THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 14, 1890.

A NIGHT AT THE EXPO

The Merry Music, Flitting Maidens, Garrulous Gents and Assorted Cranks Seen There.

TUMBLES ON A CROOKED STAIR.

A Young Gentleman of Pale Intellectuality Who is Madly in Love With

QUAINT CHARACTERS IN THE CROWDS.

a Pretty Wax Figure.

The Tough Man Who Clears Out the Art Gallery After the Show is Over.



Then the bell sounded, the conductor's baton waved thrice in the air, and with a



Manty Beauty at the Glass House

note from one of the violins, a low growl from the trombone, and a quick, authoritative tap from the big drum, the band of the "gallant Thirteenth" was whirling merrily through a rollicking overture from "La Grande Duchesse."

With the music, the charm of silence seemed broken; and a ripple of conversation passed through the gaily lighted hall, Every maiden in the audience, who had anybody to talk to, parted her pretty lips, and rapturously exclaimed: "Oh! Isn't it



In Love With a Wax Figure,

just lovely? Did you ever hear such a charming band?" And every cavalier in the audience manfully replied to both questions in the neg-

And, indeed, the fair critics we a right, as they generall are, in such cases. The "Thirteenth" Band is one of the finest to which Pittsburg has had the pleasure of listening for many years; and i everthere was a conductor who conducted perfectly, Mr. F. N. It nes is that man. So the overture rambled gaily onword,

and as its last notes died away the crowds began to disperse in every die tion. The e had been a siege upon the remonade and



A Small but Admiring Audience,

candy counters all the evening, but now the siege became a positive blockade. One excharacter" too; and one of these we saw at a well known exhibitot intoxicating liquors. In the glass case of the stall were ranged a number of whisky bottles, which lay with the light glowing on their upturned sides in an exceedingly tempting manner. Over the bottles stood an old gentleman with rubicund cheeks and still more rubicund nose, whose white hairs only emphasized the box vivant expression of his face. As

the foot of the staircase, and await further

the foot of the staircase, and await further interesting casualties.

And the casualties came with delightful frequency. The first victim, an extensively circulated old dame, while trying to "trip gracefully down stairs," after the fashion of "Lady Sellina," in the last novel she had read, was suddenly launched into space from a treacherous step, and reached what Mrs. Malaprop calls "terra cotta" in a very emphatic manner after a number of wild and ponderous gyrations. One after another came the victims of the staircase. Small boys, elderly gentlemen and pretty girls, all suffered alike.

"Just like a game of follow your

"Just like a game of 'follow your leader,' " laughed Dorothy as she watched the performance with "mitching mallecho"



An Every-Day Occurrence

in her eyes. But even seeing people tumble downstairs is ant to pall on the taste after a while, so Dorothy caused herselt to be taken

a-promenading.
THE DISPATCH stall, with its smiling attendant was passed, and the region of show cases and popcorn booths entered upon. It was a regular case of Scyllo and Charybdis to Dorothy. If she resisted the alluring temptations of popcorn she felt an uncontrollable desire to flatten her pretty, if somewhat retrousse little nose against the if somewhat retrousse little nose against the glass cases opposite, in a rapturous examination of the "gowas" or furs displayed

> In one of the cases was a charmingly lifelike wax figure of a lady which has quite a history. A pale youth with checkered pants and an intellect to match, had

well as one could see through the old fel-low's spectacles, there was a decided twinkle in his eye; and once, when his suggestive nose had approached itself rather near the allur-ing bottles we heard him smack his lips in a loud and energetic manner. Finally he made a purchase at the counter, folded something up in a brown paper, and hastened in the direction of the nearest means

of exit.
In Mechanical Hall "all went merry as a marriage bell," until we reached the famous glass plant. Here we stayed awhile, watching the unaccountable surprise displayed by Pittsburgers who have lived among glass Pittsburgers who have lived among glass houses all their lives at the ordinary work of the men employed. Dorothy was quite pleasant for a time, but presently she teran casting sheep's eyes at some of the brawny glassworking sons of Anak inside the glass plant rails. Finally, she turned to the writer and said: "Aren't they fine fellows? How refreshing it is to see a real meant least."

real man at last!"

Can the writer be blamed because he went off into a white heat at this remark? After all the lemonade and popcorn which Dorothy had gotten that night, it was surely a

cruel thing to say.

