A JAPANESE SIBERIA.

The Wilds of the Northern Island Where Convicts Are Sent to Clear Away the Forest.

BEARS AS LARGE AS HORSES.

Half-Digested Remains of Children Taker From One's Stomach and Preserved in Alcohol.

A COUNTRY OF AMERICAN IDEAS

Famous Coal Mines and Giant Factories to Develop Grea Resources.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.] YEZO, August 29 .- Among those who have never crossed the Pacific Ocean the opinion seems to prevail that Japan is a tropical, or at least, a sub-tropical country, inasmuch as it produces such things as ten and silk and camphor and monkeys. But, as a matter of fact, camphor trees and monkeys are not to be found in the most southern portion of the Japanese islands, which, in general, have a climate too cold for bananas or even lemons. The summers are, indeed, warm enough to favor the growth of tropical plants, but the winters are too cold to tolerate their existence, so that tourists are disappointed in their expectation of finding a vegetation resembling that of the Sandwich Islands. Even as far south as Tokio there are almost 70 frosty nights from November to March, snow sometimes covers the ground for a few days, and the thermometer falls eight or nine

degrees below freezing point. The Japanese, who wear very little clothing in summer, are at this time covered with thick wadged clothes and sit shivering around their charcoal boxes in their thin frail houses without stoves or fireplaces. This is in Ninnen, the principal one of the Japanese Islands. In Yezo, the large island which lies directly north of Nippon, the winter climate is so much colder that it seems quite proper to call this island Japanese Siberia. For six months of the year snow lies here from three to six eet eeep, with drifts in some valleys of almost twenty feet. Northern fur animals, like sable and otter, are found here, as well as a hare which turns snow white in winter, for protective purposes.

TWO DAYS TOO MUCH.

This being the case, one would naturally suppose that Y-zo would be regarded by the Japanese and the foreigners residing among them as an ideal summer resort—a good place to go to escape from the sultry heat of Tokio, Yokohama, Kioto and Nagasaki. But it is, after all, a two days' trip from Tokto, and few of the Japanese seem to have the means or the desire to under-take such long journeys for mere pleasure's sake. Foreigners, however, seemed to have at lost become aware of the elimatic and other attractions of Japanese Siberia in summer and this senson the number of visitors has been larger than ever before, while the prospects are that in future summers there will be a perect exedus of foreigners from Nippon to the Hokkaido, as the Japanese usually call Yezo. For Americans Yezo possesses a special interest, because on this island American ideas and methods prevail almost exclusively in all the innovations in griculture and commerce.

During my sojourn in Tokio I met a num-

ber of Japanese statesmen and officials, and found that the majority showed a marked partiality for certain American as compared with European phases of civilization, but Yezo, parts of which, that are now being colonized, bear a striking re-semblance to American frontier towns. I was lucky enough to get as a companion on my northern trip Mr. Yabi, one of the most promising younger writers of Japan, at present one of the editors of the Tokio Mainichi Shimbun, or Daily News, the chief organ of the Liberal

PRETTY TEA GIRLS.

When our boat arrived in the pretty little harbor of Oginohama we were received at the wharf, on a projecting platform, by a bovy of tea girls from the principal inn-six of them-who bowed gracefully as we touched the pier, seized our values and escorted us in style to the yadoya. The other steamer arrived soon after and took us aboard, together with any number o: baskets of fish, especially eels, which are caught here in great numbers and constitute one of the principal delicacies of the Japanese. At Hakodate we were struck by the re-

semblance of this old treaty port to Gibral-Generally such supposed resemblances remind one of the weasel and camel cloud in "Hamilet;" but in this case a real resemblance does exist. Although the Japanese 'rock" is greener than the English and no high, or bristling with guns, the general impression given by Hakodate, nesting at base and connected with the island by a flat peninsula (the "neutral ground" of Gibraltar) is strikingly milar to that of the English fortress in Spain; and what is more, owing to its favor able and commanding position in parrow straits which separate Yezo from the Japanese mainland, it could be made to assume a military function and importance similar to that or Gibralter.

ODD MISSIONARY WORK.

Hakodale has ceased to be a "foreign" port of any importance, being chiefly frequented now by war ships in search of a pleasant summer climate. The foreign population at present numbers hardly two dozen, mostly missionaries, who, it is said, represent almost as many denominations hat hate each other more cordially than they do the Buddhists or Shintoiste; and it is owing to this example of "Christian love" as much as to the modern agnosticism which is now fashionable among the educated Japanese, that the genuine annual converts to Christianity in any Japanese city can be counted on the fingers. Shintoism is the religion favored by the Japanese Government; but Buddhism is still holding its own, And linkodate, though it has ceased to be an important commercial port for foreigners, seems to be one of the most prosperous Japanese cities, for its population, which 30 years ago was 6,000, and 10 years ago 35, 000, is to-day 56,000-which may be classed as one of the American features of Yezo. Essentially, however, Hakodate remains a large fishing village, for fish, fish manure, sea weed and other products of the sea, are still the enief sources of income of most of

its inhabitants. A SQUATTY CITY.

