10

also abandoned the Scotch accent in which he had addressed 'his lordship.' It was to be a great book, this collection of Scotch-American poetry. It would enable him to pay a well-deserved compliment to many an old friend of his in Toronto, in Montreal, in New York. He was warm in his praises of New York. He was warm in his praises of this young Lord Musselburgh, and predicted a great tuture for him. Then he put his head out of the window and bade the driver stop—opposite the door of a wine merchant's effice.

Castle, and Edinburgh, and Holyrood, and Melrose Abbey. Nebraska has no claim over you—you, s Bethune of Balloray. And you have some Highland blood in your veins too, my dear; for if the Grants who intermarried with the Bethunes were not of the Northern Grants.

"Grandfather," said the girl, "may I whose proud metto is Stand fast, Craigella-ait for you in the cab?" wait for you in the cabon not," he answered with decision. "I wish you to see men and things Maisrie—every moment of your life."

Leaving the Scotch plaid in the cab, he crossed the pavement and went into the office, she meekly following. The wine merchant was sent for, and presently he made

'Good afternoon, Mr. Glover," old George

The tall, bald, bland-looking person whom headdressed did not seem to receive this news with any joy; but the young lady was there, and he was bound to be courteous; so he asked Mr. Bethune to be kind enough to step into back-premises where he would put some samples before him. Maisrie was for remaining where she stood; but her grandfather bade her come along; so she also went with them into the back portion of the es-tablishment, where she was accommodated with a chair. At this table there were no illustrated books to which she could turn; there were only bottles, glasses, corkscrews, and a plateful of wine-biscuits; so that she kept her eyes fixed on the floor—and was

"Claret, Mr. Glover," said the old man, with a certain sententiousness and assump-tion of importance that he had not displayed in speaking to Lord Musselburgh, "clare was in former days the national drink of Scotland-owing to the close alliance with France, as you know-and the old Scotch families naturally preserve the tradition So that you can hardly wonder if to one of the name of Bethune a sound claret is scarcely so much a luxury as a necessity. Why, sir, my ancestor, Maximilien de Bethune, Duc de Sully, had the finest vineyards in the whole of France: and it was his privilege to furnish the roval table—" "I hope he got paid," the bland wine-merchant said, with a bit of a laugh; but happening to glance towards the young girl sitting there, and perceiving that the pale and beautiful face had suddenly grown surchanged with color, he, instantly, and with the greatest embarrassment, proceeded

to stumble on— "Oh, yes, of course," he said, hastily; "a great honor—naturally—the royal table—a great honor indeed—I quite understand the Duc de Sully, did you say ?-oh, yesa great statesman—"
"The greatest financier France has ever

possessed," the old man said, grandly. "Though he was by profession a soldier, when he came to tackle the finances of the country, he paid off 200,000,000 of livresthe whole of the king's debts, in fact-and filled the royal treasury. It is something to bear his name, surely; I confess I am proud of it; but our family goes far further back than the Duc de Sully and the sixteenth century. Why, sir," he continued, in his stately manner, "when the royal Stewarts were known only by their office-Dapi er or Seneschallus they were called-the Beatons and Bethanes could boast of their territorial designation. In 1434, when Magister John Seneschallus, Provest of Methven, was appointed one of the Lords Auditors, it was Alexander de Reston who administered the oath to him-the same Alexander de Beaton who, some two years thereafter, accompanied Scotland to France, on marriage with the Dauphin, Yes, sir, I confess I am proud to bear the name; and

left us. Balloraybreak in his voice: 'Do you see that child?" he said, point ing with a trembling forefinger to his granddaughter. "If there were any right and justice, there sits the heiress of Balloray," "It was a famous lawsuit in its tim the wine-merchant observed-but not look ing in Maisrie's direction.
"It killed my father, and made me

wanderer on the face of the earth," the old man said; and then he raised his head Well, no matter; they cannot rob me of

my name; and I am Bethune of Balloraywhoever has the wide lands."

Now perhaps there still dwelt in the breast of the suave looking wine merchant some remorse of conscience over the remark that had caused this pale and sensitive looking young creature to flush with conscious shame; at all events he had quite abandoned the somewhat grudging coldness with which he had first received his customer; and when various samples of claret had been brought from the cellar and placed on the table, it was the more expensive that he rankly an fully recommended. Nay, he was almost pressing. And again he called to his as-sistant, and bade him fetch a particular bottle of champague; and when that was opened, he himself poured out a glass and offered it to the young lady, with a biscuit or two, and seemed concerned and distressed when she thanked him and declined. The end of this interview was that old George Bethune ordered a considerable quantity of claret; and carried away with him for im-

mediate use, a case of 12 bottles, which was

put into the our-wheeled cab.

Park street, Maylair, occupies a promi-nent position is the fashionable quarter of London, but from it at intervals run one o two smaller thoroughfares, sometimes ending in stables, the dwellings in which are of a quite modest and unpretentious appear-It was to one of these smaller oughfores that George Bethune and his granddaughter now drove, and when they had entered the quiet little house and as-cended to the first floor, they sound that dinner was laid on the table, for the evening was now for advanced. When they were ready the trugal banquet was also ready, and the old man seated at the head of the table with Maisrie en his right soon grew eloquent about the virtues of the bottle of elaret which he had just opened. The girl, who did not take any wine, seemed hardly to hear. She was more thoughtful even than usual perhaps, indeed, there was a trace of sadness in the delicate, pensive features. When the fresh-colored servant lass brought in the things and happened to remain in the room for a second or two. Maisrie made some pretense o answering her grandfather; then, when the were left alone again, she relapsed into silence, and let him ramble on as he pleased. And he was in a satisfied and garrulous mood. The evening was fine and warmthe open window behind them they had lest open. He approved of the lodging-house cookery; he emphatically praised the claret, with the conviction of one who knew. Dir ner, in fact, was half way over before the girl, looking up with her beauti ul, clear, limpid eyes-beautiful although they were strangely wistful-ventured to say any-

