PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT.

The Duluth, Red Wing & Southern Will Be Built.

REPORT OF THE ENGINEERS.

The Plan Outlined at a Meeting at Duluth Last Night---Other Duluth News.

Special to the Globe.

DULUTH, Minn., Feb. 9.—President F. W. Hoyt, Vice President O. S. Powell and Directors S. B. Foot and Gov. Hubbard, all of the Duluth, Red Wing & Southern, arrived in Duluth this morning to consult with Duluth business men regarding the road. They are enthusiastic in their hopes for the road, and these hopes are in no way lessened by the reports made by the engineering corps that has been at work on the line. They believe the road can be built, and built cheaply, and that it will prove a profitable investment from the start. At a meeting held in the chamber of commerce this afternoon, Mr. Foote outlined the plan for the formation of the construction company to build the road, which appeared entirely feasible and practical. Citizens of Red Wing have subscribed $50,000 toward the company, and have offered more, while bonuses and grants have been made from different towns and cities to be reached by the road of about $800,000. This amount includes that pledged by the Sioux City & Northwestern, which has agreed to consolidate with the Red Wing & Southern for the extension of the line into Southern Iowa. Surveys have been almost completed from River Falls, 150 miles south of Duluth, through Red Wing to the southern line of Minnesota, while Vice President Powell has just stopped work at a point sixty miles south of Duluth, on the line from River Falls to this city. Interviewed this afternoon regarding the line, Powell said: "From River Falls the line runs directly north twenty miles to New Richmond, thence five miles to Star Prairie, where there is better water power than at Taylor's Falls on the St. Croix, thence up the Apple river northeast seven miles to the west end of Balsam lake, fifteen miles on to Button lake six miles and to a crossing on the Clam river close to Chase dam below Clam lake, and eighteen miles directly west of Superior Junction on the Omaha road. The line was stopped just sixty miles south and six miles west of Duluth. The entire line is almost an air line, and I expect we can make it so clear through. There is no grade above forty feet to the mile, though we first started out with expectation of a 52.8 feet grade. There is not a curve on the line exceeding four deg., and but few of them. We found fine farming country well timbered with hard woods, and the water power at Star Prairie is not excelled for availability and value by any in the West. The line as far as we have gone can be built for considerably less than $10,000 per mile." At a meeting this afternoon much interest was manifested, and prospects of the Duluth, Red Wing & Southern are indeed bright.

GEORGE W. CLARK DEAD.

George Washington Clark, senior member of the well-known real estate firm of Clark, Selleck & Pricer, died at his residence on New York avenue this evening about 7 o'clock. He had been sick four weeks, being first attacked with typhoid fever, which led to a softening of the brain. He was prominent in Knights Templar and other Masonic circles, and an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic. His life here for nearly three years has been an untiring record of hard work, and his real estate ventures were extremely profitable. Clark was born in Odell town, Canada East, in 1839, and at his death was forty-nine years old. He was married at Manchester, N. H., in 1862, to Maggie Hennessy, by whom he had one child, now dead. His wife survives him. During the civil war he fought with the Union army, attaining the rank of captain, and after the close of the great conflict entered the treasury department at Washington. He rose to be chief of one of the bureaus and remained for six years, retiring from that position to engage in the real estate business there, which he conducted for three years. He was employed in reportorial work on the Albany, New York and Buffalo papers and in the former city was associated with and a fellow worker of Daniel Manning. In Duluth he was among the foremost in any projects for public improvement and was a progressive, representative citizen. He leaves a little property behind him, including a residence, and has $4,000 insurance in the Duluth Life society, besides some beneficiary policies.

COAL SHIPMENTS.

Coal shipments from this place are enormous, and stocks while not low are being rapidly decreased. Estimates by leading companies give 5,000 cars as the probable shipment of the next thirty days. To-day's shipments were 200 cars, nearly all of which finds its way to the regions recently threatened with a fuel famine in Minnesota and Dakota.

WRITTEN IN THE FROST.

Conductor Palmer had a tough experience with a lot of rowdy passengers the other day while coming with his train from Ashland to Duluth. Palmer asked for tickets and the gang set upon him, one of the gang giving him a heavy blow behind the ear, and a second attempt was frustrated by an engineer of the road who was a passenger. Conductor Palmer drew his revolver and stopped the train and drove the ruffians from the car at the point of the pistol.

Hon. Erastus Wiman, of New York, will address the people of Duluth on the subject of "Commercial Union With Canada," Feb. 28 or 29. A unanimous vote of the members of the board of trade was given at a special meeting asking him to visit Duluth and deliver the address named.

The Swedish Lutheran conference is still in session, and 126 delegates are in attendance. Rev. A. J. Haught, of St. Paul, will deliver the lecture this evening on the subject: "Progress of the Lutheran Church in America." Rev. Tyrnstedt, of St. Peter, has been elected president of the association.

