Chronicle.'

well, no matter how we are situated. But it was shameful of them," she said, with

to write this book-all the writers them-selves-they were known to himself per-

and taken advantage of my grandfather's

She could say no more just then, for there

was a sound below of the door being opened and shut; and the next minute they could

hear old George Bethune coming with his active step up the flight of stairs, while he

of the Cameron men!"

The little dinner in the restaurant that

evening was altogether unlike those that had preceded it. The simple and innocent

gaiety—the sense of snugness and good com-radeship—appeared to have fied, leaving behind it a certain awkwardness and re-

straint. Vincent Harris was entirely per-plexed. The story he had heard from

he was allowed to have everything, his own

and her tears, and the hoplessness and soli-

as a callous and culpable indifference.

Mr. Bethune; but I have just heard fro

Maisrie glanced timidly at her grand

you please. A grand subject; for surely these natural and simple expressions of the

ductions of the professional poet. A single verse—rough and rugged as you like—and

ten in leisure all their lives; it is but s

is from the heart-and it speaks to the

"But, grandfather," said Maisrie, "you

"What matters it who compiles the pages?—that is nothing at all; that is, in a measure, mechanical. I am only surious that it should be well done, with tact, and

discretion, and modesty," he continued-and with such obvious sincerity that Vin-

cent was more than ever perplexed. "For the sake of old Scotland I would willingly

give my help for nothing—a little guidance here and there—a few biographical facts— even an amended line. But after all the men

must speak for themselves; and well they will speak, if the public will but remember

hat these verses have for the most part been

thought of during the busy rush of a com-

mercial life, and written down in a chance evening hour. It will be a message across the sea to show that Scotland's sons have not forgotten her. MacGregor Crerar—Hugh Ainsile—Evan MacColl—Andrew Wanless

-I wonder if they have got Wanless' ad-dress to the robin that was sent to him from Scotland-you remember, Maisrie?

There's mair than you, my bennie bird, Hise crossed the raging main, Wha mourn the blythe, the happy days,

Sweet bird, come sing a sang to me, Unmindfu' o' our ills;

And let us think we're ance again 'Mang our ain heather hills!

The book will be welcomed by many

see more than one or two copies in the book-seller's windows. Then I hope Blackwood will have a friendly word for it; and I am sure Mr. Carmichael will allow me to give it a hearty greeting in the Weekly Chron-

"But grandfather," said Maisrie, almost

piteously, "surely you forget that you under-took to bring out this book yoursell?"
"Yes, "yes," said he with perfect good humor. "But 'the best laid schenes o' mice

and men, gang aft agley.' And I do not grudge to some other what might have been

mine—I mean the association of one's name with such a band of true and loyal Scotch-

men. No; I do not grudge it; on the con-trary I am prepared to give the volume the most generous welcome in my power; it is not for a brother Scot to find fault in such a

They'll never see again.

were to have written the book!"

and will be published immediately.

and perhaps Vincent, thinking of Maisrie, serviceable

tariness of her position, may have been in- only honest, as it is the most wide

So he turned away, leaving the poor woman so overwhelmed that she had hardly a word of thanks; and when she had gone for some little distance all he said was—with something of a rueful laugh—

"There went my luncheon; for I promised Maisrie I should not return home till near dinner time." "And you have left yourself without a farthing?" the young man exclaimed. "Well, that's all right—I can lend you a

few sovereigns."

'No, no," said old George Bethune, with a smile, and he held up his hand in depreciation. "I am well pleased now; and if I should suffer any pangs of starvation during the day, I shall be glad to think that I can andure them better than that poor

I can endure them better than that poor creature with the long tramp before her. To-night," said he, rubbing his palms to-gether with much satisfaction, "to-night, when we meet at Mentavisti's, I shall be all the hungrier and all the happier. Ah, must you go now?—goodby, then! We shall see you at 6:30, I suppose; and meantime, my friend, dismiss from your mind those cares and anxious thoughts about the future.

"To the gods halves the manner."

'To the gods belong the morrow!''

Now this little incident that had just hap-Now this little incident that had just hap-pened in Hyde Park comforted Vincent ex-ceedingly. Here was something definite that he could proudly set against the vague and unworthy suspicions of Mrs. Ellison. Suresplendid audscity and self-confidence. He had an old head on young shoulders; and it needed no profound reflection to tell him that life could not always consist of the Restaurant Mentavista and La Claire Fon-

[To be Continued Next Sunday.] CATTLE ON THE SEA.

Horrible Cruelties Which May Load to

Prohibition of Shipping. A crusade is on to prevent the abuse of eattle on the ocean, says the Boston Herald. Samuel Plimsoll, ex member of the British Parliament, a well-known humanitarian,

was the author of the crusade, aided by his brother, Henry D. Plimsoll, who has been sent to America to interest Congress in the matter, to prepare reliable statistics as to actual losses of cattle at sea, and to secure evidence of the alleged cruelties which, as stated, had been committed on shipboard. August 13 the announcement was made that Parliament had been petitioned to prohibit the transportation of live cattle across the Atlantic after January 1, 1891.

Atlantic after January 1, 1891.

The effect of such an enactment would be a hard blow to the American export trade in live cattle, while it would greatly increase the shipment of dressed beef (in ships fitted with refrigerator apartments) of which tremendous quantities are now annually excepted. ported. Mr. Plimsoll, while considering the economic questions involved, mainly rests his case upon humanitarian principals, and the arrangement he presents, with respect to the inhumanities alleged to be practiced, is truly startling.

On board a steamer which entered the

port, 50 beasts were killed during a hurri-cane which lasted four days. The manner in which these beasts met their death is hocking to contemplate. Their bulky bodies, rolling two and fro, were dashed against each other, their horns goring whatever they came in contact with until they became masses of bruised and quivering flesh, from which life at last departed when agony and exhaustion had done their cruel work. Mr. Plimsoll relates with culminating de-

tails the horrors resulting from overcrowd-ing, prominent among which is the practice of clubbing, stabbing, etc., by attendants, to keep the animals from lying down, as once down an animal is almost surely killed by trampling. The ship's officers are powerless, as the cattle, to them, are only freight, and the attendants are responsible only to the shippers.