"Grandfather," she asked, with obvious besitation, "did-did Lord Musselburghgive you-something toward the publication

"Why, yes, yes, yes, certainly," the old man said, with much cheerfulness. "Certainly. Something substantial, too. Why

The hot blood was in her face again-and her eyes downcast.
"Grand (ather," she said, in the same low roice, "when will you set about writing

'Ah well," he made answer, evasively, but with perfect good humor, "it is a matter to be thought over. Indeed, I heard in New York of a similar volume being got together; but I may be first in the field There is no immediate hurry. A thing of that kind must be thought over and considered. And indeed, my dear, I cannot go back to America at present; for my first and foremost intention is that you should begin to learn something of your native country. You must become familiar with the hills and the moorlands, with the She seemed bewildered—and agonized.
"Grandfather, I must speak! I must roaring-mountain torrents, and the lonely islands amid the gray seas. For of what account is the accident of your birth? speak! You may be angry or not-but-

and Highland enough, as I hope to show you some day. And Lowland or Highland, "and Maxwellton Braes; Yarrow's Banks; and fair Kirkconnel Lea: a storied country romance, pathos, tragic and deathless musi Bethune said, with something of an air of quiet patronage, "I wish to order some claret from you." conjured up at every footstep. Instead of the St. Lawrence, you shall have the murmur of the Tweed: instead of Broeklyn—the song-haunted shores of Colonsay! But there is one place that with my will you shall never visit—no, not while there are strangers and aliens there. You may wander all over Scotland-north, south, east and west-but never, never while I am alive, must you ask to see 'the bonny mill-dams o' Balloray

She knew what he meant; she did not speak. But presently-perhaps to draw away his thoughts from that terrible lawsuit which had had such disastrous conse quences for him and his-she said-"I hope, grandfather, you won't think of remaining in this country on my account, Perhaps it is better to read about those beautiful places, and to dream about them, than to see them—you remember 'Yarrov Unvisited.' And indeed, grandfather, i

you are collecting materials for that book, why should we not go back at once? It would be dreadful if—if—the other volume were to come out first—and you indebted to Lord Musselburgh or any one else; but if yours were written and published—if you could show them you had done what you undertook to do-then it would be all perfeetly right. For you know, grandfather she continued, in a gently persuasive and winning voice, "no one could do it as well as you! Who else has such a knowledge of Scotland and Scottish literature, or such a sympathy with Scottish music and poetry? And then your personal negaintances with many of those writerswho used to welcome you as one of then selves-who else could have that? could do it better than any one, grandfather and you have always said you would like to do something for the sake of Scotland; and here is the very thing ready to your

hand. Some other time, grand ather," she pleaded, with those beautiful clear eyes turned beseechingly upon him, "some other time you will take me to all those beautiful places. It is not as if I had come back home; I have hardly ever had a home any-where; I am as well content in Montreal or Toronto as anywhere else. And then you could get all the assistance you might need over there—you could go to your various friends in the newspaper offices, and they would give you information."
"Yes, yes; well, well," he said, peevishly,
"I am not a literary back, to be driven,

Maisrie. I must have my own time. ] made no promise. There, now, get me my pipe; and bring your violin; and play some of those Scotch airs. Yes, yes; you can get at the feeling of them; and that comes to you through your blood, Maisrie-no matter where you happen to be born."

Twilight has fallen. At the open window

with a long clay pipe, as yet unlit, in his fingers, old George Bethune sate and stared out into the semi-darkness, where all was quiet now, for the carriages from the neighporing mews had long been driven away to dinner parties and operas and theaters. And in the silence, in the dusky part of the room, there arose a low sound, a tender breathin perhaps it is the more excusable that it is sound of most exquisite pathos, that seemed bout the last of our possessions they have | to say, as well as any instrument might say: I'm wearin' awa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean

'm wearin' awa'. To the land o' the leal:

There's nae sorrow there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The day's aye fair In the land o' the leal. Most tenderly she played, and slowly; and ith an absolute simplicity of tone.
"There's Scotch blood in your veins Maisrie-Scotch blood," he said, approachingly, as the low vibrating notes ceased. And then again in the darkness anothe plaintive wail arose-it was the Flowers of the Forest this time-and here the old ma joined in, singing in a sort of undertone and with a sufficient sympathetic voice:

I've heard the liltin, at our yowe-milkin'.

Lasses a-liltin, before the dawn o' day;
But now there's a moanin' on ilka green The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin', Women and bairns are dowie and wae:

Sighin' and meanin', on ilka green loanin-The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away. "Ves ves" he said as he rose and came away from the window, "it is the Scotch blood that tingles, it is the Scotch heart that throbs. 'Yestreen, when to the trembling strings, the dance gaed through the lichted ha'—' Who but a Scotchman could have written that? Well, new, Maisrie ve'll have the gas; and you can get out the spirits; and we'll try some of the livelier There's plenty or them, too, as befits a daring and energetic people-a nation of fighters. They were not always bewailing their losses in the field." And therewith the old man, pacing up and down before the

empty fire place, began to sing, with up-right head and gallant voice-Loudon's bonnie woods and brace, I maun leave them a', lassie; Wha can thole when Britain's facs Would gie Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field o' danger?
Wha to fame would live a stranger?
Now when freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?

Maisrie Bethune bad laid aside her violin but she did not light the gas. She stood there in the semi-darkness in the middle of the room, timidly regarding her grand ather, and yet apparently afraid to speak.

"Grandfather—you will not be angry—?"
"What's this, now?" he said, wheeling round and staring at her, for the peculiarity of her tone had caught his ear. "Grandtather," she continued, in almost piteous embarrassment. "I—I wish to say

omething to you-I have been thinking about it for a long time back-and ver afraid you mightn't understand-you might be angry-'Well, well, what is it?" he said, impatintly. "What are you dissatisfied with? I don't see that you've much to complain of, or I either. We don't live a life of

about it; but it is fairly comfortable. I consider we are very well off." "We are too well off, grandfather," she said, saidly.

