marry her. But I am in the way, and mean to st y there. Well, it is time to dress for dinner. I only hope that old clown of a ciergyman won't do something ridiculous. I shall have to apologize for him."

o'clock and the room was filled with bighly red people, all more or less distinguished. Mr. Granger had duly appeared, arrayed in his threadbare black coat, relieved, how-ever, by a pair of Geoffrey's dress shoes. As might have been expected, the great folk did not seem surprised at his presence or to take you see, sir, and, what's more, he's got the On the contrary they recognized vaguely that the old gentleman was somewhat out of the common run, and as such worth cultiwating. Indeed, the Prime Minister, hear
see a forget all about em. I m to years old would be for her, and indeed for all of us, it should please God to send a chance like that in her way; she would be rich for life, they common run, and as such worth cultiher, sir; she'd thank you kindly five years after. You'd do her a good turn, sir, you never knows; he might take a fancy to her. ing casually that he was a ciergyman walles, asked to be introduced to him, and at once fell into conversation about tithes, a subject of which Mr. Granger was thorough-

Presently they went down to dinner, Mr. Granger escorting the wife of the Bishop, a fat and somewhat apoplectic lady, blessed with an excellent appetite. On his other side was the Prime Minister and between the two he got on very well, especially after a few glasses of wine. Indeed, both the pplectic wife of the Bishop and the head of Her Majesty's Government were subsequently heard to declare that Mr. Granger was a very entertaining person. To the former he related with much detail how his daughter had saved their host's life, and to the latter he discoursed upon the subject of tithes, lavoring him with his ideas of what legislation was necessary to meet the ques tion. Somewhat to his own surprise he found that his views were received with at tention and even with respect. In the main, too, they received the support of the Bishop, who likewise telt keenly on the subject of tithes. Never before had Mr. Granger had such a good dinner nor mingled with com-pany so distinguished. He remembered both till his dying day.

Next morning Geoffrey and Mr. Granger started before Lady Honoria was up. Into the details of their long journey to Wales (in a crowded third-class carriage) we need not enter. Geoffrey had plenty to think of, but his fears had vanished, as fears sometimes do when we draw near to the object gate. of them, and had been replaced by a curious expectancy. He saw now, or thought he saw, that he had been making a mountain out of a molehill. Probably it meant nothing at all. There was no real danger. Beatrice liked him, no doubt; possibly she had even experienced a fit of tenderness toward him. Such things come and such things go. Time is a wonderful healer of moral distempers, and few young ladies endure the chains of an undesirable attachment for a period of seven whole months. It made him almost blush to think that this might be so, and that the gratuitous extension of his misfortune to Beatrice might be nothing more than the working of his own unconscious vanity-s vanity which, did she know of it, would move her to angry

laughter. He remembered how once, when he was quite a young fellow, he had been somethat smitten with a certain lady, who certainly, if he might judge from her words and acts, reciprocated the sentiment. And he remembered also how, when he met that ady some months afterward, she had treated him with a cold indifference, indeed, almost with an insolence, that quite bewildered him, making him wonder how the same person could show in such different lights, till at length, fairly mortified and ashamed at his mistake, he had gone away in a rage and seen her face no more. Of course he had set it down to female infidelity. He had served her turn, she had made a fool of him, and that was all she wanted. Now he might enjoy his humiliation. It did not occur to to borrow an energetic American termthat it migh be simple "cussedness," or that she had not really changed, but was angry with him for some reason which she did not choose to show. It is difficult to weigh the motives of women in the scales of male experience, and many other men beside Geoffrey have been forced to give up the atwinter," and Geoffrey shivered as he thought tempt and console themselves with the reflection that the inexplicable is generally

not worth understanding.
Yes, probably it would be the same case over again. And yet, and yet-was Beatrice of that class? Had she not too much of a man's straightforwardness of aim to permit her to play such tricks? In the bottom of his soul he thought that she had, but he would not admit it to himself. The fact of the matter was that, half unknowingly, he was trying to drug his conscience. He knew in his longing to see her dear face once more that he had undertaken a dangerous thing. He was about to walk with her over an abyss on a bridge which might bear them, or-might break. So long as he walked there alone it would be well, but would it bear them both? Alas for the frailty of human nature, this was the truth; but he would not and did not acknowledge He was not going to make love to Reatrice, he was going to enjoy the pleasure of her society. In friendship there could be no harm.

At length Mr. Granger and his guest reached Bryngelly; there was nobody to meet them, for nobody knew that they were coming, so they walked up to the vicarage. It was strange to Geoffrey once more to pass by the little church through those wellmembered, wind torn pines, and see that low, long house. It seemed wonderful that all should still be just as it was, that there should be no change at all, when he himsel had seen so much. There was Beatrice's home; where was Bestrice?

He passed into the house like a man in a dream. In another moment he was in the long parlor where he had spent so many happy hours, and Elizabeth was greeting He shook hands with her, and as he did so, noticed vaguely that she too was utterly unchanged. Her straw-colored hair was pushed back from the temples in the same way, the mouth wore the same hard smile, her light eyes shone with the same cold look; she even wore the same brown But she appeared to be very pleased to see him, as indeed she was, for the game looked well for Elizabeth. Her father kissed her hurriedly, and bustled from the room to lock up his borrowed cash, leaving them together

Somehow Geoffrey's conversational powers failed him. Where was Beatrice? She ought to be back from school. It was holi-day time indeed. Could she be away? He made an effort, and remarked absently that things seemed very unchanged at Bryn-

gelly, "You are looking for Beatrice," said Elizabeth, answering his thought and not his words. "She has gone out walking, but I think that she will be back soon. Ex-

cuse me, but I must go and see about your Geoffrey hung about a little, then he lit his pipe and strolled down to the beach, with a vague unexpressed idea of meeting

Bestrice. He did not meet Bestrice, but met old Edward, who knew him at once. He did not meet Beatrice, but he "Lord, sir," he said, "it's queer to see you here again, specially when I thinks as how I saw you first, and you a dead 'un to all purposes, with your mouth open, and Miss Bestrice a-hanging on to your hair fit to pull your scalp off. You never was neaver

old Davy than you was that night, sir, nor won't be. And now you've been spared to become a Parliament man, I hears, and much good may you do there—it will take you all your time, sir—and I think, sir, that I should like to drink your health." Geoffrey put his hand in his pocket and

gave the old man a sovereign. He could "Does Miss Beatrice go out canoeing now?" he asked, while Edward still mum-bled his astonished thanks.