Dorothy was, of course, very repentant when she had once done the mischief. But the soul of the writer was full of wrath, and conversation slackened between us as we hastened to take a look through the picture galleries before the Exposition closed for the

The pictures were the happy means of re-storing our bonds of friendship. There is nothing so good for "making-up" purposes

as a really jolly laugh, and laughter there was a-plenty among the pictures.

Ah! those artless art criticisms! How we remember the stout lady who pranced through the galleries telling her six daughtes what everything meant and always telling the state of the state ing the wrong things. This lady mistook the prices at the right side of the catalogue pages for the numbers of the pictures, and so when she referred to her catalogue she found the most incongruous descriptions

But our researches in the art galleries were cut short by the announcement of the closing hour. A haughty usher entered the gallery and exclaimed: "Say, friends, you'd better get out now. See?"

And so Dorothy and the writer "got out;" and presently found themselves in the pleasant moonlight with a delicious lovers' walk home before them.

walk home before them, and two real quar-rels to be made up! So we bade goodby to the Exposition, and left far behind its myriad lights twinkling over the silent river, and all the merry music and happy crowds which had filled its glittering aisles.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE DISPATCH.

been observed to stand before this picture for hours together. He was finally questioned by one of the Exposition police, and turned out to be a half crazy young fel-low who had fallen in love with the war figure. The policeman, seeing his lamenta-ble condition, humored him in his delusion: and the love-lorn youth went away rejoic-ing in the promise of an introduction to the object of his affections. Next day he re-turned with a huge bouquet of roses, which he declared were for the "lovely lady in the glass case." To please him, the flowers were placed in the case at the feet of the wax figure; and again he went away quite happy. Since that day he has regularly reappeared, each time with flowers, which are laid as tributes before

the captivating lady in wax. He can be seen gazing at the case for over an hour every afternoon, and the visitor will notice that particular glass case is always filled with the choicest roses.

The Exposition is full of what an artist would call "bits of character" if only one keeps one's eyes open for them. There are

the usual legions of fiends and cranks. The free viands fiend is perhaps the most numer-There is a free tea fiend, and a free biscuit fiend. There is also the grand free everything fiend who, it is positively as-

series, does nothing but stroll from stall to stall eating all kinds of food which he can obtain for nothing. The free everything fiend doesn't need to pay board bills—his life is one long lunch.

The piano-trying crank is the worst of the cranks. He insists on playing time-worn tunes upon every plane exhibited in the hall, and if he can lay hands on any other species of musical instrument he will at

Get out Now. Bre?

species of musical instrument he will at-tempt to play it too. The machinery-lec-turing crank is a horrible nuisance, and so are the advertisement-collecting cranks and the wretched inquisitive crank who keeps asking everyone he meets, to be directed to some part of the Exposition about which no

one knows anything.

But there are some really quaint "lots of character" too; and one of these we saw at a well known exhibitof intoxicating liquors. In the glass case of the stall were ranged a

THE GRAND ARMY'S CHIEF. His Admirable Character Illustrated by Incident at Gettysburg.

Colonel Wheelock G. Veazey, the sucessor of General Alger as Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, is one of the most unassuming and modest men of the day. A stovepipe hat never fits him and a clawhammer cost is probably not among his earthly possessions. Some 20 years ago he was virtually tendered the office of Governor of his native State, but declined in favor of the present Secretary of War, who was one of his classmates in college.

The Detroit Free Press tells of a little in

cident that occurred during his fighting days which illustrates his personal courage and generosity.

At Gettysburg he was in command of a fine regiment. Just before the memorable

charge on Pickett's division he was conversing with the late General Stannard, then brigadier, and commenting on the havon that division was making on the Union lines, when Stannard said:
"By the eternal, I can't stand this.

want to charge. Colonel, we will take the responsibility. Rush to your regiment and To this Colonel Veazey replied as follows:

"If we don't dislodge the devils, charge the responsibility on me."
Stannard dispatched his orderlies; his division, with Colonel Verzey's regiment in the lead, charged over the stone wall, and General Stannard, without orders, won the stars of a Major General and the title of "The Little Man Who Saved Gettysburg," while the new Commander of the Grand Army offered to assume all the ignominy of defeat, if such should have been the result.

ELECTRICAL CRANKS

Some People Carry Electric Light Stube for the Sake of Their Health.

