THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

ACTOR AND AUTHOR.

Chat With Joe Jefferson About His

Popular Autobiography.

HE WROTE IT ALL FROM MEMORY.

Sometimes He Woke Up in the Night With

Thoughts for His Book.

COLONEL BRICE AND CALICO CHARLIE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPARCH.]

drew crowded houses this week in "The Ri-

vals," and he is as popular to-day as when

he first made his appearance on the American stage in a Washington theater. This was when Jackson was President, and little

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27 .- Joe Jefferson

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1890.

Views From the Mountain Up Which the Gallant Hooker Made His Charge.

THE RAREST OF SCENERY.

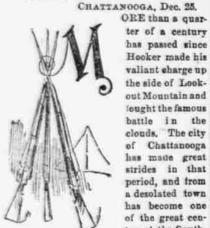
A Point of View From Which the Eye Can Scan Seven States.

WHERE CRYSTAL WATERS FALL,

Beneath Two Famous Battle-Grounds 16,000 Brave Men Sleep.

WONDERS OF ROCK POINT AND THE CAVE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] CHATTANOOGA, Dec. 25.



out Mountain and lought the famous battle in the ate signal station, where the southern sol-clouds. The city diers were kept informed of Joe Hooker's of Chattanooga has made great strides in that period, and from a desolated town has become one of the great centers of the South.

But while the magic hand of time has transformed all of the surroundings, Lookout Mountain remains as it always has beengreat mussive and unchangeable. It is true that the white wings of peace are now spread over what was a scene of bloodshed and carnage, but the mountain itself remains as it was a quarter of a century since, as nuture left it ages ago, and it is likely to remain for ages to come. Of all the wonders of nature that abound in this section of the country, this great mountain seems to be the most varied and imperishable.

Age cannot wither, Nor custom stale, its infinite variety.

Although Lookout Mountain is 2,500 teet above the level of the sea and five miles from its base to Lookout Point, it is not in mere altitude that it excels. It is rather in the beauty and extent of its rare and unsurpassed scenery. What might be properly known as "the top" is from one to five



miles in breadth, and is as varied as any ether part of the mountain. Some spon are nicely leveled off and kept as neat and trim as an English gentleman's lawn, while other places within a stone's throw are as wild as the wildest lover of nature could

CAN SEE INTO SEVEN STATES. If there ever was a perfect picture in nature, it is presented to the view of a per-This is a series of immense rocks projecting from the side of the mountain directly over what is known as the Point Hotel naked eye can gaze around on a radfus that embraces seven States. On either side are smaller mountains-small only in comparison with Lookout. Below, the Tennessee river winds its sinuous course, and in its ramblings forms into a perfect human foot. On this foot and in the space between the wanderings of the river is the richest spot of farm land in the South. It looks green, purple and golden, just as the fantastic rays of the sun seem to strike it. At times

Looking beyond this into the valley, the lively municipality of Chattanooga is seen at its best. There it is, a throbbing, bustling city with myriads of housetops, smoking chimpeys, church towers, steeples spires and belching turnaces. Looking up again and far beyond all this the trained eye can pick out characteristic spots which indi-cate the States of Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Ohio, with the heavens seemingly almost within reach, with other immense mountains on each side. With a throbbing city below, and a picturesque river flowing about its base, and the high hills of seven great States within sight, the scene may reli be described as unsurpassed.

toward dusk it presents all the colors of the

NOTHING LIKE IT ON THE GLOBE. An English tourist who visited the Point shout a year ago said be was utterly at a loss to find words to express his admiration



Luluh Lake.

He had circumnavigated the globe and pene trated into Africa, but had never found such an absolutely perfect picture before. His opinion has been reiterated by others. The English language fails in words to describe it. The scene is a triumph of nature a

Lookout Point, however, is only one of despized. This is to the south of the point and about a mile below. If a famous sunset was ever seen at its best it is from this particular place. The sun slowly sinks to rest in a way that entrances the beholder.

It goes down almost imperceptibly, but as if regretfully leaving the scene of its triumphs. It is then that the sky assumes tints and colors that would throw an would prove a barrier to the humblest artist into ecstacies. It is then that the great high mountains form a fitting background for this celestial work of art. The luster of the scene at first makes it dazzling in the extreme. Then as the minutes go on, it softens and becomes more subdued. Finally, meliowed and matured, it assumes absolute perfection and disappears entirely. To a person of a sensitive nature it is likely to make a lasting impression. A sunset is said to be suggestive of death; never is it more so than when seen from Sunset Rock.

Luluh Falls.

POINTS OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

Not far from Sunset Rock is the Confeder

SOLDIERS NEED ALL

member of the fatman's club. In some places the floor is smooth and dry, in others

it is rough and filled with miniature lakes.

Something new constantly bursts on the view. And the views dissolve and change oftener than a girl's mind.

Triumps of engineering skill have made all parts of the mountain easily accessible,

and the visitor can go afoot, by coseh or up either the incline or broad-guage roads.

