ing: "I clung to you, that was all, more by instinct than from any motive. I think I had a vague idea that you might float and

support me."
"Miss Granger, the occasion is too serious for polite fibs. I know how you saved my life. I do not know how to thank you for it."

"Then don't thank me at all, Mr. Bingham. Why should you thank me? I only did what I was bound to do. I would far son from drowning you will do them an injury afterward. That's how they put it bere; in some parts the saying is the other way about, but I am not likely ever to do you an injury, so it does not make me unhappy. It was an awful experience; you happy. It was an awful experience; you were senseless, so you cannot know how strange it felt lying upon the slippery rock, and seeing those great white waves rush upon us through the gloom, with nothing but the night above and the sea around, and death between the two. I have been lonely for many years, but I do not think that I ever quite understood what loneliness really meant before. You see," she added, by way of an atterthought. "I thought that you were dead, and there is not much comon were dead, and there is not much company in a corpse."
"Well," he said, "one thing is, it would

have been lonelier if we had gone."
"Do you think so?" she answered, looking at him inquiringly. "I don't quite see how you make that out. If you believe in what we have been taught, as I think you do, wherever it was you found yourself there would be plenty of company, and if, like me, you do not believe in anything, why, then, you would have slept, and sleep asks

"Did you think of nothing when you lay upon the rock waiting to be drowned, Miss

"Nothing!" she answered; "only weak people find revelation in the extremes of fear. If revelation comes at all, surely it must be born in the heart and not in the must be born in the heart and not in the senses. I believed in nothing and dreaded nothing, except the agony of death. Why should I be afraid? Supposing that I am mistaken, and there is nothing beyond, is it my fault that I cannot believe? What have I done that I should be afraid? I have sever harmed anyhold that I know I have I done that a shad of have never harmed anybody that I know or, and if I could believe I would. I wish I had died," she went on, passionately, "it would all be over now. I am tired of the world, tired of work and of helplessness, and all the little worries which wear one out. I way is barred, is simply childish."

"And what if one's wall is built, Mr. Bingham?"

"Some day you will think differently, Miss Granger. There are many things that a woman like yourself can live for—at the

least, there is "our work."

She laughed drearily. "My work! If you only knew what it is like you would not talk to me about it. Every day I roll my stone up the hill, and every night it seems to roll down again. But you have never taught in a village school. How can you know? I work all day, and in the evening perhaps you have to mend the table cloths, or-what do you think?-write my father's sermons. It sounds curious, does it not, that I should write sermons? But I do. I wrote the one he is going to preach next Sunday. It makes very little difference to him what it is so long as he can read it, and, of course, I never say any-thing which can offend anybody, and I do not think that they listen much. Very few people go to church in Brungelly." "Don't you ever get any time to yourself,

"Ob, yes, sometimes I do, and then I go out in my canoe, or read, and am almost happy. After all, Mr. Bingham, it is very wrong and ungrateful of me to speak like this. I have more advantages than nine-tenths of the world, and I ought to make is a cottage down on the cliff—it belongs to they have no drinking water near, and the new tenant made a great luss about it. So Mr. Davies got men, and they d g and dug and spent no end of money, but could not come to water. At last the tenant setched an old man from some parish a long way off, who said that he could find water with He was a curious old man with a crutch, and he came with his rod, hobbled about till at last the rod twitched just at the tenant's back door-at least the diviner said it did. At any rate, they dug there, and in ten minutes struck a spring of water, which bubbled up so strongly that it rushed into the house and flooded it. And what do you think? After all, the water was brackish. You are the man with the divining rod, Mr. Bingham, and you have made me talk a great deal too seh, and, after all, you see it is not nice talk. You must think me a very disagreeable and wicked young woman and I dare say I am. But somehow it is a relief to open one's mind. I do hope, Mr. Bingham, that you will see-in short, that you will

"Miss Granger." he answered, "there is between us that which will always entitle us to mutual respect and confidence—the link of life and death. Had it not been for you I should not sit here to listen to your mere natural impulse prompted you to do what you did. I know better. It was your will that triumphed over your natural impulse toward self-preservation. will say no more about, except this: If ever a man was bound to woman by ties of gratitude and respect, I am bound to you. You need not fear that I shall take advantage of or misinterpret your confidence. Here he rose and stood before her, his dark, handsome face bowed in proud humility. "Miss Granger, I look upon it as an honor done to me by one whom henceforth I must reverence among all women. The life you gave back to me, and the intelligence which eets me, is in duty bound to you, and I shall not forget the debt."

She listened to his words, spoken in that and to Parliament, listened with a new sense of pleasure rising in her heart. She was this man's equal; what he could dare, she could dare; where he could climb, she could follow-ave, and if need be, show the path-and she felt that he acknowledged it. In his sight she was something more than a handsome girl to be admired and deferred to for her beauty's sake. He had placed her on another level—one, perhaps, that few women would have wished to occupy. But Beatrice was thankful to him, It was the first taste of supremacy that she had ever

It is something to stir the proud heart of such a woman as Beatrice, in that moment when for the first time she feels herself a conqueror, victorious, not through the vulmission of man's coarser sense, but rather

by the overbalencing weight of mind.
"Do you know," she said, suddenly looking up, "you make me very proud," and He took it, and, bending, touched it with his line. There was no possibility of mis-

interpreting the action, and though she colored a little-for, till then, no man had even kissed the tip of her finger-she did not misinterpret it. It was an act of homage And so they sealed the compact of their

perfect friendship forever and a day. Then came a moment's silence. It was "Miss Granger," he said, "will you allow me to preach you a lecture, a very shortone?"