FIFTY-TWO TRETH GERMS.

That is What the Delicate Little Jaw of s Baby Contains. The development of teeth germs, from infancy to mature life, is one of the most interesting phases of human growth. Pass the finger along the tiny jaw of the new-

comer. Not only is there nothing which presages future teeth, but the jaws themselves seem too delicate and frail to become the sockets for such hardworking portions of the anatomy. Yet there are 52 tooth germs hidden there. Twenty of these are for the temporary teeth, with which, in due time, the child will begin to gnaw or chew his way through life; the others include the permanent set and the molars, none of which begin to make their presence known till the child is about 6 years old, and the "wis-dom" teeth do not usually appear till about

the age of 18.

The little pulp-germ grows and develops The little pulp-germ grows and develops till it approximates the shape of the tooth it is to become; then it begins to calcilly, forming the dentine part of the crown, while the enamel is deposited by an independent process. The surface of the crown attains its full size before the process of elongation commences. Then gradually it pushes its way outward through the gum, absorbing the tissue as it advances till the pure white enamel peeps out, to the mother's great delight.

peeps out, to the mother's great delight.

The process of "teething" is invariably one of disturbance, especially if the outer membrane or skin of the gum proves tenacious. In this case it should be lanced—an operation which is humane, in that it re-lieves the discomfort of the child, and is entirely harmless, as there is seldom any hem orrhage worth the name, and if there should be a slight flow of blood it readily yields to simple treatment. The application of a dust of powdered alum is usually sufficient.

The Hair Side Should Run on the Palley and Air Holes Are Advisuble.

Wade's Fiber and Fabric.] It should be the hair side of a belt next the pulley, although it seems at first thought, contrary to reason. Practice decides, without exception, in favor of the hair side. Probably the reason commonly given of gaining very large contact with the surface of the pulley is the true one. A smaller amount of elastic air is held between the belt and pulley. If the belt is to slip as a condition of a test, I should say that the rougher side, that is, the flesh side, would give a greater resistance to the slipping but. give a greater resistance to the slipping, but no belt known to mechanics carries a greater

amount of power than the band saw, a steel belt which plows its edge through lumber at belt which plows its edge through lumber at a perfectly astonishing rate.

There are two ways of improving the pull of the belt (both 1 think patented), which support the air cushion theory. Holes are punched in, in one case the belt, in the other the pulley. These holes theoretically allow the air to between belt and pulley to escape. The result is a decided gain, although it is evident that the plain surface of possible contact is lessened, probably the practical surface, i, e., the working surface is increased.

paris model, some tracing paper, a lump of colored chalk and his tools. He has the pattern traced on the paper and this he transfers to the stone by cutting the paper away between the lines of the pattern and following these lines with the colored chalk on the stone. He then verifies the transferred pattern has transferred pattern by measuring from one important point to another on the model. Then he puts the chisel against the line, strikes it with the mallet, and the work is begun. It is slow work and the carver must keep his eye closely on the model so as to follow as much in spirit as possible the de-

of Commerce, and several other banks. The Carnegie Free Library in Allegheny. Hussey building, has an interesting might be expected in a building of its pretentions. It comes from a lump of clay, in the hands of an ingenious man with an idea

Working at a Dizzy Height, thing that is left to his workmen. Almost every building in Pittsburg bears the im-press of this young man's gifted hand. The few exceptions are those that were in charge

of Eastern firms, which have their own artists in stone, though they quite frequently make "copy" rather than original work.

Carving in stone or granite is as far as it has got in Pittsburg; no marble for buildings is cut here. And private houses have comparatively little stone work. It so have comparatively little stone work. It so far is confined to the public buildings and business blocks of the city. MARION CRAWFORD GALLAHER

CAPTURING PORPOISES. Exciting Fights Waged by the Indians in the Waters at Causo. Soston Herald.1

The harbor of Causo is not one broad which is a narrow but deep channel, making down between an island and the main land. Boats use this as a safe passage to the sea day after day, while for capturing porpoises it is without a rival. The whole thing is managed adroitly. A seine is stretched across one end or opening, the captives are driven in, then the remaining outlet is seined across, and immediately the march of death begins. Such proceeds in a

The Indians are experts at spearing then and to watch the fearful gyrations of one of these wounded animals with a whirling boat and a swarthy savage attached is a sight never to be forgotten. Human ingenuity and skill conquer in the end, and after the fearful race up and down the harbor-right side up, wrong side up, matters not, so long as the "poppus" is held by the Indian—is ended, there are so many gallons of splendid oil for booty and a memory to last all one's

When the mackerel and porpoise schools furore of excitement. If it happens on a week day, well and good; but should it occur to these creatures to make their annual call on the Sabbath, is is all the same. At once the churches are emptied. The sermon, hastily abridged, has to be put awide without a bar. abridged, has to be put aside without a ben-ediction often, and the minister is saved from writing "an extra." The people argue: "If we must live and the Lord sends the fish on His day, it is our duty to catch them"-being a remunerative, if not exact-ly orthodox belief, at which one cannot won-

PICKING THE EARS

A Person Should Never Put Anything bu His Elbow in the Organ.

their ears" with the heads of pins, ear spoons, etc., frequently suffer from small abscesses in the parts irritated. These are called aural furuncies, and are not only exceedingly annoying, but often very painful. A wise old doctor once cautioned a patient never to put anything into his ear but his elbow. This is good sound advice, which all should follow, and if they do they will seidom if ever be troubled with the abscesses in question. When one of them forms, says a writer in the Boston Herald, it is well to use the following mixture: Menthol, 15 grains; sweet oil, five drachms. Wet a small piece of cotton with this and gently press it back into the passage to the ear until it lies over the abscess. Renew the application twice a day. Apropos of this, a sad case of ear trouble has recently few weeks ago a bug crawled into the ear few weeks ago a bug crawled into the ear of a young man, causing, of course, much discomfort. He sought a physician, who endeavored to remove the intruder, using instruments wholly unsuited to the purpose. The result was he tore out completely the drum membrane of the ear, and yet the bug remained behind. Then he syringed out the ear, as he should have done in the first place, and so expelled the offender. The victim of this operation is "stone deat" on the affected side.

