greatest and cheapest motor power, electricity, will be universally used. Some the new motors, by stating that it will then only require three days to go to Europe, and only two or three days will be consumed in a railroad trip to California. The factory that I run, which now consumes a great quantity of coal daily, will need only a small basketful of coal to keep it going all day. Great factories that annually burn thousands of tons of coal will be run on several tons, say two or three, or a few more per annum, saving many thousands of dol-lars. The cost of living, the cost of goods, the cost of nearly everything will be re-duced. It will cost nothing to make ice. It will be a revolution, not to throw anyone out of employment, not to ruin any industry, but to benefit mankind and civilization in

LOOKING FORWARD HOPEFULLY.

"I have never ceased to work on the problem, therefore I have hope, It may be years before I get much nearer the solution and it may be directly. Certainly, I have enough ambition to wish to solve the great riddle. It is the problem of the age, but it may be left for future generations to work out. Perhaps greater minds in the centuries to come will find it easy and laugh at our iguorance. Is it not incredible that the ancient Romans and Greeks, who had so much culture, who were living in a high state of civilization, possessed of wonderful reasoning powers, quick to perceive, should not know anything at all about electricity? Their minds did not conceive or have any would be electricity?" inkling of the power of electricity, or, indeed, what it was, and the only interpretation is that they had their limitations in intellect. Nature did so much for them and

no more, and they could not go beyond their ignorance. "In a thousand years from now, or even sooner, the people who exist then may have minds that can see and understand easily phenomena which are now a mystery to us. We may be looked upon as an ignorant race and what we have done considered nothing. I believe in the higher development of the human intellect, and it will only require time for minds to become almost infinite. We now look upon the achievements we have accomplished in science as something beyond the comprehension of people who lived several centuries ago. We may occupy a relatively like position to those who come after us centuries hence."

"Are you trying to discover anything besides the problem you have mentioned? DISCOVERY VERSUS INVENTION.

"I never try to discover anything-because I am an inventor. There is a big difference between a discovery and an inven-tion. Discovery is an accident and an in-

'No, I did not. I simply invented or studied out the system of sending duplex messages. Invention requires work—yes, months and often years of hard application. Probably the inventor makes a discovery that will enable him to complete his inven-tion. After long work perhaps some little thing is discovered that gives the case priniple the inventor is seeking. But I never think of making a discovery. A great many people erroneously suppose that Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravi-tation. He never discovered, but he in-vented the law of gravitation. All that romance about his sitting under the apple tree and making the discovery by seeing an tree and making the discovery by seeing an apple fall reads beautifully, but it is not in consonance with the lacts. He invented the law of gravitation to explain certain phe-nomena of nature. Even after he invented the law of gravitation he was doubtful about it, because some calculations he had made in regard to the moon he believed to be inaccurate. Some years afterward a great mathematician worked out the propo sition correctly, and so proved Sir Isanc Newton's law of gravitation. Discoveries, as a rule, are made by inventors, men who

NOT A SCIENTIFIC MAN.

"Often an inventor is confounded with scientists. I am not a scientific man, and make no pretense in that direction. Whatever I attempt to invent, I have a specific end in view-viz., to apply it to commercial uses. I am not a wizard, pouring over books and weighing mice words of logic to

"Do you believe in scientific men?" "Yes, in some of them, when it comes to certain practical questions. But suppose, for instance, that a committee of 25 great savans should be appointed to investigate and tell the hidden power of water and its application. Well, these learned gentlemen might write for half a century and pile up volumes and yet we would not be able to do any more with water than we do now. No more would we know about it."

"It was reported once that you had in vented a process to convert dirt into food?" "That was an April fool joke. But great strides are being made in that direction. In Germany recently a scientific association met and reported upon an invention that will, at least, enable the world to produce more edible stuff. These chemists, headed by Victor Meyer, who is now one of the greatest living chemists and an American boy, have discovered that food can be made from wood. The cellulose in wood has the same formula as sugar and starch and car be converted into various edibles. And these edibles, of course, will not be at all unpalatable or unwholesome. People have wrong ideas about many of the edibles made artificially. Many are just as healthy as the natural product. You perhaps have heard that butter is often made out of mud from the bottom of the Thames river. It is grease from sewers that gathers in the mud. Why, oleomargarine is good, if not better, and, to my ideas, decidedly more whole-some and purer than butter, if made in an nonest way. It is often made by dishonest people and there ore is impure. No doubt some manufacturers make it better and purer than others, but when bad people, in order to get bigger profits, manufacture cheap oleomargarine it forces others to adopt the same dishonest method."

DANGER FROM ELECTRICITY.

"As the use of electricity becomes more universal will not the death rate from soci-

dents be accordingly increased?" "No, but the death rate will be reduced to a minimum, or rather there will be none at all. There is no reason why death should occur from coming in contact with electric wires. Dishonesty, greed and recklessness are really the causes for all the deaths that occur from electric wires, and there is a remedy. An electric company will deliber ately use small, cheap copper wires that carry a strong, deadly current, when for a larger outlay of money large copper wires, which do not carry deadly currents, could be purchased. It is simply a matter of parsimony. For instance, a company will frequently use small copper wires that cost \$2,000, knowing full well that a deadly current will be in them, rather than pay \$8,000 or \$10,000 for large wires that would be harmless. Yet there is a cry against the deadly electric wires.

me of my wires are in lower Broadway is constant use, and no one has ever been burt by them. Why? The wires are large and will last safely until the twenty-fifth century. As long as there are no laws regulating the size of electric wires of course fatalities may be expected. Steam boilers are inspected, and why electric wires are not is a mystery to me. They could be policed, so to speak, and made as safe as wagons running along the streets. I say that the elec-tric wires-I mean the small, cheap, hightension wires—ought to come under strict in-spection laws. If not, why deaths may be expected to occur frequently.

WIRES SHOULD BE HARMLESS.

