[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1

LONDON. Dec. 16 -- It is only by slow de-

her pure reason. "That's nonsense too. Listen, stunid. You said ten years were nothing. And they weren't. We belonged just the same. Now do you 'remember out on the flats, with the pistol, when my hair got into your eyes?" Dick caught the click of hair-pins, and Marsie's long locks fell about his face. "You couldn't see now if you tried ever so. Let's pretend it's only my wig in your eyes for just a little longer,
--for 50 or 60 years. Fifty's five times less important than 10. Can't you see that, dar-" She shook her head to mcrease both the darkness and the understanding.
"I see," said Dick, very contentedly

it's good to have you back again, Maisie !

"It's gooder to be back, bad boy." And they argued that point gravely, with interruptions; and they discussed ways and means, also with interruptions; and they took no count of time, till Maisie said, "I haven't any clothes. I haven't eaten anything for years. I haven't anywhere to live except in the little house, and the care-taker there will be out, and I must go and be a party."

"What's that, dear?" "There was a man once," said Maisie, a hairpin between her teeth, "who was always trying to drag me to a registrar's office to be married. He told me that one or other o the parties must always give a notice to the registrar. I shall buy a thick well and be that party. Isn't it nice to know we're only ourselves to think of?" "I remember that man," said Dick.

feel that I ought to be the party.' Never mind. Afterwards you shall beat I think it would do me good. I wa-te to be heated. Oh, Dick, I've been such a bad, double-bad villain. A villain with a

"By Jove, that reminds me of something I'd completely forgotten. I did a Melan colia before I went-"

"Ah! No! Not that word!" Began to see, then. She's up in a corne somewhere, and I thought a good deal of her at one time. What do you think?" The voice was the voice of the man who had told her the tale of his doings, in the

park, what time he looked to kick the world before him. "Is it the veiled canvas on the easel?" naked Maisic.

"Yes. Well-" She was looking at a formless scarred blue of paint. Somebody had used the palette-knie with deadly skill. It was a cruel, wicked wrong, and she could not under-stand it; but for Dick's sake she must make no sign. Her eyes were very dim, and her voice choked with the hard-held tears as she made answer, still gazing on the wreck: "Oh. Dick, it is good !

Dick beard the sob and took it for tribute. "I thought you'd like it," he said, smiling at her across the room; and she would have given the world to cry, but she came back to his arms instead, to bid him goodby for a

"Dick " she said, when the long farewell was ended, "do you imagine when a womaloves a man that she cares for his work? She loves him for himself—self—selt. Now I must fly, and-please may I sing on the staircase going down?" There was very little thought of song in

Maisie's heart when she went out, unless it were the old rhyme, "Lord ha' mercy on me, this is none of I!" She wanted to sit down and be quiet-very quiet-in her half dismantled house. Torpenhow did not appear, and the staircases were empty of life That's nice of him," said Massie, and flee in a cab to astonish the care-taker across the

"Hullo!" said Torpenhow, entering the studio after Dick had enjoyed two blissful hours of thought. "I'm back. Are you feeling any better?" "Torp, I don't know what to say! Come

Dick coughed huskily. What's the need for saying anything? They walked up and down as of custom, Torpenhow's hand on Dick's shoulder. 'How in the world did you find it all

"You shouldn't go off your head if you want to keep secrets, Dickie. It was abso-Seen me rocketing about on a half-trained French troop-horse under a blazing sun you'd have laughed. There's going to be a charivara in my rooms to-night. Seven

Have you fixed your flint to go? Who d'you work

Would you have stayed with me, then, if-things had gone wrong?"
"Don't ask me too much. I'm only a "You've tried to be an angel very suc-

"Ob, ye-es! \* \* Well, do you attend the function to-night? All the men believe the war's a certainty."
"Of course I'll come. I haven't turned my back on the old life yet."