SIMPLE WEATHER PROPERCY. How to Feretell Rain and Squablue by

Color of the 5ky.

Laning, in his "Westber Wisdom."

A deep blue colored sky, even when seen through the clouds, indicates fair weather; a growing whiteness, an approaching storm. When the sky in rainy weather is tinged with sea green the rain will increase; if with deep blue it will be showery.

A bright yellow sky at evening indicates rain. A pale yellow sky at evening indicates wet weather. A neutral gray sky at evening indicates wet weather fair weather. The same

in the morning indicates wet weather.

Haziness in the air, which fades the sun's light and makes the orb appear whittish or ill-defined, or if at night the moon and stars grow dim, indicates rain will follow. CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

is Not to Stand Off and Bewail Corruption in Politics.

BUT TO FIGHT AT THE PRIMARY.

The Preacher's Delicate Position Regarding

RIGHT OF WOMEN TO THE BALLOT

What is the duty of a professing Christian in regard to matters political? Let us admit, for sake of argument, that the political atmosphere of existing parties is im-pregnated with missma deleterious to good morals; that to a large extent parties are controlled by unscrupulous men; that nominations are made in questionable places; that whisky plays a prominent part in these nominations; that large sums of money are raised and used for purposes of corruption; that men are induced to prostitute their dearly bought electoral privileges for filthy lucre; that votes are not always justly counted, and that machines control the will of the people. These and many other indictments, suppose them to be proven, what then?

Says the honest, moral, Christian man: "I don't want to touch your dirty politics. I cannot keep my self-respect and mingle with

such people."

My friend, you are wrong. To protect your country from foreign invasion would you not take your rifle or sword and fight with might and main? Indeed you would. And yet you will allow an invasion from the political Dick Turpin, who is so ubiquitthe political Dick Turpin, who is so ubiquitous that every department of Government,
you say, is under his control. Is this logic?
Is this true patriotism? Every citizen owes
it to his country to sink his personal convenience and his sentimental seclusiveness
when men are being chosen for public
office. It is a matter of vast importance what character of men sit in
our municipal, State and national legislatures. The tremendous strides this great tures. The tremendous strides this great nation is making in numerical and material progress makes it more necessary every day that her affairs should be in the hands of competent men. Leaders there must be and always will be, but bossism and ring rule must be obliterated. This can never be done until more clean men take an interest in politics. Among the masses of corrupt politicians that curse our land there are many pure men, who manage to leaven the lump in some degree, but they need reinforcements from the ranks of conservatism, that conservatism which thinks that politics are too dirty for esthetic fingers.

Go to the Primaries. How can a foul vessel be cleansed? By allowing it to collect still more foulness, or

by drenching it with pure water? The rankest sewer can be flushed if sufficient water be sent through it. The more water the more certain the purification. If the few pure men in our political system save it from utter corruption and decay, would not an increased number still further annul that which is deleterious? Men of evil instincts are not going to nominate exemplary persons to represent them. The pot-house politician is more likely to vote for his own kith and kin than any other. It is a sad fact that, as a rule, rogues are more claunish and stand by each other better than honest men do. Provinty is a very word this. men do. Propriety is a very good thing it its way, but it sometimes becomes cantish, and I hate cant. The physician who dis-sects the dead body of a man who has died of some loathsome disease, does not have a pleasant job. He who removes a cancerous growth with the sheet of water by any means, for it abounds in queer openings and channels which are rare surprises to one. There is the Tickle, convenience and schools himself to un-pleasant things in the search of knowledge. It may be a delicate, difficult and very bnoxious business to enter the arena of politics and amputate its mortifying limbs. It may not be refreshing to act as a scavenger, but it seems to me to be a duty all good men owe to themselves and their posterity. I am afraid we are many of us like the British member of parliament, who only made one speech during his whole career. A matter of national importance was being discussed. Watching his opportunity, the provincial M. P., with much gusto arose to his feet, and addressing the Speaker, said:

"There is a great deal of talk about postarity." erity. Posterity indeed; I would like to know what posterity has ever done for us. Yes, gentlemen, if you want polities to be pure, and you yourself belong to that category, hie you to the primary meetings and infuse a little of your virtue into them."

The position occupied by the preacher in this connection is unique. In his congregation he has Democrats and Republicans, Prohibitionists and Greenbackers. He has to watch very carefully that he does not offend some of these. If he speaks of Thomas Jefferson as an illustration of elevated simplicity the Republicans begin to prick their ears and look a little sour. He may say a good word for Mrs. Cleveland, but it he should extol Grover he is a goner. Although General Grant has passed into history as one of its fixed stars he must not be landed too freely or your Democratic Christian will kick. It is better for a minister to give poli-tics the cold shoulder in the pulpit if he de-

sires to escape having a tottering time when he pays his next pastoral or social visits. When some great national question which is likely to touch the life of the nation or impede the onward progress of Christianity People who are in the habit of "picking is on the carpet, the preacher disgraces his calling who does not strike out right and left in defence of his country. But it is not advisable for a minister to be hob-nobbing around among politicians, standing on the streets and haranguing little crowds, venti-lating his opinions and denouncing other people's. His office is a spiritual one, and you cannot do a man very much good spiritually if you are openly and radically op-posed to him politically. I would not have a minister so far removed from his citizen-ship that he declines to yote. Neither do I think it necessary that he should put his light under a bushel. If a man sacrifices his rights of citizenship for fear of offending a few cranks who do not think the same as he does, he makes a mistake. He should ever preserve the dignity of his mannood invic-late, but it is not essential that he should sing a song at every street corner just to let the public know where he stands. He may very quietly let it be known where his affiliations take root. It he does this in a modest and becoming way, without seeking to give offense, he will not incur the displeasure of anyone worthy of his friendship.