"When the men composing companies that put in operation small and deadly wires grow honest and the world is nothing but an elysium of confidence, then no inspectors of wires will be needed. A sarcastic echo an swers when? Benjamio Franklin was indeed right when he said that anything that was worth doing was worth doing well. There is no reason why every city in the Union should not have electric light companies using wires that are absolutely harm-

lars when safety against loss of life is insured. The cheap companies usually get the

"Do you think that lighting by electricity is becoming more popular?"
"Certainly; because it is getting cheaper every day and gives a better light than gas. I do not mean to say that gas will be driven out of use, for it will not. It will certainly be done away with as lighting material, and will be used chiefly to heat—nothing more. Already many gas companies have turned their attention toward heating and suc-ceeded admirably. As a lighting material gas smokes, but used in heating it does not. The smoke from a gas stove naturally goes up the chimney, and gas as a fuel is much cheaper and cleaner than coal. There are no ashes, no trouble, and none of the annoyances that come with handling coal.

ARTIFICIAL HEATING GAS.

"This is beginning to be the era of gas heating. Look at the gas used in many towns where natural gas has been discovered. Why cannot gas be made for heating purposes just as reasonable in price as for lighting? The cost is much smaller than coal or wood heat and infinitely preferable. Electricity is essentially adapted for lighting purposes and is superior in many respects. It is becoming cheaper every day, Only 2 per cent of the coal is turned into light. It is really a saving to use gas for heat, and within the past two years it has become very popular as a heating medium." "Have you ever thought of inventing a flying machine, the motor force of which

"Yes, I have given some study to the question and, of course, made some experiments in that direction. The bumblebee is a fine model to study for a flying machine, and the more I study that species ot a high and the more I study that species of a high order of birds the more complex does the flying muchine problem appear. The bum-blebee flies by the aid of motor power alone. It has no natural aid, but must depend upon the rapid working of its wings to fly. There is no wind and no feathers to assist the bee; it has small wings, entirely out of propor-tion to its large, robust body, and when it flies, the wings, as any observer can see, are worked so rapidly it is impossible to calculate the number of flops to the minute.

THE MODEL PLYING MACHINE.

But the little bird must, perforce, be the model to solve the flying machine puzzle, because it is propelled simply by native motive power. Could this bumblebe the weight of another bee on its back is a question often asked. Well, it cannot, and even if a flying machine were invented on is model it would not be capable of carrying any weight save its own. Nature has one so much and failed to go any further.
"You see, if wings were applied to man

wention is a creation. Mr. Bell discovered the telephone; he did not invent it. I invented the talking part."

"Did you not discover how to send dupler messages?"

the worked rapidly. Large wings could not be moved rapidly enough, so the question of flying would never be settled by large wings avantif the property of large wings, even if the motive propelling power were a thousand times greater than any yet conceived of. A man might have wings constructed to carry his weight, but that would be all. Like the bumblebee, he would be unable to do anything save carry his own weight, and that by sheer force of great power. Now, sea gulls have large wings, entirely out of proportion with their small bodies. But they have little motive power, and are simply kept up like a kite by the winds. If you will notice a gull you will rarely see it work its wings, but it keeps them outstretched and sails around the air in a beautiful style. No flying machine could skim about on the bosom of the wind like the sea gull. All birds propel themselves by flying and sailing. It is a natural action, but man cannot acquire it, at least not now in this day and generation, when so many secrets of nature slumber before the savant's eyes for years. We can only go back to nature and pause and wait for years to understand the phenomens that now seem a mystery to our very finite minds.

DOESN'T HOPE TO FLY.

"I am not so sanguine about a flying machine, because nature has her limita-tions. Anyway many of hey secrets lie spend their time trying to study out probhidden from us and remain to enricht and giorify some bright and wonderfus era in the future. Perhaps a century or so from now the flying principle in man will be invented or discovered. Things unheard and undreamed of may come to light in the future and place us in the category of being to stupid to imagine and much less to invent them. But I have nothing to do with the If there ever will be a flying machine capable of carrying not only one man but other weight with it, I, at present, cannot conceive it. There are certain fixed principles in nature we cannot ignore. cannot pull ourselves through space by our own boot straps, and we cannot leap from the top of a house witchut climbing on top

"'Why not take the bumblebee model and "Nature made the bumblebee with motive power enough to carry its own weight and no more. Why it did not give the bumblebee more power I cannot explain; it is be youd the comprehension of my very finite mind. Man was not constructed with wings, and so he has to wait and solve the problem which nature gave to the bumblebee

"Do you think the phonograph will ever be universally used?"

FUTURE OF THE PHONOGRAPH. "It is already becoming indispensable to aundreds of great business houses. I know that many men, as soon as they use it, de-clare they had rather talk to their stenographers, but if any man will give the phonograph three days' trial, he will not part with it. I know a number of men who at first did not like it, but now they constantly use it and save three or four hours of valuable time each day. The business man can get down to his office and talk off enough in half or one hour to his phonographs to keep five or six typewriters busy three or four hours. If that is not a wonderful time saver, I would like to see it beaten. It is all well and good for a man to say that he can dictate rapidly to a stenographer, but no matter how fast he talks to a phonograph, it is all there, and any one can hear and write

"I predict that phonographs will entirely change the present system of answering business letters and writing communicathat prejudice and a lingering desire not to adopt a new method cannot affect. Look how the telephone is used now, and how it facilitates business. Well, the phonograph will soon be in vogue, and people will won-der why they had never used them betore. It is one of the greatest labor-saving ma-

"Do you believe that the present style of elegraphy will soon be done away with?

NEW ORDER IN TELEGRAPHY. "Yes, but not until the old timers have disappeared. The operators now have a deep scated prejudice against any invention that will simplify telegraphy. But some of the inventions have already been made, and it is only a question of time when a man can rush into a telegraph office, scratch off s note to his wife in Chicago and the exact duplicate of his note will be delivered over the wire to his wife. This will not be all by any means, but maps, pictures (newspaper pictures) [will be transmitted promptly by wire. These new inventions will be for the coming generation to see in practical use. The old stagers will fight, of course, to keep the new order of things from coming rapidly into practical use, because it will interfere with their occupation."

