THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1890.

and England. The southern section of Northumberland is almost entirely made up

fairs were not far removed from the hog. What I am going to say is regardless of either free trade or protection.

THE COAL DIGGER AT HOME.

First, I will deal with the Northumbrian

ligence there is to be ound among the North of England miners. I use the term

North of England because what I say

of Northumberland miners applies to

neighboring county. In many colliery villages there are excellent debating socie-

ties and musical organizations, and the hours of labor are short enough to allow all

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

But the crowning glory, I might say, of

lages, some of them in fact being large

towns. The managerial work of these stores is free, and the skill of management dis-

played would o ten surprise the heads of the biggest concerns in the world. Current

prices are paid, and at the end of each quarter the profits are divided among the

small. The members can either withdraw

their dividend or let it remain and the

latter is generally done. As a result, the miners not only have these stores, but they

have thousands of pounds gained by the profits invested in them. Here is a very

think sufficient has been said to prove the

time includes his going to and coming from his work. He, therefore, may work about

seven hours per day. The rules are rigid on

this point. He earns from 5 to 8 shillings

per day and in saying this I am taking the

lowest estimate; that means \$1 25 or \$2 per day. This seems small when compared with

the wages of some mining districts in the

United States, and this great difference has

given rise to almost all the talk in America

about the starvation wages of the English

miner. I am not going into details regarding

the comparative value of the wages of English

the Northumberland miner lives just as

well and has more social comfort than has

things by results and the results prove

A LIBERALLY SUPPLIED TABLE.

It is also nonsense for writers to scribble

also receives another weekly allowance from

the Permanent Relief Fund, to which the

employers voluntarily contribute one-fourth

of the subscriptions. These allowances.

together with the free houses, gardens and

coals, are something that weigh heavy in the

balance when weighing or estimating the comparative worth of the English and

American wages. Altogether I think it can easily be seen that, tree trade or no free

trade, matters are not as bad in England as

we in America are sometimes led to believe.

Of course it will be noted in what I have

written that the mine owners have done much to improve matters. This is quite

true, and many people fear that the leaders of the North England miners will ruin this good work by asking for law to force the

IRVING AS MAHOMET.

The Actor Contemplates Brigging the Great

Character Out on the Stage.

It has been rumored during the last day

or two that Mr. Henry Irving had deter-

mined to create the part of Mahomet in a

play founded on that of M. Henri de Bor-

nier. There is, we understand, a grain of

truth in this rumor. The facts are not yet

position to state that, though Mr. Irving

had never the very slightest intention of

producing M. Henri de Bornier's play at

he bought the English rights of it, partly as

an act of courtesy, and partly to hold con-

a well-known English novelist and drama-

Kicking Reduced to a Science.

Luther Challis gave four lots to the coun-

the Lyceum, or any play founded upon it

JOHN D. PRINGLE,

The truth is that were I digging coal I

anywhere else.

Pall Mall Budget.]

in very warm terms.

what I say to be true.

embers in proportion to their purchases

the miners of Durham county,

these things to be well patronized

A Glimpse of Congress When the Mercury is Trying to Climb Out of Its Glass Tube.

SPEAKER TOM REED'S GAUDY BELT.

Amusing Speciacle of Major McKinley Making a Speech in a Prince Albert Without Any Vest.

FLANNEL SHIRTS GROWING POPULAR.

The Hot Bathrooms Are as Popular in Summer During the Winter Months.

COMMESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, July 19. PEAKER REED has one of the gaudiest summer suits in Washington. I saw him on Penusylvania a venue this atternoon. His

big round cannon ball of a head was covered with a broad-brimmed straw hat and his 300 pounds of bone and flesh were adorned with suit of lavender gray. His coat was a cutaway, but it was unbuttoned at the front and I noted that he had no vest to cover his flannel shirt and that his pantaloons were held up by a blue silk band fully one foot wide, and necessarily at least six feet in length. This is the fashionable Congressional suit for summer, and it has been adopted by Reed, Henry Cabot Lodge and others of the Eastern Congressmen. About one half of the members of the House now

dignity has gone to the winds. A large number of the statesmen wear fiannel shirts, and Henry Cabot Lodge has one of navy blue, and he varies that at times with another of a delicate lavender. He wears a flannel shirt collar fastened to the shirt and his coat is also a blue flanuel. His pantaloons are light, and a deep blue silk band holds them in place. Below the bottom of his pantaloons show out russet shoes and he looks more ready for a foot race or a camping-out expedition than for speech-

appear upon the floor without vests and

SPINOLA'S CHANGE OF COLLARS.