The streets of the city present a different appearance from those of most Japaness cities, as they were made much wider than is customary after the great fire, which, in 879, destroyed the greater part of the town. All the houses are low, and since, from an elevated point, only the gray roofs can be seen, one gets the impression that some giant had sat down on the city and crushed that as a German pancake, Near Hakodate are two of the pretties

lakes in Japan, besides a harmless volcano, hot sulphur springs, which are much trequented by natives and foreigners, and other attractions. But we took steamer for the northern end of Yezo, which adjoins the Russian island of Saghalien, but it is the nost convenient, and in fact the only way of penetrating into the dense forest which envers the greater part of Yeso. There is even a railroad, 57 miles in length, which brings coal down from Poronai to Otam and from Poronai a good road has just been constructed to Kamikawa, in the very cen-ter of Yeso, which, it should be borne in mind, is an island larger than Ireland. This

road was only completed a year ago, and we were informed that only three or four foreigners had been over it before us. Here, therefore, was a new field to be visited in this much-described Japan.

About half-way between Otarn and the coal mines of Poronal lies Sapporo, the capital of Yezo, the most American city in Japan, though there are probably not half a dozen Americans residing there. The whole place is a curious mixture of Japan and America. The streets are laid out as regularly as an American chess-board town,

but the shops and the shoppers are Japanese while the public buildings, including a fine large city hall, where the Governor General and the other officials have their office, i again in the American style, both outside

and inside. [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] We delivered our letter of introduction to THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN REthe Governor General, a handsome man in whose hearing Japanese courtesy and military dignity are pleasantly united, and were received most hospitably in his house, which, like everything else in Sapporo, is half American and half Japanese. Foreigners enter with their shoes on by the front door into a carpeted parlor with foreign tables and chairs, and even foreign pictures on the walls; while for the Japanese visitors there is another entrance where, as usual, the shoes must be taken off before putting foot on the white, clean mats in the unjurnished rooms. Had we entered on this side tea would have been served in tiny Japanese cups; but on the American side we were treated to several kinds of beer brewed in the Sapporo brewery, which makes the best beer in Japan—much better than the Tokio and Yokohama beer, though for some reason or other it cannot be found in the cities of

LEARNING TO LOVE BEER

This beer is sold in the shops at 22 cents a bottle, and I may remark, by the way, that beer seems to be gradually displacing sake or rice wine among the Japanese. Shops where long rows of beer bottles are kept abound in all cities, and the change from sake to beer will be of benefit to the Japanese who are too easily affected by rice wine and who, as a race, need a little more of the corporal rotundity which beer tends to

We exchanged compliments and international comments with the Governor Gen-eral, who welcomed us cordially to the Hokkaido, and offered to do everything in his power to make our trip a pleasant one. When we rose to leave he accompanied us to show us his orchard, which contains some fine fruit trees, all imported from America. Afterward we received a basketful of apples from these trees at the hotel, and found them equal in flavor to the best Oregon apples, and entirely free from blemish. The trouble with most Japanese fruit is that it gets wormy on ripening-and this is one reason the Japanese eat unripe fruit, they from the est ahead of the worm-but Yezo try to get ahead of the worm-but Yezo fruit is sound, and these apples at any rate had not lost their flavor as most fruits do in Japan.

POTATOES AND FLAX.

The soil is coal black and very deep, and seemingly inexhaustible. What struck me especially was the fine appearance of the potato fields, and Yezo potatoes I found to be the best I had ever eaten. The soil and climate are remarkably favorable to flax, and accordingly a gignatic flax factory has been lately built, which we visited. The Japanese are being constantly told that everything in their country is small; and no doubt it is a land of petite things. The men are smaller than elsewhere, and so are the women; the houses are smaller and so are the animals-horses, dogs, chickens; eggs like pigeon eggs; and the Japanese eat and drink out of porcelain ware of dolls sizes. But this Sappore factory is an exception. It is big enough to attract attention even in America, the land of big

things.
Another big thing now in course of construction is a beet sugar factory, on as large a scale as the flax factory. This is under German control.

After seeing these factories we were driven to the Agricultural College, where everything is American—American implements, an American barn, American vegetables, fruits and cereals, and a collec-50 cows, which were much plagued by flies, though otherwise in good condition. The milk is excellent, as we had occasion to find out in the cellar, where a constant supply of well water keeps it ice cold. It tasted all the more delicious, as I had not had any since leaving San Francisco; for the Japanese have no milk, cheese or butter, which have only lately been introduced. They say milk is an acquired taste, and the Jap anese do not like it at first.

MAN-EATING BEARS.