"What, Miss Granger," he said, "should a man say to a lady who but last night saved his life, at the risk—indeed, almost at the cost—of her own?"

"It was nothing," she answered, coloring: "I clung to you, that was all, more in the cost—of her own, the coloring is the cost—of her own?"

"It was nothing," she answered, coloring: "I clung to you, that was all, more in the control of the cost—of her own, the coloring is the spray upon the gate, yet you go long like spray upon the gate like yet you long like spray upon the gate. swer has come to all your prayers, because you see misery and cannot read its purpose, because you suffer and have not found rest, you have said that there is naught but chance, and become an atheist, as many have done before you. Is it not true?" "Go on," she answered, bowing her head to her breast, so that the long rippling hair

almost hid her face.
"It seems a little odd," he said with a rather die than desert a companion in dis-tress of any sort; we all must die, but it would be dreadful to die ashamed. You would be dreadful to die ashamed. You near or how far I am from the truth. So I near or how far I am from the truth. So I want to say this. I have lived for 35 years, and seen a good deal and tried to learn from it, and I know this. In the long run, unless we of our own act put away the opportunity, the world gives us our due, which generally is not much. So much for things temporal. If you are fit to rule, in time you will rule; if you do not, then be content and acknowledge your own incapacity. And as for things spiritual. I am sure of this—though of course one ual, I am sure of this-though of course one does not like to talk much of these matters -if you only seek for them long enough in some shape you will find them, though the shape may not be that which is generally



"Most of us have done something in that

line at different times," he answered, "and found a way round it." "And if it stretches from horizon to horizon, and is higher than the clouds, what

'Then you must find wings and fly over

"And where can any earthly woman find those spiritual wings?" she asked, and then sank her head still deeper on her breast to cover her confusion. For she remembered that she had heard of wanderers in the dusky groves of human passion, yes, even Mænad wanderers, who had suddenly come face to face with their own soul; and that the cruel paths of earthly love may yet lead the feet which tread them to the ivory gates of heaven.

And remembering these beautiful myths. though she had no experience of love, and knew little of its wavs, Beatrice grew sud-denly silent. Nor did Geoffrey give her an answer, though he need scarcely have feared For were they not discussing a purely ab-

CHAPTER X.

LADY HONORIA MAKES ARRANGEMENTS. the best of them. I don't know why I have been speaking as I have, and to you, whom I never saw till yesterday. I never did it room; it was Elizabeth, She had returned before to any living soul, I assure you. It from her tithe-collecting expedition-with is just like the story of the man who came | the tithe. The door of the sitting room was here last year with the divining red. There still ajar, and Geoffrey had his back toward it. So it happened that nobody heard Elizabeth's rather cat-like step, and for some seconds she stood in the room without being perceived. She stood quite still, taking in the whole scene at a glance. She noticed that her sister held her head down, so that her hair shadowed her, and guessed that she did so for some reason—probably because she did not wish her face to be seen. Or was it to show off her lovely hair? She noticed also the half shy, half amused, and altogether interested expression upon Geoffrev's countenance-she could see that in the little gilt-edged looking-glass which hung over the fireplace—nor did she overlook the gen-eral sir of embarrassment that pervaded

When she entered the room, Elizabeth had been thinking of Owen Davies, and of what might have happened had she never seen the tide of life flow back into her sister's veins. She had dreamed of it all night and had thought of it all day; even in the excitement of extracting the back tithe from a recalcitrant and rather coarse-minded Welsh farmer, with strong views on the subject of tithe, it had not been entirely forgotten. The farmer was a tenant of Owen Davies. and when he called her a "parson in petti-coats, and wus," and went on, in delicate reference to her powers of extracting cash to liken her to a two-legged oorkscrew, only confidence to-day. You may tell me that a screwier," she, perhaps, not unnaturally, mere natural impulse prompted you to do reflected that if ever—pace Beatrice certain things should come about, she would remember that farmer. For Elizabeth had a very long memory, as some people had learned to their cost, and generally, sooner or later, she paid her debts in full, not

forgetting the overdue interest. And now, as she stood in the room uns and noted these matters, something occurred to her in connection with this do idea which, like ideas in general, had many side issues. At any rate a look of quick intelligence shone for a moment in her light eyes, like a sickly sunbeam on a faint December mist: then she moved forward, and when she was close behind Geoffrey, spoke

suddenly. "What are you both thinking about?" deep and earnest voice which afterwards she said in her clear thin voice; "you seem became so familiar to Her Majesty's Judges to have exhausted your conversation." Geoffrey made an exclamation and fairly jumped from his chair, a feat which in his braised condition really hurt him very much. Beatrice, too, started violently; she recovered herself almost instantly, however. "How quietly you move, Elizabeth," she

> "Not more quietly than you sit, Beatrice. I have been wondering when anybody was going to say anything, or if you were both

> For her part Beatrice speculated how long her sister had been in the room. Their conversation had been innocent enough, but it was not one that she would wish Elizabeth to have overheard. And, somehow, Elizabeth had a knack of overhearing things.
> "You see, Miss Granger," said Geoffrey
> coming to the rescue, "both our brains are still rather waterlogged, and that does not tend to a flow of ideas."

> "Quite so," said Elizabeth. "My dear Beatrice, why don't you tie up your hair? You look like a crazy Jane. Not but what you have very nice hair," she added, crit-"Do you admire good hair, Mr. Bingham?"