General Spinola sticks to his big white collar, but he wilts five every day and spends one-lourth of his time in rushing into the cloak-rooms to change them. He has the same blue suit that he wore in the winter, but he wears his vest unbuttoned, and during the last few days the perspiration has run off of him in streams. He does not seem to mind it, however, and he manages to get along without the use of a fan. Dockery, of Missouri, always has a fan in his hand, and he always looks hot. Amos Cummings has been in a parboiled state, and, though he works right along, he cannot stand the heat. His summer suit is of gray and his handsome face is shaded as he walks upon the avenue by a tall white plug

Stewart, of Vermont, is a symphony in yellow. His coat is a delicate chrome. His shoes are the brightest of golden morrocco, his necktie is of Jersey cream, and he wears a vest which has a yellow tinge. All of his clothes are of some cotton or silk goods, and his sallow complexion and sandy beard shine out of them as though they were touched up by an artist to be a part of the vellow whole. Even "Rise-Up William Springer has shed his vest, but he pounds the air just as earnestly as though the thermake a speech whenever he can catch the Speaker's eye. He has roses in his buttonhole notwithstanding his negligee dress, and he frequently gets an admiring glance from the galleries.

A MISSOURI OUTFIT. One of the brightest and brainlest of the young men of the House is Frank, of Mis-souri. He came out the other day in a light black silk cost, a white vest and black shoes,

with the brightest yellow of uppers. McKin-

ley made one of his biggest speeches the

other day without a vest. He wore a Prince



The Speaker's Sash.

Albert cont, and this was thrown open at the troat and his big expanse of white shirt showed out with all the gloss of the Chinese laundry. When he raised his hands toward the ceiling in emphatic gesture, the little round tag that is fastened to the end of the bosom to hold it in place popped out and stood straight at right angles with the boson and just over the center button of the black band of his pantaloons. As he enforced period a ter period with emphatic gestures this little white sign kept bobbing up and down, and McKinley, who is usually as cool as the center seed of a cucumber, grew warmer and warmer. His collar began to weaken, and the soft parts of his shirt clung to his body, making his well starched bosom stand alone

I have seen other statesmen who have spoken under similar circumstances, and it is the general conclusion among the members that the flannel-shirted statesmen are the best off. Among the handsomest of these are Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who has deffed his statesman black and has has clothed his big rame in a pepper and salt gray suit. He does not wear a vest, and his flannel shirt is of the most delicate cream. Round the collar of this he ties a wears a bright buttonhole bouquet of La France roses,

PICTURESQUE AND HANDSOME MEN. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, makes all his speeches in a gray cutaway suit. He works himself into a sweat whenever he speaks, and he has no summer gestures. He has changed his standing collar for a turn-over, and he wills this every time he takes hoor. General Banks wears a white duck vest and a suit of black goods of light

federate General, wears a gray suit, Tom Bayne, of Pittsburg, bobs around in a \$35 Scotch tweed, and General Tracy, of New York, has a gray business suit, a boiled shirt and no vest. Ben Butterworth looks like a preacher in bis white tie.

Rising Sun Morse, of Massachusetts, the man who makes the stove polish, has a coat of a bombazine which shines as though it had been polished at his own factory, and his hig frame is bound around with a white vest. Judge Wickham, of Ohic, has married winter to summer, and sticks to his black winter suit, having put on a yellow cloth vest for appearance sake. O'Donnell, black winter suit, having put on a yellow cloth vest for appearance sake. O'Donnell, o' Michigan, always looks cool, and his white silk necktie makes him cooler than ever. McComas, of Maryland, is a brunette, and he is the handsomest black-haired, bright-eyed young man in Congress. His light summer suit sets off his beauty, and his snowy shirt and white necktie makes him look as though he had just jumped out

him look as though he had just jumped out The general appearance of the House is far different now than in the winter. Instead of men in stately black you have all of the different sorts of suits above mentioned, and a number of instances have been known of members the base of the latest and the latest of a band box. of members taking off their coats and work-ing away at their desks in their shirt sleeves. And still the Capitol is the coolest place in Washington, and is one of the coolest places in the country. Thousands o dollars have been spent in order to make it so, and the same power that is used to cool Congress would run a vast manufactur-ing establishment. There is a tunuel which extends rom the foot of Peunsylvania avement of the Capitol, and there are two great forcing fans over 12 feet in diameter which draw in a current of fresh air and send it into the Houses of Congress. This air is passed through a fountain in order to cool it, and it loses some of its heat in its underground passage. Another tunnel is talked of, and in this case the air will be brought from a great distance, and will consequently be cooler. The engineer of the Capitol thinks that the air ought to be passed over ice, and he sends a good part of the air through the heating pipes in warm weather in order to cool it. There are more than three miles of these pipes in the Capitol, the most of which are under ground, and the air by racing around through them gets cooled off. In addition to these arrangements there are There are more than three miles of fans to take the bad air out of the Capitol, and the ceiling of each of the Houses of Congress is perforated in order that the bad

Senator Blair is another straw hatted Senator, and John Sherman has a white years ago. He has a gray business suit cut very much like that of Ingalls, and he looks



Not Afraid of Hot Baths.

not unlike a wealthy Southern planter in his seashore dress. Blair looks more like a Vermont farmer, and his suit is black and of light weight. Senator Payne sticks to his black Prince Albert winter clothes, and though he walks out to the Capitol he is as cold as ice cream. He has not enough flesh air may escape. The most careful means are taken to render the Congressmen comfortable, and one of the instruments which the engineer has is one to test the humidity of Carolina, who is the white haired Adonis of



the atmosphere. This is tested by a single human hair. Human hair absorbs moisture like a rope, and it becomes shorter when wet. This hair is six inches long, and it is laid on a dial. The hand or pointer of the dial moves backward or forward as the moisture in the hair varies, and in this way the air can be perfectly regulated.

