One Mr. Carnegie Proposes,

How would be have fared but for the helpful work they did? No need to speculate about that, for they did the work, and would be sure to do it again in case of such need, and again and again, as many times as the need might arise. They were the soul of sanitary commissions, and they were the heart and the hand of volunteer nursing systems. More than once, to my knowl-

BUTVERY PRETTY NEVERTHELESS

Presentation to His Town.

Intended by a Retired Merchant for

ARRANGEMENTS POR THE INTERIOR

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The management of a library, including the selection of books, is of much greater importance than the building. The librarian should be a man of liberal education, enthusiastic in his work. He should have such genuine sympathy for good literature as to create a taste for it among his patrons. The desultory reader who inquires for gether she was a delightful visitor, though "something interesting" (there are many such) should be provided with a fascinating book of history, biography, travel, or of one of the trades or useful arts, so nicely suited

to his taste as to inspire him with a desire for careful and methodical reading.

Light and trashy fiction should be excluded. The habitual novel reader would be disappointed not to find the opium drug of literature in the library, but the libra-rian of tact may induce him to try solid

reading and thus reclaim him.

This building was designed for a retired merchant who is erecting it for prese



Perspective. to his native town. Following will be

and gables, brick; pressed brick and stone trimmings; roof, tin.
Interior finish—Yellow pine flooring with

il, natural color. Trim, casings, cornices, bands, sashes and rain conduct green. Tin roof painted dark red.

found a somewhat detailed description:
General dimensions—Width, 17 feet 4
inches; depth, including porch, 41 feet 4
inches; height of story, 17 feet.
Exterior materials—Foundation, all walls

underflooring and selt between. White pine trim, gallery and steps. Outside doors, oak. All woodwork finished with hard oil. Sand finish tinted plaster walls and ceilings. Stained glass in all windows and doors. Colors—All brick and stone work cleaned down at completion; pressed brick and stone work left natural color; the body brickwork neatly repainted and evenly stained red. Outside doors and frames finished with hard

Accommodations - One large with a gallery eight feet

1///

GALLERY ABOVE He He BOVE LIBRARY GALLERYA (5.0X35.0 LIBRARIANS DESK, PUBLIC

Trouble Owing to Electric Lights. "For a man to say he is not pleased with the change from gas to electricity for street.

become the illuminating power."
"This paint absorbs light during the day and gives it off during the night. Hitherto it has only been made at one small factory and the price has been too high. however, a way to manufacture the paint cheaply has been discovered, and I believe every drug store in town will soon be hand-

MR. STANLEY'S BLACK BOY.

Ministers to the Explorer's Wants.

Below is a sketch of Mr. Stanley's black take his likeness by the explorer. Mr. Stanley calls his boy Sali. He is a native



African, is about 18, he speaks English, and is a genial fellow, with a bright eye and a pleasant smile. He accompanies Mr. Stan-ley to all parties and functions.

THE SOLDIER'S DAY.

Postmaster General Wanamaker's

maker has improved at an expense of about \$50,000.

A GRAND ART COLLECTION.

least \$200,000 worth of pictures in this room. Still these paintings comprise only a part of his collection, and he is, you know, the pos-sessor of Munkacsy's "After the Wedding," which hangs on the left wall of the gallery. There are more than 50 pictures on the walls of this baliroom, and though they are all very valuable, I do not think that some of them are as beautiful as those which ership. Secretary Whitney had a remarkable taste in art, and in his collection are many masterpieces. He had a Millet which Vanderbilt considered finer than any painting he owned, and some of his pictures of the French school were wonderfully beauti-

ful. The Postmaster General is a good judge of fine paintings. He has made a study of art and can tell a good painting without asking the advice of a picture buyer. He knows most of the great artists of Paris personally, and he is a haunter of studios when he is in Europe.

SPLENDID ENTERTAINERS. The Postmaster General and his wife have entertained more lavishly than any other family connected with the administration, with perhaps the exception of the Mortons

day school man. He is, I believe, a gen-uine Christian, and his cloak of religion has not been donned with his official appointment nor his business success. He is not so straightlaced, however, as were our Puritan fathers, and he does not consider dancing sinful. He will not use wines, however, at his state dinners, and he confines his own drinks to apollinaris, hawthorn water and the succulent soda. He believes in the observance of the Sabbath, and he will not allow a letter or a telegram to be delivered at his house on Sunday, nor will he talk business on Sunday. He runs his Christianity, too, on business principles, and he says that ministers would get along

drunkards to build up a Sunday school.

HIS PERSONAL HABITS. Postmaster General Wanamaker spends as

arrived. bureau chiess and at this time is ready to re ceive the stream of Senators and representatives of office-seekers and others who the begin to come. From 9 until 12 he is accessible to everyone. His talks are not always politic, for Mr. Wanamaker is more of a business man than a politician. He has the faculty of deciding a thing right off. of a business He is too much of a civil service man to suit many of the politicians, though he does not believe in the civil service as at present constituted. He thinks that every Cabine minister should have the right to look man in the eye before he appoints him, and that clerks should be examined by men in

for the whole country. ALWAYS HUNTING NEW IDEAS. The Senators and Representatives keep the Postmaster General busy until noon, and it is 1 o'clock before he gets home to his luuch. He comes back at 3 and works away steadily until 7 or 7:30 in the evening, doing the best part of his work after the rest of the clerks have gone. He is always after new ideas. A man who tried to get work of him the other day was asked by him whether he had any new ideas and what he could do for him, and when the man really showed that he had some originality he was at once given a job. Postmaster General Wanamaker was surprised to find when he first came into office that a number of the ideas that he supposed were his had been formulated and discussed by other Postmaster Generals. This was so with the Postal Telegraph and Postal Savings Bank. The idea in his Postal Telegraph sche having the competing telegraph lines do the business and having the postoffices merely deliver the messages is his own, and his

