exist nowadays,'

pathetic, mood

perience vourself."

deification in her ridiculous little body.

Come here, and by this divine small lamp you shall read and understand whatever

has been great and noble and pure and beautiful in all the song and story of the

'Ah, if you only knew! Perhaps you

experience has been unfortunate," her com-panion said, wistfully; whereupon the

young widow, without turning her head

"Oh, you!" she exclaimed, in derision.
You! You needn't pretend to come into

that exalted category—no, indeed—"
"I suppose people have been saying thing:

about me to you," said he, with a certain

affectation of being hurt. "But you needn' have believed them all the same."

"People?" he said. "People! Why, everybody knows what you are! A pro-

fessional breaker of poor young innocent gurs' hearts. Haven't we all heard of you?

Vin, I can assure you. Oh, we all know

somewhat stiffly; "but if you know what it

really was, you would see that it was noth

seen vou in a good many houses; you forget that I have been watching your goings on

you think I can't recognize the old hand-

the expert—the artist? Lord Musselburgh,

'Oh, who said that about mel" she de-

"Who dared to say such a thing?

manded, with indignation (but her eyes were not indignant, they were rather darkly

amused, if only he had made hold to look

And of course you listened without a word

of protest; probably you assented! What it

is to have friends! But perhaps some day I.

also, may have a little story to tell you; and

then you may understand me a little

Here there was another farm gate for him

to open, so that their talk was again inter-

rupted. Then they passed under a series of

lotty gray crags bung with birch, and hazel,

and rowan, all in their gorgeous autumnal tiuts, notil they came in sight of another

outlying islands covered with orange sea-

of that windswept, dark blue, striated sea, with the lonely hills of Morven and Kingairloch, sun-dappled

and cloud-dappled, raising into the fair tur-quoisesky. There was a scent of dew-wet grass usingling with the stronger odor of

the seaweed; the breeze was blowing freshly

sounded to them so great and vast a thing

beside the small trivialities of their human

"Have you read Vin's article in the Im

written," she said, "and with an abundance of information. But that is not the point

writer on one of the daily newspapers. What does that mean?—it means that he is

determined to marry this girl, and that he

tween himself and his father in conse-

I give you my word! My amiable brother-

"One moment," her companion said

you I was not swindled out of any £50.

and his Scotch plaid

to me and made explanations, and finally handed me a check for £50, there was some-

thing in his manner that told me I dared not refuse. It was something like 'Refuse

this money, and you doubt the honor of the

woman I am going to marry.' But seeing

that I did take it, I have now nothing to

say. My mouth is shut-ought to have

been shut, rather, only you and I have had some very confidential chats since we came

swindle," said she doggediy; "and the lact that Vin paid you back the money makes it

none the less a swindle. Now I will tell

of George Morris

"Str George?" he asked.

you what I am about to do. I must be cruel

"No, no; George Morris, the solicitor-

his wife and I are very great triends-and I

know he would do a great deal for me. Very

well; he must get to know simply every

thing about this old man-his whole history -and if it turns out to be what I imagine,

then some or us will have to go to Vin and

tell him the truth. It wou't be a pleasunt

duty; but duty never is pleasant. I know I shall be called a traitor for my share in it.

Here is Vin appealing to me to be his friend

-as it I were not his triend!-begging me

girl by the hand, and all the rest of it; and

instead of that I go behind his back and try to find out what will destroy his youthful

will be a wrench at first; then six months

despair; and a life-time of thankfulness thereafter. And of course I must give George Morris all the help I can. He must

make inquiries, for one thing, at the office of the Edinburgh Chronicle: I remember at

Henley the old gentleman spoke of the pro-prietor as a friend of his. Then the man you know in New York, who gave Mr. Bethune a letter of introduction to you:

"Oh, no," said Lord Musselburgh, shrink-

fing back, as it were, "No; I don't want to

to come and take this solitary and fri

romance for ever. But it's got to b

what is his name and address?"

said the young widow, with a sigh.

be kind. I am going to enlist the services

"All the same, it was a downright

And always there came to them the long, unceasing, multitudinous murmur of those moving waters, that must have

here were no such stories came home about

out you are!"
"You have heard one story," said be,

toward him, perceptibly sniggered.

TYING A LIVE KNOT.

Champion Smith Explains the Mys-

teries of Contortionism.

Hints for Youngsters Who Delight in Twist-

ing and Writhing.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

on the contortionist as a regular wonder.

Here are some of the questions that are put

"Where do your meals go if you eat?"

These questions only show how little the

general public know about contortionism.

Nature need not give you any particular

are an ordinary sized man-not weighing

Samerano

A Leg Exercise.

PRACTICE THE REQUISITE.

The Body Twist.

artists in the profession.

cnow what these things mean.

qualities to become a contortionist. If you

to me every time I perform:

"Have you any bones?"

"Do you ever eat?"

City Pitterior

culty.

WHAT PRACTICE ACCOMPLISHES.

ERRORS REGARDING CRACK TRICKS Some people imagine erroneously that to be a contortionist one has to be "to the manner born," and I have been asked questions that prove that the outsider looks up-

orehead and then bending down slowly unnot break if it should fall. Begin by spreadeffective tricks.



Body Twist With Partner.

HOW TO LEARN. An easy way to learn back bending is to get down upon your knees, fold your arms and bend slowly until you touch the floor. After that has been mastered you must try

and draw your head under you until you reach your feet. This will serve to limber your back so as to enable you to accomplish the most important positions which require closer bending.

