THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG. SUNDAY. JANUARY

FIGHTING SENATORS.

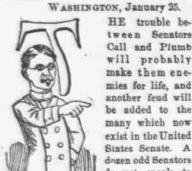
Statesmen Who Have Had Experience With the Code.

INGALLS'FIERCE QUARRELS

Joe Brown's Preparations to Let Daylight Into Bob Toombs.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF THE SENATE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH,]



tween Senators Call and Plumb will probably make them eneexist in the United dozen odd Senators do not speak to each other already, and the bitter po-

litical speeches of the past week are by no means calming the troubled waters. The stings of debate last long after the sessions are over, and there are personal remarks made every session which rankle in the souls of the Senators at whom they are directed. Call will not forget that Plumb called him a coward and Plumb will never forgive Call for saying that he was a bad man, a vain man, a weak man and a man of boorish manners and contemptible methods. Had these words been uttered before the war the result would probably have been a duel, but as it is the two men will sit in the Senate, sneer at each other's speeches and pass by one another without speaking. John Sherman and Wade Hampton have

not spoken to each other for years, and the trouble arose in reply to some correspond-ence which Hampton had with Sherman while he was Secretary of the Treasury. Chandler wants nothing to do with Joe Blackburn since that stormy trouble arose in the session of the Committee on Indian Traders, and the Senator from Kentucky attempted to pull the ear of the Senator from New Hampshire. Chandler denies that his ear was pulled, but he acknowledges that he received threats and other indignities. He will never forget them, and ackburn will long remember the offensive remark of Mr. Chandler in which he said that he "would not be bulldozed by any negro driver from Kentucky."

SENATOR INGALLS' QUARRELS.

Senator Ingalls is mixed up in half a dozen fends. The Democratic Senators as a mass bate him worse than the devil hates holy water, and there are a number of Democratic Senators with whom he can never be onfrigally terms. One of these is Joe Brown, of Gregia, whom the Kansas Senator held up to ridicule about six years ago under the title of the Senator from Alaska. Brown had said he would not make the Senate the scene of a coarse personal quarrel, and that in his conflicts with brave men he en accused of cowardice. He referred to Ingalls' attenuated form and intimated that no one was much afraid of the Kansas Scuntor. In reply to this Scuntor In galls made a fiery speech, accusing Brown of changing the record of the Senate, calling him a "sanctimonious hypocrite who was torever washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water." Under the title of the Senator from Alaska, he characterized Brown as the Uriah Heep of the Senate, as the Joseph Surface of American politics, as a snivelling political Pecksniff who had belonged to every political party in his lifetime and to none which he did not

At the close of his speech he said he was willing to have the Senator from Georgia take his remarks in any sense he saw fit to take them, and that he did not shrink behind the privileges of the chamber.

JOE BROWN'S DUEL.

It was supposed that nothing less than duel could come of these remarks. After a day or two, however, the matter quieted down and nothing more has been heard of the trouble. The two Senators will, however, never be friends, though both of them hold each other in decided respect. The fact that they did not fight cannot be considered an imputation upon the bravery of either, for both have shown themselves to be ready to fight in the days of the past, and had either sent a challenge there is no doubt that the other would have accepted it. Senator Joe Brown once came within an ace of fighting a duel with Bob Toombs.
Toombs and he had a quarrel as to reconstruction measures, and the story is that both expected to fight. Toombs made no preparation for the duel. Joe Brown went about his arrangements in the same practi-



Plumb and Call. cal business way for which he is so noted and which has made him a success as a fortune maker and a great statesman. He drew up his will, put his estate in order and clipped all the trees of his orchard in practicing with his pistol. I think it was in this affair that Brown called Toombs an unscrupulous liar, and that Toombs, in talking to one of his friends about it, cheracterized Brown as a hypocritical old deacon, saying: "What can I do with him. If I challenge him he will dodge behind the door of the Baptist and he then referred to the statement of Ben Hill in reply to Alexander H. Stephens, wherein Hill retused to fight, saying to Stephens: "Sir, I have a family to support and a God to serve, but you have