The Wizard's day is a long one. Sometimes he refuses to see visitors, and before he married his second wife he often forgot o stop work for his meals. Thus his health became impaired, and, although naturally of splendid physique, he began to feel the rebellion of nature, Mrs. Edison has rem-edied all this. She allows her lord and master to work as hard as he pleases until 1 o'clock every day, and then she sends her carriage to bring him to lunch. The family consists of the Wizard and his wife, two boys and a little girl, the latter the child of his second marriage. Mr. Edison's eldest daughter is studying music in Germany.

THE WIZARD'S LUNCHEON HOUR. What a jolly lunch hour it is! Sometime there are a sew guests, and if not the family sit down together and for an hour there is animated conversation to aid digestion. Mrs. Edison is a beautiful woman, about 24 years

is a fine talker, has flashing hazel eyes, a crown of brown hair and a clear clive com-plexion. She knows very well how to dress, and looks charming in some simple French made gown of soft stuff. The house that ther live in is a handsome structure of brick and wood. There is an air of comfort on all sides, and one of the most noticeable things about it is the profusion of plants and flowers in every room. There are plenty of cozy nooks in it and a dozen handsomely furnished rooms, with open fireplaces and many of the windows of stained glass, letting in a flood of varied colored sunlight. If you should happen to be present at night you would be astonished to see the house lighted up by the electric light. It can be compared to nothing better, perhaps,

than to a fairy's palace. There is a library stocked with rare books, splendid paintings and etchings on the walls, and in the dining room a magnificent collection of silver and erystal. While it is a stylish house, every-thing has been sacrificed for comfort. After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Edison sometimes play billiards for an hour or so, or the wizard may lie in one of his hammocks swinging near his conservatory, with a volume of Dante in his hand. Sometimes he catches a

10 minutes' nap and awakes like a giant refreshed. CHICKEN RAISING HIS HOBBY.

Adjoining his house is a poultry yard, for raising fancy breeds of chickens is one of Mr. Edison's hobbies. There are a number of greenhouses and abundant pasture for the Alderney cows and horses. At 6 o'clock Mr. Edison stops work and goes to dinner. The evening is spent in a drive or in chatting with some of the callers who constantly overrun the place. There is no restriction put upon visitors. A great many hundred curiosity seekers visit Llewellyn Park just to catch a glimpse of the inventor. Some-times they succeed and many times they do not, for Edison is only human after all and his nature is a bit perverse. By midnight the house is in darkness, except on some special occasion when the light burns long in the library, and then it may be known that the great inventor has something on his mind and is trying to solve an intricate problem. But as a rule his life is methodical. He goes to bed in good sesson and gets

He works hard all day and sleeps like a plowboy at night. He seldom goes away from his home, and those who want to see him on important matters must journey out to him. He dislikes publicity very much. He has never been seen at a great public banquet in New York or elsewhere, and he finds little to interest him in the theater or opera, although he is a great lover of music. In addition to all his other accomplishments, he plays very prettily on the piano and often passes an hour in that amusement. Perhaps while his fingers are wandering over the ivory keys his mind is in another land, where the shadows become realities and where, by the touch of his magic wand, he may bring forth some great invention that will benefit the entire human race!

He will be wise, indeed, who could say what Edison will do next! WALLACE WESTON.

SHOOTING CANVAS-BACKS.

An Early Morning Scene at the Month of the Susquehanna in Maryland-Not a Shot is Fired Before 5 O'Clock in the Morning.

New York Tribune, 1 It is a little before 5 o'clock in the morning, an early winter morning, at the mouth of the Susquehanna. The postoffice nearest is Havre de Grace, Md. Peace and quiet reign on land and water, save for the rustle and chatter of the wild fowl. And what a host of wild fowl, to be sure! Red-heads and broad-bills and teal; marsh-fowl and brant and canvas-backs. Some swim in well-ordered flotillas on the open water. Some are diving and dredging in the mud near the shore. Some are flying overhead in marshalled lines. Some are busy amid the grasses and sedges that fringe the banks. Some are seeking the aromatic wild celery beds and gorging themselves upon the succulent herbage. These last are the canvas-backs, the epicures among birds and the favorite prey of epicures among beings of a

There is little to be heard put the multitudinous clamor of the birds and the faint splashing of the waves, sounding eerie enough in the half-light of early morning. But now and then there is the faintest dip of a muffled paddle, or the splash of an un-wary foot. For the last half hour gray figures have been gliding hitherward through dusk and mist, booted to the hips and girt about with cartridge belts and crowned with caps or helmets; bearing long, double-barreled guns and stealing across the meadows and through the tall grasses to the waterside as though preparing an ambush for a deadly foe. One by one they sink into places of safe hiding, and as the hour of 5 draws near all have vanished from sight, behind the grass and sedge, or plaited wattles, or painted screens.

Crack! goes a gun away off yonder, on that grassy point that juts into the stream. It is fired by some one whose watch is a triffe fast, for it still lacks a minute of the hour of 5. But while the faint smoke hs are yet curling upward, crack! crack! from 100 neighboring ambuscades, like prodigiously multiplied echoes of the first shot. The grasses seem spitting jets of flame, and the retreating mists of morning are chased skyward by spirals of pale blue smoke, and 1,000 startled wings flap in mid-air, and many a fowl falls whirling from the flight amid scattering feathers and drifting down, and there are tramplings of feet in the snallow water and the splashing of muffled oars, and sea and shore are ech ing to 1,000 deadly shots, and the day's

