## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

NOVEMBER 2.

"sburg's Big Machine Shops Which Turned Out Instruments of Destruction

FOR THE BOYS IN BLUE,

Thirty Thousand Bullets a Day for the Carnage of the Field.

CONTRASTS OF THE THEN AND NOW

Some Work Still Done in Buildings Once Teeming With Life.

PAY DAYS DURING THE REBELLION

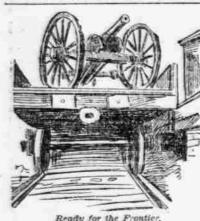


that have stood idle in Pittsburg for nearly a quarter of a century have a legitimate right to the distinction of "in dustrial cariosities." We wonder how it was possible for any foundry or mill

to escape the waves of prosperity which have rolled over this city in that length of time. As patriotic Pittsburgers, we can only conclude that such shops must have been walled up from sight; otherwise the resist-

oiled their pulleys, and set all their wheels And so they have been walled up. They are within the great stone inclosure of the United States Arsenal in Lawrenceville.

Iron City, would have opened their doors,



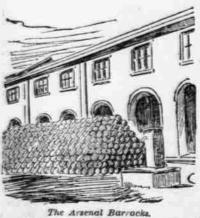
Ready for the Frontier, Their owner is a capitalist who cares nothing for the speculative trend of the iron market, who was not excited by natural gas roarers, and who could not be induced to believe that it would be a good thing for himself and Pittsburg, too, to resume operations in his shops in this city. The owner is Uncle Sam, and we gave him every opportunity to start up his machine shops again, when a few years ago Pitisburg tried to secure the location of the National Foundry here.

THE SENTIMENT OF PEACE, There were busy scenes in those factories during war times. From a practical stand-point, Pittsburg would like to see those scenes renewed. But, sentimentally, we are content to have the buildings remain empty. The rust on the engine wheels, and the dust on the belts are as typical of peace as the roses of beauty that have grown up on the campus of the arsenal around the months of unlimbered cannon of war. Nurture the roses, and if the arsenal machine shops can't be started once more without the possibility of war, let the rust on the engine wheels remain and the dust gather more thickly on the belting. Pittsburg can afford it for the peace of the country at

One day last week I was walking through the quiet arsenal grounds, when I saw something which quickly revived memories of the busy days of 1862. They were a couple of guns-field pieces-loaded on a flat car of the Alleghenv Valley Railroad. The shipped from among the artillery stores still lying in the warehouses at this point. A siding of the Valley Railroad enters the grounds, but the rails are nearly hidden from sight by the grass which has grown there in years of disuse. This car had been pushed in along this siding. The same switch track was once crowded with freight cars loaded with munitions of war.

COULD EQUIP ANYTHING. The machine shops turned out a great deal of freight. There were manufactured in them anything from a cannon carriage to a bridle bit. In the days of the war a battalion of artillery wagons could enter the gates of the arsenal bare of accounterments and in a rew hours leave the place complately equipped. Besides cannon carriages, there were made battery wagons, ammunition wagons, caisons and traveling forges, and all the other necessary rolling stock for a field engagement. In the malleable works there were made all smaller castings for Bridle bits and buckles were sent from here to the saddlery shops. These saddlery shops were the largest in Pennsylvania at that time. It has been estimated by some one that at least one-third of the horses of the War of the Rebellion on the Union side carried saddles made at Allegheny Arsenal

in Pittsburg. In another of the shops is a bullet machine which has a capacity of 30,000; bullets a day. This, in those days, was considered a wonderful output. Multiply 30,000 by the number of days in the four years of the rebellion and you have some idea of the amount of ammunition sent to the front by this arsenal. Around this machine worked 40 boys and several men, trimming and



vented by Lieutenant Rodman, one of the commandants of the arsenal, and the man who became ismous through his gun in-

AN IMPROVED BULLET MAKER. In the latter part of the war, however, a

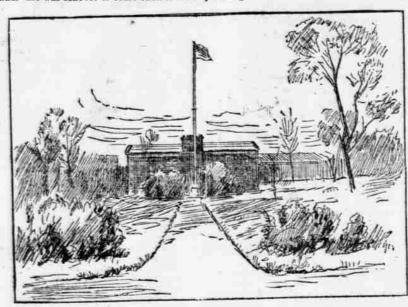
Neckerman & Ahlborn, axle makers, on Thirty-third street. And, although now 71 years of age, still works daily in the factory among the lathes. His residence is on Thirty-ninth street, under the very shadow of the walls of the arsenal.

bullet machine on an improved principle was made by Michael Neckerman, master mechanic of the arsenal shops. Its capacity was no larger, but it only required a few attendants where the other needed 40 boys. This machine continued to do the work till the arsenal shut down. Mr. Neckerman, the master mechanic alluded to, is still living in the vicinity. He is a member of the firm of Neckerman & Abblear, and makers of the shops to realize a very large sum for scrap in the strain of the strai

FUN ON THE FOURTH.

mong the lathes. His residence is on Thirty-nitch street, under the very shadow of the walls of the srsenal.