> "Of course I do," he answered gallantly, "but it is not common Only Beatrice bit her lip with vexation "I had almost forgotten about my hair," she said; "I must apologize for appearing in such a state. I would have done it up after

dinner only I was too stiff, and while I was waiting for Betty I went to sleep."
"I think there is a bit of ribbon in that to preach you a lecture, a very shortone?"

'Go on," she said.

"Very well. Do not blame me if you it is, If you like, and Mr. Bingham, will exdon't like it, and do not set me down as a cuse it. I can tie it back for you," and with-prig, though I am going to tell you your out waiting for an answer she came behind

here, but Geoffrey felt that it would be too much in earnest if spoken, so he resisted the temptation.

suffering—humility. You have set yourself his visit to the farm. He was in high humor. The pig had even surpassed her along like spray upon the gale, yet you go former efforts, and increased in a surprising manner, to the number of 15 indeed. Eliza beth thereupon produced the two pounds odd shitlings which she had "corkscrewed" out of the recalcitrant dissenting farmer, and the sight added to his satisfaction.

"Would you believe it, Mr. Bingham," he said, "in this miserably paid parish I have nearly £100 owing tome, £100 in tithe. There's old Jones, who lives out toward the Bell Rock, he owes three years' tithe-£34 11s 4d. He can pay and he won't paysays he's a Baptist, and ain't going to pay no parson's dues—though, for the matter of that, he's nothing but an old beer tub of a heathen.

"Why don't you proceed against him, then, Mr. Granger?"
"Proceed, I have proceeded. I've got judgment, and I mean to issue execution in a few days. I won't stand it any longer," he went on, working himself up and shak-ing his head, as he spoke till his thin, white hair fell about his eyes. "I'll have the law of him and the others too. You're a lawyer and you can help me. I tell you there's a spirit abroad which just comes to this-no man isn't to pay his lawful debts, except, of course, the parson and the 'Squir must pay or go to the court. But there's law left, and I'll have it, before they play the Irish game on us here." And he

brought down his fist with a bang upon the Geoffrey listened with some amusement, So this was the weak old man's sore pointmoney. He was clearly very strong about that—as strong as Ludy Honoria, indeed, but with more excuse. Elizabeth also listened with evident approval, but Beatrice

looked pained. "Don't get angry, father," she said: "perhaps he will pay after all. It is bad to

way—it breeds so much ill blood."

"Nonsense, Beatrice," said her sister sharply. "Father is quite right. There's only one way to deal with them, and that's to seize their goods. I believe you are a socialist about property, as you are about everything else. You want to pull everything down, from the Queen to the laws of marriage, all for the good of humanity, and I tell you your ideas will be your ruin. Defy custom and it will crush you. You are running your head against a brick wall. and one day you will find which is the harder. Beatrice flushed, but answered her sister's

attack, which was all the sharper because it had a certain spice of truth in it. "I never expressed any such views, Eliza-beth, so I don't see why you should attribute them to me. I only said that legal proceedings breed bad blood in a parish; and that is

"I did not say you expressed them, went on the vigorous Elizabeth; "you look them-they ooze out of your words like water from a peat bog. Everybody knows you are a radical and a treethinker and everything else that's bad and mad, and con-trary to that state of life in which it has pleased God to call you. The end of it will be that you will lose the mistresship of the school-and I think it is very hard on father and me that you should bring disgrace on us with your strange ways and immoral views, and now you can make what you like

"I wish all radicals were like Miss Beatrice," said Geoffrey, who was feeling ex-ceedingly uncomfortable, with a feeble at-tempt at polite jocosity. But nobody seemed to hear him. Elizabeth, who was now fairly in a rage, a faint flush upon her pale cheeks, her light eyes all ashine, and her thin fingers clasped, stood fronting her beautiful sister and breathing spite at every pore. It was easy for Geoffrey, who was watching her, to see that it was not her sister's views she was attacking; it was her sister. It was that soft, strong loveliness and the glory of that face; it was the deep, gentle mind, erring from its very greatness; and the bright intellect, which lit it like a lamp; it was the learning and the power that, give it play, would set a world a-flame as easily as it did the heart of the slow-wit-ted hermit squire, whom Elizabeth coveted these were the things that Elizabeth hated and

To be continued next Sunday. WEEDS OF SARGOSSA SEA.

They Grow at One End, Decaying at the Other.

Youth's Companion. 1 In the midst of the North Atlantic there is a large patch of floating seaweed, which vealed Roeber fast in the deadly "strangler's has kept its place for centuries, with only slight driftings up and down according to the changing winds and currents. It was crossed by Columbus on his first voyage, and its position and extent have been known ever since. It occupies an immense eddy between the equatorial current on the south, and the Gulf Stream on the north. The name is from the variety of seaweed which forms the "sea," Sargassum bacciferum,-the berrybearing sargasso.

Much diversity of opinion exists as to the origin of this floating mass. Humboldt believed it to be detached from rocks at a considerable depth in the latitudes where it floats; others suppose it to come from the shores of the northern seas, baving been detached from the rocks by the violence of the winds. Some again imagine that it comes from the rocky shores of the Gulis of Mexico and Florida, while many believe that it has never had any other than its present place of abode. No one has ever seen it attached to the rocks, nor have roots ever been discovered belonging to it. The lower end of the stem always has a whitish, decayed appearance, just like a piece of tangle which has been some time cast on shore, while the extremities of the branches are universally of a very

fresh and healthy appearance. Such being the case, we can scarcely help believing that these remarkable plants have existed since the time of their first creation to the present period as we now find them, floating always in this revolving Gulí Stream and undergoing a perpetual change from decay at one extremity, and growth at the

There is nothing unreasonable in this opinion, as scawceds are not like land-plants, which derive nourishment from the

spot to which they are attached. THE BOY AND THE HORSESHOR.