The Scandia Building and Loan association at a meeting last night disposed of $1,000 which was loaned to Christopher Frank at 100 per cent premium. This is the first loan of the society which commenced business Jan. 1, this year.

The Duluth Bethel association has received so far in contributions and pledges in aid of the proposed new building $11,537.85. Not less than $35,000 is needed, and will be raised without difficulty.

E. H. Tardivel, editor of Le Messager, published at Lewiston, Me., delivers an address this evening to his French countrymen at Knights of Labor hall, at the West End.

The Real Estate Record supplants and succeeds the Real Estate Journal, and is devoted to the real estate field of Duluth and St. Louis county.

H. E. Barber, of St. Paul, and A. J. Kaiser, of Kansas City, representing Armour & Co., of the latter place, are in the city on business.

During last night the thermometer dropped to 40 deg. below, accompanied at the lowest point by a sharp, cutting wind.

Secretary Phelps, of the chamber of commerce, is expected to return from Washington next Tuesday.

Rev. C. A. Poole and wife hold a reception this evening at St. Paul's (Episcopal) church rectory.

Another electric light company using the Edison patents is trying to obtain a franchise in Duluth.

The proposed real estate exchange has flatted out and will not materialize.

George W. Clark is not expected to recover from his present illness.

Dr. Collins is dangerously ill.

Persons with money to invest will do well to turn their attention to Duluth and Superior. M. B. Harrison, 602 Duluth National bank building, Duluth, has a large list of property in both places for sale.

STILLWATER NEWS.

Dr. Watier has gone to Kettle river in response to a telegram, stating that John Whalen, a well-known Stillwater lumberman, had broken his leg.

The Parish Aid society met at the Sawyer last evening, being entertained by Mrs. A. K. Doe. There was a large attendance and a pleasant evening was the result.

Judge Crosby, associate judge of this district, with Judge McCluer, was in the city yesterday on his return from Center City, where he has been holding a term of court. He has gone to his home at Hastings, and says he will not be able to hear the Rheiner case Saturday, as he has another case on that date.

The advance sale of seats for the Old Folks' concert this evening has been unusually large for a home entertainment, and promises to fill the opera house as it has not been filled this season. The chorus comprises over sixty voices, and the best local talent will be heard in solos, duets and quartettes. The entire company will appear in the costume of 100 years ago, some of the costumes being very elaborate and rich and some of them over 100 years old.

LONG-NOSED JERRY

Tells of a Half Dollar that Made a Journey Around the World.

There lived in Soco, Me., many years ago, a man named Jerry Coldridge, who had an unearthly long nose. This extended proboscis troubled him so much that he made a vow that when he met a man who had a longer one he would present him with a silver half-dollar, with the proviso that the man who got the half-dollar was to do likewise when he came across a man who was superior in this line to himself, says the New York Press.

When Jerry appeared in public he was greeted with all kinds of compliments upon the size of his nose, and it got to be a common thing for him to be saluted with, "Hello, Jerry; how's your forehead?" or, "Well, pumphandle, how do you wag to-day?" and kindred remarks.

When the cold north wind came down from among the Maine lakes it took particular delight in crossing the end of Jerry's proboscis, painting it a garnet red and making it tingle like a carpenter's thumb hit with a hammer. Jerry's friends advised him to have a fur muff made to carry his horn in, and told him that he should take service with the government as a fog signal.

One day Jerry went to Portland, and when he returned he was greeted with "Old plow-share, what have you turned up to-day?"

"Well," said Jerry, quivering with excitement and joy, "I have seen a man in Portland who had a longer nose than I have."

"Impossible," said his friends; "there isn't such another nose on the face of the earth."

"All right," said Jerry. "If you don't believe me I will exhibit the document to prove it." At this he produced a receipt which read:

Received from Jeremiah Coldridge 50 cents in consideration of having a longer nose than he has. JAMES BALLARD.

"That half-dollar," said Jerry, "has gone to Smyrna on a merchantman, and I'll tell you how it happened: I went to a hotel to get my dinner, and as I sat down at the table I saw a man sitting opposite me who gazed at me with what I took to be an insolent stare. When I got a good look at him I forgot my deformity, and immediately reached my hand across the table and said:

"'Shake, neighbor, I believe I owe you 50 cents.'"

"'How's that?'" says he.

"'Well,'" says I, "I made a vow that if I ever met a man who had a longer nose than I have I would give him a half-dollar, provided he would do the same when he met a man whose nose discounted his.' At once the whole dining room was in an uproar of laughter, and the stranger said: 'It's a bargain.' Pulling out his note book he wrote the receipt and I gave him a half dollar. I afterward learned he was a captain of a packet ship outward bound for Smyrna, Syria."

After this Jerry had peace about his long nose, and the silver half dollar was taken by Capt. Ballard to Smyrna. There it was turned over to an English mate of an East Indiaman bound through the Suez canal to Madras. The Englishman carried it for several years, and finally landed in San Francisco, where he, having a hard streak of luck, enlisted in the United States regular army, and went up among the Blackfeet Indians, near Fort Benton, where he was made a prisoner.