This remark of Toombs was reported to Brown, and Brown went to his church and got a certificate stating that he had left it. He sent the certificate to Toombs, and told

as he did so, and by accident his boot struck his pistol and he shot himself in the leg. His boot was soon full of blood. This sobered him and he left the dining room. Ingalls went upstairs, brought down his pistol, laid it down beside his plate and went on with his eating. The man went out in the street, got into a shooting affray and was killed that afternoon.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S DUEL. Senator Sherman came very near having a duel at just about the beginning of the war. He was insulted by a member of the mies for life, and another feud will be added to the added to the added to the man's face. Everyone supposed that the result would be a shooting affray, and Sherman carried a pistol for many which now some time after the occurrence. He had his exist in the United States Senate. A pistol in his pocket the first day that he met the man in whose face he had thrown the wafers, and he passed him on the stone flag-ging which surrounded the fish pond which

used to be in front of the Capitol. Sherman

in his pocket. Wright, however—this I think was the name of the man—failed to attack him and no challenge was sent. Sherman had his bravery tested in the Kansas-Nebraska troubles when he was sent West on the House Committee to in-

numerous stories told of his courage in Kansas during and before the war. He was sitting one day eating his dinner in a hotel in Atchison. It was at the time that Ingalls had first come to Kansas, and he had already made two or three of his pyrotechnic and Senator Hiscock have not been on good terms along their forms at the latter part. ready made two or three of his pyrotechnic oratorical displays. As he sat there a drunken ruffian entered the room with a pistel in his hands. He saw Ingalls and said:

"See here, young man, they say you are a blanked good speaker. Now, I want you to get my and where a reason and senator Historica and Senat get up and make me a speech or I will shoot — out of you."

He then pointed his revolver at Ingalls. Ingalls looked him in the eye and the revolver in the mouth, and replied that he did not intend to make a speech for any drunkard. The man continued to swear and flourish his revolver. He jumped up and down as he did so and by resident his heat strate. State of the common. Senator Chandler and Senator States are the common. Senator Chandler and Senator States are the common as he did so and by resident his heat strate. statesmen who have interests in common should be, and Chandler evidently thinks Blair a crank, and Blair apparently knows it. Ingalls and Plumb are friendly enough, but they do not hobnob together, and Ed-munds and Morrill though good friends are by no means boon companious. It is the same with many of the other Senators representing the same State.

NEW SENATORS WHO WILL FIGHT. There are a number of men among the new additions to the chamber who will not be atraid to resist if they are attacked this session. Senator Turpic, of Indiana, has not had a chance to show his power of invective as yet. He is considered one of the strongest speakers in this line in the whole State of Indians, and the Republicans will probably here something drop before the winter is over. He is little and insignificant looking, but he has a gall-bag at the root of his tongue as big as that of Ingalls', and his command of language is almost as great. Moody, of Dakota, will certairly resist if attacked, and there are many stories of his bravery in the Indiana Legislature which have not gotten into print. I don't believe he would fight a duel now, but he has accepted a challenge in his day, and he comes from the fighting frontier. Another possible fighter is the Republican Senator-elect Sanvestigate them. The committeemen were often in danger of their lives, and they received many threats on paper marked with coffins and skulls and cross bones. At one time, Sengtor Sherman tells me, a hoary-



headed ruffian came in and denounced him of the chief organizers of the Montana Vigin the rudest and most threatening of terms, painting the air red with profanity. Short-hand, was then a new thing in the West, and, as the man went on, Senator Sherman motioned to his stenographer to take down his language. When he had concluded his tirade Senator Sherman told him he ought to be careful as to how he assaulted a member of Congress of the United States when he was carrying out the orders of the Government, and told him that he had a record of every word he had said.

SHORTHAND SETTLED HIM,

The man sneered and swore and practically called Mr. Sherman a liar. Sherman then asked his stenographer to read to him what he had said, and the man listened dumbfounded as he heard his remarks recited verbatim. It seemed a miracle, and he was frightened at the possible results. He asked to see a page of the notes. It was handed him. Ee looked at it, and clutching his hair, yelled out: "Snakes, by the

Whether he thought he had the delirium tremens or not, Senator Sherman says he does not know, but he left the committee room a scared man, and carried his pistol and profanity off with him.