A Story Showing How Lazy People Take the Most Pains.

A little boy was walking with his father one day. As they trudged along the father saw an old horseshoe lying in the road, and bade the boy pick it up and take it along. The lad looked at the shoe carelessly, and replied that it was not worth carrying, whereupon the father said nothing more, but quietly picked it up himself. He pretty soon sold the old iron for a penny at a road side smithy, and invested the coin in cher-

The day was hot, and presently the man noticed that his son was beginning to cast longing eves upon the box of cherries, but did not offer any to his son. He made pretense of eating them, and dropped one to the ground as if by accident. The boy picked it up quickly and ate it with relish. A little further on another dropped, and this too the lad lost no time in securing. So, one by one, all the cherries were dropped and picked up.

"Well," remarked the father, when the

last one had been eaten, "it did not pay to pick up that horseshoe perhaps; but if you had stopped once for that, you wouldn't have needed to bend 20 times for the

NO HOD CARRIERS IN JAPAN. They Make the Mortur Into Balls and Toss

Them. "I saw the other day," writes a Yokohama correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, "three men repairing the roof of a one-story building by resetting the heavy black tiles in mortar. The mortar was already mixed in a pile in the street. One man was making this up into balls of about six pounds weight which he tossed up into own faults as I read them in your own words. You are proud and ambitious, and the cramped lines in which you are forced to live seem to strangle you. You have suffered, and have not learned the lesson of Just then Mr. Granger came back from her state of the man who stood on a ladder about midway between the ground and though they still rolled down her back.

Just then Mr. Granger came back from hand of the man who stood on the roof."

BOUTS IN THE DARK. eree to award the match to the other man on the "foul." Wrestling the Best Defense Against

ROEBER AND CARKEEK SHOW HOW.

Cowardly Assailants.

The Various Holds Shown by Means of a Flash-Light and Camera.

MATSADA'S BATTLE WITH RUFFIANS



"For self-defense against an assailant who makes his attack in the dark, there is nothing to compare with wrestling."

The speaker was a brawny professor of the most exact of athletic sciences. "But suppose the assailant uses a pistol

or a knife ?" I suggested. "I would seize him in such a way as to pinion both hands until he dropped the weapon. I should try to throw him at once. If unarmed, a simple lock would settle the business; if not, and if he happened to be unusually ugly, I would give him the 'strangler's hold,' which would end him in a twinkling. There would be very little fight left in him after being half choked, you may believe. That is the advantage o wrestling in the dark. It is the highes grade of self-defense. The best evidence of



The Strangler's Hold.

this is that the leading pugilists all learn wrestling nowadays."

I had a novel ocular demonstration of the fact that wrestlers can work as scientifically in the dark as in the glare of the footlights yesterday alternoon. With the instantane-ous camera and magnesium, light as umpire and referee, Ernest Roeber, the Græco-Roman champion of New York State, and Jack Carkeek, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, stood stripped to the waist in a darkened parlor on West Twenty-fifth street. Roeber is a Hanoverian, 25 years old and limbed like a Hercules. He weighs 184 pounds, while Carkeek, who is a native of Michigan, 29 years of age and somewhat taller than Roeber, weighs 181 pounds. Both men wore dark trunks. Roeber began wrestling at 15 and has successively encountered Sebastian Miller, the "Strong Man of Munich;" Sorokichi, the "Jap;" "Strangler" Evan Lewis, Greek George and a score of others. Carkeek, who has been 14 years a professional, has competed in over 100 matches here and in Englund.

WHAT THE FLASHES DISCLOSED. Sufficient light was admitted to permit o poising the camera, after which the room was again obscured in darkness, and the men went to work to illustrate the intricate and dangerous holds, including those that are forbidden by the rules and claimed as "foul." At the signal the flash-light re



The Double Nelson Lock.

hold," with Carkeek's right arm over his neck and his left arm under his throat, the knuckles of both hands being pressed re-lentlessly on Roeber's disphragm, while the latter vainly strained and struggled to escape from the choking embrace.

knees with Roeber's right arm hugging his hy using ordinary tactics—and they were neck and his letf encircling the Michigan man's throat in a vise-like grasp. This is they would have stood even a poorer chance man's throat in a vise-like grasp. This is the hold which Evan Lewis introduced and in the darkness than in daylight, for while which made him feared by all who met him. Most referees declare it foul, but some are have fought at random. The man who latitudinarian enough to allow wrestlers to use almost any tactics they please, although

they are distinctly barred by the rules.

"This hold," panted Roeber, as the men
paused for breath, "is simply choking a
man to death. When I wrestled with Lewis he tried it on me twice. I broke away the first time, but couldn't wriggle out the second trip. We were wrestling catch-as-catch-can. All the professionals



Bids Roll From the Bridge, have got the hold now, but they rarely try

THE DOUBLE NELSON.