He started at this, and stared at her

grandeur; nor is there much excitement

"What do you mean?" "Grandisther," she said, in the same pa-thetic voice, "don't you see that I am no longer a child? I am a weman. And I am doing nothing. Why did you give me so careful an education if I am not to use it? I wish to earn something—4—I wish to keep you and me, grand/ather—"

The stammering sentences ceased; he re-plied slowly, and perhaps a trifle coldly.
"Why did I have you carefully educated?
Well, I should have thought you might have guessed-might have understood. But I will tell you. I have given you what education was possible in our circumstances in order to fit you for the station which some day you may be called upon to fill. And it not-if it is fated that injustice and iniquity are to be in our case perpetual—at all events you must be worthy of the name you bear But it was not as an implement of trade," he continued, more warmly, "that I gave you such education as was possible in our wandering lives. What do you want to do? Teach music? And you would use your trained hand and ear-and your trained soul, which is of more importance still-to drum mechanical rudiments into the brate of some bourgeois household? A fit em-ployment for a Bethune of Balloray!"

work—I am old enough to work—I would slave my fingers to the bone for you! Grandfather, why should you accept assistance from any one?—from Lord Musselburgh or any one? No, I do not blame you—I have always thought that everything you did was right—and kind and good; but I cannot be a child any longer—I must say what I think and feel. Grandfather—"

But here the incoherent anneal broke

But here the incoherent appeal broke down; she fell on her knees before him and clasped her hands over her face; and in the dark the old man-stern and immovable-could hear the sound of her violent sobbing. "I will work—oh, I will work night and day, grandfather," she continued, wildly, "if only you take my meney and not from any one else! I will go on the stage-I will turn dressmaker—I will go anywhere or do anything—and work hard and hard—if only you will consent! There would not be so much sacrifice, grandfather—a little, not much—and don't you think we should be all the happier? I have spoken at last, grandfather—you will forgive me! I could not keep silent any longer. It has been weighing on my hast and now now you weighing on my heart-and now-now you are going to say yes, grandfather-and tomorrow-to-morrow we begin differently. We are so much alone-let us live for each other-let us be independent of every one! Now you are going to say yes, grandfather— and indeed, indeed I will work for both of

us, ch, so gladly!—"
"Have you fluished?" he asked. She rose, and would have seized his hand to enforce her appeal, but he withdrew step, and motioned her to be seated. "I am glad of this opportunity," he said, in a formal and measured fashion. "You say you have become a woman; and it is natural you should begin and think for yourself; hitherto I have treated you as a child, and you have obeyed and believed implicitly. As for your immediate wish, I may say at once that is impossible. There is no kind of work for which you are fitted even if I were prepared to live on your earnings, which I am not. The stage! What could you do on the stage? Do you think an actress is made at a moment's notice? Or a dressmaker either? Hor could you turn dressmaker to-morrow?— because you can hem handkerchiefs? And as for making use of your education, do you know of the thousands of girls whose French and Italian and music are as good as yours, and who can barely gain their food by teaching?—" food by teaching?-He altered his tone; and spoke more

"But what I say is this, that you do not understand, you have not yet understood, my position. When George Bethune conde-soends to accept assistance, as you call it, he receives no favor, he confers an honor. I know my rights, and stand on them; yes, and I know my wrongs—and how trifling the compensations ever likely to be set against them. You spoke of Lord Musselburgh; but Lord Musselburgh-a mushroom peer—the representative of a family dragged from nothingness by James VI.— Lord Musselburgh knew better than you-well he knew-that he was honoring him sell in receiving into his house a Bethune of Balloray. And as for his granting m assistance, that was his privilege, his op-portunity, his duty. Should not I have done the like, and gladly, if our positions had been reversed? Noblesse oblige. I belong to his order—and to a family older by centuries than his. If there was a lavor con erred to-day at Musselbrough House, it was not on my shoulders that it fell." He spoke haughtily, and yet without

anger; and there was a ring of sincerity in his tones that could not be mistaken. The girl sat silent and unabashed. "No," said he, in the same proud fashion more numerous than you know or need ever know, I have never cowered, or whimpered or shased myself before any living being. have held my head up. My conscience is clear toward all men, 'Stand fast Craig-Roy

stoul' it has been with me-and shall bel' He went to the window and shut it. "Come, light the gas, Maisrie; and let us talk about something use. What I say is this, that if anyone, recognizing the in justice that I and mine have suffered, should feel it due to himsel, due to humanity, to make some reparation, why, that is as between man and man—that ought to be con sidered his privilege; and I take no shame I ask for no compassion. The years that can hope for now must be few; but the shall be as those that have gone before. abase myself before no one. I hold my head erect. I look the world in the face; and ask which of us has the greater cause to complain of the other. 'Stand fast, to complain of the other. 'Stand fast Craig-Reyston!'—that has been my motto and so, thank God, it shall be the end! Maisrie lit the gas, and attended to her grandfather's other wants-in a mechanical sort of way. But she did not take up the violin again. There was a strangely absen

look on the pale and beautiful and pensive [To be continued next Sunday.]

Fowl Who Had No Maternal Yearning Made to Sit Successfully.

HYPNOTIZING A HEN.

Within the last month I have made as interesting experiment with a fowl. Some choice eggs being sent me for hatching purposes (having no hen at that time broody and no incubator), I determined to set one of my hens on these eggs and keep her there by force of mesmeric power. The first day by force of mesmeric power. The first day I placed her on the eggs it took me balf an hour to bring her into a hypnotic condition, but each successive day, after having roused her to drink and eat, I was able to soothe her to drowsy placidity in much less time; also, there were days, for which I can give no reason, when I had to go to her more than once in the day, she being in a restiest, excited state trying to get off the restiess, excited state, trying to get off the

The result has been, much to my own astonishment, that four out of seven of these eggs have batched, and are healthy, happy little chickens. At night I can still in fluence their mother to her maternal duties but in the daytime she takes no notice

WINKS DIDN'T COUNT.