After being tortured in every conceivable way by the Indians, they cut off his nose and set him at liberty. He finally drifted to Boston, and as he was walking one day on Washington street who should he meet but Jerry. Having heard from Capt. Ballard how he came in possession of the silver piece, he recognized Jerry. "Hello!" said he, "is your name Jerry Coldridge?"

"That's my name," said Jerry.

"I am happy to meet you," said the Englishman, "Allow me to return to you the half-dollar you loaned Capt. James Ballard five years ago. I carried it around the world with me, and never found a man with a nose as long as mine was, but I have, as you see, lost mine now, and I think the clinker belongs to you."

Jerry and the English mate became fast friends and went into business together, and when you go into a little store on Dock square in Boston you will see the funny spectacle of one of the partners with a nose as long as your hand and the other partner with no nose at all.

HER JAW CLICKED MERRILY.

Miss Dunn Couldn't Laugh, Eat or Talk Without Hearing Her Jaw Click.

A peculiar case came before Judge O'Gorman in the superior court yesterday morning. Margaret Dunn, a very pretty brunette, twenty-three years old, sued Ferdinand Hasbrouck, a Broadway dentist, for $5,000 damages. The facts were these, says the New York World:

On the 18th of November, 1885, Miss Dunn was suffering from a severe toothache. She went to Dr Hasbrouck's office and had the two first molars in her upper jaw drawn by one of the assistants. She went home and lived on a diet of tea and milk for several days. After the swelling had subsided she began to eat solid food. To her alarm she found that when she went to chew her jaw clicked merrily. She laughed, and her laugh died away as the click grew louder. The clicking operation was accompanied by intense pain, and at times compelled her to stay in bed. Hence the suit for damages.

At the trial yesterday the foregoing was practically Miss Dunn's testimony. The defendant testified that Miss Dunn had come to his office and had two teeth extracted. This was two years ago. He did not see her again until May of last year, when she came and said she suffering intense pain. He made an examination, but found apparently no trouble. The clicking might exist, he said, but it was probably caused by yawning, laughing or biting some hard substance. It was probably the latter, as according to Miss Dunn's testimony she was not troubled with the clicking until she had eaten something in a downtown restaurant. This part of the testimony excited a general smile.

Then Dr. Frank Abbott, one of the defendant's witnesses, went up to Miss Dunn and requested her to open her mouth. She did so, and after looking into the pink cavern he asked her to work her jaw. Click, click, went the eccentric joint, and Dr. Abbott acknowledged he heard the mysterious sound. The jury solemnly gazed at the pretty mouth and then gravely whispered to each other.

Next Dr. Edgar T. Weed, a fine-looking young man with a silky beard, explained that the mysterious noise was caused by the stretching of the ligaments of the jaw. He said that every time Miss Dunn would laugh at a joke or try to masticate a beefsteak the jaw would click, thereby causing much inconvenience to the owner. It never could be cured, but must click on forever.

This seemed to impress the jury, and they were so silent that when a juror asked Miss Dunn some questions they easily heard that fatal click.

It looked like a verdict for the fair complainant, but ponderous medical works were brought out by the defendant's lawyers, and passages were read showing that people could easily get a clicking jaw from numerous causes besides having molars extracted. Then, it was averred, it would be a dreadful precedent should a verdict be found for the plaintiff, for everybody who sat in a dentist's chair might claim they had a clicking jaw and get big damages. Then the judge explained the difference between "click" and "clack," and the jury filed out to consider the case.

An hour passed and they did not return. The hands of the clock had traveled the circuit of the hour several times before they did come in. They had considered the case, and their decision was against the girl with the clicking jaw, Dentist Hasbrouck smiled as the verdict was given.

Miss Dunn is the housekeeper at the Hotel Winthrop, on Sixth avenue, and would not talk last evening about the trial. It is claimed that the night air is very bad for her peculiar malady. Dr. Weed says that the disease is incurable, and is a serious drawback to Miss Dunn.

THE DUDE'S DELIGHT.

The Costumer Tells Some Tales Out of School About Tights.

"Tights are among the chief goods we sell," said a stage costumer recently to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express. "They are used in almost every show in the country, and the demand for them just now is very large."

"Do they wear out easily?"

"That depends entirely on the show the wearer is acting in. Circus riders buy the most. The rosin on the horse's back causes them to wear out quickly. Then the wearer's perspiring makes it necessary to have them washed every time they are used. A bareback circus rider will wear out two pairs of tights a week. They cost from $2 a pair to any price the purchaser wishes to give. The average price paid by circus-riders is $6 a pair. They are plain woven tights but are very strong. There are innumerable varieties in material, in styles, in colors and still more in fits. The cheapest varieties are made of cotton. These are made in all colors, flesh, white, black, unbleached, chocolate and brown. Then there are fine cotton tights, worsted tights, Lisle thread tights, French cotton tights and silk tights."

