those who tooked as if they might give have done you in putting your name before him something to eat, and those who looked otherwise. "I never knew what I had to the world learn about the human face before," he thought; and, as a reward for his humility, Providence caused a cab driver at a sausage shop where Dick fed that night to leave half eaten a great chunk of bread. Dick took it -would have fought all the world for its possession-and it cheered him. The month dragged through at last, and,

nirly prancing with impatience, he went to draw his money. Then he hastened to Torpenhow's address and smelt the smellor cooking meats all along the corridors of the chambers. Torpenhow was on the top floor, Torpenhow's address and smelt the smellor ing in. Don't hit, sir: you'il only excite yourself." He put one hand on the man's and Dick burst into his room, to be received with a hug which nearly cracked his ribs, as Torpenhow dragged him to the light and spoke of 20 different things in the same breath.

"But you're looking tucked up," he concluded.

roaming round the room. "I shall be having breakfast in a minute.

What do you say to sausages?" "No, anything but sausages. Torp, I've been starving on that accursed horse-flesh

for 30 days and 30 nights." "Now what lunacy has been your latest?" Dick spoke of the last few weeks with un-bridled speech. Then he opened his coat; there was no waistcoat below. "I ran it fine, awfully fine, but I've just scraped

'You haven't much sense, but you've got a backbone, anyhow. Eat, and talk after-ward." Dick fell upon eggs and bacon and gorged till he could gorge no more. Tor-penhow handed him a field pipe, and he noked as men smoke wife for three weeks smoked as men smoke with on the show have been deprived of good tobacco, "'Out?'' said be. "That's heavenly.

"Why in the world didn't you come to

me? "Couldn't; I owe you too much already, old man. Besides, I had a sort of superstition that this temporary starvation-that's what it was, and it hurt-would bring me more luck later. It's over and done with now, and none of the syndicate know how hard-up I was. Fire away, What's the exact state of affairs as regards myself?"

here. People like your work immensely. I don't know why, but they do. They say you have a fresh touch and a new way of drawing thiugs. And, because they're chiefly home-bred English, they say you have insight. You're wanted by half a dozen papers; you're wanted to illustrate books.

sketches and sell them to the dealers. They seem to think the money sunk in you is a good investment. Good Lord! who can account for the fathomless folly of the

"They're a remarkably sensible people." "They are subject to fits, if that's what you mean; and you happen to be the object of the latest fit among those who are inter-ested in what they call art. Just now you're a fashion, a phenomenon, or whatever you please. I appeared to be the only person the knew anything about you here, and I light. have been showing the most useful men a few of the sketches you gave me from time to time. Those coming after your work on the Central Southern Syndicate appear to "Hub! call it luck! do call it luck." When a man has been kicking about the

work in first." "Come here," snid Torpenhow, crossing the landing. "This place is a big box-room really, but it will do for yon. There's your skylight, or your north light, or what-ever window you call it, and plenty of

capering, "we will spoil the Egyptians!" "Good enough," said Dick, looking round the large room that took up a third of

a top story in the rickety chambers overlook-ing the Thames. A pale yellow sun shone through the skylight and showed the much dirt of the place. Three steps led from the coor to the landing, and three more to Tor-penhow's room. The well of the staircase disappeared into darkness, pricked by tiny gas jets, and there were sounds of men talk-

"Well, and how does success taste?" said

Torpenhow, some three months later. He had just returned to chambers after a holi-"Do they give you a free hand here?" said Dick, cautiously. He was Ishmael day in the country. 'Good," said Dick, as he sat licking his

months than in the whole of my life! Do This was not a fortunate remark: it re minded Dick of certain vagrant years lived out in loneliness and strife and unsatisfied desires. The memory did not contrast well with the prosperous gentleman who pro-posed to enjoy the fruit of those years. "I don't know quite what to do with you," began Dick, meditatively. "Ot revolver, writing case, housewife, gig-lamps, and the Lord knows what all. He used to fiddle about with 'em and show us how they worked; but he never seemed to do much

wall.

you, began Dick, meditatively. "Of course you're a thief, and you cught to be half killed, but in your case you'd probably die. I don't want you dead on this floor, except fudge his reports from the Nilghai, than ever. He ought to be up here this orearm and ran the other down the plump body beneath the coat. "My goodness!" said he to Torpenhow, "and this gray oaf dares to be a thief! I have seen an Esneh camel-driver have the black hide taken off

his body in strips for stealing half a pound of wet dates, and he was as tough as whip-'Got anything to eat?" said Dick, his eye | cord. This thing's soit all over-like a woman."

There are few things more poignantly humiliating than being handled by a man who does not intend to strike. The head of the syndicate began to breathe heavily. Dick walked round him, pawing him, as a cat paws a soft hearth rug. Then he traced with his forefinger the leaden pouches un-derneath the eyes and shook his head.

"You were going to steal my things-mine, mine, mine!-you, who don't know when you may die. Write a note to your officeyou say you're the head of it-and order them to give Torpenhow my sketches-everyone of them. Wait a minute; your hand's shaking. Now!" He thrust a pocketbook before him. The note was writ-

ten. Torpenhow took it and departed without a word, while Dick walked round and round the spell-bound captive, giving him such advice as he conceived best for the welfare of his soul. When Torpenhow re-

weitare of his soul. When lorpennow re-turned with a gigantic portfolio, he heard Dick say, almost soothingly, "Now, I hope this will be a lesson to you; and if you worry me when I have settled down to work with

any nonsense about actions for assault, behey house about actions for assault, be-lieve me, I'll catch you and manhandle you, and you'll die. You haven't very long to live, anyhow. Gol Imshi, Vootsak-get out!" The man departed, staggering and

dazed. Dick drew a long breath; "Phew! what a lawless lot these people are! The "You had my wire? You've caught on first thing a poor orphan meets is gang rob-bery, organized burglary! Think of the hideous blackness of that man's mind! Are hideous blackness of that man's mindl Are my sketches all right, Torp?" "Yes; 147 of them. Well, I must say, Dick, you've begun well." "He was interfering with me, It only meant a few pounds to him, but it was everything to me. I don't think he'll

Dick grunted scornfully.

