was too mean for the great passions; he felt only the sordid ones, which to a weman are the most hate ul. And instead of qualing and fro with a finger, "the arm of Barbaroux

she looked at him with flashing eyes.
"I shall warn him," she said.
"It will not help him," he answered, sitting still, and feeling the edge of the hatchet with his fingers.
"It will help him," she retorted. "He

"It will help him," she retorted. "He shall go. He shall escape before they come."
"I have locked the doors!"
"Give me the key!" she panted. "Give me the key, I say!" She had risen and was standing before him, her figure drawn to its full height. He rose hastily, and retreated behind the table, still retaining the hatchet in his great.

in his grasp.
"Stand back," he said sullenly. "You may awaken him if you please, my girl. It will not avail him. Do you not understand, fool, that he is worth 5 crowns? And, listen! it is too late now. They are here!"

A blow fell on the door as he spoke, and

he stepped toward it. But at that despair moved her, and she threw herself upon him, and, for a moment, wrestled with him. At last, with an effort, he flung her off, and, brandishing his weapon in her face, kept her at bay. "You vixes!" he cried, savagely, retresting to the door with a pale cheek, and his eyes still on her—or he was an arrant coward. "You deserve to go to prison with him, you jade! I will have you in the stocks

She leant against the wall where she had fallen, her white despairing face seemed almost to shine in the darkness of the wretched room. Meanwhile the continuous murmur of men's voices outside could now be heard, mingled with the ring of weapons, and the summons for admission was again and again repeated as if those without had no mind to be kept waiting.

"Patiencel patiencel I am opening!" he oried. Still keeping his face to her, he unlocked the door and called on the men to enter. "He is in the straw, M. le Mayor!"

he cried, in a tone of triumph, his eyes still on his wive. "He will give you no trouble, I will answer for it! But first give me my 5 crowns, Mayor. My 5 crowns!"

He still telt so much ear of his wife that he did not turn to see the men enter, and was taken by surprise when a voice at his elbow a strange voice—said. "Five crowns my -a strange voice-said: "Five crowns, my friend? For what, may I ask?"

In his eagerness and his excitement he suspected nothing, but thought only that the Mayor had sent a deputy. "For what? For the Girondin!" he answered rapidly.

Then at last he turned and found that half a dozen had entered, and that more were entering. To his astonishment, they were all strangers to him-men with stern, gloomy faces and armed to the teeth. There was something so formidable in their ap-pearance that his voice laltered as he added, "But where is the Mayor, gentlemen? I do not see bim."

No one answered, but in silence the last of the men—there were 11 in all—entered and bolted the door behind him. Michel Tellier peered at them in the gloom with growing slarm. In return the taliest of the strangers, who had entered first and seemed to be in command, looked around keenly. At length this man spoke. "So you have a Girondin here, have you?" he said, his woice curiously sweet and sonorous.
"I was to have 5 crowns for him," Michel

muttered dubiously.
"Oh, Petion," continued the spokesman to one of his companions, "can you kindle a light? It strikes me that we have hit upon a dark piace."

The man addressed took something from

his pouch. For a momant there was silence broken only by the sharp sound of the flint striking the steel. Then a sudden glare lit up the dark interior, and disclosed the group of cloaked strangers standing about the door, the light gleaming back from their musketry and cutlasses.

Michel trembled. He had never seen

such men as these before. True, they were wet and travel-stained; and had the air of those who spend their nights in ditches and under haystacks. But their pale, stern faces were set in indomitable resolve. Their eyes glowed with a steady fire, and they trod as kings tread. Their leader was a man of majestic height and beauty, and in his eyes alone there seemed to lurk a spark of some lighter fire as it his spirit still arose above the task, which had sobered his companions. Michel noted all this in fear and bewilderment; noted the white head and yet vigorous bearing of the man who had oted even the manner in which the light died away in the dim recesses of the barn.

"And this Girondin-is he in hiding here?" said the tall man.
"That is so," Michel answered. "But I had nothing to do with hiding him, citizen. It was my wife hid him in the straw there.

"And you gave notice of his presence to the authorities?" continued the stranger, raising his hand to repress some movement among his followers.

"Certainly, or you would not have been here," replied Michel, better satisfied with

The answer struck him down with an awful terror. "That does not tollow," said the tall man, coolly. "For we are Girondins!"

"Without doubt," the other answered, with maj-stic simplicity. "Or there are no such persons. This is Petion and this Citizen Buzot. Have you heard of Louvet? There he stands. For me, I am Barbaran."

Michel's tougue seemed glazed to the roof of his mouth. He could not utter a word. But another could. On the far side of the barrier a sudden rustling was heard, and while all turned to look-but with what different feelings! The pale face of the youth, over whom Michel had bent on the afternoon appeared above the partition. A smile of joy al recognition effaced for the time the es of exhaustion. The young man, cling-

ing for support to the planks, uttered a cry
of thanksulness. "It is you! It is really
you! You are safe," he exclaimed.
"We are safe, all of us, Pierre," Barbaroux answered. "And now"—and he turned
to Michel Tellier with sudden thander in his voice-"this man whom you would have betrayed is our guide, let me tell you, whom we lost last night. Speak, man, in your defence, if you can. Say what you have to say why justice shall not be done upon you, miserable caltin—who would have sold a man's life for a few pieces of silver."

The wretched peasant's knees trembled

and the perspiration stood upon his brow. He heard the voice as the voice of a judge. He looked in the stern eyes of the Giron dins, and read only anger and vengeance Then he caught in the silence the sound of his wife weeping—for at Pierre's appear-ance she had broken into wild sobbing and he spoke out the base instincts o his heart. "He was her "I swear it, citizens." "He was her lover," he muttered.