great slaughter has begun.
This is the daily scene during the season prescribed by law from the 1st of November to the 1st of April. The law does not permit shooting before 5 o'clock in the morning. But every true sportsman seeks to begin promptly at that hour. So, whether the night be fine or rain or snow be falling, they turn out before daylight and forsake their comfortable beds for the wet and the cold of the river and bay. And when they return home at the end of the day it is their pride to bear upon their backs or piled high in their boats huge masses of black and green and brown and red, the feathered trophies of the hunt. Not always, however, does the largest pile of slaughtered fowls cause the greatest satisfaction. There is a law of quality as well as of quantity here as elsewhere. A brace of the shy and comparatively scarce canvas-backs will furnish better cause for pride than half a dozen of the commoner and coarser redheads. Those sportsmen who have an eye to distinction, therefore, seek the wild celery fields and let the grass-feeding flocks alone. Every year the wild celery becomes less abundant, and in equal ratio the birds that feed upon it and incorporate its spicy flavor into their own flesh become less plentiful. But the flocks of plebian fowl know no diminution. No matter how great the slaughter this year, next year will see the gunning as profitable

COACHING MAYOR GRANT.

Ward McAllister Has Him in Hand and Proposes to Polish Him Up Nicely.

Philadelphia Press.] Ward McAllister has taken Mayor Grant under his aristocratic protection, and with one or two other friends and some remarkably fine specimens of repeating fowling pieces they have gone down to the Chesa-peake Bay region to shoot ducks on a pre-

McAllister's intimacy with Mayor Grant is a comparatively recent development. It is probably a delight to the Mayor, whose social aspirations have become very aristo-cratic since he became chief magistrate of the city. In his earlier days the Mayor found his chief social entertainment in going about in a fiancel shirt and belted trousers at the picnics of uptown chowder clubs. Secretary Whitney has given him considerate drill in social requirements, and now that McAllister and be are chummy, it is quite likely that the Mayor, as an eligible batchelor, will become a con-spicuous figure at the Putriarchs' ball next

One of Howard Fielding's Young Friends Tells His Experience in Love and Poverty.

PATIENCE AT THE SEASHORE.

At First it Was the Money, but After Awhile it Was the Girl That Was the Attraction.

AN OUTING SUIT FOR NOVEMBER.

How a Lightning Change Act in Clothing Was complished in a Dark Hallway.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The last time I heard from Jack Hartley he was going to marry an heiress. I had his word for it. I should have preferred hers. However, there was a chance that the news might be true, and I rejoiced to hear it, because I had a strong affection for Jack and a large bundle of his I. O. U's. The latter I still retain.

Aside from my interest in Jack as a friend and debtor, I had reason to hope that his matrimonial venture would prove a success, financially. It was I who advised him to choose marriage as a career. He could not lie steadily enough for the law nor brilliantly enough for journalism. He knew just enough to be a doctor but couldn't cover up the fact and look wise. In short, I did not think he was likely to succeed in the more honorable professions. But for love-making, Jack was wonderfully endowed. He had a handsome face with eyes that took on a tender expression at the sight of a pretty girl or a \$10 gold piece or a pie.

HE HAD YEARNING EYES.

In fact, it didn't make much difference what it was. Jack's eyes were always yearning and tonder. He was born so. But if the girl didn't see him looking at the pie or at some other girl, she might easily be persuaded that he loved her alone. Then he had one of those figures which even a tailor can fit. Why, my clothes looked so much better on him than they did on me that it was almost a pleasure to lend them to

I hadn't seen him since the early spring until I met him on the street last Thursday. It was a cold day. I had to go to New Jersey, and the thermometer, also, was very low down. It was on my way to the ferry that I met Jack. He had a summer overcoat buttoned up to the chin.



Used to Make a Model of Jack. Thin, and somewhat gaudy pantaloons, a s, and a light, pair of tan-colored tennis shoes, and a light, soft, felt hat completed his visible attire.

He ran up to me hastily.
"Howdy, old boy," said he, "don't say a word. I know all about it. I look like an early crocus on the morning after the great blizzard, but please don't refer to it. Lend

IT WAS A SUDDEN SHOCK. "Gently, Jack," said I, "remember I'm subject to heart disease, and the mention of a large sum of money suddenly like that might bereave my family. I have

"Then lend me half a dollar." "Can't do it, old man; I'm sorry, but

"Five cents, Howdy, for heaven's sake, unless you want these yellow shoes to drive me crasy. 'But you can't get a new pair of shoes for

5 cents," I said.
"Of course not; but I'm going to have these blacked. They won't shine much, but they'll be disguised, and that's what I care about most. She's seen 'em before."

"She, the heirese?" I asked hopefully.

"Shall I congratulate you, Jack?"

"No, confound it, congratulate her. I didn't win her. Lend me that nickel and I'll tell you all about it while my shoes are being brought up to date."

He climbed into a convenient chair, and

the artist went to work, while Jack told his story.

A TALE OF LOVE. "It was last June," said he, "when I made up my mind that I couldn't stand poverty any longer. Poverty! If I could ever have worked up to the level of honest poverty, it wouldn't have been so bad. But I was \$500 beyond poverty, on the wrong side. And my salary was \$15 a week! Howdy, it was enough to drive a man to suicide. living any longer at my boarding house would have been tantamount to suicide of an aggravated type. At this critical mo-ment in my life I first heard the name of Myrtie Leigh.

"The heiress?"

"Yes; the heiress. I confess that I thought only of her money. I had never seen her. I supposed she was like other women. But, sir, if one word that I speak of her in telling you this story, or one thought of her in my oul, now or at any time, fails in the most perfect respect for her, may I be—, may I be—, may that shoe return to its original color!" and in his deep emotion he waved the blacked one in the air.

