in heart and soul?"

were timorous and fugitive. There same skies and water and trees, breathin the same air, hearkening to the same sounds. So he kept on talking to the old man, in

he had mentioned one or two well-known grown old and callous of the world's shows,

that he sometimes sold as many as four dogs to the same woman on four successive days.

"Young man, you've been taken in," said he; "that's a trained dog, educated to act like a lunatic when away from his master, and the fellow who took him away stands i with the man who sold him. Every time the old duffer sells the dog the young one follows him up and steals him back again. Nobody ever kicks; they're too glad to get

strings.

Take it for all in all, I think this is on of the most remarkable games played by anybody outside of Wall street. HOWARD FIELDING.

country air.

We boarded the boat by the entrance

usually devoted to teams, and we were i

too much of a hurry to give up a ticket. A rumor that the dog was mad spreadquickly, and we created a sensation which appeared

to appease him wonderfully. He was a dog who could not stand it to be overlooked;

he wanted everybody to understand that he

AN ACCOMPLICE TO THE RESCUE.

ump overboard or otherwise remov-tuemselves from the danger of hydro

The Terrier Creates a Sensation.

phobia was a young man who leaned

the atmosphere with a large cigar.
"I say boss," he remarked, "you don"
seem to understand a dog very well."

Disentangling my leg very slowly from the string I replied that I had not had much experience with that kind, and I in-quired whether he considered himselt an ex-

pert on canine insanity.

"I'll take the purp off'n your han's fer t'ree dollars, see?" said he.

"Well, you can't do it too soon," I said, and handed over the money and the

Now, would you believe it, that

turning to a man who stood near by and re-

Among the passengers who did not

otherwise remove

was on hand and attending to business.

ump overboard

FORMING BY ELECTRICITY.

Experiments Showing the Beneficial Effec of the Fluid on Plants. Illustrated American.

The application of electricity to agriculture has long been discussed. Mr. N. Specnew has described the latest experiments in Practical Electricity. In one series he used seeds of haricot beans, sunflowers, and winter and spring rye. The seeds were soaked, electrified and immediately sown. The plants were more developed, their leaves were larger and their color orighter than those grown from non-electrified seed, but their yield was not affected.

In another series of experiments, plates of copper and zine about two feet by two feet six inches were buried at the ends of the plots and connected by their upper faces, the effect being to establish a current through the earth. The result was manifested by a larger crop and by the growth of vegtables of enormous dimensions,

In the third series, electrical collector were mounted on insulated rods, and connected by wires, the effect being to obtain a highly electrified atmosphere. Seeds of rve. corn, oats, barley, peas, clover, potatoes and flax were used. The form of electroculture increased the yield of seed an average of one-half, and that of straw one-third, while the ripening was more rapid. It was also found that potatoes grown by electroculture were rarely diseased, and that the beneficial effects of electricity on vines attacked by phylloxera have already been observed it is possible that a new means is at hand of combating the microscopic pests which attack vegetable growth.

A CITY ON STILTS.

Over a Hundred Houses in a Salt Water Bay

of Old Virginia. A way over in the extreme northeast corner of the State of Virginia is the most curious city ever seen. That entire corner of the State has for time out of mind been owned by the Franklin family. The land was absolutely of no use, but that part of the estate under water was good for oysters, the flavor of which made them famous.

For nearly 50 years everyone and anyone, who wanted to, helped themselves to the bivalves. It was not, in fact, until after the death of the original owner that any effort was made to make any money out of the only product of the property. From that time on the boom in Franklin City was on, until to-day there are a hundred odd houses. Every

Recent Observations Show That They Are Not Necessary Accompaniments.

Illustrated American. 1 It is now beginning to be admitted generally that a wound inflicted with a modern fire-arm may be accompanied by neither scorching nor powder tattooing, though the weapon may be held very close, if the bul-let be driven by one of the modern fulminates contained in the same cap with the projectile. This lack of marks, formerly held to be unfailing, has given rise some-

times to theories of murder. A case in point is reported from India.

A Hindoo went down into the sandy bed of a river and shot himself through the head with a revolver of 45 caliber, making a wound about the edges of which there was not the slightest blackening or scorching. That he committed suicide there is no doubt,

Abusing Our Travelers.

Punch.1 Sir James: "And were you in Rome?"

errier climbed on top of the desk and THE BATH IN TURKEY howled. We decided that he was mad an ought to be shot. My friend is an artis and he keeps in his office a bell-muzzle blunderbuss for his wife's mother when she calls. Well, my friend reached out from under the desk, grabbed the old bell-muzzle and tried five times to shoot the dog Mary J. Holmes Describes the Luxury

as Seen at Its Best. before he remembered that the gun wasn't A RETREAT FOR ROYAL LADIES Pretty soon the dog jumped off the desk and made a break for the door. Being on the other end of the string I followed. He went down the stairs easier than I did at

Where They Enjoy Themselves and Make Their Political Deals.

first, till I stubbed my toe, and then we de-scended with equal facility. He led me down Cortland street toward the ferry, and thus suggested to me the brilliant idea of MYSTERIES OF THE TURKISH TOILET taking him over to our relatives in New Jersey, that he might enjoy the benefit of

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. CONSTANTINOPLE, July 6 .- The Turkish bath here is far from being the Turkish bath in far-away America. Every Turkish house, in the best society here, has its private bath, that is used on certain days and hours by wom en of the family and on other days by the men. Others again have two sets of baths, one for the women and the other for the men. These baths are heated with hot air, which comes from a large furnace situated at quite a distance from the house and fed by wood and charcoal. The heat is carried in such a way as not to make a moist atmosphere, and the air in the different rooms is hot but dry, which is not so unpleasant and suffocating as the so-called Turkish baths in America. The three rooms being passed, the ladies go into the last, where there is a fountain of perfumed water and where the last part of the cleansing takes place,

The baths' in the palace at Dolme-Baktchie, on the Bosphorus, are very beautiful, but it would require a volume to describe them, for the luxury of a Turkish house is centered in the bath, where the people seem most to enjoy themselves. Just outside the limits of Constantinople, up in the Golden Horn, is Aga-Hammann, a bath frequented by many ladies of the highest position, not ecause they have no baths of their own but because they are sure to meet their friends there without restriction and have a good time. It has always been a great place for mothers to take their marriageable daughters, and other mothers to go to choose a bride for their sons, for wives are not chosen for their mental but physical beauties alone.

