THE ALLEY SKETCHES

by a Sprig of Clover.

RESORT OF BROKEN-DOWN HORSES.

Pate of a Fire Department Steed and an

Old Street Car Mule.

REFORM BY A PAINED LANDLORD

TWHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

HE Rhymster

is suffering

from an attack

of poetising.

Under the con-

joint influences

of the moon

and this afflic-

tion he last

night produced

the following

rondeau, to a

across the al-

ley. Who the

owner of the

clover is we do

NO. 5.

A Sprig of Clover.

In dust and gloom—across the way
A bunch of clover blooms to-day
That late where fragrant breezes sped
In sun-gilt meadows raised its head
Or lapt in star-born dewdrops lay!

Some wayside stroller, city-bred, A while from echoing pavements led, Keeps this poor sprig, as token gay, In dust and gloom!

In dust and gloom!

and the pavements stails.

stalled mankind.

Through meadows, where the breezes stray,
The nodding clover blooms for aye;
My neighbor's leaves may soon be dead,
But obl—their lives are hallowed;
The sun shall smile above their clay

We are patient of disposition and fore

bearing in temperament. We have heard

unmoved the mighty rehearsals of the sheet

iron band at one end of Our Alley; the

nocturnal practices of our Teutonic neigh-

bor on the cornet have caused no loss of

equanimity; we have even inhaled as a

metier d'etre the garlicky odors from our Italian cotemporary's kitchen; but we do most energetically protest against and demur to the prevalent impression of a number of cabbies that our street is a stable

THE SOURCE OF WOR.

The presence of five and forty horses of

various stages of use ulness placed at incon-venient intervals along the alley pavement

is discouraging to pedestrianism as well as deteriorating in its influence to the longev-

ity of our not too substantial sidewalks. We are not prepared to assert that the use

of the pavements as a stable can be laid at

the sect of the presumable owners of the

equines, for lack of space in Our Alley has

transformed several structures, which would

otherwise naturally be used only for horses

It happened some months ago that a horse which had performed invaluable service for

our municipality while connected with the

fire bureau was turned adrift. While meditating on the ingratitude of republics, he

wandered into Our Alley and took up his

abode. He brought with him a battered pessimistic disposition and the malienable

prerogative of a fire department horse, the right to stand on the pavements. Regard-

cated this right to the other equines. As a result, unless the pedestrian uses the middle

the alley, it is difficult to accomplish

either ingress or egress so far as Our Alley is

AN ABORTIVE EFFORT,

mischief-breeding disposition, and pur-chased him at a maximum of value for a

minimum of worth. He immediately sold the animal for a trifling consideration to a

milkman who lived several blocks away

The horse the next day saw a fire engine

pass, and forgetiul of the precious lacteal fluid he was hauling went toward the fire

also. Whether he reached it or not is un

determined; 'tis certain, however, that

neither the milk nor the wagon ever reached

the customers of the dairyman, and the

latter now threatens to sue for damages. The horse, however, returned to Our Alley

with a broken shatt and a lame leg drag

ging behind. His dignity had evidently

en offended by the fact that the mutation

of time and municipal ingratitude should seek to relegate his battered but lofty spirit

to the menial occupations of a draught horse. He is still here, a seer for what he

has witnessed, a lord chamberlain in his re-

spect for precedent.

Our horses and mules are tond of not

turnal vocalism; they are troubled with in-

somnia. We are perforce also. About 5:30 or 5:45 o'elock (we do not care about 15

minutes) the horses begin to arrive in Our Aliey worn out from a day's hauling of

dirt or garbage. Their owners turn the hose upon them, which only serves to deepen the

A ter this aqueous operation a scant peak of bran is given each and the owners depart—

probably hoping that some misguided this

and it

Inspi ed by a Fire Alarm.

will steal one of the animals before morn

and the genus equine is an integral and self

A ONE-EYED ARISTOCRAT.

Hard by our lodgings sojourns a mule of haughty hybrid ancestry. He does not rec-ognize the more plebeian horses who stand near him, although to-day they are equal on

had immigrated to our street. Poor fellow! The dread ukase of the Department of Pub-

shortly after.
Old "Epictetus," for so we christened the

mule, may have a one-sided view of the world, due to the cruel crack of a driver's

whip, which darkened forever his left eve

when he hauled an overloaded street car; but whatever influence may have been ex-erted he was outwardly calm under adver-

sity until the death of his only companion

AN AVENGING BLOW.

assertive portion of the autonomy of Our

Such, alas, has never proven the case

simism which finds utterance later on

The poet first discovered this animal's

ess of the stern enactments against restric-

uncertain ancestry, into refuges for

moved in there:

Than the Steamboats.

Are I qual to it Now.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1

capitalists, who own a few of the lines,

ENTHUSIASTIC ON BAILBOADS,

is between 4 and 5 per cent.

and the proofs seem to me sufficient. Proofs?-you yourself shall furnish one." This was a kind of challenge, and the young man accepted it. His eyes were fixed on his adversary. "What then?"

"When you find," said his father, with deliberation, "two people wandering from town to town, without any visible means of subsistence, you naturally wonder how they manage to live. Very well. But now, if you discover they have a pretty knack of falling in with this or that rich young gentleman and allowing him to pay for them on all oc-casions, isn't the mystery parily solved? I am informed that these two people and yourself have been in the habit, for a considera-ble time back, of dining together in the evening—indeed. I have the name of the restaurant; now I wish to ask you this quetion point-blank: Is it not the fact that in

every case you have paid?"
Vincent did not answer; he was not thinking of himself at all; nor yet of the point-blank question that had been put to him. A terrible wave of bewilderment had passed over him; his heart seemed to have within it but one pitcous cry-"Maisrie-Maisriewhy were you driving-with that stranger?"
-and all the world grew black with a hor ror of doubt and despair. He thought of that young man driving along the King's road in Brighton; was there another paying for those two now?—had they another friend now to accompany them every evening? And Maisrie? But all this wild agony lasted only a moment. He cast this palsy of the brain behind him. His better self rose consident and triumphant-though there was still a strange look left in his