SUMMER ON THE BEACH. "But when I first heard of her wealthin her own right, too," he resumed: "and learned that she was to spend the summer at Great Beach, Me., with nobody to look out for her but a mother from whom she could not possibly have inherited that sound good sense of hers which afterward stood so good sense of hers which afterward stood so confoundedly in my way—when I heard of all this I resolved to go down there and win her heart and hand. Yes; and especially her money. Well, of course the primary consideration was an outfit of summer clothes. I raised every cent I could. I mortgaged myself body and soul to anyhody who could be adulted into the belief that who could be deluded into a belief that the security was worth anything. I bought the stunningest-well, sir, just look at that

He opened his overcost, and the "blazer" which I discovered beneath it, and showed me a vest that was more beautiful than summer sunset, and as far out of season, in November.

"I've been selling off most of my wardrobe," said he, "but I couldn't part with "When you sold your clothes, why didn't you buy something for winter?" I asked. A STURDY OLD UNCLE.

"I never thought of it," said he. "She wasn't coming to New York till November, and I thought that something would surely turn up to help me out before this time. I've got a rich uncle who is 98, and an in-He's always worst in the fall, especially if it's cold and damp. Have you noticed anything the matter with the

got in with the best set at Great Beach easily enough, and met Miss Leigh. The stories they told down there about her money kept me awake nights, thinking up schemes for being agreeable. At first I was much encouraged; she is such a kind, gentle, sympathetic girl. I worked the sympathy dodge for all it was worth-invented noble aspirations every day, and new kinds of blight to kill 'em with. She

lie to her." A CONSCIENCE SHIVER. He paused and shivered. It may have been the cold, but I gave his conscience the benefit of the doubt, and thought the better

was so truthful, so absolutely and entirely honest that it was almost no trouble at all to

of him for it.
"At the end of a month," he continued, "I was ready to propose. I had carefully prepared a way to be led into it inadvertently. One hasty word was to reveal my secret. Then I was to call myself a presumptuous beggar, and offer to take the next boat, whether it was going my way or not. I believe if I had made that bluff and it had failed, I shouldn't have waited for any had failed, I shouldn't have waited for any boat. I should have started right across the Atlantic Ocean on foot. But, old man, I didn't make it. I couldn't. The very day that I had set for this proposal I fell in love with her in good earnest, or, rather, I perceived that I was in love with her. She wasn't a girl to strike a man like me suddenly. Her beauty was too sweet and natural.

EDUCATED IN BEAUTY.

"My taste for beauty had been educated, or rather deprayed, by walking around New York. I'd got to thinking that a woman, to be beautiful, must be pencilled so black and powdered so white that her face looks like a crayon sketch on the bottom of a soup plate, She wasn't that kind, And when my better judgment came to life again, and I saw her as she really was, every other face in the world went into total eclipse. I saw how good she was too; and when all this came over me, I could no more have opened my mouth to say I loved her, than a man with the lockjaw could bite a big apple.



He Took Off My Overcoat,

"I was her slave after that. You should have seen me rowing her around the bay in the blazing sun, or carrying her sketching implements and chair up hill on a hot day. You know that when a woman goes to sketch she takes twelve times as much stuff as she can possibly use. She always has a paint box with enough coloring matter in it to paint a dozen barns. Then she used to make a model of me. I had to sit on a log holding a little brat in my arms while she got us both down on canvas in about four hours. She wanted the brat especially be-cause he was so 'delightfully dirty,' as she

misplaced. And I have watched my pile of borrowed money fade away and have thought of the inexhaustible boodle old Leigh must have left, and yet I have held

my peace.
"Well, sir, at last I had to come back to town, leaving my heart behind me. I also left my trunk, but not with her. If she should find it out!" Jack fairly turned green at the thought. "I made the landlord promise never to reveal my secret. I told him all the lies that had been foaming and seething inside of me ever since I had ceased to tell her anything but the truth. What few winter clothes I have in the world are in that trunk; and these gay and diaphanous robes are getting more and more conspicuous every day. I intended that they should excite remark, and in one way my success has been beyond my anticipations. Do you suppose I could have this hat blacked, too?"



"I don't know, Jack," said I, "but haven't you any plans?

JACK HAD PLANS. "Certainly," he replied, "I must work and save. I am getting \$18 a week now, and there are 19 attachments on my salary. I have made a calculation which shows that if ever I get out of debt, and I don't lose my situation nor get sick nor spend more than is absolutely necessary, my savings will war-rant me in marrying on the Fourth of July in the year 2890. I firmly believe that Uncle Joe will live to that date, if I do." 'Why aren't you at work to-day?" I

asked. "I am attending my grandmother's funeral," said he. "In other words, Miss Leigh is coming to-day. She has been in Philadelphia. She will come over that terry; will pass up this street. I must see her; though I dare not speak to her in this scarcerow rig. She will ride, of course, and I may—heavens, Howdy, here she comes! Walking, don't you see her? What shall I do? I can't stand this. Howdy, if you love me; if you even pity me; lend me that cost. Here this will do."

IT WAS HIGHWAY ROBBERY. He crowded me into a doorway, and be-fore I realized what he was about he had pulled off my overcoat and his own. Then his "blazer" and my undercoat followed. He was inside my garments in a second, and had started down the street at a rapid pace. The next instant I saw him lift my hat to a sweet-faced girl and her mother; and I knew by the look in the eyes that met his for a nent that he had won already a prize for better than the money he had sought. I also reflected with satisfaction that he would get that, too, some day, if his friends' ward-

robe didn't give out.

Then I put on his "blazer" and his thin overcoat, and his little white hat, and went over into cheerless Jersey, where I caught "No, I haven't," said I, "it's been very a cold that will probably keep me away "But I had a great time this summer. I year,

LIARS OF THE TIME.

Truth Fares Very Badly in Society, Trade and Profession.

WHAT THE PUBLIC CONDONES.

Men Honest in Almost Everything Else False in Politics.

