THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1890.

thought, a product of the present, and the present, as I have explained to you, my dear aunt, ceases to exist when you have entered Bo. Did I tell you that Bo is sentiment? Yes, but yet not a being; though there are manifesta-tions mysterious and ecstatic; and the disciples write to each other on the first day of each month, and tell each other what trances they have been in and what spiritual joy they have received. These reports are sent to Madame Mikucsek, and they are | ter? published in a journal that circulates smong the initiated; but the phraseology is hieratic, the outside world could

"I saw the woman mopping up gravy with a piece of bread," said Mrs. Ellison, with frowning eyebrows. "Bo," continued this young man, very

seriously, "as far as I have been able to make it out, consists of a vast sphere; elliptical in form, however; the zenith contain ing all human aspiration, the base consist-ing of forgotten evil. When you once en-ter this magic circle you are lost, you are transformed, you are here and yet not here; to be does not signify to be, but not to be, and not to be is the highest good, except not to have been. Bo, when once you have received the consecration, and bathed in the light, and perceived the altitudes and

essential deeps and cognizances-" "Ought to be written Bosh," said she, "I will not hear any more of that briefly. nonsense. And I believe you are only hum-bugging me: "Madame What's-her-name looks more like the widow of a French Communist. Now listen to me, Vin, for I am going away to-morrow. I am glad I was mistaken about the actress; but take care: don't get into scrapes. I shan't be happy till I see you married. Ordinarily a man should not marry until he is thirty or five-and-thirty-if he is five-and-forty so much the better-but even at five-and-thirty, he may have sequired a little judgment: he may be able to tell how much honesty there is in the extreme amiability and unselfishness and simplicity that a young woman can assume, or whether she is likely to turn out an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, and suiking brute. Oh, you needn't laughwithing orule. On, you needed t hugh-it's no laughing matter, as you'll find out, my young friend. But you-you are different -you are no schoolboy-you've seen the world-too much of it, for you've learnt disrespect for your elders, and try to bamboole them with accounts of sham systems of philosophy or religion or whatever it is. I say you ought to marry young; but not an elderly woman, as many a young man does, for money or position. Good gracious, no! You'll have plenty of money; your father isn't just yet going to sell this silver dinner service-which I detest, for it always looks more greasy than china, and besides you teel as if you were scoring it with the edge of your knife all the time-I say he isn't going to sell his silver and distribute unto the poor just yet. As for position, you've got to make that for yourself; would you owe it to your wie? Very well," proceeded his pretty monitress, in her easy and prattling fushion; "come down to Brighton for a week or two. I will ask the Drexel girls; you will have them all to yourselt, to pick and to choose from, but Louie is my favorite. You have no idea how delightful Brighton is in June-the inland drives are perfect, so cool and shaded with trees, when you know where to go, that is. She is the only Americau girl I know who has the courage to be an American girl; the rest of them seem to out-English the English girl in their manner, and then, of course, it becomes self-conscious and an affectation. If you come down I'll make up a party and take you all to Ascot. Mrs. Bourke was offered me her house for the week-isn't that good natured,

when she could easily have let it?-and I have to telegraph yes or no to-morrow. I hadn't intended going mysel; but if you say you will come down, I will accept; and I know I can get the Drexel girls." "It is so kind of you, aunt; so very kind,"

he said, "but I really can't get away. You know I don't care much about racing-" "But Louie Drexel isn't racing." "I'm very sorry, but you must excuse me,

aunt,,' he said contritely. "On-distribution of wealth-supply and

the present day are coming to

secretary. Pretty hard work, of course; but the modern young mun, in politics, is sup-posed to be thoroughly in carnest; if he isn't, he will have to reckon with the evening pa-pers, for they don't like to be triffed with." The subject was not a grateful one, apparhave been expecting him.

ently; Vin Harris changed it. "Do vou remember," he said, with some Httle diffidence, "that—that I was in your house some few weeks ago when an old gen-tleman called—and—and his granddaughthe door, and said-

"The perfervid old Scotchman-oh, ves !" "How did you come to know him?" the young man asked, with downcast eyes. "I hardly remember. Let me see. Oh,

peoted to reveal anything-what she experiences transcends human speech, and even human thought-"" traduction he had brought from a friend of mine in New York-a broken for the first state of the first sta mine in New York-a brother Scot. Then he called and told me something further about a book he is going to bring out; and I gave him some little assistance-I don't think he is above accepting a few sovereigns from any one to help him on his way through

the world." Vin Harris flushed hotly-and he raised his head and looked his triend straight in the face as he put the next question. "But-but he is a gentleman !-his name

-his family-even his bearing-"" "Oh, yes, yes, I suppose so," Lord Mus-selburgh said, lightly. "Poor old fellow, I was glad to lend him a belping hand. I

think his enthusiasm, his patriotism, was genuine; and it is a thing you don't often meet with nowadays." "Yes-but-but-" Vin Harris said, with

a good deal of embarrassment, and yet with some touch of hali-indignant remonstrance, "the money you gave him-that was to aid him in bringing out the book, wasn't it?" "Certainly, certainly I" the other said-he did not happen to notice the expression on his friend's face. "Something about Scotland-Scotch poetry-I think when he wrote he said something about a dedication, but that is an honor and giory I hardly covet."

"In any case," observed the young man, "you have no right to say he would accept money from-from anyone-from a stran-Then Lord Musselburgh did look up-

struck by something in his companion's "Did I say that? I'm sure I don't know.

Of course it was on account of the book that I ventured to give him some little helpoh, yes, certainly-I should not have ven-tured otherwise. If he had been offended, I dure say he would have said so; but I fancy the old gentleman has had to over-come his pride before now. He seems to have led a curious, wandering life. By the way, Vin, weren't you very much impressed by the young lady-I remember your saying something-

tone.

