rets better treatment from us than he would

entitled to this consideration, and I feel that where it is withheld by any Southern white

it is a violation of a moral responsibility.

As during slavery days there were kind and brutal masters, so in these times there are those who probably do not treat the negro as well as they should. But the free negro has the same remedy of the Northern laborer. The fact that a man is free, however, does not make him independent any more in the South than in the North. When

people have to lean on each other they can't be very far apart.

FREE LABOR THE CHEAPER.

"It used to cost us just before the war about \$800 apiece for slaves and we had to

own four or five slaves to possess one able-bodied man. For less than the interest upon this investment we can now hire an able-bodied laborer and have no risk of loss

operated slaves. There are children of my former slaves working for us in South Caro-

and managed a furnace for us for 20 years,

while other slaves were hammermen, pud-dlers, rollingmill hands, machinists and blacksmiths. Some of them are at work

"It is a fact, sir, that if it were possible

slavery wouldn't get the vote of a

CHARLES T. MURRAY.

to submit the question of slavery or anti-slavery to the former slave-holding States

corporal's guard of former owners. The man who would have predicted this some

years ago I should have considered a fool or

SOME HINTS FOR PRESENTS.

This Reads Like a Fairy Tale Pointed With

a Practical Moral.

Dick Harduppe tries to look jolly, but

his "Merry Christmas" has a hollow sound,

and his anxious face looks more worn than

ever, as he gives his wife the gold bracelet

which he has pinched himself six months to

Her bright looks and happy smile grate

upon him, somehow, and he really feels re-

lieved when she doesn't hand him a present

in return, for he's been wondering how he

could pay for it and also buy the winter's

He is growing almost cheerful when a slip

of paper, familiar in shape and color, catches his eye by his plate. He defers looking at it as long as possi-

ble, and thinks a little hardly of Milly for

not having kept it till next day.

At last he glances at it, and with an inar-

ticulate word, falls from his chair in a dead

It is a receipted bill, for coal enough to

But joy is seldom "the fell destroyer,"

Milly's bright eyes have a hint of tears in them, as she tells how she earned the money

by a long siege of scribbling at stories poems and jokes, on the ever fruitful is

somewhat-frayed-at-the-edges@topic of bills coming in on January 1 for the husband's

DRAWBACKS OF THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Reasons Why Farmers Should Avoid Ac

counts and How to Do It.

An exchange speaks of the comparative

thing about the bare fact of paying out

hard-earned dollars that makes one pause

essary one." There is another point too.

worth considering from the buyer's stand-

store accounts, as a single crop failure is liable to make such a debt become very

burdensome. It ready money is not obtainable the store account can often be

avoided by growing something which car

be exchanged through the season for such

things as must be bought. A little space and time devoted to fruit or vegetables, chickens, bees, etc., will often prove of

money derived from the sale of the products,

by enabling one to avoid a debt. These

things may be exchanged at the store each

week, in small quantities, answering the same purpose as cash. A "one crop" farmer is almost always in debt for three-

fourths of the year. By a little attention to

small matters of this sort he would be in a

much more independent position, and eventually find more profit in his work,

AS BETWEEN YOUTH AND AGE.

uggestive Illustrations Drawn From Glad-

stone and Kipling.

The Boston Globe thinks that with Kip-

ling writing himself into fame at 24, and

Gladstone doing the work of a statesman at

Kipling has wisely decided that when a

man feels impelled to write he cannot be too

young for the work. He should go ahead

and do his level best. Gladstone is equally

wise in deciding that it is unnecessary for him to seek repose when he feels capable of making his best efforts. Both are right. There is no sense in

standing back until middle age, preparing

years later on account of eld age. Kipling lives with older men, and Gladstone asso-

ciates with younger men. These two live in the happy middle ground between youth

and age, and they cannot be measured by the summers and winters that have passed

A brainy, healthy man can do his best

work in the sphere for which he is fitted early in life, and also when he is in his

eighties. Such a man, when he lives rightly

is never too young and never too old, so far as his intellectual faculties are concerned.

The question to ask about a man is not, How old is he? but, What can he do?

A PREFERENCE FOR MUSCLE.

Football Cadets Are Those Chosen by Ad-

miral Luce for Fighters.

Admiral Luce declared at West Point a

week ago, says the New York Times, that

the cadets composing the football teams of Annapolis and West Point were his choice

for officers when going into action. The

Admiral inquired concerning the relative

standing of the members of the two teams,

and in almost the same breath added; "Never mind where they stand; those are the

men I want in time of action.

for a career, only to retire from it

over their heads.

The Atlanta Constitution.

much more value than the mere am

last them the whole winter.

and he is soon revived.

Munsey's Weekly.]

It is the 25th of December.

As during slavery days there were kind and

"Now we mustn't listen. Here's an island shouting across seas of misunderstanding with a vengeance. But it's shouting truth,

I taney," said Torpenhow.

The bubble continued. It all bore upon Maisie. Sometimes Dick lectured at length on his craft, then he cursed himself for his tolly in being enslaved. He pleaded to Maisie for a kiss—only one kiss—before she went sway. He called to her to come back from Vitry-sur-Marne, if she would; but through all his ravings he bade heaven and earth witness that the queen could do no thin.

learned every detail of Dick's life that had been hidden from him. For three days Dick raved through his past, and then slept a natural sleep. "What a strain he has been running under, poor chap!" said Torpenhow. "Dick, of all men, handing himselt over like a dog! And I was lecturing him on arrogance! I ought to have known that on arrogance! I ought to have known that it was no use to judge a man. But I did it. What a demon that girl must be! Dick's given her his life-confound him!-and she's given him one kiss, apparently."