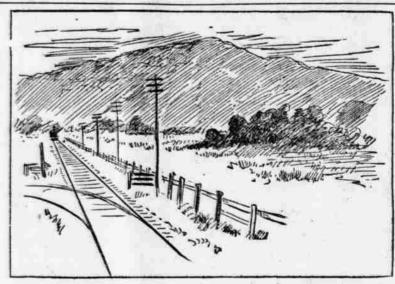
There are two immense hotels, with any number of cottages. The hotel on Point Lockout has a capacity for 600 guests, and the inn on the very top can accommodate 1,000.

George Barton.

Pension Attorneys Should be Bounced Out

of Business. st. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The thing to do is to cut down these extravagant fees. That is the work to which the Committee on Pensions has addressed itself. "There is a large army on the pen-sion roll," says the report, "and the num-ber is increasing every day, and the fees to attorneys will grow in proportion. If we take the month of November as an example, we will pay \$1,025,400 in the next twelve months, and in the next ten years \$10,254, 000, to increase claims alone that have been allowed under old laws up to the pres-ent time, and if the pension is granted or increased for the sole benefit of the soldier, why should it not all go to him? The Gov-ernment, at one-tenth the expense, could arrive at the same results, and give to the claimants the remaining nine-tenths. A long and intimate acquaintance with old soldiers has sailed to reveal any who have ecome millionaires by reason of the pensions paid them. This can not be said of the pension attorney, for it is well known that progress as he sturdily fought his way above | many large fortunes have been made in the



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN SEEN FROM THE CITY.

the clouds. A stone's throw from the signal station is Roper's Rock, from which Roper, of the Fifteenth Illinois, issuid to have committed suicide. And just beyond is Saddle Rock, from the top of which one obtains a good view of the battle fields of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge. Almost in the shade of the two great battle grounds is the National cemetery, where over 16,000 brave soldiers sleep the last sleep. Their memories have not been forgotten, though, for every grave known or unknown is marked by a grave known or unknown is marked by a marble headstone, and at intervals are found tablets with selections from Colonel Theodore O'Hara's matchless poem, the "Rivonac of the Dead."

The muffled drums' sad roll has beat The soldiers' last tatroo, No more on life's parade shall meet, That brave and fallon few.

sion of the morrow's strife, The warriors' dream alarms; No braying horn or screaming fife, At dawn shall call to arms,

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade, The bugles' stirring blast; The charge, the dreadful cannonade, The din and shout are past. Their silent tents are spread; And Giory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead.

WHERE CRYSTAL WATERS FALL.

Two other interesting sights on the mountain are Luluh Falls and Luluh Lake. The falls extend a distance of several hun-dred feet, and as the sparkling water dancer



The Point Hotel.

merrily down the rocks it makes a most picturesque cascade. Near the bottom of the rocks that are bathed in this everlasting stream and that listen year after year to its perpetual music is a great plot of the greenest and freshest moss that it was ever the privilege of mortal man to gaze upon. The green carpeted rocks are surmounted with clumps of laurel and bunches of azelias tied in nature's choicest knots. Wild flowers grow here in abundance, and cast a dreamy and poetic shade over the lake, which presents a quiet and peaceful contrast to the foaming falls above. Not even a rip-

ple disturbs its placid bosom, and it remains as serene as summer itself.

Rock City is a point that should not be In neglected. It is one of nature's greatest conders. Here, as a visitor has aptly put it, "is geology run mad." Some of the rocks are easily as high as the new postoffice it, "is geology run mad." Some of the rocks are easily as high as the new postoffice building of Pittsburg. They are of all conceivable shapes and variety. A stranger that sees them for the first time is simply a deep interest in the District, and were that sees them for the first time is simply compelled to stand still with awe. It would compensed to stand stall with awe. It would seem profane to speak of them, or express admiration in the ordinary hackneyed phrases; so that the greatest compliment that a visitor can show is to remain perfectly silent. Then his own littleness will not be so conspicuous. Not far from Rock City proper are many other wonders in the rocks.

IN FANTASTIC SHAPES. Saddle Rock, the perfect but mastodon counterpart of a saddle, is one of these. Another is the old man of the mountain, a silhouette in the solid rock that might be taken for one of the soldiers of '76. Still another of these is the Natural Bridge, a machible description that gracefully space. rockribbed structure that gracefully spans the yawning mouth of the cave and covers one of the most delicious springs on the mountain. Another thing as great and interesting in its way as Lookout Mountain is Lookout Cave. It is about two miles from the many places of interest on this lofty the city, just off the line of the Chattanooga mountain. Sunset Rock is a spot not to be and Nashville Railroad. The entrance is

past few years, and there are in sight many more such fortunes if we do not do our duty

in this matter." There is no doubt about the fortunes the pension agents have made. Costly equipages, palatial mansions, heavy investments and lavish dinner-giving tell the story. Some of these attorneys own their newspaper organs. They have extensive offices, employ clerks by the score and do business on the scale of a government bureau. These men will fight hard to retain their lucrative "practice." Congress will need much moral support from the country to down this great evil.