Fortunately there was no need for Vincent

ried forthwith. "You seem anxious that I should marry,"

ried voursel ?'

broke off.

likely to become her friend, and already privileged to speak so that she could hear! "Do you know, aunt," he observed, gravely, "what Mr. Ogden says of you? He says that, having robbed Peter, you try to Paul.

she said, indignantly. "You are a capitalist-you have more

than your own share-you possess what you do not work for-therefore, you are a rob-

ment, sumptuous as it was. Here was some food—he hardly looked at it—he did not know what it was, and did not care—which would have to be paid for at the rate of 38 6d per head; but as compared with this frugal festivity, the splendors of the preceding evening—the masses of roses, the pyramids of ice, the silver candelabra, and all the rest —shrank into insignificance. She seemed to understand everything-to

"He gave no name; but she did not hesi-tate for a moment. She led the way up-stairs; she tapped lightly; and in answer to Mr. Bethune's loud "Come in!" she opened -shrank into insignificance. As for the old man (for the world was not "The young gentleman, sir,"-a form of

Dum loquimur, of course, fugerit invida metas; but even while I know that the night

presses down upon me, and the shadowy

fathers and the empty halls of Pluto I not

the knowledge away from me; I am con-

tent with the present moment; I am more than content, for example, with this very

excellent cigarette-" "Would you allow me to send you a few

boxes?" interposed Vincent, at once and engerly. "I think the cork mouthpiece is a

great improvement. I know where they are to be got. May I send you some?" "I thank you; but they are not much in my way," the old man said, with a certain before a for a set of the set of

loftiness of demeanor. "As I was remark-ing, the time has gone by for unavailing re-

grets over what has been done to me and mine. I think I may say that throughout

we have shown a bold front. 'Stand fast, Craig-Royston!' has not been out watchword

for nothing. And as for the future-why, 'to the gods belongs to-morrow!' The antic-

ipation o evil will not remove it: the re calling of bygone injuries provides no com-

pensation. 'The present moment is our ain; the neist we never saw;' and so, as we have

had a pleasant evening so far, I think we may as well get away home again; and,

Maisrie, you will get out your violin, and

we'll have some Scotch songs, and my young (riend and I will taste just a drop of Scotch

whisky: and if there's any better combins tion than that in the world, I do not know

But here a very awkward incident oc-

curred. Old George Bethune, in his grand manner, called to the waiter to bring the

out and arrange this little matter without

allowing the young lady to have cogniz-ance of it; but of course the waiter, when

"I think, sir," put in the young man, "you'd better let me have that. It was my

proposal, you know." "Oh, very well," said Mr. Bethune, care-

lessly; and as carelessly he handed over the the slip of paper he had taken from the

But the quick look of pain and humili-

ation that swept over the girl's face stabbed

him to the heart. "Grandiather!" she said, with a burning

"Oh, well," her grandfather said, petn-

lently; "I have just discovered that I have left my purse behind. Some other time-it

is all the same-it is immaterial-the next time will be my turn-" "Here is my purse, grand/ather," she said; and she turned with an air of quiet

firmness to her younger neighbor, and merely said, "If you please!" He was too

bewildered to refuse; there was something in her manner that compelled him to accede

without a word of protest. She pushed her purse and the slip of paper across the table

summoned, came up to the table, and pro

bill. Now Vincent had intended to

of it.

waiter

"Ah, how do you do-how do you do?" was saying, as he stirred his coffee-tor the time of cigarettes had arrived, "are useful old George Bethune (who was alone) called and he pushed aside his book and came forward with extended hand. "Nothing things-useful things; an affair of the mo ment, truly; but the wise man makes of the like being neighborly; solitary units in the great sea of London life have naturally passing moment as much as he possibly can. Wby, the real curse of modern life-the ineradicable disease—is the habit of continu-eradicable disease—is the habit of continu-ally looking before and after. We none of us think enough of the present moment; we are anxiously speculating as to the future, some interest in each other; you would gather that I looked in on you last night-" "Yes," said the young man, as he took the proffered chair. "I am very sorry I hap-pened to be out-I had to dine at home last or, what is worse still, fretting over the memory of past injuries and past mistakes;

evening-" "At home?" repeated Mr. Bethune, looking for the moment just a trifle puzzled. "Oh, yes," said his visitor, rather ner-vously. "Perhaps I didn't explain. I vously. "Perhaps I didn't explain. I don't live over there, you know. I only have the rooms for purposes of study; the

place is so quiet I can get on better than at home; there are no interruptions-" "Except a little violin playing?" the old

"Oh, yes, sir." "May I go upstairs?"

"Except a little violin playing?" the old man suggested, good naturedly. "I wish there were more of that, sir," Vin Harris observed, respect ully. "That was only in the evenings; and I used to wait for it, to tell you the truth, as a kind of unintentional reward after my day's work. But of late I have heard nothing; I hope that Miss Bethune was not offended that I ventured to—to open my plane at the eventure." same time-" "Oh, not at all-I can hardly think so,

her grandiather said, airily. "She also has been busy with her books of late-it is Dante, I believe, at present-and as I in-sist on her always reading aloud, whatever

we may become better acquainted." And Vin Harris was about to do that when the door behind him opened. In-stinctively he rose and turned. The next instant Maisrie Bethune was be ore him-

looking taller, he thought, than he had, in Hyde Park, imagined her to be. She sa-

luted him gravely and without embarrass-ment; perhaps she had been told of his arri-val; it was he who was for the moment,

somewhat confused, and anxious to apolo

that was only a passing phase. When once he had realized that she also

ing from it a heap of rich-hued possies, which she proceeded to place in a flat glass dish on the middle of the table, sprinkling

seemed to consider that she was of no ac-

count; that she was not called upon to inter-

window, and took her seat, opening out some

needlework she had carried thither. The young man could see she had beautiful

formed: another wonder! But the truly ex

that here he was in the same room with her

traordinary thing-the enchantment-was

For of course he was aware that he had

he langhed, and his laugh was musical. He

-rather long, perhaps, but exquisitely

gize and explain. But, curiously enough,

the language is, she goes upstairs to her own room, so that I haven't seen much of her in the evenings. Now may I offer you

"No, thank you." "Or a glass of claret?" "No, thanks." "Then tell me what your studies are, that

to answer this question, for now there be-gan another movement on the part of the remaining guests to go up stairs to the draw-

maining guests to go up ing room, and in this little bit of a bustle ne escaped from urther cross-examination. When at the end of the evening all the people had gone away, and when Mr. Har-is had shut himself up in his study to is finish his correspondence—for he was going down the next morning to a congress of co-down the next morning to a congress of co-to his natural buoyancy and confidence came to his natural buoyancy and confidence came to his aid. When ahe appeared at the door, she was carrying a small basket of brown wickerwork; and this she now opened, tak-ing from it a heap of rich-hued poonies, and her nephew lound themselves alone in the drawing room; and the air young widow must needs return to the subject she had been discoursing upon at dinner-namely, that some water over them thereafter. She this young man, in order to guard against pitfalls and embroilments, should get mar-

fere in this conversation between her grand-father and his quest. When she had finsaid he, blunily; "why don't you get marished with the flowers, she went to the open "Oh, no, thank you !" she replied, with

prompitude. "I know when I have had-" Apparently she was on the point of saying that she knew when she had had enough; but that would not have been complimentary to the memory of the deceased; so she