"At times, sir-thanking you kindly; it ain't many suvrings as comes my way-though I hate the sight on it, I do. I'd like to slave a hole in the bottom of that there cranky concern; it ain't safe, and that's the There'll be another accent out of one of these fine days, and no coming to next time. But, Lord bless you, it's her way of pleasuring herself. She's a queer 'un is Miss Beatrice, and she gets queeter and queerer, what with their being so tight serewed up at the vicarage, no tithes and that, and one thing and another. Not but what I'm thinking, sir," he added in a portentous whisper, "as the squire has got sum-

that if I were out of the way he would mit to do with it. He's a courting of her. he is; he's as hard after her as a dogfish after a stray herring, and why she can't just say yes and marry him I'm sure I don't

"Perhaps she doesn't like him," said Dinner time had come; it was a 8:15 Geoffrey, coldly.

'clock and the room was filled with highly "May be, sir; may be. Maids all have their fancies in whatsoever walk of life it has pleased God to stick 'em; but it's a wonwould, and not a bad 'un, as the saying goes, and give it the lie-no, beg your pardon, that is the other way round-she's bound to do you the had turn, having saved your life, though I don't see how she could do that un-less, begging your pardon, she made you fall in love with her, being married, which, though strange, wouldn't be wunnerful, seeing what she is and seeing how I has been in love with her myself since she was 7,

old missus and all, who died eight years gone and well rid of the rheumatics. Beatrice was one of the few subjects that could unlock old Edward's breast, and Geoffrey retired before his confusing but sug-gestive eloquence. Hurriedly bidding the old man good night, he returned to house, and leaning on the gate watched the twilight dying on the bosom of the west. Suddenly, a bunch of wild roses in her girdle, Beatrice emerged from the gathering

CHAPTER XXI.

gloom and stood before him face to face.

THE THIRD APPEAL. Face to face they stood, while at the vision of her sweetness his heart grew still. Face to face, and the faint light fell upon her tender loveliness and died in her deep eyes, and the faint breeze fragrant with the breath of pines gently stirred her hair. Oh, it was of pines gently stirred her hair. Oh, it was worth living to see her thus!

"I beg your pardon," she said in a puz zled tone," stepping forward to pass the "Beatrice !"

She gave a little cry, and clutched the railing, else she would have fallen. One moment she stayed so, looking up toward his face that was hid in the deepening -looking with wild eyes of hope and fear and love.
"Is it you," she said at length, "or another dream?"

"It is I, Beatrice," he answered, amased. She recovered herself with an effort. "Then why did you frighten me so?" she asked. "It was unkind—oh, I did not mean to say anything cross. What did I say? I forget. I am so glad that you have come!" and she put her hand to her forehead and

ected—" and she stopped suddenly.
"It is very odd," he said; "I thought you knew that your father was going to ask me down. I returned from London with him." "From London," she murmured. "I did not know; Elizabeth did not tell me

anything about it. I suppose that she for-"Here I am at any rate, and how are you?"
"Oh, well now, quite well. There, I am all right again. It is very wrong to frighten people in that way, Mr. Bingham," she added in her usual voice. "Let me pass through the gate and I will shake hands with you—if," she added in a tone of gentle

mockery, "one may shake hands with so great a man. But I told you how it would be, did I not, just before we were drowned together, you know? How is Effic?"

"Oh, thank you, I have nothing to complain of. I am strong and well. How long lo vou stav here?" "Not long. Perhaps till Tuesday morn-

ing, perhaps till Monday."

Beatrice sighed. Happiness is short. She had not brought him here, she would not have lifted a finger to bring him here, but since he had come she wished that he was going to stay longer.
"It is supper time," she said; "let us go

At length supper was done, and Elizabeth retired to her room. Presently, too, Mr. Granger was called out to christen a sick baby, and went grumbling, and they were left alone. They sat in the window-place

and looked out at the quiet night.
"Tell me about yourself," said Beatrice.
So he told her. He narrated all the steps
by which he had reached his present position and showed her how from it he rise to the topmost heights of all. She did not look at him and did not answer him, but once when he paused, thinking that he had talked enough about himself, she said, "Go on; tell me some more."

At last he had told her all.

"Yes," she said, "you have the power and the opportunity, and you will one day be among the foremost men of your genera-

"I doubt it," he said with a sigh. "I am not ambitious. I only work for the sake of the work, not for what it will bring. One day I daresay that I shall weary of it all and leave it. But while I do work, I like to be among the first in my degree."
"Oh, no," she answered, "you must not

give it up; you must go on and on. Promise me," she continued, looking at him for the first time- "promise me that while you have health and strength you will persevere till you stand alone and quite pre-eminent. Then you can give it up.' "Why should I promise you this, Bes-

"Because I ask it of you. Once I saved your life, Mr. Bingham, and it gives me some little right to direct its course. I wish that the man whom I saved to the world should be among the first men in the world, not in wealth, which is an accident, but in

intellect and force. Promise me this and I "I promise you," he said, "I promise that I will try to rise because you ask it, not be-cause the prospect attracts me;" but as he spoke his heart was wrung. It was bitter to hear her speak thus of a future in which she would have no share, which, as her words implied, would be a thing utterly apart from her, as much apart as though she

"Yes," he said again, "you gave me my life, and it makes me very unhappy to think that I can give you nothing in return. Oh, Beatrice! I will tell you what I have never told to anyone. I am lonely and wretched. With the exception of yourself, I do not think that there is anybody who really cares for-I mean who really sympathizes with me in the world. I dare say that it is my own fault, and it sounds a humiliating thing to say, and, in a fashion, a selfish thing. I never should have said it to any living soul but you. What is the use or being great when there is nobody to work for? Things might have been differ-

ent, but the world is a hard place. If you-was accidental, but in the tenderness of his heart he yielded to the temptation and took it. Then there was a moment's pause, and very gently she drew her hand away and

thrust it in her bosom.