Gallant Guardian Finds a New Man Wit n Thick Skull at the Bar.

New York Tribune.] "Well, that's the woorst I iver saw," said Policeman Double X, as he stood mourn fully twirling his club on the corner of a Harlem street at 2 o'clock one chilly morn

ing last week. "What's the matter, officer?" asked sympathizing and curious newspaper man.
"Matter enough. Ye see, there's a new
man at the saloon at the corner beyant, and
not knowin him well I to't I'd hit him easy like for the furst toime. So I dropped in at the family entrance and sez I to him, frindly like, ye know, 'Could you give me a drink av wather? sez I, winkin' mildly betimes.
'Av coorse I will,' sez he, handin' me a
glass trough the growler hole. An' phwat
do you tink? It wus a glass of water. Begorra, phwat some men don't know would blasht a rock."

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Ere years of mine were twenty-one
I fancied that when true love came
My soul would shiver like a scroll
Of parchment in a mighty flame.
When came my spirit's rightful queen
Before her dark, Medea brow,
Before her sovereign power my heart,
I teld myself, in awe would bow—
Knowing no life but when her eyes
Gloomed fearful splendor on my sight;
Kn-wing no joy but when her smile
Fell, star-like, on my earthly night!

At forty-eight, or so, love's eyes

Have taken on a violet hue;
Its cheeks some sunny freckies show;
It wears a modish high-beeled shoe.
Its brow is neither wide nor high,
It does not awe me with its glance;
It has no views on woman's sphere.
No noble theories to advance—
But biscuits it has molded cheer
The fainting soul to raptures new.
Its soup's inspired! Its salads heal!—
Love's devams were false! love's self is true!

EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Good Lady of Seventy who is as Gay as Girls in Their Teens.

THE ROMANCE OF A SHORSTRING. Beauties of the Future May Perfume Them-

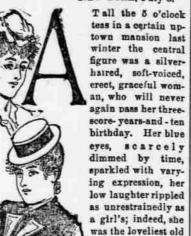
selves Hypodermically.

AN ACTRESS' FAREWELL TO A BABY [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, July 5.

girl in all this big

city, and held scores

S# of hearts, both young



and old, in a silker leash of admiration and affection. It was pleasant to hear her discourse o the ancient social regime. She knew all the Vons and the Vans and could trace their lineage to the bluest of blue blood across the ocean. When asked about her own descent the merriest smile you ever saw brought a dimple into each wrinkled cheek



house of England, and showed an ancien ring of curious workmanship, on which a coat of arms was traced in precious stones. The smile was meant to convey her repub-lican indifference to the honor, but some tones of her sweet old voice betokened a linering pride of pedigree.

THE YOUNG OLD LADY'S SECRET On the first of our hot June days there was a bustling exodus of the sweet old princess and her friends-a beyv of bloo ing maidens, some of whom addressed he as "Grandmamma," some as "Auntie," and others by the more formal "Madam. Every summer she takes a company of buds and budettes-expected to open in the fallto her own spacious and well appointed most lucky chance for the young girl who i invited to be one of these summer guests for not only is a certain last polishing off of a society debutante expected by it, but glorious good time under the genial though strict, the lovable but uncompromising chaperonage of this wonderful young old lady. When asked by a society matron for the secret of growing old gracefully, she "I think you have it my dear, it is to be

young gracefully.

A pretty and stylish girl was tripping down Broadway with a well-filled shawl strap, a busch of flowers, a magazine, and the ubiquitous pocket book in her hand, when she discovered that the silken lacing of her shoe was untied and dragging two long ends at every step. She stopped surveyed the untidy tie with a perplexe frown, went on a step or two, and place her foot on the bottom stair of a flight, with the evident intention of bringing its daint covering to the accustomed order. hands were inconveniently full, and she wore a perfectly fitting bodice and-well she didn't do it, but stood still and con-

A BIG HANDSOME FELLOW'S CHANCE. A big, handsome fellow in a workman's dress, with a kit of tools on his shoulder, came whistling down the street, his keen eyes taking in all that was going on in the moving throng, and falling presently on the young girl. He deposited his tools on the pavement, knelt and without a word deftly tied the inconsiderate lacing. Then, still on his knees, he lifted his straw hat and

"That shoestring hadn't any excuse lose its grip. The girl blushed and smiled, and made movement toward her pocketbook as the young fellow rose and shouldered his kit. He saw it, and, waving his hand with the air of a prince, cast a glance at her bunch of

"I cannot give you a rose, you know," said the girl, blushing more deeply, "but I will give you pansies—pansies for thoughts, you know," and she drew a cluster from her

corsage and handed them to him. A big brown fist clutched the delicate blossoms, two pairs of young eyes looked in-tently at each other for an instant, and then the workman marched on to his daily task, but he didn't resume his merry whistle. The step, for a moment, looking after the hand-some fellow with a sort of it-might-havebeen yearning in her eyes. Then she tripped away, and that was the end of a pretty

GOODBYTO BABY. An actress is apt to be an emotional creature, and no mistake. It was a soubrette, with only smiles and sauciness on the stage who told me about the goodby which she had bidden to her juvenile brother. She had come to America for a probable stay o several years. I quote her verbatim, and

you can see how heartily she spoke.
"I tried to pretend I didn't care much,"
she said. "It helps one to pretend that
way. I talked to mother and played with
the other children, but my eyes could not
leave Bennie's yellow hair. The time came to go, and, kneeling on the carpet, I called the child to me. His blue eyes darkened loves goes through one's heart like pain!
"Listen, dear," I said, "don't be frightened, sweetheart, because sister looks so serious. It's nothing very dreadful.