We also visited the Sapporo Museum which had a fine collection of Yezo animals fish, butterflies and minerals, and a numb of Airo antiquities upstairs. What most attracts the attention is the enormous stuffer Yezo bears, with bodies as large as oxen. One of the specimens had eaten ten horses before a band of soldiers succeeded in shooting it by climbing up trees and waiting for Yezo bears are as savage as they are large, and being fond of gastronomic variety, they add a man or child to their menu one in a while. The contents of the stomach of one of these stuffed bears are shown in a glass jar in this museum. It is a ghastly sight. The bear had not taken munch the child's limbs, and the hands and feet, with the little fingers and toes, are preserved intact in the alcohol.

home of these bears, the almost impenetrable forest of Central Yezo, was to l the goal and climax of our journey; but be fore starting out we visited the coal mines at Poronai. Three mines are in operation at present, in all of which the coal is mined upward, the mountains being tapped at the base, which saves a lot of labor and expense First you walk into a tunnel about half mile, then climb up by means of the timbers which support the excavation-exciting work, especially if you wear white flanne trousers and carry your own lamp. At last we come to the end-a solid wall of coal five feet high with only one-tenth of an inch of impure matter in the whole mass. It has been estimated that there is enough coal in Yezo "to yield the present annual product of Great Britain for a thousand years to come." It is of good quality, though it will improve as the lower layers are

SETTLED BY CONVICTS.

The Yeso forest is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. The inhabitants consist of Alnos, convicts who help to prepare settlements, and colonists from Lower Japan who are encouraged to emigrate to this region by receiving a house and a few acres of ground at a nominal price, the Government's object in colonizing this region being to relieve the overcrowded dia tricts in the South and to form a bulwark against the designs of Russia, which seems have a desire to add Yezo to its Siberian possessions. The houses are simple wooder oxes, differing from each other as eggs differ from one another.

These houses stand in the midst of clear-

ings, in which the trees, recently out down, are still burning, and the air is still fragrant with the odor of burnt wood and leaves.
The black, rich soil is being dug up, and already in some places potatoes and other crops are in full bloom. The amount of hardwood in Yezo is positively astounding, and is only equaled by the pine forests of Oregon and Alaska. Imagine an island larger than Ireland, the greater part of which is covered by a superb forest of decid-uous trees—caks, maple, mountain-ash, birch, magnolia, elder, chestnut, poplars, will cherry, linden, etc.—the last named filling the air in August with a delicious

As we approach Kamikawa actual settlers become rare, but their place is taken by con-victs in a brick-red costume, who are doing pioneer work. Though they are the most dangerous class of criminals, there are few soldiers to guard them. But they could not very well escape, as there is but one road. To get lost in the forest would be certain

Way Up.

"It's the tallest story I know," said 'What story is that," said Hicks "The top one on the Eiffel Tower.

ADIRONDACK BEAUTY To Be Preserved Forever by a Club of AN AMERICAN CITY. Wealthy Eastern Men.

A THIRTY-THOUSAND-ACRE TRACT.

The Old-Time Guides Organized Into a Novel Police Patrol.

JOYS IN CAMP AND TROUT FISHING

SERVE, September 26 .- Thirty thousand acres of land i- no insignificant part of the earth for any one or a dozen people to own. This is about the size, though, of a slice of the most beautiful and healthful part of the Adirondsck region which an association of gentlemen from New York and Philadelphia have recently purchased and converted into a park which every one can visit and enjoy. There are but two

lakes on the property

" the "Reserve,"

hich stretches northward from the lower end or Keene Valley a distance of eight or nine miles, and westward from the Ausable river as far as the Boquet. In these 40 square miles of territory are compacted mountains and valleys, lakes cascades and rivers, and rocks and clearing. Here are many spots where men have seldom, if ever,

these rules almost impossible. When the land was purchased the rivers and mountains were a general tramping ground, and tains were a general tramping ground, and the native guides earned a living by conducting parties to favorite pools for fish, or to camps where the deer could be shot or other sport indulged in. Every one of these guides has now become a guardian jealous of the preservation of this wild tract. What to do with these old guides long puzzled the possessors of the newly-acquired titles to the lands. They had long roamed the trails and made a living out of their camps and boats.

camps and boats.

Some lucky inspiration suggested that the easiest way of solving the whole question was to make a close corporation of these men, get them interested in preserving the premises, give them all the patronage to be get from solving and in return get from got from visitors, and in return get from them a care of the premises which they would unwittingly perform for self-interest. Bach guide, therefore, was given a spot for his camp on the upper Ausable Lake. Its shores are now dotted with these picturesque little huts, and none can visit the lake without a guide of the association, for they alone own the boats, without which progress is simply out of the question.

LIFE ON THE RESERVE. There is a mile carry between the lower and upper lake through a wild forest, over which parties are tramping every day in company with these guides. As a rule, these men are natives. They are entertaining talkers, and are curiously alive to the beautier of their surroundings. A certain rivalry exists between them, which keeps the camps in neat and attractive order. At the landing place, along the shore, little docks are built, while on an picturesque eminence will be found a cleared spot with indications of the campfire in the middle, a sleeping hut, open at one side and filled with balsam boughs for a bed, facing it, while at a short distance, as seen in our sketch, are other rude huts where the cooking and eat-

The nights are, as a rule, crisp, cold and heavy with dew. The campfire blazes, the sparks ascend among the overnanging trees, and the party crowds around the blazing logs, sings songs, plays cards or listens to the experiences of these men of the soil. Their yarns are always well spun, and though there are nowadays no Phelpses to discourse a rude philosophy, as in former



A CAMP ON THE UPPER AUSABLE

to be found, where the eagle makes his home undisturbed, where the catamount still lurks, and the deer is to be still seen in

MOUNTS AND LAKES.

