ments. For instance, all Alabama letters are sent to one woman and another girl has the looking over of letters of a certain number of cities in the great Northwest. The knowledge of the country possessed by these clerks surpasseth understanding, and like the wonder ut ladv clerks of the Treasury, they seem to know by intuition in the standard of the treasury.

just where a letter ought to go, and by a sort of mind reading, to be able to carry out the wishes of the sender.

SOME OF THE PUZZLERS.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It came to the Dead Letter Office instead of going direct

to Lizzie, because Lizzie's correspondent

Mending Mail Bags

was evidently a college sophomore who wanted to show that he had learned his

Greek alphabet and he addressed his lady-

love in Greek. Some letters are sent with

the evident intention of puzzling the Dead

Letter clerks, and one was received last week so written that it looked like a perfect scrawl. The bright lady who handled it

whipped a looking glass out of her pocket and in this it read as plain as copperplate.

The letters of the Chinese in this country

side, she was expected to give up her \$1,000 or more and leave the office for love in a

GALLANT MR. VILAS:

means do so, and I will see that you are re-

only coffee, milk, sandwiches and pie. You

THE STREETS AT 4 O'CLOCK.

going on. The scrubbers and the cleaners

and mops are moving over the marble floors. These women are paid by the day. There

are 60 women who do nothing but renair

mailbags, and these sew away here on beavy

canvas for \$45 a month working almost

sacks of the English are as black as a hearse.
All of the French sacks have a binding of

leather about their tops, and the German sacks have to be patched with leather.

TAKING IN JOE JEFFERSON.

How a Crowd of Wondering Britons Saw the

Actor Perform for Nothing.

when I returned to the United States.

desire to be seen in my present make-up.

knock at the door.

"Who's there?" said I

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

must stand up to eat your lunch.

cottage.

tained."

ment.

I was shown a letter for Lizzie P. Gerard,

his courage very damp. "You are an ani- suade myself that Durand was not the prin-'he said with a forced mated microscope," he said with a forced smile, wiping his perspiring forchead with his table napkin and leaving a dab of the yolk of an egg over his right eyebrow. "You are Beinecke the fox and a wizard!" He had recovered his mind and his courage by this time, although his cheeks were still several shades less ruddy than usual.

"You will learn to appreciate me, doctor, as I appreciate your coffee!" With admirable composure I drained my cup and refilled it with steaming mocha. "I have always appreciated you, my friend, at your full value, and this leads me to ask if you are thoroughly prepared to continue your investigations in the manner inaugurated toward me? Have you got the murderer yet?" he asked, holding up his fat hairy hand and counting off the questions on his fingers. "Have you settled really who the murderer is. Is it Cyril Durand? Is it may be more energy and to distrust Dr. With the fair one, "and now that the wretched with unsleeping energy and to distrust Dr. Brandte."

Sender of the interval of the entire business, "said the fair one, "and now that the wretched man is arrested you might give me man is arrested you might give me man is arrested. Mrs. Glave, or is it Dr. Brandt?"

his extended hand toward me, smiling his broad German smile over it.
"I have ully prepared my line of action, as the guilty will discover," I said with

"Good! I will wait here until you succeed, if I remain here the entire winter."

The words were uttered lightly, but I in-

be interpreted. The assurance gives me much pleasure, I said, imitating his drawing-room light-ness of manner, to conceal a deeper object. "You have anything more to say, my

friend?" he asked, gravely
"I pre er to wait until you speak." "Then you will wait for a very long time," was his dry answer. "I am not paid to help all the wise Lecoqs on the police force; and besides," he added, with another broad smile, "it would be tearing the laurels from "I spoke for your sake, doctor, not my

"You are kind, my friend, but you, in your wisdom, have an undeserved contempt for my intellect. You are not rank with me: for my intellect. Lou are not rank with me; I receive you in my house as a friend, and you suspect me. My life is the clearest ice; you are welcome to look through it, but you will discover no flaw. But it is not amiable on your part; you should have tried frank-ness first. Tell me, my triend," he said, caressingly, "what fault do you find with me or my actions?" If he wished to play a part with me, I was

equal to the emergency. I immediately assumed a frank, simple air.
"I have no suspicion of you, doctor, but I believe you could give me a good deal more information than you have done."

"To one who suspects me, who conceals facts from me and misinterprets my actions. Dr. Brandt may be coaxed, but not driven But come, my friend, make categorical charges; wherein have I failed in my duties "First, in not sharing with me the knowl-

edge you have of Mrs. Glaye and her condi-"Mrs. Glayel" he repeated irritably "Listen, my friend," he continued impresintil within a few hours I had no doubt of that lady's innocence. So firmly did I believe in her that I paid her the highest compliment in my power by offering to

You were smitten with her?" I exclaimed, mightily tickled at the thought.
"Love is yesterday's delusion and tomorrow's nightmare," he answered, caimly.
"I am too old and too wise to play the poodle; but in all seriousness I offered her my hand and heart, as the saying is; I offered once twice thrice, and she had bad taste enough to refuse. I was not her beau ideal of a husband, she wanted a younger and softer headed man. It was her right and I was not argered. So much for my

personal relations with Mrs. Glaye."

