will be my wife.

erand ather in her face.

nothing to fear from me.

Maisrie," he said.

know what your friends think of me, or

o co. And all of a sudden she changed.

weeping; and in vain he tried to soothe her. Nav, she would not have him speak.

don't go away with any doubt about that in

your mind. I love you!-I shall love you always!-I will give my it e to thinking of

you-when you are far too occupied-ever to think of me. Will you believe me, Viu-

what you ask-to become a drag on you-

The tears were running down her cheeks;

but she kept her eyes fixed bravely and

piteously on him, as she uttered her wild, monitorent sentences. "My dearest-ms

menherent sentences, "My dearest—ms; dearest in all the world—will you remember

moment, she loves me—she is thinking of me.' Promise me, Vincent, that you will

one. And now, Vincent, kiss me!-kiss

that were sait with the sea foam. The tan-

sidness and hopelessness, no longer

the sheltered corner.
"Sit down there, Maisrie, out of the wind.

could have cut my tongue out the next mo-

ment. And, indeed, I thought you took no

"Yes, but we are not going to separate."

Vesterday I explained to your grandfather

now I was situated; I need not bother you

"Dreams, Vincent, dreams!" she mur-

"Rut sometimes dreams come true " said

you will see how much dream-work there will be about it when I get things put into

trim in London. Now I'm not going to keep your here any longer, Maisrie; for I

timey there is some rain coming across; and ton musn't be caught. I will go in and tay goodby to your grandfather, if I may; and the next you will hear of me will be

when I send you some news from town. In the meantime, hearts up, Muisriel-surely

the granddaughter of your grandfather should show courage!"

When, that afternoon, Vin Harris arrived

he, for he was not to be daunted.

She shook her bead.

he held up her face. He kissed ber lips,

sacred about it; how

me, Vincentl-and then goodby!

check-a d thrilled him.

on her side.

-will you believe that always? Will

Let this be the last," she said, through bitter sobs. "Only-only, Vincent,

I love you!-I shall love you

"Vincent," she said slowly, "you don't

know what you ask. And I have wished that you would understand, without my

having to speak. I have wished that you

would understand-and go away-and make

our friendship a memory, something to think over in after years. For how can I

ell you clearly without seeming cruel and

She withdrew her hand; she turned away

from him altogether.
"Maisrie," said he, "I don't want you to

say anything, except that you love me and

ungrateful to one who has through my

that is a native of Europe and has been

naturalized in the United States. Hemlock,

or conjum is believed to be the narcotic used

by the Athenians to destroy the lite of con-demned individuals, and by which Socrates

other alkaloids that are, perhaps, as diffi-

Yours very truly, WILLIAM SIMON. BALTIMORE, MD.

Poisoners of the Past.

DEAR DOCTOR-"Is poisoning a lost Well, I do certainly think that the

Very respectfully yours,

Amyl Nitrite Favored. Dr. Henry Leffmann, the well-known analytical chemist and expert, who so ably fills the post of pathological chemist to the hospital of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, presents the claims of amyl nitrite as a painless, rapidly-acting poison,

HENRY LEFFMANN, 715 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Cyanide of Potassium. Dr. P. B. Wilson, professor of chemistry, toxicology and microscopy in the Baltimore University, of Baltimore, Md., thus pre-

DEAR DOCTOR - Observation has conordinary hydrocyanic acid of medicine, though the latter, in its most concentrated

would be as quick. Hydrocyanic acid would be the most diffi-

detect, but fortunately lew of these are available for criminal use. Yours truly,

BALTIMORE, MD.

although increasing knowledge makes it less often success ul. Yours respectfully, J. H. LONG.

Poisoning Hypodermically. Dr. John M. Maisch, Professor of Materia Medica in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, writes as follows: DEAR DOCTOR - Poisons administered

hypodermically are, as a rule, difficult to detect-organic more so than mineral. So far as I know the poison used by the Borgias has never been ascertained. Very truly yours, JOHN M. MAISCH.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF PHAR-

Kansas City Times, 1 An Atonison woman is getting a good deal of advertising because she succeeded in

making a two-pound loaf of bread out of a pound of flour. It all the Atchison women nake their bread as heavy as that it is no wonder that the men are so dyspeptic that they are always quarreling about someand Toxicology in the College of Physicians thing.

A Chance for Promotion Jewelers' Weekly, 1

Office Manager-Johnny, if you don't get a move on you I'll kick you through the skylight. Office Boy-Kick away. This is the first chance to rise I've seen since I came here.

to trespaissers Prepare for eternity

Backwoods Farmer (who has just finished the sign)-I kinder like the idee, some how'r other. It has'r religious feeling' runis generally looked upon as the most rapid in its action, and I know of no poison that nin' through it, an' at the same time means business!—Life,

PANTING FOR BREATH

At an Altitude of Fifteen Thousand Feet Above Sea Level.

Stalking for Guanacos Among the Snowy Peaks of the Andes.

CROSSING THE DESERT OF ISLAY

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE, 1 MOLLENDO, PERU, September 21 .- From Lake Titicaca to the sea is a railway journey of 325 miles, all in Peru, over the Andes. and across a desert. Starting at an elevation of 12,500 (eet, the road rises by gradual ascent to the extraordinary altitude of 14,665 feet, the highest that wheels turned by steam have ever attained.

This Puno and Mollendo Railway was built for the Peruvian Government about 14 years ago by Mr. Henry Meiggs; and it cost more than \$45,000,000 for the 325 miles, or the enormous average of \$135,000 per mile! Though it has few tunnels no railway in the world can show so much excavating or such massive embankments. There is another Peruvian railroad, called the Oroya, also built by Meiggs, leading from Lima up to the mines of Cerro del Pasco and thence projected to the head waters of the Amazon, designed to connect with that great fluvial highway and thus make transit to the Atlantic shorter and cheaper than by the old routes—which, at some points, will be even higher than this one

MANAGEMENT OF THE ROAD While Mr. John Thorndyke, late of Boston, was manager of the Puno and Mollendo road, its affairs were conducted strictly on the American plan; but since this railway, in common with all others in Peru now comes under the celebrated "Grace-Do oughmore contract," the leaders being the well-known banker and ex-Mayor of York City and Lord Donoughmore, of London, backed by plenty of English and United States capital, its business is managed by an odd but politic mixture of methods, notably North American, South American, Peruvian and English.

