## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

## A PASTEUR AT HOME.

Formula for the Cure of Hydrophobia in the Possession of an Irwin Station Physician.

## SECRET OF THE MARCHAND FAMILY

A Wonderful Pill First Made by a Monk in One of the Monasteries of France Over 200 Years Ago,

AND SINCE HANDED DOWN BY WILL

The Remedy Known Far and Wide in the Early Days of Western Pennsylvania,

> (WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) F a mad dog bites you don't go to Paris. There is a oure for hydrophobia right here at home. The famous Pasteur treatment has a

rival, and is just simply a little Westmoreland county The pill has an interesting story. It was first made over 200 years ago by a monk in one the monasteries of

France, who discovered that a certain substance would prevent rables. I may as well inform the reader at the outset that I cannot tell him what that substance is. That is a secret. There is only one man now living who knows it, and he is Dr. James Marchand, of Irwin station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. BROUGHT TO AMERICA.

The Marchands are a well-known family in Allegheny and Westmoreland counties. They originally came from France, and it was just before they left there that the medicinal secret came into their possession. One of the early Marchands had distinguished himself somewhat as a physician, and to him, in the days of the French Revolution, the monk confided the formula of his hydrophobia preventive. It was requested that the secret remain forever in the Marchand family, descending from father to son, or where there were no sons to the next nearest

Upon condag to America, the Marchands settled in the southeastern part of Pennsylvania. But they crossed the Allegheny Mountains with the first pioneers of Western Pennsylvania, and established themselves in Westmoreland and Fayette coun-

A REMARKABLE PAMILY.

The Sculls, who founded the Pittsburg Gazette, more than a century ago; the Irwins, after whom Irwin station is named; and the Larimers, for whom Larimer station is called, are all related to the Marchands. Marchand avenue, in the East End, is



Dr. B. S. Marchand.

[From a Photograph Taken During the War.] named after Dr. John Marchand, father of quartet of families is inseparably connected with the history of Pittsburg's adjoining county. They still own the finest farms in Westmoreland.

A remarkably large number of professional men came from the Marchand family. One branch of it made nothing but doctors and lawyers, and the other branch figures in the annals of the army and navy, a few old-timers still remembering Commodore March-and. It was about 1760 when they came to Westmoreland county. The country was so sparsely settled then that the practice of the hydrophobia cure was suspended. There were very few dogs here then, and fewer people to hits.

HANDING DOWN THE SECRET.

But the secret recipe was willed down for two generations in accordance with the wishes of the French monk. At last the population of the country had become so large, and hydrophobia was increasing pro-portionately, that Dr. Lewis M. Marchand modestly made known the fact that he com-pounded a pill which would prevent the horrible disease. That was along about Dr. Lewis M. Marchand lived on a farm in Fayette county, between Uniontown and Brownsville. Hundreds of patients came to his farm in the next 20 years. He did not keep a record of his cases, or if he did it has not been preserved, and it is not known what success he met with. Thinkers of the day contended that it was

wrong to hide such a wonderful light under a bushel. They argued that the secret preparation should be made free and public, and asked that, as the State had to deal with the public danger of rabid animals on the street, that it also take steps toward securing the right to use this remedy for the public good.

STATE TRIED TO BUY IT. The State authorities, it is said, finally proposed to Dr. Marchand that they would pay him a sum equaling five cents tax an-nually on every taxable in Pennsylvania, if he would surrender up his little pill. This was refused, Dr. Marchand reminding the State of the bond of honor he was under to

carry out the requirements of a will,
When he died the secret was found in his will designed for his son, Dr. Samuel Marchand, of Westmoreland county. That gentleman lived at Jacksonville, or "Jacktown." as it is better known, on the old Pittsburg and Greensburg Pike, a mile and a half west of Irwin station. It was during his practice of medicine that the hydrophobia specific became best known to the world. One of the requirements which came down with the formula for making the pill was that it was not to be advertised presumably because it would be unprofes sional. However people in every part of the Union soon learned of the hydrophobis

ENTERTAINING HYDROPHOBIA PATIENTS Up until the war broke out Dr. Samual in this line. Patients threatened with rables came to him from as far west as Kan-sas, and from the South. Hugh McIntyre kept a hotel at Jacktown, within a lew

the strangers would be given lodgings. Mr. McIntyre's widow is still living. She keeps a hostelry on the site of her husband's place, which is well-known to driving parties from

Pittsburg. I was at her house last week, and she said to me: "It used to be risky business entertaining "It used to be risky business entertaining for several weeks at a time people who might start to barking at any moment with hydrophobis. It was before the Pennsylvania Railroad was built that Dr. Sam Marchand came into possession of the formula. Persons who came to him from the West for treatment would have to drive here from Pittsburg on the old pike. Many rode horseback. When the railroad was finished it increased the number of patients.

A GUEST TO BE AFRAID OF. "I was only afraid of one person, how-ever, who came to stay at our house while he was getting the medicine," continued Mrs. McIntyre. "He was a man who lived somewhere down the Ohio river. It took him five days to reach Pittsburg by boat.



