THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Stenographers Who Report Congressional Talk.

SALARIES THEY COMMAND.

Men Who Caught the Words of Webster. Clay and Calhoun.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY'S DUTY

COORSESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. WASHINGTON, May 17 .- Stenographers of the House of Representatives, have been ked nearly to death during the past two

weeks. The longwinded discussions of the tariff have interspersed with the running fire of debate and the full corps of \$5,000 men have been busy night and day. It is impossible to conceive the difficulty of reporting the House during such a discussion. A halfdozen men are often

speaking at once and D. F. Murphy. Blount, of Georgia, Cannon, of Illinois, Mills, of Texas, and McKinley, of Ohio, are often shouting at each other at the same time at the tops of their voices. The reporters take their note-books and rush into the melee and get every word as it is uttered.

One man is always on duty, and sometimes more. The reporters have desks directly in front of the Speaker and on a level with the House floor, and the work of reporting is done by relays. One will take notes say for 20 minutes, and he will then be relieved by another, while the first goes down to the transcribing room in the basement of the Capitol and writes out his notes. Until very recently this transcribing was done by redictating the notes to another shorthand man, who in turn translated his notes and put them down on paper for the Congressional Record. Now the most of the stenographers use the graphophone.

ONE OF THE BUSIEST PLACES. As soon as they leave the House they sit down before one of these little machines run by electricity and talk off their notes into it. An ordinary typewriter can take them from the graphophone and the expense of transcription is much less. The transcribing room is one of the busiest places of the Capitol. No talking is allowed in it, and the only sounds that are heard are the low but distinct tones of dictation and the rattle of the typewriter. There are five official reporters of the House, each of whom gets \$5,000 a year, with the exception of the chief, John J. McElhone, who has a salary McElhope is one of the oldest and most

efficient reporters of the United States. He was the first man to report the House ver-

batim, and before he undertook it it was supposed to be impossible. He had been a re-porter in the Sen-A APP tracted for the reporting of the lower House in connection with founder of the Congressional Globe. is was in 1850, and Mr. McElhone has been reporting from that day to

J. J. McElhone. beginning his Forty-ninth session of Cor gress, and he is more efficient to-day than he was 40 years ago. He has a curious way of working. He pays no attention to the mechanical part of his work, and his system is the Pitman system in its simplest form. He is so thoroughly posted on legislation and public questions that he knows what each man ought to say, and he keeps up with the thought as he goes along. He criticises every sentence and his hand fol-

lows his brain like a piece of machinery. AN ACCOMPLISHED GENIUS. He is one of the fastest thinkers amon our public men, and he thinks as tast as h writes. He is a man of fine literary culture, has studied law, and he has one of the finest private libraries of Washington, including many old and rare books. for a time a newspaper correspondent in connection with his reporting of the debates

and he wrote letters for a long time for the

Philadelphia Press. When Lewis Cass was

Secretary of State under Buchanan he

offered McElhone one of the foreign mis-



Following a Speaker.

sions, but he refused it, and he will proba bly remain in the harness as long as he lives. McElhone can report equally well with both hands, and he often shifts his pencil from one hand to the other during a busy day of the House. He has a son of about 20, who is the youngest stenographer on the House side, and who promises to be

as expert a reporter as his father.

The five reporters are always on hand a few minutes before the meeting of the House. They divide the work between them. Each one takes a column of the Record, and the man who gets the first as-signment is sented in his desk at the time that the Speaker's gavel falls. From this time on he takes everything, from Chaplain Milburn's prayer to one of Congressman Holman's rasping speeches. He is responsible for an intelligent and accurate report of all that occurs and he must know everything that is going on. Every sound that is uttered in the way of debate or in asides must fall upon the tympanum of his ear, and if he should miss a word he could not stop to recover it, in the necessity of keeping up with that which follows.

THE BAPID SPEAKERS.

The average speaking of both House and Benate is not over 150 words per minute, but at times a member will shout out an avalanche of new phrases at the rate of 200 words per minute, and there have been speakers who have uttered 225 words. Tom Reed talks like a steam engine and his spasmodic utterances sometimes reach the 220-word limit. Mills rattles out 175 words a minute. limit. Mills rattles out 175 words a minute. His assistants are all high-priced men, and Criap, of Georgia, utters on the average 150 all have been connected with the Senate for

words during each 60 seconds, and Allen, of Mississippi, is another fast talker. Judge Holman talks slowly and deliberately. Mc-Kinley has an unpleasant way of letting his voice fall at the end of every sentence and his concluding words are very indistinct. He does not speak fast, however, and inclines to pompous utterances. Joe Cannon speaks like lightning and so does General Henderson, of Iowa, when he is warmed up.

who was liable to break out at any time into oratorical pyrotechnics at the rate of 200 words per minute, and another was Sam Cox, whose wittiest utterances were spouted out at 200 words per minute. Some of the slow speakers are as hard to report as the fast ones, and the man who halts, stutters and stammers troubles the reporter as much as hard to relate the significance of the state of the slow of the sl he who talks right along and speaks rapidly.
The speaking of the House is much easier for the professional House stenographer than for a new man. There are scores of words which you will scarcely hear anywhere els and which occur again and again.