"Do you sell them ready-made or make them to order?"

"The best qualities are all made up to measure. We have the make-up or model of a number of actors and actresses, and can make them as often as they are wanted."

"What do you mean by the make-up?"

"You don't suppose those people have the goods made to fit their true forms, do you? Not more than one-fifth of them have their tight-fitting clothes made without padding. How would a premier danseuse look posing before her audience if her costume were not made to give her a soft, rounded appearance? We make padded skirts, padded hips, padded arms, padded insteps, padded thighs, padded legs, and, in fact, padded everything. The pads are made of fine lamb's wool. When a large ballet is being organized we have to go into the padding business very extensively. Some of the prettiest girls are slightly knock-kneed or bow-legged. We have to straighten them out and produce the fine, Venus-like-looking forms that you see on the stage. We have artists who make a specialty of this, and in some particular cases they make a model of the actress, perfect the model and then make the goods up."

The Fashions.

New York World.

Very many of the newest tailor gowns show two colors of the same cloth, the darker, strange to say, forming the accessories—collars, cuffs, and so on, and the brighter the body of the gown.

The dancing gown grows shorter, rather than longer, as the season advances, and there is more and more tendency to make it full and undraped in the skirt, low or V-shaped in the neck and sleeveless. Debutantes, however, and brides wear their gowns high or half-high in the neck, with half or three-quarter length sleeves, and debutantes, like brides, wear white, cream and ivory-tinted fabrics.

There is an effort being made to return to satin for evening wear. When it is rich nothing is so handsome, but its vulgarization a year or two since by cheap qualities made it fall into disfavor. Now, however, it is seen occastonally at the Metropolitan Opera House and at big receptions. At the former place the other night a pretty, clear-skinned brunette was dressed in a heavy ivory-colored satin made with a plain skirt hanging in full folds, full rich draperies opening in front, and a long-pointed decollete bodice. The only trimming was gold embroidery down the front of the bodice.

A charming bath gown is made from a shawl, a large double shawl of very soft wool, a deep, dull red, with stripes bluish gray. The fringes of the shawl are left on all around, and it is made in princess shape, lined throughout with thin red silk. Another is of pale violet color, than which nothing is more becoming to a blonde skin. They are loose from the throat, the fringed edges turning back upon themselves, and are fastened hastily upon leaving the bath with cord and tassel, which tie them at throat and waist, and are the handiest of all fastenings that are meant to be used in a hurry.

There are bath gowns made of Turkish toweling that are much cheaper and do not need to be lined. They come in all sorts of deep, rich shades, and are made full and loose, with a wide hem at the bottom, flowing sleeves and cotton cords and tassels of the same shade. There are many of them decorated with a hood. A charming one is of soft, dull blue, having a pointed hood in the back, finished with a big tassel of blue and gray cotton, the cords at neck and waist being twisted of blue and gray.

Bismarck's Narrow Escape.

London Figaro.

According to private correspondence from Berlin, Prince Bismarck has been considerably troubled of late by the effect of the bullet wound he received so many years ago from the revolver of a would-be assassin. Many people have forgotten even the circumstance that the great German chancellor was so murderously attacked by the youth Blindbut, as a matter of fact, five shots were discharged at him, and it was simply owing to the sturdy way in which he grasped his assailant's arm that only one of them took effect. This bullet glanced off one of the chancellor's lower ribs and a bony excresence which developed in consequence, still marks the place. As it turned out, too, Bismarck's risk was by no means at an end, when he grappled with and seized his assailant. A military guard hurried up on hearing the chancellor's shouts, and the impulse of the foremost of these stalwart Prussian grenadiers on seeing a comparatively feeble stripling being held and seemingly maltreated by a ponderous man with a bald head—for Bismarck's hat had fallen off—was to club his rifle and bring it down on the latter's bare pate. Luckily for Germany, however, the chancellor warded off his impending fate by shouting out: "Hold on; I am Bismarck!" on which, as the latter himself tells the story, the soldier dropped his weapon in a much greater fright than that of his escaped victim.

Sam Jones With a Sombrero.

Kansas City Times.

During his stay here Sam Jones has worn a fur cap, but yesterday he appeared in a brand new black sombrero, and wore it tipped rakishly to one side of his head, and with a cigar in one corner of his mouth he looked as much like a country sport or a coybow masquerading in "store clothes" as anything else.

A SNAKE IN HER BOSOM.

Diagnosis of a Case by a Superstitious Colored Doctress Hoodoo.

IMPOSING ON INCREDULITY.

She Tells Mrs. Swanson That She Has Been Bewitched, and That She Has Snakes in Her.