The bathrooms of the Capitol have never

been more patronized than they are now. baths daily, and nearly every Congressman gets his tub at Uncle Sam's expense during the hot weather. Ben LeFevre, of Ohio, used to spend about hall his time in the the basement under the House, and each bathroom is as big as the ordinary hotel bedmen in Congress can roll about in them without grazing their elbows or their knees. Some of these tubs are of marble, and in one of them Reagas was bathing when he was called up to vote on the Morrison bill. He came up in a blanket, and like the bed bug, got there just the same.

THE EFFECT OF A BATH.

Some members take a bath just before speaking. It makes one feel like a new man and when they get on the floor instead of feeling hot and tired they start off as fresh as a daisy. A number of the members like the Russian bath and even in these hot July days you will find some of the greatest men of the country dressed in nothing but a towel sitting in the steam room and drinking cold water until the perspiration runs down their cheeks and off their backs in rivulets. From time to time some of them will go off and take a plunge and then come back to sweat again. After they have been well rubbed down and sprayed off with cold water they come out at peace with themselves and all the world.

Not a few of them bring their constitu-ents here to bathe, and the Senators as a rule are ully as fond of the public baths as the members of the House, In the Supreme Court basement there is a sort of an electric bath, which, it is said, will almost make a dead man think and which is resorted to by such members of Congress and the Judiciary who are very tired from over-work and over-drink the night before and who want to put themselves in immediate trim. Speaking of the Senate, the members of our so-called House of Lords are quite as undignified in their dress as the Representatives. A large number of them wear no vests at all saw "Zeb" Vance this afternoon walking through the chamber with great beads of pearly sweat standing on his hand-some forchead. He was faming himself violently and a vast expanse of boiled shirt showed out between the frocks of his light gray business suit. He had evidently come to the Capitol in a hurry for his shirt was

SOAKED WITH PERSPIRATION and it clung to his person. Platt, o Connecticut, is another vestiess Senator. Vance and Platt are about the same beight, but Vance weighs 250 pounds and Platt weighs 125. He is as thin as a rail, and his six feet of bone and skin look longer and thinner than ever in his summer attire.

Another tall thin anatomy is Ingalia, and he and Eugene Hale, of Maine, have evinal dirt. In one case he examined the dently bought their summer suits in partnership. They have the same cloth, and as they sit side by side they are dressed enough alike to be brothers. Scuator Ingalls is a good deal of a dude. He has been called the best dressed man in the Senate, and in the winter he wears the most costly of heavy weight. He covers his handsome white head with a black slouch hat, and his neck-tie is a black ribbon, which he ties himself.

General Runy Lee, the son of the great Con-

the Democratic side of the chamber. He has a skin as fresh as that of a baby's, and there is not enough hair on the top or his head to make his brain hot. He wears a business suit and a white vest with a lavender necktie. He keeps the sun from his head by a white straw hat, and usually

Philetus Sawver has thrown off his collar as well as his necktie. He has a winter neck and his short, fut trame is pasted to his big strong face by only a wafer. The result is his collars last only a few minutes, and he would, I doubt not, throw off his coat if he dared. When he is at home, in Wisconsin, bathtub during the summer, and he was he likes to work about his saw mills in his one of the few Congressmen who got fat on the Shirt sleeves. He is worth, it is said, about Russian bath. There are nine bathtubs in \$5,000,000, and he has thousands of acres of pine lands. Not long ago an Eastern merchants who wanted to make a deal with room. The tubs are immense, and Tom him, was told he was at one of his saw mills. Reed or George Barnes, or any of the fattest. The man followed the directions and went to the saw mill, and seeing a little fat old man with a bald head and a big nose in his shirt sleeves working among the machinery he accosted him ratherly roughly and asked "The at old man in shirt sleeves answered

him and the man said he wanted to see Senator Sawyer.