Its present Superintendent, Mr. Victor Hugo MacCord, formerly from San Fran-cisco, is a typical Westerner, combining the most cordial courtesy with great business energy. He has experienced some strange "ups and downs" in his connection with this railroad, which serve as a sample of what most foreigners may expect who have the boldness to engage in business in many portions of this revolution-ridden continent. Coming here first as a telegraph operator, Mr. MacCord soon worked his way up to the superintendence of the road.

A DOSE OF PRISON LIFE. Then came on the war between Peru and Chiti, and it happened one day, by some accident wholly unforeseen, that an engine on its way to Mollendo was seized and "run in" by the Chilians, who seem to have made it a point during that short but sanguinary struggle to steal everything they could la hands on, even to locomotives under full steam! Though in no way to blame for the occurrence, Mr. MacCord was held directly responsible by the local authorities of Are quipa, that city, which has always been the

headquarters of the railway management, being then under military rule. He was at once arrested and without a hearing or any sort imprisoned in a gloomy dungeon of the quartel which had not so much as a chair or bed, nothing but the bare, damp walls. Neither food nor water was supplied to him and his repeated de-mands for a trial or at least the chance to make a statement in his own behalf were answered by counter-demands for a large amount of money. The latter not being forthcoming, he was led out one night without a moment's warning, ostensibly to be shot, and told to prepare for instant death.

ALL FOR A RANSOM. Probably it was not intended to kill him, nerely to terrify him into enriching the imsecunious local Jese Politico. Failing in this, after he had been placed in position and the soldiers had raised their rifles to fire. knowing that nothing could be gained by his death and possibly something might be wrung out of him if he were allowed to live, the hal-drunken officer remanded him back o prison. Friends brought him food and finally raised the sum of \$10,000 for his release, which they paid over to the Jee, who certainly had no right to it beyond that of temporary military power, and the illegally imprisoned gentleman was set at liberty. A few months ago Mr. MacCord was again made superintendent of this same road to the satisfaction of all concerned; and affairs ar now going as smoothly as anything can be

expected to in Peru.

A few miles from Crucero Alto is Vincocaya, the very lottiest village in all the world, unless it may be some of those in Central Asia, 14,360 feet above the sea. This Andean village is purely a creation of the railroad and boasts of the adjuncts of relay and repairing station.

THE BREATH COMES HARD.

Long before we arrive at Vincoeava, com ing from either end of the line, nearly every-body is suffering from sirroche, in greater or less degree. Strange to say, frequent passing over the same beights does not exempt one from the distressing complaint, and the strongest and healthiest seem to be more prostrated by it than the sickly, with the exception of one of our immediate party, a consumptive young Chilian, traveling to prolong his span of life, whose sunken chest heaves painfully in the effort of respiration and whose pale face has taken on a ghastly grayish blue. A jolly Englishman from Arequipa, who weighs nearly 300 pounds, and says he was never ill in his life except when passing over this road, has turned the color of a boiled lobster, and, gasping with suffocation, holds his head with both hands,

declaring that it is about to burst. The remedies commonly made use of are brandy and bromide of potassi, assited by various smelling salts and the odor of raw onions. The natives believe so implicitly in the latter preventive that not one of them will travel in the higher altitudes without a generous supply, which he cuts and suiffs at teisure, though it be strong enough to draw tears from the eyes of a graven image. When mules and horses are prostrated with sirroche, the usual cure is to stuff slices of

raw onions up the creature's nostrils. FROM WINTER TO SUMMER.

The traveler on this railway is constantly reminded of that celebrated palating called "The Heart of the Andes," and realizes that he has found the very spot. It is aland when, at Vingocays, we pick our way from the car to the Hotel Empresa for luncheon, in a driving storm of sleet and snow, we console ourselves with the knowledge that a few hours more will bring us down into a region of perpetual summer time, to the ever-blooming roses and so t, warm sunshine of old Arequipa, the Inca "Place of Rest."

In some parts of Peru, Bolivia and Caili, guanacos are as common as goats in Switz-erland. The animal's body is somewhat of the greyhound build, being very narrow in the loins but deep in the chest. It is covered with long hair, exceedingly soft and fine, pale yellow, shading to white underneath. Combined with the strength and endurance of the llams, it has all the characteristics of the North American deer, being as graceful and as fleet-ooted, and its flesh is much like that of the autelope. Their skins, like that of the vacuna, command a high price in Europe, where they are in great demand for carriage robes, cloak lining, etc. In their wild state, the animals roam in flocks, and one of the herd always stands on guard. If danger threatens he gives the alarm by stamping his feet, and swift indeed must the pursuer be who

Every hunter who can afford it keeps a not pack of dogs trained especially for this 25c.

chase. The men "stalk" the game with greatest care, and sometimes getinear enough for a shot with their rifles; but it oftener happens that the timid creatures decline close an acquaintance with their natural enemy, man. If a guanaeo is found grazing singly on the plain, the chance of getting him is very small; but when the herd is pursued, each animal tries to crowd himself HIGHEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD siderably retarding their speed by the con-tusion that ensues. It is amusing to note how well the dogs understand this trick, and while crazy to pursue a flock, they look with

> Alpaca and vieuna wool closely resemble one another, both being very fine and veluable. Large quantities of it are exported to England, and a little goes to the United States. The coarser wool of the llama is from six to eight inches long, and a single fleece often weigh as much as 12 pounds; but it is seldom sheared, the animal being most valuable as a beast of burden in alti tudes where horses and mules are useless.

