the assignation he had overheard in the churchyard grew clear to him now. "I believe that I have to congratulate you, Miss Granger," he said, "and I do so very

heartily. It is not everybody that is so fortunste as to-Beatrice stopped and halt turning faced

"What do you mean, Mr. Bingham?" she said. "I do not understand your dark say-

'Mean! oh, nothing particular, except that I wished to congratulate you on your engagement,"

"My engagement! What engagement? "It seems there is some mistake," he said, and struggle as he might to suppress it his tone was one of relief. "I understood that you had become engaged to be married to Mr. Owen Davies. If I am wrong I am sure

You are quite wrong, Mr. Bingham, I don't know who put such a notion into your head, but there is no truth in it."

"Then allow me to congratulate you on there being no truth in it. You see that is the beauty of nine affairs matrimonial out of ten-there are two or more sides to them. If they come off the amiable and disinterested observer can look at the bright sideas in this case, lots of money, romantic casthe by the sea, gentleman of unexceptionable antecedents, etc., etc., etc. If, on the other hand, they don't, cause can still be found for thankfulness-lady might do better after all, castle by the sea rather draughty and cold

in spring, centleman most estimable, but perhaps a little dull, and so on, you see." There was a note of mockery about his It was not like Mr. Bingham to speak so. It was not even the way that a gentleman out of his teens should speak to a lady on such a subject. He knew this as well as she did, and was secretly ashamed of himself, But the truth must out; though Geoffrey did not admit it even to himself he was bitterly and profoundly jealous, and jealous people have no manners. Beatrice could not, however, be expected to know this, and naturally grew angry.

"I do not quite understand what you are talking about, Mr. Bingham," she said, putthe string about, Mr. Bingham, "ahe said, put-ting on her most dignified air, and Beatrice could look rather alarming. "You have picked up a piece of unfounded gossip, and now you take advantage of it to laugh at me and to say rude things of Mr. Davies. It is not kind." It is not kind.

"Oh, no; it was the footsteps, Miss Granger, and the gossip, and the appointment you made in the churchyard, that I unwillingly overheard, not the gossip alone, which led me into my mistake. Of course, I have now to apologize." Again Beatrice stamped her foot. She

saw that he was still mocking her, and felt that he did not believe her.4 "There," he went on, stung into unkind-

ness by his biting but unacknowledged jealousy, for she was right-on reflection he did not quite believe what she said as to her not being engaged. "How unfortunate I am-I have said something to make you angry again. Why did you not walk with Mr. Davies? I should then have remained guiltless of offense, and you would have had a more agreeable companion. You want to quarrel with me; what shall we quarrel about? There are many things on which we are diametrically opposed; let us start

It was too much, for, though his words were nothing, the tone in which he spoke gave them a sting. Beatrice, already, dis-turbed in mind by the scene through which she had passed, her breast already throbbing with a vague trouble of which she did not know the meaning, for once in her life lost control of hersel and grew hysterical. Her gray eyes filled with tears, the corners of ber mouth dropped, and she looked very much as though she were going to burst out

"It is most unkind of you," she said. with a half sob. "If you knew how much I have to put up with, you would not speak to me like that. I know that you do not believe me. Very well, I will tell you the truth. Yes, though I have no business to to it, and you have no right-none at all-to make me do it, I will tell you the truth because I cannot bear that you should not believe me. Mr. Davies did want me to marry him, and I refused him. I put him off for a while; I did this because I knew that if I did not he would go to my father. It was cowardly, but my father would make my life wretched," and again she gave a

had to love, for I think that my father cares There, that is all I have to say, and I wish more for Elizabeth than he does for me, she is so much the best at business matters, and Elizabeth and I never quite got on. I dare suy that the fault is mine, but the fact re-put Effic to bed."

And here it may be stated that Geoffrey's solvice was not altogether thrown sway. Beatrice did try looking at the question again, and if Faith did altogether come mains-we are sisters, but we are not inti-mate. Well, my brother fell ill of a fever, and for a long time he lay between life and death, and I prayed for him as I never back to her at least Hope did, and "the greatest of these, which is Charity," had never deserted her. Hope came slowly back, not by argument probably, but rather by example. In the sea of doubt she saw anprayed for anybody or anything before-yes, I prayed that I might die instead of him. Then he passed through the crisis and got hetter, and I thanked God, thinking that my was for those ten days! And then this other buoyed up, if it were but on broken happened: My brother got a chill, a re-lapse tollowed, and in three days he was pieces of the ship. This encouraged her, Geoffrey believed, fand she believed in Geoffrey, indeed, is not this the secret of The last words that he spoke to me dead. woman's philosophy-even to some extent, of that of such a woman as Beatrice? "Let 'Oh, don't let me die, Bee!'-he used were: to call me Bee. 'Please don't let me die, dear Beel' But he died, died in my arms, and when it was over I rose from his side feeling as though my heart was dead also. I praved no more after that. It seemed to me as though my prayers had been mocked at,

as though he had been given back to me for a little while in order that the blow might be more crushing when it fell." "Don't you think that you were a little his life. toolish in taking such a view?" said Geotfrey. "Have you not been amused, some-times, to read about the early Christians?-how the lead would not boil the martyr, or the lion would not eat him, or rain from a blue sky put out the fire, and how the pagan king was at once converted and accepted a great many difficult doctrines without further delay. The Athanasian creed was not necessarily true because the talk which irritated Beatrice exceedingly. | fire would not light or the sword would not cut, nor, excuse me, were all your old bewrong because your prayers were un-ered. It is an ancient story, that we answered. cannot tell whether the answering of our petitions will be good or ill for us. Of course I do not know anything about such things, but it seems to me rash to suppose

that Providence is going to alter the work-ing of its eternal laws merely to suit the assing wishes of individuals-wishes, too, peare's tomb." that in many cases would bring unforescen sorrows if fulfilled. Besides, I daresay that the poor child is happier dead than he would have been had he lived. It is not

an altogether pleasant world for most of "Yes, Mr. Bingham, I know, and I dare say that I should have got over the shock in time, only after that I began to read. I

read the histories of the religions and com-pared them, and I read the works of the writers who have risen up to attack them. I found, or thought that I found, the same springs of superstition in them all-super-stitions arising from elementary natural causes, and handed on with variations from race to race, and time to time. In some I found the same story, only with a slightly altered face, and I learned, moreover, that