That night there was tumult on the stairs. The correspondents poured in from theater, dinner and music hall to Torpenhow's room that they might discuss their plan of campaign in event of the certainty of military operations being a certainty. Torpenhow, the Kencu, and the Nilghai had bidden all they had worked with to the orgy; and Mr. Beeton, the housekeeper, declared that never in his chequered experience had he seen such a fancy lot of gentlemen. They waked the chambers with shoutings and song; and the elder men were quite as bad as the younger. For the chances were in front of them, and all knew what those meant When the clamor was at its height, Dick entered with his great happiness upon his face. The room was heavy with tobacco smoke and the fume of strong drinks, and the men were settled in unpicturesque attitudes on chair, sofa, and table. There was a general shout.

Poor second-hand gladiators !" he said, with pretended scorn. "You only exist to describe who will die on the sands out there. "You only exist to Half of you will be dead this time next year. The Soudan kills specials." "Ave Imperator, te morsturi salutant!"
id the Kencu. "Get into a chair and

said the Kencu. "Get into a chair and don't moralize. The public wants us as much as we want you." "By the way, what does the dear public

say about me? "One paper said six weeks ago that it deeply regretted to hear you weren't quite well. The rest have forgotten by this time," said the Nilghai,

"Sweet creatures! They naturally would. Give me a drink." And by the instinct of association he began to hum the terrible Battle Hymn of the Republic. Man after man caught it up-it was a tune they knew well-till the windows shook to the clang, the Nilghai's deep voice leading:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword. rible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

"How does the next verse go?" said the Kenen. And they swept off again, beating He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall

never call retreat; He is sufting out the hearts of men before His judgment sext;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to meet Himl be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Then Cassavetti, very proud of his knowl

In the beauty of the lilies-"Hold on," said Torpenhow. "We've

nothing to do with that. It belongs to an-"No," said Dick to himself under his breath, "the other man belongs."

NEW STORY BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE DISPATCH has secured for publication in its Sunday issue A NEW STORY from the pen of the ever popular JOAQUIN MILLER. The first installment will be onb-

not the best, Mr. Miller ever produced. The title is "THE CITY IN THE DESERT." It newhat resembles "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, and still is very different, thoroughly original and peculiar to the "Poet of the Sierras." It relates to an ideal city in Mexico, and cannot fall to entertain as well as suggest some new ideas worthy of consideration by students of the social problem. You cannot afford to miss this story. It will make a stir in the world.

MONEY IN THE CAVE

A Party Organized to Explore a Caver With a Strange History. Richmond, Mo., Correspondence.]

A party is being organized at Excelsion Springs to search for the entrance to a large cave, which is located on the land of J. W. Hyder, in the porthwest part of this (Ray) county. The entrance to this cave was covered up by a landslide several years ago, and many unsuccessful efforts have been made to discover it. This cave had a remarkable history, and many strange stories

are told about it.

It was owned, before the war, by a large and wealthy slave owner of the name Findlay, who is described as a morose and eccentric genius, with no confidants and few friends. Local tradition has it that when Findlay would run short of money he would secretly visit this cave and spend several days, always returning well supplied with gold and silver coin, and the general supposition was that he was operating a small mint in opposition to the Govern-ment. No one ever saw him enter or leave the cave, except an old and trusted slave whom he took with him on one occasion for the purpose of killing a bear, which he claimed had sotered the cave during his absence. They set out for the cave in the evening, Findlay leading and his faithful servant following. When they reached the cave it was so dark the negro could not see his master or bear, and, trembling with fear,

he turned and made all hoste toward home.
Findlay was not seen again for several
days, and when he did appear it was to relate a horrible tale about being attacked in the cave by the bear, which he claimed was still at large in the subterranean abode. This was no doubt told in order to keep people from visiting the cave, as Findlay himself continued his visits, always returning with plenty of money. He kept up these trips for several months, until one hitter cold night in the winter of 185-, when the old man, not having been seen for some weeks, a search was begun for him, and his body was found about one mile from the entrance to the cave. He had frozen to death. A year or two before Findlay began his visits to the cave a die was stolen from the mint at Philadelphia. and it is thought he had in some manner secured possession of it, and, with the aid of confederates, was assuing counterfeit

The exploring party will spare no trouble to locate the entrance to this cave and discover what it contains. There are a number of other caves in the northwest corner of this county, one or two of which have been explored for a distance of two or three miles. They are said to be wide and airy, and to contain formations of a remarkable character.