Again the men set to work in the darkness. A third flash showed Roeber in the throes of the "double-Nelson" lock—a neckbreaking, crushing hold from which there is no escape, unless the victim's strength is greatly superior to that of his opponent. The "double-Nelson" is used in both Graco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can wrestling. Carkeek stood immediately behind the Hanoverian with his arms under Roeber's armpits around the back of his neck and clasped behind the latter's head, which was forced forward on his breast, arms were apparently powerless in their ter-

In this hold, which is barred in England and Canada, but allowed here, although many judges consider it as unfair one, as liable to inflict serious injury, the fingers must not be interlocked. Clasping the

stronger wrist to bend back and even break the fingers of his rival. The moment such a clasp is observed it is the duty of the raf-

DANGER OF NECK-BREAKING, The next rift in the darkness showed a remarkable sight. Roeber was standing on his head, bracing himself on his hands, both feet straight in the air and describing a curve outward to the floor. Carkeek, on his knees, had Roeber's right arm and neck partly in a "single-Nelson" lock, from which the latter was breaking away. The only way to escape from the "single-Nelson" effectively is by bending down low, jumping on your head and turning a somerault to the floor. This is called "the spin," and



The Spin,

should not be attempted by any man who has not the strongest kind of a neck. Otherwise the chances are even that he will be picked up with a broken neck.

picked up with a broken neck.

One of the most dangerous of all holds,
"the back heave," was next illustrated by
the athletes in the dark. Carkeek had
grasped Roeber by the right arm and shoulder, and with the aid of the "reverse heave"
—a combination movement of arm and hip to elevate an opponent, had hoisted him on his back. When the camera caught the pair Carkeek was straining to throw Roeber over his head, but in vain, for the Hanoverian had secured a hold on Carkeek's left leg with his right foot that effectually stopped the latter's factics. A "back heave" at the hands of a strong wrestler would place his rival hors de comi might disable him. combat in a twinkling and

THE CHOKING PROCESS. "The most effective hold," said Champion Carkeek, "is the neck lock. In Greeco-Roman wrestling you are not allowed to

catch the legs or to clasp hands so as to break fingers. In making the 'bridge'—that is,

The Back Heave,

arching the back and resting on hands, elbows, head and feet, so as to avoid a fall—the man on top is allowed to press his forearm against the under man's neck, but he must not press his fingers."

"Would not the forearm pressure choke man as quick as the knuckles?" "Yes; but there's nothing to prevent the under man from rolling over. The 'side oll' is one of the ways of escaping from the Sebastian Miller is the greatest bridge. roller I know,
"American wrestlers are cleverer than the

English now," Carkeek continued, as he rubbed down his big arms. "The greatest wrestlers to-day are George Stedman, who is the champion of Cumberland and Westmoreland style-better known as the 'back-hold' style-and Tom Bragg, the Cornishman. Now we have Lewis, Greek George, Miller and myself, and we have all beaten them at their own game."

ONE OF THE JAP'S FEATS.

"Now," said my chaperon, as we came away, "you have had an illustration of what can be done by skilled wrestlers in a friendly bout in the dark. In an encounter in dead earnest with an assailant they would not be A second flash disclosed a variation of the so gentle. I have known a single wrestler to floor five men in as many seconds simply his science never deserts him, they would used up the five ruffians was Matsada Soraklchi, the little Jap."

G. H. SANDIBON. PRICES IN JAPAN.

Married Couple Can Begin Housekeeping for \$3 86 There.

An idea of prices in Japan is furnished in the following sent to the Detroit Free Press by a correspondent at Yokohama: A pair of sandals made of straw cost 11/2 cents. Three road for 34 cents. A servant girl for one month's service gets 125 yen, equal to 98 cents. She is furnished also bath money and hair-dressing money, about 20 cents. A new tooth brush, six for 1 cent. Four boxes of matches for % of a cent. Cloth cotton with a pretty figure—enough for a girl's kimono or dress, 60 yen, equal to 45 cents. Day's board for a jinrikisha man and the laboring class, lodging and two meals, 4%

cents.
The outlay for commencing housekeeping for furniture, bedding, mats, cooking uten-sils, table service, such as needed by a young couple of the laboring class, costs \$3 86. The pay per day for laborers and artisans is about as follows: Blacksmith, 22 to 37 cents; painters, 18 to 28 cents; caolies, 15 to 22 cents; gardeners, 18 to 37 cents; carpenters, 30 to 45 cents. The rent of a neat house, with pretty gardens, containing one room of eight mats, one of four mats, one of two mats, and three rooms of six mats each, besides kitchen, 750 yen, equals \$5 62 per

month.

"How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?" said a lady to a sea capfingers is barred "foul" at all times, for the double reason that such a clasp cannot be parted and that it enables the owner of the But what if you wish to go south?"

OVER THE ISTHMUS

DANGERS THAT BESET TRAVELERS.

lantic and Pacific Oceans.

The Industrious Jigger, Wicked Flea and

the Agile Tarantula. MORGAN'S SACK OF ANCIENT PANAMA

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR A PANAMA, U. S. COLOMBIA, January 4. -This Isthmian railway is a far greater institution than the world at large is aware of. Its managers have discreetly chosen to keep their affairs to themselves, as other Wise Men of the East have been known to do in various kinds of remunerative business; and should you ask one of them about it, you would doubtless somehow receive the impression that it had been a losing invest-

The facts in the case are that ever since its completion (in 1855) this railroad has been one of the most profitable in the world. For nearly 20 years the local fare between Aspinwall and Panama was \$25 each person for a ride of 47 miles, or more than 50 cents per mile! During those days the traffic was much heavier than now, and each month thousands were carried over the line every thousand passengers yielding to the company precisely \$25,000. At that time the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was carrying steerage people, as they now carry first-class passengers all the way around from New York to San Fran-cisco, a distance of 5,500 miles, including passage across the Isthmus by this same road, and the best of board and lodging during 32 days, for only \$80; while for four hours suffocation in a crowded second-class car, with no food or other comfort, one was required to pay \$25!