'He lies," cried the man at the barrier. his face transigured with rage. "I loved her, it is true, but it was before her old fatoer sold her to this Judas. For what he

in talse. I too, swear it.' A murmur of execration broke from the group of Girondins. Barbaroux repressed it by a gesture. "What do you say of this man? he asked, turning to them, his voice

"He is not fit to live!" they answered in

The poor coward screamed as he heard the words, and, flinging nimself on the ground. he embraced Barbaroux's knees in a parox-yam of terror. But the Judge did not look at him. Barbaroux turned instead to Pierre Barbaroux turned instead to Pierre "What do you say of him?" he

"He is not fit to live," said the young man solemnly, his breath coming quick and

"And you?" Barbaroux continued, turning and looking with his eyes of fire at the wife, his voice gentle, and yet more solemn.

A moment before she had cessed to weep, and had stood up listening and gazing, awe and wonner in her face. Barbaroux had to repeat his question before she answered.

Then she said: "He is not fit to die." There was silence for a moment, broken only by the entreaties of the wretch on the floor. At last Barbaroux spoke: "She has said rightly," he pronounced, "he shall live. They have put us out or the law and set a price on our heads; but we will keep the law. He shall live. But, bark you, the great orator continued, in tones which Michel never lorgot, "If a whisper cacape you as to our presence here, or our names, term "weeds" was used in ar if you wrong your wife by word or deed, to signify an entire dress.

member," he added, shaking Michel to med fro with a finger, "the arm of Barbaroux is long, and though I be a hundred leagues away I shall know and I shall punish. So beware! Now rise, and live!"

The miserable man cowered back to the

wall rightened to the core or his heart. The Girondins conferred awhile in whispers, two of their number assisting Pierre to cross the barrier. Suddenly there came-and Michel trembled anew as he heard it-a loud knocking at the door. All started and stood listening and waiting. A voice outside cried, "Open! Open! in the name of the

"We have lingered too long," Barbaroux muttered. "I should have thought of this. It is the Mayor of Carbaix come to appre-bend our friend."

Again the Girondins conferred together.
At last, seeming to arrive at a conclusion,
they ranged themselves on either side of the door, and one of their aumber opened it. A short, atout man, girt with a tricolor sash, and wearing a huge sword, entered with an air of authority—being blinded with the light he saw nothing out of the common—and was followed by four men armed with

Their appearance produced an extraor-dinary effect on Michel Tellier. As they one by one crossed the threshold, the peasant leaned forward, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming, and counted them. They were only five. And the others were 12. He fell back, and from that moment his He fell back, and from that moment his belief in the Girondius' power was clinched.

"In the name of the law," panted the Mayor. "Why did you not—" Then he stopped abruptly—his mouth remaining open. He found himsel: surrounded by a group of grim, silent mutes, with arms in their hand, and, in a twinkling it flashed into his mind that these were the 11 chiefs of the Girondius whom he had been warned to keep watch for. He had come to catch a pigeon and caught a crow. He turned pale to keep watch for. He had come to catch a pigeon and caught a crow. He turned pale and his eyes dropped. "Who are—who are these gentlemen?" he stammered, in a ludicrously altered tone.

"Some volunteers of Qumpen, returning home," replied Barbaroux with ironical

"You have your papers, citizens?" the Mayor asked mechanically; and he took a step back toward the door and looked over "Here they arei" said Petion rudely, thrusting a packet into his hands. "They are in order."

The Mayor took them, and longing only to see the outside of the door, pretended to look through them, his little heart going pit-a-pat within him. "They seem to be in order," he assented feebly. "I need not trouble you farther, citizens. I came here under a misapprehension, I find, and I wish

ou a good journey."

He knew as he backed out that he was cutting a poor figure. He would fain have made a more dignified retreat. But before were, he felt, though he was Mayor of Car Tellier. These were the men of the Revo-lution. They had bearded nobles and pulled down kings. There was Barbaroux, who had grappled with Marat, and Petion, the Mayor of the Bastile. The little Mayor of Carbaix knew greatness when he saw it. He turned tail and burried back to his fireside, his bodyguard not a bit behind him.

Five minutes later the men he feared and envied came out also, and went their way, passing in single file into the darkness which brooded over the great monolith; beginning, brave hearts, another of the few stages which still iny between them and the guillotine. Then in the cottage there remaining only Michel and Jeanne. She sat by the dying embers, silent and lost in thought. He leaned against the wall, his eyes roving ceaselessly; but always when his gaze met hers it ell. Barbaroux had conquered him. It was not till Jeanne had risen to close the door, and he was alone that he wrung his hands and muttered, "Five crowns! Five crowns gone and

THE END.

THE COFFEE DRUNKARD. Once Under the Influence of the Berry Re

lense is Almost Impossible. London Standard. J In the course of his studies Dr. Mendel | sume to sfirm that I am found very few instances in which the confirmed coffee drunkard was ever cured. The symptoms constantly grow worse, and are only to be relieved by large quantities of the beverage, the abuse of which has caused them. In this way the victims go from bad greatest benefactors of humanity are war to worse, for, though well aware of the mischief being wrought, they suffer so severely that they are afraid to abandon the habit lest death should end the agony they ex-

After beginning with the agreeable in fusion of the roasted berries they are driven, in their search or something more powerful, to swallow the tincture, which, though operates for a time in the direction desired, on loses its efficacy, and has to be swa lowed in greater and greater quantities, the evil influence of the coffee being, of course, heightened by the alcohol used to extract essential ingredients. When brandy taken, only temporary relief follows, though not infrequently the intoxication produced by the latter is eagerly welcomed in orde to deaden the anguish caused by the inordi-

nate indulgence in the former.

The last stage of this peculiar disease shows itself in the sallow face and chilly hands and feet of the victims, coupled with an expression of dread and agony which settles over the countenance—a form of melancholia, alternated by hysteria, only to be temporarily relieved by repeated appl cation to the coffee por or to a strong tincture formed by steeping the crushed berries in spirits of wine. Meantime the diseased state of the body is demonstrated by the acute i flammation which is apt to supervene at any moment. A bruise, a cut, a prick or a sting, which in a healthy person would be scarcely noticed, is the starting point for inflammaseldom happens that the coffee inebriate i

long-lived. Coffee drunkards are more comme people of a nervous temperament than in the ranks of the stolid, phlegmatic folks, not easily moved by any stimulus, or who, like many Germans, pre er eating to drinking.