Mounts Colvin, Marcy, the Haystacks, the Gothics, Dix, the Basin, Nipple Top and Noonmark are peaks which are all contained in the reserve's domain, and though but 5,000 feet high at the highest of their summits, they afford some pretty lively climbing to those who feel inclined that way. The two lakes are the Upper and Lower Ausable. Each is about a mile and a half in length. Connecting them and then flowing down to Lake Champlain is the Au-



Playing Cards by the Camp Fire sable river, a stream that in its mountain course offers many very beautiful sights as it falls from almost dizzy heights in cascades, or goes rushing noisily over its bed of rocks or through narrow and picturesque

trod; here fastnesses where the bear is still times, there are still some interesting charto be found, where the eagle makes his acter studies left among them. As to the nights in camp, they are just what they were when Charles Dudley Warner wrote so graphically of his delight in having a deluge of rain poured through a crevice down his back all night long, and people camplain as little of such things as ever.

CULTIVATING THE DEER. Deer are occasionally seen browsing upor the water lily leaves which fill the souther end of the lake We are trespassing indeed upon the rightful homes of these pretty creatures, but by a judicious domestication of a few, a little feeding in the sterner win-ter months, when food is scarce, the endless

The association has arrested the wanton setting an example to the State and to pr wate owners which might well be copied.
With the memory of the Johnstown and
other devasting floods in mind, the necessity almost of national legislation and purchase for the preservation of those forests whose myriad roots arrest the damaging flood of a heavy rainfall, is manifest. Th home of the Reserve is at the south of the park, where there is an open table land, overlooking Keene valley, a spot beloved by artists for its many scenic attractions. Here a capacious hotel has been built and cottages have been clustered about lt. It is the object of the Reserve to keep these forest charms for the enjoyment of the

people, and a most worthy object it is. Here the tired brainworker can regain his strength, here the business man throw aside his cares, here the invalid can respire an atmosphere such as is to be found hardly in another spot on the globe. Indeed thes The reservation was originally intended | woods are a vast sanitarium. Their hidden



for the woodman's ax. It was owned by lumbermen, and its value was chiefly counted in the trees which covered it. Years ago it was known as the Tottenham and Crossfield grant, and from them it passed down in time to lumbermen who were about to realize on it when Mr. William J. Neilson, a Philadelphian, conceived the idea of a purchase for the purpose of preserving its great natural beauties.

SAFE FROM MARAUDERS.

The tract was valued at some \$25,000 for the land and \$50,000 for the timber. a few friends Mr. Neilson acquired title to it and finally organized an association which now owns the region and insures its perpet ustion as a park for all time to come. A toll is levied from carriages to meet the expense of maintaining roads and trails, while other revenues enough to make the sel'-supporting, are charged upon visitors. Meanwhile the streams and lakes have been stocked with fish, for they had been fished out as completely as was possible by dynamite, by the use of seines and every sense less method of extermination known. Last year some 90,000 voung trout were

liberated, others the year before, still others this year and so on. The catch for the sen-son thus far has amounted only to about 1,500, nevertheless the Reserve has furnished the only desirable sport of this kind to be found nowadays in the Adirondack region At the breaking up of the ice last spring some famous catches were made and still better ones will follow as the fish grow larger. Plenty of two and two and a half pound brook trout were taken then, and throughout the summer good sport has been

A POLICE PATROL.

Meanwhile the "Reserve," as the associa-tion is popularly called, has placed strin-gent rules in force for the preservation of other game, and a most ingenious system of police patrol has made infractions of

beaufies lure the weary into a healthful exercise of the body, while the tranquillity, the grandeur, the beauty of the place are like the aroma of balsam, pervading everything and imperceptibly healing the sick in mind and body.

The nation which squanders millions to dredge the channel of an inaccessible creek,

or the State which lavishes fortunes upon political jobs, can learn a much-needed lesson from the vigor with which this handful of enterprising men have done a positive public benefit. The time has long since gone by when this whole region should have been made a vast park for the benefit of the American nation. HOLLIS HOLDEN.

PROGRESS OF THE KRUPPS

tarting in 1827 With Two Workmon They Now Own a Great Colony. Newcastic, Eng., Chronicle.]

Small beginnings proverbially lead to great results. The Krupp firm have just presented the inhabitants of Essen with a large plot of ground, and the bricks required to build a town hall, and a second church and vicarage, the colony having quite exceeded the original accommodation When it is remembered that the establish ment of Herr Krupp was started in 1827 with only two workmen, the stage of devel-opment which it has now reached is a tribute to the potency of industrial enterprise to which there are not likely to be

So Dudes Are Not Men. New York World. 1

"How many people were at your hotel? asked one Jersey City girl of another as they met after their summer campaign, "Well," was the reply. "I never counted them, but I should say, counting men IVES TURNS EVERYTHING TO GOLD.

Henry Grady's Ideas of the Qualities and

STORIES ABOUT MEN

in His Prosperous Days.