each faith denied the other and claimed truth for itself alone. "After that, too, I went to the college and

there I fell in with a lady, one of the mis tresses, who was the cleverest woman that I ever knew, and in her way a rood woman, but one who believed that religion was the curse of the world, and who spent all her spare time in attacking it in some form or the continual spectacle of human misery, which to my mind negatives the idea of a merciful and watching Power, at last it came to pass that the only altar left in

my temple is an altar to the "Unknown God."" Geoffrey, like most men who have had to about them much, especially to women. For one thing, he was conscious of a ten dency to speech less reverent than his thought. But he had not entered Beatrice's church of darkness; indeed, he had turned his back on it forever, though, like most

ople, he had at different periods of his past life tarried an hour in its porch. So he ventured on an objection. "I am no theologian," he said, "and I am not fond of discussion on such matters. But there are just one or two things I should like to say. It is no argument, to my mind at least, to point to the existence of evil and unhappiness among men as a proof of the absence of a superior mercy; for what are men that such things should not be with

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT. that I could say it better." "Thank you," said Bestrice, "I will

THE

Fifth Avenue Little Folks, Like Their Mammas, Are on Stilts.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

AS HANDSOME AS EYRLE BELLEW.

Comedian Crane's Better Half Looks After His Material Welfare.

FROLICS OF JOLLY ATHLETIC GIRLS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, February 22.

TILTS! The

Fifth avenue are on

them, socially, all

the time. But it is

a new, sudden and

literal fact that the

voungsters of that

famous thoroughfare

are walking on stilts.

Who can tell how

whims of diversion

are engendered in

children or adults?

I simply chronicle

the fact that the lit-

tle sons and daugh-

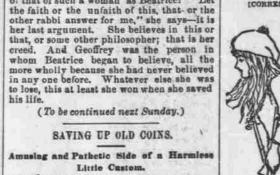
ters of millionaires

are now to be seen

on stilts. It will

not last long. Fifth

wealthy women



Amusing and Pathetic Side of a Harmless Little Custom. New York Tribune.] The cherished preservation of odd or particular coins as pocket pieces is an old and harmless sort of idolatry/irequently indulged in by a large percentage of humanity. When these treasures are under inspection in a social way, remarks of the following tenor are frequently heard: "This is the first bit of silver I earned when I left home." "I found this half-penny near Shakes-

"Daniel Webster gave that Spanish guarter to my father when a boy for holding his "Here," said a man, noted for his un-

thriat, "is the only money I ever saved, and I wouldn't have saved that were it not made of German silver." It is a custom for many kind old persons to say, while tendering a bright pieceof silver or gold to an emigrating lad or lass:

"Keep this in your pocket and you'll always have money." The present and injunction are, perhaps, intended for a practical suggestion of thrift, although in most cases the lesson is likely although in most of these mementoes strug-ability to make coins breed.

changers, whose locations give them daily opportunity of dealing with emigrant arivals. While speaking of this incident in the business, one broker said: "It used to give me a pang when some poor fellow or | on stilts. woman would unwrap a time-smoothened piece of foreign money or remove a perforated one from a chain or taded strip of ribbon, so, you see, what between these causes and and tearfully offer it for sale or exchange. But one soon loses sentiment in this bus ness, and in a matter-of-fact 'way, I simply pay for the weight of most of such odds and ends as you see heaped in that tray. I've had cases wherein persons who had struck prosperity have returned after a long time to see it their keepsakes could be ntified think on these matters, did not care to talk and recovered, but the crucible of the Assav Office had generally put them beyond hope." Nine out of ten of the sevotees of these ittle gods would decline the use of safe deposit boxes or bank vaults, believing as they do that the luck or charm chances of

> contact. MEMBER OF CONGRESS SPANKED.

He is so Small His Wife Took Him ter One of Her Naughty Sons. New York Tribune.]

A curious story is told at the Capitol at the expense of a member of Congress, who, while of no small caliber intellectually, has them? Man, too, must own some master. If not been blessed with an abundance of he has doubts let him look up at the maravoirdupois. He has a wife who is much shaling of the starry heavens and they will taller than he is and who is also well-known

He boards at a fourth-rate house, and has dingy room in the attic; there isn't a bath-tub in the house; onions and enbhage, etc., perfume the whole place. Yet he dresses expensively and you know what a fine horse

he has, and those lovely dogs-THIS SETTLES HANDSOME JACK. "Oh, he rides divinely!"

"Wait a bit. He owns nothing in this world but his clothes, that horse, his ring and dogs, and those he got by pinching him-self in hunches and dinates. He bids himself in lunches and dinners. He hides him self in that boarding house for the sake of making a display on the street." "Oh!" "Oh!" Oh!" in éhorus; then

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

"what shall we do with him, girls, what but strike off his name?" Each girl, thereupon, brings out a dainty book with the mystic monogram, "M. M. I. S." on the covers, and handsome Jack's name is scored by heavy black marks in every one of them. Then lists and notes are compared, and one lucky tellow's name goes down on the books because it is found that being determined to go through Yale, and his old curmudgeon of a father retusing to give him a dime, he is putting himself through and actually does his own cooking, But one sly girl whispers: "He is the heir, you know, and his father is a millionaire two or three times over."

So the impression on the listener is that the dear creatures are not wholly above mercenary motives. That they mean business is evident at all events. GAY ATHLETIC GIRLS.