That Weighed Eighty Pounds. Recent hail storms have revived a story from Salina, Kan. The facts in the case are substantially as follows: In July, 1882, a party of railroad section men were at work seven miles west of Salina, when a terrific hail storm went over. Martin Ellwood, the foreman, relates that near where they were at work many chunks of ice fell that would weigh from 5 to 15 pounds, and that in returning

scattered about everywhere. When six miles out from town they found hundreds of them larger than a man's head, besides one monster chunk which they esti-mated weighed at least 80 pounds. This frigid reminder of the awful storm was loaded on the handcar and taken to Salina, the combined strength of two men being required in the loading act. Near the mam-moth 80-pounder Mr. Ellwood discovered a hallstone in the shape of a cigar about one foot long and four inches in diameter. Upon arriving in town a wheelbarrow was secured and the big hallstone taken to W. J. Hagler's store, where; crowds of people visited it all afternoon. In the evening, after being on exhibition five hours, it measured 9x16x22 inches.

with his wife and family, and he has two charming daughters who are good old-fash-ioned girls and with whom he loves to romp after his day's work is over. Everyone knows where he lives. It is in the historic Frelinghuysen mansion which Mrs. Whitney made such a social center during the last administration and which Mr. Wana-

This house is one of the most elegantly furnished houses of the Capital. Its walls are hung with satin and it has rooms so large that you could turn a wagon-load of hay around in them without touching the walls. It has a picture gallery as big as a barn, and this is now filled with some of the precious art works owned by the Postmaster General. He has little pieces of canvas here which have cost \$200 an inch, and I am told by an art friend of his that there are at

They have kept open house, have given many dinners and receptions and at the ure gallery ball room has been thrown open for dancing.
The Postmaster General is noted as a Sun-

better if they had more business tack

ONCE PELTED WITH MUD. Few people have any idea of the Christian work which he is doing in his Sunday school at Philadelphia which he started in the "Five Points" of that city when he was working on a salary of less than that received by the average Government clerk. His first Sunday school was held in a tent, and he was a successful Sunday school teacher when he was 30 years of age, 20 years before anyone imagined that he would be a rich man, and when the wildest dreamer would not have pointed him out as a Cabinet minister. I am told that Wanamaker risked his life in starting this Sunday school, and that the toughs of the Quaker City used to pelt him with mud when he began with the ragged children and tried to influence the

It was perhaps this pelting that made him work the harder, for Wanamaker is a fighter from the word go, and opposition only made him the more anxious to succeed. He has two granite tabernacles, one of which is the Bethany Church and the other the Sunday school. There are about 3,000 pupils in the Sunday school and there are something like 300 teachers. Mr. Wanamaker opens it every Sunday and then swings across to the Bethany Church, where he has a Bible class of 1,000 men and women.

Postmaster General Wanamaker spends as many hours at his desk as any Postmaster General we have had for years. He rises at about 6:30 o'clock, shaves himself and takes a good, plain breakfast. He rides down to tablishment. It clears, I am told, \$1,000,- a good, plain breakfast. He rides down to the department in the department coupe, and he is ready for work at 8:30, 30 minutes before his force of clerks have begun to ar rive. He has a private secretary, Mr. Marshall Cushing, whom he pays himself to attend to his personal matters. The Postmaster General gets about a cartload of marked newspapers every day. The Postmaster General writes some letters himself, and is well advanced with his mail by the time 9:30 has He has had perhaps a counsel with his

the departments in which they are to work rather than by one board which examines

BELIEVES IN NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING. scheme for appointing a general manager for the Postoffice Department, who shall have a term of office for ten years at \$10,000 a year,

Socially he is a jolly good fellow, and he gives away a great deal of money in charity every year. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE CHAMPION HAILSTONE Story From Konsas of an Icy Meteor

I suppose in the latter part of May every old soldier finds his thoughts turning with much obstinacy back to "war times." And if he had the fortune to be sick or wounded

Old-Time Prophecies That It Would Lose Its Significance.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN PITTSBURG.

The Part Taken by the Ladies in the

Erection of the Monument. STORIES OF WOMEN OF THE WAR

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 . I remember, when Memorial Day was first instituted, hearing men in Pittsburg declare that in ten years it would have lost all its significance, that before that time had passed there would be no great amount of mourning in anybody's heart for the soldiers who were dead. And I heard others protest that the fixed observance of such a day was read to him or write letters for him. Altowrong in principle and in policy. It was not well, they urged, to deliberately seek to perpetuate the war feeling. I heard more than one old soldier reason in that way is

those early days. Well, more than ten years have passed and Memorial Day seems to have no less a place in people's thoughts and affections than at first. There may be less of public demonstration in certain quarters, but not less of general and thoughtful observance. And those who looked with apprehension to the future have had their fears proved groundless. North and South the honors paid to the dead soldiers have served rather paid to the dead soldiers have served rather to promote harmony than to perpetuate en-mity. For somehow, in both sections, the "soldier feeling" is a very different thing from the "war feeling." The one lives and the other dies; and that seems well.

