THE AMERICAN RHINE.

DOWN THE OHIO RIVER FROM PITTSBURG TO PORKOPOLIS.

Pen Notes and Pencil Sketches—Three Days on a Back Wheeler—A Village Atlas—The Harmonite and the Hoop Pole District—Ohio Grape Growers.

LEFT Pittsburg early in the evening amid a cloud of dense smoke. It is rather an uncommon occurrence to arrive in or depart from that city under any other circumstances.

All about the long wharves, wherever it seemed possible for them to squeeze in, the steamboats were puffing out volumes of black smoke from a veritable forest of tall smokestacks. The condition of affairs upon land was similar.

The great furnaces along the base of Mount Washington vied with each other in power to emit the greater amount of smoke and fire from their long line of chimneys. Some one, when taken to the summit of Mount Washington and shown what could be seen of Pittsburg, truly said, "It looks like h—ll with the lid off."

We had taken passage upon one of the largest of the river steamboats that ply between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. As she swung out into the middle of the stream we had an excellent view of the bridge connecting Pittsburg with Birmingham. Mount Washington with its bright green summit, could be plainly seen looming up above the rolling clouds of sulphurous smoke, and up and down its inclined plane the little cars were slowly carrying their loads of human life from soot to sunshine, or vice versa.

Obedient to the ringing bell and calls of the mate to "step up to the capting's office and settle," we procured our stateroom keys and were soon out on deck again.

While we were being hooked the big wheel had started the contract to take us 500 miles down the Ohio river, and we rapidly lost sight of Pittsburg.

When we did catch a final glimpse of it a few miles further down the river, it looked much like an enormous ball of black wool, into which, by some unaccountable accident, church spires and chimneys were strangely entangled.

LEAVING PITTSBURG.

Dixmont is the name given the locality where the asylum for the insane for the western district of Pennsylvania is situated, upon the slope of the mountain that rises abruptly from the water's edge. It was the first place of interest passed, and directly after we lost sight of its great central tower and long cluster of wings, which branched on all sides from the main building, we were called in to supper by the tinkling of the steward's bell.

It has always been a matter for wonder to the writer that these river lines of travel are not more frequently used by those who, by the nature of the business upon which they are bound, find time no object.

The saloon of the steamer was fitted out in such cozy style that when lit up by a dozen swinging chandeliers it had a charm that was irresistible. Up through the middle of the saloon the supper tables were ranged and their snowy linen and shining silver service, with the all-pervading aroma of coffee, served to give an appetite to those who lacked it, and that was never the fate of a newspaper man.

So we greatly relished the nicely cooked waffles and chicken, and when supper was ended wandered back upon deck.

The first object that attracted the attention was an enormous blazing light some four miles below upon the right bank of the river. Upon inquiring of one of the officers of the boat we learned that we were approaching the settlement of the Economites, a community with rather quaint notions of life; and the manner in which they have established themselves at this place, which is called Economy, proves that they thoroughly believe in what they preach. The light which had so suddenly attracted our attention was the flame from a natural gas well upon their property and so near the landing stage that it was unnecessary to use other means to obtain light to load or unload boats at night.

The most singular thing about these quaint people and their still more quaint methods, is absence of a single door upon the front of any building in the town, whether that building be used for a dwelling or shop.

The Economites first settled in this vicinity under one named Phillips, who was in a manner their ruler, at some distance down the river from Economy, and the place was known as Phillipsburg. It was finally abandoned to form another colony, with a new leader named Ralph, at a place called Harmony. They became known as the Harmonites. This settlement was also abandoned, and they moved up the stream to their present location. They are industrious and enterprising, and carry on all the various branches of trade that are found in other places. One essential rule is to make a common pool of all material raised or manufactured, and after it is sold to divide equally the proceeds of the sales. Marriage and the injunction from Holy Writ to "increase and multiply" is discouraged, if not entirely prohibited.