Privileges of Public Official

The line between offensive partizanship and legitimate advocacy on the part of those in public office is not easy to define. It hardly seems right to deprive a man from advocating that which promotes his own advocating that which promotes his own best interests, and yet an officious, overbearing domination is productive of results which taruish our system of universal and unconditional franchise. Thought ul men are not willing to agree with those who hold that a public officer of the United States should be excused even from voting while in office. This would deprive thousands of our most intellectual people from exercising the one grand privilege which is the birthright of every American.

Women and the Reller.

Woman's position in a political sense is peculiar. There are only one or two things which can be said against woman suffrage, and they are not issurmountable objections.

gent, refined American woman, whose he band's bones lie mingled with the dust Southern battle-fields, a woman who ? done so much and made so many sacrififor her country, and from that picture tu for her country, and from that pleture to the drunken brute in the gutter, remer bering that he can vote while she cannot, look in vain for the justice of it.

Mrz. John A. Logan, Mrz. Grant, Mrz. Garfield, Mrz. McClellan, and thousands o our soldiers' widows, who are wearing the weeds of sorrow long before they would have done so but for the untimely death of those dearest to them. have no value in making dearest to them, have no voice in making the laws which govern them, whereas thou-sands of men who trampled the flag of their country in the dust and filled a million graves, are permitted not only to vote but to

When I look into the home of an inte

SERVANTS CENTURIES AGO.

How They Were Treated and How They Acted in Shakespeare's Time. Chambers' Journal.]

occupy leading positions in the councils of the nation. All this may be right. It may be justice, but for the li c of me I cannot see it.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

In the time of Shakespeare domestic service was in a state of transition; the old system was decaying, the new one springing into life; and if one may be allowed to judge from casual references scattered throughout the plays of the poet the new order does not appear to have been altogether satisfactory. In "King Lear"—to take one example—Kent denounces Oswald, the steward, as a "knave, a rascal and eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beg-garly three-suited, 100 pound, worsted stocking knave."

From Shakespeare's plays it further ap-

pears that the servants of the period were companions and confidents of their master, and that they were generally sly and pil-fering, and players of practical jokes. In great families it was customary for serve to take an oath of fidelity on their ent into office. Posthumus alludes to the when he says of Imogen's servants:

Her attendants are All sworn and honorable.

The condition of servants at this period was therefore peculiar, and it is clear that they were ruled by a curious mixture of stern discipline and great laxity. One mode of enforcing obedience was by imposing for-feits or fines, some of which are enumerated by Sir J. Harrington in his "Nugae A. tique." For being absent from prayers, for uttering an oath, for leaving a door open, or "for any follower visiting the cook," a fine was inflicted, while in another set of rules it is provided that

If anyone this rule doth break, And cut more bread than he can eat, Shall to the box one penny pay. In case an offender should refuse to pay "direct without resistance," provision is made at the conclusion that

Each one here shall be assistance And he that doth refuse to aid By him one penny shall be paid.

THE PORTER IN HIS PALACE. No King Ever Ruled With a Tyranay More Unrelenting and Severe.

Boston Courier, 1 A gentleman who was traveling on a sleeping car and who was to alight at about 3 in the morning, gave the porter explicit

directions to wake him at the proper time, and went to sleep. About midnight the porter came and aroused him. "Excuse me, sah," the porter said. "but I lorgut whare you's goin' to get off."

The passenger, not much pleased at this interruption, repeated his directions, and then again addressed himself to sleep. He slept until a few minutes of the arrival of the train at the point where he was to stop, when he fortunately awoke. Looking at his watch, he discovered that he had barely time to get dressed, and he scrambled into his clothes with a celerity from missing his station, all the time saying

As the train drew into the station, where it made a stop of only a moment, the gentle-man hurried out of the car, and as he did so passed the porter, sound ...sleep on a seat in the smoking room. With a poke of h

valise the passenger awakened him. "I say," he demanded, "why didn't yo call me as I told you to? I came very ner sleeping over." The porter drew himself up with sleep

dignity, suppressing a yawn and rubbir his eves open.

"On dis car," he returned with the air of one who had been grossly insulfed, "dar aint none of the assengers lowed to wake up the porter, an you'll have to wait till dis individual wakes up of himself before you can get any such question answered."

With perfect coolness he laid himself

down again, and the passenger hurried out of the car without waiting to continue the conversation.

BISMARCK EATS DRY.

Restrictions in Regard to His Stimulante and His Favorite Weed. London Weekly.]

At luncheon I observed that Prince Bismarck drank nothing with his food, and asked him whether "eating dry" were a habit of his own choice or an article in the dietecedetio grawn for him by his famous "Leibarzt," Dr. Schweninge.

"The latter," he replied. "I am only allowed to drink thrice a day—a quarter of an

hour after each meal-and each time not more than half a bottle of red, sparkling Moselle of a very light and dry character Burgundy and beer, of both of which I extremely fond, are strictly forbidden to me, so are all the strong Rhenish and Spanish wines, and even claret. For some years past I have been a total abstainer from all these generous liquors, much to the advantage of my health and my 'condition,' in the sport-ing sense of the word."

ing sense of the word."

"Formerly I used to weigh over 17 stons. By observing this regimen I brought myself down to under 14, and without any loss of strength—indeed, with gain. My normal weight is now 185 pounds. I am weighed once every day by my doctor's orders, and any excess of that figure I at once set to work to get rid of by exercise and special work to get rid of by exercise and special regimen. I ride a good deal, as well as walk. Cigar smoking I have given up altogether, of course, under advice. It is debilitating and bad for the nerves. An inveterate smoker, such as I used to be, probably gets through 100,000 eigars in his life

deep bowl, one after each meal, and I smoke nothing in it but Dutch knaster tobacco. which is light, mild and soothing." TORACCO AND CIVILIZATION

nies, their rapid growth in the century pre-

No New Faith Ever Traveled as Fast as the Habit of Smoking. Prof. Shaler in Scribner. ] The development of the American colo

ceding the American revolution, depended in a large measure on a botanical accident, viz., on the introduction of tobacco into the commerce of the world. No contribution No new faith has ever traveled so hast and far among men as the habit of smoking. In scarce a century from the first introduction of the plant in Europe, its use had spread to nearly half the peoples of the Old World. The eastern coast of America, from the Hudson southward to South Carolina, is peculiarly well suited for the growth of the tobacc plant, and the rapid extension of the British colonies in America, which brought their population at the time of the Revolution to a point where they numbered about one

a point where they numbered about one sixth part of the English people, was largely due to the commerce which rested upo the use of this plant.