"You're wanted to work up your smaller bring an action. I gave him some medical advice gratis about the state of his body. It was cheap at the little flurry it cost him. Now let's look at my things." Two minutes later Dick had thrown him-

self down on the floor and was deep in the portfolio, chuckling lovingly as he turned the drawings over and thought of the price at which they had been bought. The afternoon was well advanced when Torpenhow came to the door and saw Dick dancing a wild saraband under the sky-"I builded better than I knew, Torp," he said, without stopping the dance. "They're good! They're damned good! They'll go like flame! I shall have an exhibition of

them on my own brazen hook. And that man would have cheated me out of it! Do you know that I'm sorry now that I didn't world like a dog, waiting for it to come. I'll luck 'em later on. I want a place to actually hit him?" "Go out," said Torpenhow,-"go out and

pray to be delivered from the sin of arrogance, which you never will be. Bring you things up from whatever place your're staving in, and we'll try to make this barn a little more ship-shape. "And then-oh, then," said Dick, still room to slash about in, and a bedroom beyoud. What more do you want?"

CHAPTER IV.

The wolf-cub at even lay hid in the corn, When the smoke of the cooking hung gray; He knew where the doe made a couch for her And he looked to his strength for his prey. But the moon swent the smoke-wreaths away. And he turned from his meal in the villager's And he bayed to the moon as she rose. -In Sconce,

ties with what he thinks is his reputation." you remember Cassavetti, who worked for some Continental syndicate, out with the "Already! By Jove, he has cheek! 1 don't know about his reputation, but he'll come a cropper if he tries that sort of desert column? He was a regular Christmas tree of contraptions, when he took the field in full fig, with his water bottle, lanyard, thing.

THE

"So I told him. I don't think he be believes it." "They never do when they first start off.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

What's that wreck on the ground here?" "Specimen of his latest impertinence." Torpenhow thrust the torn edges of the canvass together and showed the well-groomed picture to the Nilghai, who looked at it for "Dear old Nilghai | He's in town, fatter

picture to the Nilghai, who looked at it for a moment and whistled. "It's a chromo," said he—"a chromo-litholeomargarine fake! What possessed him to do it? And yet how thoroughly he has caught the note that catches the public who think with their boots and read with their elbows! The cold-blooded insolence of the work almost saves it; but he mustn't go on with this. Hasn't he been praised and cockered up too much? You know these people have no sense of proportion. They'll evening. I see the comparison perfectly. You should have kept clear of all that manmillinery. Serves you right; and I hope it will unsettle your mind." 'It won't. It has taught me what artholy, sacred art-means." "You've learnt something while I've been away. What is art?"" "Give 'em what they know, and when people have no sense of proportion. They'll call him a second Detaille and a third hand you've done it once do it again." Dick dragged forward a canvas laid tace to the "Here's a sample of real art. It's Meissonier while his fashion lasts. It's

going to be a fac simile production for a weekly. I called it 'His Last Shot.' It's worked up from the little water color I made outside El Maghrib. Well, I lured my model, a beautiful rifleman, up here might as well call a young wolf a lion and expect him to take the compliment in ex-

with drink, I drored him and I redrored him and I tredrored him, and I made him a "Now he has thrown up war-work, I sup-pose he doesn't see that the obligations of flushed, disheveled, bedeviled scalawag, with his helmet at the back of his head, and the service are just the same, only the pro-

the living fear of death in his eye, and the blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle "How should he know? He thinks he is his own master." bone. He wasn't pretty, but he was all

soldier and very much man." "Once more, modest child!" Dick laughed. "Well, it's only to you I'm talking. I did him just as well as I knew how, making allowance for the slickgood if there's any virtue in print. He wants the whip-lash." "Lay it on with science, then. I'd flay ness of oils. Then the art manager of that

to try to cut me out with a woman a Cairo hatter. abandoned paper said that his subscribers once. I forgot that, but I remember now." wouldn't like it. It was brutal and coarse

and violent-man being naturally gentle when he's fighting for his life. They wanted but, atter all, what's the good? Leave him alone and he'll come home, if he has any something more useful, with a little more color. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as an art stuff in him, dragging or wagging his tail behind him. There's more in a week of life manager. I took my 'Last Shot' back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely than in a lively weekly. None the less I'll slate him. I'll slate him ponderously in the

red coat without a speck on it. That's art. I polished his boots—observe the high light on the toe. That is art. I cleaned his rifle—rifles are always clean on service short of a crowbar would make Dick wince. His soul seems to have been fired before we because that is art. I pipeclayed his helmet ame across him. He's intensely suspicious -pipeclay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him and utterly lawless."

"Matter of temper," said the Nilghan "It's the same with horses. Some you wal-lop and they work, some you wallop and they jib, and some you wallop and they go out for a walk with their hands in their prochase" an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern-plate. Price, thank heaven, twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent." "And do you suppose you're going to pockets."

"Why not? I did it. Alone I did it, in e interests of socred, home-bred art and slating here. I'll show you some of his last

and worst work in his studio." Dick had instinctively sought running Torpenhow smoked in silence for a while. Then came the verdict, delivered from roll-ing clouds: "If you were only a mass of water for a comfort to his mood of mind. He was leaning over the embankment wall, blathering vanity, Dick, I wouldn't mind,-I'd let you go to the deuce on your own mahlstick; but when I consider what you watching the rush of the Thames through the arches of Westminster bridge. He began by thinking of Torpenhow's advice, but, as of custom, lost himself in the study of the are to me, and when I find that to vanity you add the twopenny-halfpenny pique of a faces flocking by. Some had death written on their features, and Dick marveled that twelve-year-old girl, then I bestir myself in your behalf. Thus!" The canvas ripped as Torpenhow's bo they could laugh. Others, clumsy and coarse-built for the most part, were alight foot shot through it, and the terrier jumped with love; others were merely drawn and "If you have any bad language to use, use it. You have not. I continue. You lined with work; but there was something, Dick knew, to be made out of them all. The poor at least should suffer that he might are an idiot, because no man born of woman poor at least should suffer that he might learn, and the rich should pay for the out-put of his learning. Thus his credit in the world and his cash balance at the bank would be increased. So much the better for him. He had suffered. Now he would take toll of the ills of others. is strong enough to take liberties with his public, even though they be-which they ain't-all you say they are." "But they don't know any better. What