Senator Ingalls was severely denounced by Senator Joe Blackburn about two years | more numerous than the enmities. The 82 ago, and Ingalls and Blackburn might be called the two fighters of the Senate. Neither seems to be hapoy unless he is in a quarrel, and both deal in oratorical pyrotechnics, delighting in the invective. They go about the Senate with chips on their shoulders defying anyone to knock them off, and ready to fight at a moment's notice. At the last other such dirty linen as he could find connected with his war record, and the soap of the cleausing got into the eyes of both to such an extent that they do not smile as they pass by, and their souls are filled with

A TILT WITH VOORHEES.

It is much the same with Ingalls and Voorhees, and if the Senator from Kansas dispenses as much vitriol during the present session, in proportion to the political exitement, as he has done during those of the past he will hardly have a speaking acquaintance with more than half a dozen Democratic Senators. In his trouble with Voorhees, the latter called him a liar, and the Senator from Kansas retorted that "if the Senate of the United States was a police court, the Senator from Indiana would be sentenced to the rock pile and hard labor." He paid his compliments to Senator Voor-hees' war record, and described the exciting trouble which took place in the North as well as in the South in terms by no means complimentary. The power of Ingalls, added to his wonderful brain and terrible tongue, lies in his knowledge of the personal records of his brother Senators. He seems tongue, lies in his knowledge of the personal records of his brother Senators. He seems to have printed documents in his study detailing every act of their lives from their births to the present moment, He has all such information at his tongue's end, and his perceptions are so keen that he knows just where to strike hardest and hurt the most. He feels hard knocks, however, and the Democratic Senators occasionally cut deeply into his sensitive anatomy. Joe Brown succeeded in doing this perhaps as much as any of his opponents, and both Blackburn and Voorhees caused him considerably more than an unpleasant quarter

siderably more than an unpleasant quarter of an hour. OTHER SENATORIAL PEUDS. There are a number of other Senators who are not on the most triendly terms with

ilantes, who cleaned the road agents from the Territory and who hung over 20 men. The first of these was George Ives, and Sanders made the speech against him while his friends were standing around with their hands on their pistols. This speech convicted Ives, and I heard a story to-night of an incident which occurred that same evening at Virginia City.

Colonel Sanders was quietly reading in one of the stores of the town when a desperado named Harvey Meade came into the room with his revolver stuck into the band of his pantaloons in front. He came up to Sanders and commenced abusing him and called him all sorts of names. Sanders went on with his reading without noticing for a moment, and then dropping his hand into his overcoat pocket he cocked the derringer which lay there and raised his eyes to the bully and murderer as he quietly said: "Harvey, I should feel hurt it some men used such language to me, but from such a dog as you it is not worth noticing." The men who were in the store upon this caught hold of Meade and dragged him out. He afterward admitted to Sanders that he had

intended to kill him. THE DAMONS AND PYTHIASES.

The friendships of the Senate are, however, men in the chamber are, as a whole, much like a big club, and they associate more like publicans. Many of the States have Senators



who are friendly to each other, and Spoone

one of the noticeable things of the chamber. The two were always together, and one win-ter Manderson and his wife lived with Sen-ator Palmer in his big house on MacPher-son Square. West, of Missouri, and Pugh, of Alabama, are great friends, though they

Wisconsin Senator, is as broad as he is long, and his fat round belly shakes like a bowl of jelly over every good story he hears. He a man of brains as well as money, and he is the direct opposite of that tall, thin grandmother in spees known as Senator Payne. The two are great chums, and



they sit and gossip for hours together while

the most bitter of political speeches are being made in the chamber. The fact that one is a Democrat and the other a Republican does not affect their good fellowship.

Don Cameron is a good friend and a bad enemy. The especial object of his aversion in the person of Van Wyck, of Nebraska, has left the chamber. Cameron carried in his soul the friendships and the enmittee of his father, and he hated Van Wyck because his father, and he hated Van Wyck because he had made a bitter personal attack upon Simon Cameron when he was in the House of Representatives. He almost assaulted Van Wyck at the time that he made charges against Attorney General Brewster some years ago, and the scene of that day is not yet forgotten in the Senate Chamber. Cameron was very ill. He got up in front of Van Wyck and interrupted him in his speech. He shook his fist at him and told him not to talk any more in that direction. There was an uproar in the chamber. The Vice President tried to restore order, and Cameron finally was taken by his friends into one of the cloakrooms and persuaded to lie down on a sofa. He was a very sick man, and had he been in his present health the affair might have ended worse for Van

CAMERON AND BUTLER.