It was in 1841 when Mr. Neckerman first went to work for the Government in the arsenal. Colonel Craig was then the Commander. The old gentleman continued as master mechanic there until 1865 or 1866. mander. The old gentleman continued as master mechanic there until 1865 or 1866, These pyrotechnics were set off either on the with only three years' intermission. He was the constant assistant of Lieutenant was the constant assistant of Lieutenant was the constant assistant of Lieutenant attracted thousands to see them, many from attracted thousands to see them, many from Rodman in all his gun experiments. When the war broke out he was at Waterpown arsenal, New York, with Lieutenant atodman. He was sent for to come back to Law-



THE CAMPUS, LOOKING TOWARD BUTLER STREET.

renceville to fix the tools, and then remained less trend of the iron market, the discovery of natural gas, and the surplus capital of the here the balance of the time. THE ARSENAL'S BUSY DAYS.

Mr. Neckerman gives some very interesting Mr. Neckerman gives some very interesting reminiscences of the busy time in the arsenal machine shops. As their master, he had some 200 hands employed. The first busy spell they had was the time of the Mexican War. And after that work slackened, and every Saturday afternoon the workmen were allowed a sort of holiday for drilling. But when the rebellion broke out, the War Department sent in some heavy orders, so that partment sent in some heavy orders, so that the machine shops were at once put on extra time, and from that time on there was no idleness within the stone walls. Ten hours a day constituted a legal day's work, and, besides, every man was expected, or had the privilege, of working overtime till 10 o'clock at night if he so desired. Very frequently everybody was asked to report on Sunday

The pay of mechanics averaged \$2 50 and \$3 00 per day. For overtime extra pay was allowed at the rate of "time and a half." Altogether there were about 1,000 employes in all departments of the arsenal. Pay day occurred at the end of each month, and an immense sum of money was distributed among the homes of Lawrenceville. Uncle Sam was a pretty safe creditor, even in those troubled days, and storetreepers were not airaid to trust their customers for any length of time so long as they worked "inside," as the arsenal was familiarly designated.

THREE MONTHS OF CREDIT. Shortly after the war broke out the drain on the Government was so heavy that Con-gress once either failed to make sufficient appropriation to pay off all the arsenals in the country, or else delayed the appropriation.

At any rate that portion of the appropriation tion for Pittsburg was three months late in arriving. Not a single hand at the arsenal looking front.

games of football on the campus on Thanksgiving Day. That was one of the later ideas, however. Just now there is no social feature of the kind attached to the place because it is purely a close army post under strict regulations.

The shop structures are massive and enduring. Inside they are roomy and well lighted. At present they are filled with dismantled gun carriages, ammunition boxes and the like. Master Mechanic Jones is in possession of a small machine shop that is a parody on the old ones. He uses it for little repair work. Just enough of the artillery stores lying about are yet modern enough to allow of a dozen or more shipments per year. Mr. Jones with a tew laborers attends to such work as that also.

A WAR-LIKE ASPECT. Many hundreds of thousands of cannon balls are lying about in great heaps throughout the grounds. A few of these are illustrated in the accompanying illustrations. They lie piled up just as they were left when the magic message came over the wires, "Lee has surrendered." These balls are of all sizes, and would supply fieldpieces of all weights. At present they form grim ornaments to the beautiful grounds. Near them are long rows of Columbiads, mortars and other styles of cannon long since out of date on account of the improved methods of gunmaking since the Rebellion. They would not hold a candle of comparison with the dynamite guns, gattlings, and naval roarers of to-day. Still, they are terrible enough in their appearance to scare off war itself as they lie there in long rows. Battery B might lease them from the Gov-ernment and utilize them as Frank Stock-

ton's great war syndicate utilized their mag-nificent navy-defend the city by a terrible-

WIDOWS' INHERITANCE.

the English Parliament.

The constant improvement in the legal

position of women is further shown by the

passage in England recently of an act regu-

lating the inheritance of widows. It brings

them, in this respect, to a very similar

standing to that of their sisters in this coun-

try, and provides that the real and personal

estate of every man who shall die intestate

leaving a widow but no issue shall belong

to the widow absolutely and exclusively,

where the net value of such estates does not

exceed \$2,500.