"Torp," said Dick from the bed, "go out for a walk. You've been here too long. I'll get up. Hi! This is annoving. I can't dress myselt. Oh, it's too absurd."

Torpenhow helped him into his clothes against the stove, and this suggested to him that it would be better to crawl on all-jours. one hand in front of him. Torpenhow found him on the floor.

"I'm trying to get the geography of my new possessions," said he. "D'you remember that nigger you gouged in the square? Pity you didn't keep the odd eye. It would have been useful. Any letters for me? Give me all the ones in fat gray envelopes with a sort of crown thing outside. They are of no importance."

Torpenhow gave him a letter with a black M. on the envelope-flap. Dick put it into his pocket. There was nothing in it that Torpenhow might not have read, but it belonged to himself and to Maisie, who would never belong to him.

"When she finds that I don't write, she'll stop writing. It's better so, I couldn't be any use to her now," Dick argued, and the tempter suggested that he should make known his condition. Every nerve in him revolted. "I have fallen low enough atready. I'm not going to beg for pity. Be-side, it would be cruel to her." He strove put Maisie out of his thoughts; but the blind have many opportunities for thinking, and as the tides of his strength came back to him in the long employless days of dead darkness, Dick's soul was troubled to the core. Another letter, and another, came from Maisie. Then there was silence, and Dick sat by the window with the pulse of summer in the air, and pictured her being won by another man, stronger than himself. His imagination, the keener for the dark background it worked against, spared him no single detail that might send him raging up and down the studio, to stumble over the stove, that seemed to be in four places at once. Worst of all, tobacco would not taste in the dark. The arrogance of the man had disappeared, and in its place was settled despair that Torpenhow knew, and blind passion that Dick confided to his pillow at night. The intervals between the paroxysms were filled with intolerable wailing and the weight of intolerable darkness. 'Come out into the park," said Torpen-"You haven't stirred out since the

beginning of things."
"What's the use? There's no movement in the dark; and, besides,"—he paused ir-resolutely at the head of the stairs—"something will run over me."

'Not if I'm with you. Proceed gin-

The roar of the streets filled Dick with nervous terror, and he clung to Torpenhow's arm. "Fancy having to feel for a gutter with your toot," he said petulantly, as he turned into the park. "Let's curse "Sentries are forbidden to pay unauthor-

ized compliments. By Jove, there are the Dick's figure straightened. "Let's get pear 'em. Let's go in and look. Let's get

on the grass and run. I can smell the "Mind the low railing. That's all right!" Torpenhow kicked out a tuft of grass with is heel. "Smell that," he said. "Isu't good?" Dick snuffed luxpriously. "Now up your feet and run." They approached as near to the regiment as was cossible. The clank of bayonets being un-

fixed made Dick's nostrils quiver. 'Let's get nearer. They're in column, aren't they 'Yes. How did you know?"

"Pelt it. Oh, my men!-my beautiful sen!" He edged forward as though he could see. "I could draw those chaps once. Who'll draw 'em now?" "They'll move off in a minute. Don't

jump when the band begins." "Huld I'm not a new charger. It's the silences that hurt, Nearer Torp!-nearer! Oh, my God, what wouldn't I give to see 'em for a minute!—one-half minute!" He could bear the armed life almost with-

heaved the big drum from the ground.
"Streks crossed above his head," whispered Torpenhow. "I know. I know! Who should know if

The drumsticks fell with a boom, and the gone," men swung forward to the crash of the band. Dick telt the wind of the massed movement in his face, heard the maddening tramp of feet and the friction of the pouches on the belts. The big dram pounded out the tune. It was a music hall reirain that made a per-

fect quickstep: He must be a man of decent height, He must be a man of decent height,
He must be a man of weight,
He must come home on a Saturday night
In a thoroughly sober state;
He must know how to love me,
And he must know how to kiss;
And if he's enough to keep us both
I can't refuse him bliss.

"What's the matter?" said Torpenhow, as he saw Dick's head fall when the last of the regiment had departed. "Nothing. I feel a little bit out of the running-that's all. Torp, take me back.

Why did you bring me out?" The Nilghai was angry with Torpenhow that night. Dick had been sent to bed-blind men are ever under the orders of those who can see-and since he had returned m the park had fluently cursed Torpenhow because he was alive, and all the world | double gold medalist at the national combecause it was alive and could see, while he (Dick) was dead in the death of the blind, who, at the best, are only burdens upon their associates. Torpenhow had said something about a Mrs. Gummidge, and Dick had retired in a black tury to handle and renandle three unopened letters from Maisie. The Nilghai, fat, burly and aggressive, was in Torpenhow's rooms. Behind him sat the Keneu, the Great War Eagle, and be-

tween them lay a large map embellished with black and white-headed pins. "I was wrong about the Balkans," said the Nilghai. "But I'm not wrong about this business. The whole of our work in the Southern Soudan must be done over again. The public doesn't care, of course, but the Government does, and they are making

their arrangements quietly. You know that as well as I do." "I remember how the people cursed us when our troops withdrew from Omdurman.

