THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

A Thousand of Them in the Treasury Department.

THE SALARIES THEY GET.

Danger From Poison and Disease in Counting Greenbacks.

HOW CUPID FARES WITH CLERKS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 WASHINGTON, March 1.

> they-I mean the 5,000 of the brightest women | chickens." Not many of them are on the of the United States
> who are employed in
> the great Government
> departments at Washington. They come retary of the Treasury, and she was one of from all parts of the prettiest women that Washington has country, and they are of all ages, from sweet 16 to gray-haired 75. Some of them are as lovely as Helen of They do all sorts of work and get all sorts of salaries. They form an army in ing into the fire or by his attempting to themselves, and they save his little sister from burning. Both

LUMP and pretty are

hours at a stretch.

BOTH SEXES WORKING TOGETHER.

"What a pretty woman!"

She overheard and replied in a stage whisper: "What an ugly man!" and Brewster, you know, was ugly enough to stop a clock. His face had been burnt all out of shape when he was a baby by his fall-

stories are told, and I don't know which is

Making Money

correct. At any rate he overheard the re-

mark of the pretty Treasury clerk. He met her the same night at a reception, and she found Mr. Brewster as entertaining as he was ugly. After a few months he proposed to her and she accepted him and got a first-

WHEN CLERK MARRIES CLERK.

Stephen A. Douglas married a department clerk and many of the ladies of the departments go into the best of Washington society. It is an unwritten law in some of the departments that a husband and his

wife shall not be on the pay-rolls at the same time and when two department clerks

are among the most curious of Uncle Sam's daughters. Lots of them are widows. Hundreds of them are old maids and several thousand are sweet, juicy, marriageable girls with pretty faces, good hearts and a high grade of culture and education. Many of them have had Governors and Generals for fathers, not a few are the widows of noted soldiers and statesmen, and all are far above the average of their sex the United States over. Many of them have traveled widely, and the great majority are so aristoeratic that a caterpillar could crawl under the high insteps of their bare little feet without tickling the flesh.
Fully one-third of this army are under

command of the Secretary of the Treasury. One thousand of them march their little feet every morning up the great stone steps of that mighty sarcophagus known as the United States Treasury, and in its prison-like walls they remain upon duty from this hour until 4. They do all sorts of work and they receive all kinds of salaries. The highest priced of them get \$1,800 a year, and there are three ladies who receive this salary. One is Miss J. M. Seavey, of Ten-nessee, and another is Miss M. Var Vranken, of New York, maideus who came here in the sixties, and who are so efficient in the management of internal revenue matters that their salaries have been increased over those of most of the men of the bureau. The third \$1,800 clerk is Miss Ada Tanner, the daughter of the Corporal, who acts as confi-dential clerk of the Treasury. She came into office when her father went out, and her pointment dates from last November. Only five women in the Treasury get \$1,600 a year, 31 receive \$1,400 and 128 get \$100 a month. Ninety-one receive \$1,000 a year and 366 receive \$900. Among the 1,000 odd who receive less than this are those who get the pay of laborers and messengers and others running down to the charwomen, who re-ceive \$20 a month for sweeping and

PAYING OUT BRISK NEW BILLS. most interesting sights of the Treasury Department is the paying out of these moneys, which always occurs at the watched them get their money. Through a grated window showed the bright blue eyes and the heavy blond mustache of Mr. Hub Smith, the noted author of the song known as "Listen to my Tale of Woe," and it was he who, acting at this time for Secretary Windom, was paying out the cash to the girls. He smiled as he did so and they smiled as they took the bills and the signs were just the opposite of those of the sad tale of Johnny Jones and his sister Suc.

Do these girls earn their salaries? For most positions they make better clerks than the men. They waste less time chewing tobacco and they do not spend an hour or so over the morning paper. They are splendid copyists and they can count money faster than a man can think. The money counters of the Treasury are numberd by the hundreds and these pretty girls go through thousands upon usands every day and count millions month while working on salaries of \$75. OF COURSE THEY COVET IT.

I asked one of them yesterday if she did not covet the money she counted. She re-plied she did and that her feelings while she worked were much like those of the ragged boy who presses his nose against the candy window and gloats upon the sweets within and thinks what he would do if he had them. These girls are adepts as counterfeit letectors. Their fingers get so sensitive that they can tell a counterfeit if it touches them and if they pass a counterfeit the amount of the bill is taken out of their salaries. the same thing if they make a mistake and their position is a very critical one. The bills from the national banks from all over the country are sent here for redemption, These bills come in packages of 100 and they are counted by the banks which send them. If there is any mistake in the package the girl who counts it reports it to chief and the bank from which the bills come must stand the loss. There is a paper strap around each set of bills and upon this is the amount of the package and the name of the bank from which it comes. A few weeks ago one of these young lady counters, a bright blond girl of 19 was engaged upon lot of some one hundred dollar notes