The athletic girls, however, are the girls that garner iun, as the bee gathers honey, by "improving each shining hour," and when the hour refuses to shine for walks or rides or outdoor games, improve it all the same with various devices for exercise and frolic. A group of "Jolly Giris," as they call them-selves, gathered one wet day in an up-town mansion whose young daughter has a suite of rooms fitted up to suit her especial tastes. Of course they are as charming as her charming self, but one of them, the largest and loitiest, might be mistaken at first for her brother's room. Its furniture is all of the sort dear to the heart of the athlete, and such trophies as are won in athletic games hang on the walls, in fact there is nothing in the room to suggest a feminine owner-to one of old-fashioned ideas of the truly fem-inine-except its exquisite neatness and order. To this room the Jolly Girls gravi-tated as naturally as the humming bird to a

They were all college graduates, as you would have guessed could you have seen their performances on bars and ropes and spring-board. When the un had subsided omewhat into a breathing spell, the young hostess and her chum disappeared with an air of importance and mystery that excited the curiosity they intended it should and helped intensify the sensation they made when they reappeared. One was arrayed in rose pink and the other in robin's-egg-blue silk tights. On their heads—drawn down closely to the brows, covering every spear of hair—were silk caps matching the tights in color. The hands were also covered with

FOR A BOXING MATCH !

scribable. Once the contest came to a sudden pause, for Maud inadvertently gave Grace a blow on the cheek, and Grace and her second cried "unfair," and "We said

to go on. As they posed a second time one enthusiastic creature cried: "Now, Maudie, do your best, or I shall lose my pearl broach do your best, dor I shall lose my pearl



use on the Ohio river, with a paudle-whee in the rear, and draw only a foot or two of water even when laden to their utr FLEAS, MOSQUITOES AND NATIVES. capacity, or otherwise they could never get over the sandbars. During the rainy sea-son the swollen current is so swift and strong

Vast Tracts of the Finest Land That May be Had for the Asking.

BIG FORTUNES IN THE ALLIGATORS

CORPESPONDENCE OF THE DISPLECT BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA, January 17 .- Though distant from New York scarcely 2,000 miles, this northernmost Republic of the Southern continent is less known to the world than the heart of Africa; and its 300year-old capital is almost as difficult of year-old capital is almost as difficult of access. Until recently there has been no him to make a trip up the Magdalena river communication between the ports of the United States and those of Colombia, its nearest neighbor, and to this day there is no direct way of reaching them. Some four years ago an English company

established a line of steamers between New York and the mouth of the Magdalena river (the great fluvial highway to Colombia's interior), by which two trips per

month are made; but the vessels go first to several West India ports, consuming 15 days in the voyage to Colombia. Three times a month the Pacific Mail steamers leave New York for Aspinwall; and at the latter place one may always find a steamer under almost any flag but the Stars and Stripes, which all were drowned. will stop at the Carribean ports on its way to Europe.

But when you have reached this point the journey to Colombia's capital has hardly egun. Before you is a short railroad ride to Barranquilla, and then 280 miles by boat up the river to Honds, near the head of navigation occupying from 10 to 30 days, according to the time of year; and from Honda to Bogota, the capital city, though only a distance of 70 miles, is the worst part of the trip, requiring at least four days on mule-back, over sky-piercing sierras. NO GOOD HARBORS.

Colombia possesses no harbor worthy the name-those of Aspinwall and Panama be-ing the best. Besides the last named insecure and rocky port, there is but one other on the Pacific side-that of Buenaventura, which has lately been brought into some degree of prominence. On the Atlantic -or, more correctly speaking, on that of the Carribean sea-the only available shipping place for Colombian commerce is Sabanilia; both Aspinwall and Panama being merely ports of transit trade, with so little of local industry that primeval forests crowd close upon them. Sabanilla is the most desolate and dirty of

fishing villages, of no consequence what-ever, except for its bay, which, though totally inaccessible to large vessels, has been made to answer the purposes of a seaport, by a company of enterprising Germans. In 1871 some Bremen gentlemen put lighters and steam tugs on Sabanilla Bay, for the benefit of larger vessels that could not come into it, and laid a line of railroad from the coast to the oid Spanish town of Barran-

this climate, and neither love nor lucre could induce the ex-slaves to do a stroke of quilla, 16 miles inland. The consequence it. To-day the once rich plantations show no traces of former cultivation, being comis that the latter hitherto insignificant vil-lage of hardly 20 houses has suddenly blossomed out into the most important city in the Republic, commercially speaking, with a population of 25,000, and still growing. The Custom House is now located in Bar-ranquilla (pronounced Bahr-ran-kiel-ya), and through it must go all merchandise and passengers bound tor "on the sized" of selves have relapsed into a state of semi-barbarism. It is the same old story true of passengers bound for "up the river," or coming down from Colombia's interior into the outer world.

Anglo-Saxon blood, so that blue eyes, fair NOT A GREEN THING IN SIGHT. skins and even red wool is not uncommon among them. They lead most happy-go-Sabanilla is not situated on the main lucky existence, subsisting upon the fruits that grow wild in wonderful profusion and such accommodating fish as will nibble at a bit of bacon on a hook, suspended from the branch of a tree, at whose other end lies a land, but on a long and narrow sand-spit

that has formed itself at the mouth of the river. Its bay is full of shifting sand-bars and exposed to the fury of tropical storms. and exposed to the fury of tropical storma, and exposed to the fury of tropical storma, Not a green thing grows within sight of Sabanilla; and nobody lives there but a minarchie colony of cargadores, or boatmen, Miligators in some places literally line the The boats are always followed by a

HARRISBURG GOSSIP. The Daily Life of Old Simon Camer-

on's Favorite Grandson.

RISE OF A CORPORATION LAWYER. Survivors of the Charge of the Light that progress is necessarily very slow; but when the moon is bright the boats are kept

Brigade at Balaklava.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

HARRISBURG, February 22 .- James Me-

in motion both night and day. At other times they can run only by daylight and must "tie up" every night. They generally run aground a few times during every trip FORTUNES OF AN OLD TIME ACTOR

and then it requires from two days to a week before they can be pulled off and set in motion again, thus rendering the date of one's arrival at the journey's end one of the most uncertain things 10 this uncertain Cormick Cameron is the only son of the senior United States Senator from Pennsylworld.