PLUMP BEAUTIES IN THE BATH. The ladies arrive, each one attended by her own personal servant, and another who bears a very substantial lunch basket and a handsome gold bordered bathing wrap. The eunuchs remain outside or go away, and come back at the hour the bath is ended, as it occupies several hours. First, the ladies are divested of their clothing and receive a crepe sheet, which they drape about them while they sit the regulation time in the first room. During this time they chat with each other, though not very familiarly, and they keep up the pretense of the drapery until they reach and pass the next room Here they stretch themselves out upon the marble slabs, while two attendants rub, lather and pour hot water over them until

it seems as if they would be boiled.

Each lady is laid upon a marble slab. which is slightly inclined, and the attendants begin their labors, one at the feet and the other at the head. They use a sort of clay called pilo, which raises a thick white lather. The attendants use nothing but this soapy clay and their hands to cleanse their subject, and rub and knead and punch until it seems they would reduce the flesh to a pulp, all the while leaving this lather to accumulate until the bather looks like a snowball. Another kind of soap is used for the hair and another again for the face, but the latter is always left to gather thick as the worker rubs and toils, the perspiration rolling in streams down her own glistening body. Sometimes these attendants are white, sometimes black, and some of the ladies of the harem are as black as any negro in our own country, as it is quite a common thing for a man to make a wife of his Abyssinian slave. These inky ladies wear the Turkish veil as religiously as do the white wives, and indeed the color line is not drawn closely at all in the Orient.

IN RAVS OF COLORED LIGHT

This Turkish bath is lighted from the roof and through stained glass, and the colored light falls upon the forms laid out beneath with beautiful effect. A large fountain with a deep basin stands in the middle of this room, and numberless little pipes throw off sprays of perfumed water above the slabs on which the lauies lay like animated snowflakes, kicking and squealing when soap gets in their eyes or mouths, or when the attendants tickle them unexpectedly. A little silver basin stands at hand, and after the ladies have been soaked in soap long enough, the attendants take quite hot water-entirely too hot for anybody but a Turkish woman, who is used to it-and pour it gently over them, not dashing it, but soitly emptying it, so that it soon washes off all the lather, leaving the flesh rosy and fresh. This pouring of water is continued sometimes half an hour, together with rubbing, rolling and kneading of the body after which the lady is at liberty to plunge into the basin, if she wishes, among the other laughing and frolicking women, black

and white mingling indiscriminately. Words cannot depict the utter abandonment to fun and sport that takes possession of these women and children, too, for after a girl is 9 years old she is admitted to women's society unrestrainedly. The young girls are all plumper than our young girls, and they have in the main fine figures, though the knees are always big and prominent, which is probably caused by the habit of sitting cross-legged as they do. Their skin is very white and pure in spite of their unwholesome diet and indolent habits.
When they have sported about in the basin to their heart's content the servants bring in their lunch baskets and the women cat, after which they return to the water again and splash about there for a short time longer. Then they proceed to their dressing rooms, the bathing gown now for the first time being produced.

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIFIERS.

Then they go and seat themselves on stools after a short lounge on a divan and a stools after a short lounge on a divan and a cigarette or so and coffee, and the profeswith a brush and charcoal powder makes the teeth glisten, and these women are quite expert dentists, pulling bad teeth and filling those possible to save.

After her comes the painter with her lit-tle box. She begins by first bathing face

and emits a delicious, resiny fragrance, and also preserves the skin from injury by the paints applied later. Then, the eyebrows and eyelashes are dyed with kehol, which are trimmed and dyed a brownish red. The eet receive the same treatment, with the addition of the service of a pedicure, for loose as these women wear their shoes, they have corns, bunions and very severe chil-

DRESSING FOR THE STREET.

When this is done they are ready to be dressed for the street. The first garment is a Bronssa crepe undershirt, with long, loose aleeves, V-shaped at the neck. Then the panthloons are put out. These are made long enough to fasten to the knees and still

erned chintz, or silk of the brightest colors in foulard, or brilliant-tinted satin. It re-quires four breadths of satin for each pair pantaloons. Above the pantaloons is a sort of skirt of four breadths of cloth, satin silk of skirt of four breadths of cloth, satin size or gay-colored chintz, though this is usu-ally plain. These breadths are one yard and a half to two yards long, and are not sewn at all in front, and only a short distance down the hips and in the back. The rest is left loose to train behind. They are tucked up under the girdle while in the

The sash or girdle is usually a shawl wrapped around the waist three or four times, and one end only is left to hang down. The Turkish women do not wear corsets, or any kindred appliances, to com-press the waist. The next garment is a jacket coming just to the waist line and butjacks coming just to the waist line and but-toning in front with three gold or jeweled buttons. The sleeves are snug and reach to the elbow only, below which the crepe sleeves fall full and loose. The front of this jacket is cut out Pompadour style, and very low. On the breast are strung numbers of pearls, coral, wooden and glass beads and diamond and emerald or other jeweled neck-laces, and all is headed by a black velvet ribbon, on which are sewn gold coins and pendants. Immense earrings are worn, and bracelets four and five inches wide, as well as numbers of rings. Some wear real diamonds and some of the most palpable pinchbeck, for it does not matter, what an ornament is so it strikes the wear-er's faney, and these women are capable any hour of trading off a diamond necklace for a tawdry, cheap affair, if only showy enough.

THE MAGIC VEIL.

After all these jewels are in their places the preparations for the street is made by putting upon the head a sort of head dress made in the form of a Scoeth cap, of card-board covered with brilliant satin, green, red and yellow, and on this are pinned arti-ficial flowers, all of the brightest primary colors, and pendant jewels and coins.

Over this is worn the yaskmak or veil, which is the crowning beauty of Turkish women, without which they would be but ordinary mortals.