He says that, having robbed Poter, you try to salve your conscience by throwing a crust in his half-excited mood. There was no more timidity; there was a gay self-asser-tion-a desire to excel and shine; sometimes

"When did I rob Peter?-what Peter?"

had skillfully drawn from the old man a confession of politica. faith (of course he was a conservative, as became one of the demand-sugar-bounties and bine-books-is ber and a plunderer. I am sorry for you, Bethunes of Balloray) so all chances of that it? Well, well, what the young mea of aunt; but Mr. Ogden has pronounced your collision was avoided on that point and indeed Vin Harris was ready to have

Old Salisbury Famous. OVERTOPS ST. PAUL'S, OF LONDON. Walk Through the Massive and Awe-

HISTORIC INTEREST OF THE CITY

That is where the uneducated, the unimaginative, have their consolation; we are not half so happy and content as the stolid ploughman or the phlegmatic bricklayer who thinks only of the present heat, or the present cold, or, at furthest, of the next plut

of beer, and the prospect of getting to bed, with the knowledge that he will sleep sound. The actual and immediate things before them are the things that interest

them; not the unknown future or the use-less past. But I have schooled myseli, thanks in a great measure to Horace-and my granddaughter knows her Horace, too-and I think I keep as stout a heart as most.

Postmaster General-and finally 'agnostic of a most advanced type-whose wife still Inspiring Cathedral. women. It is her daughter Philippa who University by coming out not only in the mathematical tripos, but Senior Wrangler, and with some marks to spare. Both Herbert and Fawcett WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Some 25 miles down the old Roman road, away to the southwest of Winchester, the once royal city of England, in the midst of swift, clear streams and rich, grassy meadows, lies the quaint and quiet old city of ows, lies the quaint and quiet old city of Salisbury, or, as some old-fashioned people still love to call it, "Sarum," in memory of a still older city, on the hilltop two miles a still older city, on the hilltop two miles away, where King Altred once built his Bards and Scotch Reviewers," once mused

away, where King Altred once built his rocky fortress against the Danes. The ruins of this mighty stronghold still remain, in vast massive mounds and giant blocks of stony concrete, on the hillside; but where a

town, as lonely as the ruin on the hill or gray old Stoned henge 12 miles away acros he rolling downs to the vale of Amesbury and the land of the Druids.

Journals on Railroad Trains-It's the Poor Roads That Have This Trouble, Not the Fine Oner.

late in large waves as far as the eye can WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 My son, you remember reading, not many weeks ago, the statement of a minister of the gospel, a foreign missionary, one might say, as he is preaching in New York, that he was obliged to go to Europe for a long rest because he was run down by overwork. "I have a hot box." he said, and then went on to explain that when a railway train ran too fast or too long the boxes or journals of the car wheels became overheated, and the train had to come to a halt and remain at rest until the "not box" cooled off. "That is what ails me," said the good minister. "I am not sick, and I have

out the impalpable earth and sand which ever so slightly colors it, but it will not be-gin to remove the deadly nitrites and bucteria which may exist in clear water. To secure perfectly pure safe drinking water for the household it is necessary to boil the water first and filter it afterward.

AN INEXPENSIVE PURIFIER.

After boiling ten minutes the water should be poured into a wooden or stone jar, cov-ered with a cloth and left an hour to cool, when it may be put into the filter. For a filter, a new clean flower pot of unglazed clay, filted monthly, or rather changed for one freshly charged, is better than most of the patents in the market. First cut a disk of cotton flannel to fit the bottom of the pot inside, put on this a layer of clean white sand an inch thick, then three inches of charcoal in very coarse powder, three inches of sand above this, and clean, washed gravel over all, and you have as good a filter for a dollar as you can buy for ten, as far as work-ing goes. The water must run through this 12 hours before the charcoal dust washes out so that the fluid runs clear. The pot should fit into the top of a long stone jar with fan-cet attached, and the ice be hung in it, tied in a piece of cotton flannel for a primitive

mode of keeping the iceworms out and making the ice last longer. The only trouble with water so prepared is

that it tastes flat from want of air, which Dr. Currier proposes to supply by a clean bellows kept for the purpose, but it is more conveniently done by pouring water from one pitcher to another several times as foaming drinks are mixed. Or one of the patent egg and cake beaters could be used in the water for a few minutes, and the most dis-criminating palate could hardly fail to ap-

COLD WATER IS HEALTHY.

Last comes the question of cooling the water, a matter which has its economical side, and, from personal experience, I am very willing to impart the method of checkmating ice monopolies. It should be dis-tinctly understood that the idea that ice water is injurious is a mistaken notion, im-ported with other English fads, like the docking of horses' manes and tails, drawling the vowels and the "stony British stare." Spinsters with chronic indigestion, stout women with their interiors in a state of constant inflammation, men whose stomachs are inflamed with regular whisky or wine drink-

ing, and people getting over the grip, with internals weak, fevered and irritable to an incredible degree rightly find ice water in-jurious, as cold well water would be poured over a patient in a high fever, or rather like throwing cold water on a red hot boiler. Cold water is intolerable to an inflamed eye, which finds warm water soothing, and in-flamed stomachs rebel against sudden chill-ing draughts in the same way, but nobody feels that cold water is unsafe for healthy eyes or healthy throats.

Who ever thought of refusing to drink of pure mountain streams flowing from melt-ing snows? Not even the in allible Britons, who set down the drinking of "iced water" as a trait of American depravities. A race of brandy drinkers would always find ice-

water dangerous to the raw membrane with which they are lined from brain to base.

THE ICE MUST BE PURE.