If he reaches a fair average age. But he would live longer and feel better all his time if he did without them. Nowadays I am restricted to a long pipe, happily with a

from newly discovered lands has ever been so welcomed as this so-called noxious weed. No new faith has ever traveled

Men and Issues.

sign of the modeler.

Stone carving in Pittsburg buildings is of Stone carving in Pittsburg buildings is of recent growth. Ten years ago there was none of it here; five or six years ago it was introduced, when the Court House was built. Not an important building has been put up since in which stone carving has not a significant place. There is the Masonic building, on Fitth avenue, with its delicate filigree work over the windows, and the Pittsburg National Bank of Commerce, and several other banks.

SOME BAD EXAMPLES.

Everyone has laughed at the absurdities in carving, adorning the new postoffice, from the bangled woman of lashion to the monocle-eyed-mutton-chop-whiskered Englishman that are the most atrocious examples of the paucityjof the brain that conceived them.

The most of the carved stone work in Pittsburg is by a young Italian. He makes all his models himself, and sometimes does the carving in stone, though as a general

the delicate relief is pressed out. The rosette is a sort of conventionalized four-leafed clover, and the model of it doesn't take more than five minutes to make. MAKING THE MOLD.

plaster, and the interior of the mold is made perfectly clean by a little soap and

tells at once where the mold ends and the coat begins and is a guide to the workman EFFECT OF THE WEATHER.

to the larger piece. The rosette comes to an



the day, for the cast, not being sufficiently hard when the mold was broken from it, tap of the mallet penetrated and one of t clover leaves came off entire. Though the ten fingers of the modeler are his most important aids in working with clay, he has a little collection of tools. They are all hard wood; so beautifully finished that the material easily would be mistaken for ivory or bone. Some of them are per-fectly straight, others curiously carved and still others have a flattened surface at either end. They are all small, being not mor than six to nine inches in length. They ar formed with due regard to the various straight lines and their combinations, which

WORKING IN STONE The carving requires only fair skill after a good model has been furnished. But some of the very handsome ornaments on buildings, such as the dragons I mentioned on the Hussey block, or the ones on the Marine Bank, on Smithfield street, the modeler

Bank, on Smithfield street, the modeler himself cuts into existence.

Perhaps everyone has given at least a cursory look at the German National Bank, now going up on the corner of Sixth avenue and Wood street. Last week the carvers were at work on the ornamental caps over the windows of the sixth floor. It is rather a dizzy height alongside the workmen, and though high, it is not an uncomfortable position, for there is a tiny awning everhead to shield the carver from the blaze of the summer sun. The stone is always in it's place in the building before the carver puts a stroke to it, 'or, if it were done otherwise, there would be danger of damage to the ornamental work, and of chipping those parts in prominent reliet.

GUIDES FOR THE BYE.

GUIDES FOR THE BYE.

ly the man was no specious impostor, no sham preacher, no crafty schemer, who could so readily empty his pockets, and look forward to a day's starvation in order to help a poor and unknown vagrant woman? No doubt it was but part and parcel of his habitual and courageous disregard of consequences, his yielding to the generous impulse of the moment; but, if the truth must be told, Master Vin was at times almost inclined to envy old George Bethune his

taine.

bility of something more."

He was silent now and abstracted; as he walked on he saw nothing of what was around him. "Come, come, my friend!" George Bethune

attachment is a very pretty and engaging thing; but it must not be taken too seri-And here for a second a flash of resent-

worship of Mammon would seem to be the | me another beautiful, interesting, satisfac tory day, that I am determined to enjoy to the very utmost of my power. Look at those elm-trees—at the water down there— at the moving clouds; isn't it wonderful to

> ment when these things are made visible to Vincent perceived in a kind of way what the old man meant; but he did not under-stand why this should make him less concerned about Maisrie's position or less wist-

manner of life-it you will allow me great difference in Massrie's circumstances. Vincent had been listening in a kind o

fall on the stairs, or when he happened to look up at the table to find her regard fixed on him, there was no wild desire for a declaration of his fond hopes and dreams. nature, but in these new circumstances she might find herself confronted by other duties. Enough said, I hope, on that point. And well I know," he added, with something of a grand air, "that in whatever sphere Maisrie Bethune may be placed, she will act worthily of her name and of the obligations it actuals."

himselt—if only sunshine, and sweet rains, and soft airs were propitious! It was the wide, white days of June that were wanted for her, before the weeks and the months went by, and darkness and the winter came.

not for a brother Scot to find isult in such a case, or to be niggard of his praise. I hope we are capable or showing to the world that 'we're a' John Thampson's bairns.'"

Maisrie was growing desperate. Her grandfather would not understand; and yet how was she to speak plain—with Vincent listening to every word? And yet she knew that now be was aware of all the circumstances. a vision; the sound of it, faint, and and, and ominous, still lingered in his ears. stances; concealment was impossible; and so she forced herself to utterance.

"Grandfather," she said—and her face was flushed a rose-red, though she seemed to take no heed of her embarrassment, so carnest and imploring was her speech, "you cannot forget the obligations you put yourself under—to Lord Musselburgh and Mr. Carmicheel and perhaps others. You undermichael, and perhaps others. You und took to write the book. If that is impossi now, it is a great misfortune, but at least there is one thing you must do; you must explain to them what has happened, and give them back the money."

