or Singapore, it will simply indicate how far behind the people in these places are in postal facilities, and make Mr. Wanamaker feel happy.

Miss Bisland will not have the advantage of getting her communications published on arrival. Magazines are made up far ahead of their date of issue; but doubtless a future number of The Cosmopolitan will contain a carefully prepared and handsomely illustrated account of her journey.

"God speed!" cries every one to the two brave girls who, having chosen a career which for many years was occupied almost exclusively by men, are hurrying alone through foreign lands, with a view to a success which will rival that of many men of journalistic fame.

An Awful Scheme.

I have heard lately of a country library which is run on so ingenious a principle that I feel bound to state it for the benefit of my readers as may be concerned with similar institutions. Though in some sense a public library, the books are not given out free, a small sum being charged, so much per day for the use of them, and the library is open but two days in the week, and then only for a couple of hours. The consequence is obvious—a man takes out a book and finishes it perhaps on one of the off days. Then the work is laid aside, and he never thinks of it except on a day or at an hour when books are not received, and the result is that books are kept out for a week or two, at least, and a corresponding revenue accrues to the library. The advantage of this plan is twofold. Few books are read (always a great point gained in a public library), and for those that are read a large fee is extorted from the reader. It is superfluous to add that the books in this library are carefully wrapped up in brown paper, and that the person who presides over it is eminently well suited for the post.—Boston Post.

After the Engagement.

Tom—How is it, Mildred, dear, that you came to accept such a chap as I am?

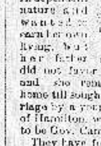
Mildred—Well, to be perfectly frank with you, Tom darling, you were my last chance.

Tom—I'll be frank, too, sweetheart. I had asked all the other girls but it was no go.—Epoch.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL'S FAMILY.

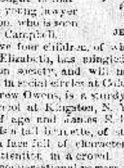
Portraits of Mrs. Campbell and Her Two Daughters.

Mrs. James E. Campbell, wife of the governor-elect of Ohio, has made a record quite as brilliant in its way as that of her husband. She is a native of and was reared in the little city of Lebanon, Warren county, O., a place long celebrated for its handsome and sprightly women. Besides the natives—generally of good stock, if one may use such an expression—the school for ladies at Lebanon has for many years drawn there a select class of the young and fair. The location is singularly healthful, the original families were of the best in Virginia and other old states, while the additions resulting from the school and long years of culture have combined to make Lebanon a place of note for womanly beauty.



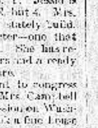
MRS. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell, then Elizabeth Owens, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Lebanon, was one of the first to enter Vassar college, where she remained three years and gained high honors. She there formed a friendship with Maria Mitchell and her father that lasted as long as they lived.



ELIZABETH.

Miss Owens was of an independent nature and wanted to earn her own living, but her father did not favor the idea, and she remained at home till sought in marriage by a young lawyer of Hamilton, who is soon to be Gov. Campbell.



JESSIE.

They have four children, of whom the oldest, Miss Elizabeth, has mingled a little in Washington society, and will naturally be prominent in social circles at Columbus. The next, Andrew Owens, is a sturdy boy of 16, now in school at Kingston, N. Y. Jessie is 10 years of age and James E. but 4. Mrs. Campbell is a tall brunette, of stately build, and with a face full of character—one that attracts attention in a crowd. She has remarkable conversational powers and a ready wit that sometimes rises to satire.

When her husband was sent to congress from the Hamilton district, Mrs. Campbell made a most pleasing impression on Washington society. The family took a fine house on Connecticut avenue, and entertained right royally. Indeed, Mrs. Campbell may be said to have ranked with Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Whitney as a popular society lady, drawing to her receptions the brightest of the official and literary people. The situation of a society lady who "entertains" at Washington is often peculiarly trying, for two reasons: there is no other city in the country, if in the world, where so many and such sudden changes of personal occur in the highest social ranks, and none in which there are more little jealousies and cause scarcely known elsewhere and more temptations to make a mistake liable to err. Yet Mrs. Campbell's tact and ready wit saved her, and she is most graciously remembered by all Washingtonians.

GEN. GRANT'S CABIN.

Philadelphia Grieving Because It's Going to Rack and Ruin.

Philadelphians are grieving over the rapid decay of Gen. Grant's cabin in the park. Weather and the "vandals" are preying on it; what the latter do not carry off the former fast disintegrates. One side of it is about rotted away, and only a few boards shut out the weather from the interior. The cabin stands in what is called the East park, near the river bank, and just south of the Girard Avenue bridge. When it was first placed there all Philadelphia went enthusiastic, and declared it should be preserved forever, but time and the "deceitfulness of riches" have caused it to be neglected.