COLLEGE BRED MEN. The reporter must have a thorough knowledge of parliamentary rules and he must understand the usages of the House. Nearly White, took up shorthand when he was a child, and Andrew Devine reported the Legislature at Albany before he came to re-port Congress in '74. He was engaged in law reporting in New York for a long time, and he was one of the reporters in the famous

Beecher trial.
It costs \$250,000 every year to get out the



Using the Graphophone

daily newspaper of Congress, known as the the Congressional Record, and a good, round part of this goes into the pay of the stenographers. The House has its fixed reporters, to whom it pays fixed salaries. The Senate lumps the job, and gives it to Dennis F. Murphy, who engages to furnish accurate reports of all that is done for \$25,000 a year. The session of Congress lasts from three to eight months, so you see that the pay is very fair. Out of this \$25,000, however, Mr. Murphy has to hire his assistants, and he has under him some of the most efficient reporters of the country. His own connection with Congress is even longer than that of McElhone, and he began to report here in 1848, and as a boy he was engaged in report-ing the debates in the Senate in which Calhoun, Webster and Tom Benton partici-

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION. He reported the trial of Mrs. Surratt and the others who were implicated in the assas-sination of Lincoln, and he has more curious reminiscences packed away in his little head than any other man in Washington. He be-gan to report for the Senate when he was only 14 years old, and he has had full charge of the Senate reports since 1869. He told me one day that speaking in the United States Senate was increasing in speed. "Webster," said he, "was a very slow talker, and he did not average over 100 words a minute. He dealt in younded pariods and was not a head dealt in rounded periods, and was not a hard man to report. Henry Clay rolled out about 150 words to the minute, and Calhoun start-ed slowly, but roused up as he went on, and he frequently spoke as fast as Mr. Clay. Jefferson Davis was one of the fine speakers of the past, abounding in classical allusions, and one of the fastest speakers I have ever known was Sargent, of California, who once spoke for two hours, and averaged 200 words ner minute during the whole time.

the District of Columbia bonds which lasted about four hours and which by actual calculation averaged between 190 and 200 words per minute. The average of speaking in the Senate to-day is not, I think, over 150 was a very last speaker and he frequently wilted his shirt collar with the perspiration of his earnestness. One of the most curious speeches I ever heard was that of John Bell, of Tennessee, who roared out his sentiments with all the eloquence and earnestness of a revivalist preacher notwithstanding that the President of the Senate, himself and I were the only persons in the chamber. It was a night session and all the rest of the Senators had gone to the cloakrooms. Bell tore the air and preached away as though 50,000 people were listening to him. The perspira-tion rolled down his face. He tore off his collar, and though the temperature was at 70, he thrashed himself into a frenzy of excitement. It was very funny."

OTHER SENATE SPEAKERS. Blackburn, of Kentucky, is one of the fastest speakers of the Senate. He grows excited and rolls out his words at the rate of 200 per minute. Ingalls talks more deof 200 per minute. Ingains take indice to liberately and Sherman does not speak over 150 words per minute. Senator Hawley is another fast speaker. He speaks 200 words in 60 seconds and only the best of reporters can follow him. Senator Plumb moves his jaws with the same speed that he does his right arm in gestures, and he is another 290-word speaker. The reporters do not like him. Senator Morgan speaks very deliber-ately and he is good for an hour any time he takes the floor. Kenna is a good talker and Cullom is not a hard man to report. Anthony Higgins, of Delaware, articulates every syllable, and Frank Hiscock, of New York, sponts out his words like a school-

boy delivering an oration. George F. Hoar talks at times very fast. but his speeches are usually deliberate. Edmunds has a very free delivery and Joe Edmunds has a very free delivery and Joe Brown, of Georgia, speaks as though his tongue was run by machinery and could go no faster or no slower than it does. John C. Spooner at times reaches 200 words. Leland Standford talks slowly. Stewart, of Nevada, averages 175 words and George Vest often rises to 200. Evarts gives out his 400word sentences at about 150 words per minute. He is never in a hurry and his mind is so clear that his words comes regu-larly. Blair talks for hours and at the same even rate of speed. Allison speaks in the same snave manner that he acts, and Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, though he usually talks at the rate of two words to the second often rises to three and frequently to four words. Quay doesn't talk at all. With all of these speakers Dennis F. Murphy is at home and the fastest of them do not phase

AN IEISH-AMERICAN. Dennis F. Marphy does not weigh more than 125 pounds. He is a pleasant-taced, brown-whiskered, slightly built man of 60 years of age. He was born in Cork, but he has lost all his Irish brogue since he came here, and he is an American in the fullest sense. He revises all the manuscript before it goes to the printers, and he works regu-larly in the Senate. He has a brother who is as good a reporter as he is, and who is one of the few men who can read his notes.