He paused to sip at his coffee, then continued with increased seriousness:
"Now for my professional relations: I am asked to attend on Mrs. Glave; all the medi- | heart against Mrs. Glave. cine she has received you will find in my prescriptions at the druggist's. I write my the most purgling: I have never seen its like planation flashes on me this morning for the first time. My triend, you shall share my My words hardened the little maiden's discovery; Mrs. Glaye is the victim of

double consciousness." "Double consciousness," I repeated, not very much enlightened by the words. "Of a double individuality, if you like it better. Anatomically, my triend, we have two brains, as we have two lungs, and in certain rare conditions each brain can perform its functions independent of the other, with the result of producing two individualities in one person. A person thus afflicted may be one individual to-day, another to-morrow; a perfectly moral, virtuous citizen on Monday, a conscienceless wretch on Tuesday, and what they do in one condition they may be entirely ignorant of in another. The phenomenon is well known to the profession, but if you wish to read up | thanks." on the subject you will find a very able article on it, written by your Prot. Proctor, called 'Dual Consciousness, and a very striking case quoted in Prot. Huxley's essay on 'Animal Automatism.'

will look up the articles and read them, doctor. They will interest you, my friend. Now, Mrs. Glave is a victim of this abnormal condition. You have seen her a calm, sedate I have seen her a veritable fiend. As a fiend she loses a diamond ear-ring, as with it. She also denies going out when witnesses can swear to her doing so; she cannot explain the scratches on her hand, and " continued the doctor, impressively, "had she committed a murder in one tion she would be utterly unconscious I was amazed at this announcement, and

"Now, my friend, in her normal condi-

honestly said so.

normal condition I know she is a reckless liar, and that her outh is as little trustactions. Finding her in this irresponsible know her condition then. On seeing me. count, she rushed at me and I received the wound which has so aroused your solicitude. Now, my iriend, you know all I know of Mrs. Giaye." "You think she committed the murder?"

"I think nothing; but if she should kill me, you or herself, there would be no cause "But then Durand must be innocent."

"It is your duty to find out. The woman may not have committed the particular act in question, even if she were capable of doing it. Your wisdom must decide in the paid for them "Her place is in the madhouse."

"The law would not agree with you; but that is not to the point. Just now I am only vindicating myself; if you have further doubts of me, question me; i you doubt my diagnosis of the case of Mrs. Giaye, your own physicians." It was impossible to doubt his sincerity, but I still had some lingering doubts which I proceeded to resolve. ing, I carefully opened my door, closed and locked it after me and then crept down

doctor was staggered by the question, but he skillfully hid his embarrassment behind a smiling, arch expression of countenance then, after an interval, I heard the doctor's

hand on his breast and bowed toward me. He now left me to visit his patient, and, puffing turiously at a cigar, I grappled with the subject for a full hour. Granting that all the doctor said was true-and he would mot utter a statement which, if false, could "You called me; I be easily fastened on him—I could not per-

cipal in the crime; and I was fortified a litle later in the belief, when Policeman
Grope came up from the city bringing a
letter to me from the superintendent. Let
the reader judge, for the letter was as fol-

"Detective Fox: The man Cyril Durand "Detective Fox: The man Cyril Durand has been found, too sick and prostrated to be removed rom his present retreat. He will be carefully guarded. Questioned as to the murder, he is very reticent, but insists that he alone is the guilty party and alone deserves the punishment. This is the only statement that we can extract from him, but it is doubtful if he is speaking the foll truth. Continue your researches but the first stupid detective was in the room at the time you mention; his early return surprised me, too. It must have been one of his idiotic tricks!"

Stupid detective! What would the good doctor have said if he knew where the stupid detective was hiding! with unsleeping energy and to distrust Dr. Brandt. I am persuaded that some feeling other than jealousy is the motive for the crime. Take all the assistance you need, but do something for the credit of the force

now that you have the opportunity."

I give the letter literally with all its sneers, envy and malignity, and am willing that the reader should decide between a man of brains who knows his business and a political usurper who kept a bar room betore

he was raised to his present position.

Enough for my purpose and vinducation that the man Durand had been discovered and con essed his guilt. Whether the accessories were Mrs. Glaye or the doctor, or both, did not affect my argument. As for its content of the crime and hand the many heart had to the crime in the content of the crime. ealousy not being the motive of the crime. the superintendent spoke with a superin-

tendent's ignorance! With the letter carefully tucked away in the breast pocket of my coat, I now decided on a little plan that would not have shamed the man whom I am honored by being nicknamed after. The reader will catch the de-

tails as I proceed in my narrative. In the first place, I kept watch around the hotel until I saw the doctor leave it, and ning. then boldly ascended the steps and asked to see the mir lone Grande. The young lady air of great frankuess and respect, I said: "I trouble you, Miss Grande, for the purpose of announcing a very happy piece of news. From the present moment I have no

doubts of Mrs. Glaye's innocence."
"I am very glad to hear it, and I thank you for your kindness in announcing it."
"It is only my duty, since I was the cause

"It is only my duty, since I was the cause of your anxiety. The man Durand has been arrested and has con essed all."

If the superintendent had been present, I think he would have modified his opinion of my skill, if he possessed enough brains to understand my plan and ideas! The young lady turned very pale, and held on the table for support. She was in love with the man, and I intended to work on this love.