IN PLAIN FIGURES.

Prices Marked on Goods an Inducement to

lew York Herald. 1 "Well, I have learned one secret of success," said a successful young merchant whose show window attracted me by reason of the plain prices that were put upon the goods as he was doing up a couple of parcels for me.

"What is that?" I asked. "It is putting a plain price on the goodsa price which attracts attention from passers and makes them come into the store Now, I'll bet you these two parcels that you never would have come in if it hadn't been

"That's true," I said.
"I knew it," he replied. "I know just how you feel, for I always felt that way myselt. You are the kind who cannot haggle about a purchase. You are willing to spend money freely, but you don't like to get cheated, and when you see a man turning his price marks to the wall or using a blind mark which you cannot read, you at once say that that man has two prices and that you will get the larger, and you turn away. Is not that so?"

"True as a trivet," I said.
"I knew it. I am just that way myself.
Why, go down to John street or Maiden
lane at this holiday season and what do you
see? The stores are full of mystical price
signs. You have heard that Maiden lane is
a cheap place to get jeweler but are a cheap place to get jewelry, but you know full well that you will have to pay an extra price for it at this season, and you keep your money in your pocket. But when you see my window and store with inviting prices displayed where all can see them, you drop in, and I am the gainer. Oh, I know a thing or two about human nature. The very best customers are the timid ones, who do not fear to spend money, but dread being The young merchant laughed gleefully.

he said was the Gospel truth, May he live long and prosper! DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Why Prominent Citizens Are on the Board of Charitable Institutions. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Congressman W. W. Morrow, of Califor-

nia: "I am a member of the Appropriations Committee, and as such am on the sub-committee on pensions and District of Colum-bia. It is one of the curiosities of Congres-sional life that men who would be supposed to take the least interest in special matters are assigned to committees having those matters in charge.

In California we are not materially interested in pensions. We, of course, have several thousand pensioners, but they exhibit no marked anxiety for pen-I to remain in Congress I should certainly desire to retain my place on the committee.
"There is a novelty in District affairs found in no other department of the Government. Look at the charities, for instance. There is no place where, to my knowledge, so many men of influence and prominence are connected with the various institutions. I account for this in a measure that it is inaccount for this in a measure that it is innate in an American citizen to parnicipate in public affairs. A citizen of the District of Columbia can
neither vote nor be elected to any office, excepting, of course, the Presidency. The result is that the only field open for him, other
than appointive positions, is upon the
boards of curators, managers, etc., of the
charitable and other similar institutions.
The work is well done in the District of

The work is well done in the District of Columbia," New Jersey Wine Sent to Europe Mr. Speer, of New Jersey, has a reputa

Joe Jefferson, a boy of 4, was carried to the stage in a bag by the famous minstrel, Rice, who was making a hit by dancing Jim Crow. Rice came on the stage, and, turning the bag upside down, tumbled little Joe Jefferson out, and then began to dance. The boy was dressed just like Rice, his

face was blackened, and the two sang verse apart as they danced. As they finished the song the audience were so delighted that they threw dollars and half dollars on the stage, and little Jefferson received \$24 for that night's acting. He now receives, no one but his manager knows how much, and he is as well off as any actor on the American stage. He is said to be worth \$1,000,000, and he has a sugar plantation in Louisiana, a beautiful country home in New Jersey, a quaint seaside cottage on Cape Cod and bonds and stocks and gold galore.

YOUNG AS HIS GRANDCHILDREN. Since he propped down upon a Washington stage until now, he has been tickling the sides and delighting the souls of a funloving public, and every cent of his money has been well earned by himself, and his great genius has been sold cheap to the people. He has children and grandchildren, but his soul is as young now as when he tumbled out of that bag, and his blue eyes are as merry and his yoice as cheery as that of a

and a good theater as well as any man in the country.

He goes to the theater whenever he can, and I caught him at the hotel to-day just as he was about starting out to see "The Lilliputians" with Billy Florence. He is a delightful conversationalist and his voice and his manner are as gentle and good-natured as those of Rip Van Winkle. During the short chat I had with him I asked him some questions as to his autobiography some questions as to his autobiography which appeared in the Century Magazine and which is now being sold over the book counters. This book is one of the great books of this generation and it is the belief of many good judges that it will be one of the few books which will last. MERELY FROM MEMORY. 1

I asked Mr. Jefferson as to whether it was not made up from a diary. He replied: "No. I have never kept a diary and I had no notes. I am fortunate in having a good memory, and I wrote the entire book from it. I felt very doubtful about undertaking "Did you have any regular habit of wrif-

"No," replied Mr. Jefferson, "I began the book about three years ago and wrote at it by fits and starts as the humor took me. At first I kept no notes at all, but after I began my writing I found that my memor oegan my writing I found that my memory of events and persons would be very vivid at some times and that I could not recall them at all at others. I then carried a note book and made a memoranda of material for the book wherever it struck me.

HOW HIS MIND WORKED.