Washington Post. 1 "Do you see that man there who has just picked up something from the edge of the sidewalk?" asked a gentleman well posted camera had been lowered, all that was necon electrical matters of the writer. "He has the latest fool craze on the brain, for he has been following that electric-light tender about for the last ten minutes, in order to gather a few of the stubs of the electric are light carbons which are thrown away. Thes he will carry in his pockets, under the inleft over from last night's lighting may soak into his system and ease up a trifle o

some pain or other.
"Poor fellow! He is more deluded than the man who wears a potato in the lett-hand pocket of his trousers to cure him of rheumatism. Why, there is no more electricity in those carbons than in the bread that fel low may have enten for breakfast.
"It is astonishing," continued the

speaker, "what queer notions some people in Washington have about wearing electrical and magnetic appliances. The theory is quite universal that magnetism attract the iron in the blood and thus gives rise to a better circulation. But all the iron which exists in the human system is combined with hydrochloric acid and is in the form of the oxide of that metal, and in this state the magnet has no power over the oxide of iron.

Here are the dates between which sports men may try their markmenship on Penn Secrets of Earth and Sea Shown by THE CAMERA IN CAVES AND MINES. PICTURES IN OIL WELLS. Awful Story Told by a Picture Taken in a

Deep French Quarry. USEFUL IN FISHING IN OIL WELLS

Since the introduction of magnesium "flash" light as a substitute for the rays of Old Sol, photographers have been able to make their pictures at night, in doors or out, and even underground in mines, caves and other recesses of the earth where the light of day never penetrates. Photographs had been made even before the invention of the magnesium "flash" light, in the dark places of the earth; but they could not be made instantaneously, and so did not depict much instantaneously, and so did not depict much pedo shot. It encloses a camera with a which is now within the easy range of the quick-working lens, and a sensitive dry

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

PHOTOS IN THE DARK

Magnesium Flash Light.

Electric light was sometimes used for this purpose, but it required rather complicated and expensive apparatus, and made necessary a long exposure of the plate in the camera before the picture was sufficiently impressed. Magnesium, in coiled wire or ribbon, was found most successful for illuminating subterranean pictures. The magnesium was coiled upon a reet, and un-wound automatically as it burned, so that a steady light could be given throughout the entire time of exposure.

INSIDE A PYRAMID.

In this way Dr. Edward L. Wilson, the Oriental traveler and writer, photographed the interior of the great Egyptian pyramid. Eight Bedouins were posted inside and around the apartments with an uplifted taper of burning magnesium in each hand. Three cameras, large and small, were to-cused, in order to increase the chances of success. A wilder and more weird sight he never witnessed. The dark skins of the Arabs, with their white robes shining in the brilliant light; their excited yells; their stampeding when a bit of hot oxide chanced to fall upon their bare shoulders or feet, and the intense glare of the burning metal, all gave the scene, as he describes, an infernal realism which needed no fanciful Salvator Rosa to paint or Dante to make more herrible. more horrible.
"At last," he says, "American magnesium and the Yankee camera were victo-

rinos," and three pictures of the mysterious 'coffer" in the interior of the great Egyp-

"coffer" in the interior of the great Egyptian pyramid were brought out to light, that all might guess what it really was.

In a similar manner Piazzi photographed the interior of Cheops, and Mariat the Alderspach rocks in Silesia, Germany. Nadar, of Paris, made many remarkable photographs under ground in the gay capital of France, and others, both in the Old World and this country, photographed under the surface of the earth by means of the magnesium light. In this country, especially, were photographers successful in depicting the interiors of mines and caves. POWER OF THE LIGHT.

It was found that a burning magnesium wire only 0.297 m. m. in thickness furnishes as much light as 74 candles, of which five go to the pound, and it has been calculated that 0.120 m.m. of magnesium wire of the thickness mentioned above, when burned, produces light equal to 74 candles burning ten hours. Where about 20 pounds of stearine would be consumed it would need

stearine would be consumed it would need only about 72 grains, or two and a half ounces of magnesium. When powdered, and used with gunpowder or supplied freely with oxygen by chlorate of potash, the intensity of magnesium light is increased. It has proved so dangerous, however, in specific with the property of the photometer designed by Paymaster Read. nection with these active oxydizers and explosives that magnesium powder is now used for the most part in the pure state. Several deaths have actually occurred from the explosions occasioned by these dangerous compounds. There was just enough danger in the compounds sold to have a charm for amateurs, though professionals who had to use the powder every day in their business did not care to risk being

blown up any oftener than they could help The actual photographing is very simple and requires no extraordinary skill on the part of the operator. The powder is flashed into instantaneous combustion before a reflector made of tin or cardboard, and is supported during the combustion by an asbestus plate attached to the reflecting frame. Cor-rect focus is obtained by holding a candle near a prominent feature of the picture before the powder is flashed. The candle light illuminates sufficiently to obtain a sharp foous of the otherwise dark subject. The plate is developed the same as an ordinarily ex-posed photographic dry plate, and all the subsequent processes are the same.