A CHANCE FOR THE EMIGRANT.

and the overflow might easily be controlled

Mississippi. Those inclined to emigrate need not wrestle for standing room at

Okolomoma among a multitude of erazy squatters when here are vast tracts of the

richest land in the world, to be had for the

Years ago there were profitable planta-

tions, worked by negroes, all up and down

the middle valley; but after the emancipa

tion of slavery, in 1858, the estates were

abandoned. It seems that the Spaniards and Indians cannot endure hard labor in

pletely overgrown with the riotous vegeta-tion of the tropics; while the negroes them-

THE BANANA AND THE BLACK MAN

flourish spontaneously side by side. The

every part of the world where

vanta. He occupies the elegant residence at It you wish to murder your worst enemy Front and State streets, which commands a by the most diabolical form of forture that fine view of one of the most picturesque and beautiful stretches of scenery along the Susat the height of the mosquito season sans netting, veil, or other protection! The locality is infested with the biggest that ever buzzed. All the officers and deckquehanna river. His housekeeper is his sister, Miss Mary Cameron, who takes a great interest in her brother's welfare. While possessing all the accomplishments hands wear thin veils and long buckskin gloves both night and day; and yet, someshe seems to derive more pleasure from how, the enemy seems to come off more or less victorious. The mosquitoes come in looking alter young Cameron's comfort here than in the gaiety of Washington society. clouds that literally obscure the sky, and the sound of their humming is like the noise "Jim," as his more intimate friends call of a sawmill. It is an actual fact that cat-

him, was graduated from Harvard College two or three years ago, and after riding all tle and horses are frequently tormented to the way to Harrisburg on horseback, he at death by them. I am told that, not long ago, a herd of valuable cattle, which were once settled down to the serious business of being imported from the United States to a rancho up the river, becoming perfectly life. There is no foolishness in his makeup, and his quiet demeanor is sometimes frantic after a week of untold agony, broke mistaken by those who meet him only occafrom their fastenings, dashed overboard, and sionally for taciturnity; but those who know him best speak in warm praise of the young man's admirable qualities of mind and

The great valley of the Magdalena, exheart. tending from the Caribbean coast to the

Senator Cameron is largely interested in equator, varies in width from 100 to 150 miles, narrowing to a point as it nears the the great McCormick estate, which repre-sents millions of dollars in iron mills and confines of Ecuador. It embraces a region of inexhaustible resources, much of it overother industries, and his son has set about acquiring a practical knowledge of the iron business. He is identified with the Paxton mill in this city as assistant manager.

grown with primeval forests, among whose gigantic growths may be found a great diversity of building timber, besides the choicest cabinet and dye woods, and a tropi-General Cameron during his life mani-fested a special fondness for this grandson, and otten spoke of the young man's good sense, a quality which the venerable states-man and diplomat admired above all others. As an evidence of General Camcal profusion of gum-producing and medici-nal plants. The river's lower valley is one vast alluvial plain, which, like the Nile region, is subject to periodical overflow. For 300 miles the most magnificent grazing lands atretch away on either side, which are coveron's partiality for the boy it may be noted that he left the old homestead at Donegal to him. Young Cameron is understood to have ered with cattle during most of the year, until just before the floods that follow the no political ambition whatever. rainy season, when they are driven up into the mountains. Wherever the land has dered the presidency of one of the leading Republican clubs last fall he declined with the mountains. Wherever the land has been cultivated it shows surprising fertility, thanks. In appearance he is rather like his father, and may be called handsome. He is about 26 years old, and cares little for soand turned into a blessing, by a system of dykes similar to those in use on the lower ciety.

Marlin E. Olmsted, of this city, is re-

garded as one of the most successful corporation lawyers in Penusylvania. He numbers among his clients such aggregations of capital as the American Bell Telephone Company, the Lehigh Valley Bailroad Company, scores of electric light and railroad companies and other corporations with immense financial backing. Yet a few years ago-along about 1870-he was only a clerk in the Auditor General's Department at a moderate salary, and with prospects no brighter than thousands of other poor clerks. He quit the Auditor General's De-partment about 1875 and began the study of law under Judge Simonton, now on the bench of Dauphin county. When Judge Simonton ceased practicing to don the judicial ermine his partner became heir to his corporation clientage. To-day Olmsted is a rich man, his wealth being variously estimated at about \$150,000 to \$250,000. He

is unmarried and exceedingly popular.

negroes of this section are becoming consid-erably mixed with Indian, Latin and even A little old man, bent under his burden of years and sorrows, may be seen upon the streets of Harrisburg, a basket of matches on his arm and a stout cane in his hand, eking out a precarious existence. Mark Blitz is a match peddler; but was not always one. His has been a career full of adven-ture and vicissitude. Born in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1813, his parents moved to Lon don when he was 3 years and a half old. In

don when he was 5 years and a maroud. In 1826 he came to the United States; he be-came an actor of some distinction and sup-ported the elder Booth. Scott and nearly all the old actors, appearing in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Richmond. Blits was born an Israelite, but a few years ago he re-nounced that faith and joined a Lutheran thereh in this city. In 1840 he are may need

church in this city. In 1840 he was married in City Point, Va., but his wife died at Rich-

mond in 1857 and none of the four children

of this union are now living. At City Point

he entered into the hotel business and con-tinued it until 1854, when his hostëlrie was

destroyed by fire. Previously a steamer on the Mississippi river on which he was a pas-senger sank and he lost a package containing \$4,500, barely saving his life by jumping on

a bale of cotton and swimming ashore After the hotel at City Point was destroyed

he opened one at Petersburg. Va., which became a popular resort. In 1807 he had ac-

cumulated a fortune of \$40,000, but the panic of that year left him penniless. His

reminiscences of the stage are particularly

One of the heroes of the tragedy made

famous by Tennyson's "Charge of the Light

Brigade" lives at the corner of Front and

Mulberry streets, in this city, a few doors

from the home of the late General Cameron.

His name is James Fletcher. Like most

students of history he could never under-stand why the English brigade was ordered

to make the charge against such fearful odds. He believes it was nothing short of

odds. He believes it was bolding short of premeditated murder upon the part of the commanding officer. He knows of but one other survivor in this country who is said to live in Allentown. There are less than a dozen survivors of the famous charge living to-

day. Fletcher is a native of Preston, En-gland, and while yet in his teens, enlisted

in the Third Battalion, grenadiers, which was stationed in London and at Windsor

Castle. He not only participated in the charge at Balaklava, but was also present at the

fall of Sebastopol. With others he received medals for bravery. At the breaking out of our War of the Rebellion he enlisted in the navy, and served one year on the Ber-muda. Later he enlisted in Colonel Stew-

art's regiment, the Thirteenth Pennsylvania

Volunteer Cavalry, and served with great credit to the close of the war. During all

his service as a soldier Fletcher was not once seriously wounded. At Alma a small piece of shell made a flesh wound in the

right leg, and this is the only scar he carries.

He was 63 years old, and is still a compara-tively vigorous man. He was never married, He may be found every day running a ma-chine at the Chesapeake Nail Works.