"It seemed curious to me the way my mind worked. I would swake in the middle of the night from a sound sleep for no reason that I can see, and would think of some part of my past experiences. If I went to sleep again I would find in the morning that I knew that I had remembered something during the night which I intended to record when I got up but I could not think what that something was.
Atter this I had a pencil and note book by
my bedside, and at such times as I swoke
and thought of matter I would arise and write out the material. In preparing the book finally I found these memoranda of great value, and that in most cases the first ecords were better than anything that I

could write.
"I think on the whole I am fortunate in not having kept a diary. It might have caused me to draw my story out to an in-sufferable length and I might have magni-fied details which were better omitted. I am, of course, pleased that the book did succeed, and I am told that the sale of it

BILLY FLORENCE'S MEMOIRS. The conversation here turned to literature and actors, and Mr. Jefferson spoke very kindly of the memoirs Mr. Florence is now writing, and which promise to be full of interest. Mr. Jefferson said: "I don't see why an actor should not have a natural literature and why he should bent toward literature, and why he should not write fluently and well. His whole life is made up of the interpretation of litera-ture. He has to study and play the classics. He has to appreciate all the phases of thought and expression, and in the rendering of these great literary productions, his whole life is to a certain extent a time of education.

"It would be strange indeed if he did not absorb something, and he has also to study the people and to make his idea of his parts plain to them. I feel a delicacy in saying anything about such subjects. I am not a professional writer and I doubt if I ever write again. I had a story to tell and my life has been so eventful, and I have met so many men about whom I could talk, that this is perhaps one of the reasons of its suc-

A MAN OF MANY PARTS. There are few better read men than Mr.

Jefferson. He possesses a remarkable culture, has done some work as an artist which has been well spoken of by the art critics, and he carries his paints and easel with dim he carries his paints and easel with dim during his acting. I was curious to know how he found time for such a variety of work, and I asked him as to whether he had been a systematic student during his lifetime. Beginning his career as a boy on the stage for the past 50 years he has been playing to the people, and you will find few college-bred men so cultured or well read as he. In response to my question he sead as he. In response to my question he said:

"No, I don't think I have ever been much of a student, and indeed I don't believe in hard study. I would not give a boy anything to learn that would make his head ache. I don't believe that it is study that knits the brow, that improves the mind, but it is that which pleases the student. knits the brow, that improves the mind, but it is that which pleases the student and which the mind easily assimilates. Such things as I have learned from books have come to me essily and without effort. My reading has been very varied, and I read according to my moods. I can enjoy myself in almost any of the fields of literature. I can spend a pleasant, sober hour with Senece, and Loan enjoy a laugh the same

Nye. I have my fun with Puck, and I become acquainted with my soul with pleasure over the pages of Emerson. I don't mean to say I read one the same as the other. I have sometimes read a page of Emerson or Browning over several times before I get at its meaning, and sometimes I never get at it. But the fault in this case is, I am convinced, with Joe Jefferson himself, and not with either Emerson or Browning."

Mr. Calvin Brice, the New York millionaire, who will take Henry B. Payne's place as the next Senator from Ohio, has been in the city this week. He is a clean-cut, redwiskered, blue-eyed young man with a hard smile and a Western manner. I remember him when he began his money-making career about ten years ago by pushing the Ohio Central Railroad down through the rich coal fields of that State. He was then often seen seen about Colhmbus with his pants in his boots, a slouch hat on his head and with by no means the best of elothes covering his angular frame.

Last night at the Arlington he wore a silk hat, a broadcloth coat, and every sign of his PICTURE OF CAL BRICK.

Last night at the Arlington be wore a silk hat, a broadcloth coat, and every sign of his clothing denoted prosperity. Ten years ago he was worth nothing. Now he is supposed to be worth millions. Ten years ago he was in debt to Governor Foster, and it was Foster who lent him the money and gave him the boost which enabled him to climb the tree of fortune. Now that he has plucked the frant however he seems to have little the fruit, however, he seems to have little use for Foster, and I am told that it was his money and his efforts that caused Foster's deleat as a candidate for Congress this year. If this be true the future Senator has shown himself to be the

INCARNATION OF INGRATITUDE. Ex-Congressman Lamieson, of Lima, once old me that Brice, when he was worth practold me that Brice, when he was worth practically nothing, owed Foster \$115,000 and it was only through additional money which Foster put into enterprises in which he gave Brice a share that enabled him to pay this debt. He did pay it finally and came out with \$135,000 ahead. It was this money that enabled him to organize his Nickel Plate scheme, which enabled him to make somewhere near \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 and establish himself as a big financier. Brice was asked by McKinley, during his visit, how matters were in New York. He re-

out of that bag, and his blue eyes are as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a boy. He will be 61 in February, but his acting is as good now as it has ever been and he enjoys a good story, a good laugh and a good theater as well as any man in the country.

"A dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his work is now as big as merry and his work is now as big as merry and his work is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as that of a dollar in New York is now as big as merry and his voice as cheery as the moon. It keeps growing bigger every day and money is so tight that we have nothing for Christmas."