PHOTOGRAPHING A HORROR. Many have been the interesting photographs made beneath the earth's surface by these means. A remarkable picture was the one made in France some time ago. A laudslide had occurred in a most sudden manner at a quarry, and a large number of workmen were buried in the subterranean galleries. It was supposed that the men were entombed at least 200 feet below the mouth of the mine. but nothing certain could be known of their position; and for an attempt at rescue to have any chance of success, an idea of their ap-proximate whereabouts had to be gained. The difficulty was overcome by means of photography. A shalt about one feet in diameter was lowered in the direction of the gallery, and through it, by means of a frame, a small camera mounted in a metallic tube was let down.

The camera was fitted within the tube at its upper end so that it might be fixed at any angle by tightening or slackening the connecting cord. Above and below the camera were placed rows of incandescent lamps, and when the apparatus had been lowered the camera was made to incline out-ward from the case. In order to photograph essary was simply to turn on the electric current and light the incandescent lamps, the plate being exposed at the same time.

In this manner a plate was exposed five
minutes, which on development, revealed
the ghastly fact that all the unfortunate miners had been starved to death in their subterranean tomb.

CAVES OF OUR OWN.

Almost the entire interior of Luray Caverns and the Mammoth Cave have been photographed by American amateurs. These photographs show beautiful formations of stalactite and stalagmite, and the innermo chambers of the great caves are depicted as naturally as if illumined by daylight. There is a little cave not 15 miles from New York City which possesses more than ordi-nary interest from the marvelous stories of Captain Kidd's hidden treasure which are connected with it. It is more an oblique cleft in the trap rock of the Orange Moun tains than a cave proper, and is so narrow at its entrance on the top of the nill that only with extreme difficulty can a rather slender man make his way into the widen-

the cave, while the little hand camera was held as firmly as possible against one of the walls. An intense smoke followed, which nearly suffocated the rash experimentor as well as the gloomy denizers of the cavern, and it was only with extreme difficulty that the ascent was made. When developed, the photograph showed an excellent picture of the cave interior; but no sign was there of hidden treasure.

The perfection of "flash" light photography suggested to E. P. Cobham, a native of the oil country in Pennsylvania, to employ it for depicting the bottoms of oil wells. Heretofore nobody had ever seen the bottom of an oil well. When tools were lost and it was desired to locate them an impression block was used. This was a heavy wooden block covered with tallow or beestand the back of the wax, which took an impression of the bottom of the well, and gave some idea of the condition of things below. By means of the "geolograph," which Mr. Cobham has named his invention, an excellent photograph, it is said, can be made of an oil well bettom. The instrument is made in two styles, ac

cording to the nature of the well whose se-crets it is desired to discover. For dry wells the instrument used is a small sheet-iron case shaped very much like a five-quart torquick-working lens, and a sensitive dry plate. On the outside of the instrument, near the point, are two projecting flanges with cups to contain percussion caps and magnesium "flash" powder. Running through the top of the case toward these cups, and held in their place by stout strings, are two iron bolts. The camera is lowered carefully to the place where it is to be used. It, for instance, it is desired to locate tools, it is lowered till it strikes the tools. Then it is drawn back 18 inches to get the proper focus, and a four-ounce weight is slipped upon the cord by which the instrument is suspended and dropped in the same manner as a "go-devil" in setting the same manner as a "go-devil" in setting off a can of glycerine. It strikes the plate and sets off the "flash" light, at the same time uncovering the lens. When the geolograph is pulled up a photograph of the bottom of the well is found within. In photographic under oil or water the form graphing under oil or water, the instru-ment is made more carefully water-tight. The flash is then obtained by means of a wire rope and an electric incandescent at-

LIGHT IN THE SEA. The principle is similar to that used in marine photography, which is another inter-esting branch of subterranean photography. Paymaster George H. Read, of the United States Navy, described in the the Ameri-can Annual of Photography for 1890 how photographs are made beneath the surface of the sea. His experiments, however, were undertaken with a view more to determine the intensity of light at various depths of the ocean or elsewhere, than to photograph submarine pictures, though the photometer, by means of which light force is measured, is capable of making excellent photographs. It is a metal box about six inches square,

open at the top, and containing in two op-posite sides a drop. One holds the plate, and the other is designed to cover it after exposure. The drops are released by the action of the wings projecting through the sides and acting upon their resistance to the air, according as the photometer is raised or