THE LONGEST AQUEDUCT. Along the side of the track, for a distance of more than 85 miles, runs an 8-inch from pipe, for the purpose of supplying water to Moliendo and the intervening stations, there being none near the coast. Coming from springs in the mountains near Arequipa, 7,000 feet above the sea and extending t the Pacific, it is the longest aqueduct in the world, and is capable of discharging 430,000 gallons of water during every 24

and most of the route lies across the hot and lifeless desert of Islay. After descending the shoreward range of the Andes, the train zig-zags rapidly down the barren foothills to the great desert, which it crosses with a directness in marked contrast to its tortuous course among the heights. In its narrowest place the desert is about 60 miles agross, and before the day of the railroad the journey had to be made on donkey back. Then it was customary to cross it in the night to avoid the heat and glare of the sun.

I can never forget the aspect of the country with the glare of the sun upon it-one vast waste of sands and stones, hills bare of all but cactus, measureless stretches of sand that look like the shore of the sea from which the waves have receded. There are no trees, nor even bushes, except in those infrequent spots where fertility has been produced by irrigation; and wherever the tanks that are placed at regular intervals to supply the locomotives with water, ted from the long aqueduct, have leaked or dripped into the ankie-deep dust, grass grows lux-uriantly, indicating what the result might be, even in this desert, under a judicious

system of irrigation.

There are many peculiar mounds of sand, white as snow, all blown into semi-circular shapes like huge crescent moons, showing the direction and force of the prevailing winds. But for most or the distance not a living thing is to be seen, except at the few stations, where bedraggled women, dusty as their surroundings, come on board with peaches to sell-tolerably fair-looking fruit, but hard as the rocky hills and tasteless as the sands in which they grew.

FANNIE B. WARD.

GOT THE WRONG COWS. A Big Shepherd Dog Out for a Frolic Gets

until she turned and ran.

The dog tollowed, snapping at her heels, and she stopped suddenly, and, turning on the dog, tried to hook him. The dog dodged, and then jumped and caught her by the ear. The cow shook him loose, and again tried to hook him, but the dog got another grip on her ear. The fight was continued for five minutes, and the rest of the herd

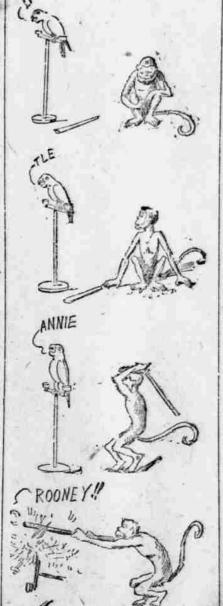
ing their ears back and forth. Finally, one of them started toward the She walked unconcernedly ombutants enough until within a few feet of them, and then, suddenly lowering her head, she rushed at the dog, caught him on her horos, and tossed him over the fence on the track He gave one or two ki-yi's, and scudded down the track with his tail between his legs. The two cows looked after him a mo-

How He Was Heard,

"Why wasn't I heard more in Congress?"

"Weil, then, did you never notice in the reports of speeches 'Laughter,' 'Applause on the Republican side,' and such things? I took a leading part in them every time.'

NO LOVER OF CHESTNUTS.



WE heard a mechanic say that he would not be without Salvation Oil. Kills pain.

ROCKS ON THE TRACK.

Conservatism is a Train-Wrecker of the Very Worst Type.

PROGRESS IN THE COMMUNITY.

In the School and Even in the Church Often Ditched by It.

EVIL OF ETERNAL RETROSPECTION

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 It is strange, but no more strange than true, that wherever and whenever energetic

and progressive men seek to advance public interests there can always be found others who are just as industriously employed in trying to block the wheels and wreck the train. In the history of most cities and communities there has been an epoch when things appeared to reach a climax. Against the desire of a few men who tried to go ahead there were those who rolled the rocks of opposition on the track and whistled "down brakes."

Why not run over the obstructionist and go ahead anyhow? That is a very natural question. I read recently of a train being brought to a standstill by a large colony of caterpillars getting on the track. They were so numerous and produced such an elfeet that the engine wheels could not grip the rails so as to make any headway. Before the train could move the track had to be cleared, and in the clearing thousands of caterpillars were slain. Now, there is, for a wonder, no society for the prevention of eruelty to caterpillars, so they could be killed with impunity with the shovels and killed with impunity with the shoyels and brooms of the gravel train. But this system camot be brought into play in dealing with human impedimenta. You have to wait till they dis a natural death, and somehow or other this species of humanity exhibits a most supenduous pertinacity in clinging to life. Your energetic business man entering upon his career is sometimes handleapped and held in check by influences hathcated, and the friction kills him. Not so the "kicker." He lives on and on. A wrinkle here and there as the years come and go, but he still lives, growing and grumbling and wondering what the world is coming to. He has groweled and saved a few dollars, and finally he does pass in his checks. Then, as a rule, unless he has sown too much of the seed of opposition in the minds of the rising generation there is growth in the direction of progress.

One Town's Experience. Many years ago, possibly 50, a machinist

arrived in this country from England, and settled in the city of Trenton, N. J. As he approached that town, which was then au old-fashioned place, with the flavor of Revolutionary days still upon it, he got into conversation with a native. Asked what his mission was, he said he had engaged as a machinist in a new concern just formed or forming. The citizen was terribly alarmed. He considered that such a dirty business would just ruin the city, with its smoke and its noise. People who owned land tried to keep back the tide of enterprise that was seeking its level on the banks of the dear old Delaware. This class of obstructionist was very numerous. The idea of the pure sunlight of heaven being soiled with smoke, and the air filled with sulphurous tumes!

They wanted none of it.

For a few years this spirit had its effect, and there were numerous long funeral pro-cessions and many grand rhetorical culogies Passengers who were waiting for a New Jersey Central Railroad train at the Perth Amboy depot on Thursday saw two cows in a field opposite the depot get the better of a large shepherd dog in a fight that the dog started. Of the dozen cows in the field one straved away from the herd and stood near the lence along the railroad track. The dog rain up the bank and barked in her face until she turned and ran.