With the completion of the Pacific railroads across the United States, it was deemed advisable to come down a little and the fare across the Isthmus was reduced to \$10 per ticket. The difference, however, is largely offset by a charge of 6 cents per pound for "extra baggage" (only 100 pounds being allowed gratis) which generally doubles the price of the ticket. A lady of my acquaintance lately crossed with three trunks of ordinary size and a small box of curios and her bill for extra baggage was \$45, American gold, for a distance of 47 miles.

BETTER THAN NO BOAD. But the old price trebled would have seemed cheap in the days of '47.'49, to the thousands who flocked across this highway to California, when men were crazed with the gold fever. Then the trip occupied a week at the best, there being no road whatever;—first a tedious journey up the Chagres river in native bongors, and thence by horse or mule through slimy swamps and tangled thickets, where the trail was soon well marked by graves and bleaching bones. As there was no accommodation for travelers along the route, they were compelled to

sleep in the open air; while the price of a horse or mule and enough feed to keep soul and body together during the fearful passage aimost equaled the sum that the most sanguine lunatic might reasonably expect to reap in the gold regions, if he lived to get there. And so many perished by the wayside, from camping nights near the deadly river, that the "Isthmus fever" became known to the world as a distinct malady and one almost incurable. But the road was built under discouragements that would have ruined most men and therefore the undaunted few who carried it to successful completion are fairly entitled to a rich reward. At present it transports an annual average of 340,000 tons of merchandise and 6,000 passengers from ocean to ocean.

A WAGON ROAD POSSIBLE, Along its course there are 25 villages and terest peculiar to itself. A few months ago Senor Ricardo Remero, an intrepid ex-plorer of Panama, determined to seek out, amid the tangled growths of centuries, one of the ancient trans-Atlantic roads which the early Spaniards are known to have Starting from a point on the eastern coast called David, he succeeded in crossing the Isthmus in nine days, cutting a path as he went for his cattle to pass. He contem-plates making another attempt soon, with a larger body of men, mules, horses and cattle. to improve and widen the same trail. Being assisted by several men of means and promi-nence it is not improbable that a wagon road across the Isthmus may one day dispute the railway's exclusive right of trans-

Passengers on the trains are crowded in. often three in a car seat-all jabbering in every known language. Despite the excessive heat every head that can find room for itself is thrust out of a window, in vociferous admiration of the beautiful scenery on every side. The abortive ship-canal follows us most of the way. Orchids are every-where, in infinite variety of shape and color. is said that at least 24 species of the palm family may be found here-more than are collected together anywhere else in the world.

IMPORTANCE OF THE PALM. The palm tree plays an important part in this section. Domestic utensils and weapons of war, pins, needles, cloth and thread, boats, houses, roofs and furniture are made from it, and in many instances it answers also for food and drink. Children are born under its shadow, cradled in its leaves, reared on its fruit and sap, clothed in its woven fibers and finally go to the last sleep

in a coffin made of its bark. The railway villages are all populated with blacks and they are usually only half clothed. Nearly every village has its little "store," containing small stocks of groceries, liquors, tobacco, soap, candles and the cheapest drygoods, but apparently with no patrons. Every now and then we saw a negro policeman perambulating his beat, sted and in short white armed with rifle, sword and brace of pistols. At every station men and women seampered through the train, offering cakes, like brick bats, to the hungry passengers, drinks of various kinds, tall, cone-like cups made of cocoanut fiber, paper fans with advertisements printed on them, evidently intended for gratuitous distribution, but which readily sold in this

sweltering heat at from 25 to 50 cents eachanything to turn an honest penny. Parrots of various species make the forest ring with their unususical cries. We saw humming birds of gorgeous hues, scarcely bigger than bees, and great toneans whose sandals made of straw cost 1% cents. Three
men with two jinrikisha drag two persons
and baggage four miles up a steep mountain in the marshes, and we are told that their flesh, which greatly resembles pork, is relished by the natives as well as coon in Kentucky. There is also the wild hog, or peccary, which is hunted for food. Boa conat home. strictors and other big snakes are not uncommon, but are not nearly so much to be dreaded as the tiny aspa and vipers, some not longer than your finger, and the exact color of the dead leaves or bits of moss under

which they hide. LIKE ROASTED BABY MONKEY. There are lizards without number, some whose bite is deadly—from slimy reptiles to scaly six-foot-long Iguanas, whose flesh is considered the greatest possible delicacy, next to the juicy white breast of a roasted baby monkey. By the way, the eggs of the iguana may be found for sale in the markets of Spanish-America and command a high price.

high price.

Of course there are scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas et al, for which we are warned to keep a sharp lookout, even in the cars; but they are not a circumstance compared to "the wicked flea," with which every grain of sand and particle of dust is loaded. They are too tiny to be looked out for, but every one of us is a living and speckled monument to their persistent industry. Even smaller than the flea, and more enterprising in pursuit of business is the ligar.

crowd in between the seams of your garments, or between the sole and upper of ments, or between the sole and upper of your shoe. He entertains an especial fondness for the human foot, and will invariably confine himself to that part of your anatomy The Railway That Connects the At-

f you give him a chance.
So slight is his sting, that you scarcely feel it; yet all the same he gets in his work, depositing an infinitesimal erg beneath a toenail, or somewhere under the cutis. Presently a slight itching ensues, and in a day or two a membraneous sac is formed, which must at once be pierced deep with a needle, and afterward thoroughly washed with tobacco juice. If the sac is allowed to remain, a huge uleer forms, and the victim is likely to lose his toes; for the infant jig-ger that issued from the first egg is a most astonishing propagator, capable of raising several interesting families and becoming a

hale and hearty grandmother in a fortnight's SIR HENRY MORGAN'S CARRER. Most celebrated of the mountains of the Isthmus, from which Balboa caught his first glimpse of the Pacific is the Cerro de los Bucaneros, or Hill of the Bucoaneers, from whose top the pirate, Morgan, had his first view of ancient Panama, and at whose base he encamped the night before his atbase he encamped the night before his attack upon that city—just 221 years ago. As that old-time buccaneer played so important a part on the Isthmus—at one time nearly deposals time it having destroyed the depopulating it, having destroyed the proudest city in all the Spanish colonies, whose fall gave rise to the Panama of to-

Travelers."
In those days piracy was fashionable, and it was not long after the treasure galleons began to traverse the "Spanish Main" before piratical crafts were in hot pursuit.