RELICS OF A HERO.

Diary of the King of Sweden on His Visit

to the Tomb of Charles XII. On the 31st of August, 1859, another King Charles stood surrounded by some of the highest in the land in the cathedral of Rid-Carl darholmen, in the Carolingian vault, by the side of the open sarcophagus of his rewould have you believe now, my friends, it nowned namesake. A conscientious examination corroborated on this occasion how groundless were all the suspicions that our hero fell by the hand of an assassin. Let us thank God for the certainty that his lie, so full or great deeds, had a better and, for him, more worthy ending.

I, too, was fortunate enough to be permit-

I, too, was fortunate enough to be permitted to glance at the remains of this remarkable man, be ore whom Europe once trembled, and above whose blanched temples innumerable trophies float high up in the dome, so eloquent in their silence, says the King of Sweden in his diary. The moment is as memorable as it was solemn, and the features of Charles XII. are deeply impressed on my mind. Leave was given me to break off a leaf of the laurel wreath which shadowed his orchead and to cut off a look nadowed his orehead and to cut off a lock of his bair, in remembrance of the day. To these treasures I can add two more symbolic of Charles, namely, one of the trusty awords with which he so o ten fought his way to victory, and his Bible, from the pages of which he derived those precepts that impart strength in all vicinstitudes, and which are so beauti ully expressed in the famous old war cry of the Carolingians-"With God's

The custom for widows to wear a peculiar style of cap is of Roman origin, and the wearing of "weeds" was compulsory for ten months. (See "Epistles o Seneca.") The term "weeds" was used in the Middle Ages

CLARA RELLE'S CHAT.

Girls Who Have Bald-Headed Lovers Have a Romantic Remedy.

SOME OF THE WOES OF MATRIMONY

Hints for the Proper People Who Intend to Give Dinners.

MILLIONAIRES WHO SAVE PENNIES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, 1 NEW YORK, August 30. N the appearance of a real bald-head there wicked barber, a fashionable, but neverthless woefully talkative barber, discloses one of the sweetest secrets it has ever been my lot to hear. The secret was originally possessed by the barber and

two young, trusting

hearts, but now it is known by a score or more of persons, all customers of the barber; and at last it came from one of them to me. A young man of many good points, but with none on his head was for five years a victim to the promises of the tonsorial artist, who guaranteed to bring hair out on his shiny pate, but who did not keep his word. Some men confide their love affairs to their tailors, others to their doctors, and still others to the men that mix their cocktails. This young man, upon losing his heart to a sweet and promising maiden, confided his

ion to his barber. THE LASSIE TO THE RESCUE

That worthy sympathized with him deeply, and redoubled his exertions to lure the downy fringe upon the head of Romeo, but without effect. Finally both the barber and the lover lost hope together, and it was then that the young man made a trembling proposition.

"Louise does not like a baldhead," said he, "although of course mine is not unpleus-ant to her. Nevertheless, she prefers to have it covered, and so we have reached a conclusion. I always said, you know, that I would never wear a toupee, but Louise has placed the matter in such a light that I have acceded to her desires and will have one made. Louise's hair is just the color of the fringe over my ears, you see, and it hangs away down below her waist. She is going to sacrifice enough of it to make me a toupee, and then, by jove, I shall be wear-ing the same hair that my girl does. Louise was awilly tender about suggesting the thing. Sweet of her, wasn't it? Oh, I tell you, there is nothing so beauti ul in life as a good girl when she is in love."

Romeo now appears in public adorned by a fine head of hundsome chestnut hair.

SOME QUEER WILLS. Marriages are not made in beaven as much as in the olden time. Many are of the earth, earthy; and it irequently happens that not until the death of the husband does the world get a correct idea of the fierceness of that compound known as love turned to

A few months ago a well-known man be questhed to his wie "the sum of 1 cent, in full payment of all the love and affection I ever received from her." Now another will is offered for probate in which the testator, an eccentric physician, sets forth his pecu-har views as follows: "I declare this to be my last will and testament. I claim to be perfectly sound in body; but I do not prewould stultify myself by setting up such a pretension. I have about \$60,000 or invested funds. What a vast amount of hypoc risy, sorrow and falsehood I could buy with that amount! I thought first of bequeathing it to charity. But what's the use? The and cholera. Besides, I owe a debt of gratitude to my wife, who lives I don't know where. She rendered me the greatest service in her power. She abandoned me one



Made His Burber His Confidant fine day, and I have never heard of her since. In remembrance of this kind act, I make her my sole legatee; however, on the express condition that she remarry at once. In this way I shall be sure of knowing that my death was regretted by one human being

SAW HIS OWN WIDOW.

You may smile when I tell you so, but there is a man living in a fashionable apartment up town who has actually gazed upon his widow. This favored mortal has not only seen his widow, but has photographed only seen his widew, but has photographed her. Nay, still more astonishing, on the back of the photograph you may read four obituary notices cut from New York papers and pasted there by the man himself. Mr. Carl H. is a prominent art dealer and importer of oil paintings, While on a journey last spring, a train which Mr. H., had come very near the content of the property of the content of the c taking playfully skipped the track rolled down a 100-foot embankment, eral were killed, and Mrs. Carl H. young wife, was terribly shocked to read her husband's name in the list. She telegraped

to the company to cause the body to be embalmed and shipped to her.

Now, Mrs. H. is a charming blonde, with hair of rich gold and skin like mother-of-pearl. To be sure, she would look lovely in widow's weeds and forthwith betook herself to Madam M's, and ordered a complete mourning costume to be ready in two days. Scarcely had the dress, bonnet, etc., reached the house when a telegram arrived from her lord and master, dated at Chicago, announcing that he would start on the limited that morning.