THE SIGNS POINT TO IMPROVEMENT

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) In one of Kant's books he says: "The highest violation of the duty of man to himself, considered as a moral being, is a departure from truth, or lying. A lie is the abandonment, and, as it were, the annihi-

lation of the dignity of a man." "Liars are the cause of all the sins and crimes in the world" was the judgment of one of the most famous teachers of philosophy and morality among the ancient Stoics. To speak the truth is a boundless duty imposed upon all mankind by all the doctrines and/creeds of Christendom, and pagandom as well, whether represented by Confucius Buddha or Mohammed. But "Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying." Social lies, professional lies, political lies and malicious lies. Evryone condemns lying, and yet there come times in everytheir. and yet there come times in everybody's life when it would take a most mighty struggle to tell the truth.

WHIE LIES IN SOCIETY.

Especially in society are—what are called -white lies common. Women err greatly in this respect without intending to be deceitful. They are so given to gush that they exaggerate far beyond the truth. They kiss some of their mere acquaintances with as great a show of affection as their best and nost intimate friends. They make one whom they may cordially dislike as welcome as if their souls had been longing for her presence. Courtesy is a pleasant thing and good manners should never be lost sight of, but an exaggerated show of kissing and sympathy where neither love nor respect exists is assuredly a sort of deception.

Another way in which women lie in the drawing room is in treaking notoriously bad men with the same courtesy and cordiality they would extend to gentlemen of highest character. This is one of the sorriest revelations of fashionable life in this country. It is not only an illustration of lying, but is a show of snobbery that is shameful, when the most disreputable owners of foreign titles can find a warmer welcome among the women of society than their own countrymen of greater intelligence and virtue. A duke so dissolute and de-graded that he finds the doors of respectability closed to him at home, comes here and is wined and dined and feted and run after by those who claim to represent the best society of Americs. How a title weakens judgment, whitewashes sin, and wraps a mantle of grace over vice has been shown scores of times in this democratic country.

LIES THAT ARE CONVENTIONAL. For social convenience women-and men as well-shirk truthfulness. They tell what they call "white lies" because they say society cannot geton without them. It would not do, it is thought, to express in words what they really feel. Compliments, some-body says are really lies, but when everybody knows they are, nobody is hurt. There are many conventional expressions of courtesy that people are taught to use and are wholly understood that cannot properly be called lies because there is evidently no attempt at making a false impression. In Washington it has become the custom for callers to inquire, "Is Mrs. Blank receiving to-day?" The answer is plain yes, or no, as Mrs. Blank has ordered. "Not receiving" is

precisely the same thing as the old "Not at debts. These are arrayed sumptinously in purple and fine linen while their creditors are suffering for their money. These sit in the These are holy and devout on Sundays and saints' days, but they prove themselves liars and hypocrites in society and business. These make a parade of their high birth and blue blood, who really had no granfathers to speak of, as gossip goes. Such small

vanity and lying only exposes them to ridicule and contempt. WOMEN LIE MORE THAN MEN.

Lying, it is said, is more a sin among women than men. Children are more given to it than grown people. Why? Women held in subjection by coercion lie to keer out of trouble, just as children lie through fear of punishment. Truth is festered by love and liberty and confidence. "A lie is born of weakness on one side and tyranny on the other." If a man acts the bully at home, a woman with her wits about her will adopt the policy of General Grant, and em-ploy strategy. The victories of both love

and war are won by lying.

But while with English speaking people But while with English speaking people lying is held, at least in theory, as disgraceful and dishonorable, the French are not nearly so scrupulous. A French woman, it is said, can lie with such cool, clear-eyed effrontery as to seriously discount Annanias and Sapphira. This is due doubtless to education. A writer on the schools and text-books of France says that in their manual of morality "conscience is distinguished as right or erroneous, certain or doubtful. A distinction is also made between true truth, doubtful truth and false truth." Lies are divided into three classes: The prejudicial lie which is wrong in proportion to the in-jury it causes; the officious lie, which is venial because it does not cause grave trouble, and the pleasant lie which of course is whiter still. Mental restrictions, equivocations and expressions which can stand two interpretations, are allowable. Under such a system of morality it might be supposed that many of the people in this country had been trained, rather than that which con-

demns all lying as an abomination. A BESSIE BRAMBLEISM.

Without intending it, the children in the Sunday schools are led to lying. They are induced to say they would rather give their money to the heathen than spend it themselves, when everybody knows the majority of them are lying. They are led to say they believe many things, when they have not the remotest idea of what they mean. A minister's son tells how they were catechised when he went to church: would you be willing to go to hell if it was God's will?" and every little liar said, "Yes,

Then children learn lying and hypocrisy from parents, and teachers, and friends. When they grow up the habit has been acquired. Our spiritual pastors, however carefully they may have been instructed in this matter in the seminaries, can occasionally be caught up in saying what they know is not true. The doctors lie professionally with a looseness and abandon that simply staggers the common mind. Some of them have no scruples whatever as to deceiving their patients and their friends. They persist in putting up their prescriptions in an unknown tongue so that people can be more easily deceived, and more effectively fleeced by the druggists. They seem to have no conscience as to fooling silly women and credulous men into the taking of nostrums, which they know are of no earthly good.

A BUSINESS WITH LAWYERS. The lawyers-just pause and consider how

the lawyers—just pause and consider how they are given to lying as a matter of busi-ness. The most of them have a complete mastery of every variety of casuistry and in-genious-falsifying. Every power in them is bent to deceive the jury, even when they have absolute knowledge that their client is guilty of the crime charged. Such unscrupulous lawyers hesitate not to employ any trickery to misrepresent the facts, to beat down honest witnesses, to make wrong apover into cheerless Jersey, where I caught a cold that will probably keep me away from the wedding of it occurs during this said, was so protoundly impressed with the rest.

Howard Firedding.

osed, that he used to advise his pupils not to study law. Macaulay raised the ques-tion in England as to whether a man with a wig on his head and a gown on his back was justified in doing for a guinea what as a private citizen, without these decorations, he ould consider wicked and infamous to do

for an empire. This question, however, has never yet been settled. One of the most famous lawyers in this country has said that "lawyers make half their living by lies." But after all there are honest lawyers, men of high moral principle who consider it dishonorable to lie, even professionally, for

LIES IN TRADE.