There are a good many pretty tricks that can be done with chairs. A simple one, only requiring a little confidence and

trength, is to stand upon a chair and rest your calves against the back of it. Have ome strong man sit upon your feet, so as to keep from overbalancing yourself, then fold your arms and bend slowly until you reach the floor. You can add to the finish of the trick by picking up a handkerchief with your teeth. It will take all your strength o raise yourself from the floor.

SOME CHAIR TRICKS. Another pretty bend is to take two chairs and place them about two feet apart. Put one toot in the center of each one, then bend down backward very steadily until you reach the floor without using your hands in any way. Raise yourself again slowly until you stand erect upon the chairs in your first position. It requires steady nerves or else

you lose your balance and possibly alight on your head. Rising up always requires your entire strength in all these tricks.

I have done this trick possibly 500 times

The Backward Balince strong enough to stand the strain, although anyone of that age should be able to bend

backward half way to the floor.

In all the German turn vereins and schools you will find bending one of the siums being forward bending, touching the

toes with the hands.

If you have an ambition to become what I am often called, "an anatomical wonder," I can give you a few suggestions. But I tel ou in advance that there is nothing wonderful in what I do and anyone who begins at the right age and under the right training

AN EXPERT'S CAREER.



Electric Course Indicator. The purpose of the electric holophote ourse indicator, recently invented by Lord Justice Clerk, is to provide means by which ships may be able to indicate their course to one another, so as more effectually to avoid risk of collision. It consists of a powerful officer. When a vessel is on a port helm the reflector behind the light is moved round

BRAMBLE'S RAMBLES

Through Fields of Political Economy, Philosophy, Religion,

SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

ent asserts-when I credit Henry George from premature labor of children, from

SIGNS OF REVOLUTION

But what Mr. George considers even more momentous than statistics to prove his point as to the tendency of an ebb in civilization,

or this he cites as proof the return to the exploded fallacy of protection. He maintains that even the philosophic free thinker cannot see the decay in religion that is going on without feeling that the negation and destruction of religious ideas will produce

some most momentous result.

"Christianity, also," says Mr. George, "is not simply clearing itself of superstitious, but in the popular mind it is dying at the root, as did the old pagan religion that preceded Christianity. And nothing arises to take its place. This wreck of religious ideas finds its closest parallel in that period of history which led from splendor to decline in ancient civilization."

CIVILIZATION OR BARBARISM. The gloomy picture he paints of what we are coming to unless his theory as to the taxation of land is adopted is something terrible to contemplate. The civilized world, he announces, is trembling on the verge of a great movement. If his views are put in force there will be a leap upward to open the way to advances yet undreamed of, or if not, there must be a plunge downward which will carry us back to barbaru Moreover, Mr. George affirms there is nothing whatever to show any essential race im provement-buman progress is not the improvement of human nature. says Bacon, "is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature le

importune, but custom only doth alter and subdue nature." If, then, there is no improvement in human nature it will be, as of old, selfish, grasping and savage. The rich will still coll in wealth by virtue of selfishness and

strength, while the poor will go to the wall and suffer and starve. The golden rule has been preached for thousands of years as a doctrine essential to happiness here and pereafter, but it has availed little to subdue nature. It is held in theory, but is left out

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Business, if the truth were told, is too commonly conducted after the same fashion, selfishness being the ruling principle, and the desire to take advantage of others the prevailing practice. In the battle between capital and labor is there found any more trace of the golden rule than there is in politics, and Senator Ingalls was told all about political morals? Capital naturally wants all the profits it can get, and labor wants all the wages it can get. Force is the weapon on both sides. The law of love as laid down is not regarded in such war. Employers are looked upon as tyrants and oppressors by their men, and capitalists in-sist that workers who butt up against the laws of supply and demand are fools. Strikes are a very expensive style of test-ing the question for both parties, but they m to be considered by most workers with more favor than more peaceable means, not-withstanding the fact that while they de-plete capital they also prove a tax upon and a hardship for labor.

The science of political economy as promulgated by the most subtle and powerful ntellects fails, as Mr. George affirms, to explain the persistence of poverty and ad vancing wealth. The conclusions reached by these great thinkers and the laws they lay down are, he says, "spurned by states men, scouted by the masses and thought by ome modern thinkers to include some mistake or false step in their premises that prevents the best fruits of civilization from be ing reached, or the highest ideal of the brotherhood of man being realized." It is too long a story to tell, but Mr. George has by study of the subject made clear to him-self, and others, that this ideal is only to be reached by his theory of the abol all taxes save one on land, and that all land

shall be held as public property.

TESTING THE CURE. But would this ideal state of things follow the adoption of his single tax idea if there is no improvement in the race and human nature remains the same? Would his remedy suffice to cure the dire distresses of poverty, the grinding oppressions of power, the miseries of mankind, born to trouble as the

sparks fly upward? What I meant in speaking of his pessimistic views was founded upon his own words. How dogtors and philosophers differ as to remedies! Mr. George advocates the land tax. Other economists hold to the Malthusian doctrine and urge a limit to population. Schopenhauer gives asceticism as the only deliverance of the world from pain and itla and sorrows. St. Paul and other hely fa-thers advised celibacy from a religious standpoint, as does also Tolstoi, who bases his religious views on the Sermon on the Mount, and on the teachings of Christ. Tsistoi is a fauatic and a fool, say some who advertise his latest works from the pulpit. but that he is at least earnest and devout who can doubt who has read his "Peace and War," and "My Religion?" I have not read the book to which good Mr. Wana-maker has refused his mail facilities, but Tolstoi's explanation of it shows that he is at least sincere and has the courage of his opinions. He says he was terrified at his ject, but it was impossible not to hearken to he voice of his reason and conscience high the good Quakers call "the inne

THE WAY UPWARD.