THE SECRET OUT.

Great heavens! Carl had not been smashed up at all. It was some wrong man that had been embalmed, and she now had the corpse on her hands, to say nothing of the widow's outfit. Fortunately just as the the widow's outfit. Fortunately just as the railroad people were about to ship the smashed-up Carl to her, his own people appeared and proved property. But the widow's outfit! It had cost \$200. She hadn't the money. What was to be done? At any rate, Carl must not know of it; so posting down to Madam M.'s, she gave strict orders to send no bill to the house, and promised to call with the eash in the course of a few weeks. This was entirely satisfactory, but Madam M. forgot to warn her bookkeeper, and that machine-like person not only sent a statement on the first of the TEACHING TEACHERS.

month, but as was her custom, directed it to Mr. Carl H. "In beaven's name Blanche, what doe "In heaven's name Blanche, what does this mean?" he asked.
"Why, dearie, you know when they telegraphed that you had been smashed up, and the newspapers all said you were dead, I went—and—."
"Where is it?" stammered the surprised

Carl.
"Hidden away in my trunks, dearie." Did Carl fly into a passion, and accuse the poor girl of being a cold-hearted and calculating woman? Not he; he merely Too Much Grandiloquence and Too Little

"Get it out, darling, and put it on, I want to try a new lens, and you'll make a delight-ful subject in a widow's rig." DINNER WITH PLOWERS.

I have another hint for you people who give big dinners, and I get it straight from the other side of the ocean. This winter the candalubra with wax tapers and tiny paper shades will not be so modish, and the is nothing romantic, and yet love finds a chance at times to surround it with a halo of sentiment. A wicked barber, a

"You secure five very large and very ele-gant lamps, and these you place, one in the center o the table and one at each corner, and between the center lamp and the corner ones you swing silken hammocks in æsthetic tints. These you will fill to overflowing with natural flowers, tumbled in and tumbling out, in artistic disorder. But mark you, a profusion of them, for without this you're lost. Yes, it is rather expensive. That's the only objection. But folly is



She Made a Pretty Widow always high-priced. Another objection to so many flowers is that the stifling odor takes away all desire to cut. Eat? Why, bless your simple mind, you must eat before you leave the house. Business is always be ore pleasure.

CLOSE MILLIONAIRES. But all of us are not reckless. "Economy is getting to be a vice here in New York,"

Is getting to be a vice here in New York, said a hotel keeper on Firth avenue. "Here I have a glozen families living with me on the American plan at rates that are suicidal to me. There is an old fellow over there drinking a pint of claret. He lives here with his wife, and has done so for years. During the winter he takes board on the American plan har drinking a pint of the same than the suites the same than the same American plan, but during the summer, owing to the fact that he and his wife go out of town occasionally, he imagines that it would be cheaper for him to live on the European plan.

This year I kept tally on the old fellow.

The very last day he was here they ordered dishes that would have amounted to just \$12 if they had been paying for each dish. On the following day the two started on their European plan arrangement, paying for each item as they ordered it. I never went further than the breakfast, for it would have broken my heart to have done so. The breaklasts of these two old misers amounted to just 55 cents.

WANTS TO BOARD CLERKS.

"He is twice a millionaire, mind you. He ment drinking a 50 cent bottle of claret, and he will have the barkeeper cork up hal. of it so that he can finish it in about three hours from now. Funny, isn't it. Those rich old ducks are nearly all like that. There are young tellows come in here that I know are on small salaries, and they will spend more in five minutes than that that I know are on man with the claret will in a week. He thinks more of a dollar than my bell boys do of ten. A ter having one waiter for six months, he finally put a 50 cent piece on the table one day, and calling the waiter to him, said:
"What would you do with that 50 cent

piece if I were to give it to you?'
"'Well,' replied the waiter, 'I am a married man and have children. I can usually take care of 50 cent pieces.'
"The old millionaire looked at the money

for a minute and then put it back in his "I am afraid you might spend it for drink,' said he. That was some years ago and the miser has never brought out a hall dollar since. I tell you what it is, I am going to start a hotel for mechanics and grocers' clerks. I can't make a cent out of the millionaires." CLARA BELLE.

A BILLIARD BALL'S FALL

From the Tusk of an Elephant to a Blaze fo Ivery Black.

There are few men or things that are called upon to roll into more close corners or queer stations than is the billiard ball. An elephant, either in Africa or Asia, carries it with him in his wanderings very nea to his trunk, says a writer of the New York
Mail and Express. The transition from being an elephant's tusk to being a billiard
ball in good standing is not sudden. There
are several inctories in New York City, and they say that it takes a good while to turn out a per ect ball. One-half of it is first turned, an instrument of the finest steel be ing used for the work. Then the halfturned ball is hung up in a net and is allowed to hang there for a year to dry. Then the second half is turned and then comes the polishing. Whitening and water and a good deal of rubbing are necessary for this. It is necessary in the end that the ball shall, to the veriest fraction of a grain, be of a certain weight.

It is after being placed on the billiard table that the real life of the billiard ball commences. There are pores in ivory just as there are in epidermis. These may close, and then, if in a hot room, the ball is likely to crack, or it may crack by reason of con-

eussion with other balls.

When it cracks it drops a step lower. It is sent to a factory and a small fraction of a nick is shaved off from it. You next see it in some second-rate billiard room. Finally it rolls even lower and into some secondhand shop, and thence into a Bowery saloon, where "crooks" manipulate it to the dismay and discomfiture of visitors from the rural districts. The rest is soon told. The balls become cracked, decrepit and practically useless for the purpose for which they were made. Then they are bought up by dealers, are cut up and made into smaller articles If the worst comes to the worst, they can be burned and used in the making of avory A checkered life enough is that of a billiard ball.

PERFECT HUMAN FOODS.

