## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 1890.

The Reported Quarrel Over Financial Matters.

BOTH PUT IN A DENIAL

Separation Due to Failure of Sandoze meetings every day and do it right key's Voice.

10,000,000 GOSPEL HYMNS SOLD

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, April 5. HE famous revivalists

Dwight Lyman Moody and Ira David Sankey, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Moody has for a month been laboring n New York and near it, but, instead of Mr. Sankey, the singing has een done by several different vocalists. These

persons have been on trial, with a view to their vaine and availability as new partners with the evangelist in his future work. A large number of sufficiently excellent singers along. If I cared only to hold one service have applied for the place, but not only is right voice and vocal method required, but easy for Mr. Sankey. We should announce the individual must be an earnest, sincere

It is granted that they have not appeared on world-circling evangelists have no longer any thoughts in common, nor that they no longer find any congeniality in each other's society. A recent incident alone in the lives of these men must stand as strong cir-cumstantial proof of itself that they are yet friends. And still what an insignificant, consequential circumstance after all! Simply the breaking of bread by both at

DISPOSAL OF THE PROFITS.

The belief by some folks is that they separated because of a disagreement about the profits arising from the publication of that enormously circulated song book, "Gospel Hymns." A more specific cause of the disagreement was even whispered. It was that each utilized his share of the great profits of the Moody & Sankey hymnbook in so widely different a manner as to cause contention. Mr. Moody was said to be conscientiously devoting his share largely to the several religious and charity institutions which he has founded, while Mr. Sankey was intent upon acquiring a fortune

Experience has convinced the writer that it is harder to learn of the disposition which a successful evangelist makes of his money than it is to predict the price of certain rail road stocks six months hence. Difficulties confront you upon every side when you set out to solve the first problem. So they do in the latter, but then, in time, you will get an answer. And it may be satisfactory to you, and it may not. But evangelists, for the most part, dislike to talk about money started on the particular mission of ascer taining who was the more charitable man of the two, Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey, and, in the event of one being less charitable than the other, if that fact could be accepted as a basis for the supposed separation between them, it was found that the task required a trained diplomat.

A TALK WITH MOODY. Mr. Moody had labored an hour longer than usual at the Collegiate church, in this city, when he was gently questioned on the several problems already referred to

was extremely gracious, and he talked un-'My religious and charitable institutions?" said he interrogatively. there are four now that I am particularly interested in: The Young Ladies Seminary at Northfield, Mass.; the Mt. Hermon School for Young Men at Mt. Hermon, Mass., and two similar institutions in

"These you founded and they are still maintained by you, Mr. Moody?" "Yes, I founded them, but a body of trus tees has charge of the maintenance of all

four of these institutions." "None of these schools, then, was the outcome of the efforts, conjointly, of Moody and Sankey, but of yourself, individ-

"Yes, they are the result of my own "And, if you please, Mr. Moody, what institutions has Mr. Sankey founded?"

"Oh! (musingly) none that I'm aware of. But (nastily) his money is in these schools. Oh! ves, his money is in them." Here was a capital opportunity to clinch



Dwight Lyman Moody, the real question of the hour, and in fact the pub of the interview. The querist clinched, something after this style:

DENIES THE WHOLE STORY. "Mr. Moody, has a separation occurred between Mr. Sankey and yourself because of wide differences of opinion regarding the proper methods of disposing of your in-

"We have not separated. It is absolutely

The supposition has got abroad that Moody and Sankey have parted company because Mr. Moody sees fit to disburse his dollars in a 'avishly charitable manner in support of several religious institutions, while Mr. Sankey studiously avoids supporting any institution, and is religiously increasing his own fortune handsomely

"That is not so," replied Mr. Moody. "It is entirely incorrect, Mr. Sankey is a most generous benefactor of any worthy religious

"How do you account for the report that I will talk it over with my wife."

Several weeks later the firm of Moody and you and he have quarreled and separated?"
"I suppose it's because we haven't beer As a matter of fact we haven't worked together since October last. Mr. Sankey had the grip and his voice couldn't stand the strain of four or five meetings a low & Main. He held that it was none of the public's business what Moody and voice at 50 years of age is far different from Sankey made out of "Gospel Hymns," but

what it was at 30 years. We used to announce 'Moody and Sankey' for several meetings a day, but Mr. Sankey would be unable to appear at some of them, and the result would be great disappointment.

SANKEY CAN'T STAND THE STRAIN. "This naturally used to detract very appreciably from the interest in the meetings. So nowadays we don't announce Mr. Sankey and nobody is disappointed. Mr. and Mrs. Neednam are singing at our meetings just now. Physically, Mr. Sankey cannot bear the severe strain of four and five meetings daily and that is why be is not laboring with me in this series of revivals. It is dif-



his name to the public and then he wouldn't the individual must be an earnest, sincere
Christian.