Wheeling, in West Virginia, was passed in the middle of the night and during a heavy rainfall. When the curtains of the cozy little staterooms were drawn aside the next day the sun had not yet made his appearance, and the river was clothed in darkness and mist. It was about 4 o'clock, and we had stopped at a small town on the Ohio shore to leave some freight. It was too dark for the colored roustabouts to see to do their work, and the old-style torch was brought into play. This is the perfect fac-simile of a wicker basket. It is made of iron, and has a circular bottom into which hot coals from the furnaces under the boat's boilers are turned. Upon these is laid a mixture of rosin, sawdust and oil, which makes a great flame and a good light. Its tiful blaze made the dusky forms, as they flitted rapidly too and fro in the misty atmosphere, have a very weird appearance, and called to mind that passage in Mark Twain's "Gilded Age," where the old negro, who for the first time in his life sees a steamboat, falls upon his knees and prays heaven to save him from the infernal thing approaching with its two big blazing eyes.

UNLOADING BY TORCH-LIGHT.

Without doubt one of the strangest sights the writer has witnessed in a traveling experience that has reached around the world is the floating villages of the Ohio river. The great floods that have occurred along the Ohio have given rise to such a feeling of insecurity that many families sold their land at a great sacrifice and moved further inland, while others who were impoverished by the floods have built themselves a sort of flat boat, upon which they cook and sleep. But this class, of course, are generally laborers, who, when they work in a town, find this the safest and cheapest manner to live.

The river at certain places was dotted all over with this clumsy little craft, forming a perfect floating village.

The scenery below Wheeling, and especially in the vicinity of Pike Creek bend, is something almost beyond the power of pen to describe, it differs so greatly from anything seen before. As the boat winds in and out the intricate shallow passages of the river the mountains seemingly change from one side to the other. Now they are on the Kentucky shore, and again upon the Ohio side.

The river narrows and the mountains grow taller, until right near the boundary line, where "Old Kaintuck" and West Virginia touch, they seem to have attained such an elevation as to make it impracticable for a man to get a living by farming. Yet there, on their great, scrawny, rocky sides, are seen little green patches, and a small log hut can be found by a little patience, generally placed on a knoll and near the edge of a gully, where they seem balancing upon its verge and ready to topple over at any moment.

Turning to the old pilot, for we had clambered to the wheel house to better enjoy the scene, we asked for information respecting the mode of planting these little patches. His reply was short and quaint.

"Wa'al, stranger, I bin runnin' on this yer river for more'n a twenty year, and I never seed them plant yit, but guess they sit in the house and shoot the seed out over them patches."

He further volunteered to inform us that this was known as the "hoop pole deestrick," where they were supposed to grow nothing but material for making barrel hoops, and also that a "familee war'nt no familee" unless it contained nine children and seven dogs.

At Catlettsburg we got our first look at "Kaintuck," and as we reached there early in the morning this bright little Kentucky town seemed more than usually pretty. Catlettsburg is right at the mouth of the Big Sandy river, and is notable from the fact that Garfield, with his Ohio boys, ascended this river during the recent war of the rebellion and dislodged Humphreys, the Confederate general, who held a position some distance up the stream.

A DOWN RIVER LANDING.

Everywhere we stopped, and especially upon the Ohio shore, the landing places were very steep and were paved in many places with square Belgian block, and at almost every place along the river sign boards were tacked upon trees or buildings bearing an inscription which generally began thus:

HIGH WATER MARK.

and then went on to give date and year.

The mountain slopes about this portion of the river are being cultivated for grape raising, and as we proceeded further on the slopes were dotted with vine trimmers who were taking advantage of the pleasant weather to get ready for a crop.

There has been so much written about the wine making and grape growing industry along this river that it is almost impossible to say anything that has not already been said.

Shortly after leaving Catlettsburg we passed Ashland, one of the many pretty places along the river, and about ten miles below we ran into Ironton, Ohio, with its great furnaces, which are the largest in the world, and one of these furnaces is so immense that it has never worked entirely as the demand could be easily supplied with one-half its capacity. Marietta, Ohio, with its quaint gabled houses and high shelving river banks, is the oldest settlement in Ohio, and is at the mouth of the Muskegon river.

THE GOVERNMENT DIKE ABOVE MARIETTA.

Just above Marietta we passed the long sweeping wall of the government dike, which has been built by the department of navigation of rivers and harbors to deepen one side of the river. If it were not for this the Ohio would be practically closed at this point for even flat bottomed boats.