Simple Dishes That Come Near Supplyin All Necessary Nutriments. The New York Grocer says that the fried fishballs or the brown bread and baked beans of New England are found to contain nearly the right proportions of nutriment required to maintain an adult work-

required to maintain an adult workinguism in proper condition, according to
Voit's standard.

The pease perridge, seasoned with savory
herbs, in which a little bit of pork is stewed,
is also consistent with that standard, as are
the hog and hominy of the Southern segro,
in the proportions in which it is served—
one peck of meal to 3½ pounds of bacon for
a week's ampniv.

Bessie Bramble Thinks the Institute is Almost a Failure.

WISE MEN WHO ARE ONLY BORES.

WRONGS IN THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

Practical Thought.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCEL) There is nothing that most teachers do more growling over than the necessity of attending what they are pleased to call "the "Instituot," especiasty when to attend it means cutting off a whole week of vacation and spending a good deal of change for car fare and other expenses. However, though they still growl, things are not so bad as they once were, since, if they are very good and punctual, they can get ten dollars from the State for taking in the dry lectures and sermons of the wise men, who find in these meetings their opportunity to spread themselves and air their pet ideas, clothed in fine phrases and big words.

Most of this great annual output of wisdom goes to waste for some of the most learned men are, to say it softly, tremendous hores, and the teachers yawn over their note books and wish in their inmost souls that such speakers had sense enough to keep their mouths shut or else would speak their pieces in good plain English and not convey the idea that they had been sitting up o' nights to show themselves off as prodigies of learning. It the girls were not re-strained by fear of the superintendent they would leave the hall as vacant as was the Senate chamber when Blair drowsed away every day on his interminable educations

WHAT'S IN A NAME. Education should be a very interesting subject to teachers, but, oh, what a fearful thing it is when some long-winded men get thing it is when some long-winded men get hold of it and prose over it to an audience that knows more practically about schools than the speakers. City teachers know all about the old, old story of "the institoot;" but they know it is part of the business, and they may as well accept it cheerfully. But the growling goes on nevertheless. By the way, why not call it a convention, or an assembly, or something the teachers have learned how to pronounce correctly. To call it "the instituot," as the majority do— not as a joke, either—is somewhat sug-gestive of the Western wilds, or at least, the provinces.

Another word the speakers use is the word they pronounce "litterachoor" with a twang that would make the very stones cry out in Boston. These little matters should be noted by school superintendents, as well as the terrible slips in grammar as frequently heard. Richard Grant White says omewhere that "there is no worse English, in some respects, than that which is spoken and written by those who learn their lan guage in American public schools." That there is a large percentage of truth in this remark can be very easily proven by visit-ing the schools and hearing the magnates talk at the teachers' meeting.

EFFECT OF POLITICS. But what better could be expected when so many of the schools are in the hands of teachers who know little of what good English is themselves, and do not find that its daily murder inter eres with their ob-taining a position to teach where their political friends have "inflocence." In a sehool in Pittsburg a teacher was heard to say to a small boy, "Look a-here, you Johnnie Smith, I saw you a-pushing him. Now you sit right down there on that there

grade of culture is so mani ently low, and who form a laughing stock to some of their own pupils. That such persons find places in the schools is a measure of the brains of their school directors. Ignoraut, uneducated men are o ten elevated by the votes of their fellow citizens to the position or school director, but certainly to the diseredit o himself and his district. Superintendents have no authority to remove an incompetent teacher, and a stubborn boss of a ward can keep such an incompetent perso

THE INSTRUCTION GIVEN.

A puzzle to plain people is how such teachers, or even the host or better ones, are to be instructed and entertained by being told by one of the leaders of the profession that "Every normal activity of the soul leaves as ts abiding result an increased power to act in like manner, and a tendency to act again. Power and tendency are the resultants of all human activity. Manh od is the resultant of the past experiences of the soul. Hence, whatever power and skill manhood most in peratively demands must be secured by right ctivity and training in childhood youth, and this may be reasonably asked of the public schools. The central, guiding, determining aim of the school must be man-hood, and this is the one product that may

be demanded of the public schools. Now this is very fine and very true, but does it go to the souls of the girls who are going to teach reading, writing and arithmetic and good English only until they get married? Another man writing as to what should be done in the schools said: "It needs no argument to prove the necessity of teachprinciples of civies in the schools," It can easily be imagined how some of "the girls" will be wondering what next is to be set down as of the first importance, and as an essential to the education of every boy and girl. It might as well be stated here in order to ease his mind that the principles of civics are taught in the public schools of Pittsburg.

A REIGN OF HOBBIES. The amount of cant-educational cantthat gets an airing at these institutes is something amazing. It would seem as if ome sort, and he must have an opportunity to trot it out and impress the girls with the amount of "stuff" they know. If the lat-ter were not pretty well hardened they would stand it with much less patience than they do. But as long as they consent to be bored, they will have to endure such infliction. Being in the majority, they could very easily take the matter into their own hands. But not having a burning desire to spread themselves upon the stage, they stoic-ally submit rather than take the trouble to ct themselves.

One important matter that gets little atention at the institutes is over-working the pupils. Men are moving to secure shorter ours for themselves, so as to have more time for leisure and recreation, but it would seem to be the desire of educators to pile more and more toil upon the children. Six work to do at home to fill up the remainder of the time seems to be the order in the schools. Much complaint is being made upon this subject in European countries, particularly in Germany, where the long hours of study are said to be dwarfing and and stunting the children very perceptibly, and in addition are ruining the eyesight of

A CRYING EVIL. The same result will follow here if the pressure is not in some way removed. But to this practical point the teachers do not address themselves. Another evil of this over pressure is that the teachers are so driven with work that their evenings must be given to the examining and marking of manuscripts. They have little or no chance to keep up with new books or inform themselves on what belongs to their profession, for school work absorbs their evening hours, and even breaks in upon Sunday. Teachers never strike, but if they did, this being forced to carry work home to do at night would be a sufficient grievance.

school system: "It is the best I have ever seen, and it is abominable." The same, in some respects, might be said as to the American system, in which the object seems not so much to educate children as to get them crammed for examinations and percentages.