eyes. "Paid?" he said, with a kind of scornful impatience, "Who paid? Ob, I did-mostly. What about that? That is nothing-a few shillings-I found it pleasanter not to have to settle birls before a young lader and of course she did not know who paid; I made an arrangement—"
"An arrangement by which you gave those people their dinner for nothing for

months and months!" "And what then?" For Vincent had entirely recovered his set command; he affected to regard this story that had been told him as quite unorthy of serious attention. It was his

father who was growing exasperated. money for bogus books that he never meant and this is the girl you would bring into your family—you would introduce to you connot be indifferent. You may con-

from it some papers.
"I have given you," he continued, "the before allowing you to examine these com- promised him present com ort; he accepted munications, I must exact a promise that favors with a sort of royal complacency; it they shall be treated as in strictest confi- would matter little to him so long as the fire "Thank yon," said Vincent, "I will not

erenture who would accept such a task, and at his interpretation of any facts that might vious afternoon at Brighton had been a come across him."

keep your eyes open. You have been shown him. And perhaps—he added to himself with an eminous darkening of the browshold of you: it is for you yourself to perhaps there might be a chance of his say whether you will be any longer their meeting this rival of his face to face, the Very well," said the young man; and he of them had to expect.

rose and took up his hat and cane. "Oh, by with my friends, or be might find things become very unpleasant for him. Good

was the end of the interview; and Harland Harris shortly thereafter made off for the Atheomem Club, well satisfied that his narrative had produced a far deeper immis narrative had produced a far deeper impression than the young man would acknowledge. And in truth it had. When Vincent left the house, and walked away to the solitary little rooms in May'air, his face was no longer scorntul; it was serious and troubled; for there was much for him to ponder over. Not about Maisrie. He put Maisrie aside. For one thing, he was a little word and nagry with her at the noment. Maiarie aside. For one thing, he was a little vexed and angry with her at the quite uureasonably, as he strove to convince himself; nevertheless, he would rather not think about her just then; and, indeed, there was no occasion, for the idea that she could frauds was simply not a thinkable thing. He knew better than that; and was content. Maisrie driving with a stranger-perhaps that was not so well done of her; but Maisrie as a skillful and accomplished professional swindler?-then you might expect to see the

But as regards the old man, that was very different; and he could not deny that there him which were corroborated by his own knowledge. He knew, for example, that night was cold.

"Yes," said Vincent to himself, in the "Y George Bethune had got money for one book which, as circumstances would have it, was not produced and published; he knew that superseded now. Without much difficulty, those dinners at the restaurant were paid for either. Quickly done. And no doubt he i by himselt; he knew that he had heard Mr. thune speak or Cadzow as belonging to his family; and he had to confess that he could not find Craig-Royston in the index | he has subscribed for the new book. of his guide-book. And yet he could not give up this splendid old man all at once. He could not believe him to be a mean and era ty trickster. Surely his passionate admiration of the old Scotch ballads was genuine enough. Surely it was not to impose on any one that old George Bethune sang aloud the songs of his youth us he walked along through the crowded streets of London. There was a grandeur in his very presence, a dignity in his demeanor, that was from the artful complaisance of a semer. Then his undatuated courage his proud spirit-and above all, the tender and effectionate guardianship he bestowed on his granddaughter; Vincent could not forget all these things. No, nor could be forget how he had enjoyed George Bethune's society on these many and pleasant even-ings; and how he had learned more and more to respect tilm, his heroic fortitude, his generous enthusiasms, and even at times his innocent vanity. He had had a hard life, this old man; and yet he bore no He had had many trials and misfortunes, many hones disappointed; yet his temper was not soured. But the conclusive proof, after all, was the character of Maisrie sersel -her nobie sweetness, her refin ment, her sympathy, her quick gratitude for the smallest of kindnesses: could such a beauti ul human flower have grown up under the lostering care of an unscrupulous vagabond and knave.

When he got to his rooms, the first thing he did-but with no very definite purpose was to take up his copy of Black's Guide to Scotland. It was a recent edition; he had got it so that he might trace out that long wandering of which old George Bethune and Malarie had spoken so often. And mechanically he turned to the indexwith which he had been confronted in his father's library, and mechanically be successive columns. what was this?—why here was Craig-Roys-ton! His eyes were not deceiving him; for he at once referred to the page indicated, and found Craig-Royaton described as a dis-grict in the neighborhood of Loch Lomond—

though, of course, he could find no trace of it on the map. So he had jumped to conclusions all too prematurely? He had allowed that unknown enemy of his—that dark and malignant creature in the background—too tacile a triumph? He began to be ashamed of himself. "Stand fast, Craig-Royston!" had not been his motto, as it was that of the proud old man whom he had injured by listening to those childish

He returned to the index, and sought for Balloray. Well, there was no Balloray; but then Balloray was a private house; and private houses, unless of historical interest, are seldom mentioned in guide books. And then again he bethought him: why the old balladi-the 'Bonnie Mill Dams o' Balloray: surely that was sufficient evidence of there being such a place? He could almest hear George Bethune's voice as he resalled the opening lines-

There were twa sisters lived in a bower; Balloray, O Balloray; The youngest o' them, O she was a flower! By the bonnie mill dams o' Balloray,

There came a 'squire frae out the west, Balloray, O Balloray; He lo'ed them baith, but the voungest best By the bonnie mill dams o' Balloray.'

Why, what a fool he had been, to be disconcerted by an index—and that the index of some old and obsolete edition! He prosecuted his researches. He turned to Cadzov Yes, here was Cadzow: Cadzow Castle and Cadzow Forest; and undoubtedly these were the property of the Duke of Hamilton. But might there not be some other property of the same name, as a sort of appanage of Balloray? It was no unusual thing, in Scotland or anywhere else, for two places to have the same name; and in this instance it was the more important one, the ducal one, that would naturally figure in the guidebook. He seemed to see old George Bethunregarding him, with something of a haughty look on his face, as though he would say, "Of what next will you accuse me?"
Well, all this was very fine and brave; it

was a manful struggle with certain phan-toms; and he was trying to cheat himself into an elation of confidence. But ever and anon there came to him a consciousnesss of something behind; something inexplicable; and his thoughts would wander back to Brighton, Fugitive lines of that terrible poem of Heine's would come into his brain "Have you taken leave or your senses?"