"The news is surprising!" she said with an effort, smiling feebly.
"Yes; he has made a clean breast of it, and his only anxiety now is to see Mrs. Glaye. He must be very deeply in love with her, to think of her in his present con-

As I intended I had touched her on the weak point of woman's nature—jealousy. Her little eyebrows were knitted into a "She thinks of him as much as he thinks

of her," she said, bravely veracious, yet with a deep sigh. "His disappearance has driven her into her old ailment. "She will forget him when she learns that he is a self-con essed murderer."
"I believed as you do," she answered, deepening her frown, "but I am convinced now it will make no difference in her infatu-

I'm afraid I was digging a grave between mistress and maid, but it was in the line of my duty. I wanted Ione to tell me all she knew of the habits of her mistress, and for that purpose it was necessary to harden her

"Durand has written a very affectionate letter to the lady," I continued, elaborating scription and I go away. I find her case my fiction, "which, of course, we opened He showers her with affectionate before in all my great experience. When the key is discovered all is easy, and the ex-

heart, I could see that at a glance, and I verily believe if she had her way she would have liked to use her rosy nails on Mrs. Glaye's face then and there. But her only comment was:

"He will receive none, Miss Grande. In the case of murder the principal cannot save his neck by confession. She did not answer, but stood staring down at the reflection of her little hand in the pol-

"Is Mrs. Glave very ill?" "The doctor has just seen her, and finds her very nervous and unmanageable. But I am neglecting my duties to her by remaining here. Pardon me, and receive my

I allowed her to go, knowing that the leaven of jealousy would work, and that when I again saw her she would yield more readily to my questions.

While at the hotel I took the trouble of studying the position of Mrs. Glaye's rooms, and of finding out who lived in the adjoining rooms. The room on the right was vacant—had been vacant for several weeks; to the left Mrs. Glave's bedroom abutted

directly on the staircase. So it will be seen As a fiend she loses a diamond ear-ring, as a sedate lady she is unconscious of the fact, and honestly denies it when you charge her clerk that I might make use of the vacant Glave, but you have told me nothing that room to the right whenever I felt so disposed, and then, all in furtherance of my plan, left the hotel. I would ask the reader to remember that hencelorward all my actions were the results of a prearranged plot, and that never for a moment did I for it." allow impulse to swerve me from them. I reached the doctor's cottage rather early in the day, and I sat in the sitting room pretending to read a newspaper. When he re tion, Mrs. Glaye may be a woman of the strictest veracity and morality; in her abdisappeared than I whipped out the spray o goldenrod from the vase in the window and

worthy as her word. She is an irresponsible person, and I doubt whether the law could hold her either on her false oaths or evil full hour; that was until it was too dark to substituted a bunch of white asters in its place. I allowed the asters to remain a good see them any more; then I took them out condition, I can now say to you that which | and replaced the goldenrod in its usual posiat first I feared to utter. On the night of the murder a little before I discovered the dead body I met Mrs. Glaye. At first I evening with the doctor. I pretended supposed she had been meeting the young great frankness with him; he pretended man with whom she was in love. I did not or really was very frank with me. He discoursed on the subject of "double consciousness," and told me in what condition he had found Mrs. Glaye. Just now he regarded her as a creature of impulse, whose actions could not be predicated from moment to moment, although he doubted whether his belief would be shared by others. He had advised the landlord of the hotel to have the woman carefully watched, and had been laughed at for his pains, the landlord answering that "she was more sane thau nine-tenths of the women in the world," and that he was perfectly contented she should occupy his rooms all winter is she

I listened, lying on the lounge and pretending to be aw ully sleepy. I kept yawning and yawning, and apologizing and apologizing. At an early hour I went to my room, locked the door, blew out the light—but I did not go to bed. I expected too much entertainment to do that toolish action. The doctor retired almost immediately after me; and when I heard him snor-I would like to ask why you receive a Miss Ione Grande in your house after midmight?" Again I scored a bit. For a moment the and would have been willing to stake my that was more diabolical than attractive.

"You are indiscreet now, my friend, and my lips are sealed. That is a personal matter, a matter of feeling, of sentiment, of tenderness."

With the words, be laid his fat, hairy ned trousers and dressing-gown. A young ladderness are sealed to the stairs. Then a figure came into the room and cautiously opened the front door. The moonlight gave me the opportunity of seeing the doctor in nightcap, hastily donned trousers and dressing-gown. A young lady came into the dark room, but, thanks to the moonlight, I recognized Ione Grande.

"What has brought you here tonight?"
ssked the doctor irritably in a hoarse whisper. "You called me; I saw the asters, and

"But, little idiot, you are losing your sight. The golden rod has been in place for days, and I changed the water just before I went to bed."

"But I saw the asters," she persisted; "saw them plainly for a full hour, until darkness shut them from sight. You know I am not lond enough of coming here for the pleasure of the thing." "The stupid detective was in the room at

stupid detective was hiding!
The wise doctor called me stupid, but

the air one, "and now that the wretched man is arrested, you might give me my liberty." "I never before needed your help s much, my pretty one. You are brave, but you are a woman, and out of my sight you would spoil 'll my plans. Patience a little longer, and I predict that both you and I will profit by the delay. I will keep my promise to the sacred letter, if you keep to yours.

yours. "But it is so agonizing waiting, and I am so alraid o some mistake. "I have promised, and while you are true, my life will be sacrificed be ore yours. But yield to your lears or your sentiment, and I will sacrifice everything without a moment's hesitation. You know me; you know I keep my promises, and so leave me. I am chilled to the bone; and the idiotic detective

shall pay for the mistake." Despite her pleas he gently forced the girl out of the room into the open air, closed and locked the door, and with muttered curses walked upstairs. I heard him try the handle of my bedroom door, but I had foreseen the action, and he was not the wiser for his cun-

I now crept out from my hiding place, and for the first time discovered that I had invited me up to the hotel parlor and re-ceived me most graciously. Assuming an a large square of it was lovingly sticking to my hair and beard, and another square stuck to the palm of my left hand. I reed myself from the nasty stuff, thrust the squares under the sofa, and, waiting until I heard the doctor's snores, crept up to my room and to well-deserved sleep.