Old Marchand Homestead, Jacktown, Then they told him there that Dr. Marchand who had the cure, lived at Uniontown. They forgot or did not know that Dr. Lewis Marchand was then dead. So the poor sel-Marchand was then dead. So the poor iel-low took the stage for Uniontown, and from there went clear out to the Marchand farm.
There he learned that it was Dr. Sam
Marchand, of Jacksonville, who had the
cure. So he had to be driven clear across

"This delay made him frightfully nervous.
In those days it was the popular belief that
on nine days after being bitten by a mad
dog a person would go mad. This man was
too nervous to eat or elecp. He was half
crazy with fear. He told me that the mistake in going to Uniontown might cost him his life, for he reached here on the eighth day after being bitten by a rabid dog, and he was afraid that the next day would be

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PILL.

"That night I wanted Dr. Sam to lock the "That night I wanted Dr. Sam to lock the fellow in his room. 'No,' he said, 'you and everybody else lock yours, but let the man have his freedom if he gets sick.' He administered to him one of the pills, and in two days the poor fellow went home feeling easier. He wrote the doctor several times afterward to say that there had not been the alightest sign of trouble after the medicine. slightest sign of trouble after the medicine

began working.

"This pill was of a brownish color, and was a good bit larger than a pea. Only one was necessary for a dose. It was expressly stipulated that the patient abstain for six months afterward from anything that was sour. Spiritous liquors, especially, were prohibited. We only know of one failure in more than a hundred cases that were treated more than a hundred cases that were treated by Dr. Sam. That was a Mr. Winters, who lived at Wilkinsburg. Two years after the Pennsylvania Railroad was opened he came here suffering from a terrible dog bite.

NO CHARM ABOUT IT.

"Some people contended that there was a charm in the middle of the pill. Of course that was a mere superstition. I have seen the inside of the pill, and know that it is solid all the way through. A man come here once from Iows with his 3-year-old daughter. She had been bitten by a cat right under the eye, and there was good evidence that the bite was poisonous. When they got here the father was so drunk that the bite was poisonous that the bite was poisonous that they got here the father was so drunk that they got here the father was so drunk that they got here the father was so drunk that they got here the father was of the little girl. took charge of her as any mother would, and we gave her a good breakfast of bread

"The bite on her face had festered into an ugly sore. She was too little to swallow the if I could give it to her in parts. He consented, and so I cut the pellet into four equal parts. That's the way I saw the in-side of the medicine. I never heard anyone say just how the stuff tasted, but it could not have been very offensive.

BEVEN PERSONS CURED AT ONCE.

"A man from Brookville, Jefferson county, came here once for eight of the pills. In his story he said that only seven persons in Brookville had been bitten by the same mad dog. Dr. Sam then wanted to know what he wanted the eighth pill for. The fellow confessed that his horse a very valuable animal, had also been bitten by who insisted that he was no horse do He refused to give the extra pill. All seven of the persons were cured. I heard that the horse died, "A Mr. Beisel, of Youngstown, West-

moreland county, cured his child of the dis-ease with a pill. James Hyndman, who rabid dog and walked over to the farm of



Present Hydrophobia Headquarters. Dr. Lewis Marchand, in Fayette county, when he owned the medicine, and claimed to have been saved from the dread disease. I never doubted the efficacy of the pill."

DR. S. S. MARCHAND'S DEATH. Mrs. McIntyre added that often when persons came to Dr. Marchand with an extra bad-looking bite he would burn it with caus-tic in addition to administering the medi-cine inwardly. There is another superstition connected with this remedy, viz., that it will only cure if you refrain from crossing a stream of water. Of course there is pothing stream of water. Of course there is nothing in it, but I have been curious to know if the story originated from a desire to hurt the Pasteur system across the big salty pool of water, or whether it has some connection with the derivation of the word hydrophobia—hydor, water, and phobos, to fear.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out Dr. Samuel S. Marchand went out to

out Dr. Samuel S. Marchand went out to service with Company H, of One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiment, which was commanded by Colonel Thomas M. Bayne, of Allegheny City. He was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. His potrial accompanying this article is taken from a photograph made during the war. His old homestead at Jacksonville, or Jacktown, is also

yards of Dr. Marchand's mansion, and there | illustrated in this issue. It is a staunch old

Having no children of his own, the secret formula for the hydrophobia remedy was bequeathed by Dr. S. S. to the next nearest akin, Dr. James I. Marchand, of Irwin Station, one of wealthiest and foremost citizens of that pretty little town. He has ever since complied with all requests for the pill. His modest little trame office on Second street is rather hard to find for a stranger, and their is nothing about it to indicate and their is nothing about it to indicate other than a general practitioner's business. The doctor's name and nothing more is inscribed on the card at the door. Irwin

inscribed on the card at the door. Irwin people will readily recognize the picture of the office in these columns.

Dr. James Marchand fully realizes that he owns something that would prove a veritable gold mine to him if properly advertised. But he refuses to do that, saying that the requirements under which the formula descended to him forbids advertising of our kind. If people hear of it and ing of any kind. If people hear of it and need it, let them comt to him for a pill, but he will go to no pains to make known the

THEY REFUSE TO ADVERTISE.