Duties of a Wife. THE CARRER OF DION BOUCICAULT The sensational developments of the Poter-Lovell failure are the talk of Boston. Walter Potter, the more famous member of the now famous insolvent banking company, has had a business career that is Napoleonic. He first made his appearance in the financial world with the old firm of W. F. Lawrence & Co. in the capacity of clerk. He

was born a financier, and his shrewdness in business, speculation, and as a salesman, soon won for him a salary of \$5,000. He was reckless in speculation, but always made money both for himself and his friends. He began his career in 1872, and by dint of persistency, shrewdness, and daring he gradually worked his way to a partnership in the firm, becoming a partner in 1875 or '6. At the time of the Shaw failure Mr. Lawrence pulled out from the firm, and Tower soon finding the pace that Potter had set too fast, followed his former partner's example. This was the beginning of the late Potter-Lovell firm, which was founded on the business left by both Lawrence and Tower.

The Boston Traveller states that private extravagance had much to do with the failure. Next to Daniel Pratt, Mr. Potter is entitled to the distinction of the "greatest American traveler." He has visited nearly every section of this country; has been

in winning to confidence. In late years he has been in the habit of visiting Europe two, three and sometimes four times a year, and his expenses, it is hinted, have been somewhat lavish at such times.

Some time ago Mr. Potter erected a palatial summer house at Nantasket, which some claim is worth nearly \$75,000, the stable alone costing nearly a third of the sum. His love for horses has been marked, and as an expert driver he has few superiors.

brought into contact with the most prom

inent business men, whom he has succeeded

He especially delights to drive four-in-While in his days of prosperity Mr. Potter was generous to a fault, and has not only made himself rich, but has made money for his friends. It has been Mr. Potter's delight to give fine dinners and jollifications at one of Boston's best known hotels, and at one of these banquets, given in celebration of the success of a deal in Texas lands, it is told that at 3 o'clock in the morning the members of the Germania orchestra were summoned from their beds. Not a single glass of wine and a cigar were thought sufficient for each, but a bottle and a box. This dinner, which has never been equaled in Boston for sumptuousness, is said to have cost Mr. Potter \$2,500.

The Prince of Wales Objected.

Lord Norton is noted for the exercise of ventriloquial ability. At a reception given by the Prince of Wales a few weeks ago Lord Norton ventured to use his faculty on His Royal Highness in a way that proved more successful than satisfactory. The Prince was conversing with Lady Henry Bruce, surrounded by a brilliant group, when suddenly he heard, as from one of his noblemen near him: "Your Royal High-ness!" The Prince looked up, surprised at the interruption. He saw equal surprise on the faces of the party. Then he resumed conversation, only again to be interrupted by the same voice. Things began to seem eerie, and Lady Bruce turned pale.

woodlands of the Reserve could soon be Suddenly one of the noblemen present, peopled with the original owners of the Lord Colville, of Culcoss, who happened to know something of Lord Norton's gift, saw Norton standing a few steps away, appar-Henry Byng. He at once taxed Norton with using his ventriloquial powers on the Prince, and the latter acknowledged the imputation, at the same time moving toward the Prince with an apology. Albert Edward, however, was on his dignity and refused to be pacified. He met Norton with a cold store, and the latter soon after found it convenient to go yachting. It is of interest in this connection that a grandfather of the present Lord Norton, who also possessed ventriloquial powers, got into disfavor with George IV. when the latter was the "first gentleman of Europe," by a similar caper to that which hurt the dignity of the present Prince of Wales.

> Making a New Fortune. You remember dashing Henry S. Ives, the last of the Napoleans of finance, who, it seemed at one time, was dangerously near a out and around Wall street these days, as bright and chipper as a lark on a May morning, says a correspondent of the Phila-delphia Press. His cherubic countenance beams placidly, his eyes snap, and he carries himself like a racer going to the post. He is as superbly groomed to-day as before the crash. His wardrobe must be very extensive, for he never commits the social error of wearing the same suit of clothing twice in one week. He is lavish in rich neckwear and jewelry. Indeed, his fingers sparkle with rings. He seems to be at peace with

Ives lunches at Delmonico's, and his office is crowded with men anxious to get a word with him. While hundreds of havebeens jostle elbows with him every day, he pays no heed to the past, and is constantly adding to his already large fortune, for there are not many people who do not be-lieve that he saved a couple of millions before the law claimed him. Everything that he touches now turns to gold. He is makhe touches how turns to go to ing money more rapidly than any man in the street, and some day you will hear of him again, for he is consumed with an amhim again, for he is consumed with an ambition to succeed Jay Gould as the big man of the street. By the way, how many men have strutted about Wall street for a brief day with the same idea in mind?

There was nothing wonderful about Edison, says Dr. Gantley in the Chicago Herald, A plain and unpretentious man, he came and went without troubling any one with his conversation. Perhaps he spoke to me more than to any other man in the place, because we sat at adjoining tables.

"One day his wire gave out or went wrong in some way. He was working New Haven; I was operating Boston. He started to fix it, and while thus engaged his message came back over my wire. I called him; 'Tom, can you explain this?' He looked for a moment, and then remarked: 'Why, that is caused by induction; the two wires are near each other.' He went off and shortly afterward came back, seemingly lost in thought. 'Yes, that's what causes it,' he repeated. 'I wonder if we could devise a plan like that to make two circuits on one wire so that two men could send and others receive at the same time?' And he went back to his instrument. Out of th little incident he devised the duplex telegraph system. Then followed the quad ruplex, and these have saved the telegraph companies millions of dollars.