"You have your wife to share your fortune," she said, "you have Effic to inherit it, and you can leave your name to your

Then came a heavy pause.
"And you," he said, breaking it, "what future is there for you?" She laughed softly. "Women have no future and they ask none. At least I do not now, though once I did. It is enough for them if they can ever so little help the lives of others. That is their happiness, and their reward is-rest." Just then Mr. Granger came back from

his christening and Beatrice rose and went to bed. "Looks a little pale, doesn't she, Mr.

Bingham?" said her father. "I think she must be troubled in her mind. The fact iswell, there is no reason why I should not well, there is no reason why I should not tell you; she thinks so much of you, and you might say a word to brighten her up— well, it's about Mr. Davies. I fancy, you know, that she likes him and is vexed because he does not come forward. Well, you see—of course I may be mistaken, but I have sometimes thought that he may. I have seen him look as if he was thinking of any particular notice of his attire, the fact being that such people never are surprised. A Zulu chief in full war dress would only scite a friendly interest in their breasts. On the contrary they recognized vaguely that the old gentleman was somewhat out of he common run, and as such man as s

> At any rate, Mr. Bingham, I think you could cheer her up a little; there is no need for her to give up hope yet."
>
> Geoffrey burst into a short grim laugh. The idea of Beatrice lauguishi Davies, indeed, the irony or the whole posi-tion, was too much for his sense of

"Yes," he said, "I daresay that it might be a good match for her, but I do not know how she would get on with Mr. Davies." "Get on! why, well enough, of course. Women are soft, and can squeeze into most holes, especially if they are well lined. Be-sides, he may be a bit heavy, but I think she is pining for him, and it's a pity that she should waste her life like that. What, are you going to bed? Well, good night-good

Geoffrey did go to bed, but not to sleep. For a long while he lay awake, thinking. The morrow was Whit Sunday, and a day that Geoffrey had occasion to remember for

the rest of his life.

Not knowing where to go, he strolled down to the beach, on which there was nobody to be seen, for, as has been observed, Bryngelly slept on Sundays. Presently, and swinging his arm. Geoffrey stepped aside to let him pass, and as he did so was surprised and even shocked to see the change in the man. His plump, healthy-looking face had grown thin, and wore a half sullen, half pitiful expression; there were dark circles round his blue eyes, once so placid, and his hair would have been the better for cutting. Geoffrey wondered if he had had an illness. At that moment Owen chanced to look round and saw him.

"How do you do, Mr. Bingham?" he said. "I heard that you were here. They told me at the station last night. You see this is a small place and one likes to know who comes and goes," he added as though in excuse. He walked on and Geoffrey walked with

"You do not look well, Mr. Davies," he and she put her hand to her forehead and looked at him again, as one might gaze at a ghost from the grave.

"Did you not expect me?" Geoffrey asked.

"Expect you? no. No more than I expect and she at a point of the certainly did look strange. "Perhaps you live too much alone and it depresses

"Yes, I live alone because I can't help myself. What is a man to do, Mr. Bing-ham, when the woman he loves will not marry him, won't look at him, treats him like dirt?"

"Marry somebody else," suggested "Oh, it is easy for you to say that-you have never loved anybody, and you don't understand. I cannot marry anybody else

I only want her."
"Her? Who?" "Who! why, Beatrice-who else could a man want to marry if once he had seen her? But she will not have me; she hates me."

"Really," said Geoffrey.
"Yes, really, and do you know why? Shall I tell you why? I will tell you," and he grasped him by the arm and whispered

must be off your head. "Don't be angry with me," he answered.
"It is true. I have watched her and I know that it is true. Why does she write to you every week, why does she always start and listen when snybody mentions your name? Oh, Mr. Bingham," Owen went on piteously, "be pitiful—you have your wife and lots of women to make love to if you wish—leave me Beatrice. If you don't, I think that I shall go crazed. I have always loved her, ever since she was a child, and now my love grows faster and stronger every day, and carries me away with it like a rock rolling down a hill. You can only bring Beatrice to shame, but I can give her everything, as much money as she wants, everything that she wants, and I will make her a good hus-

band; I will never leave her side. "I have no doubt that would be delightful to her," answered Geoffrey; "but does it not strike you that all this is just a little un-dignified? These remarks, interesting as interesting as they are, should be made to Miss Granger,

not to me, Mr. Davies."
"I know," he said, "but I don't care; it is my only chance, and what do I mind about being undignified? Oh, Mr. Bingham, I have never loved any other woman. I have been lonely all my days. Do not stand in my path now. If you only knew what I have suffered, how I have prayed God night after night to give me Beatrice, you would help me. Say that you will help me. You are one of those men who can do anything; she will listen to you. If you tell her to marry me she will do so, and I shall bless you my

Geoffrey looked upon this abject applicant with the most unmitigated scorn. There is always something contemptible in the sight of one man pleading to another for assistance in his love affairs—that is a business which he should do for himself. How much greater, then, is the humiliation involved when the amorous person asks the aid of one whom he believes to be his rival -his successful rival-in the lady's affer