The dog followed, snapping at her heels, and she stopped suddenly, and, turning on the day tried to hook him. The doer doubted. This is one illostration of many that night be instanced. Happy the place where foryism

Pittsburg ever was afflicted in

Forvism in the School Boards. Now, this same principle of opposition to

the onward march of endeavor is not confined to communities as a whole, but is felt everywhere. At one time I served on the Board of Education in a town in New York State. One member of the board, which with two or three exceptions was a wooden affair anyhow, thought the boys and girls were "gittin' too much eddikation," When he was a lad that didn't "larn em retteriek and fissiology, nor any o' that kind a truck. They larnt spellin' and readin' and rethmatik." He didn't beheve in spending the people's money in "gografy, and all that kind Visiting this same school one day this same

"What are you doing, my lad?" he inquired.
"Algebra," was the reply,
"Why them's not alphabets, them's figgers."
The Principal tried to keep the school from laughing, but it was no use. Then the member of the board bought the discipline was not up to the mark. In order to make the schools anything like efficient this man, with two or three others, had to be equiched. A proposition to ventilate the buildings in accordance with modern scientific methods met with a howl of opposition from these men, and they had to be circumvented by strategy.

Cld Fashions in Church.

I once served a church in New Jersey that had been run in a rut for many years. At the services all the men would sit on one side and all the women on the other. Such was the hold the foolish custom had upon the people that it took a year to break it up. Von Molike or Grant never had a tougher job in the line of strategic or diplomatic work than I had in this matter. It was old for yism in the concrete.

In another church was a deadon who had, for

of possibilities that the imagination of man is utterly incapable to comprehend or conceive. Onward is the watchword of the age. The human race cannot progress too rapidly. There is a divinity shapes our cody. Let us cling to one round of the ladder of procress until we can reach another, but when we do reach it, leave hold of the lower one. But, my space is exhausted.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

When we find a medicine we know to pos

sess genuine merit, we consider it a duty, and we take pleasure in telling the public what it is. Such a medicine we found Chamberlain's Cough Remedy last winter, when la grippe was prevailing. We are

Your wise, Vincent-your wife!" she bin of port that was famous all over the country—and, indeed, was powerful enough to draw many a hunt dinner to this hostelry exclaimed, in a pitcous sort of way. "How can you ask anyone to be your wife who has led the life that I have led? Can you not by its own influence alone—be sure that Master Vin was not long in having a deguess-Vincent-without my having to canter o the wine placed in the private parlor he had engaged. Mr. Simmons, who was a sharp, shrewd-looking little man, with a pair face and intensely black hair He was astounded—but not alarmed; never had his faith in her flinched for a "The life you have led?" said he, rather and short-cropped whiskers, suggested a cigar, and took the largest he could find in breathlessly; "Why-a-a-beautiful life-an idyllic life-constant travel-and always his host's case. Then he proceeded to make himself important and happy—with his toes treated with such kindness and care and on the lender and his shoulders softly cushoned in an easy chair.

affection-an ideal life-why, who would not envy you?"

She was sobbing—with her head averted. "Yes," said he, complacently, when the cigar was going well, "I think I can predict some good fortune for you, and that "Don't, Vincent, don't! I cannot-I will not tell you," she said, in a kind of despair. without having my hand crossed with a shilling. I hope I am breaking no confi-What is the use? But it is you who have made me think-it is you who have shown dence; we lawyers are supposed to be as mum as a priest after contessional; but of clearly what I have been, I-I was young-I was only a child; my grand ather course what is said between gentlemen will was everything to me; whatever he did was go no further than the four wails of this right. And now I have become a woman ace I knew you-I can see myself-and I

"I think you may trust me for that," Vinknow that never, never can I be your wife. cent said, "Very well, then," continued Mr. Sim-But she paid no heed. She was strangely excited. She rose to her feet; and for moment he thought he saw a look of her may fairly expect to be offered a very pretty

the Mendover Liberal Association; and

wind up the proceedings. There was

nothing in all this worthy of note: what

the absence of Lord Musselburgh, accom-panied Vincent home to the Red Lion.

This Mr. Simmons was a solicitor, and a

great political power in Mendover; so, when

"And yet even in my degradation-my degradation," she said, repeating the words New Year's tresent."
"Oh, really," said Vincent, without being much impressed; he tancied the Liberal Aswith cruel emphasis, "I have some pride. I seciation were perhaps going to pass a vote o thanks—possibly inscribed on vellum— Perhaps they are right. Perwith the names of all the officials writ large, haps the stories you spoke of were all to be

"A very pretty present; the representation believed. Timt is neither here por there, of Mendover now. But, at least, they need not be atraid But at this he pricked up his ears; and that I am coming to them as a suppliant. I will not bring sname upon them; they have Mr. Simmons smiled.

"Mr. Richard Gosford is my client, as I think you know," the black-a-viced little lawyer went on, "but what I am telling you parcel of grown-up schoolbors playing He regarded her with astonishment, and with something of reproach also; these proud tones did not sound like Maisrie's loes not come direct from him to me. I need games." notiparticularize my source of information. But from what I can gather I am almost "Why, Vincent, why," she said, "should you put yourself in opposition to your certain that he means to resign at the end friends? Why give up all the splendid future that is before you? Why disappoint next general election, as Lord Musselburgh must have told you, but his imaginary I the hopes that have been formed of troubles have grown on him; and as far as I "If need were, for the sake of your love, can see there will be nothing for you but to

"My love" she said. "But you have sait, Vincent—and—and you shall have January. A very pretty New Year's "But of course there will be a contest!"

