

ST. LANDRY CLARION.

OPELOUSAS, La.

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Restlessness Among Women.

One outcome of the increasing activity of women in the world of affairs is a restlessness among those confined to domestic circles who have no special gift for work outside.

It is not that to spend my life cooking and washing dishes, I protest these malcontents. When asked what they would do instead of housework, the answer is vague and purposeless from the fact that they have neither natural or acquired ability for other work.

For both sexes of women there is a remedy: Correctly classify and value domestic work. It is not that housework is unlifting a lady; that any work, considered as work, is degrading.

When you are at church, be sure to go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest, you know. Some one tells you a profound secret, be sure and keep it safely. It may be well, in case of inability to do so, that you should get two or three very dear friends to help you to keep it.

Humorous. No Need of Art—Beesie—"Did you make up?" Charlie—"No. Only Jennie did."

Not Very Forward—Mr. Lobster—"How's the kid, the lobster?" "He doesn't seem able to catch on yet."

Exchanging Confidences—Clara—"I have such a nice collection of Mand (sweety)." "I should think you would have got over it by this time."

Decidedly So—Fangle—"Is that story you are reading realistic, Cumsio?" Cumsio—"Yes; just got to a place where a lot of fellows got drunk; lots of real-ism."

The Scapler Ought to Have Them—Cumsio—"You going to get two hundred tickets for the show?" "McCorkle—"You'll get them of the ticket-scapler, of course."

Feminine Spite—Miss Lovelorn—"Mr. Hawkins said my complexion was just lovely." Miss Castanue—"Didn't you know that man was color blind?"

His Flances—"Isn't this a lovely engagement ring that Charley gave me?" "Hil Eise—"Yes, dear, and I hope you will be careful of it. I only loaned it to the dear boy."

All Relatives—"Englishmen and Germans in this country are all related to each other." "How's that?" "The former come from the mother country and the latter from the father."

Temperance Failure. An exchange gives this sarcastic cut to the opponents of prohibition: "Another failure is to be charged up to prohibition in Iowa. One of the largest institutions in the State, for instance, has been thought most necessary, is well nigh ruined by it. The warden reports to the governor that the penitentiary at Fort Madison is being depopulated. Last year the convicts had become so scarce that the laundry had been contracted for, could not be furnished, and thirty-two counties were added to the Fort Madison district to fill up the penitentiary with prisoners enough to supply contracts. Yet, there is a scarcity, and the institution is being deserted. Now no such demand for prisoners in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill. Here high license prevails, and the penitentiary is full and flourishing. These prohibition 'fanatics' will have to admit that in some directions at least their work is a failure."

At the meeting of the National Temperance Society at New York, last night, it is reported that there are 20,000 saloons in New York city, yet not one of them keeps a saloon. The report comes from Long Branch that the hotel proprietors all agree on one thing, and that is that while they have had considerable trouble with the demand for rooms, their wine-room receipts have fallen a long way behind even the record of last season. There were few of the great wine drinkers who have been a prominent feature for several seasons. The growth of the hotel, as a general thing, is a less wire. This would be cheerful news were it not to be accounted for by the growth of a greater evil. The hotel men claim that the coffers of Monmouth Park and the notorious gambling establishments of New York, New Orleans, and New Orleans, are empty. The summer season is a failure.

Mercury and Calomel. Injudicious use of mercury in the form of calomel or otherwise leaves very injurious after effects. Much of the distress that afflicts humanity is due to a too persistent use of this poison. The various functions of the body become impaired by its use and even the bones themselves become affected, causing aches and a general feeling of debility and distress. Any one who has used calomel or mercury in any of its forms, will do well to follow it up with a use of Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. This excellent alterative counteracts the evil effects of mercury and other mineral poisons. It is composed of strictly vegetable ingredients, and is a safe and healthy composition that will harm the most delicate. Good health invariably follows its use.—Springfield Health Journal.

The Washington Press gang will take in several Texas cities in the near future.

The Ragged Boy.