But ice, like water, needs to be clean before it is fit for drinking, and a glance at the sediment in the ice pitchers is enough to raise grave doubts of the source of the ice supply. Made ice from filtered water would be an ideal cooling substance. But machine water in the laboratories of Berlin and the Carnegie Laboratory of New York city. Probably no result of his great wealth is of dependent of ice dealers by simple expedi-ents. He can take a leaf irom the experimore public benefit or more credit to the ence and practice of three-fourths of the many millioned man whose name it bears globe, who cool their drinks in the natural

way by evaporation in a current of air. A housekeeper, not wishing to be bothered with the care of ice and icebox in addition to her other work, kept water and food cool all one hot summer by this method. She bought large porous flowerpots, soaked them over night in water till the clay was saturated, set her jars of butter and other food in pans of water on a broad shelf outside the kitchen window and covered each with an inverted flowerpot, throwing a wet flannel over the whole. In the shaded window, with the breeze playing on the covers, constantly wet from the water in the paus, the food kept in as good or better con-dition than it did on ice. For ice cream she them. Even water charged with carbonic acid gas, for soda fountains, usually and rightly regarded as preferable for purity to ordinary water allows certain kinds of heat anybody to try before they er at the ide Blane mange or custard for ice cream, beaten up with fruit or without and chilled vies with ice creams to any discriminating taste, and mashed fruit beaten with gelating and sugar, chilled just to the freezing point, has a fullness of flavor which is freezing outright. Try this before you scoul and you will hardly go back to the slavery of stirring the freezer for ice creams or the tame flavors of con ectioners' ices.

noble cathedral once stood, amid many a silently away into a third-rate country noble building, and where Briton, Roman, Saxon and Dane once held sway, there now are wide fields of waving corn, there the shepherd tends his wandering flock of sheep. B. G. JOHNS.

and the song o' the skylark is the only sound to break the quiet of the lovely scene. BURDETTE TO YOUNG MEN. The view from the hilltop, across the wide

valley watered by the Avon, is striking and Pointed Little Sermon on the Text of Hot beauti ul, and the silver winding of the river may be traced for many a mile through the bare, open downs which seem to undu-

reach on all sides. Looking eastward, one may make out, far away amid a clump of thick trees, some of the scattered houses of New Sarum, above which towers the grand, gray spire of the Catheora—as it to pierce the bank of sunset cloud that hangs over the quiet city. A brisk walk of 40 minutes, all the way by the river side, brings us at last in full view of the venerable pile, in which the first service was held in 1225, under good the first service was held in 1220, under good old Bishop Egidius, "after spending on it both toil and time, and gold and many prayers," and adorning it with many a win-dow of glowing color, and many a shaft of AWE INSPIRING IN ITS MASSIVENESS.

not broken down; I have simply been working too hard; I have been going too fast and

TWO CASES IN POINT.

The next time you are whirling along on

lightning express and the train stops to

Now, the 83 wheels that are in good condi

ALWAYS KEEP IN CONDITION.

what's the matter.

silk bed, and good diet, but the charges so high (7s 6d for bread and beer) that I was well nigh mad." That was two years after the great fire of London, but a part of the old George yet stands, and visitosr may do worse than abide and sup there. New Sarum returns two members of Par-DEATH IN A DRINK. Water May Sparkle Like the Crystal and Yet be Most Impure. liament for her 10,000 or 12,000 citizens, and among her recent representatives claims two men of mark, one, Sidney Herbert, the ardent friend of the G. O. M. in the days of BOILING ALONE ISN'T ENOUGH.

his prime, the other, Fawcett, the famous blind man, a high wrangler at Cambridge, It Only Makes a Soup With the Dead

Organisms for the Body. lives, and is renowned for her work in the cause of all great things for TESTS AT THE CARNEGIE LABORATORY

has just now won the blue ribbon of the WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. 1

Pure water and pure air are the first necessities of life, and must be obtained if a fine development is desired. Fresh air, were Salisbury men. In Sarum John Dry den lived for a while and there found a wile. Hard by at Bemerton lived George pure water, bathing, hygienic diet and self-control contain the jundamental principles of true religion. It is well established on the best medical authority that 30,000 people die in the

United States yearly from typhoid fever, of which the majority of cases are communicated through drinking water. Other diseases directly caused by impure water are colic, erysipelas, sore throat, constipation, gastritis, pneumonis, dysentery, liver and skin diseases, dyspepsia and general debility.

Most of the water used falls far short of purity and safety. That from streams and lakes must carry the wash of shore and de- prove water so refined. caying vegetable and animal matter, not sufficient to make it positively unpleasant always, but quite enough to furnish the germs of dangerous ailments, and the fer-tilizing medium for these to develop in third mean in the set of develop in their worst forms. The water from tanks and disterns can only be kept sweet and sale by constant care and is seldom fit to use as it leaves the fancet. The viscid, slimy lining of water pipes, deposited from the water standing in them, not only contains organic matter_that is living microscopic organic matter-that is, living, microscopic animals-but produce them.

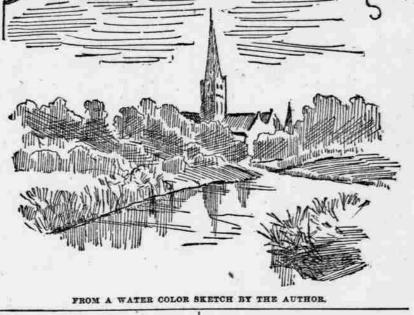
IF WE COULD ONLY SEE THEM.

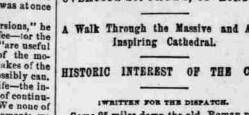
No water which deposits a slimy coating on pails and pitchers by standing is sale for drinking or cooking. Were the microscope as common as the thermometer and as fre-quently referred to it would not be necessary to demonstrate the necessity of pure water. No one could taste infected water after once seeing the horrid forms with which it swarms, in their malignant shapes types of the evil they accomplish, infinitesi-mal demons of the air and water. It is well they are hid from our eyes or existence would be organized nightmare. But these malignant presences abound, seen or un-seen, and it is time to lay aside all other considerations to learn how to preserve our-selves from them

selves from them. Experiments testing the purity of drinking water under various conditions have lately occupied the first chemists and physicians here and abroad, and will be found most valuable and instructive reading. Town libraries and doctors should provide themselves with the reports of Prof. Angell, of Derry, N. H., to the State Board of Health; of Mr Frankland, to the Royal Society of England, and Dr. Charles G. Currier on his experiments with drinking

than the new and well equipped laboratory for experiments relating to health which neighbors Bellevue Hospital and Medical School. Dr. Currier enumerates the most distressful scourges among diseases caused by bacteria in impure drinking water season atter season, to which cause is traced such "inexcusable epidemics" as the recent out-break of typhoid lever at Cumberland, on

the Potomac. SOME OF THE PRECAUTIONS. The truth is gradually gaining currency that it is in general safest to consume water and milk like other foods-atter cooking





She could say no more; for at this moment her neighbor, an elderly and learned gentleman from Oxford, addressed her. He had not hitherto uttered a word, having paid strict attention to every dish and every wine (albeit, he was a lean and famished-looking person); but now he remarked that the evenings were hot for the middle of June. and if I approve of the girl, I mean to dis tribute a little of my plunder-of my ill to iced finids. Then he went on to compare the ablutions of the Euglish-until he was offered strawberries, whereupon, having when at length the ladies had gone up

stairs Lord Musselburgh came and took the seat just vacated by Mrs. Ellison 'I have a commission from your father.