SHE LOST THE HUNDRED. She had laid the straps on the desk beside her as she counted each package, and, after verifying the account, had swept them all into a waste basket. As she was rapidly counting one package she found that it con-tained but 99 notes. She looked for the strap containing the memorandum giving the name of the bank from which it came, and was horrified to find that it had dropped from the table and into the basket. She membered the name of the bank, but there was no way in which she could prove that she was right. The bank was notified, but its cashier refused to acknowledge the mis take, and the girl had to pay \$100

these girls never wet their fingers in their mouths as they count the bills. Each has a sponge beside her, and she gets her moisture from this. The great danger of disease in handling bank notes, and no one can tell as to wnether the last holder has had smallpox or the measles. The notes themselves are green and the A sponge after a day's use turns black with the arsenic which comes from the bills, and some thin-skinned maidens contract sores on the arms and wrists from this counting. The sponges are changed every day, but if the skin is the least scratched and the arsenic of the note happens to get under the flesh a sore is very likely to appear a day or two The position is by no means a inecure, and it is my experience that the hard for every cent they get.

PERTTY GIRLS WHO MAKE MONEY. It is the same in the Bureau of Engraving

a very accomplished young clerk who worked beside her. Their field of work, however, was changed in order that no relast of the month. From all parts of the building the men and women troop to the disbursing offices and they receive their cash mark might be caused by the marriage and they now have good positions in New York. in crisp new bills, which rustle like a \$4 Not a few clerks are married secretly and black silk when they pass through the counter's hands. I stood the other day and

their names appear on the payroll of the department as single after they have been married. It is a great deal easier to live in Washington on \$2,000 a year than \$1,000 a year and Cupid gets along much better when both husband and wife can keep their FLIRTING AMONG CLEDES There is of course considerable flirting among the clerks. If you put one woman

with three men anywhere in the world she must be an extraordinary female if she does not throw coquettish glances at at least one of the three, and the men are not human if they do not look at her. I happen to know, nowever, that three-fourths of these Treas ury girls could be married if they wished husbands. They get good salaries, and as one of them said to me the other day: "We have so much experience with men here that we are afraid to trust them. We are like Diogenes with his lantern. We can't find the honest man. When a woman gets \$100 a month she doesn't care to divide this amount with a husband, and I can tell you propose to stick to my salary as long as I

> There is no bettsr way for a female clerk to lose her position than by falling in love. This big Treasury building covers nearly two acres and there are little nooks and



They Get Crisp New Bills. corners where a man might whisper a sweet nothing in a lady's ear if it were not for a messenger who is holding down a chair out-side of some big official's door and who is not infrequently ready to report anything out of the way.

THE GIRLS OF THE ATTIC. Some of the queerest work of the Treasury Department is done in the attic and in the basement. I stood for ten minutes res-terday and watched about 50 women sewing on carpets in the top loft of the Treasury. The carpet was stretched on frames like carpenters' saw horses, and the girls were having a kind of quilting bee in joining the widths together. All the carpets of the Government are sewed here, and if a Custom House at Cieveland or New York wants carpet it sends a diagram of its room to the Secretary of the Treasury and the carpet is here made and shipped. These giddy girls do the sewing for a consideratio

The char women of the Treasury take charge of the building after the clerks have gone away, and for an hour or so they turn the department inside out.

They wash the windows, They scrub the floors And they polish up the knobs Of the big front doors. They are under the charge of a head char

and Printing, where all the money of the United States is made. Notwithstanding the greatest precautions this department is one of the most unhealthy in the Government. The coloring matter used in tobacco stamps and in the making of greenbacks and silver certificates taints the air with its poisonous fumes. It is necessary to keep the temperature of the hig money mill at a high degree in order to have the printing properly done and these girls work as hard for watching them scrub, and they get their \$240 a year for the business. A number of the girls waste paper and it takes quite a regiment to attend to this business. All of the old envelopes, wrappers and scraps of paper which accumulate during the day are saved and are shoveled down into

THE WASTE PAPER ROOM.