The assertion is current in religious circles here that Moody and Sankey have
cles here that Moody and Sankey have
at such and such a church, and have Mr. parted under unfriendly conditions and for | Sankey fail to respond, leaving only Moody merely sordid reasons; but both of the gen-tlemen are ingenious in their efforts to have the world understand that they are friends still, and propose to remain friends forever. report has spread over the country that we the same platform since October of last year.
This, however, does not imply that these and, what's more, we're not likely to."

Mr. Moody's manner was perfectly calm and unruffled. There was naught in his bearing or speech that did not indicate a complete confirmation of his story. Had the two evangelists been the bitterest of enemies you never could have discovered the fact by anything that Mr. Moody said or did. The newspaper man did not dwell upon the subject of a possible hitch in Moody and San-key's heretofore amicable arrangements.

SANKEY'S EVIDENCE NOT NEEDED. Mr. Sankey was not in the immediate vicinity of New York. It wasn't at all necessary to have his corroboration, for such it surely would be, of Moody's explanation. The latter is the executive officer of the two. He has always done all the talking. Mr. Sankey has enjoyed no sinecure as the vo-



Northfield Seminary-Frederick Marquan

calist of the pair. His work has been hard and he feels the ill effects of it now, as witness his voice, which grows husky and throaty even after a couple of services of song. Mr. Moody himself says this is so. It was a significant fact that while Mr Moody was demonstrating that Mr. Sankey and himself were still the very best o friends, he carefully refrained from promis ing in any way that they would be associated together in the future. The intimation was plainly given that Sankey had lost his magnificent voice, and, perforce, much of his old-time effectiveness as a revivalist

When Mr. Moody was questioned as to the sales of "Gospel Hymns," he quickly replied: "I was about to say that I know no more about it than yourself. I really couldn't tell you, for the entire business is in the hands of a committee of a dozen or 15 gentlemen, who are trustees of the institutions in Massachusetts, at Northfield and Mt. Hermon. These gentlemen act as an auditing committee, oversee all disburse-ments and examine carefully into all the receipts. You must understand that, prac-tically, all the profits received from the sale of this hymn book are applied by the trustees to the funds of the two institutions I have mentioned.

SALES OF GOSPEL HYMNS. "We have been publishing that book since 1873, when Mr. Sankey and I first visited England together. It's hard to tell whether "Gospel Hymns" circulates more extensively in the old country or in America. They publish one edition of the book in England with a certain number of selected hymns without the music for a penny s copy, a million copies at a time. We haven't been in England since 1884. We made four trips in all across the water, and when we were in England our book, course, would have a great deal better sale, And again, it must be borne in mind, there have been French and German translations of "Gospel Hymns," with very extensive sales following their publication. There are as many as five series of the hymn book published in the United States, and they range in price from 50 cents to \$5 a hundre copies. All depends upon the style and quality of the binding. Its 17 years of exstence as a standard hymn book has naturally developed a traffic of such dimensions that I cannot nor will I attempt to give you

"And how is it with your own works of ecclesiastical literature, Mr. Moody?"
"I only know that they have reached such and such a thousand as indicated in the catalogue of the publisher, Mr. Revell. I do know this, that piratical publishers have stolen my sermons and printed them without my knowledge and consent. But not many thousands have circulated in this way, I be

HOW MOODY AND SANKEY MET. The first meeting between Moody and Sankey was in 1871 at an international convention of the Young Men's Christian Associa-tion, at Indianapolis. They were delegates. In the devotional exercises Moody was strongly attracted by Sankey's voice, and, after a service of song, he inquired: "Where

"In New Castle, Pennsylvania," replied "I want you," Moody then remarked

bluntly. "What for?" questioned Sankey. "To help me in my work in Chicago. "I cannot leave my business," protested

and aided in a most substantial way the schools which I have already named to you."

I ou must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business and come to Chicago with me." "You must. I have been looking for you "I will think of it. I will pray over it.

> Sankey was formed in earnest. Desirous of obtaining figures regarding the sale of Moody and Sankey's book, a call was made on a member of the firm of Big-

he said that no religious song book ever en-joyed the popularity of "Gospel Hymns." He quoted the name of a religious publica-tion, which he remarked had a sale of 1,200,-000 copies.

TEN MILLIONS ABOUT RIGHT. "If you were to credit these figures to 'Gospel Hymns' you would be much below the true circulation, and yet, if the figures were quoted at 18,000,000 copies, you would be equally extravagant in your estimate."

When it was hinted that perhaps 10,000, only wight be about the right amount. 000 copies might be about the right amount, he simply shut his eye and said nothing.
"Why have Moody and Sankey separat ed?" suddenly asked the caller.