And here she burst into a passionate fit of Vincent exclaimed. "Not a bit," Mr. Simmons made answer, regarding the blue curls of smoke from the eigar. 'The snuggest little seat in En-grand. Everybody knows you are Lord Musserburgh's nominee; and Lord Mussel-for which every ambitious man must pine, public park that Mr. Gosford ought to have done when he presented the ground. Sec? No bribery on your part. Simple as daycent!-Will you believe, always, that I loved you-that I loved you too well to do light. We'll run you in as if you were an

"Yes; I would recommend you to go and Maisrie once more—to have her character and antecedents animadverted upon, either uve for town."

"Wouldn't that look rather like undue say to voneself. 'Wherever Maisrie is at this you or I. And that's what you're got to into words; your heart tells me that it is remember to-morrow, when you go to see him. For goodness' sake, don't tell him he's looking well—as you've got to say to more permanent kind might be procurable, most invalids. Tell him he's looking very poorly. Be seriously concerned, for Maisrie—a tiny white dove this was, in mother-of-pearl, on a transvere narrow band. gles of her wind-blown hair touched his He did not speak for a moment. He was lighted. For what he suffers from is simply overawed. This pure confession of a maiden | incurable laziness-and nervous timid- up a few things with which to make her

der the blankets, and read books, he's could be reply with commouplace phrases about his friends and the future? And yet, sere was Maisrie on the point of departure; But what excuse am I to make for calling on him?" Vincent asked again. "Oh," said Mr. Simmons, carelessly, she only waited for a word of goodby; and her eyes, that were now filled with a strange ne public character visiting another. You were here delivering a lecture; and of garded him. The farewell had been spoken ourse you called on the sitting member "And you think I will let you go, after You won't want any excuse if you will tell him he should take extraordinary care of what you have just conjessed?" he said to himself in this changeable weather.' per-and his calm and restrained demeanor

ity; and so long as he can hide himself un-

"And should I say anything about the was a sort of answer to her trembling veheseat?" Vincent asked further. mence and her despair. "You give me the "I must leave that to your own discretion. proudest possession a man may have on this earth; and I am to stand idly by, and let it be taken away from me. Is that a likely Rather ticklish. Perhaps better say nothing-unless he introduces the subject; then you can talk about the overcrowding o the House, and the late hours, and the nervous He took her hand, and put her back into wear and tear of London. But you needn't I want to talk to you. I was a fool when I mentioned those stories the other day; I tiring from business he might as well leave you the good will; perhaps that would be a

little too outspoken. And yet it was with no undue elation that notice. Why should you take any notice? Insensate trash! And who escapes such Vincent contemplated this possibility of his being allowed to slip so quietly and easily things? and who is so childish as to heed into Parliament; his first thought was-how them? Then, again, I remember your say-ing that I knew nothing about your grand-father or yoursel!. Do you think that is so? would it affect his relations with Maisrie Bethune? For indeed, at this time, turn where he might, it was Maisrie, and always

Do you think I have been all this time con-stantly in your society watching you, Maisrie, that he encountered. As luck would have it, a day or two after studying you-yes, and studying you with the anxiety that goes with love; for, of Vin's return to town, Mr. Ogden came to dine at Grosvenor Place. It was a man's course, you want the one you love to be per-feet. Do you imagine, after all this, that I dinner-a dinner or political extremists and faddists; but so far from Muster Vincent re do not know you and understand you? tiring to his own room and his books, as he Degradation!-very well, accept that degrasometimes did, he joined the party, and even dation; I welcome all the degradation that is likely to be associated with you. If I stipulated for a place near the great electioneerer and wire-puller of the North, Furwere to wash my hands in that sort of degrather than that, he made himself most agreedation I think they would come out a little able to Mr. Ogden; was most meek and hus whiter. I know you to be as pure and noble ble and good humored (for to what depths as the purest and noblest woman alive; and of hypocrisy will not a young man descend ble and good humored (for to what depths what do I care about your-your circumwhen he is madly in love?), and seemed to wallow wholesale the long-resonnding list think paid up like a genelman, though many's the time I was sayin to the missis lectoral, reforms fiscal, reforms social and as she needn't be so ard ——" awallow wholesale the long-resonnding list "Don't, Vincent!-don't be kind to me, Vincent," she said, pitcously. "It will be all the harder to think of when-when we political. For all the while he was saying are separated-and lar away from each within himsel: "My dear sir, perhaps what you say is quite true; and we're all going headlong to the devil-with the caucus for drag. And I could wish you to have a "Your grandfather has left you to decide for yourself, and surely after what few more h's; still many excellent men have you have said to me this morning, surely I have the right to decide for you. We are not going to separate, Maisric—except for a lived and died without them. The main point is this-if one might dare to ask-iyour private secretaryship stiff open; and, few days. When I am up in London I if so, what salary would you propose to mean to look round and see what disposinot quite tions can be made with regard to the future. ask those questions at his own father's dip

ner table; besides, he was in no hurry; he wanted a few more days to look round. with these things at present. Of course, I could get plenty of money if I wished-on The guests of the evening did not go un to the drawing room; they remained in the my expectations, as the saying is, but I dining room, smoking, until it was time for don't like that kind of performance. Oh, I assure you, I am going to be very prudent and circumspect, and I am ready to turn the relations between father and son had them to leave; then Harland Harris and his my hand to anything. Then, in another been very considerably strained since the frection, Maisrie, you might give me a morning on which the former had brought hint," he went on with much cheerfulness, his allegations against old George Bethune but watching her to see how she would take it. "What part of London do you think you would like best to live in? If we could get a small house with a garden up some-himself for having paid court to Mr. Ogden; get a small house with a garden up some-where about Campden Hill-that would be he looked forward with some natural gratipleasant, and, of course, there must be a fication to this early chance of getting into Parliament; and, again, what was the use torary for your grandfather, for we should want the privacy of the morning room for of attaching any importance to these pre-ourselves." So he lit another cigarette, stretched out his legs before the fire and told his father-but with certain reservations, for on one or two points he was pledged to silence-what had happened down