high degree in order to have the printing properly done, and these girls work as hard as any of the factory girls of England. The majority of them are the poorest paid of our Government clerks, and they are more like laborers than bookkeepers. Hundreds of girls stand all day long passing sheets to the printers. In the printing of bank notes from an engraved plate, only one sheet can be printed at a time, and the plate has to be re-inked for every impression. The printer gets \$5 a day or more, and his assistant in the shape of one of these girls is paid \$1 25 a day. Sie stands beside him and hands him the sheets, and she does this for nine or ten This room looks like a great country cellar. Its walls are white-washed and one-half of the room is divided into three great bins, which are filled with three kinds of paper. The girls are carefully watched, and they sometimes find important documents, and instances have been known of money coming down to this room. One of the most exciting times in the department occurred some time ago from a man dropping a bond into his a bond into his boot. He had corns, and his desk being in an alcove, he had taken off his boot while he was counting some \$1,000 bonds. At the close of his count he was horrified to find one missing, and this was some hours after he had been engaged in making up his tally. He went in his slippers to the chief of his bureau and announced the loss. The whole Treasury was the sheets, and she does this for nine or ten But do both sexes work together in the nounced the loss. The whole Treasury was in an uproar, and this waste paper room same office? Of course they do. American girls can take care of themselves any place, and these maidens are by no means "spring was worked from one end to the other to see if the \$1,000 bond had not fallen into the waste paper basket and been carried out. So it went on for the rest of the afternoon until the clerk, preparing to leave the de-partment, thrust his right foot into the long leg of his boot and found the rustling \$1,000 bond at the bottom. He was the happiest man in Washington for the next ten minutes, for had he not found the security he would ever known. Brewster saw her as he went through the department one day on some legal business long before he was Attorney General, and he said to a friend: have been responsible for its loss.

WASHERWOMEN OF THE TREASURY. It takes 500 towels a day to supply the Treasury Department, and last month in the neighborhood of 15,000 towels were used. A great part of the Treasury work is dirty work and every room has a new towel every day. The washing of these towels is done by women who are paid 30 cents a dozen and who are charged with every towel they take away. If any are lost they have to pay for them, and Uncle Sam watches the corners mighty close in all of his busi-

Is the Treasury Department a good place In some ways it is, in others it is not. The

wages are better than women get anywhere else in the country. The hours are shorter and the labor is honorable. No woman who respects herself will be insulted in the Treasury Department. Reports are scat-tered over the country as to the morality of public officials. It is charged that some of these great buildings are sinks of iniquity and that the women who work in them are not of good character. There was never a greater mistake. The most of the Treasury girls are as good as your sisters, your wives and your mothers. They are as pure and as high-minded, and they would resent an in-sulting act or look as much as the chastest Diana of the land. If they receive improprieties it is their own fault and no woman who wishes to be honest need fear to take a place in the money mill of our own Uncle Sam.

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

RICHES IN OLD HATS. New Yorker Who Finds a Habit of the Jobbers Very Profitable.

New York Evening Sun.1 No one would over imagine that there could be any caste in the old hat business, but there is a man in this city engaged in that humble calling who would be disposed to knock you down if you named him in the same day with the peripatetic vagabonds who go about buying up old hats. This man is an artist in his profession. He has his regular customers, and they are confined exclusively to the hat jobbers. When an out-of-town customer visits the

one and out-of-town customer visits the city to buy goods the first thing the jobber does is to remark that the hat he is wearing is a little shabby.

"Just a little dusty," the customer will

marry one is expected to leave. Postmaster General Vilas, however, objected to this theory and a number of the Cabinet officers now allow their clerks to marry if they choose. One of the prettiest girls in the Pension Office was married the other day to put on a new hat when he left home. But the jobber, knowing that a little per-sonal attention is always profitable, will not be convinced. He takes the man's hat him with one of the best he has in stock. These old bats soon accumulate in the busy season, running up to as many as a dozen a day. In the majority of cases they are practically as good as new. It has been remarked, however, that customers from Con-necticut, New Jersey and Philadelphia, knowing that they are sure to get a fine new hat free of charge, always put on their most dilapidated headgear when they are leaving home.

How our friend ever "caught on" will never be known. A quarter apiece is the orthodox price he pays, and he makes a round of the jobbing houses every day. At home his trade as a hatter serves him in good stead. The hats are supplied with a new sweathand and lining, and many of them find their way into the smaller hat stores, where they are sold as brand new. And our friend has a big bank account.

A SHABBY DUKE.

One Cannot Tell a Man's Wealth by His Cont's Appearance. New Orleans Times Democrat.] This story comes from the "Peak Coun

tree." The great cavern at Castleton, England, attracts a large number of tourists every year, and now and then notabilities visit the place. A visitor somewhat shabbily dressed presented himself before the guide, an official employed by the Duke of Devonshire, and asked what it would cost to see the sights. "Seven shillings," was the man's reply.
"It seems a lot of money," said the in-

But the guide, with a glance at the man's garments, deigned no answer. The visitor, however, resolved to go in. Emerging into

the light of day again, he entered his name in the visitors' book, and said: "There's shillings for your master and something for yourself. The "something" was a sovereign. The guide, staggered by the magnitude of the

gratuity, hastily scanned the visitors' book, and found the signature of a well-known millionaire duke. He looked the surprise "You didn't expect that, did you?" drolly

asked the duke.
"No, Your Grace, I did not," said the guide, honestly.
"And you thought, now, I was scarcely good for the 7 shillings?" persisted the duke.