PROFITED BY THE MISTAKE. "All right," said the fat man, "tell me

your business."
"But I don't want to talk to you," said
the man. "I want to see your chief. Where is the Senator?" Senator Sawyer then disclosed his identity to the man's great surprise and made a bargain with him based on the conversation which the man had had with him when he thought he was a workman. The result was that the Senator made a small fortune by

the man's mistake. Senator Cush Davis wears the cleanest and prettiest white silk necktie in the Sen-ate. His linen is always tresh and his complexion is clear. He is not averse to hot weather and his clothes are always in good order for his wife buys them for himand she watches as carefully over his wardrobe as over her own. Senator Davis' summer drink is a glass of iced milk, one of which he always takes just before he goes to bed. Father Dawes, of Massachusetts, wears a black silk coat and a linea yest. Senator Spooner has come out in summer pantaloons of light lavender. Paddock, of Nebraska, wears a white vest, Manderson has a navy blue suit, George Vest is clad in yellow and Casey, o. Dakota, looks cool in black. All of the Senators have changed their clothes and I am told that if the thermometer rises another degree a number will appear

in flaunel shirts.
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DEATH UNDER FINGER NAILS.

Nurses Often Carry Dangerous Micro-

Organisms Unawares. There are medical reasons why the finger nails should be kept clean. This is shown in a paper read by Dr. Joseph Kinyoun, of the United States Marine Hospital, before the American Medical Association, in which he described some investigations in regard hands of nurses at the hour when they were dressing the wounds of patients, and found that only two were not infested with pus micro-organisms. Continuing the search, he ound that these organisms were afterward conveyed to utensils, furniture and

Will Cost Dearly if One Implicitly Trusts the Guide Books.

MEMORIES OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The North of England Coal Miner Fares Fully as Well as Ours.

RESULTS IN CO-OPERATIVE STORES

IVEOM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT. NEWCASTLE ON TYNE, July 10 .- Nothing is more surprising to an American in England than to meet so many people from the United States. A short visit to this country soon shows that the travel of human beings between America and here must be enormous. In some parts of Central Lon-don Americans have full sway, and in every large English city they are to be found in great force. As a small of the mine. He has comforts and avenues to intelligence that an American coal digger found in great force. As a result, I received numerous invitations to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth." But what I want to point out is that, as the visitors from America increase so do the number of "Guide books." I wish to say a few words on this point, knowing full well whereof I

The number of "Tourist Guides" now in circulation throughout England is very large indeed, and at first sight one would think that almost every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom were extremely solicitous for the earthly and eternal welfare of the man from the land of Stars and Stripes. The first impression one gets from the "Guides" in guestion is that something like Guardian Angels will hover over one's path from end to end of the British Isles. The fact is, however, that these "Guides" are just the things, in the majority of instances, to lead visitors to places where hosts are, metaphorically speaking, waiting to bleed them to death. We may depend on the fact that wherever we go by the advice of a "Guide Book" there are many people waiting for us. They know all about us and in a short time we discover that the difficulty of finding out places of historic interest is not half so great as getting clear of these leeches.

NOT ENTIRELY WORTHLESS.

Mark, I'm not going to say that the "guides" are entirely worthless; but I do contend that Americans who visit England depend too much upon them, and, as a result, the thousands of Americans who come here annually unnecessarily throw away thousands of dollars and do not see the most interesting parts of England. The latter statement may seem strong, but there is truth in it. For instance, how many of these "guides" tell us of the quaint and historic county of Northumberland? I have failed to see one, and I contend that every A merican who visits England without taking a short tour through the county named misses one of the most interesting features of the trans-Atlantic journey. Taking everything into consideration there is not a county or shire in England that abounds more in matters of the most historic interest than does Northumberland. The numerous castles that have withstood the ravages of time for 900, 1,000 and 1,100 years tell the stories of the bloody conflicts between the Scotch and English from before the time of Wallace until the two countries were made one.
Of course, Northumberland is the county adjoining Scotland and a trip along the border line will repay anybody. It was near the borders that the famous battle of Flodden was fought; the buttlefield is not far from Berwick and the traditions that yet are found among the natives regarding that battle are very amusing, indeed. I met one old man who, in speaking of the battle of Flodden Field, said: "Yis, man, blud ran doon that field for ite (8) days and grass hes nut grown on it since."

The battle field is naturally barren and it is the earnest belief of the natives who reside near it that its fertility was ruined by Providence as a consequence of the battle.

THE DAYS OF FREEBOOTING. But the eastles located on either side of the River Tweed, the dividing line, also remind us or the freebooting days when the English used to steal the Scotch cattle and seek shelter in the English castles, and of course the Scots acted similarly when oppor tunity afforded. There is not space here to even attempt to go into details on these features. I am only mentioning them, feeling assured that thousands of newspape readers who visit England will be interested in what I say. Old castles in Northumber-land are numerous, and each one has glories associated with it that we would never tire of listening to. And in the villages which surround these castles there is no designing method of filehing from the visitor his money; mostly because the places are not mentioned in the guide books and the sharks have not been apprised of the visitor's com ing. At the village inn, over a pot of ale the entire history of the particular castle can be learned.