Many of them brought their families to the
New World or married Indian women; and
while these remained on shore, hunting wild game and raising crops for the sus-tenance of their fellows at sea, the more adventurous sailed in search of plunder, returning occasionally to the colony to deliver their share of spoils to the settlers on land, from whom provisions were obtained for another voyage. Sometimes prisoners were brought to the colonies and kept as justly classed the Nationalists with the An-

tured several cities and murdered many the intention is less consciously destructive people, often under circumstances of unparthan in that of the Anarchists, but this, people, often under circumstances of unpar-alleled cruelty, all his prisoners whom he could not sell into slavery, men, women, children and priests, being slaughtered without mercy. He was a Welshman of low birth and most of his followers were low birth and most of his followers were outlaws from that country and others of the novelty is already wearing off, outlaws from that country and others of the British Isles. At one time he had 2,000 men under his command, and a fleet of 37 ships; but as his piracies were directed against the Spaniards, with whom the English were at war, Albion looked upon him with a kindly eye. Therefore, when he organized the expedition that ended with the destruction of the proud old city of Panama, the Governor of Jamaica ordered an English vessel of 36 guns to go along and help him, and conterred authority on Morgan to act in English interest.

Before proceeding to Panama the fleet of legalized pirates captured Maracaibo, Saint Catharine's and several other places, com-mitting innumerable atrocities and murdering many people. After capturing the city of Chagres at the mouth of the river of the same name, Morgan rebuilt its fort, garri-soned it with 500 men, left 150 more to take care of the ships and with only 1,200 men started across the Isthmus. They ascended the Chagres river as far as possible, and they marched through the forest, cutting a path before them. They nearly starved to death during the terrible journey, but, apparently by direct aid of the Evil One, they lived through it somehow, and upon the summit of the "Hill of the Buccaneers" looked down upon the richest city of New Spain.

THE SACK OF PANAMA the defense of Panama, but within three hours after the firing of the first shot the handful of half-starved pirates were in full possession. They plundered the churches and convents and the houses of the wealthy and tortured many of the priests and citizens to make them disclose more hidden treasures. The wise Panamaians, in anticipation of such an emergency, had previously loaded a ship with the gold and silver and jewels of the churches and convents, the King's plate and precious stones and private valuables of every kind, which set off for Spain the moment the tide of battle turned in favor of the invaders. Apprehending something of this kind, Morgan had sent out a ship on purpose to intercept any departing vessels; but her officers and crew, eager to do their share in plundering the captured city disobeyed orders; and thus the richest treasures were lost. In a fury of rage at finding themselves thus thwarted of the objects of all their toil and greed, the disappointed robbers out-did themselves in deeds of barbarity and at last

reduced the once splendid city to ashes They carried away 600 prisoners and 175 beasts laded with plunder and left behind a wide swath or rapine and desolation. These distinguished services were promptly recognized by the British Government and the murderer, Morgan, was at once knighted by King Charles II. The war with Spain being over, his occupation as a buccaneer was gone; and so he was given an important commission and to the end of his days

figured as Sir Henry Morgan. FANNIE B. WARD.

MAKING FISH PASTE. A Curious Process and a Strange Food Prod-

uct of Japan. "I sawone day," says a Yokohama correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, "in a small shop here, three boys vigorously beating something in a large wooden mortar. One of the pestles had its upper end inserted in a hole in the ceiling, the other two only followed the base of the first one as it moved around the surface of the mortar. It was the first time I ever saw three pestles going in

one mortar at once.

Interested in the process, I found they were beating the flesh of a small fish, termed janago in Japanese, together with that of some species of shark. This paste, made up into rolls about 8 inches long by 3 inches in diameter, has a small piece of sugi wood fastened on one side. It is then baked and sold as kamaboko. It is highly esteemed and brings about 9 cents a pound. A bet-ter variety is made of shark flesh only. Another variety of fish paste, called hampen, is made in similar manner, except the form, this being square and thin, 6 inches by 1 inch. These forms of fish tood are cooked in various ways and served with soy or other sauces, and are often partially baked as breakfast bashed meat is with us

PILE DRIVING IN JAPAN.

The Men Make Play of It and Sing Continu-In making the foundation for a house in

Japan, according to a Yokohama correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, a heavy upright piece of timber eight inches or so in diameter, with a stone foot, is used to best down the earth to more solid condition. The manner of using this pile-driver, or rather earth-settler, is curious and novel. A framework is erected about ten feet above the ground, supporting planks parallel to the foundation and wide enough apart to allow the driver to project up between

On the elevated platform stand about 15 men, each holding a rops, one end of which is attached near the base of the driver, and at intervals of about 20 seconds, at a given signal or shout, they all lift together and let it fall by its own gravity. Meanwhile cer-Even smaller than the flea, and more enter-prising in pursuit of business, is the jigger, whose native name is chigoe. So tiny is the pestiferous little wretch that he can

Mr. Bellamy's Ideas Are Attracting a Great Deal of Attention.