The thought, from the guide's frank admission, certainly had crossed his mind.
"Well," said His Grace, smilingly,
"never in future judge a man by the coat

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER A Lad's Faith Somewhat Shuken by a Fail-

ure to Get Well Promptly. Buffalo Courier.] The intant son of a pious North street father, in whose family prayers are always said morning and evening, was taken ill, and the physician administered medicine. On being put to bed the little fellow was advised by his Christian mother to pray that his health be restored. So kneeling at his crib his little lips lisped: "God bless papa, God bless mamma, God bless everybody, God bless the doctor and the med'cin' to make me well. Amen."

Next morning the poor little above medical to the medical to make me well.

Next morning the poor little chap was worse, and he alarmed his fond parents by symptoms of skepticism as to the efficacy of ayer. He was admonished that perhaps prayer. He was admonished that perhaps the Lord wasn't quite ready to answer his prayer, and to try again. So kneeling the second uight he prayed thus: "God bless papa, God bless mamma, God bless everybody, God bless the doctor, and I hope to God the med'cin' will work to-night.

woman, who receives a good round salary | The boy got well.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1890.

THE TRIP ON MULEBACK.

trousers, of the same material as her habit,

gathered Turkish fashion, close around the

clattering out of still sleeping Honda about 3 o'clock one balmy morning (for the seasons are reversed down here, you know,

and midsummer comes in January), our road wound for some distance under a com-

But when the stars were lost in the sea of

rimson and gold that presages the rising of

COVERED FROM STEM TO STERN

with piles of einchcona bark, bags of gold or silver ore from the mines, or loads of mer-

must be forwarded over the rugged mountain pathways. Merchandise is distributed into bales of 125 pounds each, allowing two bales or 250 pounds to a donkey load. The system of transit applies only to articles of

comparatively light weight, making it ut-terly impossible to forward across country

to those places where they are most needed

which in some places ascended almost per-pendicularly and in others offer so narrow a

chess-board, squared off by hedge

view from this place was even more glori-ous. Descending thence to Las Tibayes

was the most difficult task we encountered,

over a road strewn with loose flowers, so

steep and slippery that we momentarily ex-pected to be pitched over the heads of our

mules down among the precipices.

The rest of the way was a rapid down-

with every muscle braced to prevent sliding

over his ears. Since no beast could possibly

go astray on a trail so narrow that we bumped the wall of rock on one side, and

the other, dropped without a sound into an

all responsibility, closed my eyes to the fearful view, and clung for dear life to the

DARED NOT TOUCH A LEAP.

Rains had swollen the Rio Negro so the

only bridge was carried away and we had

The ground rises steadily from the river's

brink, ever higher and higher; at one place

called "El Salitre" leading up some steep

steps like a flight of stairs cut in the face of

the mountain, which our animals unwill-ingly climbed. As if to recompense the

raveler for that trial, the way wound next

under some overhanging rocks covered with

erns, mosses, pink begonias and orchids,

overtopped with long-armed oaks and droom

ing palms. But, like every other earthly paradise, the trail of the serpent was in it,

and the guides forbade us, at the peril of our lives, to touch a leaf or a flower.

At last, thank heaven! Alto del Roble

points in the Andean chain, some 12,000

feet above sea level, which, the guides

out nearly to the Alto; and, though horribly bad, with deep gullies washed out by floods

that pour down the mountain sides, we were

bottom looked like mere twigs, I aban

abyss so deep that tall trees growing at the

loosened by his feet on the brink of

ore than half a ton

peasts of burden.

between night and dawn.

Four Days on Mule Back Among the Cloud-Capped Mountains.

THE RIDE TO BOGOTA

UNFINISHED RAILROAD PROJECTS.

Pianos Carried Overland at a Cost of One Thousand Dollars Each.

COLOMBIA'S AGRICULTURAL EXPORTS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH] BOGOTA, COLOMBIA, January 29. HE city of Honda though nearly 800 miles above the mouth of the Magdalena, and the present terminus of the steamboat routes, is by no means at the "head" of that river's navigable waters. The growing town, which

sequence only on account of the river trade, is beautifully situated, surfully situated, sur-rounded by rugged mountains, and at at streams, for here the junction of two great streams, for here of human activity was heard. Presently the road became alive with Indians trudging to the Rio Gauli comes rushing down to join the Magdalena on its long journey to the market under heavy loads, barefooted women in short calico skirts and wide straw hats, sea. Honda has a few very old buildings of early Spanish origin, whose enormously sitting astride of mules, each beast generally carrying two persons; and donkeys and withstanding the earthquakes that are

has acquired con-

frequent in this locality; but, in spite of as to be literally their solidity, most of the old houses were long ago shaken into ruins. To my mind, the most interesting thing



Blessed be the Donkey.

about the place is the remains of an antique bridge, built by the conquerors in the year 1601. Its quaint arches are vet entire, and the stone walls show niches, now dismantled, where saints and crosses used to stand commanding the worship of all way-farers, telling mutely how those stern crusaders built for all time, and never forgot the outward tokens of religion in the midst of their greed for gold. The Magdalena is navigable, to stell navigable for small vessels many miles above Honda, through nearly all