Northumberland also contains the Roman wall, built soon after Julius Casar conquered the ancient Britons. The wall com-mences in the city where I am now writing and extends many miles. It was intende to circumvent the county by it, and right in he interior of the county is located a Gipsy tribe. Those Gipsies have been there for generations and the name of their town is Yaik. Some strange and true stories are told of them. They still have their King or Queen.

THE HOME OF GRACE DARLING. But Northumberland is also the home Grace Darling. Everybody has heard of Grace Darling. The place where she lived, North Sunderland, is located only a few miles from the main line which runs between England and Scotland, I visited North Sunderland, but the weather was too inclemeat to go out to the Farne Island and see the island from which the famous heroine started in a little fishing boat to rescue the shipwrecked sailors. North Sunderland is a little old-fashioned fishing village and the islands are only a short distance from shore. George Darling, a brother of Grace, still lives. He is more than 70 years old, and was younger than his sister. The sturdy old man delights to tell the story of his sister's noble performance when she, ac companied by her father, lest the light use and faced the tempestuous billows on a life-saving errand. The old-fashione olks of North Sunderland are proud of Grace Darling, and their pride caunot be too great. It is a lovely seaside village, North Sunderland, and nobody will regret

Three or four miles, perhaps, from North sunderland is located Holy Island. It is only about a mile or two from land, but probably is one of the quaintest and most historic places in the United Kingdom. It was famous in history in the fourth and fi th centuries, and in those early times was known as Landisfarne. It was on this island that the first monks that appeared in Britian located, and the ruins of their monasteries stand on the island to-day. We can learn much about it in St. Bede's history, and that ancient divine made his abode o the island, and if I mistake not, his history was written there 1,300 or 1,400 years ago. THEY DON'T BLEED THE TOURIST.

The monastic ruins are instructive to see The island is only six or seven miles in cir-cumference, but there is plenty accommods tion for visitors. Of course, there are no grand hotels, because, singularly enough, the "guides" don't advise tourists to go there, which is all the better for those who have the good fortune to drop over to this strange little island. But there are numerous old-fashioned inns on the island, and there is no desire to squeeze the last shilling from the visitor. An excellent supper, bed and breakisst can be obtained for 75 cents

A TOUR OF ENGLAND | lates almost enterely to the north part of Northumberland, where superstition is very powerful and where tradition has great away, and where we can see so much to link the research link the

the present directly with the past of nearly 1,800 years ago. I now intend to say a few words about the more modern part of Northumberland, and what I will say on this Spots Where Over High Temperatures Would Seem Cold Waves. point will have direct connection with the industrial affairs of both the United States

THERMOMETERS WAY UP TO 190.

At Aden it Rains Once in Four Years and Every Drop is Hoarded.

BLASTS THAT WITHER AUSTRALIA

Northumberland is almost entirely made up of coal mines, and that coal region is known as one of the foremost in the world. I think I will be able to show that in all things the Northumberland miners stand ahead of all other miners, in the world. This may seem a strong statement in view of the fact that not long ago a certain writer visited England and subsequently declared to the world that the English coal miners in social and moral affairs were not far removed from the hog. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] When weary mankind swelters in the stifling summer heat and refuses to be comforted by the predictions of the Signal Service they may find relief in the thought that men have to live in places which, after all, are much hotter even than Chicago in the latter days of June. By comparison they may imagine themselves almost cool, and, if their imagination is sufficiently vivid, it results in a measure of comfort independent of the readings of the thermometer.

never sees and even may not dream of. I have examined carefully into the conditions of each and I know that I have just stated a Hottest of all torrid spots upon the sumfact. At home the Northumberland miner has a splendid house and garden free. The mer earth is Aden, at the mouth of the Red houses are generally built of brick or stone and have from three to five and six rooms. Sea, where the English Government maintains a coal pile for its navy and a force of The gardens are large enough to grow suffi-cient vegetables for the house and the miner soldiers to watch the pile, lest it be set afire by jealous powers. They lead the life of generally "feeds his own bacon" and rears his own poultry. These conditions, that is, all that I have just mentioned, are not to be found in the United States, and it is of very lonely salamanders upon their isolated rock, with a view of almost boiling sea in one direction, with wide stretches of baked sand in the other, and behind them rugged ranges of mountain, dry and red, where no green thing is ever seen to grow. No matter whence the wind may blow, it brings no moisture to the Straits of Bab el Mandeb—even dew is a rare phenomenon, for the clouds which appear in the sky at sunset great importance to have house and coal free. But every colliery village is laid out admirably and has a lecture hall and reading room, besides three or four churches or Now the proprietors of these mines have paid the liou's share of money in building these institutions, As a rule the reading rooms and lecture halls have entirely been clouds which appear in the sky at sunset serve as blankets to make the night stagnant with heat more unendurable than the blazbuilt by the mine owners. The churches or chapels have been erected jointly. These reading rooms are well patronized, and this accounts for the remarkable degree of inteling sun by day.