Mr. Harris demanded. "Is it nothing that you yourself have shown this old man to be " \* O Weh! mein Liebschen war die pauper, getting his dinner on charity Braut. He began to imagine for himself every evening? And what better was the girl? She must have known! Do you iming. The weather being so fine, no doubt agine she was not aware of his receiving Mr. Bethune had laid aside his books for the time being, and he and Maisrie would to publish, and of his inveigling soft-headed Scotchmen-I suppose there must be Would their new friend call for them, or one here and there—into giving him a would there be some place of appointment loan because of his sham patriotism? down in the King's road? He could see And these are the people you have them walk out the West Pier. The old chosen to consort with all this time; man with the firm set figure and the flowing white locks would probably be thinking into your family—you would introduce to but little of what was going on your friends as your wife! But you cannot around him; as likely as not be would be so mad! You may pretend indifference; singing gayly to himself about the pier, a connot be indifferent. You may consider it fine and heroic to disbelieve the clearest evidence; the world, on the other those two others would be left to themselves; hand, is apt to say that it is only a fool and an idlet who keeps his eyes shut and walks into eyes. And what had the bumpkin squire to a trap blindibled. And—and I do think, say? On, horses and hounds—the county when you begin to reflect, that your own balls—the famous bin of port to be opened at Christmas. Christmas was coming near He turned to the mantelpiece, and took at Christmas. Christmas was coming near now; might there not be an invitation to the two world-wanderers—to come and be hos-pitably entertained at the big country house sum and substance of the inquiries I have made, in this country and in America. I would she think twice?—would she reluse? can show you here still further details; but The old man would consent to anything that

was bright, the wine good, the company cheerful, and himself allowed a fine latitude trouble you. I can guess at the kind of of oration. But Maisrie -? It was nearly 4 o'clock now. That pre-Then he rose.

"And is this the important business on which you sent for me?" he asked, but quite the same he felt himself irresistibly drawn thither again; whatever was happen You do not think it is important?" the | ing down there by the seaside, he wanted to other demanded. "But at least you have been worned. You have been advised to torture than anything his eyes could tell better to measure him, and learn what both

He caught the 4:30 express at Victoria, the way, I presume you have come to an end of your inquiries? Because, if not, I would advise your spy—your detective, or the Bedford Hotel, at which his triend Muswhatever he is—not to come prowling to selburgh was staying; he went to the Bris any restaurant or keyhole when I am along tol, so as to keep himself a little out of observation. He was lucky enough to get a bedroom; and that was all he required; he did not even wait to look at it; he left the hotel and went wandering down the Marine

but a casual visitor is sure to be encountered sooner or later; and in this particular instance it was a good deal sooner than he

could have dreamed of. thing about her just then; and, indeed, there could have dreamed of.

Was no occasion, for the idea that she could be the participator in any fraud or series of of the parade, with but a casual glance now and again at this or that passer-by, when suddenly, on the other side, at the corner of German Place, three figures came under the glare of a gas-lamp, and these he instantly recognized. Occasionally as they went on they became indistinguishable in the dusk; stars fall from their places in the midnight then again a gas-lamp would bring them sky. girl, the square-set old man with the pi turesque white hair, the young man with were certain points in the story just told him which were corroborated by his own together, and walking quickly, for the

taking them along to some restaurant. He will hear about the rocks and dales of Scotland-about the ballads and songs-perhaps they will ask him to go home with them again; and Maisrie will take out her violin; and perhaps-perhaps she will sing 'C'etait une fregate, mon joti cœur de rose'-oh, yes, perhaps she will sing that for him, or any other of the Canadian songs, except the one. Surely, surely, Maisrie will not sing 'La

And then, again he said to himself, with his eyes fixed on those three, but most of all on the young girl who walked with so light

and joyous a step-"Ah, I have suffered to-day, you do not know how much, in repelling insinuations brought against you, and in silencing my own doubts; but what do you care? One restaurant is as good as another; one friend as good as another: let the absent expect to be forgotten, when it is a woman who is asked to remember. Le Chaire Exercises asked to remember. La Claire Fontaine?

—why not La Claire Fontaine, for him as well as anyone else? All that past companionship has gone by; here is a new triend to be welcomed with smiles and graces. And as for the old man-what does it matter to him so long as there is someo

to settle up the tavern score?"

Nay, his madness of jealousy overmas tered him altogether. When they got down to East street, they did not at once go into the restaurant, for it was yet somewhat early; they began to examine the windows of one or two of the shops, and the trinkers displayed there. And again and again Vincent was on the point of going up to his enemy, and saying "Well, why don't you buy her something? If you haven't got money, I will lend it to you!" Surely this money, I will lend it to you!" Surely this would suffice to prevoke a quarrel?—to be settled next morning, out on the downs, and not by any accident or trick of foil, but by a fair stand-up trial of strength, those two incing each other, with clenched fists and set mouths. The young man in the covercoat-was looking at some Austrian garnets: listle did he know what wild beast was within springing distance of him. At length they left the shops and leisurely strolled along to the Italian restaurant and entered. Vincent gave them time to

get settled and then followed. He did no wish to interfere with them; he merely wished to see. And when he went upstairs to the room on the first floor it was with no abashment; he did not slink, he walked reso-lutely, to a small unoccupied table at the further end, but he was some way from them; perchance he might be able to observe with-out being noticed. The waiter came to him. "Anything!" was his order; gail and wormwood there were likely to be in any dish that might be brought. Wine?—oh yes, a flask of Chianti—why not a flask of Chianti?—one might fill a glass and send a message to a saithless friend—a message to recall her to herself for a moment. You who are sithered. ting there, will you not drink to the health of all false lovers—you who are sitting there in such joyful company—toi qui as le cœur

He could see them well enough. There was champagne on the table; that was not of George Bethune's ordering; the booby from the swedes and mangold was clearly playing the part of host. And what was she saying to him in return? What form did her thanks take? Je ne puis rien donner—on' mor course mariage; that was easily qu' mon cœur en mariage; that was easily said; and might mean no more than it meant in bygone days. Women could so readily pour out, to any chance newcomer, their petit vin blane of gratitude.