Where it exceeds this amount the widow

is entitled to this sum absolutely, having a claim for it upon the whole estate with in-

erest at 4 per cent from the date of her hus-

pand's death until it is paid; this without affecting her right to her further share and interest in the residue of the estate remain-

ing after the payment of the \$2,500. This law which the English Solons have thus

tardily adopted is, practically, the long-existing law of this State.

WHY SHE DOESN'T SNAP SHOT.

Mrs. Frank Leshe's Experience With You

Press the Button, We Do the Rest.

"I was an amateur photographer once,

said Mrs. Frank Leslie to a friend just be-

fore she started on her lecturing tour.

"Somebody sent me a camera just before I

started on a trip to Cuba. It was one of

those arrangements where 'you press the

button and we do the rest,' and it was sealed

up so that the negatives would not be ex-

posed to the light and ruined. When I got

to Havaus I went to the hotel and waited a

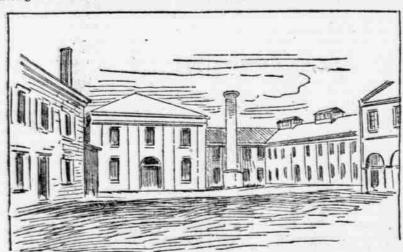
long time for my luggage. At last a gen-tleman went to look it up.
"He found that it had been detained by the customs officials. They had stopped it

the customs officials. They had stopped it on account of the camers, which they had evidently taken for an infernal machine. They had broken it open, and were examining its mechanism with suspicion when the gentleman got there and explained what it was. It was completely ruined, however, and I never tried to take pictures

New York Times. )

of the Act Recently Passed by

L. E. STOFIEL



THE DESERTED WORKSHOPS

was paid for that length of time, and the artisans were all of the needy character. During those three months the whole of Lawrenceville's business was actually car ried on without money. Lawrenceville's credit was good, however, because her paper was indorsed by the General Government. For three months the grocers, drygoods



Useless Since the War.

merchants, doctors and druggists carried the families of the 1,000 and more workmen without money. The merchants in turn had no cash to pay the wholesale houses in Pittsburg, and the wholesalers tided the small merchants over the quarter, cheer-fully waiting for the settlement of their ac-counts. Nobody was afraid, yet it was mighty cheerful news when at last the telegraph brought the news that Congress had made good the delay, and during the following week many tens of thousands of dollars flooded the Seventeenth ward, or what was then "Arsenal Postoffice." It had not at that time been taken into the city.

GRADUALLY TEARING UP. Up until a few years ago the machinery in the arsenal shops remained just as it had been left when the order came from Washington to stop work. But more recently the best of the machinery has been taken apart and shipped piecemeal to the arsenals in different parts of the country. Much of it has found its way to the Navy Yard in Washington, where work is constantly pushed on guns and naval articles. The engine which ran the Pittsburg works was a handsome upright, built about 40 years ago by McIntosh & Hemphill. The lathes were of

the best make, and are perhaps not excelled in worth by the lathes of to-day, though there are larger lathes now.

Mr. Neckerman says the balance of the machinery that filled the shops would be practically useless to-day on account of late.

Oliver Sumne turned from a We are bound to low are bound to low practically useless to-day on account of late. Oliver Sumner Teall (who has just returned from addressing colored voters)-We are bound to win in the fight. Mr. Holman Howes-My dear boy are bound to lose. No man can play

Of the Wage Worker of England

From Colonel Frank A. Burr.

THE MECHANICS ARE PROSPEROUS

American Brothers.

And Live as Well and Contentedly as Their

A VERY PRACTICAL INVESTIGATION

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LONDON, October 23 .- "No mechanic in London need be without a job if he is willing to work and fit for his screw," said a brawny mechanic to me yesterday evening down at Clapham Junction, that queer locality in the British capital, where so many of its laboring men live. "The fact is," he continued, "that business of all kinds seems pushing, and he who is right and has got an arm on him can earn good wages. Why, I'll come near taking my £3 (15) this week, and I have taken £2 10s for a good while. No, we have nothing to complain of, and I've taken care of my family in a prime way. I get 9 pence an hour for time work, and can make more than a shilling an hour by the piece, and it's a nasty week when I do not take £2 (\$10) or more."

"Let me see," said I, "are you not an exception to the rule?"