The fog was driven apart for a moment, and the sun shone, a blood-red wafer, on the them have furniture polish, so long as they pay for it. They are only men and women. water. Dick watched the spot till he heard the voice of the tide between the piers die

You talk as though they were gods." "That sounds very fine, but it has noth-ing to do with the case. They are the people down like the wash of the sea at low tide. A girl hard pressed by her lover shouted shamelessly, "Ah, get away, you beast!" you have to work for, whether you like it or not. They are your masters. Don't be de-ceived, Dickie. You aren't strong enough to triffe with them—or with yourself, which is more important. Moreover,—come back, Binkie—that red daub isn't going anywhere: the wall. He was blinded for the moment unless you take precious good care, you will face with-Maisie.

There was no mistaking. The years had fall under the damnation of the cheque book, and that's worse than death. You will get drunk-you're half drunk already-on easily-acquired money. For that money and your own infernal vanity you are willing to deliberately turn out bad work. human soul is finit

funny?

hundred a year.'

the painting?"

"Are you alone, then?"

"That's 'His Last Shot," second edition. Go ou. "Public. There remains but one endthe oblivion that is preceded by toleration and cenotaphed with contempt. From that

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1890.

fate Mr. Heldar has yet to prove himself out of danger."" "Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow!" said

out when a war begins, to minister to the blind brutal British public's bestial thirst for blood. They have no arenas now, but they must have special correspondents. You're a fat gladiator who comes up through a trap door and talks of what he's seen. You stand on precisely the same level as an energetic bishop, an affable actress, a devastating cyclone, or-mine own sweet self. And you presume to lecture me about my work! Nilghai, if it were worth while I'd caricature you in four papers!" The Nilghai winced. He had not thought

windy diet for a colt." "I don't think it affects Diek much. You of this "As it is, I shall take this stuff and tear it small-so!" The manuscript fluttered in slips down the dark well of the staircase. "Go

change for a shin bone. Dick's soul is in the bank. He's working for cash." home, Nilghai," said Dick, "go home to your lonely little bed, and leave me in peace. I am about to turn in till to-morrow.

"Why, it isn't 7 yet!" said Torpenhow, with amazement. prietors are changed. "It shall be 2 in the morning, if I choose, said Dick, backing to the studio door.

he? I could undeceive him for his go to grapple with a serious crisis, and I shan't want any dinner." "Does

The door shut and was locked. "What can you do with a man like that?" him myself, but I like him too much." "I've no scruples. He had the audacity said the Nilghai. "Leave him alone. He's as mad as a

At 11 there was kicking on the studio "Did he cut you out?" "You'll see when I have dealt with him; door. "Is the Nilghai with you still?" said a voice from within. "Then tell him he might have condensed the whole of his

Cataclysm." "Good luck to you! but I fancy nothing

the interests of sacred, home-bred art and

can you expect from creatures born and bred in this light?" Dick pointed to the yellow fog. "It they want furniture polish, let

shamelessly, "Ab, get away, you beast!" and a shift of the same wind that had opened the fog drove across Dick's face the black smoke of a river steamer at her berth below then spun round and found himself face to

turned the child to a woman, but they had not altered the dark-gray eyes, the thin scarlet lips, or the firmly-modeled mouth and chin; and, that all should be as it was of old, she wore a closely fitting gray dress.

and Maisie's face was pearl-white th

"Ye-es. No. This. Where have you come from?"

"Why, what's happened? You had three

"I have that still. I am painting, that's

"There's a girl living with me. Don't

"Then you noticed it, too?" "Of course I did. You're always out of

step." "So I am. I'm sorry. You went on with

the painting?" "Of course. I said I should. I was at the Sinde, then at Merton's in St. John's Wood, the big studio, then I pepper-potted -I mean I went to the National-and now

"No; be has his teaching studio at Vitry-sur-Marne. I work with him in the sum-

you live? I must see you again; and per-

haps I could help you. I paint a little my-

"I may be in the park to-morrow, if there

"Well-I-am-damned!" said Dick, and

Torpenbow and the Nilghai found him

sitting on the steps to the studio door, repeat-

"Dick, it is of common report that you are suffering from swelled head."

"Helloo, Nilghai. Back again? How

are the Balkans and all the little Balkins?

usual." "Never mind that. I am commissioned to

smite you in print. Torpenhow refuses from false delicacy. I've been overhauling the

viction, for power wasted on trivialities, for

d with levity for the deliber-

One side of your face is out of drawing, as

returned to the chambers.

I'm working under Kami." "But Kami is in Paris, surely?"

walk so fast, Dick: you're out of step."

NOTA SHALLOW PATE The Prince of Wales is Much More of "Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow!" said Dick, profanely. "It's a clumsy ending and vile journalese, but it's quite true. And yet,"—he sprang to his feet and snatched at the manuscript,—"you scarred, deboshed, battered old gladiator! you're sent a Man Than Americans Have Been Taught to Believe,

HOW MR. DEPEW SIZED HIM UP.

most of her time in the country. The people of no nation are more fond of seeing their The Busiest Man in All England and Thorsovereign than the English. His life in the oughly in Touch With Every field, whether behind the hounds, on the Class of His People. quarter stretch or with his guns and dogs on

the heather, is but a part of his common purpose to represent in all his actions the wishes of his people and their penchants. IT PATS HIM TO BE A SPORTSMAN. 'The Prince never disappoints.

Shrewd Enough to Make Friends With the Leaders of All the Political Parties.

COBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 LONDON, November 7. - In writing frankly and freely about the coming King of England, lest I should be suspected o Anglomania, I will summon to the support of my opinions that typical American, Chauncey M. Depew, who saw much of the Prince of Wales while he was in London, After he met him, it did not take Mr. Depew an hour to discover that the Prince was a very different kind of an individual from what has been so often pictured in the United States.

"Instead of finding a man devoted only t the sports of the field, the frolics of the board and the chase," he said to me, "I met

The Prince of Wales

a thoughtful dignitary, filling to the brim

the requirements of his exalted position-in

fact, a practical as well as a theoretical stu-

government of all great countries and make their best history." The American was quick to discover that

A DELIBERATE OPINION.

Certainly princely hospitality could not have marred the judgment of a man like the powerful railroad president, whose life is one round of social attentions, whenever he

will consent to receive them, and who always basks in the sunshine of intellect

dent of the mighty forces which control the

lumbering nonsense into an epigram: 'Only the free are bond, and only the bond are free.' Tell hum he's an idiot, Torp, and tell free.' Teli him hi him I'm another.' "All right. Come out and have supper. You're smoking on an empty stomach. There was no answer.

[To be continued next week.] PLOWING THE WATER.

An Old Russian Custom Still Observed in Agricultural Districts.

Among people who follow agricultural pursuits more than among others there are many peculiar customs still in vogue in Russia, which have their origin either in ancient pagan ceremonies, or are deeply rooted in superstition, pure and simple, or fanatic beliefs. Russia, more than any other country, retains many weird traditions, and the strange usages for the warding off and the conjuring of the pernicious drought are particularly numerous. It frequently happens that each district has its own peculiar ceremonies, and otten every individual inhabitant follows a line of conduct in that regard peculiar unto himself. In some of Western provinces of the Empire a strange ceremony is resorted to for the cessation of the drought, in which the "plow and the women" play a conspicuous part. During long continued droughts the magistrate convenes and a "plowing of the water" is officially ordered. After an

consummate tact, of which the Prince seems to be the master and which enables him to harmonize all shades of opinion, no early morning procession the women and girls are drummed together in the afternoon matter how aggressive, provided they are in position to be regarded as factors in polit-ical, professional and social life. for the purpose of the act of "water plow-ing." This consists in the tearing up of the "This is a very important support to the best hopes of royalty in this country," said Mr. Depew, "of which the Prince will one day be King." bottom of a near-by stream by means of a plow pulled by half-diad women and led by the largest and sprongest dame of the village.

There is no doubt that this ceremony is of pagan origin, but whatever its significance was in olden times, history does not say; at the same time the dustom is pursued with unerring regularity at the present day throughout the provinces mentioned.

TRADE ANOMALIES.

always basis in the substitue of intellect wherever it can be found, returning always as much as he receives. But the eminent lawyer went farther and discovered what few other Americans have ascentained, that An Explanation of the Zig-Zag Course Which the Prince of Wales not only in action but in thought, is the iron ballast which keeps Book and Paper Sometimes Follow. Here is a book that was published in New York, but printed in St. Louis, and the funny thing about it is that the paper it was

this mowarchy on an even keel and makes royaliy more than popular with its subjects, and he had the courage to say so. as the Prince of Wales. Very much of this is of such a character that he feels com-pelled from ideas of etiquette prevailing Yet, there are many points for friction beprinted on was made in the East and

-

The Princess of Wales.

pionic, a horse show, a race course or a cor-ner stone laying, he is always there, no mat-ter what the personal discomfort. In fact, association with his subjects has made his SECRET OF CIPHERS. face more familiar to the people of England than that of the President in our land to us. The Art of Writing So Outsiders Cannot Read the Message. They are proud of him, and I have yet to ear one man or woman here speak who would not be glad to see him King, without meaning any disrespect to his mother. But he has grown closer into their lives than any man of his rank in the history of

OLD JEREMIAH HAD A SYSTEM.

Some of the Simpler Methods and Complex Modifications.

TECHNICAL KEYS USED IN BUSINESS

The use of ciphers is almost as ancient as the use of letters. It is certain that the prophet Jeremiah had and used a system of cipher which must have been known to many of those for whose edification he wrote, says the New York Press. This cipher was one of the simplest form, and however sucpeople he has the support of his wife, and only yesterday an American lady gave me an interesting example of that fact. She cessful its employment may have been at the early period it would be altogether ineffectual in the present day, the plan adopted being that of writing the alphabet from a to z in one line and then repeating it in the reverse

a b c d e f g etc.,

z y x w v u t etc.,

During our Civil War the value of a good

governments and almost all great political organizations employ ciphers.

One of the simplest, and one fairly effect-

ive, is to have several cipher alphabets ar-

ranged on the historic plan of Julius Casar's. In this way each successive line

or word, or given number of words, may de-mand a different key. Thus a series of

until a square has been formed containing the whole alphabet in each line, but with each line beginning with a different letter.

To write a message with this cipher the first word or line would be written with

the cipher letters provided by the second

line, the second word or line with letters from the third line, and so on. Thus, chang-

Meet me here,

nffu og Khuh.

The comparative case or difficulty with

which such a message could be deciphered

would largely depend upon its length, and,

indeed, in all cases it may be taken as an infallible maxim that the longer a cipher

message or document is the more easily it can be read. To render the surreptitious

decipherment of ciphers of this class more difficult the division of words is sometimes

altered by carrying the last letter of each word over to the next word, as

nff uo gkhu h.

Or by adding initial letters to preceding

nffus gk hub.

All these expedients having failed to dis-

comfit the crafty pirates of hidden knowl-edge, the aid of figures was invoked, and the

letters of the alphabet were expressed by pre-

m e t h r 21 14 56 71 18 42 33 89 13 23 11 68 31 96 44

In this way the phrase "meet me here"

21141456 2114 72141814.

ould be rendered using one row of figures

ing the key with every word, the prase

way. She asked one of the number if anything was going on. "Yes," was the polite reply,"the Princess order underneath, thus:

rides to day." She waited some little time, hoping to see her, and the royal turnout did not appear. the required word or words being expressed Then, with true American impatience, she approached the lady and suggested that perby the letters in the lower line corresponding to the proper letters in the upper line, haps she would not come. The English-woman's manner changed. She turned and "deaf," for instance, being represented by wyzu. Jeremiah, of course, employed the in quite an indignant tone said: "You are mistaken. The Princess never fails us." Hebrew alphabet, and in this way obtained

this country. He spends his money every-where. He is charitable to a greet degree,

while the Queen is seldom seen in the large centers of the United Kingdom, and spends

AND THE PRINCESS, TOO.