RAIN ONCE IN FOUR YEARS.

About once in four years the thermometer registers as low as 90° in the coolest part of the day just before sunrise; the lowest point of ordinary nights is fully 50 warmer. with the sun returns the heat; hour by hour the mercury in the thermometer emulates the course of the sun in the sky; it climbs higher and higher and brings more discomfort to suffering humanity. Shortly after midday it reaches its highest notch, which it maintains until nearly sunset, and it is never lower than 115°, and frequently travels many degree higher yet, and has

been known to register 1350 in the shade.

It rains on this blistered military post about once in three years and that is the sole water supply, for there are no springs, and these sturdy coal miners are the results of their co-operative efforts. In every village they have their "co-operative store," founded and managed by themselves, and in the two counties named I am under the mark when I say there are 400 mining vilwell borings tap nothing but seams of eter-nal drought. As much else in Arabia King Solomon is credited with the responsibility for the Aden reservoirs, and, to this day, they are called King Solomon's well. Here is collected the water of the triennial shower and, by economical use, it may be made to last until the rain comes again.

DIVING IN THE SEA FOR WATER.

Bad as is the case at the southwest corner of Arabia, it is even worse at the southwest corners angle, where lie the Bahrein Islands, just off the coast of Oman. It is almost as hot here as at Aden, and there is the additional during the quarter. Some stores hardly ever fail to pay 20 per cent profit. I was informed that the store at Cambois was seidom short of that figure. At any rate, a 10 per cent dividend is deemed very discomfort that it never rains at all. Dates grow upon the islands and provide food for the population; for their drinking water they are forced to seek it in the sea, which is the last place where one would expect to find fresh water. Strange as it may seem, not a drop of water is drunk by the Bahrein Islanders which has not been brought from the bottom of the sea. Springs exist at a significant lesson for the workmen of America. I could say much regarding these stores, would space permit, but I deyth of several fathoms, and the only way of getting a drink is to dive for it. bearers go down with empty skins and bring them up full to peddle the precious intelligence of the miner and the power of co-operation.

The North of England miner is out of the

the maximum heat, nor is the heat of the torrid zone so insupportable as summer extremes in more temperate zonea. If the recent hot spell in Chicago had occurred in the Java seas it would probably have depopulated the archipelago with cholera yet the average heat of the Maylayan Islands is more than 80°. The cause is not far to seek; the people are accustomed to a climate of moderate range and do not have to exhaust their vitality in supporting great cold for a large portion of the year. Their systems grow used to a certain amount of heat and their mode of living is conformed to that standard.

NO WATER IN AUSTRALIA.

Australia is probably the hottest of the temperate lands inhabited by white races, the average miner of any mining district I know of in the United States. I judge and it is at the same time almost the driest, excluding such absolute deserts as a large portion of the Pacific coast of South Ame ican. From the time when its summer begins, in September, until the coming of winaway about English miners living on un-buttered bread and salt herring. I stayed a ter in July, the earth gives up all its moisture, almost the largest bodies of water dry up, the air is dry and day by day the sun sends down ever fiercer beams. Adelaide, day or two with some last week, and I have seen no working men of any vocation with a better supplied table before them. And which is upon the south shore of the contithere was no special preparation. Certainly, neut, finds 1150 no unusual temperature for the miner in question works hard, just as hard as he can, but at home he has rest and Christmas, and an additional 100 scarcely ealls for comment in the journals. Not content with the appalling state of the ther-mometer in the shade, they expose it to the There are other important features of his ife. If he receives an injury while at work sun and find to their dismay a temperature the employers pay him a certain sum per week as long as he is unable to work. He of anywhere from 1500 to 1900.

Sheep and cattle die, yet men manage to live, and, despite the torrid heat, never have The nearest approach to a cooling drink is water from canvas bags, which is cooled by constant evaporation. Taere an interesting comparison-America uses ice water and suffers sunstroke: Australia with much greater heat, knows neither sunstroke nor ice water.

DEPENDS ON HOW YOU TAKE IT. There is fully 30 degrees difference be tween the mean temperature or most of the United States and India, this country avernging about 50 degrees and most of Hindostan being above 80 degrees. Thus the Anglo-Indian is a well recognized type of humanity with his testy temper and impaired liver, for which the excessive temperature is held responsible. Yet it is possi-ble that the heat a ter all is not so much to blame; no one looks upon a Dutch-Indian as a well-recognized type of manhood; he has no liver and no temper to afford tormen to his family and torture to his friends, but great merriment upon the stage, yet the average temperature of the Dutch East Indies is considerably above that of Hin-

dustan. The difference is all in the way in which one takes the heat. The English "griffin" makes no concessions to Indian life. The Dutchman renounces Holland and all its works from the instant he steps ashore a Batania. The time-honored divisions of the day are overturned to suit the new order o elimate. Broad daylight is the time for sleep. The twilight of morning and even ripe for public reference, but we are in a | ing are the time for work when there is coolness abroad. WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