"Not at all. I am a carpenter, but bricklayers, masons and other mechanics make fully as much, because the price per hour is regulated by the trades societies, but when it is possible all classes of work are let out by the piece, and then it depends upon a man's skill and industry how much he makes, but there are very few mechanics worth having that cannot take from £2 up

HEALTHY DEMAND ALL BOUND. After much careful inquiry I had already scertained the facts which this strong workman put so clearly. There is a wonderful improvement in the condition of all classes of working people here, and the demand for skilled labor can hardly be satisfied, even in what most people would call this over-

crowded metropolis. You no longer see the hundreds of poor wretches sleeping at night in Trafalgar Square, and in the daytime in the park, that I saw here three years ago when I spent six weeks poring over the mysteries of this wonderful town. Perhaps the most powerful evidence of prosperity is that it is next to impossible now to get a young man to en-list in the srmy, and the Government is at this moment making frantic appeals for recruits with very few responses. It has reduced the term of enlistment to three years, and is constantly making regulations calculated to attract the young men of the land to the service. If they were in distress it is quite likely that handsome clothes and a life of comparative ease would attract them. But they are getting work at good wages now, and the army is next to their last

POWER OF THE DOLLAR. I have taken my carpenter friend's case as an example of the wages paid to mechanics in London because I found it so perfectly fair, and such a perfect type of 18 other workers among stonemasons, bricklayers, cabinetmakers and building trades of that character, that I had conversed with upon the subject. A common laborer of the roustabout sort can command his £1 (5) or more a week for ordinary enough rough work, and very many get 30 shillings (\$7 50). Drivers and men of that class get from \$7 50 to \$8 or six days' labor. When you come to take into consideration the purchasing power of a dollar to the English artisan or laborer, this means a very excellent rate of wages; indeed, more than is paid to a similar class of workers in New York City. "Do you live near here?" I asked when

our chat about wages lagged.
"Five minutes' walk around the corner. Come along and get a glass of bitter. My missus got a new keg in last night." Together we walked several squares, and finally stopped before a very cosy two-story brick house, with a pretty little garden in front, and all the windows laughing with flowers. Inside the good housewife brought us some beer and a bit of bread and cheese. She was tidy and the house neatness itself. It was such a home as any man in ordinary ircumstances might be proud of.

WHAT RENT BATES ARE. "What does such a house as this cost?" I

sked over our bitter. "I am a tenant and pay six and six (\$1 62) a week, but I have several rooms and a bit of a garden in the back. Lots of men do not pay but four and six (\$1 12) a week. They do not get quite as good a house of course, but big enough for a small family." As I looked around the nice tittle home, I wondered what a New York working man would think, if he could rent a house and garden within five minutes' walk of half the railroads leading toward his work and within a not excessive walk of it, if he preferred to foot it, rather than take the cars. Then if he could keep a small family on \$5 a week, and buy a good suit of clothes for another \$5, whenever he needed it, he would not think himself badly off. That is what the English artisan or laborer can and does do, including beer to drink at every meal. Of course a large number of workmen, who are obliged to live over in the old city of London, or within easy reach of the Strand, that they may be able to get at their work readily in the morning, are obliged to live in quarters, something on the order of small flats, but even their rent charges do not reach more than 25 or 50 cents a week more than the mechanic, who has the little house within a 1 or 2 penny bus ride from the great traffic thoroughfare.

IN LESS FAVORED QUARTERS. Over in the East End of London in such rough districts as Whitechapel, Mile End, Houndsditch and other familiar localities many mechanics of the lower order live and are employed in making cheap furniture and doing all classes of rough mechanical work, where cheapness and not quality in the consideration. Even here the rate of wages are good compared with the class of work done, and the men earn from 20 to 30 shitlings (\$5 to \$7 50) and the women from 10 to 16 shillings (\$2 50 to \$4) a week. The better class of workers in the various trades will reach from 40 to 50 shillings (\$10 to

While the lodgings in this quarter are by no means as good as many other places, they are very cheap, are kept clean, and people can live very comfortably on what they earn, unless they leave their wages at the rum shop before they get home, which is too an English laborer's wages is the money h demands for beer, no matter how cramped the family store. But there is considerable improvement noted even in this phase o

CAUSE OF THE GOOD TIMES. This week I visited a large cabinet manafactory and chatted with several of whom bore the same testimony to good wages and general contentment. I asked the manager to what he attributed the marked improvement in the working classes during the past few years. He said: "The fact is, masters who employ men, and people in the the higher walks of life generally, have been paying more attention to the laboring classes within the last two or three years. The men also themselves have been looking more to themselves. Their trades unions have been very well managed, and when they have asked for an increase in

their pay they have usually gotten it.

"In fact for two years past business has been so pushing that the men have had it pretty much all their own way. The employer was so busy with his orders that he

could not well afford to have a controversy with his workingmen. It is a very easy thing to but wages up, but very difficult to get them down again. But just now, no one has any cause for complaint, and the relations between capital and labor are quite friendly. Both have too much to do to quarrel."