Vin," said he. "I am to persuade you of the sweet reasonableness of his project-that secretary of Mr. Ogden."

"The private secretary of a man who hasn't an hl" retorted Master Vin, with

"What has that to do with it?" the young pobleman said, coolly, "No. After all there is something in what your father says. He believes that the next great political and social movement will be the emancipation of the wage-earner-the securing to the producer his fair share of the products of his labor. If that is so it will be a hig thing. It will be years before it comes off, no doubt: but then there will be a great wave of public opinion; and if you are prepared-if you are there-if you are identi-fied with this tremendous social revolution, why, that magnificent wave will peacefully and calmly ltit you into the Cabinet. think that's about his notion. Very well. If you are willing to take up this work, how could you begin better than by becoming private secretary to Josiah Ogden? There you would come into direct touch with the masses; you would get to know at first hand what they were thinking of; subsequently, you could speak with authority. Then there's another thing, Vin. If you want to become a figure in public iife in England, if you want to build a splendid monument for yourselt, you should begin at the base. Capture the multitude; be as redhot a Radical as they can desire; and they won't mind what you do afterward. You may accept office; you may be petted by royalty; but they will rather like it-they will look on it as a compliment paid to one of themselves. And that is where Ogden would come in. He, too, is one of themselves-though he has his hired brougham when he comes to town, and his dinners at the Menagerie What have you got to do with If I want to back a horse, or order a pair of boots, or have my hair cut, what does it matter to me whether the man has an h. or a superfluity of h's? You make him useful to you; you get what you want; isn't that enough?"

"Oh, no, it is not," Vin Harris rejoinedbut respectfully, for he never lorgot that Lord Musselburgh was his senior by very nearly five years. "You see, you don't go into partnership with your bairdresser, and you don't put your name over the bootmaker's shop. And I shouldn't learn much from Mr. Ogden, for I don't believe in his machine-mude politics-everything to be done by committees, and resolu tions, and majorities. I expect to find him starting a Society for the Suppression of Punch and Judy shows, so that the infantile mind of England may not be corrupted by exhibitions o: brutality."

"He is a very able man, let me tell you that," said Musselburgh, with decision. "And a capital speaker—a slogger, of course, but that is wanted for big crowds. And sometimes he turns out a neat thing. Did you notice what he said at Sheffield the other day-telling the workingmen not to be too grateful for rich men's charitiesrecreation grounds, free libraries, and the like? What he said was this: "When the capitalist has robbed "When the capitalist has robbed Peter, it is easy for him to salve his conscience by throwing a crust to Paul'-not bad. I think you might do worse, Win, then become Ogden's private

"Mr. Ogden --!" she said, with angry brows-and then she stopped. "Yes, sunt?" he said, encouragingly.

"On, nothing. But I tell you this, Vin You were talking of the proper distribution of wealth. Well, when you come to marry, tribute a little of my plunder-of my ill-He spoke of the danger of having recourse gottem gains-in that direction; she shan't come empty-handed. That is, if I approve the bathing of the Greeks and Romans with of her, you understand. And the best thing you could do would be to alter your mind mind and come down to Brighton for a week helped himself largely, he fell into a busi- or two; and I'll send for the Drexel girls, and perhaps one or two more. If you can't just at present, you may later on. Now I'm going off to my room; and I will say good-bye as well as good night, for I don't sup-

pose I shall see you in the morning." "Good night, then, and good-bye, aunt!" said he as he held her hand for a second; you should for a time become the private and that was the last that he saw of her for some considerable time.

For a great change was shout to take place in this young man's position and circumstances, in his interests, ambitions, and trembling hopes. He was about to enter wonderland-that so many have entered, stealthily and almost fearing-that so many remember, and perhaps would fain forget. Do any remain in that mystic and rose-hued region? Some, at least, have never even approached it; for its portals are not easily discoverable, are not discoverable

at all, indeed, except by the twin torches of imagination and abolition of self. When he went up to his chambers the

next morning he was surprised to find a card lying on the table; he had not expected a visitor in this secluded retreat. And when he glanced at the name, he was still more perturbed. What an opportunity he had missedl Perhaps Mr. Bethune had brought an informal little invitation for him-the first overture of friendliness. He might have spent the evening in the hushed, small parlor over the way, with those violiz strains vibrating through the dusk; or, with the lights ablaze, he might have sat and listened to the old man's tales of trayels, while Maisrie-he now knew her name was Maisrie-Maisrie Bethune would be the room. sitting at her needle-work, but looking up from time to time-each glance a forld's wonder! And what had he had in exchange? -a vapid dinner party; some talk about socialism; an invitation that he should descend into the estacombs of North of Enthe door opened again and Maisrie Bethune reappeared (her eyes were averted from him and there was a self-conscious tinge of color in her pale and thoughtful face), she seemed gland politics and labor mole-like there to no apparent end; finally, a promise that if he would only marry the young lady of Mrs. Ellison's choice-presumably one of her American friends-his bride should have to have undergone some sudden transformation. The youthful look leut to her appear some additional dowry to recommend her. What were all these distant schemes, and even the brilliant future that everybody ance by the long, loose-flowing locks and he dress of blue and white linen had gone; and scemed to prophesy or him, to the be-wildering possibilities that were al-most within his reach? He went to the window. The pots of musk, and lobelia, and ox-eye daisies, in here was a young lady apparently about 20, tall, self-possessed (notwithstanding that tinge of color) and grave in manner. A

the little balcony over there, and also the Virginia creeper intertwisting its sprays through the iron bars, seemed fresh; no donut she had sprinkled them with water before leaving with her grandtather. And tiful of any. It was an Italian restaurant they entered had they gone to Hyde Park as usual? He was sorely tempted to go in search; but something told him this might provoke suspicions; so he resolutely hauled in a chair to the table and set to work with his books vacant. They were practically dining in a private room; but all the same they could and annotations-though sometimes there came before his eyes a nebulous vision, as of when they chose glance out upon the larg saloon, with its little white tables, and it various groups of olive-complexioned or a sheet of silver-gray water and a shimmer English-complexioned guests. The young man assumed the management of this small ng of elms.