SOME OLD DEMONSTRATIONS. What old Pittsburger will ever forget the earliest demonstrations there? Some of them were very imposing and wonderfully impress-ive. The whole community seemed filled with earnest enthusiasm, and intent on giving the útmost expression to it. It was notable, in this time of peace so closely following the time of war, that the women were foremost in doing honor to the dead soldiers, as they had been foremost in ministering to the living soldiers when they needed the ministrations of thought ul, practical care to make them more comfortable.

In this later style of campaigning the women had the direction of affairs. They planned the work that was to be done, and did a wonderful amount of it themselves.

And every man in a position to know the history of those early events must have an abiding conviction that women-Pittsburg women at least—have practical ability and executive capacity which a large portion of mankind might wish for in vain.

I have thought many, many times in recent years—every time Memorial Day comes around—or one of those early Pittsburg demonstrations which I remember more vividly than any other. The reason of that, I suppose, is because it was the first after Memorial Day became an established anniversary. The ladies of the Executive Committee had made elaborate plans, and they carried them out in the most effective manner, by dint of hard work, long continued. The people of the two cities, and even in the neighboring country districts, co-operated with enthusiasm. And the result was such a day of well-ordered celebration as one may not hope to see surassed many times in the course of any ordinary career.

THE GREAT PARADE.

The march to Allegheny Cemetery was especially noteworthy. All the way the street was crowded with people assembled there to see the procession. And a procession well worth seeing it was, too. Soldiers—there were more of them than there are now, alas-marched in column with the old army swing and to the old army tunes.
And they carried, not the weapons of death, but fragrant offerings for those already

Other soldiers whose marching days had had flowers laid above them since? Carriages, many of them, were filled with ladies; some old, some young; some sad with memories of recent heartbreak; some grave with sympathy for the general pain of loss; all eager to do affectionate honor to those dead boys out there. In still other carriages, and on horseback, were many citizens of dignity and importance; for this was an occasion all men felt it an honor to participate in. Societies marched or rode.

Delegations of citizens marched or rode. The line seemed almost without end. And every man and woman in it carried flowers. Flowers were piled into the carriages with the ladies, and there were wagon loads of flowers forming part of the procession. And many of the people on the side-walks were also laden with flowers. These joined the moving column as it passed; and so there were more and more people marching to the music of the many bands.

DEDICATION OF THE MONTMENT There were other Memorial Day celebra tions almost, if not quite, as fervent and inspiring as this. But the Memorial Day on which the soldiers' monument was dedicated saw the climax and culmination of such observances. The founding and con-struction of this monument may also be described as a women's enterprise. Women originated the purpose of a monument to the dead soldiers of Allegheny county. They formed a Monument Association which, with the willing co-operation of the people, carried the purpose into effect. Many men were active and hard-working members of the association, but I doubt if they would have won the success finally achieved without the active energy of the women. While on the other hand I am not at all sure that the women would not have conquered success even if the men had kept

out of the work! But both worked together, and worked hard and for a long time. The task was not a holiday pastime by any means. Its success required the utmost efforts of all con cerned. There must be plenty of money raised. Part of this came in the form of liberal subscriptions. A fair was held, and the proceeds were nobly generous. Other were devised in the active brains engaged in the enterprise, and every effort resulted in more or less of success. If the association members were active and energetic, the people at large were certainly liberal and enthusiastic.

SELECTING THE SITE.

I think determining the site of the monu ment was a task more difficult than the raising of funds for it. A strong party of earnest workers wanted it placed in the Alearnest workers wanted it placed in the Allegheny Cemetery, where so many of the soldiers were buried. Others urged the claims of other locations, and a good deal of rather excited discussion took place. When the final decision was made, and it was determined to place the shaft where it now stands, on the height overlooking the river and the Alle gheny parks, all opposing preferences were put aside, and every worker joined in hearty fellowship with every other worker to in-sure the best success of the object all had been so anxious to see accomplished.

All parts of Allegheny county contributed people to participate in the ceremonies of dedication; and the occasion was nothing less than stupendous. The dedication was, in the widest sense, a public event. Both cities made it the chief and commanding work of the cay. Flags and decorations adorned the streets along which the great procession passed, and it seemed almost as if nobody had been left at home or in the mills or in the shops, so great were the crowds in the streets and on the ground where the ceremonies of dedication took

A WOMAN OF THE WAR.

systems. More than once, to my knowl edge, Southern women came in among the wounded in Federal hospitals, bringing

flowers and good things to eat, and pleas-ant words, which were better than either. To be sure one of these Southern women got mixed in her impulses one day, and taid away everafter. It was in Louisville. A very pretty and spirited girl contracted the pleasant habit of frequently coming in among the wounded men of a certain hos-pital ward, and brightening an hour for them. She would bring them flowers; she would bring in nicely cooked dainties for some of the worst cases; she would sit by some helpless fellow half the afternoon, and

she took no pains to conceal the fact that she was a Confederate, out and out.

SANG THE WRONG SONG. By some strange chance there was a piano in this room. One day, by way of completing her charming visit, she sat down be-fore the piano to give us some music. She sang admirably. But the very first, and the very last piece she sang was "The Bonny Blue Flag!" And she sang it with such vim and such audacity that every one of us had to applaud her. We were all sorry she did not come back.

But it was not of her I set out to speak, but of a women where the same music.

but of a woman whom the war made almost as famous as it made General Sherman-Mother Bickerdike. I saw her first at some point on the Mississippi river. She had come thus far with a large shipment of sanitary supplies, prominent among which were sundry barrels of onions. She was impetuously eager to get to the hospital she was bound for so that "her boys" could have the beneut of those onions right away. But there was some difficulty about transportation for herand, her freight. I don't think such a dffi-culty ever stood very long in the way of Mother Bickerdike. It certainly did not on this occasion. She mastered it with such promptness and energy that she was on her way down the river—or wherever she wanted to go—before the Quartermaster could make out how it had been done.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOSPITALS. Eved among the soldiers who had never

been in a hospital Mother Bickerdike's name became as familiar as a household word, and more than one of them wished she had the ordering of the particular campaign which might provoke his criticism. But the boys in hospital got another view of her character.