NAKE stories are generally monotonous, but here is a good one. Mrs. Gustava Swanson, forty-five years old, is at the Detention Hospital for the Insane, praying God to remove a snake from her bosom. In a suite of tidy but poorly furnished rooms in the rear of 139 Oak street are the two helpless little daughters of Mrs. Swanson, weeping over the misfortune which has taken from them their last parent and thrown them upon the world, says the Chicago Herald. At 1923 State street, in a brown cottage abutting the sidewalk, is a big, brown negress, who, under the name of Mrs. Stewart, advertises that she reads the past, present and future, and cures disease without the use of medicine. It was this negress who told Mrs. Swanson her internal organs were infested with serpents, which had been placed there by an enemy as a curse.

Jennie Swanson, a bright little girl of perhaps fourteen years, who makes $6 a week sewing in a tailor shop, told a Tribune reporter the story of her mother's affliction. She said: "Eight years ago mother was prostrated with sunstroke and since then she has had a severe headache. She tried all the doctors about here and nothing helped her. Then we were recommended to Mrs. Stewart, and mother and I went down there. We went into the front room and sat down. After talking to us awhile Mrs. Stewart put her hands to her forehead and presently said: 'You are infest d with a snake. It was placed there as a curse upon you by your husband, with whom you are not living. He had a doctor put the snake in you by applying snake oil to your bosom and insect powder to your lips. The doctor you had before you came to me is the one who did this. You are bewitched. I understand how to drive out the witches from you, and will do it if you declare you have faith in me and will take the medicines I give. You must have them driven out or you will die. You must take the medicine I give you, and you must pray.'

"Mother brought home a lot of the medicine and she began to pray. She prayed day and night and took lots of medicine. Then she became very sick, and seemed worn out. She said that while she was sitting in the room praying a big spot of light came out of the kitchen and wrapped her up, and then

THE SNAKE BEGAN TO TAUNT HER.

She would not let us sleep on account of her prayers. We got her to quiet her voice, but she would pray in a whisper all night. Mrs. Stewart got a great influence over mother. Mother went down there twice, I went four times, and Mrs. Stewart came here twice. She gave us four bottles of medicine. We have paid her $3.50 and I owe her $4 more. She made the bill small to us, because I got her some other patients. When mother got so bad that we could do nothing with her, they took her away. Mrs. Stewart was to have come to-day, but she has not put in an appearance. She may have heard about mother. Mrs. Stewart wanted me to take some of her medicine, but I would not do it. She makes everybody pay as soon as she visits them, but she said we were poor and she would let us run an account. I think mother was scared terribly by what the woman said. The story about the snake impressed mother so it was on her mind and in her prayers all the time."

When a reporter of the Tribune rang the door-bell at No. 1923 State street a heavy step was heard within. Presently the door opened slightly, the brown forehead and weasel eyes of the woman appeared, and she asked:

"What yo wan' heyah? Who reccomended you?"

"Let me in and I'll tell you," the reporter replied.

The door was then opened and the reporter entered. It is a good house for soothsaying and witchcraft. The ceilings are low and damp, and there is an arrangement of drapery that makes things weird. When the negress was told that Mrs. Swanson was crazy she said: "I dun tole 'er shed be sick fore dem wiches come out. She's got a snake in her, and de tracks of sco'pions and lizzards cross her breast. She's in bad condition. She feels dat snake crawlin' up 'er neck, an' it sometimes chokes 'er. I'se de only doctor in de city dat can bring dem witches out, an' I does it in lots o' cases, both white and black."

Mrs. Stewart then became angry, and said: "I don't allow no reporters to come and see me. I throw 'em all out, and I don't 'tend nothin's gwine ter be sed 'bout me."

But her rage cooled down and her rage was not demonstrated.

Mrs. Stewart is attending a number of unfortunate and ignorant people. She told Anna Carson she had been bewitched by the medicine a young man gave her, and Anna believed it. Anna had the habit of staring and was cured. It was she who sent the Swansons to Mrs. Stewart.

This week Mrs. Stewart took $2 from Clara Carlson—it was the last money she had. Clara is hopelessly ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Mrs. Stewart told her she was bewitched and that the curse could be driven away. Hilda Carlson is also under the treatment of Mrs. Stewart. There is said to be much indignation among the neighbors of Mrs. Swanson, who say she was driven insane by the negress, Mrs. Swanson being in a condition at the time to be unduly affected by the horrible stories told her.

Things Invented Last Year.

Washington Letter in New York Sun.

A small, round, rubber mat, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change, and from which the customer easily picks it.

A cheese-cutter, consisting of a swing knife, by which the grocer can, with certainty, cut ten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.

A balloon which carries a lightning rod high in air over an oil tank.

A cigar selling machine that drops out an all-Havana, clips the end off, and exposes a match and a piece of sandpaper whenever a nickel or lead blank is dropped in a slit in the side of the machine.

A nose protector (Idaho invention), by which a woolen pad is snuggly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather.

An electrical boot-blacking machine, in which a brush is rapidly revolving in a non-rotating handle. The whirling brush brings the shine in one-tenth the time of the old vibrating albow method.