In the afternoon he went out and bought festivity from the outset. He ordered i flask of Chianti for Mr. Bethune and him a clothes-brush, a couple of hair-brushes, some scented soap and other toilet requi-sites—of which he had not hitherto known self; and then he would have got something lighter—some sparkling beverage—for the young lady, but that she told him that she drank no wine. Why, he said to himself, the need in these chambers; and about a o'clock or a little thereafter, having careo clock of a little thereafter, having care-fully removed the last speck from his coat-sheeve, he crossed the way, and rather timidly knocked at the door. It was opened by the landlady's daughter, who appeared at once surprised and pleased on finding who this visitor was. "Is Mr. Bethune at home?" he demanded with some variety norma fortable failure he might have known!-For in her veins Ran blood as pure and cold as summer rains.

. . .

sworn that black was white, so eager was he to make an impression, on this his first and wondrous visit.

The time went by all too quickly; but the young man had become intoxicated by this unexpected joy; instead of getting up and apologizing, and taking his hat, and going away, he boldly three out the suggestion that these three—the solitary units in the great sea of London life, as George Bethune had called them—should ermine to spend the evening together. He did not seem to be aware of the audacity of his proposal; he was carrying everything before him in this high-handed (ashion; the touch of colour that rose to Maisrie Bethune's cheek-what of that? Oh, yes, maiden shyness, no doubt; but of little consequence; here were the golden moments-

here the golden opportunity; why should they separate? "You see," said he, "I don't care to in-

convenience our people at home by my un-certain hours; and so of late I have taken to dining at a restaurant, just when I felt in-clined; and I have got to know something of the different places. I think we might go out for a little stroll, as the evening will be cooler now, and wander on until we see a quiet and snug looking corner. There is something in freedom of choice; and you may catch sight of a bay window, or of a recess with flowers in it, and a bit of a fountain, that tempts the eye-" "What do you say, Maisrie?" theold ger tleman inquired.

"You go, grandfather," the girl replied at once, but without raising her head. "It will be a pleasant change for you. I would rather remain at home."

"Oh, but I should never have propose such a thing. Vincent interposed hastily "if it meant that Miss Bethune was to be left here alone, certainly not! I-I decline to be a party to any such arrangement-oh,

I could not think of such a thing!" "You'd better come, Maisrie," said the old man, with some air of authority. "Very well, grandfather," she said, obe-diently; and straightway she rose and left

The fiend who can't flee is the victim mos choice; He will not spare even his sisters or brothers, So fierce his delight in his asinine voice. He never says anything worthy the saying; So brazen is he that his impudence stuns. He labels himself by persistently braying: We class him instanter—the man who make pune. Master Vin's heart beat high; here were wonders upon wonders; in a short space he would be walking along the pavements of London town with Maisrie Bethane by his side (or practically so), and thereafter he and she would be seated at the same table, almost within touch of each other. When puns.

The borrible villain scorns hedges and bushe And yet he waylays us by day and by night. nto every meeting he wedges and pushes. And grans in our faces with fiendish delight. When others are sleeping he's planning to

ure that she should not hear.

puns,

To be Continued Next Sunday.]

The Man Who Makes Puns.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.]

The man who does murder, with rope is sus

pended. The press that prints libel the damage must

pay: The man who mansiaughters, unless well de-

fended, Must lauguish in prison a sad life away. Detectives all kinds of transgressors are track-

The lightest of debtors is loaded with duns;

et the law of the country is terribly lacking, For nothing is meted the man who makes

This caltiff regards not the feelings of others.

The fiend who can't flee is the victim

bore us, With verbal contortions his speech overruns At the sound of his footsteps a shudder come:

ofer us; He's worse than the nightmare-the man who

He excites in the softest of hearts animosity: Leading the best to think murder no sin. While launching at people a lingual atrocity; Never dreams he of the peril he's in. We look at the idiot longing to shoot him: The jokes that he cracks would be scorned by the Huns. Will no kind philanthropist offer to boot him? How fitting the fate for the man who makes DUME.

miracle had been wrought-and yet she had only plaited up her hair, tying it with a

bit of blue ribbon, and donned a simple cos-tume of cream-colored cashmere. She was puns.

Ob, what shall we do with him? Would we putting on her gloves now; and he thought could barter him, Hideous creature that cumbers the earth. that long hands were by far the most beau-

Ch, for a savage to draw him and quarter him Roast him and eat him in cannibal mirth! Would we could rid us of every hair of him Whom e'en the dregs of humanity shuns: Mankind hath borne all that mortal can beau at last; and Vincent was so fortunate as to find a recess compartment which he knew of

of him, And old Nick is too good for the man who

makes puns, -SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Answers to Correspondents,

A .- The easiest way to rent a dress coat is -rip it up the back. B .- One of the greatest contractors

Pittsburg is the girl who laces tightly.

100

An Enemy with the Rheumatic

An abcemy will use flowmantam May be safely pool-pooled. He is seldom active. Look out for him, though, when he has used Hostetter's Giomach Eliters for a while, for two chances to one that beneficent restorative will make him well enough to come down upon you like a thousand of bricks when you least expect it. Dyspepsia, constipation, neuralgia, kidney complaints and maisrial maiadise are among the bodily afflictions completely "knocked out" by the Bitters.