THE RUSH IS GENERAL. "Are other trades as well on as your

'Yes, some of them even more pushed. Plumbers, painters, carpenters, blacksmiths and all that class are in demand, and although the average rate of wages is nine peace (18 cents) per hour the work is so let out by the piece that good mechanics make much more than the standard price which the unions fix. In fact, wherever it is possible in this country work is always let out sible in this country, work is always let out by the piece, and it is better for both em-ployer and employed. But this wage ques-tion is a very important one, and it will probably never be solved to the satisfaction of those who have and these who want."

of those who have and those who want."

The London 'bus driver is a great charaeter, and is in sharp contrast with men em-ployed in the same pursuits in the United States. No class of workingmen anywhere of that grade are so bright, well-dressed and cockney as the men who guide omnibuses through the busy thoroughtares of London. Many of them with their tall hats, kid gloves, buttonhole bouquets and cigars or pipes look more like passengers than like drivers. Then if a stranger wants half an bour of pleasure, and good information he hour of pleasure and good information he can find it better nowhere in this country than in climbing to a box seat by the side of a Jehn and engaging him in conversation while he is traveling on his route. SHILLINGS FOR THEIR TALK.

Almost universally they are good talkers entertaining and instructive. Indeed they seem to study to be all this, and they get many a shilling that would never fall into their hands were they surly. They quite understand that, and make the best possible use of their talents to increase their revenue. These 'bus drivers receive from the great companies who employ them six shillings (\$1 50) a day, and there is no day during good weather when they do not add something to it through their politeness to the passengers who travel with them.

They work 14 hours extring rests between

They work 14 hours, getting rests between each trip, and time for meals. Most of them live within easy reach of the stables where their work begins, and they live in a manner quite in keeping with their appearance on the box. For instance, a man who has a fair-sized family will join with some friend equally fixed and take a nice 9 or 10-roomed house, for which they pay 12 or 14 shillings (\$3 or \$3 50) a week and divide the rooms and rent between them. Those who rent floors or live in apartments only pay from four to six shillings (\$1 to \$1 50) a week rent, but whether in houses or rooms they have attractive homes to go to when their work is over, because dirt and uncleanliness seems to be an unknown quantity in those grades of English life.

A CHANCE TO STEAL. Horse cars cut a very small figure in the life of London except in the outlying districts and the prices paid to both conductors and drivers are less than given to those who drive the 'buses, but the drivers in either case are the best paid of the two. The conductors receive only four shillings (\$1) a day, but as they have the handling of all the money, and there is very little check on their taking what they want, it is probable that they at least even matters up with the driver, it not a little more before the day's settlement is made.

There are many, very many dark phases of life and of poverty dire and deep just as we find them in the American metropolis, which is but a reflex of this, except that New York is a city of tenements and this is to a great extent a city of homes. "Sweating" is practiced here now and then just as it is with us, but the law watches it quite as closely as in our country, and public sentiment is thoroughly aroused against this class of wrong, and public sentiment is the mighty factor and practically controls all political life here. Parliament heeds a strong impression of public opinion in a flash and the voice of no community in England can be raised in protest without a hearing. Therefore, the humblest has an equal chance with the highest, to ventilate his wrongs before the highest tribunal in the land, and to get as fair a judgement.

## SHOOTING GROUSE.

The Speed of the Bird is Such That Killing Means Skill,

When flushed the ruffled grouse springs into the air with a whir and boom that make the dry fallen leaves around dance under the wiftly-beating pinions. This is the bird's chiefest characteristic, suggestive of the power and speed of which it is alone capable. The novice, taken unawares, is often so startled at the burst to wing that he stands in open-mouthed astonishment gaz-ing after the bird, or sometimes aimlessly lets his gun go off into the air, or as often into the ground. The experienced hunter listens for the welcome sound of the bird's wings with a zest that is akin to craving. The speed of grouse is truly phenomenal. After the first beating of wings that gives the momentum the bird sets its pinions and seems to glide through air like a cannon Unless the sportsman be at a considerable distance in cross shooting there is no possible chance of his being able to put his aim "on" the bird at all. At a distance of 30 yards or more, if the flush is expected and the woods comparatively open, the chance is that a quick shot will pull the trigger. As to whether he will kill or not, all I may say is, try it, ambitious reader, you may. I have seen it done.