THE RICH STATE OF TOLIMA. which, being level with the stream, is one of best agricultural sections of the republic. Until within the last few years, Tolima sup-plied the greater portion of Colombia's ex-port agricultural trade. Lately, however, the two Atlantic States have been more extensively cultivated, and these, being so conveniently situated for foreign trade, beside possessing remarkable fertility of soil, and the further advantage of being intersected by several considerable streams, have sud denly begun to yield at least two-thirds of the entire export produce. The Cauca river, which runs through this region, is itself navigable for light-draught steamers as far navigable for light-oraught steamers as lar as Cali, a place about 75 miles northeast of Buenaventura, the Pacific scaport. The Cauca vailey is best described as a level upland, 5,300 teet above the sea, a

series of uncultivated meadow lands overgrown with tall, rank grasses. Though especially adapted to cattle raising, the land produces cotton, coffee, corn, cocon, rice, tobacco, sugar cane, potatoes, and most fruits of the tropic and temperate zones, the banana, especially, growing wild in greatest bandance. The population of this valley is reckoned at about 435,000, and its average temperature is 77° Fahrenheit. Another magnificent river is the Atrato, whose valley presents a similar aspect to that of the upper Magdalena.

RAILROADS TO BOGOTA. Bogota de Santa Fe, the capital of Co-

londing, is only 70 miles from Honda, but the journey thereto being straight over the main cordillers of the Andes, is very tedious and difficult, and can only be accomplished on horse or muleback. From time to time during the last quarter of a century, American companies have at-tempted the construction of a railroad be-



sion for the construction of another line leading into the Cauca valley, where are

supposed to exist the richest gold mines in all the world, the same from whence came those hundreds of millions that were sent to

Spain in the days of the viceroys.

A stage line has recently been established between Honda and Agriabarga, thus shortening the saddle journey by 30 miles; but it is a mooted question which is hardest—to be

land of the sky," for an unpicturesque, bar ley-bordered highway. FINISHED IN A COACH. A Stop by the Way. Having learned that, by telegraphing to charge of the work have again and again been compelled to abandon it, because of frequent revolutions and the impossibility of securing laborers. The natives were not to go, and lie in bed nursing our bruises during the following 24 hours. track have actually been laid; but those in afford to pay wages enough to induce im-migration. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the enterprise has not been It was by no meany a brilliant party that was finally packed into the clumsy vehicle yelept a diligencia, and was bumped over abandoned, and having received sub-stantial encouragement from the Cothe bolders, big and little (every jolt being martyrdom), that strew the road to Colomdombian Government in the shape bia's capital land grants, and a "concession," i will doubtless be finished some time. Mean Just at sunset we passed the swampy flats while, on its own account, the Government has projected a railway from Bogota to Honda, and has also given a liberal conces-

that environ Santa Fe de Bogota, black with wild duck this time of year; when by sharp turn in the road, we suddenly beheld the Cathedral towers, housetops, and tall eucalyptus trees of the old city, all gilded in the evening light. The vesper bells were ringing as we clattered into town; but the two overshadowing hills, whose summits are crowned by churches, each a kind of Calrary, up which penitentes go on their knees during noly week, looked gloomy and for-bidding, with black clouds hanging above them, as if bearing a frown for the weary FANNIE B. WARD.

STORIES OF GRANT.

springless coach like a dice in a box or to go sailing over them on the deck of a mule. In either case the trip necessitates four of the longest and hardest days that are likely to fall to the lot of an ordinary human being in the course of his life. Ex-Postmaster General Creswell on His Cabinet Relations. Because of the certainty of obtaining good mules for the through trip at Honda, and the uncertainty of all things at Agriabarga, we decided, whether wisely or not remains to be seen, to go the entire distance in the saddle. The ladies of our party secured riding habits of dust colored almost buck-skill

AN OCEAN LINE LOST TO AMERICA

Roscoe Conkling's Nominating Speech at the Chicago Convention.

VERSE THAT AROUSED THE NATION

saddle. The ladies of our party secured rid-ing habits of dust-colored alpaca, buck-skin gloves reaching nearly to the elbow, and wide-brimmed hats of Panama grass, tied tightly under the chin a la "poke."