THEY KILLED THE BEAR.

Two Plucky Boys and an Old Blunderbu Brought the Game.

Kennebee Journal. Game in this vicinity is very plenty, writes L. C. B., from Audover. In fact, for deer and bear it is a veritable sportsmen's paradise. Go outside the village a half mile and you can see deer tracks crossing and re-crossing in all directions. I know of no better place in Maine for a week's sporting tour than this. A tramp of two or three miles is all that is necessary to bring you into the very heart of a splendid game counlutely impertinent on my part, but if you'd try. The man who cannot bag a deer or a bear must indeed be a poor hunter.

Last fall two boys, aged respectively 13 and 14, started out from the village on "a grand bear hunt" as they termed it. They "I know—the row in the Southern were armed with one cur dog and an old-soudan. I surprised their councils the fashioned flint-lock pistol. The first day game, and then camped out on the ground in the woods. In the morning they 'Haven't signed my contracts yet. I were up and off again with un-wanted to see how your business would turn flagging zeal and courage. About noon were up and off again with unthey heard the dog barking violently, and retracing their steps they found that the canine had treed an immense bear. The boy who held the pistol took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. A flash in the pan was attempts to discharge the thing they held a

council of war.

In the mean time the bearshowed a disposition to come down and take a hand in the deliberations.

The boys hastily primed the blunderbuss, and this time it went off, knocking the boys hastily primed the blunderbuss, young hunter over backward and apparently doing no damage to the bear. Again the boys consulted and after about half an hour's work they succeeded in reloading the ancient firearm. As chance would have it the next bullet struck the bear exactly in the heart, killing him instantly and bring-ing him to the ground. He was a mag-nificent specimen, weighing 350 pounds, and his pelt alone brought the captors \$15. That is the sort of boys they raise up here in An-

> SHOULD BE THANKFUL ations Mark Their Followers but Son Marks Do Not Count.

Detroit Free Press.] A carpenter's right shoulder is almost invariably higher than his left, in consequence of having to use his right arm all the time in planing and hammering. With every shaving his shoulder rises with a jerk, and it finally becomes natural to him to hold himself in that way.

The right arm of a blacksmith, for the same reason, is almost hypertrophied, while the left arm, from disuse, becomes atro-phied.

A shoemaker is almost always round shouldered from continually bending over the last between his knees as he sews and

The head of a bricklayers' laborer is held aloft with a haughty, self-reliant air, from his habit of carrying a hod on his shoulder and looking above him as he climbs up the scaffolding.
All good orators have most abnormally

wide mouths. This is the direct const quence of their habit of using sonorous words and speaking with deliberation and a great deal more than in everyday conver-sation. Then, too, nature has something to do with it. A large mouth, like a prominent nose, is a sign of power. But all men with big months are not orators. Thank heaven

Cowboys and eavalrymen are usually bow-legged. But all bowlegged people are not cowbows—for which they should be grate-

Weighing Freight Cars.

The evident convenience to traffic departments of being able to readily determine the weight of a freight car's lading, has led to the working out of a new idea in this connection. An inventor proposes, instead of running cars over a track scale, to ascertain the weight of their contents, to place a sys-tem of scale levers beneath the floor of each car. When it is desired to weigh the conare lifted by four hydraulic jacks, so that the weight of the car body is carried on the scale levers. The gross weight is then seen on the scale beam placed at the center of the car. When the scale is not in use the MILLER. The first installment will be published JANUARY 4, and the story will be concluded in four weeks. A perusal of the manuscript justifies THE DISPATCH in announcing that this story is one of the best, if

## FUN ON THE AMAZON

The Foreign Legation at Para Eniovs American Hospitality on Board the Seguranca.

SPEECH, SONG AND A BANGUET.

Gray-Haired Men Grow Young Under the Southern Moon and Shout for the Stars and Stripes.

CAPTAIN BEERS AND HIS BADGES.