It was bound to crop up sconer or later.
But I can't go," said Torpenhow. He
pointed through the open door; it was a hot
night. "Can you blame me?"
The Keneu pured above his pipe like a

petition examination under the Interme-

commonly good of you, and all the rest of it, but every man-even you, Torp-must consider his work. I know it sounds brutal, but Dick's out of the race—down—gastados, ogy, and in 1889 she took the degree of LL. expended, finished, done for. He has expended, Bhisned, done lor. He has a little money of his own. He won't starve, and you can't pull out of your slide for his Think of your own reputation."

and yours put together. everything he did. It's all ended now. gree of LL D.

move out. You can command your own prices, and you do better work than any three of us." obstingey. My right hand, if it would You must hold yourself in readiness to

"Don't tell me how tempting it is. I'll stay here to look after Dick for a while. He's as cheerful as a bear with a sore head, but I think he likes to have me about The Nilghai said something uncomplimentary on soft-headed fools who throw

"There remains a third fate," said the

Torpe now nodded forgiveness. "You were more sorry when he cut you out, though. Go on, Keneu."
"I've often thought, when I've seen men die out in the desert, that if the news could be sent through the world, and the means of

transport were quick enough, there would be one woman at least at each man's bed-

"There would be some mighty quaint Torpenhow helped him into his clothes and led him to the big chair in the studio. He satquietly waiting under strained nerves for the darkness to lift. It did not lift that day, or the next. Dick adventured on a Torp's three-cornered ministrations are exday, or the next. Dick adventured on a Torp's three-cornered ministrations are exvoyage around the walls. He hit his shins actly what Dick needs just now. What do you think yourself, Torn?

"I know they aren't. But what can I do?"
"Lay the matter before the board. We are all Dick's triends here. You've been most in his life. "But I picked it up when he was off his head."

"The greater chance of its being true. I thought we should arrive. Who is she?"
Then Torpechow told a tale in plain words, as a special correspondent who knows how to make a verbal precis should tell it. The men listened without interruption. "Is it possible that a man can come back across the years to his calf-love?" said the

ceneu. "Is it possible?"
"I give the facts. He says nothing about it now, but he sits fumbling three letters from her when he thinks I'm not looking. What am I to do?" "Speak to him," said the Nilghai.

"On, yes! Write to her—I don't know her full name, remember,—and ask her to accept him out of pity. I believe you once told Dick you were sorry for him, Nilghai. You remember what happened, eh? Go into the bedroom and suggest tull confession and an appeal to this Maisie cirl, who-ever she is. I honestly believe he'd try to kill you; and the blindness has made him rather muscular."

"Torpenhow's course is perfectly clear," said the Keneu. "He will go to Vitry-sur-Marne, which is on the Bezieres-Lances Railway-single track from Tourgas. The Prussians shelled it out in '70 because there was a poplar on the top of a hill 1,800 yards from the church spire. There's a squadron of cavalry quartered there—or ought to be. Where this studio Torp spoke about may be I cannot tell. That is Torp's business. I have given him his route. He will dispassionately explain the situation to the girl, and she will come back to Dick,—the more especially because, to use Dick's words, 'there is nothing but her --- obstinacy to keep them apart.'"

"And they have £420 a year between 'em. Dick never lost his head for figures, even in in his delirium. You haven't the shadow of an excuse for not going, said the Nilghai. Torpenhow looked very uncomfortable. "But it's absurd and impossible. I can't drag her back by the hair."

"Our business-the business for which we draw our money-is to do absurb and impossible things—generally with no reason whatever except to amuse the public. Here we have a reason. The rest doesn't matter. I shall share these rooms with the Nilghai till Torpenhow returns. There will be a batch f unbridle l'specials' coming to town in a little while, and these will serve as their headquarters. Another reason for sending Torpephow away. Thus Provides helps those who helps others, and he the Kenen abandoned his measured speach— "we can't have you tied by the leg to Dick when the trouble begins. It's your only chance of getting away; and Dick will be grateful.

try. I can't conceive a woman in her senses refusing Dick."
"Talk that out with the girl. I have

seen you wheedle an angry Madieh wom-an into giving you dates. This won't be a tithe as difficult. You had better not here to-morrow afternoon, because the Nilghai and I will be in possession. It is an order. Obey."
"Dick," said Torpenhow next morning,

'can I do anything for you?" "No! Leave me alone. How often must I remind you I'm blind?" "Nothing that I could go for to fetch, for to earry, for to bring?" Take those infernal creaking boots

of yours away.' "Poor chap!" said Torpenhow to himself. "I must have been sitting on his nerves lately. He wants a lighter step." Then, aloud, "Very well. Since you're so inde-pendent, I'm going off for four or five days. Say goodby at least. The housekeeper will in reach of him, could hear the slings look after you, and Keneu has my rooms."

Dick's face tell. "You won't be longer than a week at the outside? I know I'm touched in the temper, but I can't get on without you.

"Can't you? You'll have to do without me in a little time, and you'll be glad I'm

[ To be continued next week. ]

To Newspaper Workers. Henry W. Sage, the great lumber merchant, once said to a reporter of the Sun: "I am considered a millionaire. [He is a tenmillionaire, be the way.] I don't know what I am worth, but I do know that if I could find 50 men who would work for me with the enthusiasm, persistence and sagacity with which you men work for the Sun I would be worth ten times as much as is to my credit to-day.'