He does not speak fast, however, and inclines to pompous utterances. Joe Cannon speaks like lightning and so does General Henderson, of Iowa, when he is warmed up. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, varies his speed from 150 to 175 words per minute, and Cheadle, of Indiana, gets through his speeches at all sorts of gaits. One of the fastest speakers of the past was Jim Pelford, who was liable to break out at any time into oratorical pyrotechnics at the rate of 200 words per minute, and another was Sam Cox.

States which has so many stenographers in proportion to its population as Washington. There is scarcely a man in public life who has not a stenographic secretary who accompanies him on all occasions, and this custom has grown up within the past 20 years. Senators Seward and Sumner were among the first to bring shorthand to their aid in their work, and aince that time the practice has grown like Jonah's gourd. Now every Senator has a shorthand clerk, who is paid by the Government and nazive. three months, and Senator Manderson re-ceives on an average of 100 letters a day.

WHAT INGALLS' SPEECH BROUGHT. During the week after his great speech, about a month ago, Senator Ingalls re-ceived 1,000 letters by actual count, and there is not a Western Senator who is not kept busy for two hours every day in answering letters. The Eastern Congressman understand the usages of the House. Nearly every one of the reporters is a college bred man, and most of them have been professional stenographers for years. David Wolf Brown, one of the most expert of the House stenographers, learned the art when he was 13, and he has been engaged in reporting Congress since 1864. Another reporter, Mr. Congress since 1864. Another reporter, Mr. Senator Stanford is said to give his private secretary his whole salary, and they are expected to attend to the correspondence of the chairmen of the committees as well. Senator Stanford is said to give his private secretary his whole salary, and the same and the same and they are expected to attend to the correspondence. but not a few Senators employ their wives, their sisters, their cousins or their aunts as private secretaries, and have their real work done by the cheap shorthand men with whome the Capitol abounds. President Harrison's stenographer gets

\$1,800 a year, and his private secretary, Mr. Halford, gets \$3,500. The shorthand man of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing re-ceives \$1,600 annually, and the fattest of the House committeeships are worth \$2,200 a year. All the heads of departments have stenographers. Every bureau officer has his shorthand man, and there is scarcely a room among the thousands in the great Government departments which has not one or more stenographers connected with it. The steno-graphic work of Washington outside the Government departments is very great. There are several thousand stenographers and typewriters who do business for lawyers, claim agents and others. Many of these men and women have their own offices and their assistants, and the court reporters here receive from 25 to 35 cents a folio. THEY MAKE BIG MONEY.

They make a great deal of money in big cases and there have been trials here which have paid the reporters \$20,000 apiece. Many of the most expert typewriters of the United States are here and there is a little black-eyed fellow who now acts as secretary for Mr. Robert Packe, the General Passenger Agent for the Penusylvania Railroad Company here, who can take down 70 words a minute on his caligraph, and I have my-self dictated to him at the rate of 3,000 words per hour. He takes the dictations directly on the typewriter and you get your copy as fast as you dictate the words. Many of the newspaper men of Washington use shorthand amanueuses and hardly one of them now writes his correspondence out with a pen. He either dictates to the graphophene to a transpondence to a transp with a pen. He either dictates to the gra-phophone, to a typewriter or to a stenog-rapher, or manipulates the typewriter him-selt, composing as he goes along and rat-tling out his thoughts upon the keys.

And still the demand for stenographers in Washington is on the increase. Every month or two the Civil Service Commission

advertises for new stenographers and type-writers, and the business colleges of the capital are turning out hundreds every month. Good mennever lack work, but the efficient private secretary embraces many more qualifications than the mere taking down of words from another man's mouth. The best of the private secretaries here have masters. They must, if they serve a Senator or Representative, know all about the departments and be able to look up a pension case or a land claim, to compose a letter or to draft a bill. Not a few of them look up the materials for their speeches, and some

EVEN WRITE THE SPEECHES themselves. Many public men dictate their speeches to their stenographers before they deliver them, and the stenographer is sup-posed to put on the finishing touches and to give back the complete oration in type-writing to his Senutor. Most of the bureau officers do not answer the most of their correspondence themselves. chief will take a letter and tell his private secretary to write a nice reply refusing or granting a request, and the man is supposed to be able to put this in ship-shape form so that the chief will not b ashamed of it. Certain classes of letters never meet the public man's eye. The sec retary understands, by experience, what is to be done with the case and he answers it