The river is full of salmon, pike and bass, and the long stone wall was crowded with fishermen. Many of these were amateur anglers from the eastern states.

Maysville, with its great tobacco warehouses and great hills, was the next town passed on the Kentucky shore, and just above it we stopped long enough to get a glimpse at all that remains of the once famous city of Augusta, which before the war was the wealthiest place in the state of Kentucky.

It was the summer resort for the aristocracy of Kentucky, and figured high in the history of the state. It was completely destroyed by fire during the war, and has never been rebuilt.

There was a peaceful, shady look about its long water front, and the few old-time houses that have survived those most stirring events are nearly covered up from the gaze of the busy world by the masses of trees that surround them. The sun was setting over the beautiful picture of these two little cities at the base of the great eternal hills. One full of life, hope, enterprise and wealth. The other still and deserted of all its wealth and rank.

GRAPEVINE TRIMMERS.

A few hours later we arrived in Cincinnati, amid the like clouds of soot and smoke that we had seen upon leaving Pittsburg. We alighted from the boat and found ourselves upon the streets of far-famed Porkopolis, as it is called. Like all cities where soft coal is used, Cincinnati is troubled with an atmosphere mainly composed of soot specks and whirling clouds of smoke that leave her most beautiful buildings covered with a smeary black substance that is anything but inviting in appearance. The hill gardens of Cincinnati are the best places the writer has ever seen to spend a warm day or evening. They are generally on enormously high hills overlooking the city and surrounding country, and are fitted out with long rows of electric lights, which have a most brilliant effect in looking from the city toward these hills. S. FRANKLIN YEAGER.

Don't be a Gluttonous Reader.

(From Quiver).

Reading should be in moderation. It is possible to devour whole libraries and yet learn nothing. It is said that Miss Martineau often read in one hour no more than a single page of a good book. An eminent divine and author is said to have had but three books—the Bible, Josephus' works and Cruden's concordance. A celebrated French author being laughed at because of the smallness of his library, replied: "Ah, when I wanted a book I made it." On the other hand, Madame de Stael Helstein is said to have devoured 600 novels before she was 15 years of age, and to have read those 600 in three months—on an average six each day! Louis XVI., while imprisoned for a period of five months and seven days, read 157 volumes, or one book a day. Such literary gluttony could have left little good results. Too much reading is as injurious to the mind as too much feeding is to the body.

Teaching Him a Lesson.

Dumley—You know that contemptible little Robinson, don't you, Brown?

Brown—Yes, but I don't associate with him.

Dumley—Well, what do you think he had the gall to do to-day?

Brown—He has the gall to do anything.

Dumley—He has asked me to drink with him, but he'll never repeat the impudency.

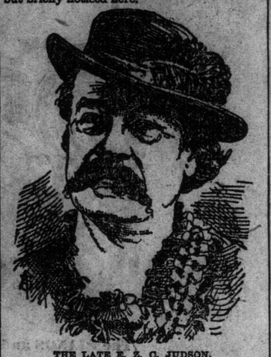
Brown—What did you do, pull his nose?

Dumley—No, I ordered a champagne cocktail, and it cost him seventy-five cents.

THE LATE NED BUNTLINE.

The Life Romance of One of the Greatest Romancers.

"Ned Buntline" is dead. What reader of the sensational, hair-raising, blood-curdling penny-awful story papers has not heard of him. Little wonder that he did the work through which he was known, for his career outromanced any of this fictions. It can be but briefly noticed here.



THE LATE E. Z. C. JUDSON.