"Do you know, Mr. Davies," Geoffrey said, "I think that I have had enough of this. I am not in a position to force Miss Granger to secept advances which, accordyour account, appear to be unwel-But if I get an opportunity I will do come. But if I get an opportunity I will do this: I will tell her what you say. You really must manage the rest for yourself. Good morning to you, Mr. Davies." He turned sharply and went while Owen

watched him go.
"I don't believe him," he grouned to himself. "He will try to make her his lover.
Oh, God help me—I cannot bear to think of
it. But if he does, and I find him out, let
him be careful. I will ruin him; yes, I will
ruin him! I have the money and I can do
it. Ah, he thinks me a fool; they all think
me a fool; but I haven't been quiet all think me a fool; but I haven't been quiet all these years for nothing. I can make a noise if necessary. And if he is a villain, God will help me to destroy him. I have prayed to God, and God will help me."

Then he went back to the eastle. Owen Davies was a type of the class of religious men who believe that they can culist the Almighty on the side of their desires, provided only that those desires receive the sanction of human law or custom. Thus within 24 hours Geoffrey received no less than three appeals to help the woman

whom he loved to the arms of a distasteful almost superstitious about the matter. (To be continued next Sunday.) How This Would Help Us Out.

Girls are not always what they seem,
Of this there is no doubt;
To be like men is their one dream,
They buy neckties and drive a team;
If they would only buy the cream—
How this would help us out. They cut off short their pretty hair, laugh like men and shout; They draw three aces to a pair, Play ball and travel everywhere. If they would only pay the fare— How this would keep us out.

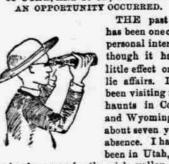
They're getting so they wear our clothes
And put us men to rout;
On platforms how they love to pose,
And when they speak, you bet it goes,
If we could get them to propose—
How this would help us out.
—Tom Masson in Clothier and Furnisher

JAUNTS IN THE WEST Bill Nye Visits the Scenes of His Journalistic Childhood.

One Man Got Rich Because He Couldn't Trade His Land for a Ticket.

LIVING ON THE PACIFIC BAILWAYS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) AT SALT LAKE, IN THE TERRITORY OF UTAH, AND SO ON, WHENEVER



THE past week has been one of great personal interest, although it has had little effect on publie affairs. I have been visiting my old haunts in Colorado and Wyoming, after about seven years of absence. I have also been in Utah, where

spring has come in the rich valley of the Jordan and the glossy blackbird, with wing of flame, scoots gayly from bough to bough, deftly declaring his affections right and left and acquiring more wives than he can support, then clearing his record by claiming to have had a revelation which made it al right.

One cannot shut his eyes to the fact that there is a great real estate activity this spring in the West. It has taken the place of mining and stock, I judge, and everywhere you hear and see men with their heads together, plotting against the poor



rich man. Yesterday in Salt Lake I saw the sign, "Drugs and Real Estate."

I presume it meant medicine and a small residence lot in the cemetery.
In early days in Denver, Henry C. Brown then in the full flush and vigor of manhood, had some talk with the agent of the Atchi-son stage line for a ticket back to Atchison, as he was heart-broken and homesick. He had a quarter section of land, with a heavy growth of prairie dogs on it, and he had almost persuaded the agent to swap him a stage ticket for this sage brush conservatory, when he gently backed out of the trade. Mr. Brown then sat him down on the sidewalk and cried bitterly.

I just tell this to show how easily some

men weep. Atchison is at present so dead that a good cowboy, with an able mule, could tie to its tail and, putting his spurs to the mule, jerk loose the entire pelt at any time, while Brown's addition to Denver is worth anywhere from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000. When Mr. Brown weens now it is because his victuals are too rich and give him the gout. He sold prairie dogs enough to fence the land in so that it could not blow into Cherry Creek vale, and then he set to work earnestly to wait for the property to advance. Finding that he could not sell the property at any price, he, with great fore-sight, concluded to retain it. Some men, with no special ability in other directions, have the greatest genius for doing such things, while others, with greater genius in other ways, do not make money in this way. A report got around some time ago that I had made a misguess on some property. This is partly true, only it was my wife who speculated. She had never speculated much before, though she had tried other open air amusements. So she swapped a cottage and lots in Hudson, Wis., for city lots in Minneapolis, employing a man named Flinton Pansley to do the trading, look into the title and do the square thing for her. He was a real good man, with heavenly aspirations and a real sorrow in his beart for the prevalence of sin. Still his sorrow did not break in on his business. Well, the business was done by correspondence and Mr. Pansley only charged a reasonable amount, she giving him her new carriage to remunerate him for his brain fag. What the other man paid him for disposing of the lots I do not know. I was away at the time, and having no insect powder with which to take his

life, I spared him to his Bible class.
I did send a man over the lots, however, when I returned. They were not really in



An Interview With Patti not near enough to worry anybody by the not hear enough to worry anybody by the tumult of the town. In fact they were in another county. You may think I am lying about this, but the lots are there, if you have any curiosity to see them. They were not where they were represented to be, and the machine shops and gas works and court house were quite a long distance

You could cut some hay on these lots, but not enough to pay the interest on the mortspring and rear their young, but people never go there, Two years ago Senator Washburn killed a bear on one of these lots, but that is all they have ever produced. except a slight coldness on our part toward Mr. Pansley. He says he likes the carriage real well, and anything he can do for us in the future in dickering for city property will be done with an alacrity that would almost make one's head swim. I must add others can hardly get any amusement out of. What I wonder at is that he did not ask for the team when he got the carriage.

Possibly he did not like the team.