It carries a small photographic plate; and when the apparatus is a short distance below the point where the exposure is desired to be made, it is raised to that point where both buttons which secure the one drop are turned by the action of the wings, while the other drop containing the plate is allowed to fall to the bottom of the box. As soon as the exposure has been made the photometer is again lowered a short distance, so that the other drop is released to fall upon the first and cover up the exposed plate. It is then

Doctor Rombouts, of Amsterdam, has photographed fishes actually swimming in the water, by means of magnesium light. The camera is focused on the plane of glass in front of the glass which contains the fishes, and a black cloth over the back of the tank prevents reflections from the glass forming on the side. The magnesium powder is burned in a box placed on a tripod, and so stationed that the reflections from the glass tank will not enter the lens. His photographs are very interesting to ex-perts, as they showed exactly the various peculiarities of piscatorial motion.

Mr. S. R. Stoddard, the Adirondack photographer, has been most successful in photographing by means of artificial light. His photographs of Howe's Cave in the Adirondseks are most remarkable. One shows the great Eagle's Wing, which is a stalactite in this famous cave; and another, and perhaps the most interesting of all, a number of bats hanging to the wall of the cave. He used an ordinary tripod camera for making these photographs, but flashed

for making these photographs, but hashed a quantity of magnesium powder. There are no end of applications which may be made of photography by means of artificial light to the depicting of subterranean subjects. When the photometer is perfected so that an ample charge of magnesium "flash" compound can be carried to the bottom of the sea with the little instrument, and thus illuminate a subject far be-youd the point to which the strongest day-light can penetrate, what interesting pic-tures shall we not be able to photograph. perhaps at the very bottom of the ocean it-seli! There can no longer be "bottomless" pits, for the ingenious geolograph of Mr. Cobham can show us exactly where the bottom is and what it is like. Coal strata in the great/mines of Pennsylvania may be accurately depicted by means of thecamera, and the innermost recesses of the earth may be explored and faithfully portrayed.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS, Editor Photographic Times.

A BABY KING AT PLAY. How Alphonso Puts in the Time and Enjoye

Alphonso, the baby King of Spain, has the most beautiful and expensive toys in the world. His special favorite is a rockinghorse, which is covered with the hide of a beautiful Andalusian horse. The saddle, stirrups and other trappings are of the same pattern as those used in Andalusia. There s a story told that he once invited a court

dignitary to play at horses with him, much to everybody's amusement; and it is a fact that when the nobles had assembled to cele-

brate his birthday Alphonso amused him-self by climbing up and down the steps of

Popular Demonstrations.

his throne.

Another day, when the foreign embassa

Another day, when the foreign the little Another day, when the foreign embassa-dors came to pay court to him, the little fellow went off to sleep in his nurse's arms before the ceremonies were over. He goes out a great deal and has a very pretty way of zaluting people in the street. He loves military music, and when he hears the peo-ple shout "Viva!" to him he claps his little hands and shoute in rature

TWELVE IN A FLOCK.

ands and shouts in return.

A Remarkable Bird of Queensland Nam

siender man make his way into the widening darkness below.

When magnesium light first became practicable for photographing beneath the earth's surface, the writer determined to depict with his camera the innermost recesses of this mysterious cavern. He employed a small hand camera, which could be lowered into the cave first by means of a rope, and then followed himself, crawling and sliding, and supporting himself by the projections on each side of the trap walls. With some difficulty he at last reached what proved to be the bottom of the hill, and there proceeded to photograph the entire gallery. A large quantity of the magnesium powder was flashed from a flat stone picked up in

THEY TREAD LIGHTLY

Montreal People Abhor Noise as Most Folks Do Brimstone.

THE JEHUS TALK IN WHISPERS,

Thunder is Muffled and the Owners of Squeaky Boots Fined.

NOT LIKE RATTLE-TE-BANG PITTSBURG

| WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 The summer tourist who loafs around by way of Montreal will be impressed with two things-the quiet of the town and the prevalence of the milk shake. Montreal should be called the Noiseless City, and how a fourishing town of 230,000 inhabitants can so completely wrap itself in the mantle of solitude surpasses the understanding of one from the "States." A wagon load of iron with bagging interlaced through it explains that Montreal makes a business of keeping itself quiet. The bells on the street car horses, if there are any bells at all, are such small and soft-toned affairs as to be a pleasure rather than a pain. Street car conductors do not startle their passengers with shrill whistles, and the horse track between the rails is paved with a view to making as little noise as possible. The effect of all this is soothing to the nerves of one from an

"We try to get along with as little noise as possible," said a Montreal business man. "New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis should send committees, and we will show them how we do it."