The great friendship of Senator Cameron and Senator Butler, of South Carolina, also starts, I am told, with Don Cameron's father. The incident occurred before the war. Hon. Simon Cameron was elected to the Senate, and through some hitch or other came very near missing his seat. Pierce Butler, Senator Butler's uncle, was then a Senator from South Carolina. He made a fight for Senaator Cameron, and it was his speeches and vote that gave him his seat. After the ques-

"Senator Cameron, I won this fight for you, and there is one thing I want you to do for me in return. I want you to send me a quart bottle of your best Pennsylvania whisky."

But it is to Brington Church, Northamp-"I'll send you a barrel," said old Simon

as he shook hands with Pierce Butler, "and when you want anything else call upon me He sent Butler the barrel of whisky and he continued his friend as long as he lived. Don Cameron inherited the friendship for

the Butler family, and when the present Senstor Butler came to the Senate it happened that there was some difficulty about his seat. It was a party question, but Don Cameron, so the story goes, broke away from the Republicans in this case and voted with the Democrats. His vote made Butler's position secure, and he thus paid the debt of his father to Butler's uncle.
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ONE OF VANCE'S STORIES.

He Had Lost His Hat Which Reminded Him of a Tale. New York Tribune. 1

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, lost his hat the other day. He came out of the Sanate cloakroom bare-headed, with his overcoat on his arm and paraded the corridors asking everyone he met if he had seen a tall hat straying about anywhere. He was asking the question of Captain May, the doorkeeper at the lobby door, when a page came up with the missing article in his hand. Senator Vance was just saying:
"Of course I don't think you have seen
it, you know, but I was 'just asking,' like

the man who came into my office once when I was Governor of North Carolina, He was a trampish-looking man, and his clothing was worn and seedy. He looked carefully around the room and then said: "'Governor, you ain't seen nothing of a pair of boots around here, have you? I left 'em in that corner last night, and they ain't

here this morning. "I answered that I had not seen the "'I knew some d-d thief had stolen

them, said the unknown. 'Of course I knowed it wasn't you, but I just thought I'd

QUININE AS DAILY FOOD. Natives of Some Portions of Africa Use it in Abaudance.

Doubtless most people have at some time in their lives been obliged to take quinine. Disguise it as one will, in capsules or gelatine covers, it is a bitter dose. Think, then, of a country where it is an article in daily use, placed upon the table as regularly as the bread. Such is the case in portions of Africa. The natives do not need it, of course, because they are born to the climate, but quinine is the white man's shield from the malaris. A missionary lady who lived for many years on the west coast of Africa told me that when perfectly well she took six grains of quinine every day in order to keep well, and that in her family of three persons they used, on the average, an ounce n six weeks. One can run over the table of weights, and easily see what a large number of grains an ounce contains.

WAYS OF THE DOCTORS. A Brooklya Ludy Who Brought Her Physi-

cian to Terms. Brooklyn Eagle.) This is vouched for: A lady who was suffering severely from rheumatism called in a physician who at once began to pay visits at \$2 apiece. He administered a number of pellets and dilutions of an inwho are not on the most friendly terms with fire sent the certificate to Toombs, and told him that he would be glad to accommodate him and that he would accept any challenge him and that he would accept any challenge he might make. It was white Toombs was waiting to make the challenge that he practiced with his pistol. Toombs knew that he was a good shot, and he saved his life by not saying anything more about it.

As to Senator Ingalis' bravery there are

quets of Babylon, mellowing and ripening on toward old age. A GRAND OLD CHURCH.

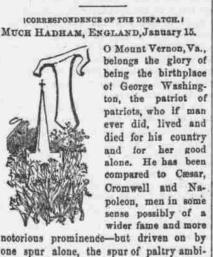
Career of the Family Whence George Washington Came.

MEN OF POWER IN OLD ENGLAND.