With all these differing opinions how shall we make the "new start" that Henry George says is essential for peace, prosperity and for the abolition of poverty. With all the knowledge that exists upon the subject, how shall we prevent anarchy and the decline of our applications into harbarian? how shall we prevent anarchy and the de-cline of our civilization into barbarism? Some say by education, by teaching people to think. The children must be taught; but teachers—even if they think themselvex—do not teach or lead children to think. They are under a system that compels them to stuff them with facts for examinations. The mass of mothers who have charge of chil-dren in their most impressionable years—not knowing any better themselves—train their children to the old superstitions, to the old views of ignorance, and so it goes on from one generation to another. Women who one generation to another. Women who simply, as Shakespeare puts it, "Suckle tools and chronicle small beer," have the matter of education largely in their hands, and what they make of it is very well

"Passion and prejudice govern the world," says John Wesley. "For one wise man you will find ten fools," says Addison. With these facts in view it will be seen how hard it would be to convert into practice the theory of Mr. George, however righteous and advantageous it may seem to be.

OTHER PROPOSED REMEDIES. "Happy is he who knows the causes of Much has been done to abate the misertes of life, and increase its comforts by science, and the study of political science with a desire for truth will be of vast benefit. It is difficult to see how the difficult to see how the cause assigned by Mr. George unless recognized and the remedy applied makes vain our free institutions, our schools of no avail, our discov-eries and inventions only added forces to crush the masses into greater poverty and degradation. Such matters require the

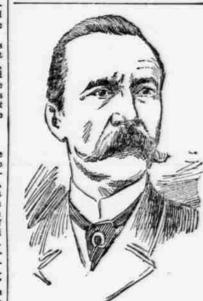
deepest consideration.

In the meantime, it would not be a waste of brain power to investigate the other remedies. It would certainly be beneficial to discourage improvident marriages. It does seem as if people without a dollar were the most prone to disregard the teachings of scripture and science upon this point. They and their children ditentimes become a most grievous tax upon their relations, or have to be supported by the community. BESSIE BRAMBLE

PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINE.

The Man Into Whose Hands the Reins Celman Dropped Have Fallen. Illustrated News of the World.

The insurrection that broke out on July 26 at Buenos Ayres, on the Rio de la Plata, the capital of the Argentine Republic, has endwho had abused his almost dictatorial powers by attempting measures ruinous to the finances and commerce of the Republic. He



Dr. Pelligrini

brother-in-law, a former President, and Dr. Pellegrini, the Vice President, who has succeeded to the Presidency, and has formed a Ministry, with General Roca, Messrs. Eduardo Costa, Vicente Lopez, Jose Gutierrez, and General Levalle holding the chief departments.
Dr. Carlos Pellegrini is forty-three years

of age, son of an Italian or Savoyard archi-tect who emigrated to Buenos Avres in 1825 and who married an Englishwoman. He was educated at the University, but joined the army of Buenes Ayres, allied with Bra-zil and Montevidee, in the war against Paraguay; after this military service he adopted the profession of an advocate, and practiced at the bar with much success. Having been elected Deputy for the Province of Buenos Ayres, he made a figure in the Assembly, as a leading politician, and became Minister of the Interior shortly after the crisis in 1880, when Carlos Teledor Governor of the when Carlos Tejedor, Governor of the Province of Buenos Ayres, headed a revolution against the National Government under President Nicholas Avelleneda, and was defeated in the battles of Coralles and Puente Alsina, As the result of that revolution Buenos Ayres became definitely the capital of the Argentine Republic, and General Roca was president from 1880 to 1886, in succession to Avelleneda. He was greatly assisted by Dr. Pellegrini in the needful measures of administrative reform, which were accompanied by large enterprises, the making of roads, railways, and canals, har bor and city improvements, commercial tariffs, and the negotiating of a foreign loan, managed by Dr. Pellegrini with remarkable success. He also established two political journals-the Opinions and the Sud Amer ca-of which he was the editor.

A MOONSHINER'S TRICK.

He Plugged His Watermelons and Put Good Drink in Each One. ETTER TO THE DISPATCH.I

A deputy marshal who was hunting some vitnesses in Winston county, Ala., once happened to be present at a country voting place on election day. When country peo ple go to an election they stay all day and enjoy themselves. Refreshments of various kinds were for sale on the grounds, and several wagons were loaded with watermelons. One old farmer with a big two-horse wagon filled with melons seemed to be getting the bulk of the trade. His melons were small, and he charged 25 cents each for them, but he was selling more than other dealers, who were offering much larger melons for 10 and

15 cents. The officer thought there was some mystery about this and decided to investigate. He ought one of the 25 cent melons and when he cut it open found a small vial inside containing enough corn whisky for one drink. A little observation convinced the officer that the innocent looking old farmer had plugged every melon and placed a small vial of liquor inside. It was evidently an old trick with him as his cus-tomers seemed to understand it. The old man was arrested for selling liquor without license and when the case was tried one of the plugged melons was affered in evidence. tried one of The old man was convicted and had to pay a fine of \$100.

New Mechanical Alarm.

A simple attachment is now used in connection with an ordinary slarm clock which will light a cooking stove or boil a kettle at any time it is set to. A kettle of water can thus be placed on the stove before going to bed, and made to boil just before the sleeper own conclusions upon a study of the sub- is awakened by the ringing of the alarm,

ing quite rightly; no doubt you are acting entirely in Vin's interests; but—but I would rather have nothing to do with it."
"And yet you call yourself Viu's friend! Come, tell me!" she said, coaxingly.

Again he refused.