me, dear, whom do you love?"
"Mams and papa and"—looking guiltily
at the brothers playing about the floor— "and sister."
"I put my head down on the child's shoulder and cried. At once Bennie set up a wild how of distress, dear little one, without an idea in his baby brain why he should cry. I made such a failure of my goodby to him that when he was quieted I hardly

dared spea ; to him again. A FAREWELL AT LAST. In the end I put out my hand. "Shake hands, old fellow. Be good to mamma when I am away and remember me. Ah, little one! Try to understand it—I am go-ing away, dear. When I come back you

will be a big boy. You will have forgotten me. It's very hard to think of, dear, that's why I cry." I raised the baby lips, the bright curls, the pretty throat with its warm creases, the wee pink hands that were sticky with jam, and the tiny boots that covered his restless feet, and then because he fretted to get at the new toy I had brought him, let him go-let him go as if forever-and

"There is something terrible in the pain of the love one gives a child. I can express it so poorly! One can never bring knowledge of it into the baby eyes. One dare not hold the little form too closely even, or the hold the little form too closely even, or the dear life is crushed out. "Goodby," called Bennie, prompted by mamma, and "Goodby" I answered, looking up to see him hanging over the railings, his toes peeping between the banisters, his toss of hair brightened by the light from the stained window above, and the dear little facel shall I ever see it again?"

And that was from an actress of follity. And that was from an actress of jollity,

and she wasn't consciously trying her emoional powers on me. POSSIBILITIES OF THE AGE. This is a wonderful age in which we live. But the coming one will be still more amaz-ing The Eiffel Tower is but a walking stick compared to what we shall have in the coming century, and Edison's phonograph will ere long become trite and commonplace beside the newer triumphs which science nas in store for us. You are doubtless aware that, scientifically considered, a bit

i musk or ambergris is quite as persistent, solid and lasting as a mass of granite. A thousand years have no appreciable effect upon it. It continues to give off its molecules with the same vigor and strength. A single drop of attar of roses will perfume a logshead of water.
And you no doubt know what a hypodermic syringe is, especially if you are subject to neuralgic attacks. Well, for those who

on't know, let me explain that it is simply a tiny syringe with a needle-like nozzle, which the operator merely thrusts under the skin, and then presses the button, so to express its contents. Nature does all the rest.

It morphice happens to be in the tiny syringe, nature takes up the drop of quieting and benumbing fluid by means of her absorbents, and transfers it to the mouths of the countless veins, hair-like in fineness, which in turn bear it along until they pour it mixed with the stream of venous blood into the furnace of the lungs. There the intense heat volatilizes it, and it steams forth from the mouth with every fall of the

THE APPLICATION OF A PRINCIPLE. Well, what of it, you say? Now, suposing instead of giving the absorbents this drop of morphine, you substituted a drop of bergamot, or violet, or rose, can't you see that the lung turnace of that person would send out perfumed breath. But more than that, these wonderful absorbents would carry that infinitesimal supply of perfume to the very tips of the fingers. The hands and the face, in fact the whole body, would exhale a deliciously faint suspicion of rose or violet. In other words, by means of the hypodermic syringe, it is the simplest thing in the world for a woman to send her favorte perfume literally to the very core of her heart. Every word she speaks, every motion she makes, nature will give back this delightful odor which the tiny hypodermic set afloat under her skin. The coming woman will be perfumed through and

through. Invitations to dinner will contain an additional word printed in the corner of the card, in this way: (Violet) or (Rose) or (Heliotrope). This will be necessary in order to avoid the presence of several ladies ail exhaling the same perfume in a conver-sation. Hence it will not be unusual in enumerating a woman's points of beauty to formulate them in this manner: "Dashing blonde, tall and Diana-like in her motion skin of exquisite texture, hands and feet of very asistocratic shape, teeth and hair per-fection; exhales a most delicate rose." It will be found necessary to introduce a new expression into the language to correspond to "sweet tooth," to wit, "sweet nose." The daily journals will from time to time contain such paragraphs as this: "A Sweet Nose Gets him Into Trouble. Van Winkle Treekle, commonly known as "Tweetie Treekle," was discharged from a clerkship in the postoffice last week. His fondness for rose breaths led him to make conversation whenever a lady exhaling that perfume made her appearance at his window. Although repeatedly warned. Treekle was unable to wean himself from the indulgence. CLARA BELLE.

JENNY LIND'S CRADLE SONG.

How It Softened a Bitter Rival in Quee Victoria's Presence.

Somewhere in the forties Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in different places in London. Great was the rivalry between them. Finally Queen Victoria, deeming it a shame that such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. requested both to appear at a court concert. children than the intelligent mother, who Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was can hardly sleep at night for thought of the arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers she step ped dren. One hundred years ago to-day there ferward to begin. Chancing to glance at Grisi she saw the Southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her. The fierce look almost paralyzed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her air. A painful silence followed its conclusion-a silence that told her of her faiture. She caught triumphant expression on Grisi's face. Suddenly a soft voice that seemed to come

from heaven whispered to her: "Sing one of your old songs in your native language." She caught at the thought like an inspiration. She stepped up to ask him to rise and took the vacant seat. Softly her gers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her mother's repertory. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her father-

No one present understood one word of the "prayer." Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul in the weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Grad-ually the song died away and ended in a sob. After a moment with the impulsive ness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crosses to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm abou her and kissed her warmly, utterly regard less of the admiring audience.

HUNTINGTON AND HIS CLERK. The Millionaire Takes Milk While His Er ploye Revels in Champagne.

New York Press.] A large, elderly and fine looking man with a black silk cap on his head entered the restaurant on the top floor of the Mills building a few days ago, and seating himself in a quiet corner ordered a plate of cold self in a quiet corner ordered a plate of cold olize the nursery of the sanctuary. The chicken, some bread and butter and a glass idea of Robert Raikes was to reach the of milk. This was his midday luncheon, and he seemed to enjoy it.