"And at Mendover. "I am heartily glad to bear it," said the communist capitalist, with a certain cold severity of tone. "I am glad to hear that you begin to realize what are the serious in-terests of life. You are a very fortunate young man. If you are returned for Mendover, it will be by a concurrence of circumstances such as could not easily have been anticipated. At the same time I think it might be judicious if you went down again and hinted to Mr. - what did you say?-Simmons?-Mr. Simmons that in the event of everything turning out well, there in Loadon, he did not go to his temporary lodgings (what charm had the slummy little burgh's contribution toward the completion

She looked at him for a second; then low- street in Mayfair for him new?) but to of the public park. What Lord Mussel-Grosvenor Place, where he shut himself up burgh is going to gain by that passes my in his own room, and managed to get on somehow with that detested lecture. And pext day he went down to Mendover; and Scotch peer desire to be thought well of hy a lot, of English chawbacons and small shop-keepers? I can hardly suppose that he next evening he made his appearance before made such a promise in order to secure your election; that, indeed, would be a wild freak of there were the customary votes of thanks to generosity—so wild as to be incredible. However," continued Mr. Harris, in his grateful to one who has through my was of importance happened after, when the President of the association, who had occupied the chair in pendantic and sententions manner, "it is unnecessary to seek for motives. We do not need to be indebted to him. I consider that it is of the greatest importance that you This Mr. Simmions was a solicitor, and a great political power in Mendover; so, when he hinted that the Red Lion had a certain to be a secure seat, if it is kept warm. Promise them what you like-I will see to the rest. There are other things besides park, if they pre er to keep Lord Mussel-burgh to his promise; a free library for example-if they have one already, another one; a clubhouse for the football club-a pavilion for the cricketers-a refreshment tent for the tennis ground-a band to play on the summer evenings-a number of thing of that kind that you could discover

from your friend the solicitor."

Vincent could have laughed had he dared. Here he was invited to play the part of a great local magnate, plutocrat and benefactor; and it was less than half an hour ago that he had been anxiously wondering whether £200 a year or £250 a year would be the probable salary of Mr. Ogden's private secretary. Harland Harris went

"It is so rarely that such an opportunity ccurs-in England at least-that one mus not be niggardly in welcoming it. Simmons did you say Simmons?-is clearly of importance; if you make him your agent in these negotiations, that will be enough for him—he will look after himself. And he will keep you sa'e; the elected member may mons, with an air of bland importance, "I cheat a horse, whereas as a candidate be will say this at least—that in January you daren't look over the hedge. And once you are embarked on a career of public useful

"Bribery, do you mean?" said Vincent,

meekly.
"I refer to the House of Commons; once you have your career open to you, you will be able to show whether the training you have undergone has been the right one, or whether the ordinary scholastic method mixed up with monkish traditions-would

"I suppose," said Vincent, in a musing kind of way, "if all this were to happen it would be rather a nice thing to become of the year—he did talk of waiting for the next general election, as Lord Musselburgh understand why that should be considered the only serious interest of life. It seems to me there are other interests of far greater importance to any human being-affecting

slip easily and quietly into his shoes next | him lar more nearly, and with far more re -and even nervously.

"Yes, yes," said he, with a certain hurried impatience, "that may be; we will not discuss abstract propositions. What is of practical and immediate concern is that now

burgh has promised to do everything for our it is for yoursel to show what you will do with the opportunity."

And therewithal he bade Vincent good night. Nor did the young man notice how instantly and apprehensively his father had "It's very kind of you, I'm sure," said Vincent. "Is there saything you would recommend me to do——""

In santly and apprehensively his father had deprecated the introduction and discussion of a certain subject. Not that Vincent would have advanced from the region of theory. He had no wish to have

by his ather or by any one else.

A day or two passed; he was still making haste in seizing a dead's man's effects."

Vincent ventured to ask.

"A dead man?" said Mr. Simmons, helping himself to another glass of port "He is neither dead nor dying, any more than himsel; and also he was sounding one or two editors for whom he had done some casual work as to whether employment of a of rubies; and besides that he had picked room a little prettier, when she would re turn to town. Some of the latter, indeed, which were fit for immediate installation, he had already sent home; and one afternoon he thought he might as well go up and see what Mrs. Hobson had done with them.

It was the landlady's husband who

opened the door; and even as he ushered the man up to the parlor, he had begun his story, which was so breathless and discon-nected and inclined to tears that Vincent instantly suspected gin. "Lor bless ye, sir, we ev bin in such a sad quandary, to be sure, and right glad I am to see you, sir, with them things a comin 'ome, and you was so particular about not a word to be said, and there was the missis, a augin of 'em up, and the beautiful counterpane, all spread out so neat and tidy, 'why,' says she, 'the Queen on the throne she aint suggest to him, in set terms, that as he is re-tiring from business he might as well leave most generous young genelman, and jest as good as ne's ansome'-beggin' your pardon, sir, for women will talk, and then in the middle of it hall, here comes the old genel-man as we were not expecting of im, sirah, sir, a great man, a wonder ul man, sir, in sorrowful sikkumstances, and the young lady, too, and hall to be settled up reglar-

> "What the mischief are you talking about," said Vincent, in his bewilderment. "Do you mean to say that Mr Bethung and Miss Bethune have been in London?" "Yesterday, sir, yesterday, more's the pity, sir, to give up their rooms for good and hail, for never again shall we 'ev sich odgers to this poor ouse." "Look here," said Vincent, impatiently-for this rigmarole threatened at any moment to dissipate itself in maudling weeping, will you answer me one question: am I to understand that Mr. Betnune and his granddaughter are not coming back here?" "Indeed, no, sir, more's the pity, sir, it was a honor to this poor ouse, and hevery-

oh, heverythink, sir-like a genelman-

"Sere have they gone, then?" the younger man demanded percuptorily.