The old man could no longer shelter him-

self behind his gay and discursive optimism; e frowned impatiently.
"I have already told you, Maisrie," said

—and I am never sure of my grandfather, because he can believe things so easily." She was calmor now; and on her face there was the curious look of resignation that he had noticed when first be saw her, and that seemed so strange in a young girl. "I might have expected this," she went on, absently and sadly. "My grandfather can persuade himself of anything; if he thinks a thing is done, that is enough. I am sure I have urged him to get on with this book—not that I thought anybody could be so mean and cruel as to step in and forestall him—but that he might get free from those obligations; but I suppose when he had once arranged all the materials in his own mind he felt that the rest was easy enough and that there was no hurry. He takes things so lightly—and now—the humiliation—well, I shall have to bear that—"

"I say you shall not," he said, hotly. "I claim the privilege of a friend, and you cannot reluse. Who are the people to whom your grandfather is indebted over this volume?" he demanded.

"For one, there is Lord Musselburgh." "I have already told you, Maisrie," said he, in severely measured acceuts, "—and you are grown up now, you might understand for yourself—that there are times and schools when the introduction of business matters is uncalled for, and, in fact, unbecoming; and one of these is, surely, when we come out to spend a pleasant evening with our young friend here. I do not think it necessary that we should discuss our basiness affairs before him—I presume he would consider such a thing somewhat inapprepriate at a dinner table."

Maisrie's lips quivered: and her grand-Maisrie's lips quivered; and her grand-father saw it. Instantly he changed his

wolume?" he demanded.

"For one, there is Lord Musselburgh,"
she said, but indifferently, as if no hope lay
that way. "And there is Mr. Carmichael,
who owns an Edinburgh paper—the "Very well," said he, promptly. "What is to hinder my explaining to them that circumstances have occurred to prevent Mr. Bethuse bringing out the volume he had projected; and that he begs to return them the money they had been so kind as to advance?" tone.

"Come, come," said he, with a cheerful good nature. "Enough, enough. I can quite comprehend how the res augusta domi may tend to give money, and questions of money, an over-prominence in the minds of women. But money, and the obligations She shook her head again and sighed.

"No. It is very kind of you. You are salways kind. But I could not accept it. I must try some way myself—though I am rather helpless—it is so difficult to get my grandfather to see things. I told you become he lives in a world of imagination and that money may place us under, are surely a very secondary affair, to one who fooks at human nature with a larger view. I thank God," he went on, with much complacency, "that I have never been the slave of avarice. that I have never been the slave of avarice, that even in times of great necessity I have kept subsidiary things in their proper sphere. I do not boast; our disposition is as much a matter of inheritance as the shape fore; he lives in a world of imagination, and e can persuade himself that everything is

of our fingers or feet; and that disposition may be handed down without the accom-panying circumstances that developed it You follow me, Mr. Harris?"

her indignation returning, and her lips becheat an old man out of so poor and small a thing! Why, they all knew he was going "Oh, yes," said the younger man, gloom ily; that quiver of Maisrie's lips was still in his mind. sonally—and glad enough they were to send him their verses. Well, perhaps they are not to blame. Perhaps they may have been told that he had given up the idea— that is quite likely. At all events, I don't envy the miserable creature who has gone "What I mean is that the use and won of many generations," he continued, in no-bly oracular fashion, "may produce in a family a certain tendency and frame of mind which can be transmitted independ-ently of the creating conditions. It is a matter of common observation. You see people who are in pessession of large for-tunes that have been built up by the mean and grasping persistency of their toiling and scheming ancestors, and with this great wealth they have inherited the mean and wealth they have inherited the mean and grasping instinct which produced it, and which is no longer necessary. It is only of set purpose that such people can be generous—that they subscribe magnificently to Mansion House funds, and give splendid entertainments, and so forth; their natural instinct is to snatch at every sixpence. They will outwit you for the sake of a threepenny bit; and—when once they have made sang aloud, in fine bravura fashion. "Tis the march—'tis the march—'tis the march penny bit; and—when once they have made up their minds to it—forgive you a debt of a thousand pounds. Now," the old man proceeded, with a certain proud air, "take the other frame of mind, that has been developed by an assured position, sufficient wealth, and the valuing above all other things of honor and dignity and the claims and obligations of birth and blood. You perceive? You tollow me?

America was in no way to be reconciled with Maisrie's interpretation of her grand father's position; but it was possible that the old man had concealed from her certain material facts, or perhaps had been able to blind himself to them. But what troubled the young man most of all was to notice that the old look of pensive resignation had returned to Maisrie's face. For a time a blood. You perceive? You follow me?
The descendant of such a family may have inherited a scorn of the baser instincts of money getting while enjoying little enough brighter light had shown there; the natural of the fortunate circumstances that develop it in his forbears. They have bequeathed him a mental attitude—without the substantial conditions that created it. Very well; I for one, do not repine. Much rather would I be a proud pauper than a peddling-appirited millionaire. I hope I see things in their true light. I know where I place animation and color of youth had appeared in her cheeks, and her eyes had laughter in them, and smiles, and kindness and grati-tude; but all that had gone now-quite auddenly, as it seemed-and there had o back that strange sadness, that look of unresisting and hopeless acquiescence. Alone of the little party of three George Bethune retained his usual equanimity; nay, on this particular evening he appeared to be in especial high spirits; and in his careless and garrulous good humor he took little heed of the silence and constraint of the two younger folk. They made all the better audience; and he could enforce and adorn his main argument with all the illustrations he could muster;

clined to resent what he could not but regard worship in the land. Dunbar says-Be merry, man, and take not sair in mind The wavering of this wretched wor all events, he took the first opportunity that To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbor gladly lend and "I hope I am not the bearer of ill news,

His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow, Be blythe in heart for any aventure. For oft with wise men it has been said aforow Without Gladnesse availeth no Treasure. New York that someone over there has taken up your subject, and that a volume on the Scotch poets in America is just about ready, For the first time since he had known them Vincent was glad to get away from his companions that night; the situation in which he found them and himself alike inaccount; he was not one to quail.