This veil is made of two squares of crepe liese, sheer and fine. Each is folded on the bias and one piece is thrown over the top of the head, the bias fold being brought down just to the eyebrows, and pinned fast to the back of the head. The other is placed over the lower part of the face, the fold being brought up close to the eyes and the points being carried up to the top of the back of the head and fastened there, the ends hanging

The face, seen through these misty folds, takes a softness of portline and delicate beauty impossible to describe, and the dark eyes, with their blackaned lashes, show in a striking contrast to the snowy folds of yashmak, while the vivid coloring that has been laid on so lavishly shows but faintly through the veil, and seen so with all the expression a Turkish woman learns to throw into her eyes, from lack of any other mode, it is not wonder:ul that they have always been considered so beautiful by strangers. In very truth, they are no handsomer than any other contented, well-fed, coreful woman, and as to their form-well, fat is their ideal.

OUT ON THE STREET.

After the adjusting of the yashmak they only need their ferijes, or long, loose, shape-less, big sleeved wraps, which are usually of black, though frequently of pink, green or blue satin, and a parasol as gay, and white gloves wore with the rings outside to com-plete their outdoor costume. For their feet they wear socks and congress gaiters, or go barelegged with slipshod slippers, which do very well in the house, but are very awk-ward in the street. In the house they move very gracefully, but in the street and seen from the back there is nothing that can be more awkward than a Turkish woman, and as to form, she resembles a huge black bug with a white head.

After the ladies are dressed they sit and chat and smoke and eat sweets until the eunuch comes for each party. During these baths, while different harems and different women are brought together, many weightier questions are decided than could be believed possible in such child-like creatures, for here meet those who wish to place their sons or husbands in office, and they manage to make and break promises just like other politicians. The Turkish bath of America can never compete with the Aga—Hammam of the Golden Horn for political importance, nor as a place of social meeting nor amuse-

REMEMBERED THEIR MASTER.

MARY J. HOLMES.

An Incident Showing the Power of Martin the Lion Tamer.

When the celebrated animal trainer Martin, who died lately, had retired to private life, one day he took a notion that he would visit his former large menagerie, which he had not seen for five years. It was in Brussels, and he started for that city from his country seat near Rotterdam. At 4 o'clock, the time for feeding, he entered the menagerie. He mingled with the crowd and waited until the animals would receive their food, for which they were waiting with wild

impatience.
While they were enting he began to cough. Suddenly the animals paused in their treat and listened then broke into wild howls of joy and tore at the iron bars, so that many of the timid visitors fled from the men-

ageric.

Then Martin stepped forward. With a movement of his hand and with his powerful voice he commanded silence, and suddealy everything was quiet. He swung himself over the bars which separated the visitors from the animals and put his hand into the cages to fondle the animals. A mighty tigress showed more joy than any of the others. When Martin's hand glided over her magnificent fur her limbs trembled When he went away she lay down without eating any more food.

WIORIDA ALLIGATORS SCARCE.

A Dealer Finds the Mexican Supply Pays Him Much the Better.

Mr. Joseph Smith has Brought a cargo of alligators from Mexico to New York, Mr. Smith was asked why he went to Mexico to hunt alligators, and replied: "Alligators are playing out in Fiorida. In fact, they are becoming scarcer in all parts of the United States in consequence of their skins being in such demand that many persons have engaged in alligator hunting as a means of making money. The alligators have never been hunted by the Mexicans, but I soon had them at it. At first I shot them, but a Mexican conceived the idea of harpooning them, and carried it out so successfully that we followed that method afterward. I was down there 18 months, and during that time I secured hides to the

amount of \$50,000.
"It is quite exciting to take a sportsman's lamp, tasten it on your head on a dark night and quietly sneak along the river bank, and finding one of these monsters lying at the water's edge, harpoon him. It takes a steady hand and quick eye to strike them right, and

a strong arm to hold him after he is har-

A SIXTH SENSE.

Deaf People Develop the Faculty of Feeling the Sound Waves.

A species of sixth sense has been observed in some deaf people-that of the appreciation of vibration. In one case described, a

woman who was so deaf that she could hear slightly with only one ear was able to perceive a light blow on a table, or a footstep. She described the effect by saying, not that she could hear the blow, but that she could feel it. In another case of a woman who was aleaves, V-shaped at the neck. Then the pantaloons are put out. These are made long enough to fasten to the knees and still fail to the ankle and over the feet and wide enough to appear almost like a skirt. These trousers are made of large and gaudily pat-

had hastily picked up his MSS, and van- theater; but on the next night it was re

ished from the room. "Meally, sir, such familiarity." "In the republic of letters, my good Mrs. Hobson," said Mr. Bethune with a smile, all men are equal. I have been much interested in some of your husband's writ-

ings." Oh, sir, don't put such things in his head!" she said, as she proceeded to lay the cloth for dinner. "He's a fool, and that's bad enough; but if so being you put things in his 'ead, and he giving of himself airs, it'll be hawful! What good he is to anybody I don't know. He won't clean a winder or black a boot even." der or black a boot even."
"How can you expect it?" George Be-

thune said, in perfect good humor. "Man-ual labor would be a degradation. Men of genius ought to be supported by the State."
"In the workus, I suppose," she said, sharply—but here Maisrie Bethune came upstairs and into the room, carrying some parcels in her hand, and instantly the land-lady's face changed its expression, and became as amiable and smiling as the gaunt

features would allow.