EVEN THE JEHUS QUIET. In the meantime Grandfather Lickshingle may be permitted to describe the novelty of visiting a city where there is no noise. As visiting a city where there is no noise. As our party of four emerged from the steamer the cabmen accosted us almost with bated breath. They were eager enough to secure our patronage, but being loyal to the unwritten law, to make as little fuss as possible, they did little more than motion us toward their vehicles in pantomine. Entering a bus the door was closed softly behind us, the busman, with a finger on his lips, made a dumb show to the driver, and we started for the hotel. The horses seemed to move with noiseless, cat-like tread, and the pedestrians along the thoroughfares apparently wore cork soles on their shoes. The entire commerce of the

thorough fares apparently wore cork soles on their shoes. The entire commerce of the city is conducted with a view to not waking the baby.

The Canadian, of Hibernian extraction, who drove us about town next day uncovered his head as we passed the Deaf and Dumb Asylum out of respect for the quiet people within. Long trains roll in and out of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific denote but the whistle of the locomotive is depots, but the whistle of the locomotive is muzzled, and as you watch the phenomenor the beating of your own heart is all the sound you hear.

MUFFLED THUNDER. It is essentially a cathedral city, but you never hear the good old hymn: "Soun the Loud Timbrel O'er Egypt's Dark Sea, because of the suggestion contained in it for something loud. There was a heavy rainfall while we were there, and the lightning flashed vividly, but there was no thunder to disturb the regular order of things. It is understood that when the condition of the atmosphere makes thunder a necessity it is only a "muffled thunder." The statement is made on authority that an American is made on authority that an American once went into Montreal wearing a pair of squeaky boots, and was arrested for disturb ing the peace. Being a stranger the Judge, on the Queen's Bench, let him off with a quiet reprimand, and warned him against wearing anything loud again. The thoughtless person who undertook to start a barber shop in the town did not like to tell the tale himself. Mothers always admonistheir children in two words: "Be quiet," and so they grow up in the way they go, and never depart from it. Speaking of the people of Montreal in general, it can be said that their ways are ways of pleasant.

ness, and all their paths are peace.

AN AWFUL HABIT. In regard to the milk-shake habit it may be said to be universal. It is within the golden limits of truth to state that any busines house in Montreal can supply you with a milk-shake. Milk is cheap in Canada and the shake is a mere matter of unskilled labor, so in many places you can get a milk shake fair to middling for "tuppence." shake tair to initiating for tuppence," though the regular price is 5 cents. You can get a milk-shake in a millinery store, a blacksmithshop or a gents' furnishing house. One "medical hall," as a drug store is called, displays a sign, "Milk-shake compounders to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," notwithstanding the general opinion that the Prince of Wales has had no use for a milk-shake since the day he

was weaned. American money goes in Canada, Indeed it goes too freely. This is true of all our money of whatever denomination, excep the nickel, and the street car companie draw the line at that. The conductor comes around with a jug-shaped receptacle to col-lect your fare and into this you drop the money as into a slot machine. But you can't drop a nickel in for the reason that the slot is purposely made small enough to

IT'S A MELANCHOLY FACT. Any coin up to an English quarter ex-cept the despised nickel. It is sad to see our universal, if not ever-present, universal friend thus discriminated against almost under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes, but such is the melancholy truth. Aside from this Montreal has tew faults and many virtues. After the rush and roar of Pitts-burg and New York it is like Paradise to burg and New York it is like Paradise to drop down here over the Lachine rapids and loiter through its quaint streets or climb to the top of Mount Royal, where the scene is probably unsurpassed by any other in the world.

As illustrating the idea that greatness is

esteemed by the people of Montreal above rubies or fine linen, this incident may be related: A lady stepped into a birdstore to buy a canary. After looking over the stock she found a bird whose appearance pleased her, and asked the shopman: "Does he sing?"

"Bless your heart, no!" exclaimed the "Then," said the customer, "I will take im." R. W. CRISWELL.

HE FELL TO THE REAR. How a Proud Sunday School Superintendent Was Suddenly Humbled.

uffato Courier.