Jay Gould's Library. That Mr. Jay Gould possesses a library

at all, will probably surprise some of those who are accustomed to look upon him as encompassed with money bags, and shut out from buman concerns by the iron doors of his vaults, says the Philadelphia Press. But that he owns an exceedingly rare and wisely selected library, yieing in its treasures with some of the most celebrated private collections in the country, will be an unending source of astonishment. In fact, there are few libraries of the same extent which include more unique specimens, and

few which would seem to be more characteristic of the personal traits of the owner.

"The catalogue of books forming the library of Jay Gould, Lindhurst, Irvington on-Hudson" is a rich Roxburghe-bound folio of 278 pages, of which only 100 copies have been printed, and "reserved exclusively for private distribution." It is, strangely enough, a distinct Philadelphia production. How Walter Potter Made Money Fly

Wonderful Dion Boucienult. No man has ever created a character ction which compares for a moment in picturesque, brilliant and grotesque features with that of Dion Boucleault, says Blakely Hall in the Brooklyn Eagle. Once Laura Keen was on the verge of bankruptcy. Boucleault wrote a play for her in less than a week. He rehearsed one act in the daytime while he wrote the succeeding act at night. That play, the "Colleen Bawn," saved Miss Keen from disaster, built up the fortunes of the theater, and made over \$1,000,-000 for Boucicault himself.

000 for Boucleault himself.

Again, the late Lester Wallack found himself pressed by impending disaster. Boucleault had expended the proceeds of the "Colleen Bawn" and was again in desperate circumstances. He wrote "The Shaughraun," and with it Mr. Wallack gained prosperity and laid the foundation of a fortune. Mr. Boucleault's personal profits from "The Shaughraun" have been placed as high as \$600,000. Again he went to pieces, and then. \$600,000. Again he went to pieces, and then, just at a critical time in the history of the Union Square Theater, he produced "Led Astray" and built one of the most extraordinary successes known in the United States.

The earnings of these three plays alone would have ranked him high among the millionairies if he had cared for his money. He wrote a hundred or more plays, but he died poor. Though in pecuniary distress no man ever presented a more impressive front to the public. Sometimes he would drive to the theater in an open victoria with two men in livery on the box, while at other times he would affect a snug and perfectly appointed brougham with a team of mag-nificently matched horses and most correct liveries in town.

Grady and His Miss Juie.

It has always seemed doubtful whether the aspiring, clever woman is the one best suited to mate with a man of talent. She is often too severe a tonic, and getting such universal adulation and spurs to her ambition outside, it is advisable to have mental as well as physical relaxation at home. It is related by a friend of Mr. Grady's that, coming in after an exciting day's work, he looked eagerly about for this coat captured, his sled stolen, and to have other abuses and indignities heaped upon him, and should then love and pray for those who so despitefully used him. Johnnie—between the church trackings and the home instrucmental as well as physical relaxation at home. It is related by a friend of Mr. Grady's that, coming in after an exciting day's work, he looked eagerly about for "Miss Jule," as he called her. She was nowhere to be seen at first her for the seen at first her first her for the seen at first her nowhere to be seen at first, but finally ber husband discovered her in a corner of their

luxurious library, immersed in a book.
So absorbed was she in preparing a
French lesson for a fashionable class, recently organized in Atlants, that for the time since her marriage Mrs. Grady was oblivious of her husband's presence He looked at her for a moment with an expression of positive pain on his face, then, going forward, gently took the volume from her hand.

her hand.

"Please don't do that," he begged. "You are the one person who loves me for myself alone, without knowing or caring whether I am a genius or a fool. If you get so smart, Miss Jule, I won't know where to go for

And he threw the book to the other end of the room, "Go, there's a dear girl, put on your Paris gown and look handsome for dinner. Any man can have a wife talking French, but I'm the only man in Georgia who will have the prettiest woman this side of Mason and Dixon's line to sit at the head of his table." It is needless to add, says the Illustrated American, that Mrs. Grady abandoned her French lesson.

Armour's First Hundred. Phil Armour is short, stocky, far from attractive in any sense, but a singularly happy man who has managed to make a big fortune. He cares little for money now, but time was when the loss of \$100 nearly drove him mad. It was a good many years ago, in the days of gold on the Pacific slope. Armosr was one of the numberless throng there searching for fortune.

rtune paid no heed to him, however but finally he managed to get some "washings" that he sold for \$100. This sum he carefully tied up in an old cotton handkerenief for safe keeping. Then he hunted around for a place to put it. His eye spied an old and dilapidated coffee pot in a corner of the cabin he occupied with three other seekers for fortune. He put the \$100 carefully in it and placed it lovingly on a con-venient shelf; then he went about his daily toil. When he returned from work his eye instinctively searched for the old pot. It

was gonel One of his partners had tired of work and come home. He had nothing else to do so he went to clean house. The old coffee-pot went with the other rubbish, and a fire was made of it all in a little clump of bushes near by. Great was the consternation when Armour told what the pot contained. And how carefully he worked over that fire to seemed at one time, was dangerously near a rescue the pot. Finally he reached it, long term of imprisonment. Well, he is blackened and bent, but the money was intact, and no happier man slept in the diggings that night. Thereafter he carried it around with him in a belt. And tha \$100 was the foundation of the Armoun