At dinner the old man told his granddaughter that he had procured (he did not may how) places at the -- Theater for the following evening, and seemed to be pleased about this little break in their quiet lives. "But why did you go to such expense, grandfather?" Maisrie said. "You know I

a quite happy enough in spending the evening at home with you. And every day now I ask myself when I am to begin copying the poems-for the volume, you know. You have sent for them to America, haven't you? But really you have such a won-derful memory, grandfather, I believe you could repeat them all—and I could you could repeat them all—and a could write them down—and let the printers have them. I was so glad when you let me help you with the book you published in Montreal—and you know my writing is clear enough—you remember what writing is clear enough—you remember what the foreman printer said? Don't you think we could begin to-night, grandfather? It pleases you to repeat those beautiful verses -you are so fond of them-and proud of them because they are written by Scotchmen -and I am sure it would be a delight to me

to write them out for you.' "Oh, yes, yes," he said, fretfully, "but not to-night. You're always in such a hurry, Maisrie." And then he added, in a gentle way: "Well, it is a wonderful blessing, a good memory. I never want for a tion or denial; and each knew that this was companion, when I've a Scotch air or a recognition. They regarded each other but

"The broom, the yellow, yellow broom, The broom o' the Cowdenknowes," and at once you have before you golden banks, and meadows, and June skies, and all else is forgotten. Indeed, lass, Scotland has become for me such a storehouse of beautiful things—in imagination—that I am almost afraid to return to it, in case the reality might disappoint me. No, no, it could not disappoint me: I treasure every inch of the sacred soil: but sometimes wonder if you will recognize the magic and witchert of hill and glen. As for me, there else I fear now; there are no human ties I shall have to take up again; I shall not have to mourn the Bourocks

Bargeny. What is that, grandfather?" "If you had been brought up in Scotland Maisrie, you would have known what the bigging o' bourocks was among childrenouses in the sand. But sometimes the word is applied to huts or cottages, as it is to the sapplied to hits of cottages, as it is to the title of Hew Ainslie's poem. That poem is one that I shall be proud to give a place to in my collection, he continued, with an air of importance. "Hew Ainslie is no more with us; but his countrymen, whether in America or at home, are no likely to forget the 'Bourocks o' Bargeny. Can you remember it, grandfather

"Can I not?" said he; and therewith he repeated the lines, never faltering once for a I left ye, Jeanie, blooming fair
'Mang the bourocks o' Bargeny;
I've found ye on the banks o' Ayr.
But sair ye're altered, Jeanne.
I left ye like the wanton lamb
That plays 'mang Hadyed's heather;
I've found ye noo a sober dame—
A wife and eke a mither.

I left ye 'mang the leaves sae green In rustic weed befittin'; I've found ye buskit like a queen, In painted chaumer sittin'. In painted chaumer sittin.
Ye're fairer, stateller, I can see,
Ye're wiser, nae doubt, Jeanne:
But oh! I'd rather met wi' thee

"It's very sad, grandfather." she said "The way of the world-the way of the world," said he; and observing that she had finished and was waiting for him, he forthwith rose and went to the mantelpiece for his pipe. "There's many a state just get that kind. Well, Maisrie, you'll just get that kind. Well, Maisrie, the 'Broom o' the Cowdenknowes!" And while she went to fetch the violin, and as he cut his to-

bacco, he sang in a quavering voice-O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom, The broom o' the Cowdenknowes,

And then he went to the window, to smoke his pipe in peace and quiet, while Maisrie, seated further back in the shadow of the room, played for him the well-known air. have an audience of more than one? At al events her doubts were soon resolved: when she had ceased, and after a second or so o silence, there came another sound into the prevailing hush—it was one of the songs without words, and it was being played with considerable delicacy and charm.

the first low-rippling notes, "have we a musical neighbor now?"
"Yes, grandfather," Maisrie replied,
rather timidly. "Last night, when you were

out, someone played."
"Ah, a music mistress, I daresay. Poor thing-perhaps all alone-and wishing to be friendly in this sort of fashion." They listened without further speech until the last notes had gradually died away.

"It would be like answering-to

"And are we not all strangers?" he said. gently. "I think it is a very pretty idea, if that is what is meant. We'll soon see.

The girl was very obedient; she took up her violin, and presently she was playing that strangely simple air that nevertheless is about as proud and passionate and piteous as the tragic story to which it is wedded. Perhaps the stranger over there did not know the ballad; but George Bethune knew

it only too well, and his voice almost broke into a sob as he said, when she had finished: "Ah, Maisrie, it was no music-master taught you that; it was born in your nature. netimes I wonder if a capacity for intense sympathy means an equal capacity for suf-fering; it is sad if it should be so-a thick skin would be wholesomer, as far as I have

Their unseen companion on the other side of the little thoroughfare responded with a walts of Chopin's-a mysterious, clusive sort of a thing, that seemed to tade away into the dark rather than to cease. Majsri appeared disinclined to continue this do ut des programme; but her grandfather overer; and named the air for her to play, one by one, in alternation with those coming from the open window opposite. At last she said she was tired. It was time for the gases to be lit, and the hot water brought up for grandfather's today. So she closed the window and pulled down the blind; lit up the room; rang the bell for the hot water; and then placidly sat down to her kattling, whilst her grandfather, browing himself an unmistakable guide-willie waught, and lighting another pipe, proceeded to entertain her with a rambling disquisition upon the world at large, but especially upon his own travels and experiences therein, his philosophical theories.

That mystic and enigmatic conversation with their neighbor over the way was not continued on the following evening, for the growing darker. In the South, especially, acros old man and his granddaughter went to the the heavens were of a carious metallic hue eyes.

sumed; and thereafter, on almost every evening, the two windows replied to each other, as the twilight deepened into dusk. And Maisrie was less reluctant now-she almost took this little concert a deux as a matter of course. For one thing, the stranger, whoever he or she might be, did not seem in any way auxious to push the acquaintance any further; no one ever appeared at that open window; nor had she ever encountered anyone coming out as she stood on the doorstep waiting for her grand-father. As for him, he still maintained that the new occupant of those rooms must be a woman-perhaps some sky creature, willing to think that she had friendly neighbors and yet afraid to show herself. sides, the music that came response to Maisrie's Scotch was hardly what a man would have

chosen. The stranger over there seemed chiefly fond of Mendelssehn, Chopin and Mozart; though occasionally there was an excursion into the Volkslieder domain—"Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz," "Es ritten drei Reiter zum Thore hinaus," "Von meinem Bergli muss i scheiden," or something of that kind; whereas, if it had been a man who occupied these rooms, surely they would "The Bay of Biscay," or "The Friar of Orders Gray," with a strident voice outroom for something or other, her eyes would seek that mysterious vacant window, with however rapid and circumspect a glance. And always in vain. Moreover, the piano was never touched during the day; the stranger invariably waited for the twilight before seeking to resume that subtle link of

Scotch song humming through my brain.