"Oh, indeed, indeed," said he, with a lefty magnanimity. "Well, I hope it will be properly and satisfactorily done; I hope it will be done in a way worthy of the subject. volved was altogether so strange that he wanted time to think over it. And first of all he put aside that matter of the Scotch-American book as of minor importance; no ject. Maisrie, pass the French mustard, if doubt some kind of explanation was possi-ble, if all the facts were revealed. It was when he came to consider the position and surroundings of Maisrie Bethune that the human heart are as deeply interesting as the more finished, the more literary, prosurroundings of Maisrie Bethune that the young man grew far more seriously concerned; indeed his heart became surcharged with an immeasurable pity and longing to help. He began to understand how it was that a premature sadness and resignation was written on that pensive face, and why her eyes so rarely smiled; and he could guess at the origin of that look of honelessness as though the the living man stands revealed. Av, ay; so the book is coming out. Well, I hope the public will be lenient; I hope the public will understand that these men are not professional poets, who have studied and writely lilt they offer; but it is genuine; it

that look of hopelessness, as though she de-spaired of getting her grandfather to ac-knowledge the realities and the responsiknowledge the resultes and the responsi-bilities of the sctual life around him. To Vincent the circumstances in which this young girl was placed seemed altogether tragic; and when he regarded the future that might lie before her, it was with a blank dismay. blank dismay.

Moreover, he now no longer sought to conceal from himself the nature of this engrossing interest in all that concerned her, this fascination and glamour that drew him toward her this content. toward her, this constant solicitude about her that baunted him day and night. Love her that haunted him day and night. Love had originally sprung from pity, perhaps, her loneliness had appealed to him, and her youth, and the wistful beauty of her eyes. But even now that he knew what caused his heart to leap when he heard her footfall on the stairs or when he

Rather he hung back—as if something mys-teriously sacred surrounded her. He had asked her for a flower; that was all. Proba-bly she had forgotten. There seemed no place for the pretty toyings of love-making in the life of this girl, who appeared to have missed the gaiety of childhood, and perhaps might slip on into middle-age hardly knowing what youth had been. And yet what a rose was ready to blow there—he said to The book will be welcomed by many a proud heart, and with moist eyes, when it gets away up among the gleus, to be read by the fireside and repeated at the plow; and I think, Maisrie, when you and I take a walk along Prince's street in Edinburgh we may along Prince's street in Edinburgh we may

went by, and darkness and the winter came.

No, he did not speak; perhaps he was vaguely aware that any abrupt disclosure on his part might startle her into maiden reserve; whereas in their present relatious there existed the frankest confidence. She made no secret of the subdued and happy content she experienced in this constant companionship; her eyes lit up when he approached; oftentimes she called him "Vincent" without seeming to notice it. She had given him a flower?—yes, as she would have given him a handful at any or every hour of the day, if she fancied it would please him, and without ulterior thought. They were almost as boy and girl together in this daily intercourse, this open and avowed comradeship, this easy and unrestricted familiarity. But sometimes Vincent looked ahead—with dim forebodings. He had not forgotten the murmur of that wide sea of separation that he had beheld as it were in a vision; the sound of it, faint, and and, and

It was in one of these darker moments that he resolved, at whatever risk, to acquaint old George Bethune with something of his irresolute hopes and fears. The opportunity arrived quite unexpectedly. One morning he was as usual on his way to his lodgings when, at the corner of Upper

ing into Park lane alone.
"Mairrie is well?" Vincent asked, in sudden alarm, for it was the rarest thing in the world to find grandfather and granddughter separated.

"Oh, yea, yea," the old man said. "She has some household matters to attend to—dress-making. I think. Poor lass, she has to be economical; indeed, I think she carries it to an extreme; but it's no use arguing with Maisrie; I let her have her own way."

way."
"I wanted to speak to you—about her,"
Vincent said, and he turned and walked
with the old man across the street into Hyde
Park. "I have often wished to speak to

Grosvenor street, he met Mr. Bethune com-

Park. "I have often wished to speak to you—and—and, of course, there was no chance when she herself was present—"

He hesitated, casting about for a beginning; then he pulled himself together, and boldly flung himself into it.

"I hope you won't take it for impertinence," said he, "I don't mean it that way—very different from that. But you yourself, sir, you may remember, you spoke to me about Maisrie when we were down at Henley together—about what her future might be, if anything happened to you—and you seemed concerned. Well, it is easy to understand how you should be troubled—it is terrible to think of a young girl like that—so sensitive, too—being alone in the world, and not over well provided for, as you have hinted to me. It would be so strange and unusual a position for a young girl to be in—without relations—without friends—and having no one to advise her or protect her in any way. Of course you will say it is none of my business—"
"But you would like to have it made."

ments? No, I have not been blind. I have looked on and approved. It has been an added interest to our lives; between you and her I have observed the natural sympathy of similar age; and I have been glad to see her enjoying the society of one nearer her own years. But now—now, if I guess aright, you wish for some more definite tie."

"Would it not be better?" the young man said, breathlessly. "If there were some clear understanding, would not a great deal of the uncertainty with regard to the future be removed? You see, Mr. Bethune, I haven't spoken a word to Maisrie—not a word. I have been afraid. Perhaps I have been mistaken in imagining that she might been mistaken in imagining that she might in time—in time—be inclined to listen to

He stopped; then he proceeded more slowly-and it might have been noticed that his cheek was a little paler than usual. "Yes. it may be as you say. Perhaps it is only that she likes the companionship of one of her own age. That is natural. And then she is very kind and generous; I may have been mistaken in thinking there was a possi-

exclaimed, with much benignity. "Do not vex yourself with useless speculations; you are looking too far ahead; you and she are both too young to burden yourselves with grave responsibilities. A boyish and girlish

ment fired through Vincent's heart. Was it well of this old man to speak so patronizingly of Maisrie as but a child, when it was he himself who had thrust upon her more than the responsibilities and anxieties their true light. I know where I place money and the arts of money-getting and money-saving in such small scheme of the world as I have been able to make out for my own guidance. No, I say nothing against money; but I say, let money and all things connected with it be kept in their proper place, which is altogether an inferior and subsidiary one. You do not know Mr. Harris, the writings of our Scotch poet, Dunbar—the predecessor of Burns? Let me recommend them to you. Let me recommend especially one verse which may be serviceable to you, in these days when the worship of Mammon would seem to be the