"Mind you, I believe I could find out for myself," she went on. "I know that he is the editor of a newspaper in New York—a Scotch newspaper; come, Lord Musselburgh, world! And yet perhaps it is not altogether the pretty Mrs. Ellison continued, with a hitter sigh. "It is pathetic, rather I wish there were a few more such men as that; the world could get on very well with a few more of them. But they don't seem to give me his name, or the name of the news-'No-not fair," he said.

Then she stopped and faced him, and regarded him with arch eyes.

"And yet it was on this very path, only yesterday morning, that you swore that there was nothing in the world that you wouldn't do for me! "That was different," said he, with some

"That was different," said he, with some hesitation. "I meant as regards myself. This concerns some one else."

"Oh, very well," said she, and she walked on proudly. "I dare say I can find out."
He touched her arm to detain her.
"Have you a note book?" he asked.
She took from her recket a combined

She took from her pocket a combined purse and note book; and without a word or a smile-she pulled out the pencil. "'Hugh Anstruther, Western Scotsman office, New York,'" said he rather shame-

"There, that is all right!" she said blithely, and she put the note book in her pocket again. That is as far as we can go in that mat-

ing to joke about. Some time I will tell you. Some other time when you are in a more friendly, a more believing and symter at present; and now we can talk of some-thing else. What is the name of this little "Oh, yes," she said, laughing. "A very heartrending story, no doubt! And you were deeply injured, of course, being so extremely innocent! You forget that I have

"Little Ganovan, I believe. "And the other one we passed?"

What is the legend attached to the robber's cave up there in the rocks?"
"What legend? Oh, some one told me
the gardener keeps his tools in that cave." with Louis Drexel, in this very place. Do "What kind of a legend is that!" she said, impatiently; and then she went on with her questions. "Why doesn't anybody ever come round this way?" you can't deceive me."
"Probably not," said he sharply. "If all tales be true you have acquired some ex-

"I suppose because they know we want e to ourselves." "And why should we want the place to

This was unexpected. He paused.

"Ah," said he, "what is the use of my telling you? All your interest is centered I suppose a woman can only be interested in one man at any one time "Well, I should hope so?" the young widow said, cheerfully. "Shall we go round by the rocks or through the trees?" For they were now come to a little wood of birch and larch and pine; and without more ado he led the way, pushing through the outlying tall bracken and getting in un-

derneath the branches.
"I suppose," said he, in a rather rueful secluded little bay, with silver ripples breaking along the sand, and with small tone, "that you don't know the greatest proof of affection that a man can show to a woman? No, of course you don't!" weed where they were not white with gulls. And here was a further stretch "What is it, tnen?" she demanded, as she

followed him, stooping.
"Why, it's going first through a wood, and getting all the spider's webs on his But presently they had come to a clearer

space, where they could walk together, their tootfalls hushed by the carpet of withered fir peedles: while here and there a rabbit would scurry off, or per chance they caught a glimpse of a hen pheasant sedately walk-ing down a glade between the trees. And now their talk had become much more intimate and confidential; it had even assumed a touch of more or less affected sadness.

"It's very hard," he was saying, "that you hould understand me so little. You think periol Review?" said Mrs. Ellison, flicking should understand me so little. at a thistle with her sun-shade.
"Not yet. But I saw it announced. About I am cold, and cynical, and callous. Well, perhaps I have reason to be. I have had American State Legislatures, isn't it, or something of that kind?" my little experience of womankinn-of one woman, rather, I sometimes wonder whether "It seemed to me very ably and clearly the rest are anything like her, or are capable of acting as she did. of information. But that is not the point. I gather that Vin has been contemplating

"Who was she?" his companion asked, timidly. And therewith, as they idly and slowly strolled through this little thicket, he told his tragic tale, which needs not to be set all kinds of contingencies; and that he is now trying to quality for the post of leaderdown here; it was all about the James river. Virginia, and a pair of Southern eyes, and betrayal, and farewell, and black night. His ninks it probable there may be a break becompanion listened in the deep silence of sympathy, and when he had finished she There may be?-there will be.

said, in a low voice, and with downcast in-law's theories of socialism and fraternity eyes-"I am sorry-very sorry. But at least there was one thing spared you; you did not and universal equality are very pretty toys to play with—and they have even gained

him a sort of reputation through his letters marry out of spite. the Times; but he doesn't bring them He glanced at her quickly into the sphere of actual life. Of course, Via has his own little money; and I, for "Oh, yes," she said, and she Via has his own little money; and I, for one, why, I shouldn't see him starve in any case; but I take it that he is already makone, why, I shouldn't see him starve in any ing provision for the future and its responsibilities. Now isn't that dreadful? I defrom me by lies, and was sool and clare to you, Lord Musselburgh, that when idiot enough to believe them! And the one I come down in the morning and find a letter from him lying on the hall table, my heart staks—just as if I heard the men on was as everybody declared!—it was he who came to me with those falsehoods; and I the stair bringing down a coffin. Because believed them-I believed them-like the I know if he is captured by those penniless adventurers, it will be all over with my fool I was! Oh, yes," she said, and she held her head high, for her breast was heaving poor lad; he will be bound to them; he will hape to support them; he will have to sacri-ice friends and fortune, and a future surely say that every mistake meets with its own fice friends and fortune, and a future surely any young man. Just think of it! punishment; but I was punished too much any young man. -too much; a life-long punishment for beshe resumed, as they strolled lieving what lying friends had said to me!" She furtively put the tips of her fingers to nlong under the beetled crags that were all affame with golden-yellow birch and blood- her eyes, to wipe away the tears that lay red rowan, "I am not going to stand aside along her lashes, "And then I was mad; and see all that fair promise lost. I own I was out of my senses: I would have murried am a selfish woman; and hitherto I have anybody to show that-that I cared nothing kept aloof, as I did not want to get myself into trouble. I am going to hold aloof no be was angry, too-he would not speak-be longer. The more I hear the more I am stood aside, and knew that I was going to convinced that Vin has fallen into the kill my lice, and never a single word! That hands of an unscrupulous sharper-perhaps | was his revenge-to say nothing-when he a pair of them-and I mean to have his saw me about to kill my life! Cruel, do you call it? Oh, no!-what does it matter? eyes opened. Here is this new revelation A woman's heart broken-what is that? about that American book, which simply neans that you were swindled out of