How that eye did snap open again!
"I didn't know they had separated," was
the reply spoken very caustically. "I've
heard rumors but I don't believe a word of them. I know Moody and Sankey are just as thick now as they ever were. I know we don't hear of Sankey singing lately. A man's voice doesn't last forever." A representative of the New York branch of the Cincinnati publishing house of the John Church Company, said he knew of no reason for separation. "Gospel Hymns" was the best selling book of its kind they had on the shelves of their warehouses. The head clerk in the publishing house of Fleming H. Revell also resented the imputation that Moody and Sankey had quarreled. Mr. Moody, in 1862, married Miss Emma C. Revell, whose brother, Fleming H., is the sole publisher of Moody's individual works. Perhaps after all it is better to interpret Mr. Moody's statements like this: "Yes, we are separated for the present. We are separated because of the inability of Mr. Sankey to meet the demands made upon his voice. Financially, we have not been put asunder by any disagreement. That's ali.' S. N. D.

POLITICS IS HEREDITARY.

Republican's Daughter Makes a Serious Charge Against Cleveland.

Lewiston Journal.] The droll sayings of children usually crop out in unexpected places-in Sunday schools or at religious meetings where a man would rather give \$5 than be caught laughing. I am reminded of this by an incident which occurred recently in one of our Maine towns. A Sunday school teacher asked her class:

"Who betrayed the Savior?"
The little ones, who had not been thoroughly instructed in theology, failed to answer correctly. Finally, a little girl guessed: "John—Peter—Paul—Job," but being assured by the teacher that she had not named the right party, added: "Well, then, it must have been Cleveland." "That girl's father is a Republican," whispered an astute member of the Bible

class, who had overheard the remark. THE AGE OF MUSCLE.

Samson Isn't the Strongest Man Nowadays in the Small Boy's Opinion.

Lewistown Journal. Boys, as a rule, answer questions more promptly than girls; a circustance which frequently renders their blunders indescribably amusing. In one of the many Maine -houses that on the seventh day of the week are made to do duty as churches, a worthy deacon, who had charge of the Sunday school, began catechising a class of boys by asking: "Who was the strongest

Without hesitating an instant, an 8-year-old-youngster shouted: "Sullivan! Now ask me who's the boss catcher."

THE CHARM OF GOAT HILL. ferses to a Delightful and Well-Known Suburb of the Gas City.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.I "Goat Hill, a delight ul suburb of Pittsburg, extensively settled by noblemen of child. Celtic descent, and remarkable for its large -New Gazeteer.

Away-far away from the roar of the street,

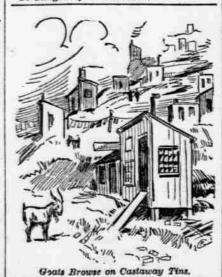


Oh! dear to my heart is that ravishing scene, As in fancy I visit it still its chalets, its goats, and its valleys so green, All parts of the charm of Goat Hill

Through the long summer days how I fondly re clined.
While Nature made love to my soul;
On a couch of rich grass, which the goats left
behind—
In the shade of a telegraph pole!
There I dreamed of a home far from cities and

With a nymph, to my Jack to play Jill, When the gentle goats browse on the castaway 'Mid the gardens and bowers of Goat Hill.

III. Twas there when the stars were awake in the sky, The sons of the hillside I've seen, With pitchers and bottles, proceed To Gilligan's private shebeen!



And there, oh, my Bridget!-each calm after noon,
I witnessed thee milking with skill,
The goats that belonged to the Chateau Mul Whose battlements frowned on Goat Hill!

But the snow is abroad and the slush is a bore, And the wind bringeth tears to my eyes; I would it were bright, brilliant summer once

more,
In spite of the heat and the flies!
For then shall I fly to that well-belov'd spot,
Sweet peace from its vales to distil;
So I'm saving up money to purchase a lot
In the rural ravines of Geat Hill!

—JOHN G. BREMAN.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT. The Rage for Riding to Music at the Equestrian Academies.

A DUDE'S UNLUCKY LOVE AFFAIR.

Commendable Pride Displayed by a Working Girl in a Street Car.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, April 5. ANCING out of Holy week into Easter week, "our best sassiety" is once more ready for liveliness. Not that Lent has been altogether apathetic. We simply changed our diversions. We didn't forego them. Among the favorite amusements was music riding. These affairs in the New York

equestrian academies are largely attended. A music ride means a ride on horseback to music. That is, people go to a riding school on certain evenings, get on their horses, and amble about the enclosure to popular airs played by a band. Meanwhile, their friends sit in the galleries and look on.