In this desire to get and keep nearer the

was walking in Hyde Park, and there was

in unusual crowd of ladies along the path-

the word Sheshach, which occurs in the twenty-sixth verse of the twenty-fifth chap-ter of his book, and there stands for Babel. On the quarter stretch of the Goodwood races on Cup Day, the most famous event in all England, not excepting the Derby, I met the future King, with his field glass cipher was amply proved, and in the political history of the country ciphers have more than once played an important part, as witness the famous "cipher dispatches" of 1876, when the rival parties were contending swung over his shoulder, mingling among the people, low as well as high, with far more freedom than an ordinarily rich man would have done in America under similar circumstances. for the election of Hayes or Tilden. Indeed, it is pretty well known that all civilized

TWO OF HIS FLYERS ENTERED

Two horses from his stable were entered in the races. Both of them ran second, and there was hardly a person among the many thousands on that track who was not sorry to the heart that his horse did not win the great cup event and they made the fact apparent in many ways. THE PEOPLE FIRST, ALWAYS.

Yesterday I heard a very pleasant illustration of the Prince's tact and character, while yet a young man. The ladies of his set had

arranged some elaborate pienic affair, and he was to be there as the star of the occasion.

His presence was demanded for the laving

of a corner stone for a town hall. He broke

some time after he met several of the ladies

who were very much put out because he did

not come and they chaffed him about it. "I was commanded to other duties," he

One of them more discreet than the others,

"Oh, I guess your mamma would not let

The Prince concluded the conversation by

replying: "Be kind enough, madam, to remember

that my mother is your Queen, and has the right to command us both."

Marlborough House, where the Prince

lives, is a curious old place, looking like anything but the abode of royalty. It re-

minds me more of Independence Hall in Philadelphia than any place I can recall, except the one is of brick and the royal

HOW HE SPENDS HIS DAYS.

The front building, before which the red-

oated sentinel paces, is devoted to the use

of the minor officials, who transact the eler-ical business of the royal household. The

dwelling is in the rear, in a large yard sur-rounded by a high fence. The Prince arises

early in the morning, and at 10 o'clock is at his desk. The routine of the day is disposed

of as soon as possible, and then the coming king gives his attention to his private cor-

respondence, which is something enormous. The President of the United States does

not receive one-'ourth as large personal mail

replied

mid:

you co

house is of stone.

the social engagement for the public one.

a b c d e etc. b c d e f etc. c d e f g etc.

alphabets may be arranged:

ould read

vords, as

only-

like; latch keys and nything you license unlimited. We are permanent ten-auts for the most part here. 'Tisn't a place would recommend for a young men's Christian association, but it will serve. I took these rooms for you when I wired ' You're a great deal too kind, old man."

enough to know the value of liberty.

in the warm gloom.

and doors slamming seven flights below,

'You didn't suppose you were going away from me, did you?" Torpenhow put his hand on Dick's shoulder, and the two walked up and down the room, henceforward to be called the studio, in sweet and silent communion. They heard rapping at Torpenhow's door. "That's some ruffian come up for a drink," said Torpenhow; and heraised his voice cheerily. There entered no one more ruffianly than a portly, middle-aged centleman in a satin-faced frock cont. His ips were parted and pale, and there were deep pouches under the eves.

"Weak heart," said Dick to himself, and, as he shook hands, "very weak heart. His

pulse is shaking his fingers." The man introduced himself as the head of the Central Southern Syndicate and "one of the most ardent admirers of your work, Mr. Heldar. I assure you, in the name of the syndicate, that we are immensely indebted to you; and I trust, Mr. Heldar, you won't lorget that we were largely instrumental in bringing you before the public. He panted because of the seven flights of

Dick glanced at Torpenhow, whose left eyelid lay for a moment dead on his check. "I shan't forget," said Dick, every in-stinct of defense roused in him. "You've paid me so well that I couldn't, you know. By the way, when I am settled in this place I should like to send and get my sketches There must be nearly a hundred and fifty of them with you.

"That is er-is what I came to speak about. I tear we can't allow it exactly, Mr. Heldar. In the absence of any specified agreement, the sketches are our property, of

"Do you mean to say that you are going to keep them?

"Yes; and we hope to have your help, on your own terms, Mr. Heldar, to assist us in arranging a little exhibition which, backed by our name and the influence we naturally command among the press, should be of material service to you. Sketches such as VONTE-

"Belong to me. You engaged me by wire, you paid me the lowest rates you dared. You can't mean to keep them! Good God alive, man, they're all I've got in the world!" Torpenhow watched Dick's face and whistled.

Dick walked up and down, thinking. He saw the whole of his little stock in trade, the first weapon of his equipment, annexed at the outset of his campaign by an elderly gentleman whose name Dick had not caught aright, who said that he represented a syngicate, which was a thing for which Dick had not the least reverence. The injustice of the proceedings did not much move him: seen the strong hand prevail too often in other places to be squeamish over the moral aspects of right and wrong. But he ardently desired the blood of the gentleman in the frock-coat, and when he spoke again it was with a strained sweetness that Torpenhow knew well for the beginning of strite

"Forgive me, sir, but you have no-no younger man who can arrange this business with me?" "I speak for the syndicate. I see no

reason for a third party to-

"You will in a minute. Be good enough to give back my sketches." The man stared blankly at Dick, and

then at Torpenhow, who was leaning against the wall. He was not used to exemployes who ordered him to be good enough to do things. "Yes, it is rather a cold-blooded steal,"

said Torpenhow, critically, "but I'm afraid, I am very much afraid, you've struck the wrong man. Be careful, Dick. Remember, this isn't the Soudan.