"Lor bless ye, sir, it took me all of a sud-den—they didn't say nothin about that, sir and I was upset, sir-Vincent glanced at his watch; 4:05 was the time. "Oh, I see," he said, with a fine carelessness (for there were wild and alarming suspicious darting through his brain. They're going to remain in Brighton, I dare say. Well, good-by, Hobson! About those bits of things I sent up-you keep them for yourselt-tell Mrs. Hobson I make

her a present of them-you needn't say anything about them to anybody." He left the house. He quickly crossed the street, and went up to his own room; the table there was a blank—he had almost ex-pected as much. Then he went out again, hailed a hansom, drove down to Victoria station, and caught the 4:30 train to Brighton. When he reached the lodging house in German Place, he hardly dared knock; he seemed to know already what was meant by this hurried and statistic department. stealthy departure. His worst lears were immediately confirmed. Mr. Bethune-Miss Bethune-had left the previous morning. And did no one know whether they had gone? No one. And there was no message no letter-for any one who might call

There was no message-no letter. The young man turned away. It was raining; he did not seem to care. Out there in the dark was the solitary light at the end of the pier; why, how many days had gone by since she had said to him, with tears running down her cheeks—"Vincent, I love you!—I love you!—you are my dearest in all the world!—remember that always!" And what was this that she had done?—for that it was of her doing he had no manner of doubt. Enough: his heart, that had many a time been moved to pity by her solitariness, her triendlessness, had no more pity now. Pride rose in its piace-pride, and reproach and scorn. There was but the one indignant cry ringing in his ears-"False love-false love-and traitress!"

[ To be Continued Next Sunday.]

ART OF THE BORGIAS.

will act more quickly. Nicotine in a pure state also has caused death in a few seconds. Third—I would say that conline is probably the most difficult poison to detect after the most of the probably the most difficult poison to detect after the most of which it is the active principle. lock, of which it is the active principle. Conium maculatum is the botanical name of hemlock, which is nn umbelliferous plant,

On Which the Dread Messenger Ride

The art of poisoning is one of the most fascinating subjects to which the pen has ever been applied. Recognizing this I have prevailed upon a medical friend, now preparing a work upon this subject, to allow me to publish the appended symposium of of poisoning is, to some extent, a lost one. letters which he has received from some of the most emment chemists in this country in answer to the following questions, which he had propounded to them:

First-What poison do you consider the most painless? Second-What one do you deem the most rapid in its action?
Third-What one is the most difficult of detection after death?
Fourth—Do you think that poisoning is a lost art? That is, had the ancients, or the Borgias, or any other persons in other ages, poisons of which we have no knowledge and which were

superior to any of ours in painlessness, rapidity of action or difficulty of detection? The answer of Dr. Francis W. Blake, A. M., M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Texicology in the Columbus Medical College, Columbus, O., who is one of the best known and most eminent authorities in the West on all that pertains to poisons, is a fitting introduction to the series of opinions, His letter is as follows:

FRANK FERN.

Romance and Reality. 33 S. FOURTH STREET, COLUMBUS, O., ? October 2, 1890.

DEAR DOCTOR-There is nothing in the whole field of romance and reality that affords wider scope to the imagination of the play or story weaver, as he sits at his loom, than the old yet ever new incident of marder by poison, for there is no other which can be presented in so many ways or so readily portrayed in impossible lights with so strong a semblance of probability. We are all familiar with the heroine who places a small vial to her lips and instantly drops back dead, and the jealous lover who presents his mistress with a lovely bouquet, one inhalation of whose fragrance stretches her a corpse at his feet. And yet these hackneyed incidents of fiction are not so impossible as may at first appear to skeptical minds. Prussic acid of ull strengthknown to chemists as the officinal or 100 per cent hydrocyanic acid-will act with almost lightning-like rapidity, and the great chemist, Shiel, the discoverer of that beautiful shade of color known as Shiel's green, is said to have dropped

dead instantly rom inhaling the fumes of a few drops of such acid. But it is not only the sudden, rapidly-acting poisons that have received the attention the novelist and playwright. Slow poisoning is a theme that has o ten stood them in good stead. Who that has read it can ever forget Dickens' clever short story of the Rev. Julius Slinkton, of the victims he de-stroyed by slow poison, and how he was finally unmasked?

the oxides of carbon the most uniformly painless, though the dioxide cannot be strictly classed with poisons. Second-Hydrocyanic acid acts more rapidly than any poison with which I am Third-The poisons most difficult of de-

Answering your questions: First-I think

ction are found among the vegetable and animal alkaloids. Fourth-Poisoning as an art is less perfect now than formerly, but the scientific acumen of the present would clear up much that in the days of the Borgias seemed mysterious and marvelous.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCIS W. BLAKE,

Every Poison Can be Detected. Dr. William H. Greene, demonstrator of chemistry of the University of Pennsylvania and one of the most scholarly chemists of our time, sends the following interesting letter: DEAR DOCTOR-In reply to your ques-

tions, I would say: First, the most painless poise a is probably morphia or some similar narcotic. Second, hydrocyanic or prussic acid is the most rapidly fatal of all poisons in its action. Third, chemical and physiclogical tests may now be applied with such certainty to detect poison in food and drink and in the human body after death that if scientific examination and judicial inquest be possible the administration of almost

any poison is attended with the risk of possible detection.