But suddenly he became aware of some movement at the table away along there; and quickly he lowered his book. Then he knew-he did not see-that someone was coming down the long room. He breathed hard, with a sort of fear—and it was not the lear of any man; he wished he had not come into this place; could he not even now escape? "Vincent!"

The voice thrilled through him; he looked up; and here was Maisrie Bethune regarding him-regarding him with those eyes so beautiful, so shining, so tender, and reproachfull "Did you not see us? Why should you

avoid us?" The tone in which she spoke pierced his very heart; but still-but still-there was that stranger at the table yonder. "I thought you were otherwise engaged," aid he. "I did not wish to intrude."

"You are unkind." Then she stood for a moment uncertain. It was a brave thing for this girl to walk down a long room to address a young man, knowing that more than one pair of eyes would be turned towards her; and here she was standing without visible sim or errand "Won't you come to our table, Vincent?"

she asked hesitatingly.

And then he noticed her embarrassment; and he felt he would be a craven hound not to come to her rescue, whatever the quarrel between them.

"Oh, yes, certainly, if I may," but with no sort of gladness in his consent; and then he bade the waiter fetch the things along. She led the way. When he reached the table he shook hands with George Bethune, who appeared more surprised than pleased. Then Maisrie made a feeble little kind of introduction as between the young men Vincent—who had not caught the other's name—bowed stiffly, and took the seat that had been brought for him. And then, see-ing that it was on Maisrie that all the responsibility of this new arrangement had fallen, he forced himself to talk-making apologies for disturbing them, explaining how it was he came to be in Brighton, and begging Maisrie not to take any trouble about him; it was only too kind of her to

allow him to join them.

And yet it was very awkward, despite Maisrie's assiduous little attentions, and her timid efforts to propitiate everybody. The fresh-complexioned young gentlem stared at the intruder; grew sullen when he bserved Maisrie's small kindnesses; and eventually turned to resume his conversation with Mr. Bethune, which had been interrupted. Vincent, who had been ready, on the smallest provocation, to break forth in flame and fury, became contemptuous; ne would take no heed of this person; nay, e would make use of the opportunity to show to anyone who might choose to listen on what terms he was with Maisrie, "Where are you living Maisrie?" said he, and yet still with a certain stiffness.

She gave him the number in German

Then we are neighors, or something near it," he said. "I am at the Bristol-the Bristol Hotel."

"Oh, really," she made answer. thought you had an aunt living in Brighton the lady who came to see us at Henley." "Oh, can you remember things as long ago as Henley?" said he. "I did not think a woman's memory could go so far back as that. A week—a day—I thought that was bout as much as she could remember."

For a moment she was silent, and wound-ed; but she was too proud to betray anything to those other two, and she resumed her conversation with Vincent, though with trifle more of dignity and reserve. As for him, he knew not what to do or say. He could perceive, he could not but perceive, that Maisrie was trying to be kind to him; and he felt himself a sort of renegade; but all the same there was that other sitting at the table-there was an alien present ill things were somehow awry. And why should he despise that stranger? he bucolic dandy he could see himself, as he himself was seen, by certain of his friends. This other dupe, his successor, had a countrified complexion and a steely blue eye, he wore a horseshoe pin in diamonds, and had a bit of stephanotis in his buttonhole; but these points of difference were not of much account. And the old man—the old man with the grand air and the oracular speech; no wonder he thought himself entitled to call himself Lord Bethune; but why had he chosen to abate his rank and style? Oh, yes, a striking presence enoughmagnificent presence-with which to

ozen shopkeepers! For indeed this young man's mind was all unbinged. He had had a hard fight of it all day; and perhaps if Maisrie had known she would have made allowances. invitation had been a mistake. She strove tried to make the conversation general; and n some slight measure she succeeded; always there was an obvious restraint; there were dark silences and difficult pauses; and, on the part of the young men, a sullen and dangerous antagonism that might at any moment lesp forth with a sudden tongue of

flame—a retort—an insuit.

This hapless entertainment came to an end at last; and, as Vincent had expected, while Maisrie was putting on her cloak, their new friend stepped aside and paid the bill—the bill for three, that is. And the next step? An invitation that the generous host should go along to the rooms in German Place? There would be tobacco, and cotch whisky, and reminiscences of travel, and dissertations on literary and philosophical subjects—and perhaps Maisrie would play for him "The Flowers o' the Forest," or sing for him "Isabeau s'y promene." Perhaps the bucolic soul was enetrable by fine melody. There would whisky and soda at any rate, and a blazing

fire.
And as a matter of fact, when the four of them paused for a second at the door of the restaurant, the new acquaintance did receive that invitation—from George Bethune himself. But he declined.

"Thanks, awfully," said he, "but I can't to-night. Fact is, there's a big billiard match on this evening, and I've backed my man for £20, and I may want to hedge a bit if he isn't in his best form. Some other evening, if you'll allow me. But to-morrow morning—what are you going to do to-morrow morning? You can't stay indoors while the weather is so fine; you must leave your work until the wet comes. So I dare say I shall find you somewhere along the iront about 11 to-morrow; and if I don't, why, then, I'll come along to German Place and drag you out. For who ever knew such a glorious December?—quite warm in the sun-primroses and violets all a-growing and a-blowing—in the baskets. Good night to youl—good night, Miss Bethunel—mind you bring you grandfather along to-morrow morning; or I'll have to come and drag you both out; good night—good night!"—and then with a brief nod to Yincent, which was felicially returned he denarted. was frigidly returned, he departed.
"You are going our way, Vincent?" Maisrie said, timidly.
"Oh, yes," he made answer, as they

out together.
[To be Continued Next Sunday.]