Some of the medical profession are enemies of the pill and its owners, because the code of ethics in medicine demands the free use of all medicines and instruments, no matter how discovered, for the whole profession. The Marchands insist on keeping their secret to themselves. But they free themselves from all suspicion of quackery by so steadily refusing to advertise the pill. They charge very little more for it than ordinary medicine of any kind, the ingredients being a little more expensive. Dr. James was even loth to talk to me about the matter fearing that the effect might be the matter fearing that the effect might be

practically advertise him. He admitted that within his own practice of the formula he had met with no failures, and he has treated probably 200 persons who claimed to have been bitten by mad dogs. Many of these were treatment by letter, because patients have applied to him from as far west as California. Others have come to Irwin from such distances as

ABSOLUTELY NO FAILURES.

He always makes the request when he administers or sends away a pill that he be notified if it fails to prevent hydrophobia. In no instance has he received an uniavorably reply. The doctor said of course many of the persons whom he treated may have been mistaken as to the nature of their injury. Fear often leads a persons to think that a dog that has bitten him was mad. And very frequently also people think it best to be on the safe side when bitten, the transport of the safe side when bitten, and the safe side when bitten, the distance was a safe side when bitten, the distance was a safe side when bitten, the distance was safe side when bitten, the safe side when bitten is safe side when bit whether the dog was mad or not. "This pill,"he said, "is not a cure for hydrophobia in its active stages. It is a preventive if taken as soon after the biting as "How does the number of your patients

this summer compare with that of other seasons?" I asked Dr. Marchand in conclusion. "There have been fewer applicants for the hydrophobia pill this summer than ever before," he replied.
So Chief J. O. Brown's war on unmuzzled

dogs in Pittsburg was a success after all.
L. E. STOFIBL. SIGNOR CRISPTS ROMANCE.

How He Fell in Love as a Boy and Saved His Sweetheart From Cholera.

Philadelphia Press.] Crispi's youth contained one episode too romantic and touching to be passed over. It was in 1837, in his second year at the University of Palermo, that he met a young girl called Rosina. She was the daughter of a widow, and had three sisters and a came here suffering from a terrible dog bite. He took the pill, but he was a heavy drinker, we understood, and was unable to let his cups alone. Two or three weeks later he did of hydrophobia.

NO CHARM ABOUT IT.

The did not find out just what a mount of recognition in dollars and cents would not hear of his marrying. Hence he made him come home and leave Palermo ome into the jack-pot, but, after discover-into at the polls, but I did not find out just what a mount of recognition in dollars and cents would not hear of his marrying. Hence he made him come home and leave Palermo ome into the jack-pot, but, after discover-into at the polls, but I did not find out just what a mount of recognition in dollars and cents would be satisfactory.

I was invited to join the association and come into the jack-pot, but, after discover-into the jack-pot, but, after discover-into the polls, but I did not find out just what a mount of recognition in dollars and cents would be satisfactory.

I was invited to join the association and come into the jack-pot, but, after discover-into the jack-pot, but, after disco

and Rosina. But Francesco pined and neither ate nor slept. They sent him into the country, to their vills at Sciacca for change of air. In vain. That year the cholera came into Sicily and devastated, beyond other towns, Palermo, where Rosins dweit. Francesco heard the terrible tales of suffering and re-solved to save his beloved or die with her. eldest and the youngest sister, and only one sister remained alive beside Rosina and the

Francesco sold his horse to the postmaste ty sore. She was too little to swallow the drophobia pill whole, so I asked Dr. Sam I could give it to her in parts. He concesso's people did not know what had become of him and mourned him as dead. But one day, lo and behold, who should come trotting along the road, drawing the post wagon, but the farmer's horse, who had disappeared at the same time with Fran-This clew the family, therefor lowed up, until in Palermo, with Rosina, to be done then but to accept the situation and the married infants received the bless-ing of the good Tommaso. This child-wife, Rosina, only lived two years.

> Health Authorities of Ontario Taking Steps to Stamp It Out,

There is considerable excitement over the discovery that leprosy has made its appearance in several remote parts of the Dominion hitherto unaffected. Heretofore the dread disease was believed to have been confined within the limits of Lazaretto at Tracade, Dr. Smith, the medical officer at Lazaretto. is now watching the cases reported on the

Island of Anticosts. It is believed to have been the result of intermarriage, and has secured a strong foothold, spreading out to the mainland. It appears that an infected family went from Port Mansfell, Caraquet, to the Island of Anticosts some years ago. Referring to cases in the portion of New Brunswick from which. his family removed, Dr. Smith in his report

says:
''Of late leprosy has been dying out in Trancade, but, fuding cases outeropping in the neighboring districts, I made a special tour of investigation and found a growing form of the disease between Caraquet and Shippegan, tracing also from this center several cases to other settlements which will in turn, if overlooked, become new fooi o

WAYS OUT WEST.

Little Cowboy Story From the Veteran Actor C. W. Couldock. New York Press.]