A rubber funnel which may be fitted over the head, big end up, so as to inclose all the hair while the barber shampoos a customer. A tube hangs down behind, so as to carry away the suds, while a hose for flushing out the hair, funnel and tube is provided. It is an invention of a German barber other than the Sun's.

A monster bicycle, with places for two men in a basket swung below the axle, who operate the machine with levers geared to the axle.

A decoy duck with a variety of detachable heads.

An air pump to force oil from a tank on a ship over a stormy sea.

A fan rotated by the wheels of a baby carriage to keep the flies off the baby.

A church pew that looks like a pew, but has comfortable arm chairs within.

A device which will prevent the most reckless individual from kicking the clothes off the bed. It is the invention of a Chicago woman.

A new gun with a battery in stock and cartridges which have coils of platinum wire where the cap is. Pressing the trigger connects the coil with the battery.

A combined rocking chair and cradle (indescribable).

A combined kitchen ventilator and clock-winder, being a device for connecting the ventilator wheels commonly placed in windows with the family clock.

SOME INTERESTING WOMEN.

Lounging in Windows, Defying Indians, Running Races and Receiving Homage.

In the dreamland of Cuba, where every house has barred windows and fortress-like doors (says a writer in The Albany Fair Journal), I realized that the women were prisoners, though I doubt whether they would have valued compassion, since, like canaries, they have been in duress so many generations as to have lost the standpoint from which to judge between freedom and thralldom. Though I visited towns that had scarcely known any change, except what earthquakes had brought them, since Cortez rested in them on his way to conquer Mexico, I saw no sight so strange as that of the women lolling in the bench-like sills of the great windows, dressed for public view and looking lazily out of their great black orbs at whoever passed along the street. Those who were young were nearly all beautiful, but their elders had lost their good looks in a superabundance of flesh. They could not go out of doors in the daytime except in their carriages and accompanied by a parent or guardian. And when they went shopping the clerks attended them in their carriages, the ladies sending for what they wanted to look at and the clerks staggering out under great burdens of goods. You can imagine that shopping there is neither a passion nor a vice, as it is said to be in Paris. Isn't it in Paris that the women are so fond of it? So, after the morning was spent at housework and a veiled visit to church, the Cuban ladies dressed to loll in the windows, and their sweethearts crept along close to the walls and chatted with them, if no old woman was by to prevent them, and if they had proceeded so far in their love making as to be able to converse with their hearts' delights. Before they could do that they had to walk along the streets ever so many times, past their sweethearts' windows, waiting to be noticed and flirted with, and then came a long period of ogling and the exchanging of swift glances and peeping behind fans and waving of handkerchiefs—all extremely silly in the eyes of American girls.

One day I was making my way through a dismal piece of woodland in Canada on the outskirts of Montreal. B-r-r-r! how cold it was, and how the snow lay piled up all over the country! Suddenly I heard merry voices and the crackling of twigs and rustling of brush. Just as suddenly the figure of a young man in the uniform of the Tuque Bleue Snowshoe club appeared, ascending a knoll. Three girls were at his heels, followed by other young men and women. There was a new view of the possibilities of womanhood. Our Yankee girls, best of all in the best of the sexes, have liberty enough, but how few use it to place themselves side by side with the men in their athletic sports! How ruddy and bright-eyed and wholesome were these Canadian maidens! How superbly they were framed and how overflowing with animal spirits they were! Afterward I saw them skating for hours and covering miles of ice hand in hand with their brothers (and the brothers of other folks), and at tobogganing, driving, and all the other sports that interested them, they were almost if not quite the equals of the men. When it came to dancing, as I was informed, the merry ones among them took a delight in lifting the young gentlemen from the States off their feet, once in a while, and swinging around with them as a New York girl might do with a child—if it was small enough.

Far over on the Pacific coast of the same country, and on Vancouver Island, I found another race of women—squaws of some tribes allied to the Esquimaux. They were so ignorant and homely, and belonged to such a rude order of civilization, that I could scarcely expect to interest any young lady readers in them. But they possessed an interest for the married ladies, and might even arouse envy in the breasts of some fair matrons, for their customs allow each wife to have an "assistant husband." Better yet, their husbands do not select their own assistants; this is left to the fair ladies themselves. These assistant husbands have to do what the New England folks call "chores" for the women, get kindling wood, run of errands and make themselves useful in all menial ways. Their only reward and recompense is that if the real husband dies in any case, or disappears, or goes away for an unconscionable length of time, they marry the women for whom they have been working.