THE SCHOOL DIRECTORS. But perhaps the wosst evil about the American system of public schools is placing the election of teachers in the hands of ignorant men who have no idea of the proper qualifications for so responsible a position. An unskilled teacher is a calamity. With plenty of normal schools and training schools for teachers, there is no excuse for the election of accompetent teachers. cuse for the election of moompetent teachers.

There is no deense either for making a school a reward for political service.

school a reward for political service.

Although the school system is the most boasted institution in the country, nobody will pretend that very much might not be done to make them better. There should be more attention given to arranging buildings for health and convenience. Mothers should be upon school boards. Evening study should be determinedly frowned down. Teachers should not be required to take work home. Moreover, they should not be giddy girls, who hate everything about a school except the pay. Instead of being a sort of asylum for impecunious and incompetent girls—as so many are until some "ool" man comes along to install them as equally incompetent housekeepers—the equally incompetent housekeepers—the schools should be in the hands of sensible, large-hearted teachers, who have a talent and a love for the business and can raise it to the elevation its importance really de-

However, the responsibility comes back to the people themselves—no, not the people —but the voters, many of whom can themselves neither read nor write.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

FISHING FOR TURTLES. As Soon as the Game Strikes the Hock the Angler Must Rus.

While there is a great amount of pleasure in eating turtle soup, there is an equal amount in catching the "critter." During the early morning hours, after his lordship has returned from his walk, is the best time to fish for him. This may seem strange, but fishing for them is the only method used here to capture them. They will be motionless near the surface, their great heads sticking out of the water like the end of a big stick. If a fly or bug goes into the water, down goes the turtle, and in an instant it has a luscious morsel. An earthworm is a

very primitive, and consists of a strong line and a codfish hook.

Bait the hook with a large bunch of worms, and throw in where the turtle was last seen, or, if its head is out of water, throw the bait directly in front of it. The bite is very easy, and when a short pull on the line communicates the fact to the angler that a turtle is at the other end, he must act carefully and quickly. A sharp jerk will generally fasten the hook into the horny mouth, and then the fun begins, especially the turtle is a 40-pounder.

desirable feast for a turtle, and these are

generally used for bait. The tackle is

The chances are greatly in favor of the turtle if a novice is at one end of the line, and an expert fares but little better if the turtie happens to take the bait near the bot-tom. The great secret in the landing of the game is to keep it from the bottom. As soon as the turtle finds itself booked it makes for the so t mud on the bottom, and is as sale there as a covey of birds which sued by the hunter.

The novice will invariably try to land his

first turtle by pulling in the line hand over hand. By the time ten feet of the line is in there is a strong pull as it a snag had been struck, and it generally proves to be a snag. The turtle sinks into the mud, and it is almost impossible to move it.

The only way to land the game is to take

the line over your shoulder as soon as you feel the strike, and run as fast as possible. bench till I have time to give you a settler.
Then she proceeded to read a "po-um," beginning a ter this style: "Blaze with your and on the jump you are sure of the game.

As soon as it is landed it is killed by shooting it in the head.

> In One Case It Caused a Divorce, and Another Suicide. Brooklyn Eagle. 1 Nothing is more powerful to evoke remembrances than perfumes. A doctor cites the following striking example: A rich man, rather nervous and delicate, had been married for about a year and loved his wite most devotedly, when she, by chance, took

to using ylang-ylang. This per ume happened to be the one which a former ladylove had constantly used, and the comparison of the two women provoked by the similarity of scent caused the man to re-member the virtues of the absent one and the de ects of the present one so vividly that an e-trangement ensued, which terminated in a divorce. Another story had a more tragle end. The poar man who is the hero of it was

affected with too much wealth, and, there-fore, had too much leisure to think. He was also a victim to the nineteenth century disease, having too highly strung nerves, and, besides, had the great misfortune to lose a wife whom he loved most ondly. His anxious friends were somewhat reassured when his grief seemed somewhat abated after the first six months of weeping and mourning. But one fine morning they learned he had committed suicine, after leaving the following lines on his desk:

"I hoped to be able to survive my sorrow, but in looking over some of her laces I found a flask of her favorite perfume. When I tried to open it it fell, broke, and the persume spilled over the carpet, soon so filled the house with the odor that I grew crazy with the idea that she was near me and calling me to her, and I must, must an

RLECTRICITY AND INJUNS

How an Agent in the North Protected His Jog of Kentucky Goods.

Away up in the North one time I was sitting on the veranda of an Indian agent's bouse, talking with the agent himself, when I suddenly eaught sight of a dusky face peeping slyly out of the storeroom window. I was going to give the alarm but the agent made me a sign to keep quiet hangs by. The cross of the Legion may dec-and I subsided and watched. By wriggling orate a coward; and a hero may go withalong the ground like a snake an Indian had passed in front of us, concealed by the the veranda platform, and had gained the side of the house, got in a window and was now engaged in stalking a demijohn of fine old whisky which stood in plain sight only a few leet away from us. He propo a few sect away from us. He proposed to get that demijohn and gulp down a quart of the fire water the moment our heads were

turned. Meanwhile he was lying low, with hiseve on us. The agent called my attention to the boat on the river. I looked at it. As I did there rose from the storeroom a volley of sharp yells. Turning my head once more I saw the noble savage dancing trantically about with the demijohn in his hands. His contortions were a caution to Carmencita and the Nautch girls, and his voci erations would have thrilled an Italian prima donna with envy. Looking at the agent I saw bin engaged in turning the crank of an electrical chine.

When the entertainment had lasted long enough he desisted, and the Indian shot out of the storeroom window and fled across the prairie. Just a puff of brown dust passing out of sight like a shooting star. That was all we saw of him. Evidently he had received a surprise for once in his life, and was not so reserved as usual in letting fact appear.

After Him Every Day. Soston Harald.]