Another Crimean soldier who fought under

the English flag, and subsequently beneath

cumulate

interesting.

not promenade the avenue. If they wish to walk for exercise, they will order up a carriage, ride to the entrance of Central Park, and take their pedestrianism along the cemented paths, and afterward return home persons, and themselves went to a small and elegant ball which had been purposely dated for the same night. In such ways the matrons of the avenue walk metaphorically

THE LADIES WORSHIP HIM.

The girls must inevitably have a stage favorite to rave about, and now that Kryle Bellew is in the antipodes all the buds and not a few of the blossoms are blooming with affection for Reichmann, the great baritone at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is en-tertaining to watch the grand circle of boxes during an opera night just to see how they become stirred with emotion when the favorite singer appears, and then imme diately revert to passiveness when his stal-wart form takes itself from view. After every song the theater becomes a veritable snowstorm of handkerchiefs, and the most sedate maidens can scarcely restrain themsedate maldens can scarcely restrain them-selves from joining in the loud roar of approval that goes up from the stalls. It is another instance of physical beauty consummating the victory that an excellent vocal art begins. But the interesting part of it all is that the adverd singer is totally indifferent the object only become potent by personal

that the adored singer is totally indifferent to feminine admiration. Under no circumstance does he take any notice of the in-numerable attention that the more indiscreet of the girls venture to bestow upon him, and persistently refuses to meet them even though they languish for one glance from his handsome eyes. This remarkable habit his handsome eyes. This remarkable habit arises from organic and not sentimental causes, the singer being rather annoyed than otherwise by female society. Of all the girls tumbled over at the same instant and lay on the win its equivalent, for both contestants tumbled over at the same instant and lay on keepers, who absorb all the money the

avenue is not sacred to the McAllisters and pretty soon the McGintys will puton stilts for an invasion. Then the "exclu sives" will be called in by their mothers. The swell woman doesn't like to do what her poorer sisters are doing. For instance, the former will

sweet pea blossom where by some deft dis-robing they soon stood in THE SUITS OF GYMNASTS.

thick gloves, and each wore a unique breast plate, highly ornamented with figures sup-posed the goddess Minerva in helmet and plume. Before the wide-eyed girls could speak each had chosen a second, had united on a referee and had taken positions

Then followed the "counter" and "crosscounter" and "straight counter," "dodge" and all the rest of the things, from those im-

mense doubled-up fists, and the breast plates esounded as these same fists battered and banged and threatened to knock Minerya and all her host sky high. The excitement of the beholders was inde-

we wouldn't do that, so now!" Then the girls flocked about the combat-

ants, and praised and petted and urged them

half-choked sob.

Much has been said and written about the effect produced upon men by the sight of a lady in or on the border line of tears, and there is no doubt that this effect is considerable. Man being in his right mind is deeply moved by such a spectacle, also he is frightened because he dreads a scene. Now most people would rather walk ten miles in their dress shoes than have to deal with a young lady in hysterics, however modified. Geoffrey, putting the peculiar circum-stances of the case aside, was no exception to this rule. It was all very well to cross spears with Beatrice, who had quite an equal wit, and was very capable of rethin-tion, but to see her surrender at discretion was altorether another thing. Indeed, he felt much ashamed of himself.

"Please don't, don't-be put out," he snid, he did not like to use the word "cry." "I was only hughing at you, but I ought not to have spoken as I did. I did not wish to force your confidence, indeed I did not. I never thought of such a thing. I am so

serry." His remorse was evidently genuine, and Beatrice left somewhat appeased. Perhaps it did not altogether grieve her to learn that she could make him feel sorry. "You did not force my confidence," she

said defiantly, quite forgetting that a moment before she had reproached him for making her speak. "I told you because I did not choose that you should think I was not speaking the truth-and now let us change the subject." She imposed no reserve on him as to what she had revealed; she knew that there was no necessity to do so. The secret would be between them-another dangerous link.

Beatrice recovered her composure and they walked alowly on

"Tell me, Mr. Bingham," she said presently, "how can a woman earn her living-I mean a girl like myself, without any spe-cial qualifications? Some of them get on." "Well," he answered, "that depends upon

What sort of a living do you kind.

"Yes, but sometimes, if only I could manage it, I think that I should like to get away from here and take another linesomething bigger. I do not suppose that I ever shall, but I like to think of it sometimes.

"I only know of two things which a woman can turn to," he said, "the stage and literature. Of course," he added, hastily, "the first is out of the question in your case.

"And so is the other, I am afraid," she answered, shaking her bead; "that is, if by literature you mean imaginative writing, and I suppose that is the only way to get into notice. As I told you, I lost my imagination-well, to be frank-when I lost my faith. At one time I used to have plenty, as I used to have plenty of faith, but the one went with the other. I do not understand

"Don't you? I think I do. A mind without religious sentiment is a star without atmosphere, brighter than other stars but not so soft to see. Religion, poetry, music, imagination and even some of the more ex-alted forms of passion flourish in the same soil, and are, I sometimes think, different manifestations of the same thing. Do you know it is ridiculous to hear you talk of having lost your faith, because I don't be-At the worst it has gone to sleep, and will wake up again one day. Possibly you may not accept some particular form of faith, but I tell you frankly that to reject all

No," said Beatrice, "I fear not, Kant said so, but before that Moliere had put the argument in the mouth of a fool. The starry noise in the nursery after bedtime. She heavens no more prove anything than does promptly seized her slipper and started for the running of the raindrops down the window-pane. It is not a question of size and quantity;'

"I might accept the illustration," answered Geoffrey; "one example of law is as good as another for my purpose. I see in it all the working of a living will, but of course that is only my way of looking at it, not vours." "No; I am afraid," said Beatrice, "all

this reasoning drawn from material things does not touch me. That is how the pagans made their religions, and it is how Paley strives to prove his. They argued from the Out to the In, from the material to the apiritual. It cannot be; if Christianity is

true it must stand upon spiritual feet add speak with a spiritual voice, to be heard, not in the thunder storm, but only in the hearts of men. The existence of Creative Force does not demonstrate the existence of a Re-deemer; if anything, it tends to negative it,

for the power that creates is also the power which destroys. What does touch me, hor-DOBS ever, is the thought of the multitude of the dead. That is what we care for, not for an Eternal Force, ever creating and destroying Think of them all-all the souls of un heard-of races, almost animal, who passed

sway so long ago. Can ours endure more than theirs, and do you think that the spirit of an Ethiopian who died in the time of Moses is anywhere now?" "There was room for them all on earth, answered Geoffrey; "the universe is wide