After that he developed an implacable hatred against mankind for which nothing but a bullet ever proved a remedy. He bit and kicked at everybody and we were about to kill him when one day our hearts soft-ened. Epictetus' shoeless foot came in cou-

the dog.

act with the pursy stomach of our landlord. It was witnessed by every one on the alley who pays unwilling tribute to the august majesty of that personage. In that one blow all the indignities which our pocketbooks and pride had been subjected A Rondeau by the Rhymster Inspired to during several years seemed avenged.
We were delighted, but we are not so ex-



During his first impulse of rage our landlord declared that he would coerce an ex odus from Our Alley of such magnitude that the Bad Lands would seem teeming with life in comparison. He did not do that, but the next day one score of hitching posts added to the diversity of our landbunch of very sickly clover in the window posts added to the diversity of our land-scape and there is now no possibility of the horses living anywhere but on the sidewalk. We now use rubber boots and deodorizers while we wish some modern Hercules with a penchant for Augean stable cleaning would serve his apprenticeship in our Scenting a Sprig of Clover. not know, but we suspect she is a colored lady, who lately

PHILOSOPHER AND RHYMSTER. [ To be concluded next week.]

The Lutest Process Which is New Being Used Successfully in Europe.

PAPER FROM WOOD.

Newcastle, England, Chronicle.] An entirely new method of reducing wood to pulp has lately been introduced, and is now being worked at a factory in the outskirts of Dieppe. The pulp made by the new process does not require, as is the case with most wood pulps, to be mixed with rags, but paper equaling in texture, strength and appearance that made from linen rags can be produced direct from it. The manufacture is a simple one. White wood in sufficient quantities being un-obtainable in the neighborhood the timber land, in round lors, from 2 to 6 feet in length, and 3 to 12 inches in diameter. Women are employed to strip the bark and clean the outside of the logs, which are afterward cut into flat pieces of about 21/2 inches in thickness. The knots are, as far possible, bored out by machinery, but any

emaining are cut out by hand. Next the wood is fed into a cutting ma chine, which rapidly chops it up into pieces of about half an inch in length, the tragments as cut being carried by a band to the top of the boiling house. The boilers are of iron, but are coated with lead to pro tect the iron from the action of the sulphur ous acids which play an important part in the operation. Having been filled with wood a liquid containing bisulphate of mag nesia is run in in sufficient quantity to cover the wood, and the boiler closed. When the boiling process, which is done with steam and varies from ten to 12 hours is finished, the steam is blown off, and the pulp forced through a valve at the bottom of the boiler into a tank with a perforate bottom, to allow all liquid to drain off.

The incrustating and loreign substances in the wood having been dissolved by the boilthe wood having been dissolved by the boil-ing process, the mass 'is now a soft white pulp, consisting of wood fiber. After being washed, this is ready for papermaking, and for facility of transport is formed into lumps of rough thick paper, containing about 50 per cent of water, and somewhat resembling facture of china. In the process the chemic als—a solution of bi-ulphate of magnesia-are prepared by leading the gases from burn ing sulphur over magnesite, water being ad mitted at the same time. The magnesitecarbonate of magnesia—is a kind of stone which is found in large quantities in Greece and imported from that country, while the sulphur comes from Sicily.

THE FIRST OIL WELLS.

How the Mound Builders Gathered the Golden Grense in Pennsylvania.

Petroleum was sought and used in North America perhaps as early as anywhere else in the world, since it was collected in many places and in large quantity by that myste rious people or peoples whom we know as "The Mound Builders." When, in 1859, I went to Titusville, like thousands of others. called there by the Drake oil well. I noticed that the bottom lands on Oil creek, below the town, and where covered with a magnificent forest of hemlock trees, were pitted in a peculiar way; that is, the surface was occupied by a series of contiguous depressions 10 or 15 feet in diameter, and from 1 to 3 feet in depth. These were circular and symmetrical, in that respect differing from

the pits formed by uprooted trees.

Inquiring the cause, a bystander answered my question by taking me to his well. As it chanced, this well was sunk in one of the pits before referred to. It was carried to the depth of about 25 feet in the earth when the rock was reached and the drilling begun. Throughout this depth it followed the course of an old well, which had been cribbed up with timber, and in it was a ladder such as was commonly used in the copper mines of Lake Superior by per-haps the same people who worked the oil

wells.
This ladder was a portion of a small tree, of which the trunk was thickly set with branches. These were out off four or five inches from the trunk, and thus formed ateps by which the well-owner could go down and gather the oil as it accumulate on the surface of the water, just as was dene by the old oil producers on the banks of the Caspian and the Irrawaddy. Some of the trees which grew over the pits which marked the sites of oil wells were three and even four feet in diameter, thus proving that the wells had been abandoned at least 400 or 500 years ago. At Enniskillen, Canada, and at Meeca and Grafton, Ohio, I found similar ancient oil wells.

HIS IDEA OF SHAKESPEARE. The Great Forrest Once Put His Estimate

Very High Indeed. Dr. Kane quotes a very forcible utterance of Forrest, the great actor, in a letter to the Washington Post, "Once, during a conversation with him at New Orleans," says the Doctor, "I noticed his man packing trunks for Galveston. Joe McCardle was just putting a copy of Shakespeare away, en Forrest said: 'Joe, don't put up that volume of

Shakespeare; I want to read it on the "'What? Do you read Shakespeare at your time of li e?' I asked.

the leveling plane of misfortune. His sole companion was formerly a brindle pup who "'Read it?' he replied, 'I read it every day. Shakespeare was a greater man than Jesus Christ.' lic Safety found him without a muzzle and the Fallmaster found his inanimate body Forrest, the doctor says, was a very singular man. Beneath his rugged, stern man-ner, which, perhaps, "the rude blows and buffets of the world" had given him, there was a deep we'll of natural tenderness. The

as King Lear kneels by the body of his dead daughter, seemed to bubble up from his yery heart. There was something in the subdued pathos of his utterance of the line "Her voice was ever so t, gentle and low," which went straight to the heart. New York Herald. 1

He-I wonder will Gabriel's trump be She-I fancy you will find it the dence

where giants are a specialty and ordinary folks larger than elsewhere; but as a matter TRAVELING IN JAPAN The Railroads Give Cheaper Riding full and stout he becomes a wrestler as a

matter o course.