After breakfast I went out, as usual, to

dismiss Policeman Blind for the day. The only item of interest he had to communicate was to give me a little note which Bertha, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Glaye, had placed in his hands during the night, with the express orders that it should be given to me in the morning when there were were no spies around. The note, in dainty handwriting and ondainty perfumed paper, read as follows:

"Detective Fox—Sir: Could I see you at

9 o'clock on the morning on which you receive this? I do not wish to be seen speak-ing to you. Perhaps I am wrong in doing so, but I am auxious, and if you wish to see me, it you will direct your steps at the in-dicated hour toward the deserted house near the pond you will find me."

Need I say that I did not keep the young lady waiting? I was on the spot at the appointed time, and found her pacing rest-lessly up and down the floor of the mouldering house, a fresh, delicate flower for such a She smiled gratefully at me and held out

a dainty gloved hand to greet me. "I am very anxious and very depressed, Detective Fox, and I can no longer keep my suspicions to mysel'. If I am wrong, you will forgive me and forget what I say." Her pretty trust in me was very attractive

and very flattering.
"Do you doubt Miss Grande's goodness of heart?" I asked.
"I doubt Dr. Brandt's goodness of heart, and, as he recommended Miss Grande to my mother, I have the right to doubt both. I know nothing against the woman except the

doctor's recommendation."
"You are not fond of the doctor?" "I hate and scorn him," she said, fiercely. from his actions. A strange request to make to be her husband, with no other purpose to a lady by a murderer!" proposes and proposes again and is rejected. Like the brute he is, he flies into a passion, shakes his fist in her face and swears to be revenged.

"You have seen him do so ?" "I have my mother's word for it." A very poor authority, I thought; but I only said: "If she does not like him, why does she employ him as her physician?"
"She is afraid of him; she is his slave. I believe if he ordered her to leap from the window she would do so. She has iron bars placed before the windows out of fear of him; yet at his slightest tap the door is opened. I fear him and his serpent's eyes, and if I did not avoid his presence I believe that I, too, would become his slave."

I had not such an exalted opinion of the doctor's powers; but then I am not a woman, and remembering his power over the little Ione, I mistrusted my own judgment on this

that she gave him a dagger thrust in the "If it had been in his heart it would have served him right!" answered the fiery little maiden. "He pursues, annoys, tortures her. And yet she will not listen to me and grive

"And yet your mother is capable of tak-ing care of herself," I said. "Do you know

will allow of my interference. Perhaps, however, your mind will feel easier if I inform you that the man Durand has been arrested, and that he contesses that he committed the murder, and alone is responsible She stared at me in very pretty surprise.

then vigorously shook her head.
"I do not know his object, Detective Fox, but I feel sure he is innocent. "One moment, if you please; he was once paying his attention to you!' She answered, turning to face me with flashing eves.

"I got my information from the doctor." "Can the doctor ever utter the truth? To torture my mother and punish me for my

contempt he started the rumor, and it spread until even Mr. Octo Morton believed the falsehood." She flushed a trifle at the name, then added, with a smile, "but Mr. Morton is disabused by this time." 'It was not complimentary to you; may l ask if you knew the murdered woman, Ella Constant's "I never saw her."

"Good. Now let us return to the question, why do you not believe the man, Durand, committed the murder, despite his confession, and despite certain facts that prove he was interested in removing the poor girl rom his path." "Because I have another theory, Detective Fox, I believe the murder was deliberately

committed to throw suspicion on my poor mother, and thus ruin her, and it was a revenge worthy of the wretch whom I sus "Dr. Brandt?" I ased with a smile.
"Yes, Dr. Brandt!" she retorted unflinch-

ingly.
"A risky business for the sake of a little spite." I said, doubtingly, to draw her out.
"Not a little spite if it accomplishes its bject."
"And that is?" The seriousness of the little philosopher

amused me. "Prevent my mother from marrying the man she loved, and fastening the crime on one or the other was a most effectual means of doing so."
"But what was the object?"
"I find one in the following facts: I do

not know if you have heard of the strange will by which if my mother marries she comes into a very large fortune?" "Your mother was good enough to tell me so, and added that if she died unmarried the fortune would go to a distant relative of the "Did she inform you who this distant

"She did not." "I will supply the deficiency. It is the wretch, Dr. Karl Brandt!"

[To be Continued Next Week.]

-The census takers have unearthed a colored wound in Macon who ciaims to be 150 years old. GOOD AS THE MEN.

Facts in Regard to the Employment of Women by Uncle Sam.

PAY IN THE POSTAL SERVICE. Photographs, Stamps and Odd Finds in the Dead Letter Office.

MATRIMONY IN THE DEPARTMENTS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, July 5. SPENT a day this week among the ladies of the Post. office Department, They are the brightest of Uncle Sam's daughters, and Postmaster General Wanamaker appreciates the value of woman's work. He has his journals kept by a woman clerk, and this clerk is paid \$1,600 a year, which is the highest salary paid to a woman in the department. I have made a thorough in-

quiry as to the value of women as clerks, and I find they are fully the equals of men. They are not so prone to loaf as their brothers, and as one of them

said to me vesterday: You will not find a single girl in these offices who makes a practice of having two hats, and leaving one on the peg when she slips out with the other and takes an excursion over the city. I know of men who do this very thing. Their chie's see that their hats are there, and they suppose they are busy at work in some other part of the build-ing. The women are not on sick leave any more than the men are, and their work will average up ully as well. SALARIES PAID TO WOMEN.