And how tenderly lovable was the side

of it that was turned toward them! They learned to love and revere her as a particularly enterprising and eminently practical saint. No difficulty was sufficient to daunt her will and courage when "her boys" were to be benefited. And it would be interesting to know how many useful citizens of today were brought alive out of the war by the untiring energy and the motherly ten derness of "Mother Bickerdike."

A WIFE IN THE HOSPITAL. But after all the woman who brought the

greatest good and the greatest happiness into a hospital, of all that I remember, was one whose name was never known outside her own small circle of acquaintance. It was shortly after a battle in which manyfearfully many—men had been wounded. One of these hapless men sat at the lower end of the long ward, shot through the breast in such a manner that he could not lie down, but had to be kept propped up in a chair. A doubtful case the surgeons called him.

One day a woman came alone through the door at the upper end of the ward, cast a quick glance all about, and then, be ore steward or nurse could ask her errand, she started swiftly and silently toward the man in the chair. He did not see her coming. He did not see her coming. did not know that his wife was near

crying so in his joy'ul surprise that he could not utter a word. And nobody else uttered a word either; but every man there did a great deal of thinking. The nurse spoke some very serious words

o the wife alterward about the danger of shock. But she knew what she was about and the event proved it. That man began to get better that very hour, and was soon out of danger. And the rest of us, who had no wives, had to suffer in loneliness, and get better the best way we could.

JAMES C. PURDY.

HUNTING THE KEY-HOLE.

Pittsburger Who Has a Good Deal of

lighting is to get himself styled an old fossil, and so forth, but for my part," said a wellknown Pittsburg druggist the other day, "I see decided objections to the new system. One is the great difficulty in finding a keyhole in a door, which is some distance from the nearest lamp. A man who knows he is sober hates to have to stand several minutes trying to get his latch-key to do its work, and that is what I have to do nearly every night. To get over the difficulty I have painted round the key-hole with a luminous paint, which works like a charm. I anticipate quite a boom in this commodity now hat electricity with its weird shadows, has

The Interesting Eighteen-Year-Old Who boy, reproduced from the Pall Mall Budget, whose artist was given special permission to



1-1 PORCH,

Floor Plan. the floor; staircase leading to All of the space on the main floor (except that marked public) and in galleries is intended for bookcases. It is intended to heat the building by a stove set about the middle of the main floor, the pipe to descend into a sunken brick flue leading to the chimney thus avoiding an unsightly stove pipe.

Cost-\$1,500, not including heating apparatus. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In

many sections of the country the cost sho Feasible modifications-Height of story, general dimensions, materials and colors, may be changed. Cellar may be placed un a part or whole of building, Main der a part or whole of building, main floor may be concrete with removable sectional top floor. R. W. SHOPPELL,

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Wolff's ACM EBlacking WILL STAIN TINWARE WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BARRETS

ASAINT THAT SOEM TRY IT.

such a scolding on your account! Here fully and disappeared in a crevice of the comes your betrothed, and quite unnecessarily tells the Colonel that you have been here. Is that the way you reward our goodness?' And thus he talked on till he shut the door and bade me go instantly! Oh, Sent you to me. Return now to town; I'll Countess, save the Count; for God's sake, go with this man."

Jana was terrified, but not specially surprised. Since that scene in the coach she had never again fully trusted Palkin, in spite of all his assurances of boundless de rotion. She had, however, kept silence, hoping thus to keep him from injuring her or her husband hereafter. Now she quietly rose and said to Helen; "I shall at once go to the Governor. So

port. Do you, in the meantime, go into town; you will surely meet my husband and Dr. Haas. Tell them all, and beg them at once to come here. You will easily find the doctor, because everybody likes and honors him for the good he has already

Helen could not recover; she was still trembling all over with excitement and fear. Jans tried to calm her and to encourage her, and did not leave her till she had at least partially succeeded. Then both these good and noble women left the house.

Irkutsk has like most large Russian

cities, a main street, which consists of splendid, symmetrically built palaces. From this street smaller ones branch off with poor log houses and then follow mudholes and so-called suburbs. Every great town, however, has at least one square built after European models.

The main street of Irkutsk crossed the street in which Jana lived, which at the corner especially looked very much like the main street. Seven supurb mansions rose on both sides. They were of massive structure had several stories and possessed real architectural merits. At the house of the Countess the symmetry ceased. After it followed only poor, smoke-blackened huts,

and the end of the street encountered a bill utterly uninhabited. The house which immediately adjoined Jana's dwelling, although looking very insignificant and even poverty-stricken, was in reality not so badly arranged. It was a one-story log house, surrounded by a small garden. Here lived the captain of gen-darmes. Jana did not know this. Her servants were all aware of the fact, but they did not know of the ill-feeling that existed

between the two families.

Helen, when she left Jana's house, looked all around, to see if she could perceive any trace of the Count or of Dr. Hass. She saw in the door of the Captain's house a woman standing who was idly gazing at the pass by. Heien approached her and asked.