Why Strangers From Strange Lands Do Well in Bregilian Society.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH PARA, BRAZIL, Dec. 3 .- We Americans in Para had been talking a great deal about a reception we proposed to give on board the new steamer "Seguranca," of the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Company, when that ship should arrive in port. Imstay in port long enough for the reception and so postponed it indefinitely. The post-ponement excited a great deal of curiosity. It was the general comment that the American steamer was being pushed by one of the English ships which was following her up the coast, and hoped to reach Para in her company and take cargo away from her and race with her from Para to New York. The English ship was the "Paraense," which has been described as one of the "tramps," Though 21 years old, she was considered to be a fast old tramp; and in fact the race did come off, and the American beat the tramp, in a race of 3,000 miles, though the American made three stops and was on her first voyage, and perhaps did not do her best

WOULDN'T GIVE UP THE FUN. Notwithstanding the "postponement," a number of choice spirits of the town, composed of gentlemen only, were invited aboard in the evening, of which your correspondent was one. We had neither brass bands nor bunting, but the party, which was made up o: a galaxy of happy and companionable fellowships, required no outside stimulant to add to their enjoyment. The party-was courteously received on board by Captain James R. Beers, who, as an old and frequent visitor to this port, is well known and

universally popular.

After an inspection of the beautiful ship, the elegance of her adornments and fittings being especially admired by the English gentlemen of our party, who were mostly connoisseurs in this direction, we were invited into the luxuriously furnished saloon, where was laid before us a lavish abundance and variety of good things, and a tasteful display in the way of table decoration, that I have seldom seen equalled, and that cer-tainly has not been witnessed on this coast.

FELL IN WITH GOOD COMPANY. It was my good fortune to be seated at the table with my good friend, Chermont, the brother of the Governor, for a vis-a-vis. As previously stated, this gentleman was educated at Cornell, and speaks English perfectly. He is evidently a born politician, as he can make good speeches on the spur of the moment ensier than any Brazilian here, and that is saying a good deal, for all the prominent people are speakers.

I supposed from the previous postpone ment, that there was to be merely a little informal lunch, and was not prepared for the feast of reason and flow of soul that was thrust upon me. I was surprised to see my friend Chermont rise in his place, and, with glass in hand, begin to speak in Portuguese In a moment everything in the crowded dining saloon, where the lady passengers closest attention was given to the handsome Brazilian orator. I did not understand single word he said though I applauded him as vigorously as the rest, because I took it on faith as good talk, knowing he was a

SPEECH OF THE CAPTAIN.

The little ripple of excitement that followed, rather increased my appetite, and I became so deeply immersed in the enjoyment of a turkey bone that I failed to observe that over on the other side of the saloon Captain Beers was on his feet, seemngly talking. But Captain Beers' voice on the bridge in a storm and Captain Beers at dinner, in the presence of a select crowd of ladies and gentlemen around his own table are two different people. I did not hear a word he uttered, and was struggling away at the bone, when my vis-a-vis observed:

"Come; that's you. "Come; that's you."
On glancing up, I was surprised to see that Captain Beers had disappeared, and, apparently, everybody was looking at me. Somebody in my rear settle you embserved:— "Get up, Consul, the Captain calls on you to respond to Chermont's toast." Others alongside added encouragingly:

'Chermont paid a high tribute to the United States, and you are the representative at this place. Now's your chance to distinguish yourself; go in, old boy.'

HE WOULDN'T WEAR EARS.

I merely blushed and bowed, but was too badly rattled to trust myself on my feet; and muttered that I couldn't make a speech, even if I were on the gallows and my life were to be saved by such an effort. I promised to write them a speech, and I am now trying to keep my promise. Though I was encored and even buildozed they failed to get the new Consul to make an ass of himself. I succeeded in preserving the dignity of the position by a discreet silence, and though some criticism was made by a few who perhaps keped to enjoy a failure, and my rejusal to talk was commented upon as being exceptional, etc. I was subsequently complimented as having made the best speech of the many that were uttered on that

This unexpected demonstration entirely took away my appetite. Indeed, if there had been the least opportunity, I should have been tempted to run away; but we were out on the river, and as escape was impossi

A LITTLE FULL FOR UTTERANCE. Not succeeding in getting the new Con-sul to make a debut, the leading spirits determined that somebody should pay the penalty of a speech for the Government, and called upon the former Vice Consul, a well-known resident of Para. This gentleman is always present at these affairs, and has had considerable practice in this direction. He was so astonished and overcome, however, by this spontaneous selection as second ice that he was almost too full for utter ance. However, with a hand resting on each of the two chairs at his sides, he suc-ceeded in delivering himself with quite a favorable effect.