"Considering what services the syndicate

lips before the easel in the studio. "I want more-heaps more. The lean years have passed, and I approve of these fat ones. "Be earcful, old man. That way lies bad work."

Torpenhow was sprawling in a long chair with a small fox-terrier asleep on his chest, while Dick was preparing a canvas. A dais background and a lay-figure were the only fixed objects in the place. They rose from a wreck of oddments that began with felt-covered water bottles, belts and regimental badges, and ended with a small bale of second-hand uniforms and a stand of mixed arms. The mark of muddy feet on the dais showed that a military model had just gone away. The watery autumn sunlight was failing and shadows sat in the corners of the studio.

"Yes," said Dick, deliberately, "I like the power; I like the fun; I like the fnss; and above all I like the mouey. I almost like the people who make the fuss and pay the money. Almost. But they're a queer gang-an amazingly queer gang!" "They have been good enough to you, at any rate. That tinpot exhibition of your sketches must have paid. Did you see that the papers called it the 'Wild Work Show?''' "Never mind. I sold every shred canvas I wanted to; and, on my word, I believe it was because they believe I was a self-tanght flagstone artist. I should have

got better prices if I had worked my things on wool or scratched them on camel bone instead of using mere black and white and color. Verily, they are a queer gang, these people. Limited isn't the word to describe 'em. I met a fellow the other day who told me that it was impossible that shadows on white sand should be blue-ultramarine-as they are. I found out later that that man

had been as far as Brighton beach; but he knew all about art, confound him. He gave me a lecture on it, and recommended me to go to school to learn technique. I wonder what old Kami would have said to that."

"When were you under Kami, man of extraordinary beginnings?" "I studied with him for two years in Paris. He taught by personal magnetism. All he ever said was, 'Continuez, mes en-fants,' and you had to make the best you could of that. He had a divine touch, and he knew something about color. Kami used to dream color. I swear he could never have seen the genuine article; but he

evolved it; and it was good." "Recollect some of these views in the Sondan?" said Torpenhow, with a provoking drawl.

Dick squirmed in his place. "Don't. It makes me want to get out there again. What color that was! Opal and umber and amber and claret and brick-red and sulphur -cockatoo-crest sulphur-against brown, with a nigger-black rock sticking up in the middle of it all, and a decorative frieze of camels festooning in front of a pure pale-turquoise sky." He began to walk up and down. "And yet, you know, if you try to give these people the thing as God gave it keyed down to their comprehension and acording to the powers He has given you-" "Modest man! Go on."

"Half a dozen epicene young pagans who haven't even been to Algiers will tell you, first, that you notion is borrowed, and, see ondly, that it isn't art."

"This comes of my leaving town for a Dickie, you've been promenading among the toy shops and hearing people talk.

"Leouldn't help it," said Dick, penitent ly. "You weren't here, and it was lovery these long evenings. A man can't work

"A man might have gone to a pub. and got decently drunk." "I wish I had; but I forgathered with

some men of sorts. They said they were artists, and I knew some of them could draw -but they wouldn't draw. They gave me tea-tea at 5 in the afternoon |-and talked about art and the state of their souls. As if their souls mattered. I've heard more about art and seen less of her in the last six

You'll do quite enough bad work without knowing it. And, Dickie, as I love you and as I know you love me, I am not going to let you cut off your nose to spite face for all the gold in England. That's Dick, is that you?" Then, against his will, settled. Now swear.

"Don't know," said Dick. "I've been trying to make myself angry, but I can't, von're so abominably reasonable. There will be a row on Dickenson's Weekly, I faney. "Why the Dickenson do you want to

give that thing out as your work?

down, thinking rats were about.

Dickenson's Weekly."

rork on a weekly paper? It's slow bleeding of power." "It brings i "It brings in the very desirable dollars, said Dick, his hands in his pockets.

Torpenhow watched him with large con-empt. "Why, I thought it was a man!" empt. aid he. "It's a child. "No, it isn't," said Dick, wheeling

uickly. "You've no notion what the certainty of cash means to a man who has always wanted it badly. Nothing will pay me for some of my life's joys; on that Chinese pig-boat, for instance, when we ate bread and jam for every meal, because Ho-Wang wouldn't allow us anything better, and it all tasted of pig-Chinese pig. I've worked for this, I've sweated and I'v starved for this, line on line and month atter month. And now I've got it I am going to make the most of it while it lasts. Let them

pay. They've no knowledge." "What does Your Majesty please to want? all. You can't smoke more than you do; you

won't drink: you're a gross feeder: and you dress in the dark, by the look of you. You wouldn't keep a horse the other day when I suggested, because, you said, it might fall lame, and whenever you cross the street you take a hansom. Even you are not foolish enough to suppose that the-

aters and all the live things you can buy thereabouts mean Life. What earthly need have you for money?" "It's there, bless its golden heart," said

Dick. "It's there all the time. Providence has sent me nuts while I have teeth to crack 'em with. I haven't yet found the nut I wish to crack, but I'm keeping the teeth filed. Perhaps some day you and I will go for a walk round the wide earth."

mer, and I live in London in the winter. I'm a householder. "With no work to do, nobody to worr "Do you sell much?" us, and nobody to compete with? You would "Now and again, but not often. There is be unfit to speak in a week. Besides, my 'bus. I must take it or lose half an shouldn't go. I don't care to profit by the hour. Good-by, Dick." "Goodby, Maisie. Won't you tell where

price of a man's soul-for that's what it would mean. Dick, it's no use arguing. You're a fool." "Don't see it. When I was on that

Chinese pig-boat, our captain got enormous credit for saving about 25,000 very sea-sick is no working light. I walk from the marble arch down and back sgain; that is my little excursion. But of course I shall see you again." She stepped into the omlittle pigs, when our old tramp of a steamer fell foul of a timber-junk. Now, taking those pigs as a parallel----"