"Pardon me, dear neighbor, but you probably know Count Lanin and Dr. Haas?" "Very well," replied the woman, looking easerly at the girl, who noticed nothing,

occupied as she was with her great grief. "Did you notice in what direction they The woman became more attentive as she perceived Helen's anxiety.
"I have seen no one, as I have but just

come out. But my husband has been standing a whole hour at the door, smoking his pipe, and has but just gone in. Step in a moment, my child!" Helen accepted the invitation. When the two women were in the front room the kind neighbor suddenly turned to Helen, asking: 'Why do you want to know that?'

Helen drew bock a step.
"I am the Captain's wife, and your conduct makes me very suspicious. Answer me candidly. Why do you want to know where the two men are?" Helen tried again to get to the door, but

Caroline prevented her. She remained standing on the threshold, laughing loud and cruelly. She said: "You shall not get away from here till my husband returns; he has just gone out on business about your master! "But that is vulgarity," cried Helen. . "I

am in a great hurry!" "Ha, ha!" laughed Caroline. "Just wait, child, and amuse yourself as you can." In an instant she had slipped out, closed the door behind her, drew the key out of the lock, and left Helen imprisoned.

In the meantime Jana had driven to the Governor's palace, and asked for an audience. The Governor sent an excuse; he could not possibly receive her. Jana begged and implored—in vain. She next hurried to all the upper officials who had been kind to her. No one received her. Two hours she had wasted thus, and now returned in

great anguish and utterly exhausted. Lina told her that Dr. Haas had been waiting for "Your husband has been arrested." h told Jana as soon as she entered. "The perthe money from the bank I accompanied the Count to his dwelling. We found a gen-darme there, quite at home. He took no excuses. The Count had been caught away from his house. The soldier, of

acted under orders. It was lucky I had money, or matters might have been much Conflict had a different effect on Jana from the general effect; it roused her ener-

gies and inspired her instead of casting her down. "We have nothing more to hope from the authorities. If law and order forsake us we must seek help with the rebels-what else can we do? Doctor, procure me a man's costume! I shall go to-night to the Tartar mound. My husband cannot invoke Miller's assistance from his prison—it is my

"Oh. Countess, how can you? You alone! At night! Consider to what danger you ex-'Do not prevent me, doctor; I must do it.' "Let me go in your place."
"Miller does not know you. You would

make no impression upon him, while I personify, to his mind, his conscience! He "No one can resist you, Countess! But at least do not forbid me going with you. I shall accompany you to the mound?" She held out her hand and said simply, "I thank you!"

The nights at the North, where all life ceases and every noise is silence, are infinitely more impressive and grander than those of more southern countries. As soon as the vast plains of Siberia are overshad owed, you hear your own breathing; you notice your heart's pulsation; you count the echo of your footsteps upon the hard snow; the ear is susceptible of perceiving the

faintest noise. The whole Tartar mound trembled when Jana, at 10 o'clock at night, three times re "lenar! Ienar! Ienar!" The name came back echoed from the

and the frozen waters of the Angara, like three shots fired from a mortar. Then all was still as before Jana appeared in the full costume of a colonist. By her side stood the faithful dector. Both had found no difficulty in leaving the city, because neither of them was subject to the strict laws by which the

hills and the mountains, from the valleys

exiles were bound. have passed, when suddenly steps became audible on the snow, and like a spirit of the grave the dark form of a Gungus came visible on the white background. bowed to the Countess as if waiting for or-

"My friend," she said in Russian, "I stand in need of Miller's assistance. I am the Countess Lanin." The Siberian looked at her in amazement, but did not say a word.
"You surely know where he is? I must see him and speak with him as soon as pos-

The young native made a sign with his hand, that he did not understand a "You do not understand me?" asked poor He repeated the same unmistakable sign.

She tried once thore to make herself understood, repeating very slowly all she had said. In vain! The poor woman sank overwhelmed, on her knees. "Oh, God, enlighten me that I may know what to do! Must we perish thus?" Hass now walked up to the native, and touching his arm, he said: "Ienar!" The Siberian repeated the name. Then the doctor ant down on the snow and tried to slide

down the hill. The Gungus laughed joy-

man does not speak Russian he will at least know Miller."

"Oh, doctor, certainly Providence has go with this man."
"No, Countess, you cannot do that; I demand it in my quality as your protector! I am responsible to the Count for your safety. Believe me, besides the Count might not like your going with this man! You are a lady, and have to think of that!" Jana at last understood the doctor, and

gave him her hand, saying:
"You are right, doctor. Go, then, with
God! It prayers and threats fail, use money; use it lavishly. I leave the fate of my hus-band in your hands. I shall do, on my part, what I can. We have hardly 48 hours be-fore us; let us make good use of them."

The Siberian appeared as suddenly as be-fore, but now with a smart sleigh and rein-

deers. Hass took leave of Jana, sat down by the Gungus, and whispered once more the magic word "Ienar!" magic word "lenar!"

The Siberian looked assent, and whistled fiercely. The reindeer flew down the slope to the river bed, and then galloped along on the smooth ice as upon a level road.

Jana remained standing still, almost lifeless, following the onickly vanishing claim.

less, following the quickly vanishing sleigh as long as her eyes could discern the faint Then she knelt down on the snow and sent a fervent prayer to God's throne on high in behalf of Vladimir and the doctor. After having crossed herself she rose and returned to Irkutsk.