## A WOMAN OF ATTAINMENTS.

mething About the Lady Who Has Taken the Degree of LL. D. at Dublin. This lady who has just taken the high degree of LL.D. at Dublin University, was educated at the Methodist College, Belfast. She was premier student of Ireland, and



large and very happy cut.

"Dou't blame you in the least. It's unwith honors in modern languages. In 1888 she took the degree of B. A. in national B. There is only one other woman holding the distinguished degree of LL. D.—Miss Walkington, also of Belfast, and it is to her influence and example that Miss Gray "Dick's was five times bigger than mine attributes her determination to continue in her scholaristic career, which has now been "That was because he signed his name to rewarded with so high an honor as the de-

Gen. John L. Black, of South Carolina, Says the South Owes the North a Debt of Gratitude

away their careers for other fools. Torpen-how flushed angrily. The constant strain of attendance on Dick had worn his nerves FOR RESISTING AT FORT SUMTER

> Proposition to Re-Establish Slavery Would be Overwhelmingly Defeated by the Voters of Dixie.

THE RESOURCES BEING DEVELOPED.

Falk With the Son of a Pennsylvania Iren Master Wh

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, Dec. 13 .- "My dear sir, we really owe the North a debt of gratitude for

Fought With the Gray.

the late war." The speaker was General John L. Black, of South Carolina, a man of huge frame that pears half a dozen scars from Federal bullets, of bushy iron gray hair and beard, and keen eyes deeply set beneath heavily fringed, overhanging brows. General Black was a West Pointer living on his South Carolina plantation at the breaking out of the war. He is a relative of the celebrated Blacks, of Pennsylvania, and his father was born in Laucuster. He is now largely interested in the development of the mineral resources of his State, and divides his business time between the iron field near Blacksburg, S. C., and New York and Boston. Blacksburg is already styled "the Iron City," and ore is now being shipped from there to Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Chicago and other large manufacturing cities in such quantities and or such quality as to challenge the attention of producer and consumer everywhere.

THE OLD SOUTH WAS DEAD. "But for the war we should have been still buried in our own ignorance and self-conceit," he continued, "and our splendid resources would probably have remained

unknown, at least undeveloped.
"Of course, as a Southerner, an owner of slaves and a Contederate soldier who had cast his fortunes with his native State and rode into the battle of Gettysburg to lay down his life, if necessary, for a principle, I didn't always think as I now do," he laughingly added; "but time brings many changes, and the changes time has wrought in the South have been for her betterment and for the prosperity of her people.
"I am the son of a Pennsylvania iron

master, who built the first blast furnace of any size in my section as far back as 1827 and the first mill that ever rolled iron south of the Potomac in 1832, and these old plants can be seen there to-day. As well known as the existence of this mineral belt was years ago, it is but recently that capital has ought investment there and began the regation of facilities for the successful working of the mines and getting the ore to market. We can now feed a furnace with Bessemer ore and limestone at a cost of fess than \$5 per ton (of output per ton 2,268 pounds), and coke can be had at such rates as would put the cost of Bessemer pig at likely under \$10, certainly under \$12 per ton, while we can produce iron to compete with any section of the Union, quality con-

FROM A COMMERCIAL STANDPOINT. "You think the results of the war stimulated industries of this nature in the

"Yes, sir. The war was a terrible thing, as war always is. It brought mourning and desolution to many a hearthstone North and South, and to us it brought ruin and misery. But while this is true it is also true that the final result of the strife was to make us one great people. It not only doubled the resources of the North, but it created resources in the South which never existed, even in the imagination, and extended those we naturally had to a point of which we had never dreamed. As an ex-slaveholder who would | and consider whether the purchase is a nechave died to retain that institution, I say now in a commercial sense alone that the abolition of slavery was the greatest benefit the South ever received. This only as a result, not as respects the right or wrong of the motive or method by which the result was produced. Aside from the struggle itself and from the bitter legislative period of reconstruction days and the politial persecution which has spasmodically visited us, we must now grasp the grand results which we are now enjoying and acknowledge the inestimable benefits that have accrued to our people and section. When I travel through New England and through other States of the North, I realize the folly of an agricultural people attempting to cope successfully with a manufactur-

"Does the new prosperity of the South extend beyond the creation and increase of her

EFFECT ON AGRICULTURE. "Most assuredly. For that matter you cannot create and develop manufacturing and mining interests without stimulating the agricultural interests, unjust and un-equal laws to the contrary notwithstanding. We are raising more cotton and of a better quality, and get a better price for it than ever before in this history of the South; and the same may be said of grain and garden products. Now, the land was there beforeo was the climate, and so were the veins of coal and iron ore that underlie the whole. It is the development of these resources that has brough prosperity—a development practi-cally impossible under the conditions of the

South before the war,
"You would be surprised, if you were familiar with those conditions, to note the improved state of farm lands. The mateprosperity of the South is still chiefly in her agricultural resources. But improved labor- ree labor-the rehabilitation of exhausted lands by systematic fertilization, have not only greatly increased the average yield per scre, but have doubled the value of the land itself. The immense phosphate beds, nature's storehouse, have contributed to this. But they also were there before. The great underlying motive power is the strong self-reliance wrought out of sore adversity and stimulated ecessity—the relief from the incubus of Our people have simply cast traditional sentiment aside and gone to work,

every fellow for himself.
"We are not politically or socially perfected, and never will be. The growlers and kickers are not all dead yet, and never will be. The drawbacks of old political hucksters and unconscionable demagognes flict us the same as they do you in the North. But we are on the right road, are making good time and will get there, as the saying goes, with all of our feet. We would get there more quickly and satisfactorily if there were no politicians to mag

and goad us at every step. STATUS OF THE NEGRO.