As a preliminary, he observed that he was no longer in the "diplomatic corps," and didn't think that he should be called upon to do the talking, especially as he was not a politician, but only one of the boys ready to do his part, etc. When he sat down, apparently exhausted by the effort, the boys spontaneously broke the heavy silence that followed by singing the sad refrain to the familiar tune of won't go home till morning:"

Oh, he was a jolly good fellow. He was a jolly good fellow. He was a jolly good fellow. And Jingo was his name. Bool Bool Bahi IN THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM.

All joined in this chorus, and for a while the cabin of the good ship rang with the merry bass voices of the boys, no doubt to the astonishment of the lady passengers. After a number of toasts had been drunk, and speeches made by almost everybody and the alleged angel.

about everything bearing ever so remotely on the occusion we were celebrat-ing, the crowd adjourned to the Captain's room for a smoke.

The Captain's cabin, in this ship, is a large and most luxuriously furnished room in the forward part of the deck. Here the jolly Captain Beers was on deck again, and at home, and right royally, and most courteously did he continue to entertain his guests in his own room. It goes without saying, in this port, that Captain Beers has hosts of good friends in Para, and the many expressions of good will to him come from sincere hearts. It would perhaps be unfair to attempt to describe too minutely the many funny and jolly scenes that were enacted on the deck of the Segurance that night, on the bosom of the broad Amazon. ALL WERE BOYS AGAIN.

Old men, whose hairs were gray, and who at home or in business affairs were severely

at home or in business affairs were severely dignified, became as little children, and toasted indiscriminately with the "boya" who may have been their clerks.

There was only the Southern moon to look down on the pranks of these "old boys," and, by the way, the moon is one of the best things we have in Para—like the sun, it is very close to us. While in the Captain's room I discovered that the joily tar wore on his coat lapel the small buttons of the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion. These emblems are quite too common in our country, perhaps, but here on the Amazon river, perhaps, but here on the Amazon river, 3,000 miles away from home, I had found a new charm in the emblems. The old veteran sailor we were celebrating was a comwhen that ship should arrive in port. Im-agine our mortification, then, when it was announced that the "Seguranea" could not stay in port long enough for the reception war, I took his hand, and, pointing to the badge on his breast, told the assembled foreigners that they were being entertained by an American nobleman—that the Loyal Legion button on his coat proved that his breast had been bared in the detense of his country, and that the only aristocracy we had was that which entailed the privilege to our children .;

A TOAST TO THE CAPTAIN.

"I propose good health and a happy old age to Captain Beers," said I, "who served to save his country and is now again serving to advance her presperity as the commander of the finest American ship carrying the American flag to Para." There are bonds of all sort in this world of ours, Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers, And true lovers' knots, I ween; But there was never a bond, dear friends, like

We have drunk from the same canteen I was brought down by the practical obwas brought down by the practical ob-servation of the German Consul, s'Bully! we will squeeze a speech out of the Consul yet." But they did not.

This sort of thing lasted until the wee,

short hours, just be ore the ship sailed, when we re-embarked, on the tug, and, with cheers and shouts, parted company. On the fug there was a grand tumbling match. Digni-fied men lay down on the deck and kicked and squalled like infants that sadly needed a spanking; hats were thrown about as balls; but everything was taken in good part. THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

I again take the opportunity to say that the foreign element of the place are, with

but few exceptions, clever and courteous geutlemen; but they will have their good times without regard to the consequences; and it is this fact that mitigates against their more general entry into the genuine Brazilian society. Perhaps they do not care for this. The poor fellows who are ban-ished here in a most inhospitable climate and are deprived of all the sweet comforts of home life, and have to pay excessively for the barren necessities of life, which they may be able to extract from a miserable existence under the tropics, are to be excused for their occasional indulgences of this sort when genial spirits from God's country visit them here.