The appetite of these men is as big as their bodies, and it is an exhibition in itself to see them eating. There are no eating stations along Japanese railways, and as SCENES IN THE CURIOUS CARS. the dining car stage of evolution has not yet been reached, it is the custom to take along lunches in boxes. At the stations one can Cholera is Epidemic, but the Authorities get a bargain for 5 cents. It is a pot with a cup on top and a pint of hot tea inside. It all goes for the nickel. HEALTH OF THE JINRICKISHA MEN

STEAM NAVIGATION.

Steam navigation is quite as recent an innovation as railroads, notwithstanding the fact that the empire consists entirely of Tokio, August 28 .- Eighteen years ago islands, and that the Japanese were noted the first railway in Japan-the short line of many centuries ago as daring and success ul 18 miles between Tokio and Yokohama— was completed. To-day Japan has over navigators. But when Japan, in 1636, ex-pelled the Catholic missionaries from lear that religious conversion might be followed by military invasion, and shut itself up like 1,000 miles of railway, and one of the most important roads for tourists, the line to a clam, the Government at the same time issued an edict that no Japanese should be Nikko, where the finest scenery in Japan is to be found, was completed only a few allowed to leave his country under penalty of death, and that all sea-worthy vessels weeks ago. These 1,000 miles of railroad must be destroyed, leaving only the small coasting junks with a single sail. But now have cost the Government and the private Japan has creditable vessels not very differ-ent from those we are familiar with. A moabout \$30,000,000, and the net annual profit ent from those we are familiar with. A mo-nopoly has put rates absurdly high. Rates are nearly twice the railroad rates.

The peculiar difficulties against which In the management of one steamer I no-ticed a method which suggested Yankeeism, railway builders have to contend in this country were illustrated by the fact that pure and simple. When I bought my ticket I was asked whether I wished my meals in hardly had the Nikko road been opened to the traveling public, when considerable porforeign or Japanese style. As I wanted to see how the natives eat on a steamer I tions of the roadbed and some of the bridges naturally chose the latter—the more will-ingly as I had been told that \$2 extra would be charged for foreign meals. When the were washed away by one of those violent rain storms, which occur in Japan almost weekly during the summer months, so that for several days tourists had to resert once more to jinrikishas and the crazy raits on which the rivers are crossed in floodtime with the aid of a rope and the current. bell rang I went to the dining room, expecting to squat on a mat and have my own little table three inches high, laden with bowls of soup, rice, fish and meat cut into small slices so that it could be eaten with chopsticks; and opposite me a kneeling girl waiting to fill up the rice bowl as often as On the principal lines-especially that emptied, and to hear remarks on her perwhich connects the two capitals. Tokio and Kioto-the cars are usually as crowded as onal appearance.

A MARK OF CIVILIZATION.

on any line in America or Europe, and much more so than in Italy or Spain. What But I found nothing of the sort. There was a regular foreign table. This being the increases this popularity is the fact that the difference in expense is as great as the differ-ence in time. To travel with a jinrikisha "Japanese" edition of the dinner, I was very curious to know what the "foreign" (or manpower carriage) in the country version would be like. On comparing not usually requires two runners, which makes with the other foreigners, who had paid \$2 extra for their meals, I found that they had the expense 5 or 6 cents or more a mile, while the railway fares are only 3 cents a exactly the same things with this difference, mile first class, 2 cents second and 1 cent however, that they had to wait for the second table. Obviously these Oriental Yankees third class. Seven-eighths of all the Japanese travel third class, some of the wealthie are making rapid progress in civilization.

Most tourists, if they were asked what natives and most foreigners take second, but

surprise and reproach, "ten cents?" He wanted 20 but did not get it, as I had been

forewarned; and I discovered afterward that the proper fare was 4 cents. The cheapest

way is to hire one by the day at 75 cents or

It has often been said that these runners

broiling sun overhead, so that even I felt

umbrella. It may seem cruel to make men

toil thus like horses; but they would rather

do it than starve. In fact they quarrel

among themselves for the privilege of pull-

NATURE'S SWEETEST MUSIC

The Rev. Dr. Parker's Ideas of Humor and

Its Effects on Humanity.

The Rev. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple.

London, in a recent lecture said he deplored

the fact that some men had no sense of

numor whatever. Such men were arithmet-

ical, prosaic, and too serious to be really

enthusiastic about anything. Their's was a

seriousness that was mere woodenness. The

man who never laughed never really cried.

Nearly all great preachers had been humor-

ists. Luther had his broad jokes. Whit-

field laughed with a will. Some of the

wittiest things ever uttered were spoken by

John Wesley. Even Mr. Spurgeon's grim Calvinism could not stiffe his merriest jokes. Henry Ward Beecher's grandson said: "I

like to go to meeting, because I like to hear grandpa's little jokes."

pointed out that there was a buffoonery which all wise men should flown upon—the rude, clumsy clownish joking worthy only

of contempt, not on the high ground of it

irreverence, but on the low ground of simple

imbecility and indecency. On the other hand, there was a refined humor, which no

nore burdened the discourse than the dew

burdened the rose bud on which it glis-

When the universe was

tened. As to laughter, the whole universe

sympathetically interpreted, what was laughter, rational and timely, but a species

of music? Was not laughter another name

for gladness? Was there no gladness in the

suppy universe? It was not mere joking

that elicited laughter. There was a laughter born of reason, inspired by thanklulness

chastened by the ever-present melanchol

in whose gray climate all human life had

lived. Commerce would do its shopkeeping better if it laughed heartify, now and then.

The house would be more of a home if its

MUSIC FOR THE MASSES

How the Experiment Being Made in All-

gheny Takes in England.

Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder successfully

carried out another of his open-air concerts

for the masses of the people last night. The

place chosen was Maiden street, Scotswood

road, and the great gathering of people

from that thickly populated quarter of the

city consisted of the very class which it is

ductorship of Mr. R. Smith, and the audi-

ence testified its delight by round

after round of applause. The programme

consisted mainly of pieces with which

item being, to judge from the rapturous ap-

plause bestowed upon its performance, the

song, "Home, Sweet Home," the solo being exquisitely rendered on the clarionet by the conductor's talented son, Master R. Smith.

Prof. Oliphant was in attendance with his Punch and Judy show, including his won-

deriul trained dog Toby. The story of the domestic troubles of this ill-matched couple was enacted for the especial amusement of

the children, and the performance was wit-

nessed with the greatest delight by a numer

ous assemblage of youngsters. Mr. Alder was in attendance, and superintended the

Dide't Know His Patient.

arrangements.

ce utical Era. ]

most people are familiar, the most popular

inmates were more cheerful.

Newcastle, England, Chronicle. ]

With regard to pulpit humor, Dr. Parker

HENRY T. FINCK.

ing you; and this eases one's consci

Newcastle, England, Chronicle. ]

the first class seems to be, as in some parts of Europe, reserved for princes, tools and a few American and English families. struck them at first as the most unique street sight in Japan, would reply "the jinricki-shas." Yet you would look in vain for these vehicles in photographs or pictures that are Unless one desires unlimited elbow room or a chance to lie down to sleep there is no reason why anyone should take first class, more than 20 years old; for, oddly enough, the "rickshaw" is almost as new a thing in which, as in Germany and France, differs from the second chiefly in the color of the Japan as the railroad and telegraph, having been first introduced in 1867, and it is even seat cushions. Japanese cars are a curious mixture of American and European styles, said that the first specimens were made in San Francisco. and it cannot be said that they are at all comfortable. In one respect the seats in the third-class cars are the best, because, though simple wooden benches with a board to lean LIKE AMERICAN CARBYS. In the matter of charges these men are incorrigible, though there is a fixed legal tariff. For my first ride in Yokohama, from the dock to the hotel, I gave my runner 10 against, they allow the passengers to look straight backward, while the first and second-class seats, though more comfortable in having cushions, are all arranged along the cents. It was only a few blocks, but he looked at it and asked in a tone of mingled

sides of the car so that one can never look forward without losing all support for the

Some of the cars have doors at both ends by the month at \$10, as resident foreignso that you can walk through them; in others the smokers are separated from the none-smokers by a partition; and others again are divided into several sections, in die young from lung and heart diséases, but this does not agree with medical testimony, which is that brisk daily exercise is absosuch a way that you can look through the whole car, but with separate doors on the lutely necessary to health in this climate, and as a matter of fact these runners are the side for each section. There is neither a bell rope nor a water tank in the cars, but at the stations there is usually a large overmost vigorous and healthy looking of all the Japanese, although some of them do work which would kill a foreigner in a few flowing basin of water to wash the hands in and a fountain, or a covered bucket of drinking water; and a glass of chipped artificial ice can always be bought at the days. I have had one runner take me over 40 miles of difficult road in one day, with a car windows.

at the stations, and in the first and second class room there is usually a table well supplied with Japanese newspapers, as well as one or two foreign papers published in English. Occasionally at Tokio one may see a newsboy, though these useful individuals are not as numerous as one might imagine from the fact that 650 periodicals are published in the Empire. Brass checks are given for the baggage, and the ticket has to be shown and punched before step-ping on the platform, and at the end of the journey it is collected at the gate. Ten years ago most of the engineers were foreigners, and the ticket sellers were Chinese (wh are employed in all the banks); but at present the railway service is entirely in the hands of the Japanese.

ENGLISH VERY COMMON.

English has become the official foreign language in Japan. The designation is always printed on the tickets in English, as well as in Japanese, and on the reverse side we read: "Issued Subject to the Railway Regulations." The cars are marked in English, first, second and third class, while the mile posts and signs of level and grading are only in English. The time-tables also are printed in English, and so are certain notices inside the cars regarding the objectionable habits of standing on platforms, putting the feet on seats, spitting on the floor, etc., which are forbidded on threat

Within the last two weeks, however, two disquieting notices have been placed in the cars in Japanese only. One of them gives the cheerful advice that any person attacked by cholera should at once notify the conductor. The other notice contains half a dozen bits of advice regarding the prevention of cholers. That these hints are timely may be inferred from the fact that the daily number of cases in Yokohama has risen to about 20, in Nagasaki to 50, in Tokio to 60, and in Osaka to 160, etc., with the whol warm month of September to be heard from yet. However, the Japanese authorities have learned much regarding the treatment of cholers and precautionary measures

WARM FOR THE DOCTORS.

Only a few days ago a Tokio physician was fined \$40 and his license revoked for three months because he had neglected to report to the police a case of cholera under his eare; and with the present methods of sani-tary control it is not likely that Japan will have another epidemic like that of 1857, during which 80,000 died in Tokio alone in the month of August, or even like that of 1886, when there were over 100,000 istal

cases throughout the empire.

If some of the Japanese cars have saparate compartments for non-smokers, this is a mere concession to foreigners; for Japanese women are almost as invariably addicted to the use of tolacco as the men, and one of the most novel sights to be witnessed in these cars is that of a women—young or old—taking a smoke. Japanese pipes, as used by both men and women, are not as large as a thimble—about the size of a Chinese opium pipe, and hold about as much to hope on makes a pinch of smolt. much tobucco as makes a pinch of snuff. The woman fills and lights her pipe, takes three or four whiffs and then knocks the bowl against her wooden shoes or clogs so that the glowing ashes fall in a lump on the floor. She immediately refills the pipe, but does not relight it with a match. She tries to pick up the of glowing ashes with the pipe bowl, which requires skill and practice. But after a few attempts she generally succeeds, whereupon she has three or four more more whiffs; and this process is repeated several times before the pipe and pouch are put away to rest for an hour THE JAP WRESTLERS.