Justice Harlas in a Car. A big man with a broad back and a Democratic white hat may be seen any day riding in a Fourteeuth street car, says the Washington Post. Friday night, as usual, he was in one, and sitting 'on a back seat serenely puffed a fat Havana and chatted with a pretty girl in front of him. This big man is one of the brainiest justices in the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Justice Harlan, and he-lives out beyond the Boundary at the head of Four-teenth street. He is a jovial, companion able fellow, and the street car men and their Mount Pleasant opponents have no differnces in respect of the genial judge. But pleasant and even familiar as he is.

there is a dignity about him which awes while it attracts the too intrusive. Friday night a burly negro crowded somewhat too close to the judge's fair companion. A word and a look from the massive justice aused the intruder to crowd hastily the ther way and remove the objectionable pressure in short order.

Ascribed to Jealeusy.

A lady from the East, who lives near the Blaine family and knows them well personally, was telling me the other day, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic, what she ermed the real cause of their treatment of poor pretty Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr. She ares that the elder Blaine was much attached to his charming daughter-in-law and highly approved of his son's choice; in fact, he was quite fond of her, and would kiss and caress her with as much affection as he layished on his own daughters. Mrs. Blaine, however, didn't quite like his affection for the new daughter, as she is of a jealous tem-perament. Harmless and natural as the affection was between father-in-law and daughter-in-law it became the real factor of the disagreement and ill treatment of the beautiful invalid. So the story ran from the neighbor of the Blaines,

Ex-President Cleveland has returned to New York after his summer outing. Instead of being improved, says the Philadelphia Press, he is in a state of health which, his friends fear, calls for some alarm, and he himself is as apprehensive as as his friends. He has told his friends that during the

Fresh Story of Cleveland's Health.

entire summer he has felt simply like loaf-ing, as he expressed it, and could not master pluck enough, excepting on a few occasions, to indulge in a sport which a few years ago would have called him out at dawn and kept him with the rod and reel all day. "I feel too indisposed to move about much, and I suppose it is because I am getting so stout," he would say to his friends.

The physicians, while not seriously alarmed about his condition, believe that he have to something like hereit treat.

must submit to something like heroic treat-ment, or he will lapse into a state of health which will be most threatening.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A Religious Precept the World Has Not Yet Learned to Obey.

NEIGHBORLY AFFECTION IS RAKE.

Too Much of the Human Even in Church for So High an Ideal.

SOCIAL BARS IN THE QUAKER CITY

CWRITTEN FOR THE DIRECTOR! "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is one of the great commandments set forth by the law and the prophets. This commandment was not only more strongly emphasized by the Founder of Christianity, but was even made more strikingly opposed to what is called human nature by the additional command to "Love your enemies." But after all the teaching and preaching of this doctrine for housands of years, how many people love their neighbors as themselves—let alone loving their neighbors?

The world goes on resisting evil, hating enemies, striking back at opponents, sueing people, having respect unto persons if they are rich, and doing all the things that in accordance with the doctrines they profess to believe, they should not do, and leaving undone those things which they ought to have done to make any show of consistency. "Now, Johnnie," said a fond father to his little boy, "if any boy hits you, you hit him back. You take your own part, and pound him well unless he is bigger than you are. You've got to learn to stand up for yourself in this world, and we do not want any show of the white feather around this house.' JOHNNIE'S UNHAPPY PREDICAMENT.

This was the home teaching of the good Christian father, who sat up very solemnly and decorously in the head of the pew every Sunday and listened to the sermon on the mount and the gospel of love and non-re-sistance. Then Johnnie at Sunday school was taught that when anybody should smite him on one cheek he should turn the other for a second slap, and that he should not resist evil, but should submit to having

the church teachings and the home instruction of precept and example-is likely to besome somewhat muddled in his mind on the subject, but his nature inclines him to fight, and "go for" his enemies when they attack him, and he forgets all about the law and the prophets, while the sermons are only part of the Sunday programme, and go for nothing through the week. But there is a vast difference between doc-

trines and doings, even as the history of the church itself plainly shows. Love thy neighbor as thyself has been preached as a great commandment for thousands of years, while "love your enemies," "resist not evil," submittoindignity and insult are the foundation stones of Christianity, and yet the church has often been lead by unscrupulous or misguided leaders into resisting evil with all its might and main. And often it has followed its enemies with relentless persecu-

SOMEWHAT INCONSISTENT. In the past it has tortured and burned and martyred heretics wholesale and retail. It has given sanction to battle and murder and sudden death where its opponents were concerned. Even in these days of boasted tolerance the church does not in all instances love its enemies, but sometimes slanders abuses, and despitefully uses them. Some sections of the church have justified civil war and sectional slavery. So-called patriotism in the pulpit counseled no love to enemies, but rather incited men to march to the field and kill them. Men sworn to preach and uphold the gospel of peace and non-resistance to evil deserted their desks, and showed the incompatibility between doctrine and practice upon the field of bat-tle, where brothers and neighbors and

ach other. History and experience both show that lowever much such law and doctrine may be professed, the practice is overwhelmingly on the other side. The rule of human nature as to enemies seems to be to "get even" if you can't get on top. It is the saying of a famous philosopher, "That a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself," and certainly as the world goes, no man could really respect himself, if he placidly submitted to being bulldozed out of his coat, and then rewarded the robber by giving him his cloak also, or who was so silly as to lend money to anyone who wanted it for the asking and without good security. The general idea is that while the doctrine is good, it is impossible in practice.