It is built in the form of a double cross, in the purest and highest style of early to her grandfather, and then she rose and English, the nave alone being 300 feet in turned to seek her sunshade, which Vinlength, supported, as are the choir and transepts, by clustered columns, with double cent forthwith brought to her. The curious mingling of simplicity and dignity with pillars and shafts of green and gray shining which she had interposed impressed him marble. Beyond the nave, under a roof o straugely; perhapsishe was not so much of a carved and delicate lace-work in stone, stretches the choir to a further length of 150 school girl as she had seemed when he first aw her walking through Hyde Park? Then feet, a glance into which, with its mighty East Window of radiant jewels, is like a glimpse of fairyland. The side aisles, the three of them left the restaurant to-gether, and quietly made their way home through the gathering twilight. But he would not go in when they ar-

dark, Purbeck marble.

and

transepts and lady chapel are of equal and rived at the door, though the old man again put Scotch music and Scotch whisky before simple beauty, and as the visitor passes down the long nave with lingering steps the solemn stillness and peace of the wast pile may well fill him with a sense of his own im as an inducement. Perhaps he dreaded to outstay his welcome. He bade them both good-night, and Maisrie Bethune, as she parted from him, was so kind as to say: insignificance. Beneath his feet and all along the sides "Thank you so much!" with the briefest, timid glance of her all-too-eloquent eyes. of the sculptured walls are the tombs and

monuments of noble and fair women, of great and mighty men of the past; bishop He went across to his own rooms-merely and warriors, statesmen, martyrs, saints, captains and court beauties, kings and for form's sake. He did not light the ga when he got upstairs. He carefully shut the window; then he sat down to the piano; beggars, once famous or infamous in their day, through all the long centuries; the and very gently and quietly he played a graceful little air. It was "Dormez, dorwise and the ignorant, the mean and the mighty-now all alike at last, nez, ma beilel"; and it was a kind of fare-Each in his narrow cell forever laid. well message for the night; but he had made

Meanwhile, overhead, far away up in the cloudy sunset sky, towers the silent shaft of gray stone, as simple and perfect in its changeless beauty after these 700 years as when Egidius gave it his final benedic-tion. As we step out into the grassy sward, the speed at all.

with its clustered groups of noble elm trees in the midst of which the cathedral stands doctor a hot journal you will observe, if you and gaze up at the tiny cross of shining please, that there is but one smoking sxle or all the train of seven Pullmans-or is the metal that crowns its supreme point, now touched wich sudden fire by the last ray of plural of that car Pullmen?-running on an sunset, we at once admit the proud boast of aggregate of 84 wheels. One hot box in 84. subset, we at once sumit the proud boast of Salisbury spire to claim a height of 400 leet and overlook by some yards the mighty dome and cross of St. Paul's that look down upon the crowded streets of modern Babytion were running just as fast as the one that set fire to its packing; making just as good time, and they are ready and able to keep on making time. The wheel that stops the on by the Thames.

train is out of order; there's something wrong about the wheel, it hasn't been doing A TOWN OF HISTORIC MEMORIES. As for the town of Salisbury itself, little a bit more than any other wheel on the train. And when it says it has been doing is to be said for it or of it, but that it is as unlike the capital city of a great and flourtoo much and running too fast all other wheels have a right to squeak on their axles ishing county (Wiltshire) as may well be The quiet, winding streets are mostly of small houses and shops, with here and there in derision, were they not too smootbly pol ished and too well oiled to be guilty of such an old-fashioned dormer window or a gabled

roof or, still rarer, a solid, square mansion, built by some rich citizen of good Queen Bess' days, and behind it, stretching to the river, a cozy garden, where gay flowers abound and truit of all kinds ripens to perfection in the many and sheltered glades. It possesses still the Royal charter granted by Henry III. in 1227, and enjoys all its old rights and privileges; but, though not of so deadly-lively a cast as her rival and aister city of Winchester, Sarum has in her but little life. Like Winton, Salisbury is the stronghold of the sheired, safe, B the stronghold of the clerical order. From the full-blown dignity of my Lord the Bishop of the Diocese, serene in his palace by the river, one or two Colonial bishops at save oil by using plenty of water on the boxes, because water is cheap and they home for nealth (returned empties, the pro-fane call them), down by fine gradation think there is more economy in cooling a hot journal with water that costs nothing through deans, canons, archdeacons, prebends, minor canons, to plain vicars, cur-bends, minor canons, to plain vicars, cur-ates and the inferior order of clergy, the whole place swarms with them. The city is ecclesinstical throughout. There is a than there is in keeping it cool with oil that costs money. Is a railway train, shooting through the

score or more of almshouses, charities and retreats, most of them founded by the munificence of former bishops, and many of them for the benefit of decayed clerics, their widows and children; all offering quiet resting places and comfort for honest old ageuntil, one by one, the pensioners drop quietly into the grave, and find rest at last in God's acre under the shadow of the great

spire. GOOD SERVICE BUT EXPENSIVE

The inns where the casual traveler may find all he needs are not numerous, but all

Children and delicate women should not be forced to take the vile compounds which are usually given for constitution, piles, indige-tion, etc. Hamburg Figs are like preserved fuit, and are the best laxative known. Scents, Dose one fig. At all druggists. Mack Drug Company, New York. TTS Came to the George Inne, where I lay in

ter, allows certain kinds of bacdoing too much, and have a hot box. I teria to increase in water charged with gas under a pressure of over 100 pounds to the square inch. As original bacteria perish must rest awhile; rest is all I need." Now, my son, I hope, and I believe that ore rapidly in soda waters, when charged, preacher is a better theologian than he is than in simple water, this affords a resource a railroader; he ought to be anyhow He in case the general supply for drinking is knew what ailed him; he had a hot box. inferior in sickly seasons. A small addi-But he didn't know what caused it: he said tion of alcohol or spirits also prevents injurious results from bad water, but cannot always be depended on to destroy germs of it was working too hard; doing too much. Nonsense, my boy; sheer nonsense; utter disease, unless in stronger proportion than absurdity. He wasn't doing half as much s pleasant to most tastes. as he should have been doing, maybe. He

Boiling most effectually destroys the germs if the heat is kept up long enough. It has been said in medical journals that might have been the laziest preacher in all busy New York, and yet had a hot box all the same. It isn't the speed that makes the 15 minutes' boiling was enough to purify journal heat up and set fire to the packing, even infected water. Doubtiul of this fact, inv son. The box is out of order, that's Dr. Currier made over 50 care al experiments at the Carnegie Laboratory, besides a series at the Health institute in Berlin. To remove sediment and yet have the micro I have been shot from Philadelphia to organisms, the bacteria, the barmful germs Chicago on the "limited," the drivers fairly emain in the water, it was strained through throwing the miles away like seconds, and thin layers of sand or absorbent cotton. This proves at once the mistake of supposnever a smoking axle nor the loss of a min ute on a single mile; and the next day I have ing that small plug filters to screw on fauboarded the Wesley City, Bluetown and Copperas Creek Air Line-runs from quarcets are of any material use in purifying water, or that ordinary layers of cotton batries to Kickapoo siding, mixed train, three times a week, 12 miles an hour-and helped ting will keep fermenting germs out of preserved fruit. It is demonstrated that water may be entirely clear and yet swarm with to carry water from the creek to pour on hot box between every other station. It isn't the living seeds of fever.