In this way the private secretary become a very important man at Washington, and the office of Private Secretary to the President is fully as important as that of any of the Cabinet Ministers. David Davis used to say that the salary of this place ought to be at least \$7,000 a year, as the man was practically the executive officer of the President, and in many cases did as much work as he did. Colonel Lamont was worth more to President Cleveland than any of his Cabinet officers, and Colonel Halford does today fully as much work as any man con-nected with the administration. The Pri-vate Secretary to the President must be on call at all times, and he is liable to be roused from his bed at midnight to counsel with the President in regard to some important dispatch or diplomatic occurrence which requires an immediate answer.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

RENT OF BUSINESS ROOMS. Rates in Philadelphia Top the Pittsburg

Rates by a Good Deal. Philadelphia Times.] I had occasion the other day to make inquiries concerning renting rooms for business purposes and was astonished to find that no matter how high one went in some of the new and magnificent structures lately erected by various companies the rents were higher still. I could find nothing under \$350 or \$400 a year and that for only one room. In fact in several buildings I was told that they had nothing under \$700 and felt no anxiety about securing a tenant. But in these days when so much is demanded by tenants such as stationary washstands, electric lights, messenger calls, etc., the rents have to be placed high.

TREATING DOG BITES.

A Novel Plan That is a Little Hard on the Fowl Creation. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A good thing to do for a mad dog bite is to fill the wound with powder and touch it off. Then drink whisky. This meets snake bites, too. An efficacious and aboriginal plan is to procure half a dozen young live fowls, cut the skin from the side of one, and put the raw spot against the bitten part. In a few minutes take another fowl and use it in the same way. Four will usually die, the fifth will get giddy, but not die, and the sixth may not be needed. Such a treatment for dog bites is handier than, and as reliable

Sostonian.

Gilroy-There's Snodgrass across streef, let's go over.

Larkin-No. thanks. Gilroy-Why, I thought you were friends Larkin—So we are, but Snodgrass lives in the country now, and I don't care to hear anything about his garden to-day. FLOWING WITH FUN. Pens of Prominent Paragraphers

Plied for Public Pleasure. LIVING LINES ON LOVE AND LORE. Amusing Anecdotes, Penetrating Philoso phy, Distracting Dialect.

TITILLATING TRIFLES PUT IN TYPE



The sky shet down iest like the roof

thet kivers up a bearse. An' me a useless, livin' corpse in a berrid universe: The clouds were ies like strips er crape; the dumps w'en Sallie tol' me "Noi"

W'y, thet one word fum that one gal it made the sun turn black, lis'ened fer the crack er doom an' thought I'd hear her crack; The win's jest boo-hooed through the trees, an I thought a fust-class funeral 'ud liven up the

I felt so streakid an' so blue, an' life wuz sech a fiz. 'At I kneeled down an' prayed an' prayed to hev the roomatiz:

Fer roomatiz is happiness beside the orful ache
Thet soaks through all yer systim w'en yer heart begins to break.

An' then the sun an' moon went down, I thought'twuz their last trip. The mighty Han' thet hol's the worl' it jest let go its grip;
Like the chap thet called to Gallagher, I cried out, "Let'er go!"
The hull roun wor! dropped into night wen Sally to! me "No."

The sky wuz 'like a weddin' ring that went

aroun' the worl', The sun wuz like a dimon' pin on the buzzum

uv a girl: The win's went fiddlin' through the grass an' struck the wilderness
As a feller strikes a tambourine, w'en Sallie tol' me "Yes." I thought the worl' a paradise, all free fum shame an' sin, An' me a burnin' seraph an' the angel Ga-

briel's twin; My lips wuz like a laffin brook thet on'y hea to

Through tiger-lily medders where the pussy willers grow. An' I thought 'twould flow forever, flow for-ever, jest like this, Till it struck the mighty oshun uv everlastin' bliss;
I felt that heaven had come on earth an' wouldn' go off agin!—
An' Natur' nothin' else to do but jest lay back an' grin.

flower path to the end er time stretched way ahead before us.
The mornin' stars they sung together an' I j'ined in the chorus;
The mighty Han' thet hol's the worl' I felt its gentle press—
I knew the universe was safe w'en Sallie tol
me "Yes."
S, W. Foss.

A LEADING QUESTION. Sam Johnsing (who, thanks to his lawyer, has just been acquitted of robbing a smokehouse)—I'se mighty obleeged ter yer ter gittin' me outer dis scrape.