It does not dismay me. There are mysteries in our nature, the nature we think we know -shall there be none in that which we know Worlds die to live again when, after millions of ages, the conditions become once more favorable to life, and why should not a man? We are creatures of the world, we

reflect its every light and shadow, we rejoic the girl. What sort of a living do you mean? You are earning a living now, of a as its late, and its fate is, so far as we know, eternal. It may change from gas to chaos, from chaos to active life, from active life to

seeming death. Then it may once more pass into its elements, and from these elements back again to concrete being, and so on for ever, always changing, but always the same. So much for nature's allegory. It is not a perfect analogy, for Man is a thing apart from all things else; it may be only a hint

or a type, but it is something. "Now come to the question of our religion. I confess I draw quite a different conclusion from your facts. You say that you trace the same superstitions in all religions, and that the same spiritual myths are in some shape present in almost all. Well, does not thu suggest that the same great truth underlies them all, taking from time to time the shape which is best suited to the spiritual devel-

opment of those professing each. Every great new religion is better than the last You cannot compare Osrianism with Buddh. ism, or Buddhism with Christianity, or Mahometanism with Arabian idol worshi Take the old illustration-take a cut crystal and hold it in the sun, and you will many different colored rays from its facets. They look different, but they are all born o the same great light; they are all the same light. May it not be so with religions? Let your altar be to the 'Unknown God,' if you like-for who can give an unaltering likeness to the Power above us?-but do not knock your altar down.

"Depend upon it, Miss Granger, all indistand it, is nothing but a form of atrocious spiritual vanity. Your mind is too big for will of which we cannot live, and if we deyou, Miss Granger; it has run away with you, but you know it is tied with a string— it cannot go far. And now perhaps you will come of it, even here; for it is wiser than

the angry again." "No, indeed, why should I be angry? I dare say that you are quite right, and I only hope that I may be able to believe again. I will tell you how I lost belief. I had a lit-tle brother whom I lowed more than any-who and the problem is any the solution of the wiseacre who and the problem is any the solution of the wiseacre who any the problem is any the solution of the wiseacre who are say that you are quite right, and I only hope that I may be able to believe again. I will tell you how I lost belief. I had a lit-tle brother whom I lowed more than any-who are say there is nothing because he can thing else in the world; indeed, after my who says there is nothing because he can plan is at least free from the danger to nother died he was the only thing I really see nothing is not necessarily a true one. human life which attends the use of arsenic.

to her children as a strict disciplinarian One evening, so the story goes, she heard a promptly seized her slipper and started for

the door the children extinguished the light. Stretching out her hand she captured one of the boys, and to judge from the outcries he made the spanking was thoroughly

effective. But the mother was somewhat surprised at the conduct of the second sufferer. Instead of sobbing, he yelled protestations in a strong voice, and at last swore roundly. The mother, astonished, jumped up, and letting him fall from her knee to the or exclaimed tenderly: "Is that you, hubby?"

Overwhelmed with confusion he admitted that it was her "hubby" she had been spanking. After they had retired amid the muffied laughter of the children, who were trying to restrain it by stuffing pillows into their mouths, explanations followed. He, too, had heard the noise and with the same object in view as his wife had gone to the nursery, where he had been caught by his

Hereafter he vows that he will allow his wife to discipline the children unaided.

LUCK OF THE MINERS.

Peculiar Inclination That Led One to \$68. 000 Worth of Nuggets. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

While in Southern California recently I found that there were many men working careless. singly in placer mines under most adverse circumstances, and obtaining very small renumeration for their toil. Some of them succeeded in washing out but \$2 or \$3 worth of gold dust per day, while a few of them occasionally washed out as high as \$10 worth per day. Many of them remain a very short time in the diggings, but others work away year alter year in the hope of striking itrich some day. They tell a story of one man who, after

working in the place for years, suddenly conceived the idea of digging under a huge rock, over which a stream of clear water was talling, where he was in the habit of slacking his thirst, and after digging a sort of tunnel six or eight feet inward, he was rewarded by the discovery of a pocket of nuggets from which he took out \$68,000 worth of gold.

THE OTHER CAR HIT HIM.

Rough Usage an Omaha Man Got for Listening to the Conductor.

omaha World-Herald.]

A rather funny incident occurred Sixteenth and Dodge streets yesterday. It was where the motor cars pass, and as a gentleman alighted the conductor told him to look out for the other car. The passenger did not understand him. He turned around and asked: "What did you say? Just then the other motor struck him and knocked him about five feet toward the curbstone on the opposite side of the street from where he wanted to go. As he got up and rubbed the bruised spots he was heard to mutter, "I wonder what that fool said."

NEW WAY TO KILL RATS.

Coax Them to Eat Plaster of Paris and Then Give Them Water.

a. James Gazette. 1 The Laccadive Islands have been attacked by a plague of rats, which destroyed the coconnut ulantations and reduced the islanders to a condition of destitution. It has been suggested to the Madras Government that it should deal with the plague by the plaster of Paris cure. Powdered plaster is sprinkled on boiled rice. The rats which eat this become thirsty, and when they drink the plaster hardens and kills them. This plan is at least free from the danger to

that worship at his shrine none is so unfortunately infatuated as a very young lady living on Murray Hill who formed a violent attachment for him on

THE VERY FIRST NIGHT

of the opera season, and who has since the ruined the peace of her family and friends by her wild passion for the cold and unre-The Assortment Picked Up In the Streets by

sponsive singer. Not only does she haunt the neighborhood where a glimpse of him may be caught, but she has even broken her Chicago Tribune.1 engagement with a very worthy young man, giving as an excuse that only one man exists for her now and that is the German baritone. It is a noticeable fact that the old theory that a tenor voice arouses woman's ardor to an uncontrollable pitch is

overthrown this year, for the German tenor, with his famous high C, is not in the race with the baritone, who conquers with his dimples and his tropical eyes. Do not let me convey the idea that Fifth avenue is a thoroughfare of frivolity alto-

gether. I seek out the humor of the swells. But there is plenty of worthy sedateness there. The recent withdrawal of Mrs. Cor-nelius J. Vanderbilt from a ball at 11:55 o'clock on a Saturday night, so as not to break the Sabbath by so much as a fraction of an hour, was a casual reminder that she is an earnest and sincere Christian. As much can be said of many, it not a majority, of the leaders in this section of society. Bear this in mind, if you please, when you are reading my accounts of the concurrent friskiness. Good qualities in plenty accom-pany those which may sometimes seem too