But now you know why I think so of menand-and why I laugh at them-Well, her laughing was strange; she sudhastily, and there was a curious look of mortibeation on his face. "I had no right to tell you that story. I broke confidence; denly burst into a violent fit of crying and sobbing, and turned away from him, and hid her face in her handkerchief. What could he do? This was all unlike the gay ashamed of myself. And I assure young widow who seemed so proud of her solitary estate and so well content. Feeble When the old man came to me with words of comfort were of small avail. And then, again, it hardly seemed the proper ochis Scotch accent, and his Scotch patriotturown over his shoulder-well, 'my heart warmed to the tartan;' and I was glad of the excuse for helping him. I did casion for offering her more substantial symnathy-though that was in his mind all the while, and very nearly on the tip of his tongue. So perforce he had to wait until not want any book; and I certainly did not want the money back. But when Vin came

her weeping was over; and indeed it was she herself who ended the scene by exclaiming impatiently:
"There—enough of that 1 I did not intend to bother you with my small troubles when I stayed behind for you this morning. Come, shall we go out on to the rocks and round by the little bay? What do you call

it-Ganovan?" "Yes; I think they call it Little Ganovan," he said, absently, as he and she to-gether emerged from the twilight of larch and pine, and proceeded, leisurely and in silence, to cross the semicircular sweep of

vellow sand. When they got to the edge of the rocks, they sat down there; apparently they had nothing to do on this idle morning but to contemplate that wast, far-murmuring, dark blue plain—touched here and there with a sharp glimmer of white—and the range upon range of the Kingairloch hills, deepening in purple gloom, or shining rose-gray and yellow-gray in the sun. In this solitude they were quite alone save for the sea-birds that had wheeled into the air, screaming and calling at their approach; but the terns and curlews were soon at peace again; a cloud of gulls returned to one of the little islands just in front of them; while a slowflapping heron winged its heavy flight away to the north. All once more was silence;

and the world was to themselves. And yet what was he to say to this poor suffering soul whose tragic sorrows and ex-periences had been thus unexpectedly dis-closed? He really wished to be sympathetic; and, if he dared, he would have reminded her that

minded her that

Whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain,
only he knew how difficult it is to quote

poetry without making one's self ridiculous; and also he knew that the pretty young widow's eyes had a dangerous trick of sudden laughter. However, it was she who

first spoke.
"I wonder what those who have gone to ing back, as it were. "No; I don't want to church will say when they discover that we have spent all the morning here?"

"They may say what they like" he made answer promptly. "There are things one cannot speak about in drawingrooms, among a crowd. And how could I ever have imagined that you, with your high spirits and merry temperament, and perpetual good-humour, had come through such trials? I wonder that people never think of the mischief that is done by intermed-

"Intermeddling?" said she proudly. "I wasn't of intermeddling I had to complain; it was a downright conspiracy—it was false stories—I was deceived by those who profess to be my best friends. There is intermeddling and intermeddling. You might say I was intermeddling in the case of my nephew. But what harm can come of that? It is not lies, it is the truth, I want to have told him. And even if it causes him some pain, it will be for his good. Oh, yes, I dare say it will cause him pain: one's illusions are not parted with without a pang. As I told you, I was at first inclined to stand aloof. When he came to me, I said: "No, thank you, Vin; I would rather not know your new riends; I'm a selfish woman, and like comfort and peace, and I would rather be out of it all.'
Then when I did go to see them, I was more puzzled than ever; and I resolved to have no responsibility in the matter; for I thought the infatuation-if there was any infatuation -would wear away. But now when I find it is serious—and very serious, as I take it— now I must abandon my selfish isolation and

interfere. Don't you think I am right?"
He hesitated.
"I hope so," he said. "But you know things wear such a different complexion ac cording to the way you look at them—" "But facts, Lord Musselburgh, facts," sh persisted. "Do you think a man like George Morris would be affected by any sentimental considerations one way or the other? Won't

he find out just the truth? And that is all I honestly want Vin to know—the actual truth; then let him go on with his eyes open if he chooses. Fact, Lord Musselburgh; who can object to facts?" Then she said— as she gave him her hand that he might

assist her to rise:
"We must be thinking of getting back ome now, for if we are late; for luuch, those

Drexel girls will be grinning at each other like a couple of fiends."

Rather reluctantly he rose also, and accompanied her. They made their way across a series of rough, bracken-covered knolls projecting into the sea until they reached the little bay that is known as Port Ban; and here, either the beauty and soli-tude of the place tempted them, or they were determined to defy sarcasm, for instead of hastening home they quietly strolled up and down the smooth, cream-white beach, now and again picking up a piece of rose red seaweed, or turning over a limpet-shell or watching a sandpiper making his quick little runs alongside the clear, crisp-curling ripples. They did not speak; they were as silent as the transparent blue shadows that their figures cast on the soit-yielding surface on which they walked. And sometime Lord Musselburgh seemed inclined to write something, with the point of his stick, on that flawless sand; and then again he de-

sisted; and still they continued silent. She took up a piece of pink seaweed, and began pulling it to shreds. He was standbegan pulling it to shreds. He was stand-ing by, looking on.
"Don't you think," said he, at last, "that there should be a good deal of sympathy—a very unusual sympathy—between two people who have come through the same suffering?"