CHAPTER XXIII. In Vladimir's but the twilight had long changed into night. More than a quarter of an hour Nicholas Popoff had waited for the Count, according to his promise, paying no attention to the increasing darkness. At first he wondered why Lanin had not appeared, because he had charged Helen very part of the state of the stat of an hour Nicholas Popoff had waited for peared, because he had charged Helen very attain my end!" specially to mention the hour at which he would be there. He had obtained two hours' leave and no more, and knew perfeetly how dangerous this step might be-

perfectly dark!"
Nicholas rose, looked for a piece of light wood, kindled it with the aid of a match

and put it into a beam. Thus the smoking, flittering light illumined the hut at least after a fashion. No other light is known in the Siberian villages.

"Why does he not appear?" Nicholas continued his musings. "I have been wait-ing an hour now. What can have happened to him?" He waited half an hour longer. As no

one came, he thought it high time to return home, so as to cause no suspicion of his prolonged absence. He went to the door, opened it, and started back with a cry of surprise and only three of us, but this unarmed rabble horror. Colonel Palkin was standing on the threshold and behind him he saw several men who were walking up and down.
"Colonel! You here!" he exclaimed.

pushed him with his whole strength back nto the room. "Are you surprised?" "Where is the Count? What do you want "Ha! ha! The inquiry begins! Well, I can give you an answer. I am here to take those documents which I need. Out with

The colonel walked up close to him and

"Unnecessary curiosity! Out with those papers or-"That is treachery!" "Call it what you choose! I have no time for discussion. Hand me the papers!" Now Popoff saw clearly that he had been caught in a trap, and that Palkin was his enemy. With the strength of despair he seized the Colonel by the throat, crying: "You shall at least pay for the others!"

them! The Count will never return here!"

The Colonel, however, a man of herculean strength, pushed the poor, weak man easily back, seized his hands and pressed them till is joints cracked and he sank down on the "He! People! Here!" In a moment two gendarmes had seized Popoff, who was crying for help with all

his might, hoping to attract the attention of

"Now search him accurately! This time nothing shall escape me!" Nicholas, however, when thus confronting imminent danger, had recovered his presence of mind, and a scornful smile even secution begins anew. After I had gotten on his lips. The gendarmes began to search pockets, boots, even his hair was thoroughly searched. Nothing was found but a tobacco

bag and a penkuite. Palkin was foaming with rage. "You think, perhaps, you will cheat me once more. Well, we'll see. All has not been tried yet. And if I have to kill you I must have those papers. Speak, where are

Nicholas sitently shrugged his shoulders. This gesture made the Colonel furious. "Tie him to that bench and fetch a na gaika. Nicholas turned deadly pale. The gaika is a knout, a strap of leather with two knots, the end of which is forked, like the tongue of a serpent. After 100 blows the flesh is generally gone from the bones, and no man is able to bear 500 blows.

Nicholas was tied to the bench, and they only waited for the man who had been sent for the knout, which was kept at the in-"Obey me!" said Palkin to Popoff. "You have a moment's time yet to consider. Don't be obstinate! Tell me your secret." "You may murder me, wretched hang-man," replied Popoff; "but you shall never

learn my secret. I'd rather bite off my

tongue, you wretched spy and traitor!

shall yet live to see you overthrown.

Palkin laughed cruelly and sat down, facing the bench. The nagaika was brought "Well! Now begin and strike slowly. he may have time to reflect and give me the answer I want." The knout whizzed through the air and fell upon the bare back of the wretched vic-tim. Instantly a dark blue mark appeared,

and Popoff uttered a heartrending cry. He bit into the wood of the bench and did not After the twentieth stroke the blood poured forth in streams, and large fragments of flesh were torn off. The pain was top earful. Nicholas let go the bench in which his teeth had made deep indentations and began to cry madly. Palkin was calmly

smoking his cigar.

"At last!" he exclaimed, "Have you opened your mouth at last? Perhaps you will now be kind enough to answer?" With a gesture of the hand he ordered the gendarme to stop. The fellow coolly wiped the leather strap with his fingers. Pieces of flesh came off, which he coolly threw aside. Popoff's throat rattled like that of a dving man.

Colonel. Nicholas turned his face to the cruel man, and in his bloody, tearful eyes invincible resoluteness still spoke clearly. "You shall get nothing from me, cursed hangman." he replied. "Well, let us see!" And down came the nagaika again. The torture was all the more cruel, as it had been interrupted. At the first blow Popoff uttered a perfectly fearful heartrending cry. Palkin laughed. At each blow Popof's cries became less violent, his trembling less perceptible. At last he hardly breathed.

'Where is the paper I want?" asked the

Palkin thought the gendarme was tired.
"Strike better!" he ordered, "or you share Popoff's fate!" The gendarme struck with all his force He struck the backbone. Popoff uttered such a terrific cry that the soldier himself was terrified.

'Will you answer now?"

dying.
"Strike! strike! I say!" shouted Palkin.
"Below, at his legs and feet! Make him
feel the nagaika!" At this moment the door opened and Dr. Haas entered. He slowly walked up to

"Never!" breathed Nicholas, who was

OUR CHIEF MAIL MAN

shouted the Colonel. "Who let him in? Ahal the doctor."

In the meantime the nagaika had regu larly fallen and risen. Nicholas gave no longer any sign of life. Haas went to the bench and put his hand on Popoff's head.

"Enough of this torture!" he said in a tone of command. "Your victim is dying!" "Go op! strike hard!" cried Palkin, furious at the interruption. "I can talk to the loctor afterwards. The gendarme raised the knout, but at the moment Haas snatched it from his hand and threw it aside.