Right here permit me to whisper a secret to ladies only. When making saddle jour-neys in any of these mountain regions, it is well to be guided in the matter of dress by the advice of the natives who transling at IMBITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 I met ex-Postmaster General Creswell in well to be guided in the matter of dress by the advice of the natives, who, traveling al-ways in this fashion, certainly ought to know what they are talking about. A lady, "to the manner born," never burdens her-self with too much riding skirt, but makes it scant as possible, and only about four inches longer than an ordinary walking dress, and she dons a pair of very wide, full trousers of the same material as her habit the National Metropolitan Bank in Washington yesterday. He is one of the finest looking men in the Capital City. Tall, broad-shouldered and white-whiskered, his clear blue eyes look out from under a broad, high forehead and his tread is as firm and his step as active as it was when he was member of the United States Senate in 1865. The last time I saw him was at Mount Mc-Gregor, where he had gone to attend Grant's funeral. He was an intimate friend of Grant and he was one of the General's most ardent admirers. After a few moments our conversation turned upon Grant and he

plete arch of papaws, mangoes and figtrees, whose interlacing branches obscured the sky, and rendered yet darker the silent hour "Grant was the greatest General I have ever known and of all the great men of my acquaintance I consider him the greatest. He was great as a statesman when you judge him by the soldier-statesman standard and some of his acts and sayings as President are quoted to-day. He was a great writer and there are few works that will compare in simplicity and beauty with his memoirs. His state papers were equally well written and he wrote all his messages with his own hand, excepting those parts which he got from his Cabinet officers. In preparing the paragraphs relating to the Postoffice and other departments he would give directions to his Cabinet to condense their reports and would insert such condense. sation in his messages." chandise of various sorts. The principal towns of Colombia, scattered along the fertile valleys lying between the spurs of the Andes, are distant from the Magdalena from 60 to 100 miles; and to them all goods

ADVISING WITH HIS CABINET. "Did he advise much with his Cabinet?

"Yes. He had his own opinion and his own policy, but he advised with his Cabinet on all matters relating to the various departments over which they were placed. I was at the head of the Postoffice Department and I found him always ready to change his views whenever sufficient reasons could be given him for a change. He was quick to take advantage of the moment and desided take advantage of the moment and decided upon matters usually as they came before "I peaking of his readiness in writing his

such heavy objects as agricultural imple-ments, mining machinery, fire engines, wagons, or indeed anything else weighing messages and his quickness of decision, a remarkable instance occurred at the time of Wet we are told that in Bogota every well-to-do family has its piano, which had to be brought piecemeal over the Sierras at the the opening of the Franco-Prussian war. It was the last night of the congressional seswas the last hight of the congressional ses-sion, and President Grant, with his Cabinet, was at the Capitol signing bills when the news came. Now, the great German steam-ship line feared that its ships would be capcost of \$1,000 per piano for its transportation alone! They have street ears, too, in Colom-bia's capital, which were also toted in sec-tions over the mountains, as were the rails and ties, on the backs of mules and human tured by the French and that it would not be able to carry on its voyages from Ger-many to America. Its owners made a prop-osition to change the line to an American Soon the road grew rough and stony, like the bed of a rocky river, winding over hills line, to have it carry the American flag and to take our mails from America to the Coutinent. Under the American flag it would be safe from seizure by France, and it would give us one of the greatest steamship lines

pathway that our little bessts, ambling one behind another, can hardly find a footing. Heaven bless the donkey, said I. Whatever his faults, he is sure-footed and faithful, and AN ACCEPTANCE RECOMMENDED. perilous paths where a horse would refuse to go.

GOING HIGHER AND HIGHER.

As we ascended, ever higher and higher, the air grew cooler, and at 4,000 feet above Honda the temperature was delightful.

AN ACCEPTANCE RECOMMENDED.

"This offer from the line came to President Grant at the Capitol. The subject was proposed to his Cabinet, and, turning to me, he asked what I thought of the proposition from a postal standpoint. I told him, and he sked me to put my views in writing. He has borne many a traveler in safety over Winding around the steep sides of the him to write out his views on the subject from a diplomatic standpoint. We both did so, and we both favored the taking of the sierras, we caught glimpses of a most won-derful panorama in the Magdalena Valley, which, far below, looked like a gigantic line. General Grant took the two state ments and rapidly wrote an introduction closing cultivated fields, the pale yellowand a conclusion to them. He then sent this into the Senate as a message. In it he sish-green of sugar-cane patches interspersed with the dark, glossy foliage of coffee groves, and palm-thatched huts for peons, all environed by distant heights whose tops advised the taking of the line, and had Congress acted upon his advice the American flag to-day would float over some of the finest ships of the world, and the interests of were lost in the clouds. The highest point hereabouts is known as Alto Del Raizal, American trade would have been furthered marked by a little white house set against a gigantic heap of red-gray sandstone. The