Not many Sundays ago a Southside Sun day school was invited to participate in a union service with another Sunday school a union service with another Sunday school a
few blocks away, and formed in line with
the superintendent at the head, and marched
out of doors singing the superintendendent's
avorite hymn, "Hold the Fort." Bystanders stopped, and every one locked on
at the beautiful sight of the proud superintendent marshaling his handsome coborts
of caroling children up the street. Their
singing charmed all hearts, too, but when
they struck the second stanza:
"See the mights best advancing."

"See the mighty best advancing, Satan leading on—" Somebody mickered, and the superintend-ent dropped back to the rear to speak to the tutor of the infant class.

Her Canvas-Back Duck. awrence American.] Star Boarder (struggling with his din ner)-Er-what is this, Mrs. Slimdiet? Landlady—That is canvas-back duck.
Star Boarder—Didn't—er—you forget to
take the—er—canvas off?



A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

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The story opens at Piccadilly with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Maisrie, en their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a noble Scotch house and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he is energed in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburg is to procure assistance from him. Maisrie is just budding into womanhood and feels humilitated when he grandfather accents £50 from Lord Musselburg. On the way home she asks her grandfather when he will begin the work. She receives an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in earnest. At last she begs her grandfather to allow her to earn a living for the two. He refuses in his proudest vein, intimating that people should feel highly honored to have the opportunity to assist the family of Bethune of Balloray. Young Vin. Harris overheard the conversation at Lord Musselburg's residence and became strangely interested in the young girl. He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father is very rich and given to Socialistic ideas. Vin. is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's house to secure a suite of rooms just across the street from Maisrie's home. He has an aunt, Mrs. Ellison, who is just now busy impressing him with the importance of securing an American wife for himself, in timating that the bride will not be without a liberal dowry if Vin. marries a girl of her choice. At his rooms Vin. is greatly touched by Maisrie's tunes on the violin, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at last leads to a formal introduction of the young people. Vin. invites the pair to visut Henley Regatta. At the regatta Mrs. Ellison is prevailed upon by Vin. to meet the Bethunes. She studies them intently, and intimates on parting that she has been compromised by the visit. Maisrie makes no effort to conceal from Mrs. E

HOLY PALMER'S KISS. This was a bright and cheerful afternoon November; and old George Bethune and his granddaughter were walking down Regent street. A brilliant afternoon, indeed; and the scene around them was quite gay and animated; for the wintry sunlight was shining on the big shop fronts and on the busy pavements and on the open carriages that rolled by with their occupants gorgeous in velvet and silk and fur. Nor was George Bethune moved to any spirit of envy by all this display of luxury and wealth; no more than he was oppressed by any sense of solitariness amid this slow-moving, murmuring crowd. He walked with head erect; he paid but little heed to the passers-by; he was singing aloud, and that in a careless

and florid fashion-The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frac the ferry. The ship rides by the Berwick Law, And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

But suddenly he stopped; his attention had been caught by a window, or rather a series of windows, containing all sorts of Scotch articles and stuffs.

"Maisrie," said he, as his eye ran over these varied wares and fabrics, "couldn't you-couldn't you buy some little bit of a

"Why, grandfather?" she asked. "Oh, well," he answered, with an air of lofty indifference, "it is but a triffe-but a trifle; only I may have told you that my friend Carmichael was a good Scot-good friend and good Scot are synonymous terms, to my thinking-and-and as you are going

not unkindly scrutiny, was referring to the volume on the Scottish Poets in America which George Bethune had failed to bring out in time; and his speech was considerate "It is not the first case of forestalling I have known," said he, "and it must just be looked on as a bit of bad luck. Better fortune next time. In any case our countrymen over there have found their voice at last; they have been brought together to sing in chorus; perhaps they will be heard further that way. I do not know what place the book may ultimately take in Scottish literature; but at all events it is pleasant reading for a Scotchman—pleasant for him to see how his countrymen across the water have not forgotten their native land. And so, Mr. Bethune, if you care to

notice the book for us, you may say pretty well what you like-on the sympathetic side, of course—"
"Most assuredly—most assuredly," the old man said. "I cannot grumble about being forestalled; that was my own fault; and I am not going to give a less hearty welcome to those old friends of mine because they have been led out by another hand. And where should they have a hearty welcome if not in their own country? Non corpus sine pectore: they will know who speaks."
"I dare say.—I dare say," said Mr. Carmichael with a tolerant smile. "By the way, there is another little circumstance connected with that book-perhaps I should not mention it-but I will be discreet. No names; and yet you may like to hear that you have got another friend somewhere-

somewhere in the background—"
It was at this point that Maisrie began to "Ob, yes, your friend—your unknown friend—wanted to be generous enough," Mr. Carmichael continued. "He wrote to me saying he understood that I had advanced a certain sum toward the publication of the work; and he went on toward the publication of the work; and he went on toward in the sacretic work; and he went on toward in the sacretic work; and he went on toward in the sacretic work; and he went on toward in the sacretic work; and he went on toward the went on the sacretic work; and he went on toward the went on the sacretic work; and he went on toward the went on the sacretic work and he went on toward the went on the sacretic work.