On the darkest and wettest day, here in this big city, what have you to do but think of herself up in that mysterious secrecy. the window, would have smiled, would have made some excuse for calling. Maisrie did made some excuse for calling. not ostensibly look after the young manbut she could see him all the same, until he turned the corner. She was vaguely troubled. The brief glance she had met had in it a kind of appeal. And she wished to say in return that she was not offended; that, ing strangers they must remain strangers; but that she had not taken his boldness She wished to say—she did not know what. Then her grandfather came down; and they went away together; but she uttered not a syllable as to what had just occurred. It was all a bewilderment to her-that left her

a little breathless when she tried to think That night, when the customary time ar rived, she refused to take up her violin; and when her grandfather remonstrated, she had no definite excuse. She hesitated and stammered—said they had not played chess for ever so long—or would he rather have a game of draughts?—anything but the vio-

"Are you forgetting your goodnatured neighbor over there?" her grandfather asked. "It will be quite a disappointment for her. Poor thing, it appears to be the only society she has: we never hear a sound otherwise; there seems to be no one ever come to talk to her during the day, or we should hear a

"Yes, but, grandfather," said Maisrie, who seemed much embarrassed, "don't you think it a little imprudent-to encourage this kind of-of answering each other-without knowing who the other person is? "Why, what could be more harmless!" he protested, cheerfully, and then he went on:

"More harmless than music? — nothing, nothing! Song is the solace of human life; it is the natural expression of our appiness-in times of trouble it refresher the heart with other and brighter days. A light heart-a heart that can sing to itself that is the thing to carry you through life Maisriel" And he himself, as he crossed the room to fetch a box of matches, was trolling gayly, with a fine bravura execu-

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frac the ferr The ship rudes by the Berwick Law, And I maun leave my bonnie Mary,

. Go fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a silver tassie, That I may drink before I go A service to my bonnie lassi

. But it's not the roar o' sea or shore Would make me longer wish to tarry, Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar— It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary,

Maisrie was not to be moved; but she appeared down-hearted a little. As time went on the silence in the little stree seemed somehow to accost her; she knew she was responsible. She was playing draughts grandfather, in a periunctory sort of way. She remembered that glance of -she could not forget it-and this had been her answer. Then all of a sudder her hand that hovered over the board trembled, and she had almost dropped the piece that was in her fingers; for there had sprang into the stillness a half-hushed sound-it was an air she knew well enough

-she could almost recognize the words-Nachtigall, ich hor' dich singen; S'Herz thut mir im Leibe springen, Komm nur bald und sag mir's wohl, Wie ich mich verhalten soll.

Her grandfather stopped the game to listen; and when the soft-toned melody had eased, he said -

"There, now, Maisrie, that is an invite tion; you must answer."
"No, no, grandfather," she said, almost "I would rather not-you don't in distress know-you must find out something aboutabout whoever it is that plays. I am sure it will be better. Of course it is quite harmless, as you say-oh, yes, quite harmless-but I should like you to get to know first

of course-but-don't ask me, grandfather! Well, it was not of much concern to him; and as he was winning all along the line, he willingly returned to the game. It had grown so dark, however, that Maisrie had to go and light the gas—having drawn down the blinds first, as was her invariable habit. When she came back to the table she seemed to breathe more freely; though she was thoughtful and pre-occupied-not with the game. The music on the other side of the

now was silent. Maisrie saw nothing more of the young man; indeed, she studiously refrained from glancing across to the other side of the street-except when she was going out, and wanted to make sure there was no one there. But something was now about to happen that entirely altered this

disposition of analys.

One morning George Bethune and his granddaughter had gone for their accustomed stroll in Hyde Park, and in course of time had taken their places on a bench near the Serpentine, while the old man had taken out a newspaper and began to read it. The day was sultry, despite an occasional stir-ring of the wind; and Maisric sitting there, and having nothing to do but look at the water, and the trees, and the sky, observed that all the world around her was gradually

-a livid gray, as it were; while across that hung two belts of deepest purple that re-mained motionless, while other and lighter tags of vapor were intertwisting with each other or melting away into nothingness. Those two clouds were not of the usual cloud form at all—they were rather like two enormous torpedoes lying horizontally one above the other: and they other; and there was a somber deadness of hue about them that looked ominous. Suddenly, as she was thus vaguely regarding those long purple swathes, there ran across them—springing vertically upward—a quivering line of yellow flame—so thin it was, it appeared like a thread of golden wire—and when that had vanished, there was a second or two of silence, followed by a cull, low, rumbling noise that seemed to come from a considerable distance. She was not much alarmed. There were no signs of a terrific thunderstorm; probably a few more flashes would serve to loosen and disperse those lowering clouds, and allow the day to clear.

It was at this moment that a young man came up and addressed Mr. Bethune—with a certain courteous hemitation, and yet in

frank and ingenuous tones.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but may I claim the privilege of a neighbor to offer you this umbrella—I'm afraid there's a shower coming—and the young lady may "at "et"."

It was a pleasant voice; George Bethune looked up well-disposed ward the stranger, whoever he might be. And the face of the young man was also prepossessing; it was something more than handsome; it was intelligent and refined; and the honest and straightforward eyes had a certain confidence in them, as if they were not used to having their friendly advances repulsed.

"I thank you—I thank you," said George Bethune, with much dignity. "I had not observed. But you will want the umbrella for yourself—we can get shelter under one of the trees."
"Would that be wise, sir, in a thunderstorm?" said the young man. "Oh, no, let me give you the umbrella. I don't mind a

and it won't be more than that. I George Bethune accepted the proffered courtesy. Here, Maisrie; since this young gentleman is so kind, you'd better be prepared. A neighbor, did you say, sir?" he con-

tiqued. "A very near neighbor," answered the young man, with a smile, and he seated himself by the side of Mr. Bethune without more ado. "I have often thought of speaking to you and asking to be allowed to make your acquaintance; for you seem to have

very few visitors—you will pardon my curiosity—while I have none at all." "Oh, really, really," the old man said, somewhat vaguely; perhaps he was wondering how so faultlessly-attired a young gen-tleman (his patent-leather boots, for example, were of the most approved pattern) should have chosen lodgings in so humble a thoroughfare.