"A street boy in London, had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the work-houses of the same class was laid near by, picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to sit down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said, 'Bobby, I don't ever heard of Him.' Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and I wouldn't have a great big gentleman as you no more pain, if you don't want to die. He is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me." "But He'll do all that if you ask Him." "How can I ask Him if I don't know where His house is, and how I can get there?" "Bobby, my legs are broken," Bobby, they told me at mission school how Jesus passes by. Teacher says He goes round. How do you know but what He might come round to this hospital this very night? You'd know Him if you saw Him. He'd say, 'Bobby, I don't ever heard of Him.' Bobby, my legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die." "Bobby, hold up yer hand, and He'll know what you want when He passes by." They got the hand up, fell dropped. "Tried again," Bobby, they told me to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said, "I give it up." "Bobby, lend me your hand; put yer elbow on my knee, and I can do without it." So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning, the boy was dead, his hand still held up, for Jesus. You may search the world, and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission school but once.—Selected.

Bits of Advice.

We feel constrained to give the following bits of advice, knowing the willingness of all our readers to do just what we say. Never forgive an enemy, and the pardoning power belongs to the governor and board of pardons.

When you are at church, be sure to go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest, you know.

Some one tells you a profound secret, be sure and keep it safely. It may be well, in case of inability to do so, that you should get two or three very dear friends to help you to keep it.

Never sweep your parlor, it stirs up such a dust, it does you know.

Never brush down a cobweb, it is part of a spider's dwelling house, and, of course, his castle, and therefore, it is sacred to him.

Temperance is a great virtue; therefore, always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of ailing before breakfast will do as well as a thousand.

Never pay your debts, it is unconstitutional, for payment impairs the obligation of a contract, and even the legislature has no right to do that.

When you have done an act of charity, be sure and blow your horn, so that others may know of it. Be sure every man can preach best from his own notes.

Always proclaim the faults of others. There should be no secrets in a Republican form of government.

There are in New York and Brooklyn 14,000 licensed liquor saloons, usually situated upon street corners, so that the average frontage of each must be at least twenty-five feet. If these saloons were extended in a straight line side by side and connected each other, they would stretch 350,000 feet, or a trifle more than sixty-six and one quarter miles in length. The distance between New York and Philadelphia is only 140 miles. It is estimated that fifteen dollars per day, or \$5,000 dollars a year is spent in liquor, in each a less amount and they would fail. Multiply this by 14,000 and we have an expenditure of seventy-six millions and six hundred and fifty thousand dollars every year, for strong drink. Alone in the metropolis and its suburbs. This gives an average of twenty-five dollars for every man, woman and child within the specified area. Let us suppose this \$76,500,000 applied to the rent, fuel, food and clothing of the entire country, which it is chiefly drawn. What would that mean? It would mean the abolition of dire poverty. It would mean wholesome apartments, nourishing food and decent clothing. It would mean the extinction of pauperism. It would also mean the rearing of children in decency, so that the next generation would be far above the present. It would mean the beginning of a new era. Widening our observation from the metropolis to the entire country, we find that 200,000 saloons withdraw 400,000 men from productive industries and absorb outright \$100,000,000. These stupendous facts tell our own story and draw their own moral. Let us suppose these millions of dollars spent for the education, for the building of beautiful homes, and for the endowment of schools devoted to science, art, industry, education and religion! What might not be the status of the United States could this money only be withdrawn from the hands of the saloon-keepers, and applied to the hospitals, prisoners, and potter's funds!

Measuring the Flow of Tides. A young scientist connected with the United States Fish Hawk, which is used in experimenting on the sound, has invented a new method for measuring the flow of the tides. It is made of sheet copper in the shape somewhat of a fish, and is about four feet long. It is, when in use, suspended from the end of a twenty-foot line, and is towed by a steamer, and extending at right angles with her, to make the action of the machine entirely independent of currents that might be caused by the steamer. The head of this mechanical fish consists of a delicately mounted screw, or wheel, not unlike the fish placed delicate machinery, which registers the revolutions made by the revolving screw, and the rapidity of the revolutions is transmitted to the laboratory on board the steamer by an ingeniously constructed system of tubes, and recording the rapidity of the current. An interesting fact ascertained by the government observers on this vessel is that at the extremities of the sound the tide begins to flow toward the bottom one and one-half hours before it begins to flow in the same direction at the surface of the water.

Hate Not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts toward any one, so that if that man has cheated you, or if that woman has played you false! What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that the price to be paid for the money is worth it. Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill treat you will be more sorry for it than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be.

A Little Errand For God.