I do not claim to be a model man-not by any means-and am not addicted to dissipation; but I confess to having experienced when I first came here a most intense inclination toward strong drink, such as I had never previously felt at home. Propably it came of the desire to drown one's sense of loneliness and of exile, by the use of stimulants; but it is a very dangerous practice in this climate.

J. C. KERBEY.

BEST FOOD FOR WINTER. Pork and Beans Suit the Lumbe

Boston Herald. 1 In the logging camps, where the fiercest cold is encountered, and the hardest kind of work done, the popular food is pork and beans. Loggers never seem to tire of it, for it is eaten by them almost every day. One

reason which they give for their preference for it is that it "stays by them" longer than any other kind of food. Evidently, therefore, on account of the palatability and "heartiness" these men choose this simple And yet it has more to recommend it than this. It is very nearly an ideal food for the richest in heat-producing elements.

those much exposed to cold, being one of Compared with lean meat, pork and beans contain about seven times as much carbon or suel. Roast beef is rich in warmth-giving elements, and yet pork and beans are richer by at least one-third. Veal also stands high upon this list. Man's natural appetite must inevitably prompt him to e.t only what is best for him

and reject that which is hurtful, even although he is unconscious of the reasons for his preferences, as is illustrated in the case of loggers. Unfortunately, however, the appetite is seldom natural; its perversion generally commences in early life. Among the loods which furnish the most warmth, and are, therefore, the best for winter, are eggs, butler, lard, rich soups, beans, roast veef, pork, veal, poultry, wheat, rye, potatoes and milk. Toward foods of this sort all should lean in winter. Of course it would be impossible to construct

highly strengthening. As, for instance, beans, roust beef, pork, veal, etc., are rich

in both heat and strengthening elements,

and may well be often indulged by those who work hard with their hands. Whereas

those of intellectual pursuits would need far less of them, and their diet might properly be selected more for warmth than strength. Very Chilly for the Lordling. A servant is rapidly escaping through the gloom of the back hall. The house is very still. One may hear the old-fashioned clock at the head of the stairs ticking away the seconds. One may also hear-no matter what one may hear. One must be very sharp of ear to distinguish the soft sound. The door opens and the pale light of the street streams into the hall. Down at the

curb stand two saddle horses in the hands of grooms. The young people look at one another and speak. Passers-by might believe they spoke of the weather. "Then that gin cocktail lord does not "Then that gin cocktail lord does not stand a ghost of a show," says Jack.
"Not unless you commit suicide, or run away, or do some other dreadful thing," replies the girl, starting down the steps."
"You're an angel," whispers Jack, running close at her side.
"Oh, no, I'm not," says Dorothy over her shoulder. "I'm a society girl. There's a tremendous difference."

As the two ride up the avenue toward the park the people on the sidewalks turn to look at the exquisitely sleuder figure of the girl, who sits her horse with the confidence and unconscious grace of an Amazon. She is by all means the most beautiful thing in sight, though cathedrals and palaces rear themselves proudly on every side.
"I must be back by 12," the calls to her companion. "I am at work on a head that

I'm going to give to you. The sculpture teacher is coming at noontime. Call for me at 3, and I'll let you take me to the cratorio at the Opera house."

As the smooth and soft bridle path of the park is reached, and Dorothy starts her long-limbed hunter into a sharp canter, the on-looker is not so sure that the difference is so

BARTER IN ENGLAND

Stories for a Novelist's Pen in a Column of Advertisements. ALL SORTS OF THINGS EXCHANGED.

Fallen Dignitaries Sorely in Need of Overthing

coats and Plannels. BOOTS TO BE TRADED FOR CHEESE

ment:

grees that the peculiarities of the Britisher are discovered by the newly-arrived American. At first the gentleman from Boston, New York or Philadelphia is apt to imagine that because the language is the same there is little if anything foreign about his friend John Bull; but in a month or two the American resident of London is forced to confess that John Bull and his ways are really more antithetical to American ideas than those of s Frenchman, a German or a Dutchman.