CRANE'S VIGILANT PARTNER,

William H. Crane, the actor, who is just earning so much money that he hardly knows what to do with it, may owe part of his success to his wife, who manages him with a hand which, while it is highly prized by the comedian, is none the less resolute and dictatorial. Crane enjoys an occasional toddy on there cool winter nights and he is allowed just one by his vigilant spouse. At one of the actor's symposiums recently, just after Mrs. Crane had protested emphatically against the second toddy, conversation turned on the subject of money-making and someone observed that Mr. Crane must h making as much out of his new play as he and Robson made together in the best run of "The Henrietta." "And now that you don't have to share

with Robson you must naturally make couble as much as you did before," said the visitor.

"Oh, no," replied Crane. "I have a part-per still who takes a good deal more than Robson's share." "Why, who is it?" was asked.

"Mrs. Crane," was the reply. "I get my board and clothes, just as I always have.] have one of those rainy day wives. It wouldn't do a bit of good if I earned 10 times what I do now. I would only have good living and a fur-lined overcoat to remind ining and a fur-ingen overcoat to remnu me that I was any more prosperous than when I played Le Blanc at \$50 a week." Four New York men who were present complimented Mrs. Crane. "You are not a New Yorker by birth." said one. "If you were your husband would be bemoaning

your extravagance." A BAND OF MYSTERIOUS GIBLS.

In the long list of clubs in this city is one composed of single women, for the most part yourg girls, that is worthy of mention. Each member wears a handsome seal ring bearing the letters, "M. M. I. S." No one except the members knows the legend indi-cated by these letters, but it is surmised that "Un-microsolic Mon I Sank" model. that "Marrisgeable Men I Seck" would not be far irom the true interpretation. The surmise is strengthened by scraps of conver-sation occasionally overheard when several of the members are together. It behowes young men to look well to their ways, for the "M. M. I. S." girls are sharp and in dead earnest, as this bit of talk, caught when they were too busy to notice that a listener was near, sufficiently shows: "Ob, eay girls, you know Jack ----" "Yes, indeed, handsome Jack." that "Marriageable Men I Seek" would not

flushed and not much the worse for all the matter into a solid and in the money the matter and not much the worse for all the native intoxicants. All up and down the valor expended. But it was glorious fun! CLARA BELLE.

A REMARKABLE DECK OF CARDS.

a Chicago Man.

Frank Damek, a member of the sporting raternity of Chicago, has probably the queerest deck of cards in the world. He has been 20 years collecting the pack, and is exceeding proud of it. He first began by picking up playing cards in the street when he happened to run across them. In this a very small quantity serves for the meager way he got 15 or more before he began cooking of the Sabanillans; while cheap striking duplicates. Some days he would find two or three, and then it would be months before he would see another stray pasteboard. But he persevered and always kept his eyes open to add to his strange collec-

In ten years he had all but 13 cards necessary to complete his deck. In the next three years he considered himself lucky in finding all but four. The missing one were the jack of clubs, the deuce of monds, the eight spot of diamonds and the trey of spades. In the course of another year he picked up the eight of diamonds,

and six months later was overjoyed to find what he at first thought was a full deck of cards lying on the sidewalk on Dearborn street, between Adams and Jackson streets. thought that his long search was at an end and that he could easily complete his wonderful deck. The jack of clubs and the trey of spades were all right, but five or six cards

missing, and among them the deuce of diamonds. It seemed as though he would never be able to secure his fifty-second card, but the other day he entered one of the suburban trains on the Northwestern, and almost the first thing he saw was the deuce of diamonds face upward in the aisle. It was gilt-edged and glossy backed, the finest of them all. He had been searching for it for 514 years, and breathed a sigh of relief. The pack is composed of cards of all qualities, from the cheapest to the highest priced. Some are clean and bright and others are

oiled and well sorn. BOOM IN RIVER TRAFFIC.

Reaction Against the Railroads Thought

to be Setting In. it. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

There will be a revival of the steamboat Commanding, as it does, the only outlet from the interior, this New York of the Car-ibbean coast is of no small consequence, from a military as well as a commercial standpoint, and a considerable garrison is maintained here. Unlike most South interests inside of the next year or two. For many years past the commerce of the country has been favoring the railroads, and the railroads have also been highly favored by legislation. But the present matters will surely be a reaction in the river traffic. American ports, Baranquilla has an excel-lent wharf. Several steamship companies The Legislative assemblies are taking more interest in the matter now than they have done for years past. The river im-provement service is being remodeled, and are running vessels on the Magdalens, two of tham, I believe, operated by United States capital. The principal line, however is attaining a greater degree of perfection. The commercial world is showing more of a disposition to favor the river trade, as in is German, with half a dozen or more small many cases it has been badly treated by the railroad companies. There will be a decided

Nervous Exhaustion.

New York Scottish-American.]

exhaustion than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our weary, and increase our open air-exercise, a large proportion of nerv-ous diseases would be abolished. For those who caunot get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily avocation have discovered

school of them, probably in hope of a me wretches earn, in exchange for the vilest of each seeming to say in the language of the nursery tale monster: cossts of South America the cargadores are necessary evils-as there are few places

asking.

Fee, fl. foo, fum i I smell the blood of an Englishman, And, dead or alive, I will have some.

What a rare field is this for the alligator nunter ! Considering the value of the skins and the enormous demand for them in the manufacture of shoes, satchels, etc., wonder grows why some thrifty Yankee has not bethought himself that fortunes lie in the exhaustless crop.

No tongue or pen can describe the beauty of sunrise and sunset in this latitude, when seen from the river boats. There are tall, gray and white storks, standing silent and motionless, in the traditional one-leg atti-iude, on bits of floating log, watching for There are the big gray-blue herons, and sometimes white ones, and clumsy pelicans, which, by the way, invariably fly from south to north in the morning, never by any chance or circumstance turning toward another point of the compass. And then about 5 o'clock P. M. home they go again, every mother's son of them, flying in straight line from north to south, one be-

SCENES ALONG THE SHORE.