"Do you still think, General, that the United States would have been benefited by the re-election of President Grant?" "I do. General Grant was a man of stendy growth. He was a careful observer and the effect of his toreign tour and his intercourse with the great statesmen of the world and his knowledge gained from his observation of the governments of other countries would have made him an invaluable President. hill, a regular toboggan slide, 4,000 feet long, into the green and lovely valley of Villeta. To this day I am not able to de-cide which is most to be dreaded, going up the face of a hill, fly fashion, in momentary peril of slipping over the donkey's tail; or Had he been nominated he would surely have been elected and he would have done more to bring the South and North together than any other man could possibly have done. This was his great desire in his thinkgoing downward, at an augle of 50 degrees,

ing of a possible re-election." CONKLING'S CONVENTION SPEECH. I here referred to the Chicago Convention which nominated Garfield and to the wonderful perseverance of the noted 306, of whom Postmaster General Creswell was one. Referring to the speech Conkling made on this occasion, Postmaster General Creswell said: "Roscoe Conkling was a great n.an, but he lacked the adaptability of a politician. That speech at Chicago was a great one, but it had lines in it here and there that offended the Sherman and Blaine men where it should have conciliated them. It was, however, Conkling, and Conkling was not a diplomat. I believe that he might have been President had it not been for his proud nature, which would not permit him to bend. He had the chance in Cincinnati when Hayes was nom-nated, but he did not take it. Referring to his Chicago speech, you remember opening. After the great assembly had come quiet, in clear tones he recited that by storm, and following which there was an applause lasting for nearly a quarter of an

hour. He said: You ask me whence my candidate, The answer, it shall be; He comes from Appomatox And its famous apple tree IT AROUSED THE COUNTRY.

was reached, one of the highest accessible "How they did cheer and how the Sher-man men and the Blaine men hissed. The words went around the country by telesolemnly assured us, was "the very end of up hill." A cart road, from Bogots, comes graph, and created a responsive thrill in every Grant-loving heart. It was one of the great introductions to great historic speeches, and I have never seen its original published. Conkling got this verse from d to exchange the wild paths of "the Tom Murphy some months before the con-vention. He and Murphy were out riding and Murphy told him he would like to read him over a poem or two which he had written. This verse was in one of the poems, and Conkling as he heard it said it was a good thing, and stored it away in his brain for future use. Like all great speakers he was continually studying for the future, and I doubt whether he prepared a better sentence in advance for an FRANK G. CARPENTER.

> BYMNS AT WEDDINGS. merica is Threatened With a Melancholy English Custom.

Boston Herald. That very English custom of singing hymns at weddings has crossed the ocean at last. Brides in London wouldn't consider their matrimonial chains properly riveted unless the parish choir sung: "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," as they march up the aisle. Now, if the voice is to be introduced at our church weddings, it be hooves musical directors with fashionable associations to get up their quartet choirs in suitable wedding hymns, and substitute them for this hackneyed selection. It is English, but—that is all.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," Etc., AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

[Continued From Last Sunday.]

CHAPTER XV. BARUCH SEES THE HEALED MAIDEN.

In the village of Bethany gossip was The extraordinary rumor of the healing

of Ariella had scarcely been set in motion before it was overtaken by another of startling character. Upon the day following the wonder, the neighbors flocked to the house of Malachi,

and demanded to see the proof of the case. But the maiden remained invisible. The house was inhospitably closed. No visitor was allowed entrance. No excuses were offered. Silent and sullenly, the locked door replied to all advances. The people grew restless at this treatment and became lamorous, raising a cry without:

"Malachi hindereth the maiden! He denieth the deed, and refuseth the proofs thereof, Shame on him! Shame on the

Malachi, who loved to stand well with his neighbors, and at all events, if he did not, objected to being told of it, presented him-self promptly at this turn of affairs. He the Nazarene emphasized by so merciful and

the public tremor over his invalid neighbor; and Mary, his sister, was always a home-keeping, quiet woman. Martha made several efforts to approach the facts in the mysterious ease; but, being adroitly baffled by Malachi, soon abandoned the subject, for the more satisfactory interests of preparing sweetments of dates and figs for the winter supply of her family. Rachel and Baruch, alone, of the neighbors of Ariella, persisted in their attempts to obtain a personal inter-

n their attempts to obtain a personal interview with her. But these were as persist-Baruch was in a state of pitiful agitation.

As days swelled into days, and Ariella re-mained invisible, his misery became so acute that his mother's sympathy with Ariella wavered in sheer sorrow over her own fiesh and blood; and she added to her son's distress by bewailing the hour in which she had consented to the execution of the miracle within her gates. Baruch's position, take it altogether, was a hard one, and grow-ing worse, when the news reached the blind man that public opinion had taken a decided

Malachi was flatly accused of imprisoning



BARUCH FINDS THE NAZARENE.

scowling man, too evidently on the defensive easy admission.