C. W. Couldock, the veteran actor, talking one day to a couple of friends of some experiences on the road, told this story: A number of persons were standing in the barroom of a hotel when a typical frontier cowboy, in red shirt and sombrero, with dapper boots, entered and insolently demanded glass of beer. The bartender, a quiet, inof-fensive looking fellow, filled the glass and set it pefore him.

set it before him.

Taking it up with a swaggering howl, he dashed it in the bartender's face and remarked: "I want you to understand that I am a blankety blank son of a gun from Texas." The bartender picked up a towel, and, while he was slowly wiping his tace, answered: "I knew what you were, but I didn't know where you were from."

The Wall of Newport.

New York World. ] Dear Georgie, we're waiting for theel PURIFYING POLITICS.

Howard Fielding Tells How He Helped Try It Once at Boston.

RUNNING A BIG WARD CAUCUS.

Good Muscle of Greater Importance Than Political Economy.

SUPREME EPPORT OF A REFORM CLUB

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] A distinguished politician of the metrop olis recently said it was the duty of the young men of this republic to go into polities and purify our political system. As a young man I tried to do a little purifying in a mild way once, and though I didn't make an entire auccess of it, my experience and observation may be helpful to other young men who will be moved to em-bark in that line of business.

I was then living in the Second ward of Boston. I remember that a well-known citizen named Gallagher, whose moral character was as beautiful as a fighting bull pup, had been nominated for Alderman by one of the two parties. I really forget which one it was; but I know that the other party seemed likely to put up one Anderson, whose saloon had a record of six more fights in three months than Gallagher's had. I' forget what his other qualifications for office were. It was at this juncture that some of the young men in the ward began to talk about reform. They proposed to nominate a decent man, and had been at work several days trying to find one when I joined the

DECIDED TO SPLIT. I remarked that they needn't look any further, but they did. This offended me so much that I split off from them temporarily, and hunted up the Second Ward Independ-



ent Association with a view to offering my services. I found the headquarters of the association one floor below the ground at the rear of a saloon. When I entered President Johnson, sitting on the end of a beer cask, was just dealing a jack-pot on the head of a barrel. Mr. Johnson was the color of the ace of spades—which he had in his sleeve. I learned that the object of the association was to obtain recognition at the polls, but I did not find out just what

come into the jack-pot, but, after discover-ing where Mr. Johnson kept the aces, I did not care to do either. After this experience I returned to the Young Men's Rejorm form politics is in the primary. We decided to go to the primary and run it right. Be-fore the night of the caucus we got so many that we felt sure of having a majority on

BUNNING THE CAUCUS.

We had determined to nominate a gentleman of distinguished lineage and high moral character who had hitherto kept aloo from politics. It was arranged that I should take the chair. We marched to the hall in a body. It was more nearly filled than we had anticipated; in fact it was entirely filled perceptible at a distance of several blocks We marched in, but were somewhat disap-pointed at being obliged to take position at the rear, for the railing was already forti-fied with about ten rows of very solid toughs.

The meeting was opened by the Chairman of the ward association, who congratulated "de boys" on the last glorious triumph, and easnally mentioned the name of Anderson whereat there were loud yells of approval. Then he called for nominanations for Permanent Chairman, and the gang with one voice suggested a person named Yates, who was President of the Second Ward Crib Club and several other organizations of the club and several other organizations of the clite. My name was also proposed by a young gentleman of the debating club who had prepared a neat speech which nobody heard. We were almost all college bred men, well grounded in political economy and the science of government, but only one of us appeared to have gained anything in college which was useful in the present emergency.

THE POLITICIAN OF THE PARTY. He had played four years in the 'varsity football team, and this matter of moving up to the railing was right in his line. The way he stood Second ward toughs on their heads was the most beautiful lesson in prac-



Taking the Chair. tical politics I ever saw. It was full of suggestions to those whose duty it is to prepare the youth of the country for participation in popular government. If it had not been for this young man, whose name was Brown, we never should have had any show at all in that caucus. By this time toughs realized what was going on and they crowded upon us. Brown put his back against me, as I hung over the rail, and received the on-slaught on his ample chest. For a moment I was in doubt whether the rail or my spine would break first; then the rail gave way, and we went through.

When we got upon the platform Brown immediately descended into the crowd to pay his respects to some of the toughs who had been particularly offensive. While he was thus engaged my supporters, who had now gained some courage, yelled for me to take the chair. But Yates had crawled under the rail, and now held the chair by the back. He was a large man with a broken nose, and he did not look pleasant.

carried me out through a window on the right of the platform. After this performance, Yates rapped for order, and called for nominations of "gents ter receive, sort an' count de votes."

Mr. Brown thereupon approached the railing and announced that I was to be one of the tellers. Mr. Yates looked Mr. Brown all over, and said he guessed that I could be a teller without the formality of a vote. Other names were suggested, and the voting soon began. I don't mind saying that if it hadn't been for Brown we shouldn't have got a dozen votes in the box; as it was we



Looking After the Count.

polled a fair number. Then we retired into an ante-room to count them.