That there is a vast deal of lying in business requires no proof. The shoddy goods, the short measures, the tricks of the trade, so-called, the cheats by which paying customers are made to make up the shortages of the "dead beats," give full evidence. The only remedy for these business lies is for all to trade only with reputable dealers, and thus impress the old proverb that honesty

is the best policy.

But while all lying is mean and base and despicable, the worst lies are the malicious lies-the lies which injure character and wreck happiness. Slander is the sum of all wickedness. A liar who would rob his neighbor of his good name would commit any crime in the litany from which he prays to be delivered. Strange as it may seem, there are many honest and honorable men who would not take a dollar that was not most infamous abuse of the opposition. It seems to be a principle with politicians that the end justifies the means. The "awful whoppers" told and published in the last campaign show that even as in David's day it might be said "all men are liars"-when t comes to polities.

CURING POLITICAL LYING.

However, the last campaign also exhibited an improvement in this matter of political slander. Pattison's swift suits for libel show how these can be met hereafter. Judge Gordon's prompt action in the courts brought prompt apology for political slander. These are precedents for honest candidates to follow that will do something to check the unscrupulous manufacturers of political lies. In the matter of love men, in general, feel themselves privileged to do an immense amount of lying. During courtship false-hood is easy; felicity is assured; paradise is at hand.

At lovers' perjuries They say Jove laughs, And what wonder?

But while it will be granted that the world is given to lying, it must be admitted that conscience, common sense and honesty play a large part in every life, or how could it keep on improving as it does. "Shuffling may serve for a time, but truth will most certainly carry it in the long run." BESSIE BRAMBLE.

GRANT'S REPUBLICANISM.

Facts That Disprove the Popular Belief That He Was Once a Democrat. New York Press.]

The prevailing belief that General Grant was once a Democrat is dispelled by ex-Governor Stone, of Iowa, who relates that he had a conversation with General Grant about polities shortly after the surrender at Appomattox, in which Grant told him all about his political antecedents and history. General Grant came of Whig stock and learned his first lessons in politics from Henry Clay. As a boy he was literally bound up in Clay, and with the rest of his family mourned over his repeated defeats for President. None of his family, so far as Grant knew, ever voted a Democratic ticket. He himself voted for Buchanan in 1856, because he disliked Fremont. At a later period General Grant told Governor Palmer, although now a Democrat, was then a Republican.

MR. TRAIN'S PROPHECY.

After All the Talk He Has Proved Himsel Quite a Prophet.

New York Press.] George Francis Train has come back from his transcontinental tour as an advertisement for Tacoma, and may be seen in his old haunt, the lobby of the Continental Hotel, on Broadway, at various hours. He looks somewhat subdued and more somber than when he went off to rough it around the world. It is a singular thing that, although he has been regarded as a crank and as halt crazy, his predictions made 15 and 20 years ago about Tacoma are coming to

fulfillment. I can remember articles he wrote and sent to papers over the country fully that length of time ago, in which he said that Tacoma was the coming great port of the Pacific coast, and was destined to be a metropolis as great as or greater than San Francisco. facoma has not reached that size yet, but has made such progress that the prediction is no longer regarded as wild impossibility.

WHY HE ISN'T POPULAR.

An Instance in Which Visiting Cards Nearly

Boston Traveller. It is a common saying that you can judge a man by his visiting card. A lately-arrived rector not ten miles from Boston left his cheap, printed card at the house of one of his parishioners, and his neatly-engraved one at another's. The houses were respectively in unfashionable and fashionable quarters of the city. But the parishioners happened to be cousins. They met, they compared cards—as women will—and that rector now wonders why he is growing in disfavor with some of his parishioners.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S GRAVE,

One of Nature's Monoliths Will Mark the

Poet and Patriot's Resting Place. Nature has provided for John Boyle O'Reilly a tomb worthy of the man. On the highest point of Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, says the Pilot, there crops out a ledge of rock whose base is the foundation walls of the earth. Countless mons ago, the glacial plane passed over this ledge, cutting its iron face and leaving a polished surface which the rains and frosts of housands of years have hardly dimmed.



Grinding its way slowly over the reef, the mighty glacier left its indelible imprint be-hind, and left also an equally enduring memento of its passage—a giant boulder of conglomerate rock, 15 feet high and, roughly speaking, about 12 feet square-75 tons of reather-stained, time-defying, eternal rock. It stands on the crest of the picturesque height, a landmark conspicuous above all else in the neighborhood, solitary, massive and majestic. It is to be the tombstone of John Boyle O'Reilly. No mark, save a single tablet let into its face, will be allowed

THREE CIGARS A DAY,

Doctor Hammond Says Most Men Can Stand That Much Tobacco.

CHEWING ALWAYS DETRIMENTAL.

Pipes Are More Dangerous Than the Weed

Done Up in Rolls. THE IMMEDIATE EFFECTS OF EXCESS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There may be cases in which the use of tobacco is beneficial, but I am inclined to think they are exceedingly few, and, in fact, they may be entirely disregarded in our consideration of the influence of the weed on mankind. Doubtless there are instances in which the soothing effect of a cigar is desirable, and there are others in which smoking immediately after a meal increases the amount of gastric juice secreted, and hence facilitates the digestive process, but there are so many more cases in which tobacco instead of soothing irritates, and a still greater number in which, so far from facilitating digestion, it positively retheir own for the world, who would not say a mean word of anybody, who are just and upright in their dealings, and yet whose consciences, when it comes to politics, suddenly sag a little, and they rejoice in the most informance there are the constitution of the gastric juice were to be utterly swept of the gastric juice were to be utterly swept.

from the face of the earth. We have other and more effectual methods of quieting the agitated mind and much better stimulators of digestion which are in no way harmful: for although tobacco may do some good to some people, there are prob-ably few who use it in whom the injurious effects do not more than counterbalace what-

ever good may be derived from it. LITTLE DANGER IN MODERATION. Still it may, I think, be asserted without

fear of contradiction that the distinctly del-eterious results ensuing from the moderate use of tobacco by adults are infrequent. In making this declaration I desire to be un-derstood as laying particular stress on the words moderate and adults, and also as limiting the employment of tobacco solely to the smoking of cigars. Chewing is a thoroughly filthy and disgusting habit, and moreover is injurious, no matter how moderately it may be indulged in. It takes away from the system the saliva, one of the chief digestive juices, and it vitiates the other se cretions of the mouth.