Helen stood on the doorstep with a very tight basket in her hand, when her father called her. "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park and see the new deer." "Oh, thank you papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will be here, and I don't want to be late. I have a very particular errand to do now, have I the little girl." "What is it, dear?" asked the father. "Oh, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket. "Who is the errand for, dear?" "For my own self, papa; but—oh no; I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa." "Well I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?" "No, sir. I was going to carry my little errand, that I saved from the dessert, to old Peter's." "Is old Peter sick?" "Yes, he is; but he never has anything else, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think poor Peter ought to be comforted sometimes, as well as the poor sick folks, papa?" "Yes, my dear; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Put it into the basket, and I will drive you to old Peter's and tell him you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?" "Yes, papa; here is one." "Well, here is a \$5 bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for me. I can't hardly pay this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taken a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the fresh bill on the orange.—Domestic.

The Time to Be Pleasant. "Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up at Maggie. "The time to be pleasant is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea came into her mind. "The time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year; I was so nervous and if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she was reclining, and entered a face full of cheerful resignation towards the room where her mother sat sothing a fretful teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It is such a sunny morning, she asked. The hat of coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words which she accompanied them, were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dear; I will do you a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

It was Saturday morning in a big farmhouse kitchen. Nell was bending over the sink picking a chicken, with a decided scowl on her face. The water was lashing bread, with an expression of grim determination suitable for a soldier scaling his enemies' breastworks; and Susan was shelling peas, her pretty face spoiled by the settled expression of discontent about the mouth. The girls were talking—they were often talked while they worked—and they were to them a separate state of existence in which the Christian graces played no part.

"Did I leave my whip in here?" asked a haughty voice from the open door, and a boy in a big straw hat appeared behind the voice.

"No," snapped Nell, "but it's a wonder you didn't, for you are always leaving something around for us to tread on." "It has fallen down," cried the boy, Susan, he said, coming in to pick it up.

"Need you be always bothering somebody?" fretted Susan, "while she arose with ungraciousness every movement."

"Father told me to come quick and catch the chicken, for the corn is in the corner," replied Nell roughly, and gladly made his escape.

That same morning, in a neighboring farmhouse kitchen, Lucy was kneading the bread as deftly as Katie, but at the same time planning the best way to get the money to earn money for their mission-box. Grace had a funny story to tell while she washed the dishes; and Helen told them of a meadow-lark she saw while picking the strawberries that she was now selling for the strawberry short-cake for dessert.

Sam came in with an armful of wood, threw it noisily into the wood-box, twined Grace's curls, made believe to dive his hands into Lucy's pan of flour, snatched the largest strawberry from the dish, and pranced out whistling a Sunday-school hymn.

The girls smoothed out the little smile that Sam's antics always brought to their faces, and began to sing his hymn, being echoed by Helen, who was sweeping the front stairs.

Which family do you belong to girls?—Advocate and Guardian.

The American Hog. Foreign nations which are discriminating against American pork products have been influenced to do so through prejudices against the healthiest animal in the world. The American hog gets up early in the morning with a good, vigorous appetite and keeps it all day long. He requires no stomach bitters or other stimulant to keep him in good condition. Possibly the prejudice against the American hog has arisen by mistaking a counterfeit for the genuine animal. This counterfeit is a beast that puts his feet on car seats and defiles floors with tobacco-spittle. If that had been the hog, the very best that we can have him as a gift.—O'Connell's Commercial Gazette.

The California Voice says: "California has made provision for six asylums for the insane. Our statements are liberal toward saloons and their victims. The rule is more saloons, more prisons, more insane asylums? If 10,000 saloons require six insane asylums, how many will 20,000 require? It is a question that multiplies constantly. They are practically without restraint or control, and are in perfect harmony with the city government, which is a saloon dynasty."

I have been affected with a mercurial headache and a heavy pain in my liver. I made use of several different sarsaparillas without success until I gave Bull's Sarsaparilla a trial, three bottles of which gave me relief. I take pleasure in recommending it as being superior to other sarsaparillas.—T. H. Owen, Louisville, Ky.

The Petrified Forests.

TREASURES OF THE ROCKIES PRESERVED IN AGATE AND CRYSTAL.