I do not think I was much use as a teller. The others put the box on a small table and gathered about it. While they counted, I made vain endeavors to look over their shoulders and see what they were doing, but I couldn't get a glimpse of anything. When I ventured to protest, they told me to run away and play marbles.

BROWN TO THE RESCUE.

This count had been going on for about This count had been going on for about ten minutes in this way when Brown got his head into the room and wanted to know how I was getting along. I told him that they were not giving me a chance, whereupon he showed symptoms of giving another lesson in practical politics.

But the gang outside heard him and began to pour into the room. It was a small place and one side was only roughly boarded up. The result was that Yates and Brown had a heated argument alongside this partition

heated argument alongside this partition and finally Brown "rushed" Yates clear brough it, into a vacant lot back of the building, and then chased him nearly a mile over fences and through area ways. The flight of Yates showed the astuteness of the man as a politician. With Brown absent, our party was "not in it." The vote was announced: Anderson, 280; Standish, 2; and resolutions censuring the disorderly conduct of the reform club were passed. It was thus that the report was printed in the papers next morning; and though Brown finally caught Yates and put him to bed for nearly a week, the action had little political HOWARD FIBLDING.

OSTRICH NEST BUILDING.

The Lady Bird Does the Bessing, and Insist That it is Done Right.

I had an opportunity, says a Santa Anna Cal., correspondent of the New York World, writing of the ostrich farm there, of witness ing the building of a permanent nest. The female bird trotted around the lot in a peculiar manner, now and then pecking at the ground with her bill. Finally she found a spot to her liking, and scratched up the sandy loam a little with her foot. Then

Then the male bird, a handsome, blackplumed fellow, strutted over to the spot where the head of the house had scratched away the turf. He went to work with a will and soon his big, two-toed feet, armed with their heavy claws, had dug out quite a hole in the soft sand. He did not stop until he had made an excavation fully as broad as the body of his beloved mate and about a foot in depth. Then he spoke to her in ostrich language and she immediately came

There were some modern improvements which he had overlooked, perhaps, for she wasn't pleased with it exactly. She gave wash t pleased with the early. See gave him a few more instructions and sat down to watch the progress of the work. The old fellow went to work like a dutiful husband, scratched off a little more dirt here and dug scratched off a little more dirt here and dug a little deeper there, until he had appar-ently carried out the orders of his spouse. She then sat down in her nest, ruffled her feathers, kicked and scratched a little and

finally pronounced the nest a fit. Then they both went gossiping around by the fence, letting the inhabitants of the ostrich village into the secret that they had the latest improved and best appointed nest in all ostrichdom and were about to hatch a prood which should be the envy and wonder

GRASSHOPPERS IN ALGERIA.

Two Thousand Soldiers and Six Times as Many Arabs Fighting Thom.

Immense swarms of grasshoppers have invaded parts of the country of Algeria and are spoiling lots of things. Two thousand soldiers, aided by 12,000 Arabs, have been employed to fight the pest. The roadways present the appearance of a battlefield and extraordinary efforts are being made to rid the surrounding country of this insec

This is not the first time that this plague has devastated Algeria. In 1845 the vests of almost the entire country were de-stroyed by grasshoppers. From 1747 to 1749 these insects desolated Algeria, exending their ravages even to parts of

Europe.

Millions on millions of the dead bodies of Millions on millions of the dead bodies of these insects are covering at present the great roadway leading from Mascara to Mostaganim, and filling the springs and rivers. The task of killing these masses of grasshoppers is no small one. Imagine a district of 100 miles in circumference which not long ago was covered with wheat, tobacco and fig and clive trees, but now is so densely covered with grasshoppers that not a single green branch or leaf can be seen. For three years a distinguished Parisian naturalist, M. Kunkle, has been studying how to ex-M. Kunkle, has been studying how to ex-

terminate these creatures.

The best plan seems to be that of stamp ing the moving, quivering heaps with the bare feet. Shovels and other sharp instru-ments are used, but it has been noticed that the elastic layers of grasshoppers tend to re-bound after pressure and only the layers on top are crushed. Large fires have also been lighted, but the deuse smoke arising from the flames is only partly effective in preventing the descent of these all-devouring

THE FASHIONABLE SASH.

Use to Which a Smooth Young Gentleman Pat the Article. New York Press.]

Walter Wright, dressed in ultra fashion, with a pretty serge suit and a great creamcolored sash wound round his slim waist, was held at Jefferson Market yesterday for shoplifting. He was caught in Macy's on Friday by Detective Sergeants McCauley and O'Brien after he had stolen a glass layed.

jewel. When searched two feather fans, a pocket-FIELDING TOOK THE CHAIR.

When my friends shouted: "Fielding, take the chair!" Mr. Yates swung the chair around his head, and I took it. In fact, I took it just where most people take a chair, and it lifted me clear off the floor and nearly STANLEY AT OXFORD.

A Glory Hallelujah Time When the Explorer Was Made a Doctor.

AN RYE-WITNESS' DESCRIPTION.

The Students Made Themselves Heard Though the Speakers Didn't.