"Enough!" he exclaimed. "Why, the poor unfortunate man is giving up the Palkin approached the doctor and seized him by the arm. Tired and disgusted with the punishment he had been compelled to inflict, the executioner looked in amazement at the man who dared defy his Colonel,

and never thought of picking up the Haas quietly confronted the Colonel. "Do you know, doctor, that you are guilty of resisting the authority of the Govern-

ment, and that you may have to pay dear for it? How did you get in? Answer." Haas disengaged himself calmly and said: "Allow me first to assist the dying man." "A man who is dying and yet takes his

secret with him into the grave, you mean. But do you know what is awaiting you yourself, old quack?"
Haas cast a cold look at him, and replied with unaffected calmness:
"No one knows his fate. Allow me just now, however, to assist this poor man."

This calmness inturiated the Colonel be-

"He and you and your Count, you are all of you simply a band of traitors. You say he is dead. Well, then you no doubt know Hass measured him with a look of con-

ought to be very numble. Listen—"
"Do you think I'll listen to your empty
stuff? Bind this old man. You are too come for him and for Palkin himself.

"Oh! these women!" he thought to himself.

"No doubt Helen has blundered. I self. "No doubt Helen has blundered. I when he was it myself. Why, it is Popoff, and called another gendarme. "Now The man was slow to obey the Colonel.

Hass rose to his full height now, and said: "I do not like to take vengeance. As you,

"You, insane man, threaten me when you

however, will not give up your intention, your wish shall be fulfilled. . Help!" he cried, with a thundering voice.

Instantly a rattling noise was heard, as if windowpanes were broken, and in the open-ing appeared two rifles pointed at the Colonel. At the same time the door was burst open violently, and soon 30 exiles, armed with clubs and swords, filled the room. Palkin was at first confused, but on recovered his insolence.

"Here is the rebellion! Aha! We are

we shall soon master. Come on, children We shall soon have assistance sent from town!" The gendarmes obeyed, but they fell al-most instantly, being shot down by the two riflemen. The exiles surrounded Palkin. Haas busied himself with the dving man as if the combat did not concern him at all.
"You must take the Colonel alive," ordered a voice from the window. "If ten of

you fall, you must take him alive."
"We shall see that," replied the gendarme, undaunted. "You have not gotten me yet. He fired a pistol twice into the thickest of his assailants. Then he alone resisted the overwhelming force of exiles. Gigantic as he was, he struck with his sword right and left, and fought on, even after he had been seriously injured by heavy clubs. He tried to gain the door, wounding and killing whoever was in his way, and all the time shout-ing for help. Blood was flowing in streams. A certain mistrust seized upon the exiles. Eight men had fallen under the blows of the colossal, raging soldier. Palkin had actually reached the door, when all of a sudden, he lost his balance and fell to the

ground. A new enemy had appeared and struck him down with one powerful blow

The gendarme roated like a wild beast.

"At last I have you, vile verminl" ex-

claimed Miller. It was he who, watching the fight from the window, had used a favor-able moment to attack Palkin from behind. neighbors or passers by, and bound him with In a moment the Colonel was disarmed and bound in spite of his violent resistance. Now Miller went to the window, and, tak-ing off his kospak, he said: "Countess, there is no danger now. You can enter! A fearful scene it was that struck the eye in the interior of the small but. The hodies of the dead gendarmes were lying under the bench on which Popoff had been tortured. Dr. Haas had brought his surgical instruments, and was exclusively occupied in assisting the poor secretary, whose whole body was one vast wound. The walls were spatted over with blood and mud. Four

of the exiles lay lifeless on the floor, others were trying to stanch the blood that was abundantly flowing from their gaping wounds. The Colonel was tied to the central post, which in Siberia supports the ceiling. He writhed like a snake and uttered fearful threats and curses. Miller stood facing him, his hair pushed back from his forehead; all around stood the exiles, and the hut resounded with cries of revenge and of triumph. The light wood was near extinction and dispensed but an indistinct and flickering light. Now and then the room was bloodily lighted up, and then again it sank back into deep darkness.

The exiles, however, had brought lanterns which they now hung on the central post, Jana entered with Helen. Where is my husband? Where is Vladimir?" asked the Countess, full of apprehension "You need not fear, Countess," said Mil-

ler, bowing before her as he used to do in Petersburg salons, "the Count is not here and was not present.' "And my poor Nicholas?" asked Helen. The stillness of the grave gave the only answer. Miller hung his head; Helen, at one glance, counted the dead bodies and she examined them one after another. Palkin's carses continued. All looked full of pity at the poor girl who had followed her betrothed to Siberia and now looked for him among the dead. She soon approached his bloody remains. Haas raised his hands to heaven. At once

Helen understood it all and fell in silent de-

spair on her knees. [To be continued next Sunday.] SEATS IN THE EXCHANGES Statistics on the Prices Paid in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Boston Herald. 7 During the year 1889 the prevailing price for seats in the New York Exchange was \$20,000, in Boston \$12,000, and in Philadelphia \$2,900. In 1890, it was for New York, \$22,000, Boston, \$12,500, Philadelphia,

bargain had been consummated, Mr. Paine purchased a seat in the New York Exchange, for which he paid the sum of \$22,500, which s about \$10,000 less than the highest figure paid for such a prize. MEASURING ELECTRIC LIGHT

The Standard Candle Power Gives a Very

\$2,500. When the market is on an even

Inadequate Idea to the Laymen. Did you ever meet a man who has a practical idea of what amount of illumination a Of course, there is a scientific standard, and ancient legislation defines a legal candle as a sperm candle weighing a little less than three ounces, and burning at the rate of 120 grains an hour. But this gives little information, and the candle is such an unknown quantity in this country that as a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a General has an eye for a wife. The Postmaster General has an eye for the beautiful in woman, and is very fond of his daughters-in-law. He dotes more over his grandchillent of the country that as a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch, of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Rodman has a clothes. To well a clothes well a clothes well and the clothes wel known quantity in this country that as a standard of light it is absurdly inappro-priate. A scheme has been devised where-by electric light may be measured, and a new standard will probably be the result.