A correspondent of the New York World relates of his visit to the forest of stone in the following manner: Near the present line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, through Arizona, nature performed some unusual antics some years back. Possibly the period dating a thousand years before the discovery of this continent, or it may have been a few hundred thousand years ago. Anyhow, the tops of several large mountains were sliced off, turned up side down and dropped on a great plain some miles away from where they belonged. That the fact tried to get home is shown by the fact that they struggled so hard as to dig large holes and almost bury themselves.

I may not be entirely correct in this geological theory, but the mountain tops are there to prove it and so are the holes in the ground.

After this little exercise the caprice of nature took another turn. Out on a high mesa grew a forest of cypress, pine and fir trees, such as are to be seen in California. Cal. The forest was so magnificent that nature seemed seized with a desire to perpetuate it. The plain was therefore flooded with water, the trees torn up by the roots and plunged in a bath so full of sodium that a million of years or less, the wood and bark and trees themselves became solid stone. Then the waters receded and the great forest was revealed to the eyes of man.

Holbrook, which the World party reached at 10 o'clock in the morning, is the nearest station to the forest. Arrangements had been made for an early start for the forest, and as a drive of twenty-eight miles must be made in a broiling hot sun, we dragged ourselves from bed after a short nap and soon were stowed away in a "three-seater," as the passenger wagons in Arizona are called. In this one the seats were so close together that a tall man could not get his chin in a rough road, and so high up that a short man's feet couldn't reach the floor. Considerable diversion was obtained through watching the tall men bite their tongues and swear, while the short ones, owing to the sudden unexpected change in position, shot under the seats like shrapnel.

The road to the petrified forest from Holbrook is a good one after the first two miles are passed. The tourist finds himself upon a level plain stretching away to the west, the only looking mountains, which do not seem to be the forest, are five or six miles away. But after you have driven for four or five hours straight at them and they will look as far off as ever, you will realize what distance mean in this country of wide air and bright light.

We were the slowest possible speed. The big red hands of the little round driver swung to and fro like the pendulum of a Dutch clock, and at every stroke landed a short whip on the horse nearest him. He never whipped the other two, if such a thing could be possible. It required a movement of the body to reach him, and that was too much like work to suit the little globular driver. So he pounded away all day at the animals, and the driver of the other wagon more impression than if he had been whipping a stone wall.

The burning rays of the sun reflected brilliantly from the little round nose of our driver as we climbed the last ascent of the road, and the rays of the sun and limbs of the thousands upon thousands of gigantic trees pickled so many years ago by Dame Nature to make a modern traveler's rest. Here and there we came across trees as hard as flint, and iridescent with the colors of the rainbow. From the plain into the little valley below.

As we advanced, as far as the eye could reach were prostrate trunks of great trees, looking for all the world as if they had been cut down by a storm, and were lying on the ground as if they had been cut down by a storm, and were lying on the ground as if they had been cut down by a storm.

The woman placed before us first a dish of crazy waffle stuff with dark strings of something or other, and then a plate of mixture. It was our first introduction to jerked antelope in a Mormon, and I shall not forget it soon. Strings of meat that might have been stripped from a side of sole-leather or from a boarding-house door, were piled up in a white flour gravy and allowed to simmer just sufficiently to bring out the odor of the mess which had been condensed in it while drying in the sun a year or two before. It was a rich, spicy, appetizing, and very good, with the appetizing, but we had all swallowed a mouthful of it before anything was said.

We satisfied our appetites with bread and honey, of which there was plenty. Butter we didn't care for. It didn't take much to long in the stomach, and I took to prepare it, but we were just as well pleased that it didn't. It was a modest-priced dinner, too, for all we paid was \$3.

Across the dry wash we took a trail which led to the bottom of the petrified woods, we followed it for a mile or so, getting farther and farther into the hills, until at last we had reached a point not usually visited by railroad tourists who drive over to see the trees. All about the dry wash were trunks varying from 60 to 180 feet in length, some with all the day they lay, but all turned to stone.

The sightseer and prospector jangled from one stony trunk to another in delight, knocking off a brilliantly colored piece of wood, and another, there, seeking of new and unusual formations, and always with success. I wanted to bring home every pretty piece of wood I saw that was small enough to lift.

Here and there were trunks of trees broken in pieces almost as squarely cut as if by the hand of man. Red and scarlet crystals are also in great numbers. Several years ago a firm in the North-west blasted out huge pieces from the largest trees and shipped them into Minnesota. They made them into lamp stands, pen holders and other things, but the cost of handling the wood was so great that their product was too costly for sale. Claims have been staked off all over the area of the petrified forest by various individuals, pre-empting sections of land for various purposes. But I am informed

That the government has not acknowledged any of these claims and will not do so.