I just learned recently that Pansley and the Benders used to be very thick in an early day, but after a while the Benders said they guessed they would have to be excused. Even the Benders had to draw the line But now I am buying in Salt Lake. Not

box office receipts for one evening. I see it stated in the papers at \$10,000. Anyway I will let that go. That is near enough. When I see anything in the papers I ask no more questions. I do not think it is right. Patti and I have both made it a rule this winter to put in at least one evening as an investment where we happen to be. We are almost sure to do well out of it, and we also get better SPECULATING IN REAL ESTATE.

notices in the paper.

Patti is not looking so well this season as she did when my father took me to see her in the prime of her life. Though getting quite plain, it costs as much to see her as it ever did. Her voice has a metallic, or rather bi-metallic, ring to it nowadays, and she misses it by not working in more topical songs and bright Italian gags.

I asked her about an old singer who used



te ocean, where he keepa ze lighthouse. He learn to himself how to manage ze lighthouse one seasong; then he try by himself

o star. Now, if she would do some of those things Now, it she would do some of those things on the stage, it would pay her first rate.

Last week I visited Wyoming a good deal and met many old friends, all of whom shook me warmly by the hand as soon as they saw me. I visited the Capitol, and both houses adjourned for an hour out of respect to my memory. I will never say anything mean of a member of the Legislature again. A speech of welcome was made by the gentleman from Crook county, Mr. Kellogg, the Demosthenes of the coming State. He made statements about me that day which in the paper read almost as good and truthful as an epitaph.

Going over the hill, at Crow creek, whose perfumed waters kiss the livery stables and abattoirs at Camp Carlin, three slender shattoirs at Camp Carlin, three slender Sarah Bernhardt coyotes came toward the train, looking wistfully at me as who should say: "Why, partner, how you have fleshed up." Answering them from the platform of the car, I said: "Go east, young men, and flesh up with the country." Honestly and seriously, I do think that if the coyote would change off and try the soft shell crab for awhile, he would pick right up.

When I got to Laramie City the welcome was so warm that it almost wiped out the memory of my shabby welcome in New York harbor last summer on my return from Europe, when even my band went back on me and got drunk at Coney Island on the very money I had given them to use in wel-

coming me home again. The Pacific roads have greatly improved in recent years, and though they do not dazzle one with their speed they are much more comfortable to pass a few weeks on than they were when the eating houses, or many of them, were in the hands of people who could not cook very well, but who made a great deal of money. Now you can eat om a good buffet car at your leisure or a first class dining car, or you can stop off and get a good meal, or you can carry a few hens and eat hard boiled eggs all over your

I do not think people on the cars ought to keep hens. It disturbs the other passengers and is anything but agreeable to the hens.
Close confinement is never good for a hen
that is advanced in years, and the cigar
smoke from the rear of the car hurts her
voice, I think.
BILL NYE.

INDIAN HUMOR

He is Quick at Discovering His Adversary's Weak Points. North American Review.)

The Indian has a keen appreciation of humor, and is like a child in his mirthfulness. No orator can see the weak points in his adversary's armor or silence a foolish speaker more quickly. Old Shah-bah-skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior, and the Governor and Legislature of Minnesota, promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the Govern-ernment and never be removed. A few years later, a special agent was sent from Washing ton to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent asked my help. I said: "I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Don't attempt this folly. You will surely come to grief." He called the Indians in council, and said: "My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an bonest man.' He looked to the North, the South, the East and the West. When he saw me he said. 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of 55 years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty." Old Shah-bah-skong sprang to his feet and said: "My friend, look at me! The winds of more than 50 winters have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray; but they have not blown my brains

That council was ended.

CORN KILLERS.

Six Different Recipes That Are Warrante to Kill or Cure. By cutting a notch on a green elder stick for every wart a person may have, rubbing the stick on every wart, and then burying it

in the barnyard until it rots, the warts may, it is said, be cured. One way to get rid of warts is for the person to see a funeral pass unexpectedly, wher-ever it may be, and as it passes rub the warts quickly and repeat the words: "Warts and corpses pass away and never more re-

Warts may be sured by taking a black

snail, rubbing it on all the warts at night, and impaling the snail on a thorn bush, repeating the process nine consecutive nights, by which time both the warts and the snail will be shriveled up.
Select as many pebbles as you have warts, sewing them up in a small bag, take them to where four roads cross and throw the bag over the left shoulder. If, by chance, any

other person should find the bag and open it the warts will appear on his hand. write down the number of them on the band a tramp's hat without the tramp knowing it, he will carry the warts away with himthat is, they gradually disappear from the person's hands and appear on those of the

Green peas may be used to advantage in taking off warts. Let the afflicted person take as many peas as he has warts and touch each wart with a different pea. He that I have the permission to use this in-formation, as the victim seems to think must then wrap each pea in a separate piece there was something kind of amusing about it. Some people think a thing funny which others can hardly get any amusement out — Chicago Herald.

His Only Encore. Colonel Knox's Yarns, 1 "You know DeLancey. He claims to be

born actor. "Oh, he is no good. He never got an en core but once in his life." "Yes?"
"Yes, just once, and that was when he was Bessie Bramble Thinks it Differs Little From Ingersoll's.

TALMAGE'S NEW IDE

REVISION SEEMS TO BE GAINING. Opening the Church Doors to Those Given

to Worldly Pleasures. DISCUSSION SETS MEN TO THINKING

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The doctor of divinity who claims to address the largest audience in the world every week through the medium of the press is Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn. In addition to his high position in the great Congregational Tabernacle, he has also become editor of the Christian Herald, which, through his influence, is expected to reach the highest circulation of any church paper in the country, and with the income of which the new Tabernacle is to be mainly built.

business manager, and a magnificent temple beside, he is no less engaged, it would seem, in the still more tremendous work of pulling down and destroying the creed so well Hamilton said, "horrify every man with the known as the Westminster Confession of Faith, which the Presbyterian Church has so tenaciously held since its doctrines were formulated by John Calvin, over three centuries ago, and which at his ordination, Brother Talmage most solemnly pledged binself to support and detend. He even talks of the founder of Calvinism with considerable disrespect, and affirms that be could "call the names of 20 living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin," and adds that "the nineteenth century ought not to be called upon to sit at the feet of the sixteenth, nor should the men of to-day be called upon to hide their heads under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth century doctor."