"It is a very quiet little corner, is it not?" the young man said-almost as if answer-ing that unspoken question. "That is why it suits me so well; I can get on with my books without interruption. The street is so small that it isn't worth an organ-grinder's while to waste time in it." "Music is a sad thing for interrupting study; I know that," the old gentleman observed. "By the way, I hope we do not disturb you-my granddaughter plays the served. violin sometime "I could listen to that kind of music all

day long," was the response. "I never heard such violin playing-most beautiful -most beautiful!' "Then you are not far away from us?" "Right opposite," was the straightforward George Bethune glanced at the young

man with a look of quiet amusement; he was thinking of the pale music mistress—the solitary widow of his imagination.

"And you—you also play a little in the evenings sometimes?" "I hope you don't think it rude, sir, the

"I hope you don't think it rude, sir, the young man said, humbly. "I thought it permissable, as between neighbors."

"Oh, they were pretty little concerts," said George Bethune, good-naturedly—"very pretty little concerts. I don't know why they were stopped. I suppose Maisrie had some fancy about them—my grand-daughter Maisrie" daughter Maisrie"-It was a kind of introduction. The young light in his eyes at this unexpected happi-

ness, respectfully bowed. Maisrie, with her beautiful pale face suffused with unusual color, made some brief inclination also; then she seemed to retire again from this conver-sation-though she could not but over-"My name is Harris," the young man said, as though these confidences were all as a matter of course between neighbors. "It isn't a very distinguished name, but one has

to take what is given one. It is not of much "I am not so sure about that," the older man rejoined somewhat sententiously, "A good name is a good thing; it is an honor not to be purchased. It may be the only one of your possessions remaining to you;

but of that they cannot rob you."
"Oh, of course, of course," Vin Harris on, of course, of course, vin Harris said quickly, for he perceived the mistake he had made. "An old historic name is certainly something to be proud of. By the way, sir, did your family originally take name from Bethon on the Sarthe or from Bethune in the Department of Calais?" "Bethune-Bethune," said the old man, who appeared to be pleased by this question, which spoke of previous inquiries; and then he added, with a lotty air: "The Duc de Sully, Marquis de Rosny, Sovereign Prince of Enrichemont and Bois-bel, Grand Master

of the Artillery and Marshal of France, was Maximilien de Bethune-Maximilien de Bethune." "Oh, really," said the young man, who seemed so much impressed.
"The name," continued old George Bethune, in the same oracular vein, "was often spelt Beaton and Beton-especially in Scotland—as everybody knows. Whether James, Archbishop of Glasgow, and his nephew David, Archbishop of St. Andrews, had any immediate relationship with France -beyond that David was consecrated Bishop of Mirepoix when he was negotiating the marriage of James V. at the French Court-I cannot at the moment precisely say; but of this there can be no doubt, that from Bethune in the North came the origin-

al territorial designation of the family, not from Bethon in the West. Maximilien de

Bethune-Bethune in the Department of the Straits of Calais." "Oh, really," the young man said again, quite humbly. Now by this time it had become manifest that there was to be no thunderstorm at all. There had been a few more of those, quiver-ing strokes of yellow fire (that dwelt longer on the retina than in the clouds) accom-panied by some distant mutterings and rumblings, and at one point it seemed as if the dreadful shower were coming on; but all passed off gradually and quietly; the sky slowly brightened; a pale sunshine began here and there to touch the greensward and the shivering elms. This young man had no excuse for remaining here; but he seemed to forget; he was so busy talking—and talk-ing in a very pleased and half-excited tash-

ion, with an occasional glance across at the young lady.

"Grandfather," said Maisrie Bethune, presently, banding him the umbrella as a soft of hint.

But even when Vin Harris received his property back he appeared to take no heed. He had observed that the newspaper lying old man's knee was the Toronto Globe; he drew attention to the circumstance; and now all his talk was of Queen's Park, Lake Ontario, of King street, Queen street, Church street, of the Exhibition grounds, of Park Island, and Block House bay and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. So he had been there, too? Oh, yes, he had so he had been there, too: On, yes, he had been all over Canada and America. He was as familiar with Idaho as with Brooklyn. He had fished in the Adirondacks and shot mountain sheep in the Rockies.
"You have been to Omaha, then?" the old "Oh, yes, of course,"

"I never heard anything so beautiful," the young man answered, in an undertone; indeed, he seemed hardly capable of talking about her, any more than he could fix his eyes steadily on her face. His forced glances something sacred—that kept him at a dis-tance. It was enough to be conscious that she was there; his only prayer was that she should remain; that he and she should be together, if a little way apart, looking at the

And thus it came about that young Harris seemed to have a good deat to say for him-self; he appeared to forget that he was quite content to encourage this new acquaintance. His conversation was somemodest, well-mannered, intelligent; there was an air of distinction about him that showed good up-bringing as well as some decision of character. No doubt he was of a wealthy family, or he could not have spent so much of his time in travel; by accident people as though he were in the habit of familiarly meeting with them; from some passing hint as to the nature of his studies Mr. Bethune gathered that this pleasant-spoken, pleasant-smiling neighbor was destined for a public career. There was even something interesting, in one who had noting the bright enthusiasm of the young man, the clear light in his eyes, the general air of strength and ease and cour-

with great humility: "But I am sure I ought to apologise to Miss Bethune for having taken up so much of your time. Rather an unwarrantable intrusion; but I don't think there is any chance of the rain coming now-and-and-

e was looking at her rather supplicatingly -as he raised his hat and withdrew. Their eyes had met once more; she could not well

the bridge, until he disappeared. "A very agreeable young man, that," said Mr. Bethune, with decision, as he rose to his feet and intimated to his granddaughter that they had better set forth again. "Frank in manner, gentle, cour-teous, intelligent, too—very different from most of the young men of the day." His granddaughter was silent as she valked by his side.