"There are in round numbers 80 ladies in the Postoffice Department," she went on, "and these receive from \$720 to \$1,600 s year. There are only about six who get \$720 a year, and the average salary must be at least \$1,000. Fifty-five of us get \$90 a year, 15 receive \$100 a month, and there are rully a dozen who g t\$1,000. These salaries are not large in comparison with those re-ceived by the men who, in many cases, do



Bringing Dead Letters to Life, the same work, and in Washington they do not mean anything like riches."
"Do most of the women support themselves, and what is their average age?" "Three-fourths of the women here are above 30, and we have many gray-haired ladies among them. The gray-haired women in many cases make the best clerks, and, though some of them could not pass the civil service examination, they know all about the work and can turn out more and better work than the school graduates who are now coming in under the civil service We have many blooming maidens of 18 or 20. The most of the lady clerks

have families depending upon them, and not a few of them are widows. Many of them have had fathers or husbands noted in the history of the country, and the average social standing of all is high." IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE. The main work of the Dead Letter Office is done by women, and the variety of its work is but little known to the people. The lady I talked with is a Dead Letter Office clerk, and, like the other ladies I met in the department, she is as quick as lightning and as bright as a dollar. One of the depart-ments relating to dead letters requires a knowledge of the foreign languages. All unclaimed foreign letters are sent to this bureau, and these ladies have to read the addresses on the envelopes, whether they be French, German, Russian, Swedish or Dutch. There are 15 different countries belonging to the Postal Union, and thousands of misdirected letters are received from these every week. The skill shown by these clerks is wonderful, and they find the right addresses of letters which are more difficult to read than a Chinese puzzle. A complete record is kept of every such letter

Another department of the Dead Letter Office, of which the country knows nothing, is devoted entirely to the taking care of and sending back misdirected photographs. More than 30,000 photographs go astray every year, and tully 15,000 lovers never get the pictures which their sweethearts send them. Photographs are returned when

received, and any unclaimed foreign letter

which comes to the department can be

traced back to the country from which i

was sent.



ossible, but they are never destroyed, and there is an odd million or so living dead men boxed up in the cases of the Postoffice Department and stored sway in the rooms of the basement. STAMPS THAT GO ASTRAY.

Another department is devoted entirely to the returning of stamps, and more than 100,000 letters are received every year at the Dead Letter Office containing postage stamps, If these stamps amount to more than 2 cents they are returned to the owner, and if the owner cannot be found they are never used again. If there is no index to the sender the stamps are pasted on sheets, 50 stamps to the sheet, and with a brush o red ink one of these fair lady clerks spoils the faces of Washington, Jefferson or Jackson, as the case may be, and when a large number of these sheets have accumulated

IN THE SOUL. they are taken down to the basement fur-Some of the letters that come to the Dead Letter Office are the vilest of the vile. Dead Letter Office are the vilest of the vile. For this reason women are not permitted to open the dead letters and this work is all done by men. With long sharp knives they rapidly go through the letters cutting them open and passing them on to the lady clerks. They are then divided into departments. For instance, all Alabama letters are the standard and the circle has a superscript of the standard and the sta Without It the Christian's Life Would

A MOTIVE IN EARTHLY AFFAIRS

And a Great Actuating Principle in the Domain of Religion.

[WESTIEN FOR THE DISPATCH. St. John, who said so many helpful, upifting and encouraging things, set down in his first epistle this inspiring sentence, with which I begin, and from which I start, and upon which, as a good, solid foundation, I build up what I have to suggest to-day about Hope. That apostle, who is described as the dis-

ciple whom Jesus loved, and who was, of all the twelve, the most appreciative of the spirit of his Master, said thus: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifeth himself even as He is pure." Here is a description of the Christian life gathered into a single sentence. At the beginning, the love of God bestowing upon us the gift of sonship. At the end, the blessing of God, revealing Himself, and making us even better and closer than sons, calling us into a nearer kinship, making us like Him. And, all the way between, a blessed hope is held out. There must be some ground for hope, and there must be some purpose toward which hope is directed, in order to have any real, availing and permanent hope. And that is what I want to speak about this morning—about the loun-

dation and about the object of hope, for this s what the ground and the purpose of hope mean, leaving the rest or another time. HOPE MUST HAVE FOUNDATION. Hope must have foundation. Groundless hope is but idle imagination and ends in despair. It must have been of some such phase of hope as this that Sir Arthur Helps was thinking when he said in one of those most practical and inspiring essays of his, "the men who hope little are the men who go on working." The men who imagine little, who do the duty next them, instead of fancying what they would do it some great and remote duty were given them, they in-deed are the men who go on working. False hope hinders work—but not true hope. And the men who have little hope,

are continually coming to the Dead Letter little genuine and worthy hope, are just the men who will not and cannot go on work-You would think that a person sending money in a letter would be very careful about addressing it. But this does not seem to be the case, for list year \$25,000 in cash was found in dead letters and returned to the owners, and nearly \$1,500,000 in notes, ting tested and verified in these days. More and more there is growing up about us a whole class of men without hope. Whether or not the statements of the Socialists checks and money orders were misdirected. In addition to this there was \$12,000 worth be true, whether or not the reason for poverty is progress, he at least is right who warns us that "it is a laboring class without hope of improvement for themselves or their children which will first test our f money and merchandise that could not It was in the Postoffice Department that the rule of allowing clerks to marry was first permitted. Under the old spoils sysinstitutions." The men who have a well-grounded hope, who can look forward con-fidently toward something better, and who tem it was not thought right that a family uld have more than one representative in the Government departments at Washing-ton, and in the case a young lady fell in love with the \$1,200 man working at her

not only go on working, but work best. IT APPLIES TO RELIGION. This is as true in the spiritual world as it is in the social or the business world. It While Mr. Vilas was Postmaster General a young lady came to him and said she wanted to get married to a fellow clerk, but ly ambition. Imagine our spiritual future ly ambition. Imagine our spiritual future to be blotted out, no life beyond, no God, no to be blotted out, no life beyond, no God, no to be blotted out, no life beyond to be blotted out to be blot template the work of the Christian life. We nardly realize how large a part hope has to island last year. Since 1883 systematic war Sam when married as single. "I am married myself," said he, "and I don't believe that it impairs my work. If you want to enter into the bonds of matrimony, by all