"Oh, confound your parallels! Whennibus and was swallowed up by the fog. ever I try to improve your soul, you always drag in some irrelevant anecdote from your very shady past. Pigs aren't the British public. Credit on the high seas isn't credit here, and self-respect is self-respect all the ing the phrase with awful gravity. world over. Go out for a walk and try to "You'll be more damned when I've done with you," said the Nalghai, upheaving his catch some self-respect. And, I say, if the Nilghai comes up this evening can I show bulk from behind Torpenhow's shoulders and waving a sheaf of half dry manuscript.

him your diggings?" "Surely. You'll be asking whether you must knock at my door, next." And Dick departed, to take counsel with himself in

the rapidly-gathering London fog. Half an hour after he had left, the Nilgha labored up the staircase. He was the chiefest as he was the hugest of the war correspondents, and his experiences dated from the birth of the needle-gun. Saving only his ally, Kenue the Great War Eagle, there was no man mightier in the craft than he, and he always opened his conversation with

the news that there would be trouble in the Balkans in the spring. Torpenhow laughed as he entered. "Never mind the trouble in the Balkans

Those little states are always screeching. You've heard about Dick's luck?" "Yes; he has been called up to notoriety, hasn't he? I hope you keep him properly humble. He wants suppressing from time

to time."

ate purpose of winning the easy applause of a fashion-driven public ----- "" "He does. He's beginning to take liber-

labor expen

shipped West, says a dealer in the St. Louis the least under its own command, Dick, advancing, said, "Halloo!" after the manner of school boys, and Maisie answered, "Oh, on the white paper out here and on the books back East. This is done constantly, and before the brain newly released from and the reason is singular.

considerations of the cash balance had time You can buy book paper of various grades 20 to 25 per cent cheaper for the Western than for the Eastern market, owing to the to dictate to the nerves, every pulse of Dick's body throbbed furiously and his palate drie in his mouth. The log shut down again. great competition. Hence, paper is deliv-ered in St. Louis cheaper than to a wareit. No word was spoken, but Dick fell into house five miles from the mill. Printing here is cheaper than in the East, and thrifty step at her side, and the two paced the empublishers save thousands a year by their patronage of our printing houses. St. Louis bankment together, keeping the step as perfectly as in their afternoon excursions to the mud flats. Then Dick, a little hoarsely: has nothing to complain of in the matter but the long round trip of first the paper

"What has happened to Amomma?" "He died, Dick. Not cartridges; overand then the books is remarkable, and shows eating. He was always greedy. Isn't it how competition affects and benefits trade. "Yes. No. Do you mean Amomma?"

TO CRACK IRISH SKULLS. A South Sea Club Presented to Caddell With "Over there." Dick pointed eastward an Ironical Inscription.

A present to Colonel Caddell. This is the meaning of the accompanying sketch. The little fancy article of which it gives a repre-"I paint a great deal. That's all I have sentation is the South Sea Islander's idea of

law and order in the concrete. If you are to have batoning in the cause of civil order, you may just

as well do it with the best weapons that can be got, and it is clear that in this respect the simple South Sea Islander is miles ahead of the Irish Executive. So thinks the City Parliament (a Phonix society which has arisen out of the ashes of Cogers' Hall), has accordingly by formal vote presented this redoutable weapon to Colonel Caddell and his minions. So Mr. O'Phe-

wealth in England create a large leisure class, and their easy way of living finds its lan, the president of the Parliament, infofms us. reflex to a greater or less extent in the very humblest. No nobleman or millionaire is and that is why he call-d round to have its portrait taken. But have you no Tories in the City Parliament?" "To be sure, we have: but they are consist-fellows, like the bold Balfour him-

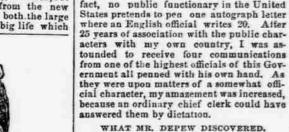
self. So they took up the challenge, and voted for the presentation with the best Liberals among us. A very good thing, they say, that the forces of order in Ireland should have such a bludgeon at their dis-posal. So here it is, and this very day off it goes to Colonel Caddell at Tipperary." The club is a real specimen brought home by a traveler; it is about two feet and a half long, of a reddish-colored wood, hard, light and handy; and the handle is studded with the proud marks which number cracked skulls. None of that "sticking plaster non-sense," which curls the lip of Mr. Balfour, after a knock with this toy! On a German silver plate runs the following inscription: "Presented by the City Parliament, Salisbury Court, Fleetstreet, through Colonel Caddell

pot-boilers in your studio. They are simply disgraceful." "Oho! that's it, is it? If you think you to the Irish civil police in Tipperary, for future use to squelch all malcontents who future use to squeich all malcontents who dare to hold public meetings, and thus bore can slate me, you're wrong. You can only describe, and you need as much room to turp in, on paper, as a P. & O. cargo boat. But Floreat fortissimus Baltour." continue, and beswift. I'm going to bed." "H'ml h'm! h'ml The first purt only deals with your pictures. Here's the peroration: 'For work done without con-

Why He Indulged. loston Herald.]

ebriate)-Tell me, now, why do you drink rum?

wo thoroughbred gentlemen, but shipped West, says a dealer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Hence freight was paid country, who fills to the full both the large and small conditions of the big life whi



Mr. Depew discovered all these things

without a map and that was why he put his legs under the mahogany of the Prince and enjoyed his society. Mr. Depew was free, after his first, second or third sitting with the Prince to say that he was very familiar with American institutions and had a deided partiality for the country that spoke the same tongue as his own. It is probable that Mr. Depew was not a particle aston-ished to find that the Prince did not regard our people as a nation of boors and rowdies, although it is somewhat remarkable that he did not, after the manner in which they have talked and written shout him. But the great lawyer has rubbed up against men

long enough to discover that no man wins and keeps a big place in the world's affairs without he has some elements of sterling erit to entitle him to his holding. surrounds him, commends the able man The orator, statesman, financier and ex-ecutive officer of our country was both surprised and delighted to meet at the Prince'

table Sir Charles Russell, the most brilliant advocate and lawyer in all England, but an ardent Irish Home Ruler, and several other gentiemen equally cross-grained, or cross-opinioned as to the present policy of the Government.