HERO'S ANCESTORS.

The Stars and Stripes Taken From Henry Washington's Shield.

GRAVES AT MUCH HADHAM PARISH



wider fame and more notorious prominence-but driven on by one spur alone, the spur of paltry ambition and the pride of conquest, which too often led them into cruelty and excess. Russell, Hampdem and Sydney may have been as pure in motive; but they more or less failed and fell. To George Washington alone in modern times belongs the fame of accomplishing a mighty revolution, and of yet remaining for all ages the theme of a nation's gratitude, an example of noble and beneficent power.

Though a hero may spring from any stock, ez quovis ligno fit mercurius, i. e., you may cut your god out of any tree, yet the forefathers of Washington were men of mark and of power as far back as the days of the Tudors. The Washingtons were a brave old Northern family when, in the time of Henry VIII., they migrated down South into Northamptonshire where Sir Thomas Kitson, under Henry VIL, had been a mighty trader in wool, he being the uncle of the first Lawrence Washington, who gave up his work as a barrister "to shear sheep of another kind." This same Lawrence, giving himself up to flocks and herds, grew to be a man of substance, and, going in for civil and religious liberty, obtained a grant of monastic land, and in due time became Mayor of Northampton. There the Law-rences flourished and waxed great for three generations, taking rank among the nobility and gentry of the county. When evil days befell them, as they then did, they again rose into the sunshine by the marriage of the eldest son to a half sister of the famous George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, their headquarters being Tulgrave and Brington.

HERO OF BRISTOL AND WORCESTER. When the Civil War broke out the Washingtons took the side of the King, and a cer-tain Sir Henry Washington not only led the storming party at Bristol and defended Worcester, but became so noted for his un-daunted bravery that when any difficulty arose in the army, it became a proverb, to cry out, "Away with it, quoth Washing-ton." It was in his time that one member tion was settled, Mr. Butler went over to of the Washington family emigrated to Cameron and said:

America, after being knighted by James I.

tonshire, that we must go back to note a fact of singular and curious interest to all patriots on both sides of the Atlantic, fo that gray old parish church are still to be



The Coat of Arms

seen two sepulchral stones, bearing date 1616, the one marking the grave of the father of the famous emigrant to Virginia, the other that of his uncle. Into each stone is set a tablet of brass bearing its own coat of arms, and the latter bears a device which, no doubt gave rise to the famous stars and stripes, known and noble among the noblest flags of the world, as our readers might easily see from the cut. The crescent moon in the third quarter of the shield is the appropriate sign belonging to a younger

The stars and stripes which now figure on the national blazon were doubtless taken from this shield of the gallant soldier who fought so bravely at Bristol and Worcester as a compliment to so brave a hero, and have since won for a brave people a fame as untarnished as his own, that defies decay. The stars of the States flag are five-pointed, like those of the Brington tablet, and the stripes in both alternately red and white, So lives forever the memory of a brave deed and of him who wrought it; and the glory that once was the proud possession of a single hero becomes the prouder heritage of a mighty people. Rarely, indeed, in ancient or modern records, may a national flag lay claim to a nobler or fairer origin; and still more rarely may a starry witness of its prowess still shine out on either side of a wide ocean with a radiance beyond dispute.

ANOTHER BRANCH OF THE FAMILY. But, another voice from the Mother coun-try has yet to speak, and give us another glimpse of the Washingtons. A second branch of the same goodly race went down still further South into a quiet nock in the quiet county of Hertfordshire, and there settled, increased and multiplied, and made themselves a name, of which some clear tokens are still to be found.

Thirty miles away from the great city, by that descripts all descripts the County of the county

that dreariest of all dreary lines, the Eastern Railway, which, sings Thackeray, "The shares I don't desire," lies the aleepy little village of Much Hadham, so called to distinguish it from a hamlet some three miles away named Little Hadham; the one being a goodly rectory of 1,200 a year, with a mighty rectory house and noble gardens, a lake and hanging woods, rich gentry for parishioners, and few troublesome poor folk parismoners, and lew troublesome poor folk for the shepherd's care; the other, a small, cold, dreary vicarage in the wilds, of not a quarter of the endowment of her wealthy sister, the sheep mostly poor and the shepherd but an inferior being compared to the lordly rector in the next valley. King John, it is said, once had a hunting palace at Much Hadham, and a rector some for at Much Hadham, and a rector some 50

A GRAND OLD CHURCH.