A TEN MINUTES' BOILING.

The germs of tubercular diseases-that is, consumption-are killed by 10 minutes' boiling. The typhoid bacilli and the producing kinds are harmless when the water has been brought to the boiling point and allowed to cool slowly. Cholera germs are still more sensitive. Dr. Currier concludes that water whose purity is suspected be-comes harmless when beiled 10 minutes. From many tests he thinks the bacteria of ordinary clear hydrant water are destroyed n this time, though the Berlin Professo Koch disagrees with this opinion. Dr. Car-negie added putrefying solutions of meats,

vegetables, and earths to produce the worst possible waters, and found, after straining them, that the bacteria rarely resisted 20

minutes' boiling, though one tough variety kept alive from 45 to 60 minutes while

In the stomach and intestines these teris taken in drinking water increase enor-mously, giving off great amounts of foul gases and other noxious products. It is in-teresting, says Dr. Currier, to find a typi-cally skillful modern surgeon. Pro. H. Fritsch, of Breslau, announces that water with only a six to one thousand solution of common sait, sterilized by long boiling, is preferable to the carbolic and corrosive sublimate solutions continually used for the most delicate and hazardous operations.

MUST NOT STOP AT BOILING.

But boiling does not wholly fit impure water to be the ideal drink. Still, more careful and rigid experiment proves that boiled water swarming with dead bacteria is little better than a beef tea or broth of miroscopic flesh, none too wholesome at best and liable to speedy change, which makes it undesirable for the human system. The filter comes in play to strain out these dead animalculæ, inconsiderable in themselves, but able to putrely in time and give the

water a foul taste. T. F. Frankland recently reports to the Royal Society of England his experiments on the purification of water. In his paper on filtration he says: "Green sand, coke, animal charcoal and spongy iron were at first successful in removing all organisms irom the water massing the much them but

rom the water passing through them, but after one month's continuous action this power was in every ease lost. The improvement still effected, hower, by spongy iron and coke was very great indeed, while the green sand and brick dust were much less efficient, and the number of organisms in the water filtered the number of organisms in he water filtered through charcoal Was

GOOD NATURE AND DRINK.

The picturesque method of keeping water once boiled filtered and aerated is in the Portuguese or Moorish water cooler of burnt clay, in grace ul flask or cruse, with slender neck clasped by vine tendrils and leafage, swung from blue or crimson cords in the window current. The water soaks the clay, the breeze chills it and the draught of clay, the breeze chills it and the oranget of such wise is a velvety decoction, surpassing raw water as Lachryma Christi excels last year's claret. It soothes the inflated mem-branes of throat and the internal organs. It acts, in fact, medicinally, healing gastrio and intestinal disorders, promoting sleep, good humor and healthy action of the nerves. More than half the ugliness of hu-man nature comes of internal bodily derangement and every healthy condition of food, air or drink tends to blessing and blissfulness, when we

Rejoice to see the curse remov

of poor, jaded, physical nature. "Do you mean to say," asks some good woman, aghast, "that there are people who

actually take all this (uss and trouble to run off water and boil it and filter it, and pour it back and forth and cool it or drink-Yes, madam, there are pleaty of ing?" The question of absolutely pure water is of more serious import this summer than usual, when countless numbers are struggling with the general disorder left by last winter's scourge. SHIRLEY DARE,

HAVE KNOTS AND GRAIN.

Points in Which a Diamond Resembles Piece of Wood.

In cutting a diamond, sometimes a knot is discovered. These are little substances as much harder than the diamond itself as you can imagine. They are to the stone the same as a knot in a pine board, When a diamond with these characteristics is discovered it has the same effect on the polisher that the striking of a nail has upon a carpenter when sawing a board. It takes months and months to polish a knotty stone, and I have known a year's work to be put in on one of them. Of course not of constant labor, but to be picked up at odd times when

there was nothing else to do. The polisher has also to guard against chipping the stone, for it should be under-stood a diamond has a grain the same as a piece of wood, and the least car-lessness might result in knocking off a third of its weight. While disasters of this kind are not intrequent, they are seldom the result of inexperience or laxity on the part of the workman. When a polisher takes a stone one of the first things he does is to find out the direction of its grain, so as not to cut against it.

DIAMONDS GOING UP.

The Demand Never so Good as Now, Says a Boston Dealer.

"Diamonds are nearly a third dearer than they were a year ago," says a Boston dealer in the Herald, "and 1f the indications can be relied upon, they are going still higher. I have been in the trade for a good many years and have handled three or four bushels of the 'sparks,' but during all my experience I have never known a time when diamonds were in greater favor than now. It seems as the water infered through charcoal was greater than in the unfiltered water," be-cause it washed out the germs left by pre-vious fluid. This exforces the opinion that filters need renewal every month to remain satisfactory. A common filter used through a senson will yield clear water by leaching bartistic state is a senson will yield clear water by leaching is a senson will sensor with senson will sensor with senson will senson with senson will sensor with

Delicate Women.

of a more or less sober tone, where a good bottle of old port may always be had and a savory dish of silver cels from the river,

savory dish of silver cells from the river, such as a reverend canon might partake of without risk and worthy of an episcopal blessing. But if all are cony and comfort-able, all are costly. It has been so ever since the days of Pepys' Diary, wherein that honest gentleman writes that in 1668;

atmosphere like a streak of lightning, should suddenly burst into devouring flame simul-taneously, from pilot to marker, I should be inclined to think that speed and friction had something to do with destruction. But when only one wheel in a hundred begins

to smoke, I am positive it is the fault of that one wheel-unless it can prove that it was running faster and going tarther than any

other wheel of its size on the train. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

England's Poscal Savings Banks. The deposits in the British Postoffice

last year amounted to \$99,070,000, and the withdrawals to \$84,070,000.

Take care of yourself, my boy; keep yourself in condition; run regular trips on schedure time; look after yourself before and after the run, and at the five minute stops, and I don't care how much you shorten ut boxes on the poorer roads, that run their ex

presses on freight train time, and try t

the time, you may go as fast as you can make steam and turn the drivers, It isn't the great railways, with their well appointed trains, thoroughly disciplined and practically educated crews that are troubled with hot boxes. You find the hot