DOESN'T HAPPEN IN AMERICA. In the heated condition of politics in this country where party lines are so often, if not so generally, marked by social animositics, it does seem a little strange to find incongruous elements at the royal hese

table. But Mr. Depew very soon discov-ered, as he said, that the Prince of Wales was shrewd in keeping in touch with these elements of opposition and while being in perfect harmony in social life, making his position with them one of pleasure, and, perhaps, of substantial profit to himself ercalter, when he may come to the head o affairs, and broaden his sphere of useful ness.

nore exacting in his demands for pleasur A far less able man than the President of and holiday rights than the peasant and the New York Central Railroad would dis artisan. From the prince to the street arab every class studies all sorts of sports, and cover in this the evidence that the Queen's ldest son was something more than a takes an interest in them, if they cannot afford to take part in them, and they look thoughtless sportsman, as we have been taught to regard him, even if he had no other evicdnce of his intellectual gifts. If it were not difficult to approach an

Englishman for his opinion about an Amer-

A BLOTTER OF PARIS.

Ordinary Paper Affairs.

upon a winner in any game with more ad miration than upon gold. A VERY HAPPY PEOPLE.

ican, it would be interesting to know just Royalty gets little more out of this than the workman, for all classes here will take their share of pleasure, which is a large one, how Mr. Denew struck the people in his own profession. But as one of them was heard and despite the talk we hear at home abo o remark not long after their meeting. "What a royal chap that American is," it oppression, etc., there is no country on the ice of the earth that I have ever see is fair to assume to an in their game. Iong way in their game. FRANK A. BURR. is fair to assume that they regard him as a so much is done for the care, protection and pleasure of the common people as in Great Britain. In this the Prince of Wales has been a very prominent factor, as Mr. Depen very soon observed, and he also readily saw It Absorbs Ink and Works as Well as the that it is not the few in this country that have all the chance, but the many also have their share in the game of this life. That is A down-town lawyer has a friend who why London is always deserted from Saturworks in plaster of paris, and through him day until Monday, and you cannot get : day until Monday, and you cannot get a meal of victuals at any restaurant in town until after 6 o'clock Sunday evening. The big hotels make a bluff at feeding people, but it is a poor attempt and only Americans has become possessed of a very serviceable blotter and paper weight combined, says the New York Times. It is simply a plaster brick, 4 or 5 inches long, 3 inches wide and 14 an inch thick. The plaster absorbs ink readily, and does not blot. If, when the

Mr. Depew also uttered a very important truth when he said that "the Prince of Wales was the busiest man in England." Ever since he reached his majority he has been the most careful in observing his pub-tic during. brick is being made and is still solt, an or-dinary knob with a screw end is worked into it, there is provided a neat handle by which to lift it. lie duties.

NEVER DISAPPOINTS THE PROPLE. If his presence is asked at a Sunday school Or using the three rows-21141456 4233 96684468

arranged groups of figures, thus:

To add still further elements of mystery and contusion, what Bacon terms "nulls and insignificants" were inserted-that is, certain figures or groups of figures were employed to fill the break between words, as 10, 55, 29, etc. With these added the example just given would read:

211414561042335590084468

A more useful device was that of "repeat ers," special numbers employed to denote the repetition of a preceding letter. In the best system of this kind two or more "re-peaters" are employed to indicate the repetition of the letter the "repeater" immedi ately follows, and two or more to indicate the repetition of the letter preceding that Giving the same example once more in thus way we have:

211487561042205506684477

It will be seen 87 repeats the preceding letter and 77 the letter before the preceding

An entirely different class of cypher is that in which the words of a message are simply transposed, thus, the words

1 2 3 4 5 6 Send message captain not to come. If read in the order of 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 6, would make:

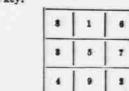
Captain not to send message. Come.

And will yield several other meanings, ac cording to the order in which the words are taken.

A similar method is to write the required words in a magic square:

K	ing	5		this
a	80			iphe
	41		c	harle

Here again several different readings can obtained, the correct one being found by the key:



With a 25 square the difficulty of discovering the key, and therefore of decipher-ment, would of course be immeasurably increased.

Many other devices have been tried, and are even now in use, but they almost all fol-low the same general plan, though some-times, as in the "Dictionary" cipher, they are so cumbrously worked out as to have little resemblance to their originals. Almost all can, however, be solved by the same methods, the great aid of the crystographist being the careful observance of the repeti-tion of letters or symbols for letters.

The ciphers used in business are usually more or less technical. A single word is used to represent a phrase. For instance, "fleet" might stand for "barrels of flour." "door" for "boxes of matches," and so on. The single words are arranged alphabetically, with the phrases which they represent following each. The receiver of a cipher message runs down the alphabetical list until he finds the words in the cipher message and from them constructs the real message the sender intended.

A Lunatie !

Chicago Interior, 1

When a loon sees anything bright-s red scarf or a looking glass or a lantern at night -he swims toward it and wants it. He could not do anything with it if he had it, only to spoil it-but he wants it all the same.

A BIG bonanza for the druggists is Salva-tion Oil, for they sell lots of it. Kills pain.

us with their famine and other grievances.

Temperance preacher (to confirmed in

next the throne in the old for standing strong on his feet and meeting all the weighty as well as lighter obligations that are constantly crowded upon him. ENGLAND LOVES A SPORTSMAN. Mr. Depew does not run horses, follow the hounds, shoot grouse, and take part in the healthful out of doors sports of which the Prince of Wales is fond, and which have given him the reputation with us of being only a frivolous, fielicking sprig of royalty,

yet he says he saw in all this, only an endea or to meet the demands of his people. It did not take half a dozen visits by this thought and the City Parliament ful observer to ascertain that this is a nation of sportsmen, and that the very penchants which hold the Prince up to criticism in America make him loved among his people, who see in him the ideal of their best con-The wonderful stores of accumulated