"Alas, my neighbors, and alas, my friends!" said Malachi; "condole with me for the calamity that has overtaken my house. The damsel, my daughter, whom the pretender has so basely wronged by false hopes and injurious excitement which might even prove fatal to so sick a person, has no miracle to offer you. No healing hath been wrought upon her. As she was she is and remains. Ariella cannot lift her head from her couch. I have reasoned with her to come forth and show herself to her neighbors, and offer proof of the marvel which was reported to the village yesterday. But she ariseth not, She is helpless upon her bed. A condition hath set in, consequent upon the excessive agitation to which she has been subjected, which causes me the deepest anxiety. If she becomes dangerously ill, or if, indeed, her former helplessness increaseth, as I fear me it may do, I promise you this fellow shall be arraigned for sorcery and evil charms."
"How can that be," interrupted a cool voice from the crowd, "when it seems he hath

wrought no wonder upon the maiden?" e speaker was Amos, the proprietor of Gethsemane, a calm man accustomed to veigh his words, and habitually undisturbed in his loyalty to the Nazarene. "At least," replied Malachi in some em-barrassment, "if it be not sorcery, then call

it illegal interference with the sick. I stand not upon the name; it is the deed I do withstand. And the deed wrought upon my daughter is beyond the law, and an ignorant fellow hath exposed her to the consequence thereof. I demand punishment upon him, for the state of the damsel is worse than ever since he did meddle with her case. "Let us converse with the damsel." demanded Amos. "Let some women of the neighborhood be admitted to her."
"If I would deal with Arielia myself," said Rachel, the mother of Baruch.

witness of the healing, and I would be ness of the relapse, if such it be in deed and truth. The honor of my own word is at stake in the matter. I do greatly petition that I may be admitted to the maiden." "That you shall not, then!" eried Malachi with a clench of the fist. "But for you and your accursed son smitten of God at his birth, as plainly he deserved, and she who bore him—my daughter had not been in this case more wretched than in her first

A matter of rebuke arose from the group at this brutal speech. The instinct of the neighbors began to close about Ruchel pro-tectingly; as they did bodily gather in a little group around her, Ruchel was greatly

"At least, Malachi," she besought, "if I may not see the poor girl, permit me to ex-change a word with Hagaar, her mother."

But Malachi replied, sharply, that
Hagaar, his wife, was in close attendance pon the urgent needs of Ariella, and could receive no person. With this he retreated, closing and barring the doors of his house,

Excitement now ran high in the hamlet. Rumors of the event had renched Jerusalem and many sightseers and curious folk came out from the city and swelled the little group of residents interested in the affair. Lazarus, absorbed at that time in the excitement of love and business, took no part in

opened the door and stood without it, a beautiful a cure. This view of the case did not seem to lessen, but rather to in-crease, the unhappiness of Baruch. Between his vision of the old Ariella flung down from the heights of hope to the old, sad, familiar face, and the new Arielia condemned, in the first thrill of recovery, to a brutal, mock assumption of that fate, he had not much to choose. Either was bad enough; either at moments seemed worse than the other. Worst of all was the cruel shock given, by the turn events had taken, to the touching faith of Barneh in the Nazarene. It was impossible to say what was the effect of this shock. His mother observed him with a motherly impatience which vitiated her power to interpret his condition. The blind man, always possessed of the reti-cence of his infirmity, sunk into a systematle silence and inner solitude, in which a sensitive nature may easily perish. He frequented the environs of the house of Mala-chi patiently; but for admittance he had ceased to hope or ask. Ariella remained invisible; nor did any reliable report of ner condition reach the villagers, among whom curiosity and indignation were increasing

one afternoon Baruch, being led by the One afternoon Baruch, being led by the lad with whom he was accustomed to go forth, disappeared altogether from Bethany. He did not return at dusk. Night fell and nothing was seen of him. At parting from his mother he had bade her feel no concern at his absence, nor expect him till she should see him. Rachel therefore awaited him with no more than the inevitable un-easiness of a woman in such a position. Baruch occasionally took these notions and demanded his freedom, like a man with eyes. The woman, like the rest of her kind,

Midnight came. But Rachel sat alone!
Morning followed—noon—dusk again; but
Baruch did not return. A second night's
absence succeeded to the first. The third
evening set in. Rachel was now thoroughly uncomfortable; her poor boy had sent her no sign or message. So long an absence he had never made from home in a fashion so unprotected. It occurred to Rachel to seek the advice of the Nazarene, for it was said by the common people that he was never too weary or too busy or too indifferent to give counsel to any person who did need and ask it; but she learned that he was absent from Jerusalem; some said this way, some that; he was in Tiberias, Capernaum, Jerieho, this place or the other, no one knew, and everyone knew where; but he was not to be

Meanwhile the situation at the house of Malachi remained unaltered. Crowds gathered daily before the doors, and cries and eers arose from the people whenever the big figure of the Pharisee appeared in sight. Malachi had lost so much sleep by dint of noisy demands that he come forth and account for the condition of his daughter, that he became at length overcome with drowsiness and ill temper, and abandoning all at-tempts to treat for decency's sake with the crowds, barred his doors and threw himself apon a rug before it to rest. The women of his household remained elosely con

whether by choice or of necessity, who could Upon the day following that upon which Baruch disappeared from Bethany, a stout but tired ass, ridden by a man and a boy, might have been seen in the outskirts of might have been seen in the outskirts of Tiberias, stopping to rest. The animal was