It is a historic cabin, too, and if the "craze" for relics of greatness is ever justifiable, one might certainly excuse it in regard to this cabin. When the Army of the Potomac had crossed the James, and after the failure of the first assaults had settled down to the slow siege of Petersburg and Richmond, the great commander had this cabin erected for winter quarters, and during the ensuing five months that cabin at various times contained as much personal greatness as any building in the world ever did. At one time Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade and Admiral Porter sat around the table in this little hut, for Sherman had come up for the final consultation after completing his march to the sea, and Lincoln and Stanton were visiting City Point to confer with Grant.

THE GRANT CABIN.

In this cabin Grant wrote all his elaborate letters and dispatches of that winter, the telegraph office being placed near for convenience. There he received every evening the reports of all his subordinates, and rarely retired before midnight. Spies, scouts and orderlies were constantly arriving and departing, officers of all grades coming and going, and in the midst of it sat Grant in his light blue, undress soldier's overcoat, with broad-brimmed hat on and cigar in his mouth. On the table lay two enormous maps, on which he traced day by day, and often hour by hour, the movements in the whole military field, and red points, blue lines and movable pegs showed the locations of the last important events or lines of the last movements.

The cabin was erected on the bluff overlooking James river in November, 1864, and though completely abandoned in April, 1865, was by a happy chance preserved. Eleven years later it was purchased and taken to Philadelphia, the country being assured that the city fathers would see to its preservation. The roof and three sides of the building are still in fair preservation, but of the fourth side, that part which remained sound has been carried away by relic hunters. One man lately lugged off a three feet section of one of the logs, and quite lately parties of excursionists have visited it especially to get mementoes.

"Nobody is responsible," as usual, in such cases. The park police say they cannot protect the cabin without neglecting other duties, and the authorities do not feel moved to appoint a special guard for it. There is no fence around it, and its general appearance is that of a half decayed negro hut in the south. A suggestion is made that a protecting building be put up to inclose the whole cabin, and unless this is done a few months more will find the historic structure dispersed in relics and dust.

The Eyes of School Pupils.

Overzealous teachers may sometimes do harm in threatening pupils with punishment if they look up from their books, says the sanitary inspector. The eye, and especially the young eye, needs a rest occasionally by diversion from near to more remote objects. At the recent Paris international congress of hygiene, one of the speakers, Dr. Motais, in speaking of the alarming prevalence of myopia in Germany, and of its rapid increase in France, expressed the hope that we shall soon see the course of studies varied and children prevented from looking too long a period at near objects.

Easy on the Family.

Ed—My grandfather died this morning.

Al—And I suppose you will have to pay for the funeral?

Ed—Oh, no, the city pays the expenses; grandpa was hung.—The Epoch.

HIS FIRST BEAR.

A Tenderfoot Lays Out Bruin by Chance, but Runs a Mile with Fright.

One morning, after driving over rough, hilly roads and smooth bottom for several days, I started, with a rather sappy looking fellow, for a drive to look up some land out near the banks of the Mississippi river.

The irrepressible combination of loafer and adviser at the frontier hotel had volunteered the information that wolves had been seen in that neighborhood, and seeing in this a possible chance to cover myself with glory, I borrowed the landlord's old shotgun, loaded both barrels with good charges of powder and three slugs each, and away we went. My companion didn't seem to enthuse much over the sportive turn our trip had taken; he even seemed to doubt the propriety of "monkeying with a gun," as he expressed it, but I set him down for a chicken hearted fellow, and rather pitied him for not feeling that thrill of pleasure at the prospect of dangerous and exciting sport which animated me.

A couple of hours' drive brought us near our destination, and the river stretched its length before us; stunted woods and underbrush skirted its banks, but no wolves had thus far disturbed our peaceful meditations, and I was beginning to feel that the wretch at the hotel had been playing me for a tenderfoot. Suddenly a huge black bear walked out of the bushes and claimed our attention.

Now I had always maintained that I was naturally a very brave man; of course, I had never had any dealings with this class of animals, but my vivid imagination had many times pictured just such a crisis as this, and my courage had always (in my mind, of course) risen sublimely to the occasion. My driver trembled like a leaf in a cyclone, and didn't have the backbone of an office towel left in his frame, while I, true to my imagination, felt brave enough to fight a dozen bears single handed. I stood up in the buggy, and when I saw the brute making for us with no uncertain tread I could fairly feel the courage swelling within me. I scornfully ordered the driver to hold the horses and sprang lightly to the ground.

I have never been able to satisfactorily explain just what caused such a metamorphosis in the aspect of things, but somehow the instant I found myself on the same footing with the beast I began to feel lonesome. I began to appreciate the company of even a scared man and a team of horses. My chest didn't swell as much, and the air seemed to thicken; something seemed stuck in my throat that persisted in distracting my attention from the pressing business of the moment, when, oh, horrors; the bear gave a yell, the man howled, and away went the horses!