Occasionally an aspiring girl, or possibly a fat woman, falls off a horse and thus enlivens the proceedings; but usually it is simply a monotonous circling around the ring by those who like to show their riding clothes and enjoy social intercourse with their partners. An easy system of etiquette prevails. Everybody talks to his neighbor; and, as the pupils usually have to be properly introduced at these schools, there not much danger of undesirable persons intruding themselves. Once in a great while a black sheep comes in and gives the other riders something to gossip about. Once her character is found out, however, her tickets for riding are quietly withheld by the management. She is told all the horses are engaged, and the quality of the music ride is placed beyond cavil.

A DUDE'S UNLUCKY LOVE. A very young man with a light, goo down mustache, pale blue eves, a No. 12 neck and a large faith in his physical at-tractions has been haunting the front row of one of our theaters lately in the vain hope that a certain handsome girl in the company would recognize what a beautiful example of masculinity he is. His con-tinual communications, accompanied by bunches of roses, met with a saddening sort of silence, but still he did not despair, and this week he outdid himself by sending a huge basket of flowers with the request that, if his attentions were viewed with favor, the idol of his heart should at the performance that night wear a cluster of the violets on her bosom. It happens that a bright little girl of 8 takes a part in the play, and the callow youth was astonished when he saw his bunch of violets at the throat of the child. The woman and the girl have a colloquy together in one scene, and on this occasion they introduced a few lines that were not in the author's text. "Oh, where did you get those sweet vio-

lets," asked the actress.
"A dude sent them to me," replied the "Why, you little mouse," replied the ac-ress; "do you mean to say that you have become the victim of dudes at your age?" "Yes, indeed," said the child with im-mense gravity; "and I am to wear these flowers when I go out with nurse so that he may know I like him."

Then the regular lines of the play were resumed. About that time a red and white young man, evidently hurrying for a train, was seen flying up the aisle of the theater.

HER PRIDE WAS ADMIRABLE. Some young men are not so well informed in the requisite formalities toward the feminine sex as they ought to be, and it was one of this order that put a young woman on a night, and left her to get to Harlem alone, while he went in an opposite direction to Brooklyn. Seeing her safely ensconced in the car, the young man thrust a 5-cent piece into the hand of the conductor and jumped from the platform. In a few moments conductor entered the car, and stood before the girl awaiting her fare. She looked questioningly at him and said nothing.

"Fare, miss," said the conductor.
The girl blushed. "Jimmy-I mean-didn't the young man pay my fare?" asked she.
"He paid his own fare, not yours," replied "But he didn't take a ride. He only put

"That's all right. He rode all the same. The girl made a movement toward her pocket and then hesitated. Springing to her feet, she murmured, as the tears came to her 'What," exclaimed the conductor. "You ain't got the price of a ride. Oh, pshaw! you SHE MEANT WHAT SHE SAID.

But the meek little Harlem maid, with her smart \$2 hat and well-worn jacket, was game. Her pretty mouth settled firmly over her white teeth. "You will stop the car and let me off," said the girl, as imperiously as a princess. Two men passengers offered nickels for the

girl to the conductor, who was now insisting that he did not require any fare. The girl thanked them. "I wish to get off at once," she cried, fixing her big, angry eyes upon "I made a mistake, Miss," said the latter.

"I don't want no fare." The girl fluttered out to the platform, and, as gracefully and sure as a bird, swung from he step, while the car was dashing along at a sharp pace, and vanished in the Bower nome in the snow, a distance of four miles. New York surely has among its working ranks girls whose pride ought to win them coronets. A duchess could not have outshone in dignity of poise this timid young

RECEPTIONS THAT ARE BORES. The wit who affirmed that the only thing he disliked about a concert was the music would be inclined to find fault with afteron and evening receptions, as they are conducted in this city. Conversation is simply out of the question. The hostess an-nounces one reader or singer after another in such rapid succession that all one can do is to submit to fate and be silent. At times the lady accepts the performer on faith, and the result is a wretched amateur entertainment, to which the guests must listen in ment, to which the guests must haten in respectful silence. Antiques who voted for John Quincy Adams ofter make their ap-pearance at receptions, and offer to read something. Ella Wheeler Wilcox lately made the experiment of a French conversa-zione. She required all her guests to converse in French. It was comical. Her bus-"Have you read the poem of my last

To which the person addressed thus re-"No; but I hope I have read the last poem A French lady present was asked her opinion of the experiment. "Ze tour of Babble," she replied with a shrug of the

NOT THIS WAY IN PITTEBURG. When will an spostle of taste arise and preach in the wilderness peopled with blue

stockings, telling them how to dress? Here is a mission for some woman of brains. It is an incontrovertible fact that writing for money or glory too often carries with it letters patent to dress outrageously. The literary sisters generally go in for originality and turn out absurdity and eccentricity combined.