In some instances after flushing the grouse will fly straight up to the tree top, then away. This is the easiest shot to many. Of the methods of shooting the ruffled grouse I know of but two; they may be called the legitimate and illegitimate. The latter is that of treeing the birds with a small dog that thrashes around like a fox and will then bark at them, keeping their attention while the pot-hunter sneaks up to within range and pops the bird over as any boy of 10 years might do. The other method is with the bird dog, and for its merits boasts of shooting the bird only while on the wing. The Pennsylvania season is from October

## to January 1. RAPID TRANSIT IN DETROIT.

Pricycle Coaches to be Placed on the Streets in the Near Future. Detroit is all agog over a new system of rapid transit. The Tricycle Coach Company



The Detroit Tricyle Coach is organizing and is already running a sam ple of new coach which it proposes to run in competition to the slow-going street cars. It will carry 16 passengers.

Three Kinds of Bolters. Singhamton Leader, 1

There is a concert of action as between the

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Indicate the Popularity of a More Paternal Government.

EVEN DEMOCRACY IS CHANGING.

Startling Views of a Lawyer From the West on the Subject.

NO LIMIT TO UNCLE SAM'S DUTIES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, November 1 .- "It is generally conceded, I believe," said a well-known Western lawyer of prominence, "that we are not only growing more powerful as a nation year by year, but that we are drifting slowly and surely toward what is called a paternal Government. Both of the great political parties have contributed to that end. We have only to study the record of recent Congresses to note the rapidity with which we are traveling in that direction. The whole tendency of national legislation is to the enlargement of the powers and the extension of the duties of the gen eral Government.

"Of late years my legal practice has involved some of the broader constitutional questions, and this gradual change has forced itself upon my attention. The political aspect at the new order of things does not disturb me. On the contrary this gradual modification of our original system must be regarded as the legitimate and beneficial result of a higher state of civilization. Whether it is so regarded by all men or not, we may as well admit that such a change is in progress. There are those who lament the change. I do not. There are those who think this departure from the early tents of our fathers is the forerunner of national decline and dissolution. But they are growing fewer every year.

CHANGES OF DEMOCRACY.

"Even the great body of the Democratic party has cut loose from States rights and strict construction and become a convert to the paternal school. In my section of the country the proposition for the General Goverument to assume ownership and charge of the telegraph lines and railroads is no longer looked upon as undesirable, but if put to vote in a general election it would receive the sanction of three-fourths of the people If you and I live ten years longer we will probably see it accomplished. Postal savings banks will follow. And—" "The loaning of Government money on

farm mortgages?" was suggested.
"Very likely. Why not? Why shouldn't
the farmers have an equal right with the

national bankers?" "Are they all Socialists up there in the Northwest?" "It you call that Socialism three-fourths

of us are Socialists, not in the sense of wishing to turn things over at once by force, but as desiring a paternal government by law, yes-nearly all." This trank avowal from the lips of a hard-headed lawyer and wealthy citizen who makes his temporary home at the Hoffman House was enough to deprive a man of his

breath. He continued:

ONLY A QUESTION OF GROWTH. "My statement is not a speculative one at all. Nor has it any political significance, in the narrow and common acceptation of that term. I am a Republican, but never was in politics and never will be. I am speaking now as an independent citizen. I am speaking, too, only of the people of the continual of country. I know semething about section of country I know something about. Perhaps there are other sections where the sentiment is the same-from what I read of the Farmers' Alliance in the South and from the recent action of the railway employes in this State, and from general report of sentiment elsewhere, I should say the idea was becoming general—but I do not insist on that. The cry of paternal government is no longer a bugbear. In principle ment is no longer a outpear. In principle it is not a new departure. It is now only a question of growth. We begin to recognize this from the Supreme Court down."

"Do you think this change in our system

is the way to reach the greatest good to the greatest number?"

"Ah, now you want only an opinion!" he exclaimed. "My opinion on this point is worth no more than any other man's. To the public it is worth nothing. I have been merely stating facts that have come under my observation. I would not call it a change in our system—the system remains the same—elections by the present process, officers and terms of office the same. It is more properly a change in the application of the system and one contemplated as possible by the framers of the Constitution. It is the natural progression of a great people.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE WAR. "We improve on the old model as we go along. The war of '61 demonstrated that the original plan needed a vigorous overhauling. I think it improved things mate-Even those who opposed it arms in rially. hand think so now. So the paternalizing of the Government-the bringing it nearer to the new wants of the people-may result in increased personal happiness and national prosperity.
"The question of farm mortgages is a

who pay 8 and 10 per cent on their borrowed money begin to feel the hopelessness of their situation. The source of all national wealth is in the producer, and the arguments of the state of the source of their situation. agriculturist is the great producer. In times of financial stringency from overspeculation the Treasury of the United States comes promptly to the rescue of the Wall street operator. Why should not the Government come to the assistance of the farmer when he gets in a financial hole? I do not suggest any particular way; but let it find some practical way." "What's the matter with the Government

eaving his money with him instead of aking it by taxation and loaning it back to him?" was inquired. This query rather floored the political economist from the Northwest, but he re-

covered in time to observe that it was a scheme worthy of consideration. DRAWING THE LINE.