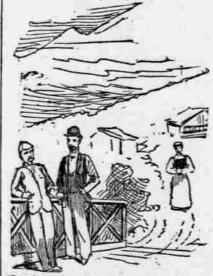
Lawyer—How about my fees? Lawyer-How about my fees?

Johnsing-I hain't got no money, boss,

BUT HIS HABITS WERE LOOSE. "Mr. Rapid acts very queerly of late. I'm afraid there is a screw loose some-

"I can't imagine where. He is usually tight all over." ALEX. E. SWEET. The Jungfrau. Out of her mist veils, virgin fair, The Jungfrau towered in the Alpine air;

While they from the rustic bridge, below, Admired her beauty of sun and snow. "When shall you leave?" His friend inquired. "Well," he said, "my time's expired— 'I ought to have gone last week, yet still



Then, suddenly turning, he bowed and

As a German maiden, with eyes of bine, Walked by them, bowing and blushing And after her form the young man gazed, While one of them said, with eyebrows r "My boy, to me it is distinctly clear That the 'Jungfrau' means to keep you here. MADELINE S, BRIDGES,

Pelk's Jokes. WILLIE A SAD SEA-DOG. "I see somebody has introduced a bill i Congress to prevent this ocean racing. Good idea."
"Yes—hardly a week passes that the

"What is the record now?" "Well, Willie Fourhundred took shooner this morning and already he's halfseas over."

A NEEDLE-LESS EXPLANATION. "Ah, my siren!" said the dreamy looking young man, as he toyed with the silk with which she was working a pink bird on a yellow slipper, "do you know what it was that first drew me to you?" Of course she didn't! "It was your eyes—your beautiful, be-wildering eyes. There is something in their mystical, fathomless depths that holds me,

"A case of hooks-and-eyes?" she asked, as she threaded a green bug in the blue bill of the pink bird.

POLK SWAIPS. A Mother Gooselet. NINETEENTH CENTURY BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls, come out to play-

The moon is shining bright as day."
"Oh! no, indeed, dear sir, we shan't—
We much prefer perusing Kant,
To spend a quiet, restful hour
With Hoffmann and with Schopenhauer."
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1890.

And on Time, Too. "Why do you call this night train "The Tramp?" asked the cross passenger, who was mad because he had lost his ticket, over paid the backman, got an upper berth, and broke the handle off his umbrella. "Because," replied Ganymede, the train

boy, for it was he, "it goes through without change."
And while the convict in upper four played a breezy nocturne with his nose, the tall thin passenger, much pleased, bought a box of fresh kiln-dried Smyrna figs of the box, saying he had promised to bring the children home a set of jack stones, but had forgotten all about it until he heard the rattle of these delicious bivalves as the boy passed by. The use of this expression, coupled with the fact that the tall thin passenger went clear down to the wood box to pay his fare and did no with an air of great mysfare, and did so with an air of great mys-tery and a diplomatic and telephonic dis-cussion conducted in whispers on his part and a loud, harsh utterance on the part of the conductor, led to the suspicion that the the tall thin passenger edited a weekly paper to fill a long felt want.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Let Out a Reef. "By John Henderson, you are getting tremendously stout." "Yes. I'm thinking of making a corpor-

ation of myself." "Good idea; you've started well. You must have let out that stitch in your side you complained of the other day." CARLYLE SMITH.

Their Wooden Wedding. "Let's see; yesterday was Robinson's ooden wedding anniversary, wasn't it?" "Yes."

"Wonder if anybody went around?" "Yes; I went around in the evening."

"Anything going on."
"You bet! Mrs. Robinson had just broken a mop-stick to pieces over Robinson's head. The floor was all littered up with his whittlings. Somebody had tipped the wood-box over. The cut was cavorting around with a clothes-pin on her tail. The children were playing see-saw with the bread board, and the baby was eating a box of matches. I came to the conclusion that the Robinsons were fully able to celebrate their own wooden wedding, and that I had better give the lemon-squeezer I bought for them to my wife." PAUL PASTNOR.

A Melting Tale. Where the days are piping hot, In the heart of Africay, Lived a little Hottentot In his simple, artless way;
There he wooed a merry maid
Who was full of happy fun,
Though 'twas ninety in the shade
And two hundred in the sun.

The little maid was proud; And she had a toilet box Which used to murmur loud; Of monkey-grease pomade The toilet-box was full



They left the palm-tree's shade— That Hottentot so gay And the merry little maid: And the blistering, burning sun On their kinky heads shone full, Till it focussed on the one With pomade upon her wool.