SOME OF THE LIVELY INTERRUPTIONS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ! Mr. Stanley is Doctor Stanley now. Venerable Oxford conferred the degree of D. C. L., honoris causa, upon six men this year, two of whom were Americans-Prof. William Watson Goodwin, LL. D., of Harvard, and Henry M. Stapley, Esq., of Brush College, Africa. There were many lord bishops and men of great learning at this commemoration, but the star of the occasion was the American explorer and newspaper man who knew less of books than anyone there, but more of men. The bronzed campaigner, as I saw him on this memorable occasion, looked oddly enough in his academic black gown and red cape, and seemed much amused at the scene of which he found himself the center. Indeed one of the jokes most heartily enjoyed by everybody was when an undergraduate yelled out in a shocked voice while he was receiving his degree and being addressed in ponderous Latin polysyllables: Now Stanley, you're laughing; you know you are!"

The students seemed to enjoy the occasion The students seemed to enjoy the occasion better than any since the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was doctored. Their enthusiasm was wild and recklessly expressed. When Mr. Stanley entered the building they received him with cheers and bravos so long continued that they absolutely drowned out all the opening speeches. So also when he was taken forward to be introduced to the Vice Chancellor, the only thing I could hear was the voice of a student roaring from the upper gallery: "Mr. Stanley. ing from the upper gallery: "Mr. Stanley,

OVERFLOWING COLLEGE SPIRIT. The collegiaus seem to have it all their own way in this great university. Before the "Doms" appeared there was an uproar equal to any I ever heard in the Pittsburg equal to any I ever heard in the Pittsburg
Oil Exchange. When any well known person would arrive they would make the roof
shake with their applause or groans and
hisses. They were very frank in the expression of their opinions. A lady with a
peculiar fan and another with a pink bonnet
were laughed at until they were glad to dispose of the offending articles, while for half
an hour it seemed as if 200 arms were swinging in the air and 100 throats were bawling
at a distinguished scholar who stood near to

at a distinguished scholar who stood near to me: "Take off that tie, sir! Off with that yellow tie, sir!"

Mr. Stanley was not made an exception to

Mr. Stanley was not made an exception to the general rule. When he entered the Sheldonian he met with the deprecating remark from the top gallery: "Mr. Stanley, you're sunburnt!"

A fair impression of how things went for an hour and a half can be had from the following nearly verbatim report of the speeches as I heard them:

Quaritur de cultu deorum—Speak up now! That's better, sir!—Quorum dictiur—That's not true! Mr. Stanley, give us a Latin oration!—Luna montes—Nonsense! Speech! speech! speech from Stanley!—Hunc Hippocrates—Hune! Hip, hip, hurrah! Three cheers for Stanley!—Honoris maximi—No doubt! Put the question now! Time's -No doubt! Put the question now! Time's up, the buttery closes at 2 o'clock!
And so it went.

QUICKLY CALLED DOWN.

It was the worst place in the world for the display of scholarship or elecutionary ability. When one speaker ventured to quote some learned authorities he was squelched with the remark: "What a cy-clopedial" When one man recited a line of his poem in a pathetic manner he was sorry for it the next minute, for all over the

sorry for it the next minute, for all over the house arose the sympathetic response: "Oh! Oh! D-o-u-'-t ery! What is it that's hurting you, sir? Bool hoo! Boohoo!"

When the public orator, who had been selected for his position because of his celebrity as a scholar, mispronounced a Latin word, immediately exactly in the tone of voice which a professor uses to a mischievous student who has just failed as usual in his regitation, he was told: "That will do.

ir! You may sit down!" When the organ played more softly than usual an audacious youth suggested: "Now is his time. Will Mr. Stanley oblige us

STANLEY SAID NOT A WORD.

In the very middle of one of the best addresses, as the orator was rolling off his most impressive periods, some scapegrace shouted: "Three cheers for the ladies—Hip,

hip! Hurrah! Now three cheers for the ueen-Hip, hip! Hurrah!" For many minutes together we could see the lips of the orators moving, but could not hear a word that was being said. Mr. Stanley did not say a word. When in the chief oration of the day he heard the word "Exploratio Africanas" and caught the idea that he was being extolled, he hung his head and blushed. Most of the time, however, a smile rested on his lips, ceive his degree amid vociferations of en-couragement, "On! Stanley On!" to the moment when he was escorted from the hall,

while every student and visitor tried to shout applause louder than his neighbor. REV. C. M. COBURN. WIT AT THE GUILLOTINE, How a Condemned Man Taught a Fanny

Fellow a Severe Lesson. Philadelphia Times.) Some years ago it was still the custom in France to conduct condemned criminals through gaping crowds of idle spectators to the public guillotine. On one such occasion the unfortunate, seated upon his coffin in the cart, heard a would-be wit in the growd

"Well, I'll bet that fellow don't feel much like laughing?"

The coarse attempt at a joke stung the prisoner, and when he arrived at the scaffold he asked that the proceedings be stayed a moment as he had a confession to make.