"I wish it had been so before the election," said McKinley, and thereat the two statesmen laughed and Brice laughed the "A dollar in New York is now as big as

HANDY AND THE CONSULSHIP. Colonel Moses P. Handy has refused the Consul Generalship to Cairo, and he is happy in his newspaper duties in connection with the World's Fair. He tells me he got the two appointments on the same day and preferred the World's Fair position because it enabled him to remain at home. Handy would have made a good Consul General and he would have been a refreshing change to some of the men who have occupied the Cairo consultation in times. Cairo consulate in times past. Schuyler was a good man, and Cardwell, who pre-

was a good man, and Cardwell, who pre-ced him, was above the average of the coun-try editor, the position which he left to take the place under President Cleveland. Wolf was accused of leaning toward Arabi Pasha, and as for E. H. Butler, his mission was one long career of disgrace to America. He was drunk during the greater part of the time that he held the posi-tion, and when he got out of funds, he would go to the Khedive and ask for a loan it. I felt very doubtful about undertaking the book. It seems to me that an actor attempting to take up the role of the literary man and to write a book is much like the part of a literary man who decides to go on the stage and makes his first appearance in the part of Hamlet. I am glad to see that my work was popular, and it is a wonder to me that I have succeeded in making it so. I have had the book iom and not in a magazine. My friend, Mr. Gilder, however, advised me that he could give me a wider circulation through the magazine, and the result shows that he was right."

America. He was drunk during the greater part of the time that he held the position, and when he got out of funds, he would go to the Khedive and ask for a loan or a present on the grounds that the United States Government did not give him enough to have a very good man at Cairo. Our churches manage the missionary business of the country. Some of the cases, however, which may be cited where the fall of rain seems to have been caused by the discharge of cannon are very winter to see the country and to enjoy the delightful climate. There is no doubt but that the proper man might be able to make an opening there for American trade, and the proper man might be able to make an opening there for American trade, and the position, and when he got out of funds, he would go to the Khedive and ask for a loan or a present on the grounds that the United States Government did not give him enough to have a very good man at Cairo. Our churches manage the missionary business of the country, and about 2,000 Americans visit Egypt the delightful climate. There is no doubt but that the proper man might be able to make an opening there for American trade, and the result shows that he was right."

Some of the cases, however, which have cited where the fall of rain seems to have been caused by the discharge of cannon are very winter to see the country and to enjoy the delightful climate. There is no doubt but that the proper man might be able to make an opening the there forwarded on to the country under new labels as Dutch or English goods.

BEDLOE FOR AMOY. Dr. Edward Bedloe, our new Consul to Amoy in China, writes me that he is much better, and that he will leave London in ten days for his post. Bedloe is an accomplished linguist. He has occupied a position at several of the consular ports in Europe, and he will be very popular in the far East. He proposes to learn the Chinese language, to make a study of Chinese literature, and open the country as far as possible to our

American manufacturers.

Bedloe is a member of the Clover Club, of Philadelphia, and this club is fast becom-ing a diplomatic institution. General E. Burd Grubb, the new Minister to Spain, is one of its members; Charles Emory Smith, who represents the United States at the court of the Czar, is another, and Colonel Tom Doneldson, the census taker of the redskins is a third. Major Handy is also a member of the Clover Club, and I understand that Bill Nye will be elected one of its members at the next meeting.

FRANK G. CARPENTER

A GRAVEYARD FOR THREE RACES. Mound Builders, Indians and Whites All

Have Used It. The strange phenomenon of one spot having served as the burial place for people of three races in three distinct ages of the world's history is met with on a bluff of the lowa river, some 40 miles from its mouth, says the St. Louis Republic. This thrice sacred bluff is known as "Graveyard Point." It is situated in the northeastern corner of Washington county, Iowa, and is the southern terminus of a line of bluffs extending for several miles along the west

bank of the Iowa, the summits of which are

covered with thousands of curious forms of

earthworks, mounds, etc., relies of a race of

which the Indians have no distinct knowl-

edge.
After serving for ages as a cemetery for the mound-builders, the Indians took pos-session of "Graveyard Point," also using it as a burial place. Back in the 40's, when white men drove the Indians out, they too, began burying their dead on the bluff, the same land thus serving as "God's acre" for three different and distinct races in three stages of the world's development.

In a paper on "Submarine Mines," recently read in England, Lieutenant E. E. Bradford, R. N., suggests that experiment should be carried out to determine whether the "friendly channel" system of managing mines in a mine field can be practically worked without damaging commerce. Experiments on this question have already been made. An ironclad has been drifted across a mine field full of electro-contact mines, and has also been driven at full speed across the same mine field without the smallest damage to the ship or her gear. But a "friendly channel" is not mined with buoyant mines which the hull of a passing vessel can strike, but with ground mines or vessel can strike, but with ground mines or with mines so far submerged that they can never be struck by passing vessels. It is therefore certain that this system is practically workable without entailing hindrance or delay, and that vessels could be navigated via the "friendly channel" flanked by contact mines more readily than through the angle flanked by natural chatructions. channels flanked by natural obstructions, like those, for instance, at Bermuda. In the one case any errors, in navigation would, at the worst, damage the moorings of one or two mines; in the other case the vessel herself might get ashore and be damaged, or de-layed.

evening over the letters of my friend, Will-lam, or as he is more commonly called, Bill Nye. I have my fun with Puck, and I be-

Possibilities Under the Test Proposed by Senator Farwell.