"The negro? He is doing well, and, like the rest of us, will do better if he is let alone. The negro is as necessary to us as we are to him. That expresses the whole situation. He is doing his duty to himself and his tamily-is earning an honest living and creating homes and laying up material wealth for himself and his children. In helping him to do this we help ourselves. He is in the full enjoyment of his liberty, and, as a rule, full enjoyment of his liberty, and, as a rule, the makes good use of it. This is quite as much as anybody cen truthfully say of the white laboring class in the North. I hear very frequently up North that the negro with us is down-trodden and oppressed, and all that sort of thing, but if such is the case he is ignorant of it, and on the whole rather the same time athletes, but such officers are from him at home. As a laborer he has no equal for patient industry and stubborn encounted in the durance. It is to our best interests to give him a chance to prosper, found a home and become rooted to the soil; and he naturally

IN LONDON'S TOWER

gets better treatment from us than he would receive in the North.

"He is neither starving nor tramping. He can confidently look for, and actually receives, more favors at the hands of the men who once owned him than the poor white laborer in the North can expect or get from his employers. I do not mean this comparison in an invidious sense. He is The Prince of Wales Will Ensconce His Son Albert Victor.

BUCKINGBAM TOO NEAR GRANDMA.

Ghosts in the Ancient Portress and Changes Contemplated.

THE STEP WILL BE A POPULAR ONE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH . LONDON, Dec. 4 .- A thrilling rumor has lately been agitating east and west to the effect that the disused and historic Tower of London is to be converted once more into a royal palace of residence, and that no less a personage that Prince Albert Victor is to be made its governor in place of Lord Napier, of Magdala. It is known that for some time past th

by sickness and death. So, you see, we are benefited as well as the negro. But free labor is in itself more valuable to the employer. I have owned slaves and now employ a large body of negroes, and my experience is that of everybody else who has negroted playes. There are children of Prince of Wales has been looking about for a suitable residence for his eldest son whose marriage with the Princess Helene of Orleans is likely to take place at no distant date, provided that the Pope sees fit to smooth away the religious difficulties which lina to-day, and they are better men and better workmen than were their futhers before them. Yet my father's old slave, Jack Richards, who lies buried near my home, ran London suitable for a royal Prince to in-



St. Peter's Chapel-Place of Execution. habit, and of there are only unoccupied St James' Palace, which, it is probable, the Duke of Connaught will eventually be given, and Buckingham Palace.

TO HAVE HIS OWN WAY. This latter, however, is disliked by the Prince of Wales on account of the number of distinguished foreign royal personaces who are always lodged there. His eldest son shares his teeling in the matter and would pre er a residence in which he were lord and master and not a lodger or visitor of his august grandmother, as would be the case if he were allotted apartments in Buckingham Palsee. He might at any time be called upon by Queen Victoria to entertain the Shah of all the Persiaus or the King of Honolulu, and Albert Victor being a fastidious young man, great on the convention alities, does not care to run the risk of sit ting at the same table with a black monarch who eats in the primitive way employed by

sayages.

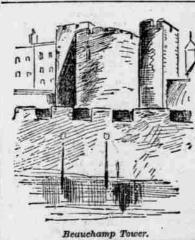
The idea of once more utilizing the Tower as a royal palace is said to have originated with the Prince of Wales and the sugges-Christmas present.
Who says now that it doesn't pay to tell tion immediately found favor with Prince Albert Victor who, with an astuteness with which the young gentleman is not usually credited, pointed out to his father what an enormous amount of popularity would be gained by such a step. A POPULAR LOCALITY.

In this argument the young Prince is per-

feetly right. "The tower is situated in the merits, from the merchant's standpoint, of Minories, one of the poorest parts of industrial East London; and should Prince Alsays: "Merchants know that the average man will buy more goods if he has an account than if he pays cash. There is something about the bare fact of paying out merits, from the merchant's standpoint, of count than if he pays cash. There is some-Socialism goes ahead at its present rate, Every coster, Bill Sykes and factory girl in East London would immediately cultivate a feeling of intense and passionate loyalty for the young Prince living among them.

point—a purchaser will not scrutinize the price so closely when buying on credit as when paying cash, and so often pays much more for an article.

Farmers, above all people, should avoid the accounts. Not that it is at all likely that our future king would go slumming on the strict Q. T., or that, like the old sultans of the "Arabian Nights," he would go about the city incognito after dusk, mingling with his prospec-tive subjects and listening to their grievances with a view of redressing them on the



Albert Victor has not shown himself possessed of any burning philanthropy or ardent desire to better the welfare of his 80, it would seem that our limitations upon routh and age are artificial and arbitrary. the Prince of Wales is perfectly well aware than even a semblance of London citizen-ship on the part of his heir would go a long way towerd creating content and pleasure in the minds of the mass of uneducated Londoners.