> A HEAD OF EXTRA LENGTH. Oregan's Governor Refuses to be a Victim of n Put Up Job. Anaconda, Mont., Standard.]

trol of the subject.
We understand, further, that some time Governor Pennoyer, of Oregon, must be accredited with the possession of a head of extra length. He has declined an invitaago he commissioned an Eastern play from tion to umpire a game of baseball between the lawyers and real estate men of Portland. whatever an adaptation of M. de Bornier's play, but an entirely original work, in all The scheme was doubtless a trap which the crafty and unprincipled Republicaus of Oregon had set for his Excellency. The its essentials quite different, is now nearly written and ready, and report speaks of it Governor's popularity is altogether too firmly established to suit them, and, having tried every other means of shaking it, his political enemies are at last resorting to the most desperate and outrageous methods con-ceivable of putting him in a hole. The ac-complished Chief Magistrate of Oregon was ty for a Court House at Atchison, and now the County Commissioners are kicking be-cause he did not give eight. There is not a sharp enough to perceive the pit that had been dug and gracefully kept out of it. place in Kansas where kicking has been reduced to a science as it has in Atchison.

AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE



A STORY OF LIFE IN INDIA DURING THE HEATED TERM. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Young Author Who in One Short Year Has Made Himself the Sensation of the Literary World.

Four men, theoretically entitled to "life, I'd give three months' pay to have that genliberty and the pursuit of happiness," sat at the man spend one month with me and see a table playing whist. The thermometer a table playing whist. The thermometer marked-for them-101 degrees of heat. The room was darkened till it was only just possible to distinguish the pips of the cards and the very white faces of the players. A tattered, rotten punkah of whitewashed of his women as a bribe!"

"Good for you! Did you accept it?" said calico was puddling the hot air and whining dolefully at each stroke. Outside lay gloom of a November day in London. There was neither sky, sun nor horizonnothing but a brown purple haze of heat,

From time to time clouds of tawny dust ose from the ground without wind or warning, flung themselves tableclothwise among the tops of the parched trees and came down again. Then a whirlwind dust-devil would scutter across the plains for a couple of miles, break and fall outward, though there was nothing to check its flight save a long, low line of piled railway sleepers white with the dust, a cluster of huts made of mud, condemned rails and canvas, and the one squat four-roomed bungalow that belonged to the assistant engineer in charge of a section of the Gandhari State line then

It was as though the earth were dying of

under construction. The four men, stripped to the thinnest of sleeping suit, played whist crossly, with wranglings as to leads and returns. It was not the best kind of whist, but they had

works things. Old Timbersides"-this was his flippant title for an honored and decor-rated prince—"has been wearing my life out this week past for money. By jove, his latest performance was to send me one

Mottram.
"No. I rather wish I had now. She was a pretty little person, and she yarned away to me about the horrible destitution among the king's women folk. The darlings haven't had any new clothes for nearly a month, and the old man wants to buy a new drag from Calcutta—solid silver railings and silver lamps and trifles of that kind. I've tried to make him understand that he has played the duce with the revenues for

the last 20 years and must go slow. Hé can't see it."
"But he has the ancestral treasure vaults to draw on. There must be three millions at least in jewers and coin under his pal-

"Catch a native king disturbing the family treasure! The priests forbid it except as the last resort. Old Timbersides has added something like a quarter of a million to the deposit in his reign."
"Where the mischief does it all come

from?" said Mottram.

"The country. The state of the people is enough to make you sick. I've known the taxmen wait by a milch camel till the foal was born and then hurry off the mother for taken some trouble to arrive at it. Mottram, or ears. And what can I do? I can't get of the Indian survey, had ridden 30 and railed 100 miles from his lonely post in the can't raise anything more than a fat smile



HUMMIL'S THICK, MUFFLED VOICE CRIED: YOU FOOL!

of an impoverished native State, whose King alternately fawned and blustered for more money from the pitiful revenues contributed by hard wrung peasants and despairing camel breeders; Spurstow, the doctor of the line, had left a cholera-stricken camp of coolies to look after itself for 48 hours while he associated with white men once more. Hummil, the assistant engineer, was the nost. He stood last and received his friends thus every Sunday if they could come in. When one of them tailed to appear, he would send a telegram to his last address, in order that he might know whether the defaulter was dead or alive. There be very many places in the East where it is not good or kind to let your acquaintance drop out of sight even for one short week.

DRY PLAY AND BYPLAY. The players were not conscious of any special regard for each other. They squab bled whenever they met; but they ardently desired to meet, as men without water desir to drink. They were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness. They were all under 30 years of age-which is too soon for any man to possess that knowl-

edge.
"Pilsener," said Spurstow, after the econd rubber, mopping his forehead.
"Beer's out, I'm sorry to say, and there's

hardly enough soda water for to-night," said Hummil. "What filthy bad management!" snarled "Can't help it. I've written and wired,

but the trains don't come through regularly vet. Last week the ice ran out, as Lowndes "Glad I didn't come. I could ha' sent you some if I had known, though. Phew! it's too hot to go on playing bumblepuppy."