Lady (pityingly to tramp)-Poor

GLORY OR DOLLARS?

Success Often Wears Failure's Mask and Often Failure Wins.

EFFORT MARKED DOWN AS LUCK

While Fickle Fortune's Frown Is Considered Discreditable.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE'S DARKER SIDE.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Some of us who remembered his existence

vere recently rejoiced to learn that a former Pittsburger had "struck a streak of luck at last." It was good luck, and consequently good news; for it ever a man needed good luck, he did. Bad luck he had in excess of all need or desire. He was never in any sense a conspicuous man; the community at large took no note of him; so the community at large knew nothing whatever about the ups and downs of his career. But there were those who had interest in him, and these knew that the "ups" in his experience had been such care events that he could tell them off on the fingers of one hand; while the "downs" were so frequent that his friends always looked for him in the bottom of the furrow. And they generally found him there

Somehow he was perpetually under the har-row. The harrow was not good to him; but rolled him over and over without mercy, bruising and scratching him so that his sore places could not be counted. Some men have command of fate. Not this man. Fate had command of him, apparently, and ruled him pitlessly. Deteat became a habit with him; and the habit of defeat is a bad habit to tall into, making defeat so much easier next time. As nothing succeeds like suc-cess, so nothing fails like failure. Repeated disaster makes the victim's kindest griends cruel. They help the next disaster forward by expecting it for him. They withhold the stimulus and inspiration of their confidence. That is a privation they do not suspect. The ighter needs to expect victory; next to that he needs to have victory expected by others. It is a bitter struggle when neither of these It is a bitter s...

Success at Last.

But at last this man of failure has becom in his small way, a man of success. It is only a small way. The great public will know as little of his success as it knew of his failure. But the success means as much to him as the greater triumphs of greater men mean to them. It is his conquest of adversity, the achievement to which he had given his life. Therefore it is symbolical. Perhaps this change in the order of his experienc occupies this man's mind so fully that he Perhaps, on the other hand, he does notice it, and inwardly protests against the injus-tice of it. Certainly he has right to make

such protest. He has "struck a streak of luck," his friends say. They do not say that he has conquered difficulties, overcome obstacles, fought his way onward against discouragements which would have driven another man to nerveless despair. That is what he has done; and luck is given the credit of it. Mark the contrast. In these other times, when misfortune had him at its mercy; when hope turned her back on him; when success and he were utter strangers—then there was no talk o' luck. He himself was held accountable for all that—"there was was something wrong in his make-up;" "he did not know how to manage. Nobody said then that he had "struck a streak o luck"
—such luck as chills the luc in a man's
heart and makes his fight with circumstances a campaign of heroism.

Not Exactly Just.

Now, why should a man be held responsible for his failures and be denied credit for genuine li'e struggle like this the award should be the other way, if there is to be any such distinction. In such a case if there is any luck at all it is a thousand times more apt to be bud luck than good luck. All the force of nature and circumstance and what we call chance seem arrayed against the man who has to fight. He does not happen upon success; he wins it; he conquers it; he takes it captive with a strong then his friends say he has "struck a streak

To that extent his success does not sucreed. It fails to command a recognition where it surely ought to be recognized. Here is a man who set for himself an object to be is a man who set for himself an object to be gained. To the gaining of it he set all his strength and all his energy. He strove for it without ceasing, and with resolute, intelli-gent and unfaltering purpose. He wasoften overthrown, and from every fall he studied the lesson how to prevent another such. His final triumph was the blossom and result of ill the efforts that had seemed sailures. Surely that deserves something better than

be called "luck." And what is success, that we may recor rize it and do justice to the man who gains it? In deciding that there is more need for discrimination than we might suppose, we ust discriminate between the fact of and the rewards or success. Instead of discrimination there is apt to be much contusion here. The possession of the prize is held to stand or all the rest. It does not, Men hold the visible rewards who have ailed most dismally. Other men are denied

the reward who have succeeded grandly. Milton's Reward.

John Milton had rather more than fair uccess as a poet, but of the rewards his portion was meager indeed. His mighty ame? That can hardly be called a reward; it is simply the acknowledgement o' his success. There have been a hundred feeble pipers since, who could not even succeed in blowing one note from his trumpet, but whose failures have brought them a thousand times the reward that his success

brought him. Now and then the man who has won the medal receives it; quite as frequently the man who has won the medal never sees it; very often the medal shines on the breast of one not worthy even to touch the ribbon it hangs by. The cross of the Legion may dec-

has the hero failed? Not so. has the hero failed? Not so. Success and failure are facts of deeper significance than that. They mean other things than the dis-tribution o prizes. But they should mean that also. Desert and reward should go together as cause and effect. The man who wins should have his winnings without de-fault. While he who ails may wear the nedal of success, he who succeeds may well ask it success is not a failure.

There is a toolish half-idea prevailing that the earnest, high-minded worker should be satisfied with the blessed inner con-sciousness that he has succeeded. He should be content with the triumph of the abstract principle he has striven for. To take thought of the visible and material rewards of this world cheapens and debases the dignity of his effort. Docan't Prevent Starvatles

The visible and material rewards of this vorld are what a man lives on while he contipues in this world. The blessed inner consciousness he is sure to have it he has done good work, and done it aithfully. But he cannot support his family in a satistac-tory way upon blea ed inner consciousness. He needs the other kind of reward, also; and he should have it. It belongs to him. He has earned it, and every man owns what he has earned. To keep it from him is rob-bery; and to bestow it upon another is to proach ul article about an artist of some-thing more than national same. This artist is a worker with a high ideal, which he has

faithfully and success'ully endeavored to embody in his work. He is acknowledged and applauded by the thinking few as a prophet and apostle of artistic truth. But, like some other prophets and apostles, he was not able to make a very abundant living by his lotty labors. He had the blessed inner consciousness of success; but the visible and material rewards of success went somewhere else. He needed them, but they were not at his disposal. So he did a dreadful thing. He designed and executed some pictures for an advertising firm which had something to sell. The pictures were good something to sell. The pictures were good pictures, embodying in a small way all the high artistic principles of this man's artistle code; and he got better pay for them probably than he had got or all his other work put together. But therein lay his offense according to the critic whose reproaches I read. The artist had cheapened his art. He had degraded his high mission. Providence to the world a lofty lesson, and he had made his great talent a matter of vulgar mer-

The Stern Necessities.