On the plains in Assinibola I found a little lady in the larger of the only two stores in the place who told me that the Indians on a reservation close by had begun to grow restless, and were manifesting the fact by unusual insolence. Only the day before a dozen of the braves had come into the store, when she was stark alone in it, and had demanded whisky, a commodity they were not allowed to touch and no one was permitted to sell. She told them she had none, and they sat, as Indians will, for a long time, as if to show her they would not go away until they got it. Curiosly enough no one came to the store from the settlement. By and by the Indians proposed to search for the whisky. She laughed at them and told them they could search. They did so, peeping and poking everywhere that they could think of. When they offered to go up stairs to her living apartment she stood in the doorway and told them they must not venture there. She flattened her back against the door and defied them. She was less than the ordinary height, and did not weigh over one hundred pounds, but she quailed them with the eye of a brave and determined woman, and when, presently, some white men came to make some purchases, the Indians took themselves off. Only a few nights before this this same woman had seen a wolf in her back yard, and had gone out and "shooed" it away with her apron and her scolding, just as one of our girls might do to a cat. I never saw a man that I thought more plucky than she. Perhaps, though, what no Indian or wolf could do might be done by a mouse. But it is beyond all reason to expect the bravest not to fear a mouse.

In our Southern states one gets still another view of woman. I went through the Virginia mountains, and learned that south of Mason and Dixon's line every white woman is a queen, idolized by brothers, husbands, sons and fathers; respected as if sainted by her neighbors. When a poor old woman entered a railroad depot that was crowded with men at a time when it was not expected that any woman would be traveling, every man in that assemblage rose to his feet in order that she might select what seat she wished, and those men who were smoking went out and stood in the rain rather than chance to offend her. One of the men who did this was Fitz Hugh Lee, now governor of the state. That was only one illustration of a chivalric deference toward women everywhere observable and everywhere reflecting honor on the men who maintained it.

The Garfields Abroad.

Town Topics.

Mrs. Garfield is stopping with her daughter, Molly and Mrs. Garfield's sister, Mrs. Mason, in Paris. It appears that Mrs. Garfield and her daughter came to Paris to be with Mrs. Mason during the severe illness of Mrs. Mason's daughter. The daughter is engaged to marry her cousin, young Garfield, who is at present studying at Oxford. The Garfields will remain in Paris for several weeks. Mrs. Garfield is described as dressing in very deep mourning and wearing only a thin wedding ring on her left hand. Miss Molly Garfield has grown to be a tall, blonde girl, pretty, but with a slightly irritable look in her face or at least it is destitute of all cheerfulness.

Merchants known to have no flies on Choose this page to advertise on.

EARTH LOVE.

I seek not why the cyclones roar,
Nor whence the lurid storm-clouds pass;
Be mine a shyer, sweeter lore,
The secrets of the whispering grass.

The crackling scroll, the musty tome,
They are but arid husks to me
Who joy to breast the daisy foam
That flecks the meadow's emerald sea.

The shimmering dewdrop, softly bright,
That hangs upon the violet's eye,
I prize beyond the bolder light
That dazzles in the arching sky.

In lonely woods I love to scan
The silvery snare the spider weaves,
Or watch the mimic caravan
Of ants among the mouldering leaves.

Or on the turf, with head bent low,
In some remote and mossy glen,
To list the toil, the joy, the woe
Of tiny lives unguessed of men,

With heart unvext of tangled creeds
By petty brains to thinness spun,
Be mine the text of flowers and weeds
By nature writ in shade and sun.

They lure me not, the stars above:
Their mysteries are too cold and high.
God gave to us the earth to love.
Within whose breast all sorrows die.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

PADRE FRANCIS.

Chorro mountain raises its bald head on the west side of Chorro valley. It slopes up gradually on the south, west and north sides, and the top is surmounted by a cone-shaped pile of rocks. The cone on the east side has the appearance of having been cut in two, and its perpendicular face starts almost out of the valley. It is many hundred feet from the foot to the top of the face of this wall of granite, the surface of which is broken here and there by sharp-pointed crags. Perched on the top and pointing over the precipice is a huge flat-top boulder that seems to threaten the traveler who passes at the foot of the mountain.

Several years ago, while journeying in that section, I made the ascent of the natural monument, having for my guide a half-breed Mexican. On the top of the cliff my eye fell on a small peculiar flower that bloomed from a cleft in the rocks. It was a tiny white flower, with a crimson center shaped like a heart—the only sign of vegetation that could be seen there.

I reached out my hand to pluck one of them to examine it, as it was a curiosity to me, when the half-breed sprang toward me and exclaimed excitedly in Spanish:

"Do not touch it! Do not pull it! It is bad luck. Don't you know? But, no, you don't. You would rather put your hand on a fiery coal than touch the drop of blood from the heart of the holy father. No, you do not know the story."

"Indeed I do not," I replied. "Tell it to me." And far up there he told me in his quaint way the tradition of Chorro mountain and the little white floweret with its heart of crimson.

"It was Father Juniporo Serra, rest to his soul, who founded the mission of San Louis Obispo. After leaving a small handful of soldiers to protect the church and the padres, the good man went his way and the mission prospered.

"At last came another band of missionaries from the City of Mexico, and with them more soldiers. These went to work with great zeal to make more converts among the peaceable Indians, and soon many were set to work and taught to till the land. They missed the liberty that they had been used to, and ere long there was a revolt, which resulted in great bloodshed and almost in the destruction of Mission San Louis Obispo.