Postmaster General Vilas not ouly said this, but he kept the maiden, and it came to be known that other clerks might marry if they would, and the rule is now one of the unwritten laws of the Postoffice Depart-The working hours of postoffice clerks are from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. and there is a half hour or so given for luncheon at noon. Most of the ladies bring their lunches with them and piece these out with a cup of hot coffee or tea from the restaurant. In the Pension Office, and I suppose the same holds good in the Postoffice Department, some of the ladies have little alcohol lamps which they place on their desks just before lunch time and heat some hot water with which they make tea. A few of the ladies go out of the department for their luncheons and the regular luncheon for the half of Washington is bought for 10 cents. We have a set of dairy luncheon rooms here which are different from those of any other city. They furnish

where another and still greater philosopher planted it, who said; "I have a good hope because of Thy word." Take that word of St. John with which he began: "Beloved, now are we the sous of God." Here is a good ground for hope.

Even now are we the children of God. God, who has given for us His own Son. The streets of Washington are always crowded at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At Snall He not with Him freely give us all things? God, who has so loved us as to call us His own children—"Behold what manner keeping up a rapid and continuous things? God, who has so loved us as to care us His own children—"Behold what manner us His own children—"Behold what manner flight, darting backwards and forwards of love the Father hath bestowed upon us flight, darting backwards and forwards among the dense swarm of flying among the dense swarm of flying this time the great Government departments dismiss something like 20,000 clerks and a stream of all sorts of humanity pours forth from the cave-like entrances of the Treasury, and these 80 Postoffice ladies trot down the steps of the big stone builddo not His ratherhood and His love assure locusts, apparently enjoying the excitement us of blessings beyond our imagination? ing and mix with the crowds which rush torth from the great Parthenon-like Patent NOT A HARD TASK MASTER. We are the Sons o God. That is what the Office across the way
If you will now re-enter the great build-

Christian religion teaches. Our sips are offenses against a Father—not against a hard the small ones in the air and the large ones ing you will find a different class of work task master, who is ever watching the race transgressions and to measure out our pun-ishments, but against our Father, who loves have taken it in hand, and scores of brooms each one of us, who is grieved at our offenses, who sorrows over our shortcomings, who asks or our love in return, who would have us behave toward Him lovingly, truth-ully, steadily from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Each land has its own mail sacks, and the and obediently as children, who desires the salvation and happiness now and forever of every one of us. God is our Father. That is the ground of our hope.

Hope must have an object. We must not only have a reason for being hopeful, but we

must have something definite to hope for. This is the other part of a good hope, and here again, we have a good hope because o

Here is another sentence out of the declaration of St. John. "It doth not yet appear," he begins to say, "what we shall be."
Let us set that down as the end of profitable speculation. We know not yet, nor can we know the blessings of the future. We can frame no adequate conception of the conditions and a whole like an advantable like an advantable like in the conditions are familiar to trader and noble alike in Joe Jefferson relates in The Century the following concerning a London experience of his: My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been five years from America and was on my tious under which life will go on after death. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of "Rip Van Winkle" suchath entered into the heart of man the blessceeded in London my way was quite clear On Sunday evening, being alone in my the many mansions, the white robes, the crowns and palms-none of these are lodgings, I got out for my own admiration my new wig and beard, the pride of my heart, and which I was to use in the last realities. They are only symbols. They shadow forth in a faint way for our imperact. I could not resist trying them on for fect understanding, the glory and the joy of the beatific vision and of the near and the twentieth time, I think; so I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect abiding presence. In such words God speaks to us, as He must needs speak, as we satisfaction. I soon became enthused, and began acting and posing in front of the mirchildren. We could not understand i In about 20 minutes there came a He were to tell us. The words out of which the sentences of revelation should be con-"It's me, if you please," said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. "May I come in?" structed are not in our dictionaries. Human speech stammers when it undertakes to voice the mystery of our blessed hope. "It doth not yet appear." "Certainly not," I replied; for I had no THE OBJECT OF CHRISTIAN HOPE.

"Is there anything wrong in the room, But here is something which does appear. Here is a truth which we know. People

be Gloomy Indeed.

into His image—this we hope for. To see Him whom our soul loveth, to behold Him who, for our sake, gave up His life, to hear His gracious words, to be with Him, nay more, to be like Him—what happiness unspeakable! Here we see through a glass darkly; we seem to lose sight of that divine face; the thick cloud of our transgressions hangs between us and Him; our prayers are cold our senirations weak, even our faith cold, our aspirations weak, even our faith seems sometimes to fail, even our love grows dim, even our hope is near to losing its hold; we see Him far away, the sins, the troubles, the distractions of our earthly lives between us and Him; but there we we shall behold Him sace to face, we shall

look upon the King in His beauty, we shall ST. JOHN'S FEELING OF ASSURANCE see Him "as He is." Here we are, oh, so sadly unlike Him, so grievously unchristlike, stained and marred with evil thoughts, full of purposes half-ormed and rarely so much as half per-formed, our ideals low enough, but our lives far below our ideals; here the struggle, the grief of spiritual defeat, the pain or conquest; here no peace, unless a false peace, which means surrender-no peace because we are not what we would be; but there the truggle ended, the battle finished, peace