At another table, a few feet away, sat young man dressed with a scrupulous regard for the latest fashions. He was enjoying a much more elaborate meal than his elderly much more elaborate meal than his elderly neighbor. Little Neck clams, spring lamb with green peas, lobster salad, a pint of champagne and a choice Perfecto were necessary to his personal comfort, and he disposed of them all with a nonchalance that bespoke familiarity with that style of living. And there certainly was nothing out of the way in his manner of indulging his ap-petite. He paid for what he got with money honestly earned.

honestly earned.

He holds a responsible clerkship in C. P.
Huntington's employ, and Mr. Huntington is known to pay good salaries to good men.
The elderly man who ate the cold chicken and drank the glass of milk was Collis P Huntington.

TEACHING THE WORD.

Work of the Sunday School Compared With That of Mothers.

CRITICISM OF MODERN METHODS.

Ludwig Hecker Forgotten. LESSONS OF THE LAST CONVENTION

Original Ideas of Robert Raikes and

IWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. It is hardly a hundred years since Sunday chools were organized in this country They were first introduced in New York in the early part of the century, though Pennsylvania claims to have the credit of originating the scheme as early as 1739, thus anticipating Robert Raikes by little less than half a century. If the claim that Ludwig Hecker, of Pennsylvania, started the first Sunday school, is well substantiated, then the Sunday school people in the interest of truth should give him due credit, whereas Robert Raikes now eyerywhere, and by everybody, receives the honor and glory of the whole Sunday school machine, as Frances Willard de scribes it.

It seems odd to read that Sunday schools were at first as vindictively and bitterly opposed by the good people of that early day as is the opening of libraries and galleries of art and other schools of to-day. The gathering of the poor, ragged and neglected children of a neighborhood into comfortable rooms where they were taught to be decent, respectable and intelligent was deemed to be a dreadful

DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH DAY. It was thought by even the clergy and others of the "unco guid" to be a lesser evil to have the streets and lanes filled with the miserable prisoners of poverty engaged in mischief of all sorts, playing marbles with the usual fighting and swearing accompaniments, than to profaue the Sabbath Day by teaching them to read and write in school. The same class of Pharisees to-day would shut up the parks, the conservatories and the libraries, and compel everybody to keep the Sabbath as they think proper and right. But their game is a losing one, as was the strenuous opposition to the Sunday school in the early

part of the century.

The conservative class which opposes progress fights all change, but, innovations —if, in accordance with the spirit of the age—bear down all opposition with the direct force of a cyclone when the time for action comes. The United Presbyterians fought against the organ as a desecration of God's house; but the organ has won. Ten years ago the revision of Calvin's creed rould have been set down as unne and absurd; now not only is revision ac-cepted by the majority, but the abolition of Calvin's iron-bound institutes may well be

expected to follow. DOES THE WORK OF MOTHERS. The Sunday school has grown to immense proportions. Wherever there is a church there must be a Sunday school to feed it—to work for it, to furnish members to sustain it. In old times parents instructed their children in the faith of their fathers, and implanted their own strength of religious conviction in their hearts and minds. Like wax to receive-like marble to retain were these mpressions received at the fireside. Men as handed down to them by parents and

family training.
But now that this work has gated to the Sunday schools, it is a question to know whether it is as well done as when the ever busy mother spent an hour or two on Sunday afternoon in teaching her children the catechism and the whole duty of

man. CLAIMS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL Of course, the answer is prempt on the part of the Sunday school. Its advocates think the international lessons, as prepared by a committee of men prominent in the church and as taught by volunteer young girls, or men and women urged into the work by flattery of their powers, or because it impresses them with a distinction for goodness beyond the common, are better than were bome teaching. The idea is that parents neglect the sacred duty of teaching their children to walk in the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace, and that this must be done by the Sunday school teacher

so as to be well done.

It will, however, occur to some thinking people that the girl just out of school, with her head full of notions, or the young stu-dent, green with the moid of the theological seminary, are hardly fitter instructors for were no Sunday schools in Pittsburg. The foundations of characters were laid in the homes. The mothers furnished the keynote for their children's lives, and who will be found to say that their sons and daughters were not as noble, as upright, as honorable as the citizens of to-day, who have been trained in Sunday schools.

A QUESTION AS TO THE METHODS 'As we remember Sunday school it was morning and afternoon affair where, apart from praying and singing, the chief concern was as to who could repeat the most verses of Scripture and furnish the most pennies for the heathen. We remember children upon whom this lesson of giving every cent out of their little savings banks to the heathen was so deeply impressed that they felt as if they were committing a deadly sin to buy "taffy" for their own delectation. The constant struggle between the heathen and themselves made them unhappy. The old rule of a tenth of the income for tithes was not preached into them, but they were constantly harangued upon their duty to give up their all-every atom of their

slender wealth.

Notwithstanding the big figures given out last week by the International Assem-bly as to the number of Sunday schools, scholars and teachers, the fact remains that the class of children for whom the Sunday school was designed is not to be found within its fold. The streets and lanes, the back alleys and the slums are still crowded with the poor, ragged, miserable children, whose morals and manners were to be improved by Sunday teaching.

not, in the main, the children of the very poor, but rather those of the wealthy, the well-to-do, the respectable and moral church-goers. The shabby clothes and for-

lorn appearance of the poorer children would make a sorry contrast with the pretty hats and empire dresses, the chic suits of the boys and girls who now monopmasses, to lift up the children of poverty into the light of intelligence, but if he knows how things are going on in this old world to-day he will know that while there are 112,897 Sunday schools 1,178,301 teachers and 9,149,997 scholars, the masses are not reached after all as he intended, and that 10,000,000 children are outside the pale, mainly by reason of their poverty. If people can be sad in heaven these figures and what they tell will give him a sore heart and a sorrowing soul.

The international assembly, as we saw it, gave to women a solid chunk of instruction.
Perhaps more than three-fourths of the
Sunday school workers on this continent are
women, and yet all of the offices of the or-

vanisation have been GOBBLED BY MEN. Every position of honor was held by a man, and moreover, the new election the other day extended the same monopoly.