Then that maiden slowly fried On the sands of Africay, And in agony she died In a most heartrending way. And here and there a stain

That leads toward the shade Is all that doth remain Of that foolish little maid. Pellets From Various Pestles

There is always room at the botton Among public speakers it is notable that those who lose their heads usually keep their feet. Pepper and salt are the best seasoning for ysters. The summer season doesn't do ysters much good. It takes a woman two seconds to make up

per mind, and four hours to make up her A young man who was recently expelled from a social organization is said to have observed that he never before realized how much force there is a "club-foot."

A BEE IN A FLOWER.

The Picture in an Orchid Found in Mount ninous Parts of England. Harper's Bazar.

These lines, written years ago, refer to a species of orchid which may be found in the nountainous parts of Lincolnshire and "I sought the Living Bee to find, And found the picture of a Bee,"

A traveler has said that "nature has formed a bee apparently feeding in the heart of the flower, and with such exactness as makes it impossible to distinguish the Another, writing of the bee orchid, adds, "Their resemblance to these insects, when in full bloom, is the most perfect concerv-

There is mention also of a fly orchid, a plant equally curious, and both these pecu-liar growths become very fascinating stud-ies to all lovers of flowers.

Dahomey's Faith in His Fighters. The King of Dahomey had for years be

lieved that one of his warriors could whip seven white men. When one Frenchman began to lick nine of his fighters, the King slowly realized that he was "off," and he also "offed" the heads of several of his gento his.

Then suddenly a cold wind seemed to erals for consolation.





WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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 receives 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. 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 eves of Owen Davies, She sends her father to Geoffrey Bingham, who not only gives himfield, but agrees to visit Bryngelly. Before leaving home Lady Honoria charges Geoffrey with his tenderness for the pretty school teacher. He meets Beatrice unexpectedly, and on the impulse of the moment confesses to her she is the only woman who can properly sympathize with him. That night Geoffrey cannot sleep, and is startled at last by Beatrice who in a som

CHAPTER XXIX.

hours of which he had spent at Euston station. Not seeing Effie, he asked Lady Honoris where she was, and was informed that Anne, the French bonne, said that the child was not well, and that she had kept her in bed to breakfast.

"Do you mean to say that you have not been up to see what is the matter with her?" asked Geoffrey.

"No, not yet," answered his wife. have had the dressmaker here with my new dress for the Duchess' ball to-morrow; it's lovely, but I think that there is a little too much of the creamy lace about it." With an exclamation of impatience

Geoffrey rose and went upstairs. He found

Effic tossing about in bed, her face flushed, her eyes wide open and her little hands quite hot. "Send for the doctor at once," he said. The doctor came and examined the child,

sking her if she had wet her feet lately. "Yes, I did, two days ago," she answered "But Anne did say that they would soon get dry, if I held them to the fire, because my other boots were not clean. Oh, my head loes sehe daddie."

"Ah." said the doctor, and then covering the child up took Geoffrey saids and told him that his daughter had got a mild attack of inflammation of the lungs. There was no cause for anxiety, only she must be ooked after and guarded from chills. Geoffrey asked if he should get a trained

"Oh, no," said the doctor. "I do not think it is necessary, at any rate at present. I will tell the nurse what to do, and doubtess your wife will keep an eye on her."
So Anne was called up, and vowed that she would guard the cherished child like the apple of her eye. Indeed, no, the boots were not wet—there was a little, a very, very little mud on them, that was all.

"Well, don't talk so much, but see that you attend to her properly," said Geoffrey, seeling rather doubtful, for he did not trust Anne. However, he thought he would see himself that there was no neglect. When she heard what was the matter, Lady Honoria was much put out.
"Really," she said, "children are the

most vexatious creatures in the world. The idea of her getting inflammation of the lungs in this unprovoked fashion. The end of it will be that I shall not be able to go to of it will be that I shall not be able to go to the Duchess ball to morrow night, and she was so kind about it, she made quite a point of my coming. Beside I have bought that lovely new dress on purpose. I should never have dreamed of going to so much expense for anything else."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Geoffrey.

"The House does not sit to-morrow; I will look after her. Unless Effic dies in the interval, you will certainly be able to go to the ball."

"Dies—what nonsense! The doctor says

"Dies-what nonsense! The doctor says that it is a very slight attack. Why should

she die?" she die?"
"I am sure I hope that there is no fear of
anything of the sort, Honoria. Only she
must be properly looked after. I do not
trust this woman Anne. I have half a mind "Well, if you do, she will have to slee out of the house, that's all. Amelia (Lad Garsington) is coming up to-night, and I must have somewhere to put her maid, and there is no room for another bed in Effic's

"Oh, very well, very well," said Geoffrey. "I dare say that it will be all right, but if Effic gets any worse, you will please understand that room must be made."