SUN SPOT PROPHECY.

Events in the Financial World May Some Day be Predicted.

combined.

There is one young writer in town whose fearful and wonderful gowns are the laughing stock of everybody who knows her. The poor girl thinks she is picturesque, and so wears the most startling and abominable of costumes. When she first came she wore a ring on her first finger. Some one told her to call it in, but no one has been kind enough to curb her decorative propensities in any other direction, and now whenever she walks abroad she is a sight for gods and men. Her flaring hats and her low-cut gowns just beat all. It she would restrain her picturesque proclivities and be content to dress as ordinary mortals, she wouldn't be half bad looking. As it is she is a DRESS REFORM FOR LADY WRITERS be half bad looking. As it is she is horror.

AT THE WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB. There is a fashion writer whose frocks and bonnets set your teeth on edge, and as for a certain poetess of passion who goes in for the æsthetic, you simply wish you were a man for about five minutes that you might rail profanely at her execrable raiment. In all the various New York literary cliques In all the various New York literary cliques the tastefully and correctly dressed writer is an anomaly. At the Woman's Press Club reception, the other night, how many well-dressed women did we see? We could count them on the fingers of one hand. Think of the best paid woman editor in town wearing a guy of a gown and hat.

"Who's that lady with the trimming?" asked was a the moment she supered the asked a man the moment she entered the

That was it—she was all trimming. She is good looking, and with her salary ought to be a good dresser. There were a half dozen ladies dressed like servants. Bedad, Mary Ann on her Sunday out would make better appearance. One pretty writer who appeared in a scarlet gown, a hat a size or two too small for her head, and ridiculous scarlet shoes, which she took good care everyone in the room should see, was simply a curios

SOME OTHER SHOWS.

A lot of the women of course were the everlasting black silk up to the ears. In no gown does our sex look more uninteresting. Another writer ambling around in a trained red velvet looked as if she had escaped from some Shakespearean show. There is no sense in literary women rigging themselve out in such fashion. They ought to pay some attention to fashion, and help remove the justifiable idea that they know abso-lutely nothing about dress. Next neighbor to the badly dressed liter-

ary woman is the Delsarte fright. The other night at the Brunswick just before the reading of Mr. Miller's clever paper on the "Demand and Supply of Modern Literature" before the Goethe Club, in walked a well-known woman in an outlandish gown. Her little face under its halo of towsled black hair rose from a high-necked gown o putty colored plush. She was guiltless o corsets, and her frock was loose in front and Watteaued in the back.

SHE CREATED A SENSATION.

Well, she looked for all the world as it she had just gotten out of bed, thrown on a dressing gown and cap and started for the Brunswick. There was a hush in the room as the exponent of art in dress entered, and then a furious gabble.

"Great Scott!" I heard a man say, "I

wouldn't travel around with that if it were shut up in a hand bag."

She certainly looked like the Witch of Endor, and yet she is supposed to know it Women capable of exploitance a puisance

and one of the riding academies has had to shut out a disciple of straddle-saddlers for equestriennes. She was a professional dress reformer, and sought advertisement through immodesty. She urged that there would be novelty, but no offense, in the sight of a woman on horseback man-fashion. The manager replied that usage made the difference, and that he wouldn't risk the shock t the spectators. CLARA BELLE.

BEFRIENDED A MURDERER.

Remarkable Experience of Clara Morris Husband With Two Brothers.

Chicago Tribune.] The gentleman seen about McVicker' Theater last week with long grav sidewhiskers is F. C. Harriott, the husband of Clara Morris. He used to be a newspaper reporter in New York. There was a noo devil-his name was Rulofson-who was in the Tombs for murder. Harriott wrote the story of the murder. In doing so he became interested in the fellow and offered to defend him in court, which he did. Ru lofson was convicted and died on the scaf fold. Harriott never deserted him. He went with him to the scaffold, and the last words of Ruloison were the ones he spoke to

Several years elapsed. Harriott was in San Francisco., He went to a picture gallery one day and saw a man whose facwas familiar. He said to him: "I mus have seen you before. What is your name?

"I defended a man by that name, accuse of murder in New York. He was hanged." The man turned white, trembled and walked out of the room. The next landing above was the roof. The man went out there and committed suicide. He was the brother of the man whom Harriott had defended.

BLOWING OUT THE MOON.