TALMAGE AND INGERSOLL AGREE. He therefore plainly asks that Christians many of whom are only half liberated, and many of whom are bound hand and foot by religious creeds, should have their Calvinistle bandages taken off—should have their old-time prejudices removed, should have their souls and bodies freed and be loosened and let go. This is also the demand of the eminent agnostic, Ingersoll, who has done so much to "loose men and let them go;" and the main difference, it would appear now, between the reverend teacher of the Tabernacle and the famous radical is that the latter would not only let go the doctrines of Calvin, but would revise Moses and the prophets, and even the spostles, while the former is willing to let the creed and Calvin go together, but he wants to hold on to "Paul, one of whose chapters on the subject," he says, "are better than all of Calvin's Institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are."

It must make the cold shivers go creeping down the backs of the orthodox to hear these bold utterances of the reverend brother, and understand from them how far he has got along in following the footsteps of the skep-tics who have criticised Calvinism and denounced its leading doctrines for so many years. Dr. Talmage expresses sorrow that the question of the creed has been disturbed, since it did not hinder Christian ministers from offering the pardon and comfort of the gospel to all men, and says boldly for him-self that "the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me for one minute."

NOT LIVING UP TO HIS CREED. This would seem to indicate that he has not been living up to the doctrine he was ordained to uphold, but has been running along on his own hook, offering salvation to everybody whether, by decree of elec-tion, they were entitled to it or not. He has gone over to the Wesleyan idea, and has been dealing out "free grace" with a liberal hand, although predestination is the very keynote of Presbyterianism.

In Calvin's day Brother Talmage would have been roughly hauled over the coals by the church authorities, and very likely have been persecuted and banished, as was Jerome Bolsec, who presumed to attack Calvin's views on predestination, or perhaps burned at the stake, as was Servetus for questioning the Genevau doctrine. Certainly in the times of the Puritans the great preacher would have been driven out into the wilderness, or had his ears slit or his tongue cut out by the Pilgrim Fathers if he had publicly advocated doing away with the creed entirely and getting up "a brand new one," which is his announced position

"A man who believes in the damation o infants himself deserves to lose heaven' says Brother Talmage, hence, as follows, h gives up wholly the doctrine of predestin tion, since one includes the other

TALMAGE'S NEW CREED. That Brother Talmage has got very far sway from the teachings of the Fathers is very evident. Having, as it were, burned his bridges behind him and given up the old creed in favor of a new one, he says:
"I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of the Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God—that would be impregnable against infidelity and Apoliyonic assault— that would be beyond criticism, and result in the church of millennium." He announces that "faith in Christ is the one essential to salvation, is the one criterion, the test, the pivot, the indispensable," and

insists that people shall not be hindered by the idea that they are not elected." "A man," he asserts, "need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plepary inspiration."
Then, as if all this was not sufficient, surrender to the skepticism of the age, he argues that people should not be kept out of the church because they drink wine, or smoke cigars, or attend the theater and play cards, or drive fast horses-such tests of fitness not being, as he says, sanctioned by the Bible. There is one passage of Scrip-ture wide enough to let in all who ought to enter and keep out all who ought to stay out, and that is: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and

thou shalt be saved."

THOSE NOT INCLUDED. The announcement, it will be admitted, is hard on the 7,000,000 Jews—the chosen people of God—it is severe on the 14,000,000 Sintoos, the 80,000,000 followers of Confucius, the 175,000,000 Hindoos, the 201,000,000 Mohammedans, the 340,000,000 Buddhists, and the 175,000,000 set down to other beliefs, though it may be comfortable and easy enough for the 388,000,000 Christians of the Roman, Greek and Protestant churches. These figures, when carefully considered, appear to support the doctrine of election which Dr. Talmage repudiates, since the number of Christians seems to be

the elect few, who have been favored with a revelation of Christ, while the great ma jority of over 600,000,000 are left in the darkness of heathenism. It hardly seems fair that all of this mighty multitude—to say nothing of those who preceded them—should be left outside swathed it the cerements of ignorance. bound hand and foot in error's chains hindered by pagan creeds from laying hold of the one essential necessary to their saiva-tion, as held by Dr. Talmage, and urged by him as the creed that will, if accepted by all denominations, merge us into the millen-ium. But while the good doctor has repudiated the Westminster Confession, and plainly says he desires no revision, but a 'brand new creed," suited to the nineteenth century, some of his brethren are most

DECIDEDLY AGAINST CHANGE. Dr. Robinson, who is one of the most bit-

with the creed of the old church. Rev. W. W. Page thinks if they once begin revision it will be made a basis for further revision and they might finally come to revising the Apostles. He by no means believes the ministers of to-day could make a better creed than Calvin, but has no hesitation in asserting that "Calvin could have swallowed a thousand of the theologians of the present and not have suffered from indigestion." This is somewhat severe on the moulty of Princeton, and Andover, and Dr. Hall, and Dr. Paxton, and Dr. Talmage, and Dr. Mc-Cosh et al. But withal, "revision" seems to be the winning side, though it is hardly to be supposed that the General Assembly

will go to the extreme length of abolishing the old Confession of Faith and substituting a "brand new one," as Brother Talmage recommends. Still, it he carries weight with his 50,000,000 of readers and admirers the creed will be rather severely handled before they get through with it. When the old once solemnly held and unfeignedly believed articles of faith are repudiated and denounced by so many modern and denounced by so many good men, who have professed to uphold them when ordained to the ministry, it is plain to see that they must eventually go, either by way of revision or substituting the second ion or substitution.