But Effic did not get worse. She remained much about the same. Geoffrey sat at home

all day; fortunately he had not to go to court, and employed himself in reading briefs. About 6 o'clock he went down to the House, and having dined very simply and quietly, took his seat and listened to some dreary talk which was being carried on for the benefit of the reporters, about the adoption of the Welsh language in the law ourts of Wales. Suddenly he became aware of a most ex-

traordinary sense of oppression. An inde-finable dread took hold of him, his very soul was filled with terrible apprehensions and alarm. Something dreadful seemed to knock at the portals of his sense, a horror that he could not grasp. His mind was confused, but little by little it grew clearer, and he began to understand that a danger threatened Beatrice, that she was in great peril. He was sure of it. Her agonized dying cries reached him where he was, though in no form which he could understand; once more her thought beat on his thoughtmore and for the last time her spirit spoke

breathe upon his face and lift his hair, and everything was gone. His mind was as it had been; again he heard the dreary orator and saw the members slipping away to dinner. The conditions that disturbed him had passed, things were as they had been. Nor was this strange! For the link was broken. Beatrice was dead. She had passed into the domains of impenetrable silence.

Geoffrey sat up with a gasp, and as he did so a letter was placed in his hand. It was addressed in Beatrice's handwriting and bore the Chester postmark. A chill fear seized him, What did it contain? He hur-

nor should I do so now, knowing to what A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

Geoffrey came down to breakfast about 11 o'clock on the morning of that day the first fo'clock on the morning of that day the first for when all things are ended between a man and a woman who are to each other what we have been, then it is well that the one who goes should speak plainly before speech becomes impossible, if only that the one who is left should not misunderstand that which has been done.

"Geoffrey, it is probable—it is almost cer-tain—that before your eyes read these words I shall be where in the body they can never see me more. I write to you from the brink of the grave. When you read, it will have

closed over me.

"Geoffrey, I shall be dead.

"I received your dear letter (it is de stroyed now) in which you expressed a wish that I should come away with you to some other country, and I answered it in eight brief words. I dared not trust myself to write more, nor had I any time. How could you think that I should ever accept an offer for my own sake, when to do such an offer for my own sake, when to do so would have been to ruin you? But first I will tell you all that has happened here."

celebrate a service that is greater and more solemn than any of the earth. For Death will be the priest and that oath which I shall take will be to all eternity. Who can prophesy of that whereof man has no sure knowledge? Yet I do believe that in a time to come a shall construct the come of the come of

knowledge? Yet I do believe that in a time to come we shall once more look in each other's eyes and kiss each other's lips and be one for evermore. If this is so, it is worth while to have lived and died; if not, then, Geoffrey, farewell!

"If I may I will always be near you. Listen to the night wind, it shall be my voice; look on the stats, they will be my eyes, and my love shall be as the air you breathe. And when at last the end comes, remember me, for if I live at all I shall be near you then. What have I more to say? So much, my dear, that words cannot convey it. Let it be unsaid; but whenever you hear or read that which is beautiful and tender, think "This is what Beatrice would tender, think "This is what Beatrice would have said to me and could not?"

"You will be a great man, dear, the fore-most, or one of the foremost, of your age. You have already promised me to persevere to this end; I will not ask you to promise afreeh. Do not be contracted. afresh. Do not be content to accept the world as women must. Great men do not accept the world; they reform it—and you are of their number. And when you are great you will always use your power, not for self-interest but to large and worthy ends, you will always strive to help the poor, to break down oppression from those who have to bear it, and to advance the honor of your country. You will do all this from your own heart and not because I ask it of you, but remember that your fame will be my best monument—though none shall ever know the grave it covers.

"Farewell, farewell, farewell! Oh, Geof-frey, my darling, to whom I have never been a wife, to whom I am more than any wife—do not forget me in the long years that are to come. Do not forget me when others flatter you and try to win your love, for none can be to you what I have been-none can ever love you more than that lost Beatrice who writes those heavy words tonight, and who will pass away blessing you with her last breath, to await you, if she may, in the land to which your feet also draw daily on."

Then came a tear-stained postcript in peneil, dated Paddington Station on that very

morning.
"I journeyed to London to see you, Geofrey. I could not die without looking on your face once more. I was in the gallery of the House and heard your great speech Your friend found me a place. Afterward I touched your coat as you passed by the pillar of the gateway. Then I ran away be-cause I saw your friend turn and look at me. I shall kiss this letter—just here before I close it—kiss it there too—it is our last cold embrace. Before the end I shall put on the ring you gave me-on my hand I mean. I have always worn it upon my breast. When I touched you as you passed through the gateway I thought that I should have broken down and called to you—but I found strength not to do so. My heart is breaking and my eyes are blind with tears. I can write no more. I have no more to say. Now once again, good-by. Are atque vale-ob,

my love! The second letter was a dummy. That is to say, it purported to be such an epistle as any young lady might have written to a genleman friend. It began, "Dear Mr. Bing-ham," and ended, "Yours sincerely, Beatrice Granger;" was filled with chit-chat and expressed hopes that he would be able to come down to Bryngelly again later in the summer, when they would have some (Here followed a long and exact description of those events with which we are already acquainted, including the denuncia-



GEOFFREY READS BEATRICE'S LETTER.