THE EQUIVALENT OF ANARCHISM.

Salvini Took His Pamous Death Act From a Scene in a Hospital.

STORIES OF THE LATE RUPUS CHOATE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH] Boston, January 31 .- The Nationalist movement, so-called, has of late been receiving a good deal of attention here, which is justfied, it is to be supposed, by the fact that it seems to have gathered in so many discontented men and women, who are more or less consciously inclined to accept the day—perhaps it may be well to recount a ment of old dreams which now goes by few of his exploits. For a partial compilation thereof we are mainly indebted to Mr.

Thomas W. Knox and his inimitable "Boy lacous is the whole scheme from the point of the p of view of practical common sense; but in an inimitable bit of satire Dr. Holmes, too, in a picture of a state in Saturn where equality in all things prevailed to such a degree that to have a pocket would have been looked upon as conclusive proof of an

were brought to the colonies and kept as slaves, some of them scions of the proudest houses of old Castile; but as a rule they were released on payment of a heavy ransom, or put to death if no ransom was forthcoming.

A RECORD OF ATROCITIES.

Morgan had earned an excellent reputation as a buccaneer, the stories of whose atrocities would fill a volume. He had captured several cities and murdered many ing, but the novelty is already wearing off, and there will not be much more notice taken of them until they are sole to prove by some decided movement that they really

possess power and stability. STORIES OF RUFUS CHOATE. There are in circulation among the lawrers here a good many stories of the late Rufus Choate which are said not to have been in print. On one occasion in court, when Mr. Choate had no particular case and was manifestly talking with a single intent to conceal that fact, Chief Justice Shaw, before whom he was pleading, at length lost patience with the flow of words, and inter-

"Mr. Choate," he demanded, "do you ot mean so and so?"
"Yes, your Honor."
"Then why don't you say so?" "I should, Your Honor, "replied Choate, with his inimitable manner, "if I had Your

Honor's power of expression."

On another occasion the Chief Justice was for some reason still more annoyed at some-thing Mr. Choate did or said, and administered a snub which was delivered with an emphasis which the irritation of the moment made rather more emphatic than was wholly warrantable. Mr. Choate sat down im-

mediately, murmuring sotto voce: "His Honor is a perfect gentleman, but knows no law." a comment to which An army of 3,000 Spaniards came out to Judge Shaw's singular eminence as a lawyer

lent point. SALVINI'S DEATH SCENE. Now that Salvini has published his farewell to America it seems to come home to those who are tond of him that we have really lost him. We know so well that we shall never see his like, and that we are now embarked upon that elderly course of saying to a younger generation that they were born too late, since they have missed him; that we would fain disbelieve still that this is indeed his last tour in America. When e was in Boston, earlier in the sesson, a friend, a physician, said to him that he could not in the least comprehend how an actor could understand the physical aspects

of death so well as it was shown in the powerful death scene in "La Morte Civile "I studied that death in the hospital,"
the actor answered. "I happened to see an
old man die there. He was an old priest
whose niece had left him to make a runsway marriage with a man of whom he dis-approved. The grief which he felt broke him down, and when they found at the hospital where he was, that he could not live, they sent for the young couple to come and beg his forgiveness before he died. I was there when they came. The old man caught sight of them, raised himself up in bed, and for an instant all his fire and force seemed to come back; then it went out like the flicker

of a candle. That was shere I learned the death in 'La Morte Civile.' THE GREAT ACTOR'S FINANCES. Salvini has of late years been ambitious first for his art, which he loves in a way which seems almost to belong to a bygone age, so single and intense is it, and after that for his family. He has saved for the sake of leaving them independent, and it is probable that his efforts in this direction have been successful. He is, while in this country, beset with all sorts of beggars, whom he is too good-natured to deny; and one of the droll incidents of his last visit to Boston was the call of an impudent youth who insisted upon his buying tickets to a drygoods clerks' ball. In the evening of that day I saw him play "Samson," and the absurdity of his having two tickets to the drygoods clerks' ball came over me just as he was about to enter for the first that I expected the play to be spoiled for me,

Fortunately he carries one away in spite of incongruous thoughts. ARLO BATES.

STOVES FOR THE POCKET. A Japanese Article That's Quite a Luxur In Cold Weather.

Washington Star.1 "Why, how warm your hand is!" exclaimed young Noodles, upon clasping hands with his friend Timpkins on F street one day during the recent cold snap. Timpkins grinned.

"You haven't your gloves on, either; and yet, while my gloved hands are like icicles, yours are as warm as toast. Do you carry around stoves in your overcoat pockets? "That is precisely what I do," replied Timpkins, laughing. "Your random guess struck the fact squarely. I carry a stove in each side pocket of my top coat. Here is

one of them." With this Timpkins drew forth and exhibited to view a curious little tin box about 6 inches long by 4 in width and 1 inch in thickness. It was slightly curved in shape and appeared to be covered with some stuff like glazed calico. When the top was slid off the inside was seen to be made of tin perforated with a great many holes. It con-tained nothing but a round stick of some queer looking substance, which was burning at the end with a bright redness, but with-

out any flame or a particle of smoke.
"What do you call it?" demanded
Noodles wonderingly. "It is a Japanese stove—a device that has been used in Japan very commonly for centuries. You see, it is simply a tin box with holes in it, covered on the outside with this calico stuff to help retain the heat. It is really quite hot, you observe, and it will remain so for five hours with the heat. remain so for five hours with the burning of a single fire stick. They are so small and so flat that they don't even make one's pockets buige."