Well, why did the artist make a trade of his art? Simply because he had not obtained the due reward for his legitlmate succeas. He was entitled to that as part of his wages for being a prophet and an apostle. If it had been forthcoming the advertising firm might have sued to him in vain. But the plaintive critic means, he should have sacrificed himself to his art and to the welfare of the world. The world was entitled to his highest effort in its behalf. Is the world a mendicant then, to take the best that a man has and not pay him for it? It gave this man fame; but that was only the acknowledgment of its debt to him. So long as it did not pay that debt the success of that

eminent artist was a failure.

Perhaps there is little profit in dwelling on all this. Perhaps, on the other hand, there may be a good deal of profit in it. Perhaps the time is never wasted which we give to thinking over a wrong state of things which may be righted. In that way retorm begins. And common honesty will bear a great deal of thinking upon. This particular branch of the subject has much to do with the least as well as the greatest of do with the least as well as the greatest of us. It is a small matter, perhaps; a matter remote from all our interests, that an artist of genius could not get proper pay for his proper work, and so did interior work which he could get pay for. But it is a different affair when some of its results are considered. It is a still smaller matter that the humble Pittsburger I spoke of at first should be desied the manly award of just commendation when he has triumphed after a life of bitter struggle. But that also has its life of bitter struggle. But that also has its logical relations which make it an affair of some importance to all of us.

Worthy of Thought.

Human nature has its weaknesses; and among these is a full appreciation of the prizes which belong of right to successful effort. In the minds of many men the prizes are the main thing; in the minds of all men they are well worth considering. Those who are content to work through life with only the consciousness of well-doing for reward are lew indeed. Those who would work faithfully for that reward added to the more substantial prizes are very many. It is a pity that all of these should not be able to see just what they would like to see—and ought to see—when they look into the future; but some of them are not satisfied with the outlook. In one direction they see an eminent man of genius, who put the best o his genius into work which did not bring him quite enough bread to eat. In another they see an obscure man who put all the energy of his life into a struggle against adversity, and when he had won the fight did not get a word of credit for it. Elsewhere they see men who have succeeded in living upright lives of honest hard work, without a dollar to show for it. And still elsewhere they see men—and plenty of them
—who have a large share of the prizes in return for the slightest possible amount of

hard and earnest work. These are not wholesome things to see, Now and then a man who sees them decides that success is a faiture. The prize is what he wants. The hard work of success may not win it for him; and he stands just as good a chance to get it without the work, he

way. The results of this rather frequent deter mination are of some moment to the most thoughtless among us. Without them there would not be so many people in the penitentiaries, or so many more outside of them who ought to be in. JAMES C. PURDY.

BOLTERS NOT OUTCASTS. Mesars. Hiscock, Deprw and Reld Included Among the Kickers. Harper's Weekly.1 The sharp denunciation which is directed

at Senstor Plumb and Mr. Halstead, and other Republican dissenters from the strict letter of the tariff and election bills reminds the Herald and other observers of the fact which Colonel Higginson used to remark in in 1884, that boilers, if they repent, are readily forgiven. In this State Mr. Hiscock, Mr. Depew and Mr. Reid are among the most eminent and honored Republicans. They are also among the most severely orthodox. But they all resolutely opposed the Republican Presidental candidate in

Mr. Depew was the unanimous choice of the New York Republican delegation in the convention of 1888 for President. Yet in 1872 he was the condidate for Lieutenant Governor on the Democratic ticket, Mr. Evarts is a Senator of New York in full Republican communion, but he was Andrew Johnson's Attorney General, and he agreed with the Democrats in condemning General Sheridan's course in Louislana. There are many other conspicuous and ardent Repub-lican leaders of to-day who have bolted the party candidates, and have even voted for Mr. Tilden and other Democrats. Their party defection for the time was absolute. It was very much more definite and complete than Mr. Plumb's. Mr. Plumb has voted for smaller duties on crockery, and he has expressed the hope that the people of the United States may have a chance. But he has not voted against the turiff bill, and even if he should vote against it his offense would still fail far short of the offenses of those who are now wearing party crowns

and sitting upon party thrones.

There was a New Yorker in the last century, a party man, and one of the noblest political figures and most illustrious public servants in our bistory, who said "adher-ence to party has its limits, and they are marked and prescribed by that supreme wisdom which has united and associated true policy with rectitude and honor and sell-respect." These are the words of John Jay, who practiced what he presched.

PHYSICAL POWER, Tests Which Show the Comparative Strongth of Men and Women.

In Paris a well-known anthropologist has recently carried out a series of experiments. by means of a specially devised instrument. which go to show clearly the average comparative strengths of the two seres of humanity. On this strength-testing instrument the palm of the hand hand is placed, and then the greatest downward pressure which the individual can give is exercised upon it, and the orce thus produced is recorded by the usual clockwork device.

Fifty robust men, and the same number of healthy women, both belonging to the middle class in society, with ages varying from 25 to 45 years, were tested in this way by the Prris scientist, with the ollowing results: The strongest man of the company was able to produce with his right hand a pressure equivalent to 83 kilogrammes (a kilogramme is rather more than two pounds), and the weakest to 40 kil grammes, the average being 56 kilogrammes. One curious result was arrived at—the short men were result was arrived at—the short men were all very nearly as strong as the tall men, the average difference between equal groups of the two sizes being only three kilogrammes.

The orce of the strongest women of the 30 who were selected amounted only to 44 kilogrammes, and that of the weakest to 16 kilogrammes, while the average was 33 kilogrammes.