"What—don't you think so, Maisrie?" he said, with a touch of impatience, for he was used to her assent. "I think," she answered, a little proudly, "that he showed a good deal of confidence in coming to speak to you without knowing you; and as for his playing those airs in the evening, and in such a way-well, I don't like to use the word impertinence-bu

man I have never met. And as for his cor table d' hote, where you speak with your neighbor for a little while, and go your way. and lorget him? Confidence?—impertinence —nonsense! He was natural, unaffected outspoken, as a young man should be; in fact, I found myself on such friendly terms with him that I forgot to thank him for the little service he did us—did you, I should say. Bushfulness, Maisrie," he continued, in his more sententious manner. "bashfulness and stiffness are among the worst characteristics of the untraveled and

curiously perverse creatures, who evinced What was her objection? To his appear ance?-he was remarkably gook-le and refined in aspect, without a effeminacy. To his manner?-he was alm hamble in his anxiety to please. To his

bright, good-humored, slert and well-in-"He had no right to come up and speak to you, grandfather," was all she would say, and that with a quite unusual firmness. In the evening, after dinner, when the time came at which Maisrie was accustomed to take up her violin, there was obviously a

tried to break through that by a forced disus his hand; and we must return the compliment. One good turn deserves another Get your violin and play something; he will

understand."

said, almost indignantly; and there was that in the tone of her voice that forbade him to press her further. But perhaps the universal stillness that prevailed thereafter conveyed some kind of reproach to her; or perhaps her heart soitened a little; at all events she presently said, in rather a low voice and with a diffident manner : "Grandfather, if you-if you really think

"Grand ather, how can you ask me?" sh

couldn't you step across the way—and
—and see him, and talk to him for a few
minutes? Perhaps he would be glad of
that, if he is quite alone." "A capital idea, Maisrie," the old man said, rising at once. "A capital idea." And then he added, with an air of lofty complacency and condescension, as he selected a couple of volumes from a heap of books on the sideboard: "Perhaps I might as well take over the Memoires" with me; it is not at all unlikely he may wish to know something further about Maximilien de Bethune. I am not surprised-not at all surprised-that a young man called Harris should perceive that there is something in the grandeur of an old historical name."

show him some little politeness in return-

[To be Continued Next Sunday.] PROGRESS IN EXPLOSIVES.

Gunpowder Will Ere Long be Known Only us Occurring in History.

only explosive known, but since 1846 when gun-cotton was invented-a great number had been introduced, and by some of them gunpowder had been entirely superseded for many purposes. The demands of the miner and engineer for a good blasting agent have done more than war to improve explosives. Nitro-glycerine, dynamite, Abel's powder, Sprengel's powder, blasting gelatine, coca powder, amide powder and smokeless ballutile were some of the numerous explosives now in use. Pierie acid, first used as a dye. was theorigin of Sprengel's powder, Soon we shall know gunpowder only as spoken of in

FORTUNE IN A DOG.

It is a Hand-Painted Skye-Terrier Well Trained to Deceive.

And the Sad Results of His Operations Upon Howard Fielding.

NEW YORK'S CLEVER BRACE GAME

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) A venerable man, with a large philosophical smile, stands in front of one of the prinrather a nervous and eager fashion, fearful cipal hotels in New York every day selling dog. He has sold dog for the last ten years, and is said to be well off.

In the earlier stages of his career, before he had reduced the subject to a science, he used to sell dogs; but he has now discovered that one is enough for any intelligent fakir's stock in trade. Years ago he used to have three or four pretty little puppies in his arms when he stood forth to ask for trade. They were much prettier than the mere product of nature, because the man is an artist as well as a fancier, and can paint the meanest mongrel cur that ever walked on four dissimilar legs until he looks like the descendant of a hundred prize-winners. His customers then, as now, were mostly women upon whose impressionable natures the beauties of the puppies never failed to work.

SOLD FOUR TO ONE WOMAN. Now the peculiarity of the little dogs was that they never lived more than 24 hours in their new homes. They were usually pur-chased in the "shopping" hours of the early afternoon and expired about 10 o'clock the next day. When a fair purchaser found herself thus bereft, she always went to find the man from whom she obtained the dog. the man from whom she obtained the dog. And he was always at his accustomed place He would listen to her story with tears in his eyes, and when it was finished he would wipe them away with the back of his hand and murmur: "Poor little Fide; how I loved him!

Then he would sell the woman another little dog exactly like Fido—so precisely similar, in fact, that he never failed to ex-pire at the same hour by the clock. I learn Of course they were all "doped"—poisoned, in other words—but the women never suspected it. The feminine mind somehow fails to grasp the nice details of successful business

ONE DOG A GREAT PLENTY. calmed down in one second, and walked off the boat with the young man as gently as Mary's little lamb. I could not forbear But the dog merchant, whose name is Perkins (from Nutmeg, Conn.), has got beyond all that now. He has only one dog. From his hide outward, this animal is one of those marking upon the strangeness of the occur queer, shaggy skye-terriers with a blue line traced down his spinal column. I am told that the blue line on Mr. Perkins' terrier



We Hurried Down Broadway

bleached blonde, part of whose hair is fastened on with glue.

This man Perkins is no myth. It would be impossible for one so honest and truthful as I am to invent such a character as his. He is an institution of the town as real as Trinity Church, though he is dedicated to the service of the other party. Perkins has the alleged skye-terrier fastened to the end of a string. If Mrs. Fielding had not taken the bait—that is, the dog—one day I might never have understood Perkins.

WE BOUGHT THE TERRIER. "I hate to part with him," said Perkins when Maude ventured to inquire if the dog was for sale, "but I will do it for \$15." Then Maude looked at me. We bought he terrier. "Take him home, Howdy," said Maude, "and if he is hungry, you will find some strawberry shortcake in the icebox." I could not immediately take the dog

home, for I had several appointments to keep down town. I grasped the string which had the dog on it and allowed him to lead me down Broadway. He started right along just as if he had business, and I followed as best I could. It is bad luck, you know, for two who walk together to pass on opposite sides of an object, especially if one of the two is a dog on the end of a string and the object is a man in a hurry. The skye-terrier and I had bad luck of this kind several times, and most of the pedestrians expressed a fervid interest in our eternal future, though I trust

that their recommendations as to the locality

will be mercifully disregarded, for it was

not my fault. The terrier can go there if he wants to; it would be cruel to separate him and Perkins. ACTED AS IF STARK MAD. The conduct of the terrier became steadily worse. He ceased to confine his activity to his legs, and began to use his lungs in the production of such howls as confirmed my growing belief that his lineage was not what it had been represented. Finally I got him to the building where one of my friends whom I wished to see had an office, and by much persuasion I urged him to go into the elevator, where he ran back

We Decided to Shoot the Terrier. charge of the car in such a way that it took us ten minutes to untile him when we reached the right floor. When the pup and I broke into the office of my friend there I broke into the onice of my friend there was a panie. The terrier here abandoned all attempts at self-control. Indeed, his abandon and verve and diablerie and other French methods of misconduct became so alarming that I sought refuge in the high est thing that I could find under the ceil

COULDN'T SHOOT HIM.

ing, while my friend crawled under his desk and yelled: "Take him away!"