There are miles of banana groves-now mostly stripped of leaves by the locusts, that have been doing great damage throughout the country; and there is the papaw, the guayacon, the tamarind, the papays, the uango, whose lucious fruit perfumes the air. mango, whose fuctors trut perturnes the air, enormous gourd trees and the "holy tree," which grows to a tremendous height and has a single cluster of flowers growing away at the top, in which live great numbers of ants. Brown and black monkeys swing from their branches and solandidle drawed ants, Brown and black monkeys swing from their branches, and splendidly dressed macaws, with ruddy-brown and black feath-ers and long scarlet tails, fly screaming at our approach. Two or three times a day we stop at some

little village for freight and fuel, where hali-naked negroes come on board, selling strangely carved spoons and bottles made of long-necked goards, flowers, fruits, chickens, eggs, etc. The women seem to do all the business in these places, and to carry all the burdens, the men being simply ornamental. The universal dress of the latter consists of nothing but a pair of breeches striped red and white, reaching to the knees, leaving the wearer bare above and below; while the women perambulate in low-necked, sleeveless, short and seanty gowns of purple calico. But however lovely these riverside ham lets may appear from afar, with their bamboo walls and thatched roofs shaded with cocoa

approach disclosed filth and squalor, in the midst of which black pigs and variously colored babies roll about together.

A TREAT FOR THE GAMINS.

Little Folks Happy. Chicago Tribune.]

A Washington street man who controls a THE NEXT PRESIDENT. cafe has done a good thing for the street A Wager of Two Thousand to Two Handred gamins. The Washington street man has a large trade, and as he has his own pies and Fifty on Bob Lincoln. cakes, buns, biscuit, and bread baked every Chicago Tribune. 1 Colonel Joseph K. Bickey, of Callaway morning fresh he makes 'it a rule not to carry over any stock. He accordingly an-

county, Mo., is a hard man to bluff. The nonneed that he would dispose of whatever other day a Chicago capitalist who had come to Washington as a World's Fair was left over every evening at 7:30 o'clock to the newsboys and newsgirls for a mere song. If a boy has only a penny he will be boomer advanced the proposition that he could name the next President-for a new sideration, of course. "For how much?" asked Colonel Bicke

the wars are very interesting.

song. If a boy has only a penny he will be served bountifully. There is no scale of prices. Every fellow gets something. The boy with a basket who has saved up a quarter gets a load, enough to last several days. The sight about the cafe at the bour mentioned is an interesting one. Every face beams with antisfaction. The little newsgirls are treated with a po-liteness by the boys which is charming. The girls get the firstshow and are never crowded out of line. The eager crowd sel-dom goes away disappointed. "For \$250 against \$2,000," said 1 "I'll take it. Name the man," said Col

"Robert T. Lincoln," was the reply. "Robert T. Lincoln," was the reply. The bet stands. If Mr. Lincoln is elected President in 1882 Mr. Rickey loses \$2,000. If be isn't Mr. Lyon loses \$250. This is probably the initial wagar on the campaign of 1892.

steamers, varying from 50 to 200 tons. Dur-ing the last political upheaval all the river boats were seized by the insurgents and those not fied up or destroyed were metamorchange for the better in the river traffic, and pHose into effective men-of-war by simply covering their sides with corrugated iron, mounting small cannon upon the decks and filling the cabins with sharpshooters. t will begin soon. The great river itself is a natural curi There is no better prevention of nervou

osity, inversing the whole country from south to north, draining an enormous area of mountains covered with perpetual snow and forming the sole outlet for seven Colombian states. Its water is as muddy as the Missouri and as swift as the Mississippi, which it greatly resembles. So strong is its yellow tide and so full of sediment that it will not mix readily with the salt water of the sea, but can be distinctly traced for many miles. In some places it is scarcely 100 feet wide, in others 8 or 10 miles. Its

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heat and swarming fleas. Were it not for the ocean breezes that constantly sweep across the desolate sand-spit, blowing up the sand in blinding, clouds, no human were

deep into the burning sand, every infinites-imal grain of which is loaded with a flea, whose sting is like the puncture of a red hot needle. About the only industrious cit izens I have found so far in South America are "the wicked fleas." In five minutes time they will completely blacken hose and cover your garments inside and out; nor cease from troubling until you tattooed from head to foot like a South Sea Islander.

Baranquilla is by all odds the most modern town in Colombia-unless it may be Aspin-wall-having many handsome houses and a considerable foreign colony. Some of the principal merchants of the Republic live here, most of them Germans, who maintain considerable style and entertain with gener ous hospitality, although living is uncom monly high.

ITS MILITARY IMPORTANCE.

where vessels can approach the shore-and these of Colombia are mostly Canary Islanders, with a liberal sprinkling of low-class Italians, and a few Chinamen. Their palm-thauched huts are fiithy beyond description, but not more so than the occu-

pants-men and women more than half unclothed, and their numerous offspring entirely so. There is not a drop of fresh water in the place; all that is used being brought in canoes from a point about eight miles up the river. Yet the water business is not brisk, though retailed by the dipperfull, for

liquor (dear at any price) is the universa beverage. Even less is used for lavator purposes, fresh or salt, though the wide ocean, rolling up to their doors, furnishes as fine bathing facilities as can be found in any quarter of the globe. Indeed, the people seem to entertain a hydrophobic terror of water in any form; and the pig-tailed Celes-

hind another. tial who runs the only laundry in the place, ooks like a sad case of slow starvation.

ROBBERS AND FLEAS.

Woe unto the luckless traveler who compelled to stay over night in Sabanilla's alleged hotell Murder and robbery are of common occurrence. But even were the Sabanillans angels in disguise the place would be intolerable on account of excessive being could abide thereon. At every step in its pavementless streets you sink ankle

you

paims and broad-leaved bananas, a neare

FANNIE B. WARD.

the Stars and Stripes in this country, is Colonel William Livsey, the present State Treasurer of Pennsylvania. While not in Charity That Costs Little, but Makes Many the charge at Balaklava, his experiences in