ITS SUITABILITY AS A PALACE. But apart from this tactical move on the part of the Prince of Wales, the Tower would really make a far more significant residence than the majority of the palaces, most of which are small, ill-built, illdrained, Marlborough House being especially bad in this respect. Of course the building would have to be thoroughly overhauled, as it has not been occupied by roy alty since the days of gay Charles II., but a whole army of the unemployed might be set to work upon it, which would be another popular move. The hideous building of the military stor department would be done away with and an

--10 -

art, and requires plenty of space in which to gyrate about comfortably. AMAN IS FAIR GAME.

Mothers Do the Hustling in

gland but Not Here.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

an abiding faith in the truth of the old saw

The old theory that marriages are made in

heaven, and tdat neither men nor women

can escape their destiny, avails but little

in practice, as judged by the match-makers

who are portrayed in the books. Hence the

"daughter shows," or debutante's balls, or "society auctions" for the promotion

of marriage. Amateur theatricals are brought into play, tennis parties serve good purpose, little dances to which only eligible men are invited are among the

most prominent maneuvers, but the clever chaperone has her head full of cunning de-

vices to further her plan of making a match between a young woman who must be dis-posed of and a man of means and position. But, as appears, this sort of marriageable

men is growing scarce and shy. They have to be drummed up and hunted out. Poor

men are not wanted and rich ones have no

is the proper thing, it is evident to the match-makers that men should not shirk

their solemn duty, but be made by hook or

crook to take their share in the responsibili-

in course of time develops, as did their mothers before them, into these cunning

chaperones and son-in-law hunting mothers. Eligible men seem to be very scarce in En-

glish society, or else they are getting too smart to be caught in the snares set for

them in the way of tempting entertainments

and flattering attentions. The talk about

marriage frighteus them. They shrink from exchanging their freedom for the monotonous round of matrimony. They are afraid of the blanks in the lottery. They

are most especially shy, it would appear,

when the prospective mother-in-law is too

SKILLFUL IN THE CHASE.

husband aided by what the schoolboy call

In these highways of advanced civiliza-

the days of barbarism, but by sheer force of finesse by the matchmaker who makes him

believe he is about to become the happiest

rse, the novels usually end at this point.

man alive when he walks up to the chancel

The illusion is kept up to the last that mar-

the chaperone in the background who frowns

upon younger sons, and promptly cuts all the Romeo and Juliet scenes off short—unless

Romeo has a suitable income, thinks more of the establishment than she does of love,

and takes the measure of a man's attentions

SOMETIMES THEY FALL IN LOVE.

price of their blind folly.

Maneuvering mothers who expend their capacity of brain and genius in planning to secure husbands for their daughters are

strict guardianship as are their British sis

ters. As a rule they may be said to manage their own bargains, and their mothers as

well. They hold themselves too high to em-

TO ENSNARE UNWARY BACHELORS.

Marriageable men are not so scarce in this

Marriageable iden are not so scarce in this country, that the time of women need be expended in the endeavor to find a chance to perform their mission in life, or to secure a permanent place within their sphere, by virtue of a husband. Mothers keep mostly in the background. They no more chase

tells me my life will be happier and brighter outside of marriage, which brings, at the best, much of sorrow and care. I tell her not to be alarmed—that the man I shall

be pretty close up to the top noteb. And if he should chance to full below, ne power on earth could compel me to live with him. I am independent—I can make my own liv-ing—and will call no man master. I have

no sort of use for the sort of love or duty which sternly tells a woman to 'Lie down on the floor and let your husband trample on you if he will.' No door-mat business for

marry, if he ever comes along, will have

with the closest calculation.

riages in England are made for love, but

HOW A WOMAN CHANGES.

ties of matrimony.

great desire to marry. But since marriage

that "proximity is the soul of love."

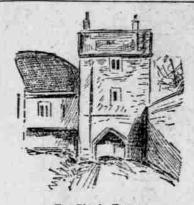
A PROCESSION ON THE THAMES. Should the young Prince decide on taking up his residence there we may look forward to the event being signalized by a grand water procession, which will recall the glories of Elizabeth's reign, when all the barges gaily draped with searlet sailed up Father Thames to the sound of sweet music and minstrels.

No intelligence has an extended the The Girl Who Wants a Husband and Sits Down to Wait for Him IS FOOLISH IN THIS DAY AND AGE.

Music and minstrels.

No intelligence has as yet reached the authorities at the Tower as to the proposed authorities at the warders or beel-caters change, but one of the warders or beel-eaters as they are called, told me that it is very

likely some alterations will shortly be seen there. Apropos of the White Tower it is AMERICAN WOMEN ARE INDEPENDENT not generally known that it is still haunte



The Bloody Tower by the ghost of the murdered Matilda Fitzby the ghost of the murdered Matilda Fitzwalter, which makes its appearance every
three or four years. Matilda, the Fair,
was a heantiful young lady beloved of King
John, but she would have nothing to say to
him. Thereupon the wicked John banished
her father and imprisoned her in the White
Tower, where some ill-fate befell her, the
exact nature of which is not known.

WHERE THE PRINCES DIED. At one time the Bloody Tower, where the little sons of Edward VI. were murde was said to have been haunted: but since it has been renovated and repaired the ap-paritions have disappeared, probably object-ing to the smell of paint and soap and water. The most interesting portion of the Tower, St. Peter's Chapel, has fortunately not fallen a victim to the modern restorer, and remains pretty much the same as it did in the days when it was the scene of the execution of the fair Anne Boleyn.