"Take him away yourself," said I, "I'll give him so you.

Then we debated the subject while the

house stands on piles, and is from three to four feet above the surface of the ground. The best and most pretentious structure of the city is a huge frame hotel, at which the rates are 7 cents a day, with a liberal reduc

POWDER MARKS IN SUICIDE

as the sandy ground showed no traces of other footsteps than his and as he left a note saying that he intended to kill himself.

American lady: "I guess not. (To her daughter). Say, Bella, did we visit Fair daughter: "Why, ma, cert'aly! Don't you remember? It was in Rome we bought the Lisle-thread stockings." American lady is convinced.

tion for permanent boarders and families.

One of the most curious things are the forth between the feet of the man who had sional beautifur takes charge of them. First, the hair is thoroughly dried and picked out free from tangles, and smoothed with the hands only until it is soft and wells. Most of these were covered with water at all times, and there is not one of them that at some time during the day is not surrounded by water. It seems quite strange to be drawing pure, fresh spring water from the bottom of the salt water bay. glossy as silk. Then it is braided in two long tresses, though some affect other styles of dressing it. The hair is most always to another and the tooth polisher comes, and

> and neck and arms with balm of Gilead, which makes the skin appear like marble. makes them a glossy, brownish black, and enhances greatly the beauty of their eyes, and makes them look larger and more ex-pressive. After this a kind of a pigment made of zine is laid on thickly and modu-lated with a soit cloth, and then the cheeks are painted a vivid crimson and the lips as red as paint can make them. The hands are bathed in balm of Gilead, and the nails

-quite harmless, of course-but I am trightened-about a stranger-not frightened,

way was not resumed that evening, as far as they could hear. Several days passed; and each evening

"For my granddaughter here," he continued, "is an Oniaha girl."
"Oh, indeed," said Vin Harris, rather breathlessly, and again he ventured to look across to Maisrie Bethune and her downcast

have heard-during the day, for example-a fine bold ditty like "Simon the Cellarer, roaring the accompaniment? Maisrie answered nothing to these arguments; but in spite of herself, when she had to cross the

communication.

Oi course this state of things could not go on for ever-unless the person over there possessed the gift of invisibility. One norning as Maisrie and her grandfather

were going out as usual for a stroll in the park she went down stairs first, and along the lobby, and opened the door to wait for him. At the very same instant the door opposite was opened, and there, suddenly presented to her view, was a young man. He was looking straight across—she was looking straight across—their eyes met without the slightest chance of equivocadoor behind him and slowly proceeded on his way. Was she surprised? No. Perhaps she was startled by the unexpected-ness of the meeting; perhaps her heart was beating a little more quickly than usual, but a profound instinct had already told her that it was no woman who had spoken to her in those dusky twilights, evening after evening. A woman would not have wrapped woman who wished to make friends with her neighbors over the way would have come to

'Mang the bourocks o' Bargeny!

I wish I were at hame again
Where the broom sae sweetly grows! Did she guess-and fear-that she might

"Hello, said Mr. Bethune, when he heard

"Now, Maisrie, it is your turn!"
"Oh, no, grandfather!" she said, hastily.

Come, Maisrie-something more than the plashing of a southern fountain-something with northern fire in it. Why not 'Helen

seen the world-and few have seen more of it. Well, what has our neighbor to say?

lisposition of affairs. and his reminiscences of the Scotch country-side ballads of his youth.

"Yes, but only by the accident of birth," said George Bethune, instantly, as if he must needs guard against any misapprehension. "Every drop of blood in her veins is

Scotch—and of a right good quality too.
Scotch—and of a right good quality too.
Well, you have heard—you have heard. Do
you think any one could understand those
old Scotch airs who was not herself Scotch METHODS OF A VENERABLE FRAUD

all the time that either of them should prospeaking to two strangers; rather, he was chatting with two neighbors whom he wished to be his friends. And the old man, in his self-sufficient and dignified way, was

age that sate lightly on him, as befitting one who was in the very May-morn of his youth. But at last, for shame's sake, Vincent Harris had himsel to rise and break up this all too attractive companionship. He said,

"Good-bye—glad to have made your ac-quaintance," said old George Bethune, with a grave courtesy.

And Maisrie made him a little bow—for

have avoided that. And of course she saw him as he walked away southward, across

He was surprised; perhaps a trifle vexed.
"Impertinence. Nonsense! Konsense!
Frankness and neighborliness—that was all; no intrusion, none; a more modest young ing up to speak to me, why, bless my life, that merely shows the humanizing effects of travel. It is like people meeting at a table d'hote; and what is the world but a big

untaught. Who are we-whatever may be our lineage and pride of birth-that we should tence ourselves round with a palisade of suspicion or disdain?" And thus he went on: but he met with no response. And he did not like it; he grew all the more emphatic about this young man; and even hinted that women were no toleration, or sympathy, or good nature in their judgment of their fellow beings. aspect, without a trace of

talk?-but he had shown himself most

little embarrassment. But George Bethune play of geniality.

"Come, now, Maisrie," said he, in a gay
fashion, "our neighbor over the way was
straightforward enough to come up and offer

the young gentleman wished to be kind and obliging-and-and if you would like to

Prof. Dewar concluded his lectures at the Royal Institution, London, as follows: For five centuries gunpowder was the