SHOWERS CAUSED BY BATTLES. Rainy Seasons Brought About by Volcances

in South America. OPINIONS OF HIGH AUTHORITIES

The question as to whether rain can be produced by artificial means is to be tested by the United States Government. On motion of Senator C. B Farwell, of Illinois, as recently stated in THE DISPATCH, a clause was added to the appropriation bill, which provides that, under direction of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, \$2,000 shall be expended in experiments, having for their object the artificial production of rainfall by the ex-

plosion of dynamite. In a communication from Senator Farwell the following theories are advanced: "My theory in regard to producing rain by explosives is based partly upon the fact that after all the great battles fought during the century heavy rainfalls have occurred. This is historical and undisputed. Senator Stanford, one of the builders of the Central Pacific Railway, informed me lately that he was compelled to do a great deal of blasting through a part of the country where rain had never been known to fall in any use/ul quantities and where it has never rained since, and that during the period of the blasting, which was nearly a year, it rained every day. The experiment should be made in Eastern Iowa, Colorado, or in Wastern Konses comewhere along the rail. Western Kansss, somewhere along the railway, and my own idea would be to commence early in the morning and explode continuously for seven or eight hours.

STATISTICS ON BATTLES. The subject of rain production by means The subject of rain production by means of concussion has been frequently discussed during the last 25 years, says the Scientific American. A great number of instances were stated by Francis Powers, C. E., in a volume entitled "War and the Weather, or the Artificial Production of Rain," 1871. Many cases are cited in which great battless have been followed by speedy rain. have been followed by speedy rain. Fix occured during our war with Mexico in 1846 and 1847; nine cases of battles or skirmishes are given which occured in 1861 in the War of the Rebellion, and which were followed by rain at no great intervals; 40 cases are cited in 1862; 30 for 1863; 28 for 1864; and 6 for 1865. Eighteen similar cases are also cited from among the great battles which have occured in Europe during the past century, making a total of 137 cases. In a criticism of Mr. Powers' theory Silliman's Lowers' said:

Journal said: "To this argument it may be replied that throughout the region from which his examples are mainly drawn, rain falls upon an average once in three days, and probably a little more frequently; so that from the conclusion of one rain to the commencement of another, the interval is on an aver-age but little over two days. Now, battles are not usually commenced during a period of rain; generally not till some hours after the conclusion of a rain. Rain, therefore, ought to be expected in about one day after

the attack and 100 in the defense of the city, the whole of which were frequently in actio at the same time.
At the battle of Dresden, August 27, 1813.

At the battle of Dresden, August 27, 1813, the weather, which for some days had been serene and intensely hot, during the progress of the battle suddenly changed. Vast clouds filled the skies, and soon the surcharged moisture poured itself in a torrent of rain. At Waterloo, according to Siborne, the weather during the morning of June 17, 1815, had been oppressively hot. It was now a dead calm; not a leaf was stirring, and the atmosphere was close to an inteler. and the atmosphere was close to an intole able degree, while a dark, heavy, dense cloud impended over the combatants. The Eighteenth Hussars were fully prepared and awaited the command to charge, when brigade guns on the right commenced firing for the purpose of breaking the order of the enemy's advance. The concussion seemed instantly to rebound through the still atmosphere and communicate like an electric spark with the heavily charged mass above. A violent thunder clap burst forth, which was immediately followed by a rain which has never probably been exceeded even in the tropics.

VOLCANOES PRECIPITATED RAIN.

Humboldt says that when a volcano hursts out in South America during a dry season it sometimes changes it into a rainy one. It is well known that in very hot calm weather the burning of woods, long grass, and other combustible materials, prograss, and other combustible materials, produces rain. Very extensive fires in Nova Scotia are so generally followed by heavy floods of rain that there is ground for believing that the enormous pillars of smoke have some share in producing them.

Captain James Allen, acting Signal officer

of the War Department, in reply to inter-rogatories recently addressed to him regarding the probability of producing rain by ar-tificial means, said: "Even if the production of rain be practicable, it can only be for a limited area, and it is believed that any benefit which can possibly arise from such rain can never amount to the expense of the enterprise."
The opinion of Captain Allen is similar to that of President H. C. Russell, of the Royal

Society of New South Wales, contained in an anniversary address delivered in 1884. He says: "It would seem unreasonable to look for the economical production of rain under ordinary circumstances, and our only chance would be to take advantage of a time when the atmosphere is in the condition called unstable equilibrium, or when a cold-current overlies a warm one. If under these conditions we could set the warm current moving upward, and once flowing into the cold one, a considerable quantity of rain might fall, but this favorable condition seldom exists in nature."