EXAMPLES IN OTHER CHURCHES. The United Presbyterians had to become reconciled to fine churches and the voiceful But while Brother Talmage is thus building up his reputation as a preacher and a after considerable fighting and unseemly squabbling, and so will they all at last be compelled to resign the comfortable doc-trines of predestination, infant damnation

posed change, and be none the worse for it. But if, as Dr. Talmage advises, they let election and reprobation go, if they let eternal punishment slip, how are the wicked to be kept straight—and the righteous ade-quately rewarded? If drinking wine, and playing cards, and smoking cigars, and driving fast horses, and going to the theater, and indulging in worldly delights generally, are not to be held as hindrances to church membership, how are the sheep to be distinguished from the goats? These new ideas and radical utterances will very much puzzle many people, and probably upset their preconceived notions, but they will be likely to set people to doing their own thinking and to formulating their own oreeds. Instead of trusting to the fathers of the church they will interpret for them-selves and reach the conclusion of Talmage himself that "No one can explain the mysteries of God's government now, much less the mysteries of His government five hundred quintillion years ago."

WHEREIN THEY DIFFER. By the way, is not this the point for which Ingersoll is contending? Judging by the sermon before us, which concedes so much, it would seem as if the ground for dispute between the famous agnostic and the noted divine was growing quite narrow. Talmage asserts that belief in Christ is the only essential to salvation, and Ingersoll says he doesn't know. However, those who dread extremes and prefer the happy medium have little cause for alarm that the General Assembly will adopt the idea of Brother Talmage for a "brand new creed" at present. The ardent advocates of the change in the Presbyteries have only proposed "revision" and "compromise" and that greater emphasis should be placed upon the love and benevolence of God than on divine wrath and endless punishment—or, in other words, that the cruel creed of the sixteenth century should be made to fit in with the sentiment and spirit of the nine-

Still, even in view of all the amazing changes and advances made so quietly in the last half century by the brains of scien-tific men in all the realms of thought, the advice of Talmage as to the Christian bound hand and foot by religious creeds to "Loose him and let him go" will be deemed by many a most daring and dangerous innovation. BESSIE BRAMBLE.

The Evening Dress Must be Worn to Gain Admittance to a Theater. Clothler and Furnisher. ] An experience recently told me of a visit to the London Lyceum Theater a 12 months since verifies the statement as to the positive rule of some of the English playhouses not to admit ladies or gentlemen to the stalls unless they are in evening dress. The American had a busy day of it, and found that it was too late to put himself into his dress suit, as was his custom when going to the theater, and hurried off in his ordinary morning suit with his wife to witness the performance of Henry Irving in "The Dead Heart." At the box office he tendered his money for a couple of stalls. The official looked the applicant over for a moment, apparently arrived at the conclusion he was gentleman and forthwith asked if he

would not accept a box-a much preferable and more expensive situation—for his lady and himself. "I make this suggestion," continued the courteous and diplomatic representative, "because should you appear in the stalls not in full dress you would attract an embar-rassing amount of notice as the only persons that had been prevented, for some cause or other, from observing the usual formality. I feel sure that under the circumstances you will find this box more agreeable."
"Neat way of putting it, wasn't it?" said
the narrator chipperly, "and so English,

ANTIQUES IN CLOTHING. Fellx Morris Has a Collection That He

Values Highly. Clothier and Furnisher.] Why should there not be curios and antiques in male clothing, now that tailoring has become such an art? There might be some interesting collections made, comprising the costumes of the past few centuries, for doubtless examples could be found in a fair state of preservation. Indeed, some of our actors have many relies of costumic interest of bygone days treasured up for reference, and because of their association with

the great departed lights of the stage. Felix Morris, of the Vokes Company, a most careful actor, is somewhat of an anti-quarian in this field. He has, smong other rarities, a short-waisted, peculiarly fash-ioned coat that he wears in "The Old Musician," that is over 100 years old. It was purchased in Montreal, and belonged to a French emigre. The stiff, high velvet collar is made with a neatness that no modern tailor could match in handiwork, and all the stitchery is of the exquisite fineness that one does not see nowadays in this age of sewing machines, except upon rare occa-sions, representing the artistry of some specially instructed and highly priced seam-stress. The article is regarded by the player as one of his most highly prized properties —one that aids him inestimably, he says, in the success of the characterization

THE IMMIGRANT'S LANDING PLACE. Ellis Island a Spot Cordially Detested by Naval Officers. New York Sun. 1

Ellis Island, which may be the site for the new immigrant station, is cordially detested by naval officers, because, according to a long-established custom, vessels of the navy going into the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for any considerable stay, usually go down to Ellis Island to unload powder. Vessels to Ellis Island to unload powder. Vessels going out to sea also stop at Ellis Island to take in ammunition. Either process often detains a vessel several days at the island, and it is difficult, particularly in the case of out going vessels, for officers to get leave. It is a peculiarly tantalizing thing to the average naval officer to find himself within sight of New York, yet unable to get into the city; for while no naval officer courts a ter and most ardent defenders of the Magna
Charta of the Presbyterian Church, is on
record as saying the Church would be better
engaged in saving souls than in tampering

SHE KISSED MORGAN

A Southern Girl Who Defended the Raider at Wellsville, O.,

IS NOW RESIDING IN PITTSBURG

An Exciting Scene in the Old Missouri House After the Capture.