> think that in the immeasurable life of the world this should happen to be the one mo-

fully covetous of winning her tender regard. "Well, well," said old George Bethune, "perhaps it is but natural that youth should be impatient and eager to anticipate; while old age may well be content with such small and placid comforts and enjoyments as may be met with. I should have thought there was not much to complain of in our present manner of the—it you will allow me to in-clude you in our truy microcosm. It is not exciting; it is simple, and wholesome; and I hope not altogether base and gross. And as regards Maisrie, surely you and she have enough of each other's society even as matters stand. Let well alone, my young friend; let well alone, my young friend; let well alone; that is my advice to you. And I may say there are especial and important reasons why I should not wish her to be bound by any pledge. You know that I do not care to waste much thought on what may lie ahead of us; but still, at the same time, there might at any moment happen certain things which would make a

absent and hopeless way; but these few words instantly aroused his attention; perhaps this was the real reason why the old man wished Maisrie to remain free? "A great and marvelous change indeed," he continued, with some increase of dignity in his manner and in his mode of speech "A change which would affect me also, though that would be of tittle avail now. But as regards my granddaughter, she might be called upon to fill a position very different from that she occupies at present. different from that she occupies at present and I should not wish her to be hampered by anything pertaining to her former man-ner of life. Not that she would ever prove forgetful of past kindness, that is not in her

it entails. He suddenly paused. There was a poorlyclad woman going by, carrying in one arm a baby, while with the other hand she half dragged along a small boy of 5 or 6. She did not look like a professional London beggar, nor yet like a country tramp; but of her extreme wretchedness there could be no doubt; while there was a pinched look as of

hunger in her cheeks.
"Wait a bit!—where are you going?" old George Bethune said to her, in blunt and The woman turned round, startled and afraid.
"I am making for home, sir," she said, timidly.
"Where's that?" he demanded.
"Out by Wattord, sir—Abbot's Langley it is."

"Where have you come from?" "From I satherhead, sir."
"On foot all the way?"
"Yes, indeed, sir," she said with a bit a sigh. "And with very little food, I warrant?" said he. "Little indeed, sir."

"Little indeed, sir."

"Have you any money?"

"Yes, sir—a matter of a few coppers left. I gave what I had to my old mother—she thought she was dying, and sent for me to bring the two little boys to see her—but she's better, sir, and now I'm making for home again."

FROM A LUMP OF CLAY

Stone Ornamentation of Pittsburg's More Recent Buildings.

HOW THE FORMS ARE CARVED.

The Example Set by the Court House Having a Good Effect.

SCENES IN THE MODELER'S ROOMS

A HE dragon, with the mythological expression of face, which is above the fourth floor of the

Hussey building, of an ingenious man with an idea in his head. And here is how the clay model is made: In one corner of the workshop of the carve

in stone a workman is bending over a beautiful ornament in plaster; the cap of a column for the picturesque Hostetter residence now being bullt on Fifth avenue. Beyond him is a lad working on his knees at a clay model, and in an adjoining room a man is breaking the mold away from the plaster of paris cast that he has made. This is the earver's studio, and, though not very commodious, there is still room at the end of one of the benches for a lesson to be end of one of the benches for a lesson to be taken in modeling. As much clay as can be held in the hand easily is sufficient to make a "rosette," the first ornament the tyro attempts. As you dig your fingers into it a whiff comes up that is like the deadand-gone mudpie days, and you willingly would relinquish every hope in the world to model in clay forever. The modeler only uses his fingers here, for the "rosette" is made simply and quickly. With nervous, deft movements the clay is shaped out. The thumb, nail down, makes good deep ruts; then with the thumb and forefinger

Then the very next thing to do is to prepare the cast. A pink or salmon-colored "batter" made of plaster of paris is poured over the clay model pretty evenly, covering it all. In a few minutes this dries, after which another batter, this time of white plaster of Paris, is poured over the hard-ened pink lump. In another five minutes this is also dry. Then some taps loosen the mass from the board. It is now turned over, thus exposing the clay model once more. As the clay is quite soft it is easily removed from the hardened pink and white

The pattern in the clay has now been transferred to the plaster. Another batter is formed of plaster of paris of the same consistency as that of which the mold was formed and poured into the mold. In 10 or 15 minutes, though sometimes it takes longer or shorter, according to the humidity of the atmosphere, the plaster is hardened, and nothing remains to be done but get the model out of its mold. To watch the man digging away with mallet and chisel at the huge model in the other room thoroughly explains it all, and now is made clear the reason for using the pink colored composi-tion. It was, it will be remembered, poured over the clay model, therefore when the clay is removed and the white plaster of paris poured in the pink is immediately next it, forming a thin skin. The colored plaster

But it has been raining all day and the damp air penetrating in from outside, the cast and the model obstinately adhere. On a clear, dry day the mold often will lift off in large pieces, but now it is slow, laborious work, every piece reluctantly breaking off, and sometimes spite ully refusing to do so without carrying along a piece of the model. When every part of the mold is removed the injured parts of the cast have new bits the plaster grafted on which quickly fasten



aust occur in a pattern. For stone work is used the same set of tools, made in steel. The application of them differs somewhat, though, and the mallet or hammer, which, of course, are not used in making a clay mold, come into requisition when the pattern is transferred to the stone. The carver in stone always makes his model in clay and casts it in plaster before the stone is touched. He shows the model to the architect, and if it is approved the work of reproducing it on the stone is begun. It is rare that the modeler works on the stone. He usually leaves that for his workmen.

beside the carver is the plaster