Mr. Wanamaker at Work

partment get for a day. He is called by his enemies a counter-jumper, and sneering

delphia. All the world knows that he has a store there, and the fact was pretty well advertised before he became Postmaster General. Few people, however, appreciate the imnensity of his business and the wonderful system on which it is run. It is the big-gest establishment of its kind in the world. It far outranks the great Bon Marche of Paris, and it is, I am told, five times the size of Jordan & Marsh's great Boston es-000 a year and it does a business of \$25,000,-

in buying at it at one time. You can find anything in it from a fish hook to a steamship's anchor, and its mighty growth has been the outcome of the brains of this man. FAT JOBS WANAMAKER LOST.

at Christmas.

Wanamaker believes in advertising, and his advertising manager gets a salary of \$12,000 a year. He pays each of the Phila-

four messages pass over this a day, and these are more often social messages than business ones. If Mrs. Wanamaker or the girls are going to Philadelphia the Post-master General will send a line announcing keel, the price of seats is regulated by the supply and demand, and the same as any commercial commodity.

The highest price ever paid for a seat in the Boston Stock Exchange was paid by Mr. W. H. Mick for Mr. O. H. Paine's seat. The price was \$19,500. When the backgain had been consumered. the fact, or if he wants some special as rangement for his Sunday school his private wire is called into requisition. As to or-dinary business matters, he is seldom con-sulted, and it is only as to questions of general business policy, large purchases or the buying of a corner lot that his partners have HIS TWO BRIGHT BOYS.

> are men of more than ordinary business ability. Both are still under 30 and both are graduates of Princeton College. Tom Wanamaker is in the house at Philadelphia, and Rodman spends most of his time in Paris as the foreign purchasing agent of the establishment. Both of the young men are married, and both have babies in short clothes. Tom Wanawaker married a Miss General has an eye for the beautiful in woman, and is very fond of his daughters-in-law. He dotes more over his grandchildren than President Harrison does over Baby McKee, and he is essentially a family

Public and Private Business. AN INCOME OF ABOUT \$2,000 A DAY. His Department Should Clear \$10,000,000 Per Year for Uncle Sam.

HOME LIFE AND DUTIES FOR SUNDAY COURSESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, June 7. Y all odds the most unique character in American politics is John Wanamaker, the Postmaster General of the United States. A man whose whole life has been that of business, who has had nothing to do with hung in it in the days of the Whitney ownpolitics nor politicians, he is made the head of what has always been the big-

gest political machine of the Government. There are more than 150,000 employes who are more or less directly under the control of the Postmaster General and his big red fingers rest upon the keyboard to which is attached the wires reaching out to every city and village in the country.

It was indeed a curious appointment, Still, Benjamin Harrison has in John Wanamaker his closest ally and his strongest friend. He has in him, perhaps, the hardest worker of his Cabinet and one of the strongest forces of his administration. Wanamaker is a man of ideas and he believes in running his department on business principles. He is chaled every day by the clogs which the necessary consultations with Senators and Representatives throw in his way, and he says if he could run the Postoffice Department on his own plan, he could make \$10,000,000 a year for the Government.

TURNS EVERYTHING INTO GOLD. I don't doubt that he is correct. For the past 40 years everything he has touched has turned into gold, and now at 52, he is said to be worth \$15,000,000, and he has an in-come of about \$2,000 a day. Still, it is only four decades since he was carrying the clay which made the bricks in his father's brickyard, and about that time he engaged to clerk in a bookstore for a less sum per week than the scrub women of the Postoffice De-

remarks are made about his store in Phila-000 annually. Its roof covers acres, and on an ordinary week there are 25,000 engaged

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that it does any business for the Government. There are two other Wanamaker firms in Philadelphia, and it is these which have caused the accusation that the Postmaster General is a competitor for Government contracts. The fact is that prior to his appointment as Postmaster General the firm put in bids for many kinds of Government supplies and they made a great deal of money out of them. When Mr. Wanamaker accepted the Postmaster Generalship he gave orders that no bids were to be made either for supplies to the Postoffice Depart-ment or any other department of the Gov-ernment, and I am told that this order has

reduced the profits of the firm during the past year fully \$100,000. The only way in which the Government can now buy anything at Wanamaker's store is by its agents purchasing over the counter like the ordinary shopper. To give a further idea of this establishment, it has the largest retail shoe business in this counry. It has the largest retail book business n the United States. Its cellar contains the iggest electric light plant of the whole orld, and under its one roof more than 4,000 employes work during the ordinary season and this number is increased to 5,000

delphia papers from \$2,000 to \$4,000 every mouth for advertising, and one of his prin-ciples in advertisements is that they shall tell the truth. Among his principles of success are application, integrity and advertising, and he ranks these high in the advice he gives to young men. He is inter-ested largely in other establishments. John Wanamaker, however, is best known from this big retail store. He owns most of it, though Robert C. Ogden has a large interest, and he has the entire management of the store, now that Wanamaker is a Cabinet Minister. It is true that there is a private wire running from the Philadelphia house to the Postoffice Department, but only three of

His two sons are members of the firm, and though I have not met them I am told they

man.

Probably no public man in Washington has a more pleasant home life than John Wanamaker. He is thoroughly in leve