This with a savuge scowl at Lowndes, who only laughed. He was a hardened offender. Mottram rose from the table and looked out of a chink in the shutters. "What a sweet day!" said he. The company yawned unanimously and

betook themselves to an aimless investigation of all Hummil's possessions-guns, tattered novels, saddlery, spurs and the like. They had fingered them a score of times bere, but there was really nothing else to do. "Got anything fresh?" said Lowndes. "Last week's Gazette of India and a cut-

ting from a home paper. My father sent it out. It's rather amusing."
"One of those vestrymen that call 'emselves M. P.'s again, is it?" said Spurstow, who read his newspapers when he could get

'Yes. Listen to this. It's to your dress, Lowndes. The man was making a speech to his constituents and he piled it on. Here's a sample: 'And I assert unhesitatingly that the civil service in India is the preserve—the pet preserve—of the aristoc-racy of England, What does the democ-racy—what do the masses—get from that country which we have step by step fraudulently annexed? I answer, nothing whatown interests by the scions of the aris-tocracy. They take good care to maintain their lavish scale of incomes, to avoid or stifle any inquiries into the nature and conduct of their administration, while they themselves force the unhappy peasant to pay with the sweat of his brow for all the

Hummil waved the cutting above his ad. "'Ear, 'ear!" said his audience. FAOT VERSUS FANCY.

uxuries in which they are lapped."

Then Lowndes, meditatively-"I'd give-

desert since the previous night; Lowndes, of from the Commander-in-Chief when I find the civil service, on special duty in the ont the troops are three months in arrears, and old Timbersides begins to weep when I speak to him. He has taken to the king's speak to him. He has taken to the king's peg heavily-liqueur brandy for whisky and Heidsieck for soda water."
"That's what the Rao of Jubela took to.

Even a native can't last long at that," said Spurstow. "He'll go out." "And a good thing, too. Then I suppose we'll have a council of regency, and a tutor for the young prince, and hand him back his kingdom with ten years' accumulations." "Whereupon that young prince, having been taught all the vices of the English, will play ducks and drakes with the money and undo ten years' of work in 18 months. I've seen that business before," said Spurstow. "I should tackle the King with a light hand if I were you, Lowades. They'll

hate you quite enough under any circum-stances. BLACK CHOLERA.

shooting near your camp.

"That's all very well. The man who looks on can talk about the light hand, but you can't clean a pigstye with a pen dipped in rosewater. I know my risks; but nothing has happened yet. My servant's an old Pathan, and he cooks for me. They are hardly likely to bribe him, and I don't accept food from my true friends, as they call themselves. Oh, but it's weary work! I'd sooner be with you, Spurstow. There's

"Would you? I don't think it. About 15 deaths a day don't incite a man to shoot anything but himself. And the worst of it is that the poor devils look at you as though you ought to save them. Lord knows I've tried everything. My last attempt was em-pirical, but it pulled an old man through. He was brought to me apparently past hope, and I gave him gin and Worcester sauce with cayenne. It cured him; but I don't "How do the cases run generally?" said

Hummil. "Very simply indeed. Chlorodyne, opium pill, chlorodyne, collapse, nitre, bricks to the feet, and then—the burning ghat. The last seems to be the only thing that stops the trouble. It's black cholera, you know. Poor devils! But, I will say, little Bunsce Lal, my anothecary, works like a demon. I've recommended him for pro-motion if he comes through it all alive." "And what are your chances, old man?"

said Mottram.
"Don't know; don't care much; but I've sent the letter in. What are you doing with yourself generally?"

"Sitting under a table in the tent and spitting on the sextant to keep it cool," said the man of the survey. "Washing my eyes to avoid ophthalmia, which I shall certainly get, and trying to make a sub-surveyor understand that an error of five degreess in an angle isn't quite so small as it looks. I'm altogether alone, y' know, and shall be till

the end of the hot weather."
"Hummil's the lucky man," said Lowndes, flinging himself into a long chair. "He has an actual roof-torn as to the ceiling cloth, but still a roo!-over his head. He sees one train daily. He can get beer and soda water and ice it when God is good. He has books, and lee it when God is good. He has books, pictures"—they were torn from the Graphic — "and the society of the excellent sub-contractor Jevins, beside the pleasure of receiving us weekly."
Hummil smiled grimly. "Yes, I'm the lucky man, I suppose. Jevins is luckier."
"How? Not—"

"Yes. Went out. Last Monday."
"Ap se?" said Spuratow, quickly, binting the suspicion that was in everybody's mind. There was no cholers near Hummil's section. Even fever gives a man at least a week's