To this cozy retreat of peaceful repose the Washingtons quietly migrated; there they lived comfortable lives, and there at last were comfortably buried in the chancel of the grand old parish church, which, in spite of its insignificant spire half buried among noble trees, must have been a noble building. Even now a Bishop in full "pontificalibus," in search of a quiet and dignified resting place might, as a Hertfordshire man once said of purgatory, "go further and fare worse." The interior of the church is still, after many centuries of decay, grand and striking, and there may still be seen the gravestone of Thomas Newee and his wife, the parents of Clement Newee, bearing two portrait figures in brass in the costume of portrait figures in brass in the costume of the time of Henry VIII., and there may be noted the gentleman's long hair, his jur-lined coat and square shoes of one piece, as well as the lady's elaborate headgear. This Thomas Newee was a man of might, and, perhaps, of questionable morals, seeing that he had a hand in spoiling and embezzling some of the church's ornaments, vestments patriots, who if man ever did, lived and died for his country and for her good alone. He has been compared to Casar.

be proud. To him came the happy fortune of being father to a charming and fair daughter, Martha Newee, and she, in the year of grace 1578, when Elizabeth was queening it in full splendor, was married at the parish church to a certain Lawrence Washington Registrar of the High Court of Chancery and, above all, own brother to Robert, the grandfather in the fourth generation of George Washington, the famous President of the United States.

WASHINGTON'S LAST WORDS.

The steps by which he won his way up to that proud height need not be recounted here; they are written in letters of light along the scroll of fame where all may read. But it may be well said that if the life and career of Washington were those of a hero, and his words not unworthy of his deeds, no less dignified and worthy was his last utterance, when his great work was done and the supreme moment was at hand. The words were tew, but grand in their simplicity. "It is well," was all he said.
It was well; he had accomplished that for

which he lived; like another hero, one Horatio Nelson, who as he lay a-dying cried out: "I thank God, I have done my duty."

B. G. Johns.

TOO LAZY TO BAT.

A Curious Fact That Most People Can be Thus Described.

All of this talk about "the chaw" in any sort of food should be considered carefully, for the reason that a man who would live long must keep in mind that he will at first have to nag himself into the habits that will enable him to do so. Not one man in a thousand chews his food enough. It is a ludicrous fact that people are generally too lazy to eat. Let the reader try it and see. At the next meal, after reading this article, let him stop just as he is swallowing a piece of meat and see how much longer he can chew it before it becomes impalpably finewastes away in his mouth. It is absolutely certain, unless he is the one man in a thousand-very likely one in ten thousand-he will find that he did not chew it more than half long enough. And yet he often wonders how it happens that he has the heart-burn! Here is the reason. When food is swallowed in chunks the interior of the chunk spoils-decays while the stomach is

matter that is so acrid. Although too lazy to eat, people swallow too much. They stuff themselves and yet, being in haste, go away from the table un-satisfied. If a man can by any exercise of will power bring himself to chew his food as long as there is any part of it left to chew, he will not only get all the pleasure there is in the taste of the morsel, but will get all the nutriment there is in it, and will never eat too much. A week of this will help t

convince him that life is worth living. THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

Canadian Politician Explains How the Tricksters Work It. New York Sun. 1

"I had a good deal of experience with the Australian ballot system in Canada," said a former Canada politician who is now a resibered nothing after that, nothing but a rushformer Canada politician who is now a resident of New York, "and I can say from my | ing sound and a vision of foam. He shudown knowledge that it protects the politician who wants to buy votes a good deal more than it does the ballot box. All you need beforehand is one copy of the official ballot for each polling place. We never had any trouble in getting as many as were needed, and, until human nature changes a good deal from what it is now, I don't be-lieve there would be any difficulty in doing

the same anywhere else. The man who has a polling place in charge has his men spotted beforehand, and, in a good many cases, the arrangements all made. He keeps his official ballot, ready marked, in his pocket and hangs around in the neighborhood of his polling place and sees his men before they go in. The man who receives it puts it in his pocket, gets a ballot from the official, stays the proper time in the booth, where he puts the fresh ballot in his pocket and takes out the marked one. The latter is deposited in the box and the other transferred to the possession of the man around the corner, who knows absolutely that he has got what he has paid for, which is a good deal more than any politician can be sure of under the ordinary