It is surprising how I lost confidence in that old gun; and as it was really the only obstacle between the bear and his breakfast, this had a very depressing effect on my nervous system. But the bear was upon me; I had no time to entertain melancholy reflections. I pointed the gun in the direction of his glowering muzzle and fired. Instantly he arose on his hind quarters with a cry of pain. I had just sense enough left to know that this was my last chance, but the cool, calm confidence so vital to my best interests had become a myth. I simply pulled the trigger, and the other three slugs started in the direction of the enemy. The enraged beast dropped to four footed business and started for me; one short gaze at his glistening teeth, red mouth and big corporosity lumbering toward me was enough. Thoroughly demoralized, I dropped my gun, and, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, I wildly fled.

I could feel the hot breath of my villainous pursuer on my oscillating calves, and he seemed to drop his ponderous feet into the very tracks I had just left not three feet behind. I strained every nerve and muscle to increase my speed, but could not gain an inch on the fearful tramping behind me. Soon this pace began to tell on me; it also told on the bear. The way my labored breathing was echoed back by the hot puffs of the beast at my heels was paralyzing, as well as remarkable. As the various parts of my anatomy presented themselves before my harassed mental vision as candidates for bear delicacies, each seemed more precious than the rest, and I never before realized what a physical treasure I was. Then I thought of my life insurance; wondered if policies held good where the deceased was used to decorate the interior of a bear.

The faint hope that his bearship would be considerate enough to leave the buttons outside for purposes of identification was a comparatively cheering reflection, so melancholy had I become.

Finally the fact was forced upon me that I could not keep up this terrible pace much longer; I was lost physically, at least, and now I tried to think of that mode of exit from the scene that would be least shocking to my oversensitive nerves, as well as satisfactory to the bear. If I turned and offered to fight single handed, I feared the bear might try to hug me, and as I believe in sincerity in all things I could not conscientiously enjoy this mark of affection under the circumstances.

I finally decided that my feet would be the least objectionable part to present by way of introduction. Since this country was annexed to Chicago, I have not regarded them in the same light as of old. So, dripping with perspiration, harassed by a thousand uncanned fears, as wretched a bundle of humanity as ever was offered for sacrifice, I threw myself on my back, stuck my feet into the air, closed my eyes and awaited my early dissolution. I waited and waited in vain. I had been running against time. The bear lay dead just about a mile behind, not ten rods from where I had shot him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

American Credit Abroad.

American credit appears to be at the zenith in Europe, particularly in Germany. A returned traveler reports that a Philadelphian with his wife on their bridal tour admired a ring in a jeweler's window in Nuremburg. He asked to have it reserved for a few days, as he was not prepared to purchase it then. "That makes no difference," said the jeweler; "take the ring and my address and pay me when you are ready." Afterward, having paid for this, the same lady and gentleman were admiring a diamond studded watch and some other articles. "But we cannot possibly buy them," they explained; "we can't spare the money." The jeweler was irresistible. "Just take them home with you," he said, "and pay me in six months, a year, longer if necessary. You can have anything in the shop." Yet all he knew about the travelers was their names and their hotel. The jeweler said he had sold thousands of dollars worth of goods to traveling Americans on credit and had never lost a dollar yet.—Chicago Times.

Farming in China.

A farmer in China may be hired by the year for from $8 to $14, with food, clothing, head shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from 8 to 10 cents, with a noonday meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice wages are from 10 to 20 cents a day, with five meals, or 30 cents a day without food. Few land owners hire hands, except a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their sons can till lease it to their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from $7 to $14 worth of rice annually for its use. Food averages little more than $1 a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone spends from $1.50 to $2 a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing 3½ cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing 1½ cents, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.—San Francisco Letter.

Cat and Dog.

Some authors write with correctness, but lack the art of making their work readable, while others, like the writer of the following composition, violate the rules of grammar, but manage never to be dull:

"If there's no trees just around the dog gets the cat in the corner of a door or two brick walls. Then the cat makes her body twice as big as what is flesh and bone by standing her hairs up strate, and she spits and sneezes all over the dog, so he can't see what he's doing of. Then while he's clearin' his eyes a bit she scratter him in the nose, which you know, of all parts of the dog's flesh, its nose has got the littlest skin over it. You might say there is no skin, only a bit of meat. The dog feels just as if he was caught with a fishing hook, and he runs right away a-thinking to hisself as he thought the cat was a little one, when he seen it in the yard.—Youths' Companion.

Worry Kills, Not Work.

It is not work that kills, but worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but friction. Work is good for the soul, good for the body and good for the mind. If you want a good appetite don't worry. If you want to stand well with yourself and the world, and want things to go right in your home and your business, do not worry. If you want to size up 102 cents on the dollar do not worry.—Albany Journal.