"Although I denied it at my trial, I had secondlies in the arima (a which, I

"Atthough I denied it at my trial, I had accomplices in the crime for which I have been sentenced, and there," pointing to the joker, "is one of them now."

Great excitement ensued and the party designated was seized by the gendarmes with no gentle hands. Out of the contusion somebody managed to drag order and the wit was placed on the scafford beside his ac-Such a fearful case of abject terror as the

joker presented was never witnessed in that somber locality. After enjoying his help-less fright for a few moments the fated con-vict said to the official in charge: "He tried to make sport of my sufferings, but the man is innocent. And as soon as he seemed to be sure that it was no laughing matter for me to be here, I was curious to see how much such a funny fellow would laugh under similar circumstances himself."

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) "I haven't had a meal in two days, and this is my last quarter," he said to the restaurant keeper, "Won't you let me

To me the book is valuable because of the airs—though I could wish for the original songs instead of Mitchell's—"

Here Maisrie, seeing that her grandfather was started on a safer subject, quietly rose; and at the first pause she said—

"I see some of the boats are putting out their lights, and that is a hint for me to be off. I suppose we shall be woke early tomorrow morning by the boats. Good night, Mr. Harris! Good night, grandfather!"

She shook hands with both, and kissed her grandfather, then she passed into the glow of that wonderful rose-palace, and sweep off the sidewalk for somethin' to "Why don't you buy a meal with your quarter? This is a 25-cent house."
"My gracious, man, you don't suppose I'd dare cat a meal here without tippin' the waiter a quarter?"
POLK SWAIPS.



A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other

Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents. SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Piccadilly with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Maisrie, on their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a noble Scotch house and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he is engaged in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburg is to procure assistance from him. Maisrie is just budding into womanhood and feels humilated when her grandfather accepts 250 from Lord Musselburg. On the way home she asks her grandfather when he will begin the work. She receives an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in earnest. At last she begs her grandfather to allow her to earn a living for the two. He refuses in his proudest vein, intimating that people should feel highly honored to have the opportunity to assist the family of Bethune of Balloray. Maisrie's mind is evidently made up to take some independent course. Young Vin. Harris overheard the conversation at Lord Musselburg's residence and became strangely interested in the young girl. He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father is very rich and given to Socialistic ideas. Vin. is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's house to secure a suite of rooms just across the street from Maisrie's home. He has an aunt who is just now busy impressing him with the importance of securing an American wife for himself. At his rooms he is greatly touched by Maisrie's tunes on the violin, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at last leads to a formal introduction of the young people. At a dinner Mrs. Ellison again urges Vin. to marry, intimating that should he marry a lady of her approval the bride should not be without a liberal dowry. Vin.'s father wishes him to become private secretary to Josiah Ogdon, a politician who plays to, the masses. Vin. is shocked at the proposal. In returning a call of George Bethune, Vin. has t

CHAPTER VI.

It was a soft summer night, cool and ragrant after the heat of the long July day; and here under an awning in the stern of the house-boat White Rose, were George Bethune, his granddaughter Maisrle and Vincent Harris, looking out upon the magic scene that stretched away from them on each hand up and down the river. All the dusk was on fire with illuminations; the doors and windows of the house-boats sent forth a dull golden glow; there were colored lamps, crimson, blue, and orange; there were strings of Chinese lanterns that scarcely moved in the faint stirring of wind; and now and again an electric launch would go by-stealthily and silently-with brilliant festoons of fierce white lights

made her way along to the ladies' cabin at the bow, into which she disappeared. Vin Harris now lit a cigar—the first during this

But when old George Bethune resume his monologue, it was neither Highland elans nor Lowland songs that concerned him; it was something that proved to be a good deal more interesting to his patient listener. It was of Maisrie's youth that he spoke, and that in a far more simple and natural way than was his wont. There were no genealog-ical vauntings, no exalted visions of what she should be when she came in for her rights; there were reminiscenses of her earlier years, and of his and her wanderings together; and there was throughout a cer-tain wistfulness in his tone. For once he talked without striving for effect, without trying oratorically to convince himself; and it is to be imagined how entirely Vincent was engrossed by this simple regital. Not causing it to look like some that there was any consecutive narrative.



gigantic and amazing insect ir. The young man could only vaguely

WATCHING THE BACES FROM THE WHITE BOSE. ather that Maisrie's father had been a radiating the dark. The smooth railway engineer; that he had married a young Scotch lady in Baltimore before going out West; that Maiarie had been born in surface of the stream quivered with reflections, here and there a rowing boat glided Omnha; that shortly thereafter her mother died; then came the collapse of certain spec-ulations her father had been led into, so that the widower, broken in heart and fortune, along, with a cool plash of oars; a gondola came into view and slowly vanished—the white-clad gondoller visionary as a ghost. Everywhere there was a scent of flowers; soon followed his young wife, leaving their child to the care of her only surviving relaand on board this particular house-boat there was but the one prevailing perfume; tive. Whether there were some remains of the shattered fortune, or whether friends for the sole decoration of the saloon consisted of deep crimson roses—a heavy splen-dor against the white and gold walls. From subscribed to make up a small fund for them, it appeared that the old man and his some neighboring craft came the tinkle of a banjo; there was a distant hum of conversation; the unseen reeds and water lilies could be imagined to be whispering in the silence. Among the further woods and meadows there was an occasional moving