"Further," the letter continued, "I inclose your wife's letter to me. And here I wish to state that I have not one word to say against Lady Honoria or her letter. I think that she was perfectly justified in writing as she did, for, after all, dear Geoffrey, you are her husband, and in loving each other we have offended against her. She tells me truly that it is my duty to make all further communication between us impossible. There is only one way to do this possible. There is only one way to do this

"And now I have spoken enough about myself, nor do I wish to enter into details that could only give you pain. There will be no scandal, dear, and if any word should be raised against you after I have gone, I have provided an answer in the second letter, which I have inclosed. You can print it if necessary; it will be a sufficient reply to any talk. Nobody after reading it can believe that you were in any way connected with the accident which will happen. Dear, one word more-still about myself, you see! Do not blame yourself in this matter for you are not to blame; of my own free will I do it, because in the extremity of the circumstances I think it best that one should go and the other be saved, rather than that both should be involved in a common

strange vision of mine I dreamed that you came and touched me on the breast and showed me light? So it has come to pass, for you have given me love—that is light; and now in death I shall seek for wisdom. And this being fulfilled, shall not the rest be fulfilled in season? Shall I not sit in those cloudy halls till I see you come to seek me, the word of wisdom on your lips?
And since I cannot have you to myself, and
be all in all to you, why I am glad to go.
For here on the world is neither rest nor happiness; as in my dream, too often does 'Hope seem to rend her starry robes.'
"I am glad to go from such a world, in

"I am glad to go from such a world, in which but one happy thing has found methe blessing of your love. I am worn out with the weariness and struggle, and now that I have lost you I long for rest. I do not know if I sin in what I do; if so, may I be forgiven. If forgiveness is impossible, so be it. You will torgive me, Geoffrey, and you will always laye me, however wicked I may be; even if at the last you owhere I ried with it into a private room and opened it. It was dated from Bryngeliy on the previous Sunday and had several inclosures.

"My dearest Geoffrey," it began, "I have never before addressed you thus on paper," world, but two short days from hence I shall

tion of Beatrice by her sister, the threats of Owen Davies as regards himself, and the measures which she had adopted to gain time.)

Geoffrey was accused by Owen Davies or anybody else of naving had anything to do with her mysterious end, the production of such a frank epistle, written two days previously, would demonstrate the absurdity of the idea. Poor Beatrice, she was full of precautions!

Let him who may imagine the effect pro-

duced upon Geoffrey by this heartrending and astounding epistle! Could Beatrice have seen his face when he had finished reading it she would never have committed suicide. In a minute it became like that of an old mind, such an agony of horror, of remorse, of unavailing woe and helplessness swept across his soul that for a moment he thought his vital forces would give way beneath it, and that he should die, as indeed in that dark hour he would have rejoiced to do.
And of those cowards who hounded her to
death, if indeed she was already dead. Oh,
he would kill this Owen Davies—yes, and Elizabeth, too, were it not that she was a woman; and as for Honoria, he had done with her. Scandal, what did he care for scandal? If he had his will there should be a scandal, indeed, for he would beat this Owen Davies, this reptile, who did not hesitate to use a woman's terrors to prosper the fulfilling of his lust—yes, and then drag him to the Continent and kill him there. Only vengeance was left to him!

Stop, he must not give way—perhaps she was not dead—perhaps that horrible presage of evil which had struck him like a storm was nothing but a dream. Could be tele-graph? No, it was too late; the office at Bryngelly would be closed—it was past 8 now. But he could go. There was a train leaving a little after 9-he should be there by 6:30 to-morrow. And Effie was ill-well, surely they could look after her for 24 hours; she was in no danger, and he must go-he could not bear this torturing suspense. On,

how had she done the deed! Geoffrey snatched a sheet of paper and tried to write. He could not, his hand she so. With a groan he rose, and going to the refreshment room swallowed two glasses of brandy one after another. The spirit took effect on him; he could write now. Rapidly he scribbled on a sheet of paper:

"I have been called away upon impartant business, and shall probably not be back till Thursday morning. See that Effie is prop-erly attended to. It I am not back you must not go to the Duchess' ball.

"GEOFFREY BINGHAM."

Then he addressed the letter to Lady
Honoria, and dispatched a commissionaire

with it. This done he got into a cab and bade the cabman drive to Euston as fast as his horse could go.

(To be continued next Sunday.)