Young Boy's Rather Irreverant but Ver-Funny Observation.

ewiston Journal. The literalness of children may be offered n excuse for their want of reverence. Near my lodging lives a doctor whose gate is illuminated at night by means of a large oil lamp. One day it burned until noon, through the forgetfulness of its owner. whose wife laughed at him for his negli gence, My landlady's son, a thoughtful 5year-old, was much impressed by the cir cumstance. Subsequently, one winter morning after sunrise, the youngster beheld the moon shining dimly in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time he was greatly surprised, and remarked gravely to his mother "I guess God's wife has got the laugh on

him this time." "Why, my son, what do you mean?" asked the horrified mother.
"He's as bad as Dr. B—," cried the excited boy. "He's forgot to blow out his

WOES OF THE TYPEWRITERS. Women Are the Hardest to Please and Lawyer's Copy the Most Difficult.

st. Louis Globe-Democrat.] ione women are the most difficult to please. They want to include so much in their communications, and are so particular about how to say it that often they insist on having what would appear to be unnecessary changes made, and it is sometimes very annoving.

The easiest people to please are actors.

They are always pleasant, and prepare their copy carefully. Newspaper men are much the same way. Traveling men-drummers—as a rule are not difficult to please. Hotel typewriter girls have very little work to do or preachers. It just gives typewriters the corrors to do law work, the phrases are so ofessionally foggy as to appear complex.

Another of Talmage's Creeds. Dr. Talmage announces himself in favor of less post-mortem praise and more antemortem. He would change the saying, "Speak nothing but good of the dead," to "Say something pleasant about the living."

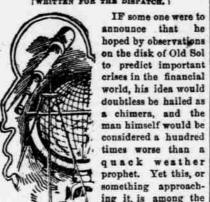
FACTS THAT MAKE IT POSSIBLE.

Solar Disturbances Known to Have Some Terrestrial Influence

AND DOUBTLESS AFFECT WEATHER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. )

IF some one were t



prophet. Yet this, or something approaching it, is among the possibilities in the The earth is almost entirely dependent on the sun for light and heat, and is held in its orbit by his attractive force. In addition to this there is a connection between his solar majesty and our planet which is supposed to be an electrical one, and may be found to influence or even control mateorological conditions on the earth, on which of course depend the crops, by which the financial world is greatly affected. Long before the invention of the telescope the fair disk of the sun was occasionally seen to be marred by a black spot, which would re-main visible for a few days, and then would either simply fade away or be carried out of sight by the rotation of the sun, which is accomplished in about 26 days.

THE SPOTS VARY PERIODICALLY. Among the first facts discovered by Galileo with his telescope was that there were frequently a number of spots to be seen. Although they have been observed ever since, it was not until the middle of the present century that a very important fact was discovered, viz., that the number of spots varies periodically, there being a great number to be seen at intervals of a little more than 11 years, while between the maxima, as these times are called, whole weeks may go by without a single spot being

Now the spots are not the only evidences of solar activity. During an eclipse, when the sun's disk is completely covered by the moon, a curious white halo, called the corona, is seen to surround the sun. It is radiating in form, and varies greatly in size and appearance. In some eclipses it is scarcely visible; in others its diameter is several times that of the moon. It has been observed that the corona varies periodically in unison with the spots. Still another phenomenon. Around the edge of the sun, but not extending out so far as the corona, may usually be seen curious scarlet-red streamers of fantastic shapes.

INTENSE SOLAR DISTURBANCES.

These prominences, as they are called can only be seen by special apparatus arranged for the purpose, and they are observed to vary periodically just the same as the spots and the corons. These phenomens, in connection with observations made by the spectroscope, show that the sun is in a state of interes a variance. may obtain a velocity of a hundred miles an an honr: the storms on the sun move at the rate of from 100 to 200 miles per second, and it as these storms which, in some way probably make the spots. In the vicinity of a spot one or more prominences are usually seen, which are taken to be clouds of glowing hydrogen gas thrown off by the disturbance in the sun's surface. The facum seem to be concerned in the auroras and magnetic storms on the earth. The faculæ are brilliant spots, which are always numerous on the sun's surface, and change much more slowly than the dark spots. The connection between the period of

well established. The aurora, although known to be an electrical phenomenon, is still a mystery as far as its cause is

hese appearances on the sun, and auroras

and magnetic storms on the earth is now

ALSO VARIES WITH THE SPOTS. It is well known that the magnetic needle does not in general point due north, but, in addition to this deviation, at any particular place it is continually varying from hour to nour and day to day, and it has been discovered that the extent of variation coincides with the 11-year sun-spot period.

Another point has been noticed: On sev-

have been noticed on the sun-cyclones mov ing at such a velocity that even at a dis-tance of nearly 100,000,000 miles the motion of spots and hydrogen clouds was almost perceptible to the eye—and these storms have always been accompanied by great variation in the magnetic needle and by

brilliant auroras.