Every member of the International Lesson Committee is a man. Men control the finances, represent the whole business, and then generally permit women to perhaps talk a little and laboriously work for all that is in them. The women of the churches in this city set up dinners for all that convention, waited upon tables, cooked and slaved, and made themselves scullions only to receive a little supply of "taffy," but no

ffices or recognition, save as able workers under the men.

The dear sisters may be meek and lowly of heart enough to enjoy being thus "so upon," but if we were one of them there would be a revolutionary rebel in the ranks. Playing the menial under such circumstances would stir a lever in the blood of stances would stir a lever in the blood of self-respecting women, whether old or young, if they had not been rooted and grounded nto submission for centuries.

IT TAUGHT USEFUL LESSONS.

Miss Willard's address was earnest, eloquent and impassioned. But few men are endowed with eloquence as great. It must have sent a chill to the heart of some of the delegates to hear a woman speak like unto a man, but they will get used to it. An Alabama woman said she had been living in a constant state of surprise ever since she came to Pittsburg, but she will go home loaded with a lot of ideas on evolution, and revolution, and woman's capacity, that will prove a leaven for her whole neighborhood. Other Southern women who were present will do likewise, while the Southern men, too, have been set a-thinking, and went home with some of their prejudices consid-erably battered and their notions upset. Such visits between the sections will do a power of good in promoting fraternal feeling. Colored brethren and sisters were there as delegates—colored churchwomen were associated with the whites in the preparation of dinners and serving of tables. This to the Virginians, and Georgians, and Carolinians was doubtless a shock, but they will survive it, and be all the better for it. They may as well get needed it has below as there will and be preparated and the processor of the proces

BESSIE BRAMBLE. A FIGHTER OF THE WEST.

e no white monopoly in the hereafter.

well get used to it here below, as there will

Stories of the Personal Bravery and Prowess of Sheriff Kit Castle.

New York Tribune.] "I think the bravest man I ever knew," said the Colonel, "was one of the worst. His name was Kit Castle, and for some years he was Sheriff of Uintah county Wyoming. He started out alone on horseback once when he was Sheriff to capture two horse thieves. He was gone for a week, and people began to think that Kit had got the worst of a hard fight, when he rode into town one evening and stalked up to a bar. Where are your men Kit?" some one asked with a laugh, thinking they had slipped

"The Sheriff pulled from his belt three revolvers and laid them down. Then he

and women were trained as for martyroom by the teaching of their mothers, and were prepared to do battle for their religion at prepared to do battle for their religion at ish them for daring to attack him. His ish them for daring to attack him. His ish them for daring to attack him. prepared to do battle for their religion at the "loss of livings, lands and life." she were they went they were eager and zealous to propagate and defend their ideas he burled the five men into one of the lens. he burled the five men into one of the fron corners. Pushing them and knocking them about, he beat them over the head and houlders and arms with the butt of his revolver until they screamed at the top of their voices in their helpless agony. Then

his teeth shut close together in his great jaw, he picked them up, one by one, and pitched them into their cells, securely fast-

en, become hard, are drawn, and conform to every metion of the mind and to every thought. Most smokers have mobile lips. The hard-mouthed man seldom becomes a discretion. Impartial history, when the victim to the smoking habit. He may smoke glamour of military renown shall have become occasionally because others do, or he may misty with the passing centuries, will undoubt-chew, but he misses one of the greatest enoyments of a cigar. These blood vessels and these nerves in the lips are near the brain.

The contact of the eigar with them goes at a cold on December 12, 1799, in a rain storm he hese nerves in the lips are near the brain. once to the brain. That feeling and the sight of the smoke are soothing. One of the greatest differences between good and poor cigars is in the wrapper. It is the wrapper

which comes in contact with the lips. He Wouldn't Subscribe [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] One day one uv them canvassers who jest talk by the job, Whose speech, w'en shelled, is one part corn an' pinety-nine parts cob,
'Ith his full talkin' apparatus pulled out an'

workin' hard,
'Ith full steam on, high pressure, walked into
my back yard.

THE ORIGINAL IDEA FORGOTTEN.

The pupils of the present day schools are

they would reach,
An' jest poured out his cataract an' soaked the
air with speech;
thought he had me mesmerized; see he,

An' then I straightened up; sex I, sex I, "If you've got through,"
An' I may be permitted, I will say a word or Two year ago, come taterin', I sent that sick-A poem that I writ myself, that no man ever beat. "The poem took me like the cramp: I felt my

eyes were bright'nin'
With some grand colestial vision—w'en I
winked they squirted lightnin'!
I grabbed my pencil, crunched my teeth, an'
turribly in earnes'
I jest threw off thet poem, red-hot from the

ALL A BIT INSANE

History Doesn't Furnish a Character That Hasn't a Blemish.

THE FAULTS OF ADAM AND NOAH.

Washington's Neglect of a Cold and Jefferson's Bad Finances.

ALL HAD A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) It is asserted by those who pretend to understand the matter, that there is a point in every character where serious mental imperfection if not absolute insanity crops out. On one subject, it is held, all men are cratic peculiarities mark the men of every age from the very earliest dawn of intelligent history down to these wonderful prolific times in which we live.

It is a merciful dispensation of Providence that the possessor of this erratic quality of mind or manner is olten altogether unconscious of his possessions. Other men can see what he is blind to, and though Robert Burns may say:

Wad some power the giftle gie us To see oursels as ithers see us,

qualities till they are enormously olongated and broadened, while the latter minimize them until they cannot be seen with anything less powerful than a Lisk telescope. Our propositions that the majority of men either lack a balance wheel, or possess very imperfect ones.