· Electric Health Shoe. The manufacturer of a new "electric" shoe has "struck" the public very skilfully. Special hygienic properties are claimed for this shoe in consequence of the location of a galvanic battery in the inner sole, "which has the effect of stimulating the nerve tissues galvanic battery in the inner sole, "which has the effect of stimulating the nerve tissues of the foot, thereby aiding the circulatory system, and thus preventing many troubles such as chronically cold feet, and, in fact, affecting the entire nervous system. The form of the battery is a succession of overlapping plates, zinc and copper alternately, which form a metallic layer about an inch wide and 6 inches long. This is set into the under side of the inner sole, but does not show on the upper surface. A small compass placed within a few inches of the sole shows, by the rapid vacillations of its needle, the presence of an electric force very conclusively." Furthermore, the public are assured that this shoe is the only preventive for paralysis, a sure cure for sleep-lessness, and an absolute specific for neuralgia and nearly all nervous diseases. The declaration of the virtues of this wonderful shoe concludes with the comforting assurance that "you cannot take cold if you keep up the sleetris apprais in grace to the sole in the air that the form of the public with great success, till Torpenhow came up he with great success, till Torpenhow came up he with great success, till Torpenhow came up he form on the steamer and without preface began to tell the story of Dick's blindness, suppressing a few details, but dwelling at length on the miseries of delirium. He subject, and went forward to smoke. Maisie was furious with him and with herself.

She was hurried on from Dover to London almost before she could ask for breakfart, and—she was past any feeling of indignation now was bidden curtly to wait in a hall at the foot of some lead covered stairs while Torpenhow went up to make in quiries. Again the knowledge that she was being treated like a naughty little girl made her pale cheeks flame. It was all pick's fault for being so stapid as to get the shear and without preface began to tell the story of Dick's blindness, suppressing a few details, but develing at length on the miseries of delirium. He shows he had lost i



A NOVEL DEALING WITH LIFE IN LONDON AND EGYPT, [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH!

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Being the First Serial Story From the Pen of the Gifted Young Author of "Soldiers Three," and Many Other Popular Sketches of Army Experiences in India.

THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

Maisie lifted up her face, and it was pearly white. "No! No! Not blind! I won't have him blind!" "Would you care to see for yourself?"

"Now-at once." "Oh, no! The Paris train doesn't go through this place till 8 to-night. There will

aid Torpenhow.

be ample time." "Did Mr. Heldar send you to me?"

"Certainly not. Dick wouldn't do that sort of thing. He's sitting in his studio turning over some letters that he can't read ecause he's blind." There was a sound of choking from the

sun hat. Maisie bowed her head and went into the cottage, where the red-haired girl was on a sofa complaining of a headache. "Dick's blind," said Maisie, taking her breath quickly as she steadied herself against a chair-back. "My Dick's blind!"

"What?" The girl was on the sofa no "A man has come from England to tell me. He hasn't written to me for six weeks."

"Are you going to him?" "I must think." "Think! I should go back to London and see him, and I should kiss his eyes and kiss them and kiss them until they got well again! If you don't go I shall. Oh, what am I talking about? You wicked little

idiot! Go to him at once. Go!" Torpenhow's neck was blistering, but he preserved a smile of infinite patience as faisie appeared bareheaded in the sunshine. "I am coming," said she, her eyes on the

"You will be at Vitry station, then, at 7 this evening."

which he opened very softly. Dick was sit-ting by the window with his chin on his chest. There were three envelopes in his hand, and he turned them over and over. The big man who gave orders was no longer by her side and the studio door snapped be-hind her.

hind her.

Dick thrust the letters into his pocket as he heard the sound. "Hullo, Torp! Is that you? I've been so lonely."

His voice had taken the peculiar flatness of the blind. Maisie pressed herself up into a corner of the room. Her heart was beating furiously, and she put one hand on her breast to keep it quiet. Dick was staring directly at her, and she realized for the first time that he was blind. Shutting her eyes in a railway carriage to open them when she pleased was child's play. This man was blind though his eyes were wide open. "Torp, is that you? They said you were coming." Dick looked puzzled and a little

"Torp, is that you? They said you were coming." Dick looked puzzled and a little irritated at the silence.

"No; it's only me," was the answer, in a strained little whisper. Maisie could hardly move her lips.

"H'm!" said Dick, composedly, without moving, "This is a new phenomenon. Darkness I'm getting used to; but I object to hearing voices."

Was he mad, then, as well as blind, that he talked to himself? Maisie's heart beat more wildly, and she breathed in gasps. Deik rose and began to feel his way across the room, touching each table and chair as he passed. Once he caught his foot on a rug, and swore, dropping on his knees to feel what the obstruction might be. Maisie remembered him struction might be. Maisie remembered him walking in the park as though all the earth belonged to him, tramping up and down her studio two months ago, and flying up the gangway of the Channel steamer. The beating of her heart was making her sick, and Dick was coming nearer suided by the beating of her heart was making her sick, and Dick was coming nearer, guided by the sound of her breathing. She put out a hand mechanically to ward him off or to drive him to herself, she did not know which.

touched his chest, and he stepped back as

though he had been shot.
"It's Maisie," said he, with a dry sob.