"Oh, I suppose so," she said, with affected carelessness-her eyes still beut on the seaweed.

"Do you know," said he again, "that I aven't the least idea what your name is!"
"My name? Oh, my name is Madge," "Madge?" said he. "I wonder if you make the capital M this way?"-and therewith he traced on the sand an ornamental

in the manner of the last century.
"No, I don't," she said, "but it is very pretty. How do you write the rest?" Thus encouraged, he made bold to add the remaining letters, and seemed rather to admire his handiwork when it was done.

"By the way," she said, "I don't know A"Can you write that in the same fashion?" she suggested, with a simple ingenuousness. So, grown still bolder, he laboriously inscribed his name immediately underneath her own. But that was not all. When he

had ended be drew a circle right around both names. "That is a ring to enclose them," said he: and he turned from the scored names to re-gard her downcast face. "But-but I know a much smaller ring that could bring then still closer together. Will you let me try-

Madge?" He took her hand.

"Yes," she said in a low voice. And then-Oh, very well, then; then-but after a reasonable delay-then they left those cream-white sands, and went up to the edge of the blue-green turnip field to the pathway, and so to the iron gate; and as he

opened the gate for her, she said-"Oh, I don't know what happened down there, and what I've pledged myself to: but at all events there will now be one more on my side, to help me about Vin, and get him out of all this sad trouble. You will help me, won't you—Hubert?"

Of course he was eager to promise anything.
"And you say he is sure to get in for Meudover. Why, just think of him now, with everything before him; and how nice it would be tor all of us if he had a smart and clever wife, who would hold her own in society, and do him justice, and make us ali as proud of her as we are of him. And just fancy the four of us setting out on a winter trip to Cairo or Jerusalem; wouldn't it be simply too delicious? The four of us-only the four of us-all by ourselves. Louie Drexel is rather young, to be sure; yet she knows her way about; she's sharp; she's clever; she will have some money; and she has cheek enough for anything. And by the way-Hubert-" said she (and always with a pretty little hesitation when she

came to his Christian name), "I must really ask you—with regard to Louie Drexel—well -you know-you have been-just He murmured something about the devotion of a lifetime-the devotion which he had just promised to her—being a very dif-ferent thing from trivial drawing room

dallyings; whereupon she observed-"Oh, yes, men say so by way of excuse-" "How many men have said so to you?" he demanded, flaring up. "I did not say they had said so to me," she answered sweetly. "Don't go and be so absurdly jealous without any cause what-If any one has a right to be jealous, it is I, considering the way you have bee going on with Louis Drexel. But of cours

if there's nothing in it, that's all well and

done with, and I am of a forgiving disposi-

tion when I'm taken in the right way. Now about Vin: can you see anybody who would do better for him than Louie Drexel?" Be sure it was not of Vin Harris, much as he was interested in him, that Lord Mus-selburgh wished to talk at this moment; but, on the other hand, in the first flush of his pride and gratitude, any whim of hers was law to him; and perhaps it was a sufficient

and novel gratification to be able to call her Madge.
"I'm afraid," said he, "that Vin is not the kind of person to have his life arranged for him by other people. And besides you must remember, Madge, dear, that you are assuming a great deal. You are assuming assuming a great deal. You are assuming that you can show Vin that this old man is an imposter-

"Oh, can there be any doubt of it!" she exclaimed. "Isn't the story you have told me yourself enough? He pretends he is going to write a book; he gets £50 from you; going to write a book, he gets 250 from you; it appears that the book is aiready being written by some one else; and then, when it comes out, the ancient Druid doesn't return you the money, but coolly allows my nephew to do it for him. He steals the idea of a book over there in America; he comes to England and sells it under false pretenses; he has no thought of refunding the tenses; he has no thought of refunding the money when he is found out. What more?" Lord Musselburgh looked rather uncom-fortable; he was a good-natured kind of per-son, and liked to think the best of every-

body.
"I had no right to tell you that story, "But now I have the right to know about that and everything else, haven't I-Hubert?" said she, with a pretty covness.
"And besides," he continued, "Vin has a
perfect explanation of the whole affair.
There is no doubt the old man was just full of this subject, and believed he could write about it better than anyone else, even sup-posing the idea had occurred to some other person; he was anxious above all things that

his poetical countrymen over there in the States and Canada should be done justice to; and when he heard that the volume was actually published he immediately declared that he would do everything in his power to But what about the £50—Hubert?"

"Oh, well," her companion said, rather uneasily, "I have told you that that was a gift from me to him. I did not stipulate for the publication of any book. And another thing: he is in absolute ignorance of Vin having repaid me the £50.

She considered for a moment: then she said with some emphasis "And you think it no shame—you think

it no monstrous thing—that Vin Harris should marry a girl who has been in the habit of going about with her grandfather while he begged money, and accepted money, from strangers? Is that the fate you wish for your friend?"

"No, I don't wish anything of the kind." said he, "it—if matters were so. But Vin and you look at these things in a very different light; and I can hardly believe that he has been so completely imposed on. I confess I liked the old man; I liked his

splendid enthusiasm, his magnificent sell-reliance, yes, and his Scotch plaid; and I thought the girl was remarkably beauti ul -and more than that-refined and distinguished-looking-something unusual about "Oh, yes, you are far too generous, Hubert," his companion said. "You ac-cept Vin's representations without a word. But I see more clearly. And that little transaction about the book and the £50 gives me a key to the whole situation. You

out what kind of person your grandiloquent old Scotchman is like. And then, when "Yes, when Vin's eyes are opened?" her companion repeated.