Adam Wasn't Balanced. Adam was the first man, and as he was the original pattern direct from the great Master hand one would think he should have been perfect, and yet he was lacking in balance of character. He did some wonderful things, among others naming the birds and animals after God created them, and gave other maniafter God created them, and gave other manifestations of accurate judgment, but so weak minded was he that he readily succumbed to the wiles of a weak woman. His appetite got the best of him. Nearly every man thinks he would have acted differently, and yet, placed in the same position, there is every reason to believe we should all have longed for a taste of the delicious fruit which would make one wise. What a fool Adam was, and what an arrant coward to charge it all upon a woman. If the first man was a moral failure, is there any wonder that he has inoculated his descendants, Adam's balance wheel, if he had one, was in very poor condition; very imperfect indeed.

revolvers and laid them down. Then he went out to his horse and unfastening two pairs of spurs from the saddle came back and threw them jingling and ringing on the bar counter.

"One of them revolvers is mine, said Kit slowly. 'All the rest is souvenirs'—'sooveneers,' he pronounced it. That was all he ever said about the fight.

"One evening the Sheriff went into the jail to see if his prisoners were all right for the night. One of them had gotten out of his cell and had then released four other desperadoes. When Kit opened the door into the jail the men started for him with a rush. The sight of the five men maddened him, and he threw the door shut with a loud clang, locking himself in the roem with the others. Drawing his revolver he leaped at the men, bellowing in his anger. He was too enraged to shoot them. He wanted to punitation was a good man but his balance-wheel was all assew. Some of our modern statesmen, I am told, men who have covered themselves with eloyy included. Imperfect indeed.

The next man who stands out embossed more

. . .

All Had a Screw Longe. The patriarchs of old were all more or less tinged with inconsistencies of some and or other. One of the best proofs of the outhericity of the Bible is the fact that the weaknesses as well as the virtues of men are re-corded. Jacob was a growler, Moses was a inis teeth shut close together in his great jaw, he picked them up, one by one, and pitched them unto their cells, securely fastening the bolts."

SIGHT AND TOUCH

Have as Much to do With a Smoker's Pleasure as Taste and Smell.

New York Sun.!

Almost all men smoke with their eyes, though few of them know it. It seems to be commonly thought that the senses of taste and smell are those which alone make a man enjoy tobacco, but this is not correct. Of course, a man may taste a cigar, just as he may taste a piece of leather or a piece of wood, but, unless he chews, the taste of tobacco is no more pleasing than the taste of tobacco is no more pleasing than the taste of leather or wood; rather, on the contrary, it is sickening. Then, men think they can tell about cigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in reality they tell about tigars by their odor, but in the taste of tobacco is no more pleasing than the taste of tobacco is no more pleasing than the taste of beather or wood; rather, on the contrary, it is sickening. Then, men think they can tell about eigars by their odor, but in the taste of tobacco, and their of the manner. The manner of the

Even Washington Was Off. And yet George Washington was lacking in discretion. Impartial history, when the misty with the passing centuries, will undoubtour purpose one point of lack of judgment will took no pains to treat it until he was beyond the reach of medical skill. Said he: "Let it go as it came." The doctors bled him (not figuratively or financially, but actually), which, together with the cold, soon carried him off. He was 63, but he should have lived to 80. Of He was 68, but he should have lived to 88. Of course he might have done so had it not been for the dectors and their lances, but a little care on his part, and a little surrender to the better judgment of Martha at first, and he would probably have been spared for years.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of that immortal document which shook the thrones of Europe and makes them tremble to-day, was not in all respects a man of perfect balance, Jefferson could twist the liou's tail and the a knot in it as well as any man living. He conworkin'hard,
'Ith full steam on, high pressure, walked into my back yard.

An' he driv me in a corner, an' there he held me fast,
An' tried to get me to subscribe to the Colby County Blast;
His tongue wuz greased with lightnin', and he proved the Blast the best,
High-tonedest journal in the world, ahead of all the rest.

He flung his flood-gates open wide, as fur as they would reach,
An' jest poured out his cataract an' soaked the air with speech;
He thought he had me mesmerized; ses he, "Two dolls, per year An' five big steel engravin's—now jest sign yer name right here."

In an respects a man of perfect saland to lead the lion's tail and the a knot in it as well as any man living. He conducted the Government along the lines of rigid simplicity, but before he died he made a nitiable bungle of his own flowed the western slope of his worried and troubled about money matters. See mobar assed did he become that he was empowered by the Legislature to dispose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lottery. It is true the pose of his property by lo

More Medern Great Men. To disturb the sacred ashes of Abraham Lincoln with the keen blade of criticism is probably bad form, but there were people who hought that his everlasting stories savored somewhat of clownishness at times. Until New York shall build Grant's monument he ought York shall build Grant's monument he ought to be exempt from criticism, perhaps, but what a poor financier he was in comparison to his good qualities as a soldier and President Horace Greeley was an exemplification of the fact we are trying to establish. His foolishly weak ambition cost him his lite and brought a shadow across the horizon of its history. Henry Ward Beecher was one of the best Americans that ever breathed. He was a giant physically, morally and intellectually. I do not believe he sinned as charged, but he was indiscreet. He falled in judgment at a point where a clergyman should be as sound as concrete.

There are respects in which James G. Blains i jest threw off thet poem, red-hot many fiery furnace.

"An' I mailed it w'fle twux sizzling to the Colby County Blast,
With a quick delivery postage stamp to mex it travel fast."

An' your fool editor sent it back. 'You'd poetize quite well if you on'y hed idees,' said he, 'an' then learned how to speil.'

"An' I wouldn't take thet paper more'n a p'nt of areanic pills,
You fif 'twux made of Gov'ment bonds and thousand dollar bills.
You tell your editor what I say: don't soften down a term—

by a l'd give my farm if I wus thar to see the critic fier of the saccharine quality about him. Thus we might go on interminably.

I started out to prove that perfection of character only existed in the imagination. If I have not substantiated that, I have demonstrated one thing, viz: it is very easy to pick flaws in the characters of our fellow men even when we cannot find our own.