He was Edward Z. C. Judson, of the great Christian missionary family of that name. His father was a Philadelphia lawyer, in which quiet city this restless spirit was born. His father intended him for a legal light, but the youngster ran away to sea in a ship going around the Horn. On his return home his father endeavored to show him the career that the study of Blackstone might bring him. But without avail; then, making a virtue of the necessity, his father apprenticed his wayward boy to the United States ship Macedonian, obtaining for him a midshipman's position. His fellow-midshipmen, in their youthful would-be aristocracy, refused to associate or mess with him on the ground that he had served as a common sailor and was not their equal. He certainly was not, for he proved himself very soon their superior, challenging them all to fight, one after the other, and coming off victorious in each contest. One of his antagonists is now an admiral in the navy. After that there was no more talk about equality. While serving in the navy he rescued his crew of a boat which had been run down by a ferryboat in New York harbor. But it was on land, not on sea, that young Judson's most adventurous period was passed. As an Indian fighter and as a scout in the great civil war he became justly famous. On the plains he met with Capt. Jack Crawford, who regards Ned Buntline as the bravest man he has ever met, while as to his marksmanship there can be no dispute. On shipboard he broke a small bottle suspended from the yard arm with one shot and cut the cord that had held the bottle with the shot following, and years after, in a trial of skill with Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack and several Indian chiefs he took the first prize for quick, sure aim. His adventures among the Indians would fill volumes. He was a great admirer of the Indian character, though he took no stock in "Cooper's Indians," as he called them.

Ned kept himself constantly before the public in some sensational way. He was a leader in the Know-Nothing movement. Was arrested as one of the principals in the Forrest Macready Astor place riots in New York. He was tried before Judge Charles P. Daly, whom Ned had been attacking for years. The judge magnanimously gave him but one year in the penitentiary. He had already begun to fire the youthful heart with his Munchausen tales, and this he continued to his death. No one can estimate the number of stories he wrote. His income from this source averaged $30,000 a year. During the war he was arrested and confined in Fort Lafayette for overstaying his parole. He had tried nearly everything in his time and it was to be expected he would try the stage. This he did, in company with Buffalo Bill, for whom he wrote a play. Their first appearance was in St. Louis, and as it was new business for them, both became stage struck. Buffalo Bill forgot his part, Ned became boggled, and the play ended in a roaring farce.

Of late years Buntline was living on his farm at Stamford, N. Y., where he leaves his fourth wife and a family. He was a model of muscular vigor, as his picture indicates, up to the day of his death.

A RAILROAD CLUB HOUSE.

The Gift of Cornelius Vanderbilt to His Employes.

THE VANDERBILT CLUB HOUSE.

The number of railroad accidents due to the unfitness of railroad employes through unsteady habits will of course never be known; yet it is a well understood fact among railroad managers that in the major part of the accidents due to negligence, investigation showed incidentally, though the fact was considered hardly worthy of notice, that the unfortunate employe "had not been taking proper care of himself."

Railroad corporations have heretofore cared little for the comfort of their employees. It is expected that they be ready to undertake any extra work in the way of long runs, often without rest for days, often sending them into strange towns without any care whether they find accommodations for food or a bed to rest in, only caring that they be on hand to take up their journey at the time ordered. Little wonder that men so deprived of proper rest and food are not likely to be vigilant.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, recognizing all this, is about to provide a building for the employes of the railroads centering in the Grand Central depot, New York city, where men may find recreation and rest without running any risks among the temptations of the city.

This building will be 80x40 feet. It will be a substantial structure, with bath rooms, gymnasium and bowling alleys in the basement; reading room, library, room for games and offices on the first floor; a large hall for general meetings and rooms for classes on the second floor, and rooms for janitor's family and sleeping rooms for men coming in late or detained in the city over night, in the upper story. Our exterior view of the building, drawn from the architect's plans, shows that it will be an ornamental neighbor to the great depot, as well as an elegant resort for the hundreds of engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and other men of the rail, who form the floating population of that mighty terminal station.

Money and Marriage.

From the Boston Herald.

How easy it is for every marriageable girl to look toward the pretty little ex-member of Mr. Daly's theatrical company and envy the lot of Mrs. George Gould, who has married millions of money, and has for a husband one of the two or three greatest millionaires in the country. What can she possibly want that may be denied her? Nothing, perhaps, and yet, as far as the pretty girls who are envying her know, her future happiness is as much a matter of doubt as that of the poorest bride who gayly goes into housekeeping in three or four rooms. Not young Gould's money, present or future can make him worth having for a husband, girls, but the quality of man that he is.

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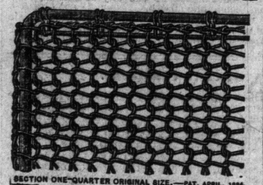

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