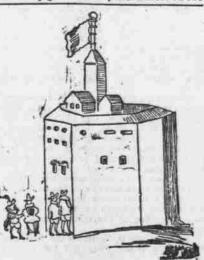
WHERE SHAKESPEARE PLAYED. The Old Globe Theater in London and It

History. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.] The accompanying sketch is a fac-simile taken from a wood-cut at least 300 years old of Shekespeare's Globe Theater in London. The immortal bard appeared in this theater

now occupied by the famous brewery of Barclay & Perkins.

The company of which Shakespeare was a member was called "The Queen's Actors," and they gave their performances in two

as an actor. It was situated in the place



Shakespeare's Globe Theater.



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens on the Welsh coast. Beatrice Granger, village schoolmistress and daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, while rowing one day, offers to bring to shore Geoffrey Bingham, a young London barrister, married to a titled lady, who has been cut off by the tide. A sudden storm overturns the cance. Beatrice clings to Geoffrey, who is knocked senselbes, and both are rescued more dead than alive. 'Squire Owen Davies, proprietor of Bryngelly Castle, is among the anxious watchers at the cottage, where the doctors toil for Beatrice's life. She is saved at last, as is Geoffrey. Geoffrey's wife shows little wifely feeling during the anxious hours. In chapter VI is described Owen Davies' first meeting with Beatrice, his ever increasing love and Beatrice's annoyance at his advances, Beatrice's sister, Elizabeth, has laid her plans to become Mrs. Owen Davies.

CHAPTER VIL!

A MATRIMONIAL TALK. Before Geoffrey Bingham dropped off into a troubled sleep on that eventful night he learned that the girl who had saved his life at the risk, and almost at the cost, of her own was out of danger, and in his own and more reticent way he thanked Providence as heartily as did Owen Davies. Then he went

to sleep. When he awoke, feeling very sick and so stiff and so sore that he could scarcely move, the broad daylight was streaming through the blinds. The place was perfectly quiet, for the doctor's assistant who had brought him back to life, and who lay upon a couch at the further end of the room, slept the silent sleep of youth and complete exhaustion. Only an eight-day clock on the mantlepiece ticked in that solemn and aggressive way which clocks affect in the stillness. Geoffrey strained his eyes to make out the time, and finally discovered that it wanted a few minutes to 6 o'clock. Then he fell to wondering how Miss Granger was, and to repeating in his own mind every scene of

mind it much, for she sat upon the edge of the couch, her little face resting against his own, a very pretty sight to see.

"You must go back to Mrs. Jones, Effie, and tell your mother where you have

"I can't, daddie, I have only got one shoe," she answered, pouting.
"But you came with only one shoe." "Yes, daddie, but I wanted to come, and I

don't want to go back. Tell me how you was drownded."

He laughed at her logic and gave way to her, for this little daughter was very near to his heart, nearer than anything else in the world. So he told her how he was "drownded," and how a lady had saved his

Effie listened with wide set eyes, and then said that she wanted to see the lady. At that moment there came a knock at the door, and Mr. Granger entered, accom-

door, and Mr. Granger entered, accompanied by Dr. Chambers.

"How do you do, sir?" said the former.
"I must introduce myself, seeing that you are not likely to remember me. When last I saw you, you looked as dead as a beached dogfish. My name's Granger, the Rev. J. Granger, Vicar of Bryngelly, one of the very worst living on this coast, and that's saying a great deal."



WHERE THEY FOUND THE BUNAWAY.

their adventure, till the last, when they dered a little as he thought of it, for his nerves were shaken; it is not pleasant to have been so very near the end and the begin-ning; and then his heart went out with renewed gratitude toward the girl who had restored him to life and light and hope. Just at this moment he thought that he heard a sound of sobbing outside the window. He listened; the sound went on. He tried to rise, only to find that he was too stiff to

manage it. So, as a last resource, he called the doctor.
"What's the matter?" answered that "What's the matter?" answered that young gentleman, jumping up with the alacrity of one accustomed to be suddenly awakened. "Do you feel queer?"