And, dear child, in what we make it. This spoke a grand bent with care, To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day Of what she heard her granddaddy say.

Years after, when no more a child, Her wish in life seemed dark and wild, Back to her heart the memory came Of the quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it, And life, be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow, and, smiling, tho't, "Tis even as the good old lady taught."

"And half my woes, thus quickly cured, The other half may be endured."

No more her heart's shadow wore; She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust, She took the world as he took, most true.

In happy mood; and lo! it grew Bright and brighter to her view.

She made of life (as we, too, should) A joy; and lo! all things were good.

And first to her, as in God's sight, When she had said, "Let there be light."

—New Orleans Picayune.

Sight Seeing.

When the 800 members of the Iron and steel excursion awoke Oct. 8, in Pittsburgh Pa., they found themselves adrift among the eastern foothills of the Allegheny, along the New Juniata car shops of the Pennsylvania railroad company.

The excursion was in waiting with a committee of foremen to escort them through the company's works, and show them the novelty features of the famous railroad shops. They saw the locomotives and cars in every shape and condition, wandered through the foundries where the wheels are cast, rode on the turntables saw the huge locomotives hoisted from the track by hanging cranes and carried sliding from end to end and side to side to the repair shops where they are repaired.

When they entered the new building fitted throughout with riveting machines from Gloucester, England. One locomotive factory is very much like another, and the patriotic Englishmen who refuse to see the great inequalities in rail surfaces, or irregularities of gauge are registered with exactness by a traveling pen on a table in the center of the car connected with the truck. The dynamometer is another car with special instrument for recording the speed of the train, and is attached to the locomotive to which it is attached. Nothing of the kind is used in Europe. Another curiosity was a dynamometer stoker and furnace into which oil is fed and from which ashes are removed by machinery. One man manages six boilers of 150 horse power, and the new shops the railroad company has provided an elaborate system of lavatories. The earnings of workmen range as high as \$80 a day. Every part of the train, excepting the engine, is manufactured at the shops, which include a force of skilled carvers and cabinet makers. The axles are made at the combination works. After luncheon at the Logan house, at Altoona, Pa., the train crossed the Alleghenies to Johnstown, where it was accompanied from Altoona by members of the Johnstown local reception committee. Everybody forgot all about iron and steel in admiring the magnificence of the mountain scenery.—E.

The World's Fair.

DIRECTOR GENERAL DAVIS ISSUES AN ADDRESS TO THE PRESS OF THE COUNTRY.

To the Press of the United States: CHICAGO, Ill., October 7.—The undersigned has been elected to the position of director general of the World's Fair in Chicago, 1893, by the joint action of the national commissioners and board of directors. In accepting this important position, with its responsibilities, I trust that with aid of the press of the country, this great international exhibition may prove to be such a success as will be a credit to America. By act of Congress it is provided that the buildings for the World's Fair shall be dedicated on October 13, 1893, and that the exhibition shall be open to visitors on May 1, 1893, and close not later than October 30 thereafter. Thus we have two years in which to arrange grounds and erect buildings and seven months additional in which to receive and place exhibits. It is desired to make this exhibition specially interesting in all that relates to the manufacturer by the presentation of the most important processes in active operation. In comparison with these will be presented the methods used in other countries 400 years since. Already there are indications that nearly every State and Territory in the Union will be freely represented and that large appropriations will be made just at the approaching session of the different State Legislatures. Circulars and blank applications for space will be forwarded in due season to all intending exhibitors. The undersigned would call upon the press of the country to aid in the promotion of this great international undertaking, which, if successful, will establish the United States of America as the first nation on the globe. Respectfully, GEORGE R. DAVIS, Director General.

It is reported that the increase from \$50 to \$250 for a license in Baltimore has worked so great an improvement that the next Legislature will be asked to raise the figure to \$500. One-third of the saloons, which were 900 in number, have been closed, and the revenue syndicate, with a capital of \$300,000, has been formed to operate beer saloons in Chicago. An Anglo-American syndicate, to be known as the Columbia Bar and Buffet Company, with a capital of \$30,000, has also been formed for the purpose of purchasing and operating saloons.—The city of Chicago.