The poisons which would be most likely to escape detection would be those most closely resembling the ptomaines of poisonous inngi. I do not believe, however, that there exists a poison or that one can exist that could not be positively identified after death either by the lesion produced in the organs affected, or by the

extraction from the corpse of the victim of the poison itself, and by the study of its properties,
I do not think that the people of any other are could have taught us anything in this matter. The crimes of the Borgias were well known at the time of their perpetra tion, and the Borgias were well-known to be poisoners, but their power protected them. Except under conditions that would now be only of very rare-almost impossiblecurrence, such murders by poison could not

be perpetrated. A Borgia would most in-evitably be detected, exposed and punished evitably be detected, at the present day.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. GREENE,

SIXTH STREET, PHI

Pittsburg's Borgis a Monomaniae. Dr. William Simon, M. D., Pb. D. ably fills the chair of Professor of Chemistry

and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., and bas con-

tributed largely to the literature of those

important studies. He differs slightly from

Dr. Greene with regard to the most painless poison as will be seen below. DEAR DOCTOR-It has often transpired in the annuls of crime that poisoning has been found to have become a positive monomania and that the successful poisons of one, having escaped detection, at once becomes eager to make his victims many, even though he have no other motive for destroying them. A notable instance was one Mrs. Grinder, a respectable woman of the middle-class, who was hanged in Pittsburg, Pa., a quarter of a century ago, after she had success ully poisoned many of her neighbors who had been her best and most intimate friends, This was a cause celebre, and attracted general attention throughout this country

and Europe at the time. Answering your question submitted to me I beg to say: First—Carbon monoxide is in my oninion the most ide is in my oninion the most painless of all poisons, as to the best of my knowledge there are no cases on record showing any suffering whatever on the part of the dying from the effects of this gas, and I had under my observation one case in which a man had been rendered senseless from the effects of this gas for hours, and on being restored told me that he had naything but what he self every night in going to sleep. Morphia might rank next to carbon monoxide in painlessness, though this would depend largely upon the individual and the dose administered. Second-Hydrocyanic seid in a pure state

Dr. John J. Reese is generally recognized as one of the highest living authorities on all that pertains to medical jurisprudence and toxicology. For many years past he has been professor of those sciences in the University of Pennsylvania located in Philadelphia. He agrees with the authorities above quoted on the first questions. Eliminating answers to them his letter is as

art and facility of administering poisons with secrecy, subtlety and without pain, was formerly practiced to a greater extent than at present. In the time of the Borgias and the de Brenvilliers, as we read, there were "professed poisoners;" but in our time the knowledge of poisons is much more widely diffused, and has consequently lost much of its mystery. As regards the nature of these secret poisons, I think the general opinion at present is, that arsenic, morphine conium and a few others were probably the articles employed in small and repeated doses. I cannot believe that they produced their fatal effects "without pain," or without any overt symptoms; but no doubt these were generally mistaken (as at present) for disease

JOHN J. REESE, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

as will be seen below:
DEAR DOCTOR—Amyl nitrite would rank

very bigh as a painless, rapid poison. From its highly volatile nature it would also be difficult to detect. Hydrocvanic acid and chloroform are also rapid and painless. Some of the rarer vegetable poisons are very difficult to detect. I do not think the ancients had any high development of the art of poisoning. There may be some lost arts. Those of cotoring glass and tempering copper are sometimes mentioned, but I am not inclined to think that in toxicology there was much headway until modern times. Truly yours,

sents the claims of potassium cyanide as the most rapid and painless poison: vinced me that potassium cyanide is the most painless poison on account of its instantaneous action. It is quicker than the

cult to detect, because it decomposes so rapidly. Conium and some of the other rarer alkaloids would also be difficult to

Poisoning Not a Lost Art. Dr. John H. Long, S. C. D., is widely known as the Professor of Chemistry in the Chicago Medical College and the Medical Department of the Northwestern University of that city. He sends the following letter: DEAR DOCTOR-I suppose the preparations of opium must be looked upon as the most painless poisons, while the soluble

evanides and hydrocyanic acid are as speedy as any.
I can not say which is the most difficult poison to detect. There are certainly several which, in most cases, would escap-detection by chemical means. Poisoning is probably not a "lost art."

CHICAGO MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The Atchison Woman's Bread.

can overtake them. IT'S EXCITING SPORT. into the center for greater safety, thus con-

indifference upon the solitary guanaco or vicuna. What is known as a "bezoar stone" is occasionally found in the stomach of one of these animals, and to possess it is considered the greatest kind of good fortune, its

magical virtues exempting the lucky indi-vidual who carries it in his pocket from most of the ills to which flesh is heir.

From Arequips to the ocean is 107 miles,

RIDING THE DESERT.

a Good Trouncing. New York Sun. ;

watched it, switching their tails and mov-

ment and then joined the herd.

Philadelphia Times.1 rejoined the member contemptuously: "Do you read the papers?" "Certainly-I do."



eral st.; Thos. R. Morris, cor. Hanover and Preble aves.; A. J. Ksercher, 59 Fed-eral st., Chas. L. Walther, 64 Chestnut st., W. S. Beach, 676 Fifth ave., and Spohn & Murphy, No. 2 Carson st., S. S. wsa

be instanced. Happy the place where fogyism is notable by its rarity. I don't know whether

it, and is now in the full light of better days.

man watched a pupil doing an example "What are you doing, my lad?" he inquired.

Is another church was a deacon who had, for a quarter of a century, always offered the first prayer at the weekly meeting. He would watch till the pastor was through his lecture, and down upon his marrow benes he would go, and would hold en for from 20 to 30 minutes. Finally the last feather fell on the camel's back, and I asken someone else to open the meeting. It was a bold stroke, and came near bursting up the whole organization.

Now, I don't object to ancient things, so long as they are of some utility, but I do abominate that kind of conservatism which dwells in the catacombs of eternal reprospection, and never looks into the bright and glowing factore, full of possibilities that the magnation of man is utterly incapable to comprehend or conceive.

How Severe Colds are Broken Up in Mon-From the Virginia City, Mont., Mudisonian.

satisfied that we warded off several atticks that were threatening by the use of this syrup, and we have since relieved, in a few hours, severe colds, and in the course of two or three days entirely broken them up by its use, as have several of our friends to whom we have recommended it. It is all that it is represented to be by the manufacturers. If you have a cough and want to stop it Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will do the work. For sale by E. G. Stucky, 1701 and 2401 Penn ave.; E. G. Stucky & Co., cor. Wylie ave.; E. G. Stucky & Co., cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Markeil Bros., cor. Penn and Frankstown aves.; Carl Hartwig, 4016 Butler st.; John C. Smith, cor. Pern ave. and Main st., and Jas. L. McConnel & Co., 455 Fl th ave., Pittsburg; and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Fed-