Cigarettes are rarely, if ever, used without the smoke being inhaled into the lungs, and the consequences of this practice are almost invariably deplorable, owing to the great amount of nicotine which is absorbed the system. As to snuff, the taking of tobacco through the nose is now so infre-quently practiced that it may be dismissed without further discussion. It is almost as dirty a habit as chewing, and in a very short time so impairs the integrity of the mucous membrane of the nose as to after the voice and induce catarrh, and ultimately destroy the sense of smell. Dipping has also pretty much gone out of vogue. It consisted in applying the snuff to the teeth by some kind of brush, usually one made from a hickory

twig. PIPES WORSE THAN CIGARS,

The objection to the best kind of pipes is. that very much more of the nicotine and oil of the tobacco are absorbed into the system than is the case with eigars. With common pipes, especially those with short stems, the degree of irritation which is excited in the lips and interior of the mouth is far greater than that resulting from tobacco used in any

other form. Now to return to cigars. One good eigas smoked after each meal is what may be called moderate use, and can rarely afflict "Two months of that, old man, and not a word of love have I said to her. I have withstood moonlight in a canoe, and babjo duets on the shores of lonely islands, and the sweetest confidence that ever a woman misplaced. And I have watched me silved as many people have scruples.

Stone that he had voted in St. Louis for Chauncey L. Filley for Mayor, and in Illinois for General John M. Palmer for Governor to, impressionable and easily distributed in nois for General John M. Palmer for Governor to, impressionable and easily distributed in nois for General John M. Palmer for Governor to, impressionable and easily distributed in nois for General John M. Palmer for Governor to, impressionable and easily distributed in nois for General John M. Palmer for Governor to, impressionable and easily distributed by stimulants, sedatives or narcotics. There exceptions cocur in those persons of peculiar organization, impressionable and easily distributed by stimulants, sedatives or narcotics. There was running for Mayor as a Republican, but it is my impressionable and easily distributed by stimulants, sedatives or narcotics. There was running for Mayor as a Republican, but it is my impressionable and easily distributed by stimulants, sedatives or narcotics. There was running for Mayor as a Republican, but it is my impressionable and easily distributed by stimulants, sedatives or narcotics. There was running for Mayor as a Republican, but it is my impressionable and easily distributed by stimulants, sedatives or narcotics. There are others, as we know, in whom a current of the properties of the system. any damage to the system. The exceptions organs of the body, and others with even-more remarkable peculiarities, so that it is not strange that there should be individuals to whom tobacco is more or less poisonous. Such instances, however, are rare, and do do not conflict with the foregoing statement. I can see, therefore, no very great reason why, if a person desires, or thinks he desires mental or physical consolation or bene-fit, he should not indulge himself in the

noderate use of cigars in the manner that I have mentioned.

TWO DELETERIOUS EFFECTS. But should be pass the proper limits, he makes himself liable to the occurrence of one or more serious physical disorders, any one of which will certainly entail great suffering upon him. Thus neuralgia may harass him by day and by night, and especially when he has exposed himself to in-clement weather, or been subject to mental

anxiety, or other emotional disturbances.

Again he may suffer from derangement of the eyesight, consequent upon inflammation of the optic nerves, "tobacco amaurosis," as it is sometimes called. For a long time oculists differed in regard to the existence of such a disease, and I was among the doubters, but I believe there is now no difference of opinion among those who make a specialty of diseases of the eye, and I have for several years been convinced actual experience of the reality of inflam-mation of the optic nerves caused by the excessive use of tobacco, several cases of the kind having come under my own immediate observation. In all of these, as soon as the victims ceased to smoke the optic nerves began to assume a healthy appearance, the vision to improve, and eventually the sight to be entirely restored. In one case the use of tobacco was resumed, and shortly afterward the vision again began to fail, to be a second time restored on the patient entering

upon a course of entire abstinence.

The influence of tobacco upon the heart is frequently more strongly marked than in any other direction. There are few persons who use this substance to excess who do not suffer from the disordered action of the organ in question. The impulse is rendered weaker and more irregular. So that faint, ness, intermittent pulse and palpitation are induced. I am very sure, from my own experience, that many young persons lay the seeds of organic disease of the heart from the excessive use of tobacco, or from beginning it too early in life. It not only lessens the nervous influence by which the heart is kept in action, but it causes a deterioration of the organic muscular fibers of which the organ is composed. "Weak heart" and "heart failure," so commonly met with in our day, are, I have no doubt,

very often the direct consequence of the abuse of tobacco.

The use of tobacco by minors should be absolutely prohibited not by laws which are impossible of enforcement, and which en-cumber the statute books, but by home influence and command. It is very certain that no young person can use this substance, even in moderation, without suffering more or less severely at the time, and laying up for himself future troubles of even more so-rious import. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

NEW YORK, November 14. UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS. They Are Better Housed, Fed and Paid Than

Any Others in the World. New York Press.] Cruelties, injustice and tyranny are to be found in every army, as they are in every public school and every public department. But these grow rapidly less noticeable from year to year, and it is well nigh impossible

immediate punishment. This is certain, the United States recruit is to-day far better fed, better clothed, bet-ter bedded and a great deal better paid than any other soldier in the world. Does he ever think that his pay and allowances are as much, if not more, than those of a junior lieutenant in the crack regiments of Austria or of Denmark-mighty swells though

for serious injustice to be done anyone in the army to-day without prompt detection and