It seems probable that the sun spots may have a still greater influence on terrestrial ology than is at present proved, and if this be so, they must necessarily affect crops and thus shave a somewhat indirect connection with the financial doings of the world. It is all possible, and many things that have seemed impossible at one time have afterward come into the list of observed facts. BERT E. V. LUTY.

CURES BY HYPNOTISM.

A St. Louis Doctor Reports Three Remark. able Cases, but Advises Cantion. I am conscientiously opposed to the prac-

tice of hypnotism for any other purpose than the actual treatment of disease, says Dr. F. R. B. von Steinmetz, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Its possibilities are so great that it should not be attempted for mere experiment. Three interesting cases have just come to my notice in regular prac-tice, one a woman of 35, had had neuralgua of the super-orbital nerve for four years; another was a negro, 40 years old, who had been screaming for a week with the pain caused by neuralgia of the intercostal nerves, and the third was a boy of 12 years, who was afflicted with diarrhea and bron

All three were put to sleep in 30 seconds and all arose after remaining in the hypnotic state for 10 minutes professing themselves cured. Neither of the three has since ap-

SITTING ON HER POOT.

A Young Lady's Startling Attitude That is Approved by the Matrons. Washington Post.1

"Where on earth is that girl's other foot?" This remark was uttered in an audible whisper, by an excited individual, in a leading uptown cafe the other alternoon, and the person addressed looked in amazement at his questioner. But examination shower only one tiny buttoned gaiter in sight, and the fair owner did not have a pair of crutches or two canes to assist her either.

The young woman was sitting on her right foot, which was coiled up on the chair. This peculiarity of women was subsequently brought up for discussion in a party of ma ried people, and the ladies present declared that the practice was no worse than for men to cross their legs in public conveyances or



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. b

The leading characters of the story are Geoffrey Bingham, a London barrister, and Beatrice Granger, daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, on the Welsh coast, and village school teacher. Geoffrey is married to a titled woman, Lady Honoria, who married him for an expected fortune that did not materialize. She fretted at poverty and made life generally miserable for Geoffrey during his early struggles. They have a daughter, Effic, a child of sweetest disposition. While outing at Bryngelly, Geoffrey is rescued from drowning by Beatrice. In spite of themselves this incident developed into deep affection. Lady Honoria is not slow to see it, and this makes matters worse between her and Geoffrey. Beatrice has a sister, Elizabeth. The family is poor and Elizabeth is ambitious to become the wife of 'Squire Owen Davies, who is rich, but stupid. He is madly in love with Beatrice, finally proposes to her, is rejected, but continues to annoy her with his attentions. During Geoffrey's stay at Bryngelly he received a brief in a celebrated law case, Beatrice reads it and hits upon the right theory of the case, Geoffrey returns to London, tries the case on Beatrice's theory and wins a great victory. It is his key to fortune. Henceforth money rolls in to him. He gratifies Lady Honoria's every whim, Finally he is elected to Parliament, where he soon distinguishes himself. All this time he corresponds with Beatrice. Lady Honoria, at last realizing that her husband amounts to something, is more considerate in her treatment of him, but cannot extract herself from the frivolous class of fashionable people she has cultivated. The poverty of the Granger family becomes serious. Beatrice gives up her salary to her father, but it is not sufficient. Mr. Granger must borrow. Scheming Elizabeth takes advantage of this fact to compromise Beatrice in the eyes of Owen Davies. She sends her father to Geoffrey Bingham, who not only gives him £200, but agrees to visit Bryngelly. Before leaving home Lady Honoria charges Geoffrey with his tenderness f

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT OF STORM. That afternoon the whole vicarage party walked up to the farm to inspect another litter of young pigs. It struck Geoffrey, remembering former editions, that the reproductive powers of Mr. Granger's old sow were something little short of marvelous, and he dreamily worked out a calculation of how long it would take her and her progeny to produce a pig to every square yard of the area of plucky little Wales. It seemed that the thing could be done in six

years, which was absurd, so he gave up calculating. He had no words alone with Beatrice that afternoou. Indeed, a certain coldness eemed to have sprung up between them. With the almost supernatural quickness of loving woman's intuition, she had divined

inimical to her most vital interests, so she

shunned his company, and received his con-

ventional advances with a politeness which

was as cold as it was crushing. This did

not please Geoffrey; it is one thing to make up your mind heroically to abandon (in her

own interests, of course) a lady whom you do not wish to compromise, and quite another to be snubbed by that lady before the moment of final separation. Though he never put the idea into words or even defined it in his mind, for Geoffrey was far too

anxious and unhappy to be flippant, at any rate in thought—he would at heart have

wished her to remain the same, indeed to wax even tenderer, till the fatal time of

parting arrived, and even to show apprecia-

tion of his virtuous conduct.