A PICTURE OF THE FUTURE. We shall be like Him because we will live every day, in that blessed life beyond, within the radiance of His upliting pres-ence. Somebody said to me the other day, questioning about the future, that, in his opinion, it all Pittsburg should be suddenly taken up into heaven, heaven would be very much like Pittsburg. Yes, if all the temptation and the evil opportunity came along with it. But suppose that all Pittsburg is taken up into heaven and every man and woman comes into a relation, in-finitely closer than is recognized here, with the hero of heroes and the saint of saints, comes really to know Christ. The railroads are gone, the iron mills and the glass fac-portes are gone, all has passed away which claimed so much of the time and thought of many men that they had no space for looking up into God's sky, and every man, woman and child in Pittsburg is in a place which is perfectly clean and perfectly gov-erned, where there is plenty of leisure for thought and rest after weary days and nights, and everybody has a chance. Just imagine that! Would it be the same Pittsburg after all, up there? Why, an hour in the company of one whom we recog-

nize as better than we are, uplitts everyone of us. THE TRANSFORMATION. And what will come anew into our imper fect and unworldly lives when we shall see Christ "as He 18?" Away pass all the shadows which mistaken doctrines have cast about Him, away fall the curtains behind which skepticism and superstition alike have hidden Him, and there is Christ, the real, true Christ, just "as He is." O course we will grow "like Him." Who could help

See how in the heart of that disciple whose words we are studying hope has changed into assurance. We do not read, we hope that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we hope we shall see Him as he is." And yet in a moment he calls this a hope—"every man that hath this hope in him." But the word here is one ocertainty—"We know." Even as St. Paul had said before, "I know whom I have believed."

That is what we need, this translation of hope into assurance. We need to put hope into love's furnace, so that all dross being purged out of it, it may come forth bright and clear to be named knowledge. We want more and more of that spirit which shall make us able to say as we look for-ward toward the celestial country, not "I

hope," but "I know." GEORGE HODGES. LOCUSTS AND LOCUST BIRDS. Systematic Warfare Waged on Destructive Insects in Cyprus.

Recently a Parliamentary paper was is-

sued giving the report of Mr. James Cunhope, and from such a point of view con- | ningham, Superintendent of Public Works play in the Christian life until we imagine it withdrawn. Since 1883 systematic war has been waged against these destructive Read in the letters of St. Paul how hope insects, an average of about 1,500 persustained him in the manifold trials of his life. "It is true," he said, "I suffer this alone each year at an annual cost varying and that, nevertheless I am not ashamed, from £3,000 to £5,000. In Cyprus, as well for I know whom I have believed, and am as in Algeria, the locusts have no natural persuaded that He is able to keep that which enemy to contend with beyond man, but in I have committed to Him against that day," South A rice the numbers are kent node Hope bore him up. "That day" was ever in | in a variety of ways. Many of the species his sight. "It we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him. If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." "Hence orth is laid up for me a crown of life, which the most destructive enemy of the Airican lo-Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing."

There was, you remember, an ancient philosopher who cried, "Give me but a place to plant my lever, and I will move by which foresight they secure plenty of the African locust bird. This bird breeds in the interior of Africa, and like the lesser locust birds, always builds its nest in the neighborhood of large swarms of young locusts, by which foresight they secure plenty of the globe." Hope is a good lever. It will food for their young, as the locusts remain remove all obstacles; it will accomplish all a good while near the spot where they are tasks. But it must be well grounded. hatched preparatory to going on their march. Ground it upon the word of God; that was The great locust bird is all white in color

> tack is indicated by perfect showers of descending legs and wings. Occasionally the two kinds of birds attack a swarm together, on the ground, and between the two very lew locusts escape. Though both birds to lateness of season, miscalculate the time, so that the locusts are able to get away before the young birds are large enough to leave the nests and follow. In such a case the parent birds follow the locusts, and return to their broad as long as possible, but it requently happens that the young locusts get too far away, when the old birds, acting on the law of self-preservation, are forced to abandon their callow offspring, and follow their retreating food supplies.

> > HER WAGER WITH A PRINCE.

are familiar to trader and noble alike in the Austrian capital, has won a large sum of money and a breakfast from Prince Franz ing which God has prepared for those who love Him. All the descriptions of the other world—the pearly gates, the golden streets, inght, and told her that she could never disner. The Prince was chaifing her the other night, and told her that she could never disguise her identity from the Viennese. She at once exclaimed that she was willing to make a wager that she would sell vegeta-bles for a whole morning in one of the publie markets without being recognized, although she would not put on any disguise beyond the ordinary attire of a small farmer's wice.

The Prince accepted the bet, but was so

insisted on laving her 1,000 florins against a pair of riding boots. The bet was duly decided on Friday morning. Shortly atter 2

A. M. Fraulein Palmay appeared behind a stall in the "Am Ho" market loaded with all sorts of green stuff and spring vegetables. She was attired in a calico skirt, woolen shawl and wore wooden shoes. Until the share stall, they have the same number of children, who are of the same seles, "Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?" said she.

"Nothing at all. Go away," I replied.

"Well, sir," she continued, "there's a policeman at the door, and he says as 'ow there's a crazy old man in your room, adding of his 'arnds about and agoin' on haw ul, and there's a crowd of people across the street a-blockin' up the way."