"And in this progressial system of paternal government where do you draw the line of demarcation where the Government shall stop and where the people may think and act for themselves? Will it be at the Gov-ernmental control of the telegraph lines, the railroads, the establishment of postal savings banks, the taking up of the farm mortgages at a nominal rate of interest? Or, will it, extend its uniformed hand to the

running of flouring mills, breweries and

manufactories, etc.?

"I would draw no line. The representatives of the people in Congress assembled would presumably represent the views of their constituents in the matter. This Govtheir consistents in the matter. This Gov-ernment is supposed to be by the people, of the people and for the people. The trouble is that you consider the Government as something apart from, something not of the people—it is the people, acting for them selves. The Government belongs to the people and not the people to the Govern-ment. I have just been trying to enforce this idea in an argument before the Secre-tary of the Interior, at Washington, in a big land case. If the people want their Government to stand in its official capacity between them and poverty and ruin they have the right to demand that it shall do so, and this without reference to preconceived theories or of governmental systems of other countries. There is a legal way for the people to express this demand and that is through the ballot box and the impartial administration of the laws made by their



A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other

Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN VAIN, IN VAIN! One evening Mr. Courtney Fox, the London correspondent of the Edinburgh Chronicle, was as usual in his own room in

receive his visitor; he merely said: "Take a chair. What can I do for you?"
"No, thanks," said Vincent, "I don't

Bethune." "Well, that would be only fair," said the

when the great George Morris condescended to visit this humble office-

"George Morris?" satd Vincent. "Perhaps you know him personally?" Mr. Fox said, and he went on in the most easy and affable fashion: "I may say with chronicis, was as usual in his own room in the office in Fleet street, when a card was brought to him.

"Show the gentleman up," said he to the boy.

A couple of seconds thereafter Vin Harris made his appearance.

"Mr. Fox?" said he, inquiringly.

The heavily-built journalist did not rise for example—they do happen sometimes—don't they?—even in this virtuous land of England; very well—I go to George Morris
—a hint from him—and there I am first in

wish to detain you more than a moment. I only wanted to see if you could give me any information about Mr. George Bethune."

Anint from him—and there I am drat in the field: before the old mummies of the London press have had time to open their eyes and stare."

Vincent had brought a chair from the side of the room, and was now seated; there was only the table, littered with telegrams and big, ungainly man, with the small, keen blue eyes glinting behind spectacles; "that "Did I understand you to say," he asked,

would be only a fair exchange, considering | with his eyes fixed on this man, "that



remember how Mr. Bethune came down | George Morris had come to you to make

here one night and asked for information

about you." Vincent looked astonished.

"And I was able," continued Mr. Fox, 'to give him all the information he cared or-namely, that you were the son of a very rich man. I presume that was all he wanted

to know." There was something in the tone of this speech-a familiarity bordering on insolence—that Vincent angrily resented; but he was wise enough to show nothing; all his anxiety was to have news of Maisrie and her grandfather; this man's manner did not con-

cern him much.
"I do not ask for information about Mr. Bethune himself; I dare say I know him as well as most do," said he with perfect calmness. "I only wish to know where he

"I don't know where he is," said the burly correspondent, examining the stranger with his small shrewd eyes, "but I guarantee he's living on the best. Shooting stags in Scotland most likely-'

"They don't shoot stags in December," said Vincent.

"Or careering down the Mediterranean in a yacht-gad, an auxiliary screw would come in handy for the old man," continued Mr. Fox, grinning at his own gay facetious ness, "-authow, wherever he is I'll bet he's enjoying himself and living on the fat of the land. Merry as a cricket-bawling away at his Scotch songs; I suppose that was how he amused himself when he was in Sing Sing-perhaps he learnt it there-"