A curious old custom is still observed when the gates are locked at night by the

These daughters in English society are represented as modest, sensitive, shrinking little souls, who always do what "mamma" thinks best, but what seems strange to the reader is that these wild-violet and lily-of-the-valley girls are of the same variety that in course of time developer. Yeoman Porter, who is accompanied by a nilitary escort, and to whom the sentry cries: The Yeoman Porter answers: "The The sentry asks: "Whose keys?" and the

Yeoman Porter replies: "Queen Victoria's keys," the guard and the escort saluting the keys and the Yeoman Porter completing the ceremony, before taking the keys to the Queen's house, by saying in an audible voice: "God preserve Queen Victoria." MACLEOD. OYSTER JUICE IN THE EYE.

A Curious Disease Which is Contracted by To excuse themselves they dilate upon the the Oyster Shuckers. extravagance of women. They insist that every girl wants to live "in style," at least "The oyster-shucker's eye disease," says the Philadelphia Telegram, is the title given by the professional staff of the Presnothing less than that to which she has been accustomed. They urge that it is not their business to marry until their "fate" imposbyterian Eye and Ear Hospital, in Baltisible to resist appears. But the British more, to a fertile source of trouble affecting matron thinks that good husbands are a ne-cessity for nice English girls, and those who know the indomitable courage, the untiring persistence, the eternal vigilance of the a large number of patients at this season of the year. It is believed that the peculiar kind of ulceration of the eyeball which is managing mother, as she appears in English society, knows that she will have her way in the end. The old epitaph still known by this title, is caused by the juice of the cyster touching the cornea of an eje which has previously been slightly injured. The doctors at the institution say they can stands without an answer. tell exactly when the oyster season is at hand by the appearance of patients with this complaint within 24 hours after the opening of the packing establishments, and Where is the man who has the power and skill To stem the torrent of a woman's will? For if she will, she will you may depend on't; And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end they claim that this complaint disappears promptly with the close of the oyster sea on. The great art of match-making in England has grown so difficult, says an English

The shuckers come to the institution com-plaining that they had had their eyes hot by a chip of the oyster shell, but the ulcer entirely different to the physician's eye to that caused by an abrasion from anything dise, such as a nail, chip of marble or rock, a prin, or even a clean shell. A mere look at the placested corner suffices to determine that writer, that it has developed vastly increased skill in the chase for husbands. In days gone by the man secured his bride by cap-ture or purchase. The marriage ceremony of primitive days, as pictured, is a would-be "a gang of toughs" tearing a young girl away from her friends by main force, rethe patient is an oyster shucker. The disease yields easily to treatment, and

very frequently the patient is so far re-lieved of pain as to be able to return to his work within 24 hours. What is called the gardless of what she thought of it. tion, if we are to accept English novels as pictures from life, it is the poor man who is sterilizing treatment is applied to the suffer-ers. It consists of applying cocaine to the dragged into matrimony. Not savagely and rudely, as was the fate of the young girl in eye until all sensibility has been lost, and then carefully touching the ulcer on the cornea with a platinum wire heated whiteness by a galvanic current. in resplendent attite and marries the girl expressly out out for him by heaven. Of

AN EMIGRATION SYNDICATE. Roseate English Plans for Settlers and Lands

in This Country. It is rumored on very excellent authority. says the Pall 'Mall Budget, that a movement is on foot for the purpose of forming an emigration syndicate, which will buy land in the Western and Southern States of America, and advance money to intending settlers for the purpose of establishing a large number of the most distressed people

In the States mentioned.

If our information be correct, it is not the intention of the promoters (and there are many good names among them) in various and intention of the promoters (and there are many good names among them) in various and intention of the promoters (and there are many good names among them) in various and intention of the most distressed people in the States mentioned.

English girls, closely guarded as they are, however, do occasionally fall in love with poverty-stricken younger sons and intention of the promoters (and there are many good names among them) in the States mentioned. many good names among them) to pauperize the people by presenting them either with passage money or land, but the transaction will be a purely business one—a moderate interest being charged for the loan—and so certain is the surety of repayment that not standing the diffusion of useful knowledge.

the slightest difficulty is apprehended as to the raising of the necessary capital.

It is said that the sum of £10 is sufficient to pay for the outfit, passage-money and railway fare of each adult passenger right to the spot of his destipation in such a State the comforts of her old home, she then as Texas, and once there the promoters of the realizes her fully to the fullest. In the books the proposed association are confident of their ability in a short time to turn the most poverty-stricken Irish peasant into a thriving, prosperous farmer, the owner of his land in perpetuity, and the founder, may most often have to reconcile themselves to the diversities of their realities of their realities and the first families in the American be, of one of the first families in the Amer- | the dismalities of their position and pay the

A FAMILIAR UNIT OF POWER. Explanation of the Origin and Meaning of

not numerous in this country, though they may be found in fushionable society. American girls are not held under such the Term Horse Power. When men first begin to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power they often speculate on where the breed of horses is to be found that can keep at work raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is more familiar to some mechanics, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute. Since 33,000 pounds raised one foot per minute is called one horse power, it is natural that people should think the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on what horses could really do. husbands for their daughters than they do rainbows.