work; and he went on to explain that ascertain



show him you are not ashamed of your things had happened to prevent your bring-

THEY CHATTED ENTRUSIASTICALLY OF THE NEW ENTERPRISE.

country. Isn't there something there, maisrie?" he continued, still regarding the fund the money. Oh, yes, a very generous articles in the window. "Some little bit of tartan ribbon-something you could put around your neck-whatever you likemerely to show that you fly your country's colors, and are not ashamed of them-" "But why should I pretend to be Scotch,

"But why should I pretend to be Scotch, grandfather, when I am not Scotch?" she said.

He was not angry; he was amused.
"You—not Scotch? You, of all the people in the world, not Scotch? Wou, of all the people in the world, not Scotch? What are you, then?

A Bethune of Balloray—ay, and if justice were done, the owner and mistress of Balloray, Ballingean, and Cadzow—and yet you are not Scotch? Where got you your name? What is your lineage—your blood—you right and title to the lands of Balloray.

"I do not see what right anyeage has to fee name? What is your lineage—your blood—you right and title to the lands of Balloray and Ballingean? And I may see you there yet, Maisrie; I may see you there yet. Stranger things have happened. But come away now—we need not quarrel about a bit of ribbon-and I know Mr. Carmichael will receive you as his countrywoman even if you have not a shred of tartan about you." Indeed he had taken no offense: once more he was marching along, with fearless eye and undaunted front, while he had resumed his gallant singing-

But it's not the roar of sea or shore Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry, Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar— It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

They went down to one of the big hotels in Northumberlanp avenue; asked at the office for Mr. Carmichael, and after an imoffice for Mr. Carmichael, and after an immeasurable length of waiting were conducted to his room. Here Maisrie was introduced to a tall, fresh-colored, angular-boned man, who had shrewd gray eyes that were also good humored. Much too good humored they were in Maisrie's estimation, when they chanced to regard her grandfather; they seemed to convey a sort of easy patronage, almost a kind of good-natured pity, that she was quick to resent. But how could she interfere? These were business matters that were being talked of; and she sat somewhat apart, forced to listen, but not taking any share in the conversation.

Presently, however, she heard something that startled her out of this apathetic concurrence, and sent all her pulses flying. The tail, raw-boned newspaper proprietor, youing this proud-featured old man with a

offer; for all was to be done in the profoundest secreey; you were not to know anything about it, lest you should be offended. And yet it seemed to me you should be glad to learn that there was someone interesting

"I do not see what right anyone has to in-termeddle," said he, in tones that fell cruelly on Maisrie's ear, "still less to pay money for me on the assumption that I had

forgotten, or was unwilling to discharge, s "Come, come, come, Mr. Bethune," said the newspaper proprietor, with a sort of con-descending good nature, "you must not take it that way. To begin with, he did not pay any money at all. I did not allow him. I said 'Thank you; but this is a prihim. I said 'Thank you; but this is a private arrangement between Mr. Bethune and myselt; and if he considers there is any indebtedness—I don't, goodness knows!—then he can wipe that off by contributions to the Chronicle.' So you see you have only to thank him for the intention—"
"Oh, very well," said the old man, changing his tone at once. "No harm in that. No harm whatever. Misplaced intention—but—but creditable. And now," he continued, in a still lighter strain, "since you

but—but creditable. And now," he continued, in a still lighter strain, "since you mention the Chronicle, Mr. Carmichael, I must tell you of a scheme I have had for some time in mind. It is a series of papers on the old ballads of Scotlaud—or rather the chief of them—taking one for each, weekly article, giving the different versions, with historical and philological notes. What do you think of that, now? Look a, the material—the finest in the world!—the elemental passions, the tragic situation that are far removed from any literary form or tashion, that go straight to the heart and the imagination even now as they did in the days when the 'King sate in Dunferm-line town, drinking the blued-red wina.' Each of them a spleadid text!" he proceeded,