"I thought you would probably know where he is," said Vincent, not paying much heed to these little jocosities, "if he hap-pened to be sending in to you those articles." on the Scotch ballads..."
"Articles on Scotch ballads!" said Mr. Fox, with a bit of a deristve laugh. "Yes, I know. A collection of the various versions: a cold collation, I should say, by the time he has got done with them. Why, my

dear sir, have you never heard of Prof. Childs, of Harvard College?" "I have heard of Prof. Child," said Vin-

cent. "Well, well, well, what is the difference," said the ponderous correspondent, who rolled from side to side in his easy chair as if he were in a bath, and peered with his minute, twinkling eyes. "And indeed it matters little to me what kind of rubbish is pitchforked into the Weekly. my boss cares to do that kind of thing, for the sake of a 'brither Scot,' that's his own lookout. All I know is that not a scrap of the cold collation has come here, or has appeared in the Weekly as yet; so there is no clue that way to the whereabouts of your Father Christmas, your Santa Claus, your Wandering Scotch Jew—if that is what

you're after."
"I am sorry to have troubled you to so little purpose," said Vincent, with his hand

on the door "Stop a bit," swid Mr. Fox, in his blunt and rather impertinent fashion. "You and I might chance to be of use to each other some day. I like to know the young men in politics. If I can do you a good turn, you'll remember it; or rather you won't re-member it, but I can recall it to you, when member it, but I can recall it to you, when I want you to do me one. Take a seat. Let's make a compact. When you are in the House, you'll want the judicious little paragraph sent through the provinces now and again: I can manage all that for you. Then you can give me an occasional tip; you're in Grandison's confidence, people say you're in Grandison's confidence, people say you're in Grandison's confidence, people say the province of the prov as much as anyone can expect to be, that is; for I believe he's capable of concealing things not only from his right hand, but from his left as well—the Great Wily One—the Artiul Dodger in excelsis. Won't you take a seat?—thanks, that will be better. I want to know you. I've already made one important acquaintanceship through your friend, Mr. Bethune; it was quite an event

inquiries about Mr. Bethune

"You understood aright."
"Who sent him?" demanded Vincent abruptly-for there were strange fancies and still darker suspicions flying through his But Courtnay Fox smiled.

"George Morris, you may have heard, was not born yesterday. His business is to get out of you what he can, and to take care you get nothing out of him. It was not likely he would tell me why he came making these nquiries—even if I had cared to ask, which did not."

"You told him all you knew, of course, about Mr. Bethune?" Vincent went on, with a certain cold austerity. "I did."

"And how much more?" "And how much more?"

"Ah, very good—very neat," the spaciouswaisted journalist exclaimed with a noisy
laugh. "Very good indeed. But look here,
Mr. Harris, if the great solicitor was not
born yesterday you were—in a way; and so
I veature to ask you why you should take
such an interest in Mr. Bethune's affairs?"

Vivore to save the such that the such an interest in Mr. Bethune's affairs?" Vincent answered him without flinching.

"Because, among other things, certain

ies have been nut in circulation about Mr.

Bethune, and I wished to know where they

For an instant Mr. Courtnay Fox seemed

somewhat disconcerted; but he betrayed no

arose. I am beginning to guess.

"Come, come," said he, with an effectation of good humor," that is a strong word. Morris heard no lies from me, I can assure you. Why, don't we all of us know who and what old George Bethune is! He may flourish and vapor successfully enough elsewhere; but he doesn't impose on Fleet street: we know him too well. And don't imagine I have any dislike toward your enerable friend; not the slightest; in fact, I rather admire the jovial old mountebank. You see, he doesn't treat me to too much of his Scotch blague; I'm not to the manner born; and he knows it. Oh, he's skillful enough in adapting himself to his

enough in adapting himself to his surroundings—like a trout, that takes the color of the pool he finds himself in; and when he gets hold of a Scotchman, I am told his acting of the rugged and manly independence of the Scot—of the Drury Lane Scot, I mean—is splendid. I wonder he doesn't go and live in Scotland altogether. They take things seriously there. They might elevate him into a great position—make a great writer of him—they're tion-make a great writer of him-they're in sore need of one or two; and then every now and again he would step out of his cloud of metaphysics, and fall on something. That's the way the Scotchmen get hold of a subject; they don't take it up as an ordinary Christian would; they fall on it. We once had an English poet called Milton; but Masson fell on him, and crushed him, and didn't even leave us an index by which to identify the remains. Old Bethune should go back to Scotland, and become the Grand Lama of Edinburgh letters; it would be a more dignified position than cadging about for a precarious living among us poor so

Vincent paid but little heed to all this farrago; he was busily thinking how certain undoubted features and circumstances of old George Bethune's life might appear when viewed through the belittling and sardonic skepticism of this man's mind; and then again, having had that hue and shape con-ferred upon them, how would they look when presented to the professional judg-ment of such a person as Mr. George Mor-

"The Scotch are the very oddest people in all the world," Mr. Fox continued, for he seemed to enjoy his own merry tirade. "They'll clasp a stranger to their bosom, and share their last bawbee with him, if only he can prove to them that he, too, was born within sight of MacGillieuddy's

Reeks-" "MacGillicuddy's Reeks are in Ireland,"