I turned toward the window, and to my we shall see Him as He is." This is the object of hope. Toward this, through all object of hope are that we know nothing about the thet he was high in the heavens she did a roar-ing trade, making the best o' bargains, and returning the chaff of the market men without any was high in the heavens she did a roar-ing trade, making the best o' bargains, and returning the chaff of the market men without any was high in the heavens she did a roar-ing trade, making the best o' bargains, and returning the chaff of the market men without any was high in the heavens she did a roar-ing trade, making the best o' bargains, and three boys each.

He is Getting Thore.

Let is a truth which we know that we know nothing about the other world, and there's a crazy old man in your room, a finite is a truth which we know that in the presence of the other world, and there is a truth which set of the market men without any and the sum and the chaff of the market men without any any and the sum and the chaff of the market men without any any any any and the sum and the chaff of the market men without an the wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, stranger greenswoman and the three men jumped into a splendid carriage and drove and the entire transformation of ourselves away.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nots for Home Cracking. Address communications for this department

E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine, 1111-A QUOTATION ILLUSTRATED. [Copyright, 1890, by E. R. CHADBOURN.]



SOLOM. 1112-ENIGMA. I may not be a horrid vice,
And yet my ways are nover nice;
In every shape in which I'm seen
I must confe-s I rather mean.
I may pitch forward, jerk, or throw;
Affected utterance I may show;
In a low whining voice I speak,
And when I seem a Christian meek
It is a hypocritic art,—
I've no religion in my heart,
The talk of Gipsies I describe. The talk of Gipsies I describe, As well as of the thievish tribe. le who would be commended by the second between the second between the second by the second between the second by the second between the second be

1113-TRANSPOSITION. He who holdly shapes his first
Cannot be by first accursed;
For he holds that destiny
Never is by first's decree.
'Tis a two to be admired,
When by right ambition fired;
Poverty or humble birth
Cannot chain a man to earth.
BUTTER SWEET,

1114-NUMERICAL The 1, 2, 3 is to carry on, as a contest, The 3, 2, 1 is not mixed or adulterated The 4, 5, 6 is a chamber or could be a first the 5, 5, 4 is a whetstone.

The 7, 8, 9 is the prevailing fashion or mode.

The 9, 8, 7 is a word of negation.

The whole an English writer (1810-1852).

H. C. BURGER

1115-ANAGRAM. Like Dickens in his Little Dorrit, I say of whole that I abhor it; For in any light we view it It is a way how not to do it. der various forms and guises t trammels business enterprises; With useless forms in countless number The State Department it encu And clerks it worries till the traces f grim despair are on their fa Why do commercial men employ it! Why not cut it and destroy it? It seems invented for belating And keeping Progress always waiting.
'Tis the "dear pet" of those who ever
Seek for a way to do things never.

1116-DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. In Mary's lamb, her "little pet;" In all the "foreign" wool we get;
In "crackman's" craft for getting stores;
In skulful "knack" of opening doors.
In total we may see displayed
Superior wool of highest grade;
It also brings to mind the way
A burglar may his skill display.
NELSONIAN.

1117-DOUBLE ACROSTIC Five letter words. I. Security. 2. Dialect. 3. A deputy or vice-roy in India. 4. Genus of plants. 5. An anno-tator. 6. Perspicuous. 7. A country. 8. Suf-fers pain. 9. Reason or speech. 10. To cover. II. To allow. Primals: In relation to public revenue. Fixals: Disconcerted. Conneted: Bankrupt in common use

> 1118-CHARADE. An one two not an all— The difference is not small. The firsts' for the wood-pile. Tramps' leisure to beguile: But total is a line Which axle will define. BITTER SWEET.

1119-DECAPITATION There is a whole in music sweet
That makes the heart with rapture beat,
And fills the soul with joy complete.
There is a whole in heauty's grace.
In loveliness of form and face
Where virtue's image we can trace.
When in a calm, reflective mood,
With salf-communing thoughts imband. When in a calm, reflective mood, with self-communing thoughts imbued, There is a whole in solitude. There's last in acts that bad men do, There's last in pleasures some pur-ue,
There's last in vice of every hue.
NELSONIAE.

1120-NUMBRICAL Those who have never taken all Can't 7 to 10 the least idea Of the sensations that befall Ere consciousness again is clean A 1, 4, 6, 3, balmy air

And dreamy joys, and visions fair, The willing victim first do bless At first! But 8, 2, soon the scene
Is changed to horrors Dante might
Have viewed with an abashed men,
And counted those he saw delight.

To fall from heights; to hang in space;
To freeze, to burn; and wake to know
That one's front teeth have left their place.
This is what taking all may show.
A. L. FOR JULY WINNING.

For July three prizes are offered—each a handsome book that will be certain to gladden the heart of the winner. These prizes will be awarded the senders of the best three lots of answers to "The Fireside Sphinz" published during the month. The solutions must be forwarded in weekly installments, and as small lists sometimes win, no would-be competitor should withhold his results on account of their incompleteness. ANSWERS. 1101-You are full of fancies. (U R full of

fans E's.) 1102—Advise to posers.

1105—Chuck-hole, 1106—Noble woman, [Non-(cur)lew-o-man,] 1107—L. A-spire, 2. Con-spire, 2. Per-spire, I. In-spire, 5, Re-spire, Una_Cosmical, comical,

TWO REMARKABLE TWINS.

The Similarity Extends Even to the Number and Sex of Their Children. Pall Mall Budget.] There are two young artisans of Bristol,

named Johnson, who are twins, and between whom the similarity is far more remarkable than in Shakespeare's two Dromios even. Not only are they of the same height and weight, having the same colored hair, eyes certain that the actress would lose that be insisted on laving her 1,000 florins against a ments, and feeding, walking, running, laughand complexion, identical physical meaure-