"The leading spirit among the discontented was one named at his baptism Pedro. He was darker in color, heavier built and more vicious than any other man in the colony. His sharp bone dagger had more than once been sheathed in human flesh, and, while the discontented Indians recognized him as their leader, they also feared him as a reptile.

"Padre Francis was one of the most sincere and zealous of those who faced the dangers of the deep to come from Spain, and the hardships and perils of a journey on foot through an unexplored region to reach his field of labor.

"This man of God was well beloved by most of the mission Indians because of his goodness of heart and his kind, gentle ways. Pedro saw in him his greatest enemy, as too many loved the good man to suit his purposes, and he resolved that Padre Francis must die before a revolt could be successful.

"Padre Francis often took long pilgrimages into the country, and many said that he was in search of yellow gold and shining silver, which even to this day are believed to be hid in these great mountains. One day the good padre went forth.

"Pedro left the mission by stealth soon after, and did not come back till late in the day. Padre Francis did not come back, and inquiry was made by the other fathers, and the captain of the soldiers among the Indians. At last they found Pedro and learned of his absence and late return, and they found blood on his hand and on his breechcloth.

"'How came it there?' they asked.

"'I killed a deer,' answered Pedro, sullenly.

"'Where is the skin and meat? His arrow-heads will be red with blood—bring them,' said the captain.

"'No fresh blood mark was on the arrowheads, and Pedro was put in the dungeon till the morn.

"At the first break of day a body of soldiers took Pedro and three friendly Indian trailers and followed the accused man's tracks. They led to this very mountain, and Pedro became greatly agitated and had to be dragged along. Up the tracks led. They find more footprints, and see they were made by the sandled feet of a priest. They, too, led up over boulders, through brush, but ever up and to the top of the mountain.

"At last they reach the top and look around. What is it they see? Hush! It is Padre Francis at prayer alone on the mountain, as near as mortal man can get to heaven. He kneels beside the huge boulder, his hands clasped before him, his head resting on the cold, hard rock. Do not disturb his holy meditation and supplications, as his spirit reaches up to the Father of all.

"But how still he is! No movement is detected by the searchers, who stand with uncovered heads.

"The captain approaches reverentially, but apprehensive. What! dead? No, no, do not say so! Yes, dead, and as cold as the rock against which he kneels.

"What is this blood? And this? It is a knife, bone dagger, red with the heart blood of the priest. Oh, horror! He has been murdered.

"The Indian Pedro stands trembling like a leaf, and as his eye falls on his bloody bone dagger, he tears himself loose from his captors and springs forward to secure the murderous weapon. He reaches out his hand, but recoils with a cry of terror. The poisonous fangs of a rattlesnake that lies quiet and blind, as they all do in the fall, have pierced his flesh. He bounds backward a step, His foot strikes on a rolling rock, and with a shriek he goes over the dizzy precipice. Wildly grasping at the empty air as he goes down, down, down; bounding from crag to ledge, still he falls.

"Look! Is the murderer a shapeless mass at the foot of the rocks? No; he strikes on a ledge and is held there by a pointed crag half way down the cliff. And see, the mangled body is lying close beside the vultures' next. Thus God avenges the death of his minister. He has fed the murderer's carcass to the vultures. Tenderly the body of the dead padre is taken back to the mission and buried in the garden.

"Senor, if you will take this rope and go to the edge of the cliff you can see the skeleton of Pedro still on the ledge, where his white bones have lain these many years."

I did as directed, and saw what appeared to be the bones of a human body, but on bringing my field-glass to bear upon the place I saw that it was the outcropping of a stratum of light-colored granite close by the vultures' nest.

"But the little white flower with the red heart, what of it?" I asked.

"I will tell. Padre Francis was beloved dearly by many of the simple mission Indians, and when peace was restored, they often made pilgrimages to this very spot to pray for the repose of the good man's soul. They found here in the fall of the year this flower growing from the very rock whereon the priest's heart's blood fell. It does not grow on any other mountain, but blooms here year after, and always in the late summer and early fall. Several have tried to plant it in other soils, but it will not grow, and he who tries to make the emblem of the heart blood of the priest bloom simply to please the eye always has bad luck. Senor, you know the history of the flower and the legend of the mountain."

A HUMAN SALAMANDER.

Nathan Coker, of the Eastern Shore, and His Wonderful Skill.

The Tuckahoe Neck monstrosity is in many respects a devil incarnate, but is harmless and inoffensive. In "mighty stature," in color and general make-up, he marks up to the ideal of his satanic majesty, being six feet tall, as black as the hinges of hades, a giant in strength, and endowed with such salamandrine qualities that he can endure fire unharmed, and with little inconvenience. None of the thousands who marveled at his unnatural powers ten or twenty years ago will say that the above is in the least an overdrawn picture of Nathan Coker, whose fire-eating exploits were the wonder of this peninsula two generations past. Nathan is now 84 years old, having long since quit the business of fire-eating, from the profits of which he saved a fortune of