"Mother is everlastingly warning me against getting married," said a bright girl the other day. "She has a perfect horror of men coming around paying attentions. She But the horse that can do this work does not exist. The horse power unit was estab-lished by James Watt about a century ago,

and the figures were fixed in a curious way. Watt found that the average horse of his district could raise 22,000 pounds one foot per minute. This, then, was an actual horse At that time Watt was employed in the manufacture of engines, and customers were so hard to find that all kinds of artificial in-

ducements were necessary to induce power users to buy steam engines. As a method of encouraging them, Watt offered to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot pounds to a horse power. And thus he was the means of givner a false pait to one of the most important easurements in the world. . SICK HEADACHE Carter's Little Liver Pills. SICK HEADACHE -Carter's Little Liver Pills.

SICK HEADACHE Carter's Little Liver Pills.

rier's Little Liver Pills.

SICK HEADACRE

HERE'S AN AMERICAN GIRL. Another girl in Minnesota who was a teacher earned a salary of \$900 a year, and from this soon saved a complete little bank deposit. She spent a vacation in Spokane Falls, where, beaux being numerous, she was beset with attentions. But she was not

so carried away with flattery as to lose her business faculty. She invested part of her little pile in real estate, and made money. She took "flyers" in wheat and made money.

She soon had an income of \$1,800 a year from her investments. "Mary!" said she to a friend who advised her to accept one of her lovers and settle down—"Mary! Why should I marry? Why should I tie myself down and put up with a man's whins? I

intend to keep myself free and enjoy life for a while, anyhow."

When such girls marry it will be a copartiership based upon mutual love and cemented by a bond of friendship. Such wives will not have to trembingly ask their husband. husbands for a dollar for car tickets or needles and thread. However things may be in England, it seems plain that in this country husband-hunting is not on the in-Noves, and especially English novels, are full of the abuses of match-making by managing mothers. These are represented as forming plans of campaign as soon as their daughters leave school to get them eligibly married. Schemes for bringing the girls and well-to-do men together are constantly in order, because these mothers have an abiding faith at the truth of the old saw sordid accompaniments removed it will be-come a marriage of true minds, a union of kindred souls, a partnership for love, and home, and happiness.

THE M'ALLISTER FAILURES. Fashion in society gives a girl no object in life but marriage, and if they do not succeed they are, under the McAllister rules, "lailures." Think of what stuff a girl is made of if she submits to be a failure, or sinks into a tract distributor because the "coming man" cometh not! Contemplate what a simpleton she is who will marry either au old feel or a young fool for his money in such a country as this, where she can make a fortune for herself if she has the

"While a true marriage is the aim of every sensible woman's hopes and desires," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "she must never strive to secure a husband. She should sit down and wait for his advances."

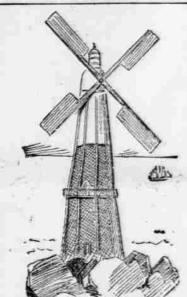
This advace will never achieve success in any other enterprise. If you want anything ask for it, seek it, pray for it, move heaven and earth to get it. It a man wants to make a fortune he has to strive and struggle and save and sacrifice. Now, when a woman sets her heart upon a man why should she not strive to get him if she so chooses? To shut a girl up to wait for a coming man in these days is a waste of time, a sentimental fol-de-rol. If a woman wants a husband a man is fair game. That is man's philosophy -it will serve a woman as well.

BESSIE BRAMBLE,

AN ELECTRIC LIGHTHOUSE.

Invention of a New Zealander Which Utilizer the Idle Winds. Brooklyn Citizen. 1 "Hannaford Electric and Automatic

Lighthouse" is the full title of an invention which comes from New Zealand, and is among the first fruits of English civilization and scieuce in that far-off Australasian land. Consul Councily, at Auckland, has sent to the State Department, at Washington, a sketch and description of it, with the enthusiastic indorsement of many practi-cal engineers and electricians who have examined it. Mr. Hanna'ord claims that this machine will send forth electric



The Automatic Lighthouse, flashes plainly discernible for 30 miles The cupola revolves and the lamp with it. but the arc within does not, and is always broadside to one desired direction, the lens pulley at its back facing the land, so that the flashes can be seen in that direction at will. The flash signals are arranged for the letters of the alphabet, so that any desired message can be sent, which is of great importance in case of shipwreck or war. The are is automatic, and does its own lighting or extinguishment to the minute. But the great novelty and most valuable feature is the windmill attachment, which generates the electricity and the storage of the latter to such ample amount that it would not run short of 15,000 candle power even in a six months' claim.

## Planta Beatrice.



Produces a Beautiful Complexion. Whitens a Sallow Skin,

Removes Moth and Liver Spots, Prevents Sunburn and Tan To Travelers it is Indispensable.

Keeps the Skin Perfect in Any Climate, 

FLESH WORM PASTE Skin Refiner and Pimple Remover.

Will refine a Coarse, Rough, Porous Skin. A positive cure for Pimples, Eruptions; removes that disagreeable Redness with which so many are afflicted. FLESH WORM PASTE, per jar .... Our complete line of tollet requisites and manicure goods are absolutely pure, and can be obtained at the following representative

druggists. Egger's Pharmacies, 11 Smithfield street, 172 Ohio street, 299 Ohio street.

Rankin's Pharmacy, corner Penn avenue and Sixth street. Markell Brothers, Central Drug Store, 6219 Penn avenue.
Or of Sole Manufacturers,

LONDON TOILET BAZAAR CO., Wholesale Office: 20 East Seventeenth st. 28 and 40 West Twenty-third street, New York.