that electrity the world? I wonder how many millions of generations must have suffered and wept and remembered ere that piteous cry could have been uttered; and when I come to Tom Moore's wretched triv-

when I come to flow Moore's wretched trivialities—"
"Grandfather," interposed Maisrie Bethune quickly, (for there were certain subjects that ancered him beyond endurance) "you must not forget to show Mr. Harris that old play you found—with the Scotch airs, I mean—"
"Yes, that is curious, said the old man, yielding innocently. "Curious, is it not, that long before either Burns or Scott was born, a Scotchman named Mitchell should have collected over 50 of the best-known Scotch airs, and printed them, with words of his own; and that he should have chosen for the scene of his play the Borders of the

for the scene of his play the Borders of the

for the scene of his play the Borders of the Highlands, so as to contrast the manners and customs of the Highland chieftains and their fierce clansmen with those of the Lowland lairds and the soldiery sent to keep the peace between them. The 'Highland Fair' was produced at Drury Lane about 1730, if I remember with the Tangenther was produced to the transmission of the Highlands, so as to contrast the manner and the transmission of the Highlands of the Highlands of the Lowlands of the Highlands of the Lowlands of the Highlands of the Lowlands of the Lowlands of the Highlands of the Lowlands of the Lowlands of the Highlands of the Lowlands of the Lo

was produced as Druy Laine about 1705, if I remember aright; but I cannot gather whether Ewen and Colin, and Alaster and Kenneth, impressed the Londoners much. To me the book is valuable because of the

meadows there was an occasional moving light; no doubt the campers-out were preparing to pitch their tents.

"Mr. Talkative of Prating row is hardly wanted here tonight," old George Bethune was saying unmindful of his own garrulous habits. "Music is butter. What is that they are singing over there, Maisrie?"

"The Canadian Boat Song, "grandfather."

"Oh, yes, of course; I thought it was familiar. And very pretty it sounds, coming across the water—though I do not know whether the air is modern or old. What I am certain of," he continued, raising his voice slightly as he usually did when he was about to discourse, "is that the finest was about to discourse, "is that the finest national airs are sheight beyond the imagi-nation of men to conceive. No matter when words may have been tacked onto them; the words may have been tacked onto them; the original melodies, warlike, or pathetic, or joyous, were the voice of militions of generations that passed away leaving us only these expressions of what they had felt. And if one could only retranslate them!—if one could put back into speech all the human suffering that found expression in such an air as 'The Last Rose of Summer,' wouldn't that electrity the world? I wonder how

"And thus so far we have come through
the world together," the old man continued,
in the same meditative mood. "What I
have done I have done for the best. Perhaps I may have erred; what could I tell
have the upwaring of what could I tell

equipped for the battle of the world, if it is to come to that. Perhaps I have been selfish, too; perhaps I have avoided looking to the time when she and I must, in the natural course of things, he separated. We have been always together—as one, I might say; the same sunlight has shone on us, we have met the same storms, and not much caring, as long as we warm one with the other. But so long as we were one with the other. But then—the years that can be granted me now are but few; and she has no kinsman to whom she can go, even to glean in the fields and ask for a pitcher of water. And

He suddenly sprang to his feet and finng his arms in the air as if he would free himself from this intolerable burden of despon

granddaughter were not quite penniless; for he took credit to himself that he had spent nearly all their little income, arising from this unspecified source, on Maisrie's educato which she might be called," he went on, in a musing kind of way. "And I hope I have succeeded. She has had the best masters I could afford; and something of her teaching I have taken upon myself. But, after all, that is not of the greatest importance. She has seen the world—far more than most of her years; and she has not been spoiled by the contact. I could have wished her, perhaps, to have had more of the com-panionship of her own sex: but that was not

often practicable in our wandering life. However, she has intuitive sympathy that stands for much: and if in society—which is not much in our way—she might show her-self shy and reserved, well, I for one, should not complain: that seems to me more to be coveted than confidence and self-assertion. As for outward manner she has never wanted any school mistresses besides her natural tact and her own refinement of feeling; she is a gentlewoman at heart; rudeness, coarseness, presumption would be impossible to her—" "The merest stranger can see that," Vin-

about the uprearing of a young girl? And it may be that what she is now she is in spite of what I have done for her and with her-who knows such mysteries? As for the tuture, perhaps it is better not to look to it. "Rnow many who would like to be her friends," the young man said, breathlessly. "Sometimes," old George Bethune continued, slowly and thoughtfully, "I wonder whether I have done my best. I may have built on false hopes—and taught her to d the same. I see young women bette equipped for the battle of the world, if it is

when I think of her-alone-among strangers-my Maisrie-"
His voice choked-but only for a momen

dency and doubt.

"Why," said he, in accents of scornful impatience, "have I gone mad, or what pestilent thing is this! Sursum corda! We have faced the world together, she and I.