"Then he will see into what a terrible pit

may depend on it, George Morris will find

he was nearly falling."

"Are you so sure of that?" Musselburgh
said. "I know Vin a little. It isn't merely a pretty face that has taken his fancy, a you yourself admit. If he has faith in that you yourself admit. If he has faith in that girl, it may not be easy to shake it."
"I should not attempt to shake it," she made answer at once, "if the girl was everything she ought to be, and of proper upbringing and surroundings. But even if it turned out that she was everything she should be, wouldn't it be too awful to have Vin dragged down into an alliance with that old—that old—oh, I don't know what

to call him-"
"Madge, dear," said he, "don't call him anything, until you learn more about him.
And in the meantime," he continued, rather
plaintively, "don't you think we might
talk a little about ourselves, considering

what has just happened?"
"There is such a long time before us to talk about ourselves," said she. "And you know-Hubert-you've come into our family, as it were; and you must take a share in our troubles." They were nearing the house; five minutes

more would bring them in sight of the open

lawn. "Wait a minute, Madge, dear," said he, and he halted by the side of a little bit of plantation. "Don't be in such a hurry. I wish to speak to you about—"
"About what?" she asked, with a smile. "Oh, a whole heap of things! For exam-ple, do you want the Somervilles to know?"

"I don't particularly want them to know." she answered him, "but I fear they will "I should like you to tell Mrs. Somerville, anyway."
"Very well."

"Indeed, I don't care if all the people in the house knew!" said he, boldly. "Hubert, what are you saying!" she ex-claimed, with a fine simulation of horror. "My life would bemade be a burden to mel Fancy those Drexel girls; they would shrick with joy at the chance of torturing me! I should take the first train for the South tomorrow morning!"
"Really!" said he, with considerable coolness. "For I have been thinking that those

names we printed on the sands-"That you printed, you mean!"
"—were above high-water mark. Consequently they will remain there for some little time. Now it is highly probable that some of our friends may be walking along to Port Ban this afternoon; and if they were to catch sight of those hieroglyphics-"Hubert," said she, with decision. "You must go along immediately after luncheon

and score them out. I would not for the world have those Drexel girls suspect what "Won't you come with me, Madge, after "Oh, we can't be haunting those sands all

day like a couple of sea gulls!"
"But I think you might come!" he "Very well," said she, "I suppose I must begin with obedience."

And yet they seemed to be in no hurry to get on to the house. A robin perched himself on the wire fence not four yards away self on the wire fence not four yards away, and jerked his head and watched them with his small, black, lustrous eye. A weasel came trotting down the road, stopped, looked and glided noiselessly into the plantation. Two wood pigeous went quickly across an opening in the trees; a large hawk soared far overhead. On this still Sunday morning there seemed to be no one abroad; and then these two had much to say about a ring, and a locket, and similar weighty matters. Moreover, there was the assigna-tion about the afternoon to be arranged.

But at length they managed to tear them-selves away from this secluded place; they went round by the front of the big gray building; and in so doing had to pass the dining room window.
"On, my gracious goodness!" Mrs. Ellison exclaimed-and in no simulated horror this time. "They're all in at lunch, every one

of them, and I don't know how of them, and I don't know how long they mayn't have been in! What shall I do?" And then a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "Hubert, my headache has come back! I'm going up to my room. Will you give my excuses to Mrs. Somerville? I'd a hun-

dred times rather starve than-than be found out. "Oh, that's all nonsense!" said he-but in an undertone, for they were now in the spacious stone-paved hall. "Go to your oom, if you like; and I'll tell Mrs. So rille, and she'll send you up something. You musn't starve, for you're going round with me to Port Ban in the afternoon." And, of course, the gentle hostess was grieved to hear that her friend had not yet got rid of her headache; and she herselt went forthwith to Mrs. Ellison's room, to see what

would most readily tempt the appetite of the poor invalid. The poor invalid was at her dressing table, taking off her bonnet. She wheeled round. "I am so sorry, dear, about your head-ache—" her hostess was beginning, when the young widow went instantly to the door and shut it. Then she came back; and there was a most curious look-of laughter, per-

haps—in her extremely pretty eyes.
"Never mind about the headache!" she said to her astonished friend, who saw no cause for this amused embarrassment, nor yet for the exceedingly affectionate way in which both her hands had been seized 'The headache is gone. I've-I've something else to tell you—oh, you'd never guess it in the world! My dear, my dear," she cried in a whisper, and her tell-tale eyes were full of confusion as well as laughter. "You'd never guess-but-but I've gone and made a fool of myself for the second time!"

[To be continued next week.] She Was on the Market. New York World,]

He (on the shore with a camera, meeting girl)-Ah, I beg your pardon; may I take She (with eagerness, but blushing)-Yes, I'm perfectly willing; but you'll have to ask

ALL lovers of delicacies use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion. TTSSu

The next trick consists of bending down, touching the floor with the hand and then twisting the body around sideways. The trick is usualy very effective and well received by the audience.