On the train I saw four huge fellows who

would be regarded as veritable giants even in in America. While here among the Japanese they seem to be actual Brabdiguagines. They are processional wrestlers, and Igiaos. They are processional wrestlers, and as they are abnormally fat, wear kimonos and have their hair done up in an old-tashioned teminine sort of way they look very much like stout old women, an illusion which only adds to their apparent mammoth size. One imagines that these men must come from some province in Japan

of fact they come from all parts of the Empire, and wherever a man grows up very

Little Short on Provisions. HINTS ON REDUCING EXPENSES.

GOSPEL OF ECONOMY

It May be a Good Thing to be a

The Preacher, the Doctor and the Wife Are Very Easy Victims.

PEEPS BEHIND SOCIETY'S CURTAINS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

In nearly every part of our country comes the ery in one sad chorus that the crops are short. Fruits are very scarce, grain is likely to be much dearer, and louves of bread will either be less in size or larger in price. This is to be a hard winter, in some respects, for ordinary people. It is more than likely that the rich monopolist will try to corner the poor man's bread and "grind his face." irrespective of the woe that is pronounced against such people. Now, while it may be a fact that the very poor cannot practice much more in the line of economy than they do, there is a class, or rather, there are classes, of people who can. To them will

my remarks be especially addressed. It has been said that the French nation can live on what the American people waste, This can hardly be true, but it contains enough of truth to set the people thinking whether or no there is not some plan of economizing in household expenses. One of the best inducements to practice economy, it seems to me, is that we may be better enabled to help those in actual want. One year's shortage is not likely to affect us materially, but it may teach a lesson worth le-ruing. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." It is well to remember fullness thereof." It is well to remember this fact. How can a family with a fair income economize so as to meet existing cir-cumstances? There are so many little extravegences that can be curtailed without serious injury that it is difficult to select those which can be best dispensed with,

Where to Cut Down.

Suppose we begin with the church. Your postor gets \$1,000 a year. Of course he is worthy of his hire, but as his example in economizing would be a benefit to others, and as he is used to sell-denial, might he not worry along with say, \$800? Of course he might argue that he only just exists as it is, and that to live in such times on \$200 less would be an impossibility. Remind him of the fact that the early preachers never bothered about their food and raiment, Tell him that a certain good man was fed by the ravens, and that he must have faith to believe that his brend will be certain and his water sure, especially the latter. You can emphasize that point. If he argues that his "day and genera-

tion" may be shortened by lack of physical sustenance, inform him of the fact that he will become more useful by practicing self-denial for a few years, than if he spends a long life of inertia. A short life and a use-ful one is better than a long one devoid of usefulness. Follow this plan and you will save 20 per cent of your contributions to the church. If you can do this and sing

I love Thy kingdom, Lord.
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer bought,
With his own precious blood,

while you may not be enabled to prevent some people from questioning your sincerity, as to the love, etc., so long as you have a clear conscience (and it doesn't take much to clear some people's conscience) you will have achieved one success in the line of economy.

Doctors and Domestics.

Then there is the doctor. Now doctors do not usually sue for their fees. It is not red to be in accord with, with, wha is that? Etiquette? No, that's not it. Usage? No. Well, it is not good torm. Here is another opportunity to practice economy. You can keep a doctor waiting any length of time for his tees. In a few years a good season may come, and if he should die in the meantime, it will be a good thing for his heirs when you do pay. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and you might as well have the bird as the

Another good way for men of moderate means to economize would be to dispense with the domestic. The wife can bear a lit-tle more of the burden. She promised to be faithful in times of prosperity and adversity. Not only is there a golden opportunity to test her faith, but the saving would be considerable. Taking into account wages, wear and tear, and the provisions she necessarily consumed, the aggregate would be consider-able. Of course the wife would feel it to be deprived of her help, but it would inculcate the grand principle of economy. A penny saved is a penny earned, and if the poor woman should stagger and fall beneath the burden, tombstones are quite rensonable in price, if the design be not too elaborate.

Another point is apt to be overlooked in times of stringency. The clothing of the wife and children need not be so expensive. Of course, it will be necessary for the head of the family to appear suitably clad. Some-one must uphold the dignity of the house, even if the times are tottering. Who so appropriate as he who makes the living by the sweat of his brow or the whirl of his massive brain? A good standing in the world is esential. The wife can plead ill health as an excuse for appearing seldom in society.

Possibly she may have no occasion to play the hypocrite in this matter, especially if the domestic be dispensed with, but it she does practice will make per ect, so perfect, indeed, that she may be enabled to play the role permanently. See how beautifully the whole scheme works?

Treat the Grecer Courly.

I think it will pay to keep on good terms with the grocer. These men have formed a society for mutual protection, and I understand they place men of questionable financial standing on the black list. This you cannot afford. Keep as square as possible with the grocer. A blustering and authoritive way will gain you a little longer credit, perhaps, but be sure to study the leading characteristics of the man you are dealing

Now, in conclusion, as we preachers say (in the middle of the sermon), supposing the worst comes to the worst, and it is absolutely necessary, the head of the family might substitute for his Henry Clays and flora del (umas a cigar of a somewhat cheaper grade. He might possibly dis-pense with his Bordeaux and Burgundy and substitute the native product of the v ne. At least he could supply his riends desired to entertain. The band was the Newcastle Military Band, under the conductorship of Mr. R. Smith, and the auditorship of Mr. R. Smith and the auditorship of M spent in accompanying the wife to prayer meeting. I know some of my readers, especially my clerical brethren, will marvel at my familiarity will all these worldly things, but in early life it was my mis ortune to be connected with the editorial pro-fession. Of course the reformation is complete, but these old, familiar scenes will present themselves occasionally to the retropective mind.

Bebind tue Curtain.

Ab! what a thing this human nature isl Behind the curtains, in the greenroom of life, there is much that will not bear the light of day. I can see no difference between the drunkard who squanders half of what he earns, while his wife and children tive in rags and tatters, and the well-dressed club man, whose weary wi e rocks her child to sleep in meanly urnished rooms, while he luxuriates in clover. Happy the home where husband and wife shall work together to overcome present difficulties, bearing each other's burdens royally and loyally, helping others where they can.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

pecune, as the doctor left the prescription; "I shouldn't think one dose a day would help a fellow up very fast."