Of all the vegetables which furnish nourishment to man, the banana is the most prolific. A single cluster often contains 100 to 180 pods and weighs from 60 to 80 pounds. Humboldt says that a piece of land of 120 square yards will produce 4000 pounds weight of fruit, while the same land would yield only 1000 pounds weight of wheat, or 800 pounds of potatoes.—E.

The Mississippi constitutional convention is endeavoring to have a good public school system. They provide for a four month school. A poll tax is to be collected and retained in the county in which it is collected, and a provision made that each county or separate school district can levy further taxes to maintain their schools for a longer time. This can be stretched easily to eight months, and all that is necessary to do it, is to properly agitate the subject before the people.

Progress. It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be placed to the stomach and bowels. It is acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

Associate Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, died on Monday night, 10:30 o'clock, at the age of 74 years, 6 months and 8 days.

Make it a rule to keep company with roughs and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for an offense you have committed, and your counsel are called to witness against you, nobody will believe them, and you will get clear.

After a long and tedious session, Congress has at last adjourned, and many of the members will be kept busy during this month and a portion of November looking after a re-election.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

"The world is ever as we take it, And life, dear child, is what we make it."

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FOREIGN VISITORS VIEWING AMERICAN METHODS.

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When they entered the new building fitted throughout with riveting machines from Gloucester, England. One locomotive factory is very much like another, and the patriotic Englishmen who refuse to see the great inequalities in rail surfaces, or irregularities of gauge are registered with exactness by a traveling pen on a table in the center of the car connected with the truck. The dynamometer is another car with special instrument for recording the speed of the train, and is attached to the locomotive to which it is attached. Nothing of the kind is used in Europe. Another curiosity was a dynamometer stoker and furnace into which oil is fed and from which ashes are removed by machinery. One man manages six boilers of 150 horse power, and the new shops the railroad company has provided an elaborate system of lavatories. The earnings of workmen range as high as \$80 a day. Every part of the train, excepting the engine, is manufactured at the shops, which include a force of skilled carvers and cabinet makers. The axles are made at the combination works. After luncheon at the Logan house, at Altoona, Pa., the train crossed the Alleghenies to Johnstown, where it was accompanied from Altoona by members of the Johnstown local reception committee. Everybody forgot all about iron and steel in admiring the magnificence of the mountain scenery.—E.

BUSINESS NEW RIDER.

The men on both sides of the bicycle wear no knickerbockers, flannel shirts or bicycle caps, and sport no flags or colors. They are sober business men, and their faces, their preoccupied faces, all show them to be business men on business bent. It is a fact that hundreds of the most prominent business men of Rochester—mill owners, brokers, bankers, lawyers and wholesale dealers in many of the most important branches in the morning regularly upon bicycles, and use their wheels constantly during the day. A walk through any business street in business hours shows dozens of wheels upon the sidewalks resting against the outside wall of the buildings.

Often times three or four bicycles will be seen outside a single door, and it is not uncommon to count a dozen or more wheels awaiting their riders in a single block. Their owners are either the proprietors of the establishments, or they are men who have called there to do business with the house. They think no more of leaving their wheels outside than they would of hitching their horses to posts in the street. Clerks also use bicycles extensively, and it is said that many of the clerks in the city have their bicycles in their rooms, and use them in doing their daily assignments.

In the residence quarters of town, also, it is common to see bicycles standing outside the doors of houses. Girls use them freely, and when they run into a shop with a friend, they run in the street, and a reputable bicycle dealer in Rochester told the reporter a few days ago that there were at least 4,000 bicycles in daily use in that city, and that a large proportion of them belonged to business men. He also said that there were a good 400 lady riders in town.

It is by no means an unusual sight to see a few ladies riding bicycles in an eastern town or suburb, but it makes an eastern man rub his eyes in astonishment in any well paved residence street in Rochester, when he sees a party of them riding in the afternoon. Most of the girls are young, say from 10 to 16 years old, but there are also many young ladies, and occasionally women, appearing in middle age. Sometimes half a dozen or more will ride rapidly along the smooth pavement in a merry group.

GIRLS RIDE FREQUENTLY.

Some are evidently out on errands from the business quarters, and they are a straight and good course, but most of them are riding for pleasure. Now and then