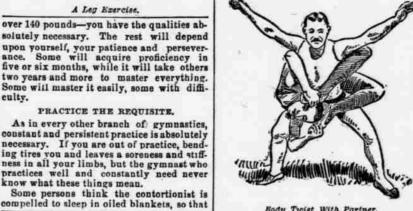
One of the illustrations shows the per-former balancing a lighted lamp upon his

The Letter O.

til he touches the floor. This trick requires a great amount of practice in order to get so steady that you can balance the lamp safely without risking an explosion. In practicing this trick it is best to use at first some article that rests securely on the forehead and does ing your legs two feet apart; then fold your arms and bend down slowly until you reach the floor. You will find, in rising again, that you need all your strength in order to come up slowly and keep your lamp well balanced. This is one of my best and most

A FAVORITE PERFORMANCE. The ground balance is the grand bend, and consists of bending down and resting the chest upon the ground while your feet are on the ground, right in front of you. This can only be done after months of practice, and is a favorite trick with the audi-

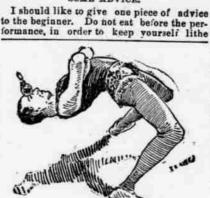
Making the letter "O" is simply tying one's self in a knot, and is about the most dificult position in contortion. To do it well a great deal of practice is necessary. It is accomplished by placing the chest on the ground, while taking hold of the eet with the hands. The trick can be done differently and with a separate effect, as is shown in



nother illustration, when I am tied aroun he body of an assistant as I was around the ody of Champion William Haas when THE DISPATCH artist photographed me. To atmust be very lithe and in good practice. Another illustration shows Mr. Hans doing a hand stand upon my body while I am standing upon my hands and leet bending backward. It is commonly called "bending the crab."

his joints may be well greased, and there are others who actually believe him entirely boneless. Both opinions, of course, are wrong. Everybody is aware that the spine is not a stiff bone, but composed of pieces which are movable and can easily be placed and replaced in almost any position. How little it is necessary to be an out-of-the-way person to become a contentering in each by the fact that there are very clever female

longs to the weaker sex, she is not able to bear the strain as well and as long as man, and, therefore, she has been obliged to re-main in the background.



SOME ADVICE.

and alert. I should not advise anyone to begin bending after he is 20 years of age, as after that time your bones neturally become stiff and settled. The est time to begin practicing contortion is at the age of 15. If one begins before that time there is sor danger of injuring the back. It may not be

most important parts of the exercises. In both the French and German armies back bending is a daily exercise. We are far behind in that respect, the only bending that is practiced in our schools and gymna-

can do as well as I have done, provided he has the natural qualifications that I have

spoken of. My althletic career began in 1882, when oined the New York Young Men's Christian Association. Two years later I joined the Pastime Athletic Club and made my



mile in 2:16. I took several times a second and third prize. In 1886 I won my first con tortionism championship in Tammany Hall, During the last eight years I have appeared at all the prominent clubs of New York in ships in and out of town, defeating some of the best known amateur athletes, especially in the line or club swinging.

myself to one kind only. I chose, there-fore, the back bending, as it is the prettiest, hardest and most effective form of conto tionism. AN EASY TRICK.

debut ss. a runner, winning my first half

In tricks in contortionism there are three distinct ways of bending—first, forward bending, called posturing; second, side bending or twisting; third, back bending. My experience has been limited to two kinds of bending, forward and back. But I soon discovered that in order to become a finished performer I would have to confine

The leg exercise is about the easiest trick acquired, and can be learned in a very tew | yet been devised.

Head Stand With a Partner. with all my clothes on, including collar

and have never missed it once, nor have ever had an accident. It requires nothing but confidence in yourself To accomplish this trick you will have to begin by practicing on the floor without the use of your hands. When you have mastered that part of it you can try two low chairs and so on until you can use a regulation size chair. You will find it a very easy performance when once thoroughly studied

The Pessimism of Henry George and His Cure-All Theory.

EVILS OF EDUCATIONAL METHODS IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. It may be I was wrong-as a correspond-

with pessimistic views, that is with holding the idea that the tendency of the world was to evil rather than to good. But certainly no one has portrayed a sadder picture of the present or a more gloomy outlook for the known. future of the United States, and the world at large, that is if his views of political economy and his plan of taxation are not accepted and adopted, than he has. In every civilized country, he affirms, pauperism, crime, insanity and suicides are inincreasing. In every civilized country the diseases are increasing which come from overstrained nerves, from insufficient nourishment, from squalid homes, from unwholesome and monotonous occupations,

poses upon women. "In every civilized country," he says, "the expectation of life which gradually rose for several centuries, and which seemed to have culminated about the first quarter of this century, appears to be now diminishing. It is not an advancing civilization that such figures show. * * * * So sure as the declining sun brings darkness, so sure it is that though knowledge yet in-creases, and invention marches on, and new States are being settled and cities still expand, yet civilization has begun to wane, when in proportion to population we must build more and more prisons, more and more almshouses, more and more insane asylums. It is not from top to bottom that societies die; it is from bottom to top,"

the tasks and crimes which poverty im-

is that "there is a vague but general feeling of disappointment; an increased bitterness among the working classes; a widespread feeling of unrest and brooding revolution." Or, as Schopenhauer would put it, they have discovered that the pursuit of happiness proves it to be an illusion, since, like the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow, it is throw of the President, Dr. Juarez Celman, Mr. George goes on to say further that although the schoolmaster has been abroad for some time the general power to trace



just the same as all branches of contortion-ism. You have to know how to do them, and practice steadily and patiently. CHARLES E. SMITH.

electric light, under the control of the ship's by a handle so as to cause the pencil of light to pass over the water from amidships to the starboard side. This sweep of light will necessarily move over that part of the water ver which the ship on its port helm will pass, and will thus give to any vessel coming in an opposite direction distinct warn-ing of the helm the vessel is on and the part of the water it will pass over. The converse action, of course, takes place when the vessel is on a starboard helm. effective preventative of collisions that has

This is the most