"Yes, rather," answered Geoffrey, "but it isn't that. There's somebody crying outside here."

The doctor put on his coat, and, going to the window draw the blind.

the window, drew the blind.
"Why, so there is," he said. "It's a little girl with yellow hair and without a hat." "A little girl," answered Geoffrey."Why, it must be Effie, my daughter. Please let

her in."

"All right. Cover yourself up and I can do that through the window; it isn't five feet from the ground." Accordingly he opened the window, and, addressing the little girl, asked her what her name was.

"Effic," she sobbed in answer; "Effic Bingham. I've come to look for daddie."

"All right, my dear, don't cry so; your deddie is here. Come and let me lift you

daddie is here. Come and let me lift you Another moment and there appeared through the open window the very sweetest little face and form that ever a child of 6 was blessed with. For the face was pink and white, and in it were set two beautiful dark eyes, which, contrasting with the golden hair, made the child a sight to sec. But alas! just now the cheeks were stained with tears, and round the large dark eyes were rings almost as dark. Nor was this all. The little dress was hooked awry, on one tiny foot, all drenched with dew, there

"Oh! daddie," she answered, "they came and said that you were drowned, and I cried and wished that I were drowned too. Then mother came home at last and said that you were better, and was cross with me because I went on crying and wanted to come to you. But I did go on crying. I cried nearly all night, and when it got light I did dress my-self, all but one shoe and my hat, which I could not find, and I got out to look for

dear?"

"Oh, I heard mother say you was at the Vicarage, so I waited till I saw a man, and asked him which way to go, and he did tell me to waik along the cliff till I saw a long white house, and then when he saw that I had no shoe he wanted to take me home, but I ran away till I got here. But the blinds were down, so I did think that you were dead, daddie dear, and I cried till that gentleman opened the window."

After that Geoffrey set to work to scold her for running away, but she did not seem to "Mon Dien!" asid the roman control of the runnway Effle with her parsol.

"Mon Dien!" asid the roman control of the runnway Effle with her parsol.

"I am sure, Mr. Granger, I'm under a deep debt of gratitude to you for your hospitality, and under a still deeper one to your

daughter, but I hope to thank her personally for that." "Never speak of it," said the clergyman. "Hot water and blankets don't cost much, and you'll have to pay for the brandy and

the doctor. How is he, doctor?"

"He is getting on very well indeed, Mr. Granger. But I dare say you find yourself rather stiff, Mr. Bingham. I see your head is pretty badly bruised."

"Yes," he answered, laughing, "and so is my body. Shall I be able to go home to-

day?"
"I think so," said the doctor, "but not before this evening. You had better keep quiet till then. You will be glad to hear that Miss Granger is getting on very well. Hers was a wonderful recovery, the most



wonderful I ever saw. I had quite given her up, though I should have kept on the treatment for another hour. You ought to be very grateful to Miss Granger, Mr.

"I am very grateful," he answered earn-estly. "Shall I be able to see her to-day?"
"Yes, I think so, some time this after-noon, say at 3 o'clock. Is that your little

all. The little dress was not all drenched with dew, there one tiny foot, all drenched with dew, there was no boot, and on the yellow curls no hat.

"Oh! daddie, daddie," cried the child, catching sight of him and struggling to reach her father's arms, "yu isn't dead, is brought Geoffrey some breakfast of tea and toast. He felt quite hungry, but when it came to the pinch could not eat much. Effe, who was starving, made up for the deficients at all the toast and a conple of slices of brend and butter after it. Scarcely had they finished when her father observed a shade of anxiety come upon his

little daughter's face.
"What is it, Effie?" he asked. "I think," replied Effic in evident trepldation, "I think that I did hear mother out-side and Annie, too."

"Well, dear, they have come to see me." "Yes, and to scold me because I ran sway," and the child drew nearer to her father in a fashion which would have made "And how did you find me, my poor little it clear to any observer that the relations between her and her mother were somewhat

for running away, but she did not seem to | "Mon Dieu!" said the woman again