A MOTLEY ARMY QUICKLY RALLIED.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

On a bright, sunshiny afternoon not long ago an old Beaver county farmer strolled up to the postoffice steps and there took his stand along with many other idlers who daily congregate on that commanding spot to view the passing throng. The golden rolls of fresh country butter, the spring chickens ('89 brand) and other tempting produce had been handed out to the city folk, and the silver dollars chinked merrily in his pockets. He were on the lappel of his coat a button which proclaimed in a modest way that he had served his country for three long years during a time when

three years were as six years of peace. Stopping in the midst of one of his reminiscent anecdotes, he pointed to a middleaged lady on the opposite side of the crowded avenue, saying, "There goes the woman who kissed Morgan, the raider, while he was a prisoner in Wellsville, O." Pressed to relate the circumstances of what was considered at the time a very nervy act, he told the tale, which, stripped of its quaint

dialect, ran thus:

"Away back in July, '63, the people of
Pittsburg moved with a little more celerity than they do now, and they had good reason to be, for upon the bulletin boards of THE DISPATCH was written the startling news that Morgan, the switt-flying cavalryman of Bragg's army, had passed through the very streets of Cincinnati and was now on his way to Pennsylvania. But their ex-citement was nothing compared with that of the country folk living near the boundary line of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Few of us dreamed that John Morgan, a native of Beaver county, who had east his fortunes with the Southern flag, would ever succeed in getting so near Pennsylvania at the head of a band who were reputed to be little beb

ter than cut throats.

BUMOR ADDED TO THE FRIGHT. "As the days went by the rumors became more definite and more alarming. Terrible tales of the prowess of the Southrons were told; of horses run off by the score, of farms laid waste, in fact, Morgan's little band created more alarm than did the army of Lee as he approached Gettysburg. There were few ablebodied men in the country districts at that time; some times not enough to properly attend to the details of the burial of some brave fellow who had left his country home full of the hope of glory, only to return wounded nuto death. It was a com-mon sight in those stirring days to see women in the fields doing the work of men.
"I was at my home on the south side of

the Ohio, not far from the State line, enjoy-ing a brief furlough. Early one bright morning we heard a yell. Down the road, mounted on a swift mare, came one of the neighbors. 'Morgan is coming,' he fairly screamed. 'Run to the river; he's going to cross.' Scarcely had we realized the dread import of his words till he was gone. Far down the highway we could hear the clickety-click of the mare's hoofs and the

yells of her rider.
"Few minutes were wasted by any of us. Down from the brackets came the old rifle bullet molds soon appeared in the hands of wives and daughters; the older boys were instructed to take the horses to the woods and thickets; then, on toot and on horse-back, we skurried away to the river. What a motley assemblage that was? I remember one old fellow, a confirmed rheumatic who had not been on a horse for years, gathered up a rifle and two shot guns, mounted an

old nag, and rode to the schoolhouse to arm such of his neighbors as might be unprovided with weapons.

THE RAIDER HAD BEEN CAPTURED. But when we reached the river we received word that the raider had been cap-tured near Salineville, O., and was being brought to Wellsville under a strong guard. Sending word back to my wife I, with several others, pushed on to Wellsville to get a glimpse of the man who had so nearly invaded the soil of the old Commonwealth Wellsville, then a small town, was filled with excited people, almost every male carrying a weapon of some sort. And such eapons as some of them were—every style firearm from an old bell-mouthed blun-

derbuss to bright shining Enfields. Morgan's captors, covered with dust, but carrying themselves as proudly as though they had captured a score of Southern armies, soon marched into the town. In the absence of a strong jail Morgan and his officers were taken to the Missouri House, the principal hotel. While here meu, women and children surged into the hotel. Not-withstanding the menacing looks of many of his visitors, Morgan seemed perfectly unmoved, and listened to the threats of hanging, etc., with the utmost nonchalance.
Just as Morgan was about to be taken to the room which had been prepared for him, a young girl, not more than 18, standing in the front row of spectators, sprang to the side of the prisoner. She was quite

pretty, a brunette with regular features, and a well rounded figure, A TYPICAL DAUGHTER OF DIXIE. Her great brown eyes flashed as she turned to the crowd, which a moment before had been advocating a dose of hemp for the prisoner, and soundly berated them for even thinking of taking such summary vengeance on a prisoner of war. For a moment the crowd stood silent as they gazed on the strange scene, a scene worthy of the skillful

strange scene, a scene worthy of the skillful hand of a great painter. 'She's a rebel, too,' they yelled. 'There's secesh for you.' "Yes, I am a rebel,' she haughtily said, stepping in front of the cavalryman, 'I am proud of it."
"Then turning her back on the mob, she "Then turning her back on the mos, such looked into the raider's eyes with unutterable pity as he stood there helpless, then clasping her arms around his neck she impressed upon his lips a ringing kiss. The witnesses were thunderstruck. Then they grew wild, and it is probable that the two actors in this little drama would nave been roughly handled had not the guards cleared

"I afterward learned that the young lady had been raised in the South, and had come to Wellsville with her widowed mother shortly before the breaking out of hostilities. The family lived in town for a long time, finally moving to Pittsburg, where I understand they are living to-day.

HAMMOND. HE WAS SMART.

Country Squire Whose Ignorance Was Simply Astonishing.

Fayetteville Dispatch. 1 A good story is told of a certain locality in Tennessee where no newspapers are taken and the people "hears all they wants to know." A former citizen of this locality, living in Texas, wrote to some of his friends at his old home, and among other items of news stated that the immigrants were coming in so fast that they were esting all the corn up. The person to whom this epistle was addressed did not comprehend the meaning of the term "im-migrants," and inquired of all those he met give him the desired information. It was finally determined to send it to a certain 'Squire in the neighborhood who presumed to know everything. The letter was read to him and he was asked: "What are immi-

The 'Squire looked wise, crossed his legs, cratched his head and replied:
"It's a little animal between a 'possum