MUCH TO DO TET. The world is still a long way off from the oint when a man will love his neighbor as himself. Carlyle says "a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one," and there is much talk of the "brotherhood of man," but how little of it is really felt is shown by the antagonism between men of different nationalities. Americans hate and detest the Chinese and debar them from the country. They have a contempt for foreigner generally, and manifestly do not believe that the command to love thy neighbor as thyself includes Italians and Huns and Poles and others. The Irish abhor the English, and will never, it is to be feared, learn to love their neighbors as themselves. In this country, by the protection policy, we show the world that the doctrine of love to man has as little standing in trade as has the Golden Rule in politics. Love thy neighbor as thyself does not apply to trangers that are without our gates laws may bring bankruptcy, ruin, starvation, and misery to national neighbors, but of course everybody must look out for number one. That is not Gospel doctrine, but it is the world's doctrine, as shown in usiness and commercial intercouse.

IN SOCIETY AND CHURCH.

But to come down to immediate neigh ors. Is the command any more fulfilled in neighborhood or even in a church? Some church members with full knowledge of the command, regard their neighbors in other pews with contempt. They say mean things about them. They do not consider them as equals, and will not visit them, or even speak to them. Those in high position, or possessed of great wealth, grow very exclu-sive and look down in disdain upon the neighbors they have left behind in the race for money. Everyone loves a good neigh-bor, but who regards a bad one other than as a calamity. How can anyone love a neighbor when that neighbor is cross-grained, quarrelsome and full of meanness? The question is asked what is a good neighbor, and the answers will come to everybody's mind. A good neighbor is one who possesses the qualities of a friend, who is kindly disposed, eager to do good turns, cordial in manners, sympathetic in trouble, and who is not given to meddling or evil speaking. How neighborhoods are so constructed appears to be a mystery that no one can fathom, but true it is, that there is always one or more of the kind that knows everybody's business. They gossip about all their neighbors' shortcomings. Most people who live in a city or a town know the neighbor who runs in the back way in order to be sociable, who cross questions the everlastingly borrowing, and whose time is almost wholly given up to finding out the inwardness of the affairs of the neighbor-

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER. THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

Then there is nearly always a mischiefmaker to be found whose soiace and antifaction in life consists in making trouble
between good friends. This last sort of a
neighbor generally manages to keep on the
good side of the men, whom she flatters and
bamboosles into believing that she is a
"mighty fine woman," and that the other
women, who see through her and dislike
her, are simply jealous of her taking ways.
Shakespeare shows up such neighbors
strongly in "Measure for Measure:"
No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What king so stron Can tie the gall up in the sianderous tongue? Now, who has grace enough to love such neighbors as themselves? Who is Christian enough to love such enemies?

In the older cities it has come to be con-

sidered better not to know your neighbors, or even speak to them. In Philadelphia it is a matter of boasting pride not even to know the names of the people next door, al-though they may have lived close together for years. They may watch them from the windows, form estimates as to their ways and manners from what they can see and hear—thus far and no farther. A few years ago a Pittsburg family went to Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love, remember—to live. Some months afterward some friends from Pittsburg determined to hunt them up. them up.

A PHILADELPHIA NEIGHBOR. They knew the street, but by chance in making inquiry happened to strike the house next door. Here the mistress of the mansion, in accents that seemed to indicate that she could bite a ten-penny nail in two that had been spiced in vinegar for weeks, and in manner conveying the idea that she was shocked at the thought of any one sup-posing that she could know her neighbors— let alone love them—said she did not know their name nor anything about them, and did not desire to. To this advanced stage of culture and inconsistency with Christian doctrine we have not yet reached in Pittsburg. We are, in the main, still far enough back to like to have neighbors, and to love

them if they are good.

What is needed for pleasant and profitable intercourse with neighbors is good sense, good nature and wide charity. All people need sense enough to mind their own business and treat their neighbors as they would like to be treated were conditions re-versed. They need good nature to keep them from mean gossip and evil speaking. They need charity, for charity in its highest sense means to love thy neighbor as thy-self. By a cultivation of these arealized self. By a cultivation of these qualities ood might attain to the highest felicity short of Paradise.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

A PRETTY LEGEND.

How the Seminale Indians Account for the Colors of the Races. Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also

made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and he bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and fairer than before. The second besitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, became muddy, and when he bathed he came up copper-colored. The third did not leap in till the water became black with mud, and he came

out its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his mis-fortune in color, gave the black man first choice. He took hold of each of the packsges and, having felt their weight, chose the heaviest, the copper-colored chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second en-wrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink, and paper—the engines of the mind, the means of mutual improvements, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man

the white man's superiority. MADAME A. RUPPERT



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