But to the utter destruction of most such hands as Geoffrey held, loving women never

will play according to the book. Their con-

duct imperils everything, for it is obvious

that it takes two to bring an affair of this nature to a dignified conclusion, even when

the stakes are highest, and the matter is one

of life and death. Beatrice was after all

very much of a woman, and she did not be-

have much better than any other woman

nave much octier than any other woman would have done. She was angry and suspicious, and she showed it, with the result that Geoffrey grew angry also. It was cruel of her, he thought, considering all things.

He forgot that she could know nothing of

what was in his mind, however much she

might guess; also as yet he did not know the

he realized this he would have acted very

Granger and Elizabeth made ready to go to

might have had a quiet walk together. Very likely I shall have to go away early to-

"Indeed," answered Beatrice coldly.

"But of course you have your work to at-tend to. I told Elizabeth that I was coming

o church, and I must go; it is too sultry to

walk; there is going to be a storm."

At this moment Elizabeth came in.
"Well, Beatrice," said she, "are you

Beatrice pretended not to hear, and re-flected a moment. He would go away and

coming to church? Father has gone on.

They came home and took tea, then Mr.

for him, and all that it meant to her.

differently.

ndless depth and might of her passion

Had

go to church. I dare say that Mr. Bingham will go with you.'

Geoffrey hastily disclaimed any such in-tention and Elizabeth started off alone. "Ah," she said to herself, "I thought that you would not come, my dear." "Well," said Geoffrey, when she had well gone, "shall we go out?"

"I think it is pleasanter here," answered Beatrice. "On, Beatrice, don't be so unkind," he said, feebly, "As you like," she replied. "There is a

fine sunset-I think that we shall have a storm." They went out, and turned up the lonely beach. The place was utterly deserted, and they walked a little way apart and almost without speaking. The sunset was magnificent; great flakes of golden cloud were con-tinually driven from a home of splendor in the west toward the cloud-lined horizon of the land. The sea was still quiet, but it moaned like a thing in pain. The storm



"What a lovely sunset," said Geoffrey at "It is a fatal sort of loveliness," she answered; "it will be a bad night and a wet morrow. The wind is rising; shall we "No, Beatrice, never mind the wind. I

"Ves " said Beatrice, "what about, Mr. Bingham?' To make good resolutions in a matter of this sort is comparatively easy, but the carrying of them out presents some difficulties. Geoffrey, conscience-stricken into priggishness, wished to tell her that she would do well to marry Owen Davies, and found the matter difficult. Meanwhile Beatrice pre-

want to speak to you, if you will allow me

served silence.
"The fact is," he said at length, "I most sincerely hope you will forgive me, but I have been thinking a great deal about you and your future welfare

"That is very kind of you," said Beatrice with an ominous humility. This was disconcerting, but Geoffrey was determined, and he went on in a somewhat flippant tone born of the most intense ner-vousness and hatred of his task. Never had he loved her so well as now in this moment when he was about to counsel her to marry another man. And yet he persevered in his folly. For, as so often happens, the shrewd insight and knowledge of the world which distinguished Geoffrey as a lawyer, when dealing with the affairs of others, quite deserted him in this crisis of his own life

and that of the woman who worshiped "Since I have been here," he said, "I have had no less than three appeals made to me on your behalf and by separate peopleby your father, who fancies that you are pining for Owen Davies; by Owen Davies, who is certainly pining for you, and by old Edward, intervening as a kind of domestic

amicus curiæ." ice. "All these three urged the same thingthe desirability of your marrying Owen

evening service. To Geoffrey's dismay Beatrice did the same. He had looked for-Davies," ward to a quiet walk with her-really this Beatrice's face grew quite pale, her lips was not to be borne. Fortunately, or rather twitched, and her gray eves flashed an unfortunately, she was ready the first, and he got a word with her. grily.
"Really," she said, "and have you any

"I did not know that you were going to advice to give on the subject, Mr. Bing-church," he said. "I thought that we ham?" "Yes, Beatrice, I have. I have thought it over, and I think that—forgive me again—that if you can bring yourself to it, perhaps you had better marry him. He is not such a bad sort of man, and he is well off." They had been walking rapidly, and now they were reaching the spot known as the "Amphitheater," that same spot where Owen Davies had proposed to Beatrice some

seven months before. Beatrice passed around the projecting edge of rock, and walked some way toward he flat slab of stone in the center before she answered. While she did so a great and pitter anger filled her heart. thought she saw, it all. Geoffrey wished to be rid of her. He had discerned an element of danger in their intimacy, and was anxious

she would see him no more. Could she let slip this last hour. Oh, she could not "No," she answered, slowly. "I don't to make that intimacy impossible by think that I am coming; it is too sultry to ing her into a distasteful marriage.