"What are you doing here?"
"I came—I came—to see you—please."

"Won't you sit down, then? You see, I've had some bother with my eyes,

"I know, I know. Why didn't you tell

"I couldn't write."
"You might have told Mr. Torpenhow."
"What has he to do with my affairs?"
"He—he brought me from Vitry-sur-

that out of pity. I never meant to tell you anything about it. I'm no good now. I'm down and done for. Let me alone!"

He groped back to his chair, his chest

laboring as he sat down. Maisie was afraid

began, with unromantic salveling and mop-

der the touch of her hand on his shoulder, but

'I knew that was all. Won't you leave

me alone? I shall have to suffer for this afterward."
"You won't!" She bent down and whispered in his ear. When the fountains of the

great deep are broken up, there follow rain and miracles. "Yes, I do," she said, finah-ing crimson, "My darling, I do. I den's care; you can sulk as much as you like and

I won't be angry. I've been a villain—a wicked little villain. Shall I go down on my knees and tell you so? . Don't be stupid, Dickie. It's no use pretending. You knew

"What nonsense, then, pretending to be selfish?" The voice grew unsteady. "D'you remember the Dover boat? Take that, then, and be sensible. Oh, help me, Dick!" she whispered. "I can't make love all by myself."

The unspoken argument clinched all, and

Maisie was in Dick's arms, crying as though

her heart would burst.
"Hush, dear. Hush. What's the use of

"I do! God knows I do!"

you care for me,

ping of the checks. He was trembling un

his face was turned away from her.

Dick's lips closed firmly.



IT'S MAISIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

This was an order delivered by one ho was used to being obeyed. Maisie said nothing, but she felt grateful that there was no chance of disputing with this big man who took everything for granted and man-aged a squealing horse with one hand. She returned to the red-haired girl, who was weeping bitterly, and between tears, kisses weeping lew of those—menthol, packing and an interview with Kami, the sultry afternoon wore away: Thought might come afterward. Her present duty was to go to Dick—Dick who owned the wondrous friend and sat in the dark playing with her nonened letters. "He—he brought me from Vitry-surMarne. He thought I ought to see you."

"Why, what has happened? Can I do
anything for you? No, I can't. I forgot."

"Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry! I've come to
tell you, and—
Let me take you back
to your chair."

"Don't! I'm not a child. You only do

"But what will you do?" she said to her companion. Oh, I shall stay here and-finish

your Melancolia," she said, smiling piti-fully. "Write to me afterward." That night there ran a legend through That night there ran a legend through Vitry-sur-Marne of a mad Englishman, doubtless suffering from sun stroke, who had drunk all the officers of the garrison under the table, had borrowed a horse from the lines, and had then and there eloped, after the English custom, with one of those more than mad English girls who drew pictures down there under the care of that an english girls who drew pictures down there under the care of that no more.
"I shan't!" she said, settling herself on the arm of the chair. "You belong, now, Dickie, and I've come up all these stairs, and—and—and—" Here the tears

oo l Monsieur Kami.
"They are very droll," said Suzanne to the conscript in the moonlight by the studio wall. "She walked always with those big "Dick, you aren't going to be selfish, now I've come back? I'm sorry! Oh, I'm so

eyes that saw nothing, and yet she kisses me on both cheeks as though she were my sis-ter, and gives me—sec—10 francs!"

The conscript levied a contribution on both gifts; for he prided himself on being a

Torpenhow spoke very little to Maleie during the journey to Ca ais; but he was careful to attend to all her wants, to get her a compartment all to herself, and to leave her alone. He was amazed at the case with which the matter had been accomplished.

"The safest thing would be to let her think things out. By Dick's showing—when he was off his head—she must have ordered him about very thoroughly. Won der how she likes being under orders."

Maisie never told. She sat in the empty compartment often with her eyes shut that she might realize the sensation of blindness. It was an order that she should return to ondon swiftly, and she found herself at last almost beginning to enjoy the situation. This was better than looking after trunks and a red-haired friend who never seemed to take any interest in her surroundings. But there seemed to be a feeling in the air that she, Maisie, of all people, was in disgrace. Therefore she justified her conduct to herself

"Hush, dear. Hush. What's the use of worrying? It's all right now," said Dick, stroking the head on his shoulder.
"We did belong, Dick, didn't we? It was my fault—all my fault," Maisle whimpered, her face hidden.
"I like that fault. Be more faultsome."
"Course you did." She laughed through her tears. "I—I had to do all the—all the love-making. It was horrible!"
"It was only me; what did it matter? If it had been a strange man you might have it had been a strange man you might have objected. And then, again, you took me on my blind side." "That's an ugly word, and you afen't

going to use it any more.

"But it's true, dear. I'd give everything, except you, to see your face again. But I'm bited."

Malais thought for a minute till Lare gave.