For instance, only a Britisher could tolerate such a paper as The Exchange and Mart, a weekly journal with a large circulation, a comfortable income and devoted principally to a system of exchange of goods between Britisher and Britisher, male and female both. The paper is also called a journal for the household, but it does seem strange that the second-hand principle should thoroughly inculcated in England that peo-ple obtain through public advertisements their furniture, their clothes, their domestic utensils, even their most intimate belongings with perfect strangers. TWO CHARACTERISTIC NOTICES.

Taking The Exchange and Mart for this eek, I notice that the number of its issue is 2,602, and that it is in its sixty-third volume, so it can scarcely be regarded in any sense of the word as a new venture. From its closely-printed columns I will take out a few advertisements at random: WANTED-Strong leather handlag for connercial use; books in exchange, or cash,

Dress suit bag wanted, good and cheap. H. In the first advertisement here is a man or a woman who declines to purchase out and out unless it can be obtained for a very small amount of money. On the other hand, he or she is only too willing to take lots of trouble and waste plenty of time in obtaining the bag through a barter for books which involves, in order to save the possi-bility of swindling, doing business through the office of The Exchange and Mart, and paying a commission to the proprietors of the paper, a mass of worry, on the whole, dear to the Britisher's soul.

SHIRTS FOR A CLOCK.

In the other advertisement, presumably, a man wants a dress suit bag. If he desires such a luxury at all, it is fairly to be supposed that he would pay the extra shilling or two and obtain it outright from a neigh-boring store. A little further down the column we come across half a dozen adver-tisements of second-hand "grandfather's clocks." One reads: Grandfather's clock, oak case, eight-days; good condition; 30 shillings cash or will take half a dezen undershirts. Apply the Rev. —, Cleveland, Yorkshire.

Well this is probably some hard-up Yorkshire curate, but it seems sad that the good man should have to torfeit his ancestral timepiece for the sake of warmer under-elothing. Still it must be instructive to Americans, particularly Pittsburgers, who pay as much as \$100 apiece for 'grandfathers' clocks" to learn, according to an advertisementa little lower down, that for 25 shillings, or \$6, a very fine old grand-father's clock in tall oak case, brass face, elaborately carved and pierced, splendid timist, perfect in every way, can be pur chased; or "an art rug and a pair of black pants would be taken in exchange."

A NEW DRESS FOR BARTER. A handsome new dress is offered in ex-change "for a bookcase three feet high with glass doors, also a hall table and an occa-sional chair." Of what quality the hand-some new dress happens to be is not stated, but it ought to be rather good in material, etc., if it is worth all the furniture the lady

requires for it. A silver Euglish lever watch and a 14 carat solid gold-link Albert chain is offered in exchange for a drawing room suite-not a very liberal offer if the drawing room suite is fit for the chamber it is expected to adorn. Next comes an advertisement to the effect that a sponge bath is for sale cheap, have no further use for it. This is grim, unconscious humor worthy of a comic journal, and the next line paragraphed after the advertisement intensifies its comical eccentricity. "Will take a half dozen new or a dozen secondhand sifk pocket-handker-chiefs." There is more sense in an advertisement which reads: "Child's cot in perfect condition, cost £6; would exchange for a musical instrument," as the child may may have grown too big for the cot and ma have no little brothers or sisters to succeed to it in its possession. But a musical in-strument somehow does not seem the most sympathetic exchange that could be made.

TIRED OF HIS BOOTS. To continue, however, with a few advertisements from three columns devoted to "Dress" only. Half a dozen demands appear for boots. One gentleman, who signs "Army Officer," says: "I have top hunting boots, small eights, very good, will take a stilton cheese or a dozen bottles of sherry in exchange." He evidently wants to have a good time at the expense of his boots. Now the sum in this State, as a large part of the look at the next advertisement and let the reader rest assured that I am making no exaggeration, but taking this word for word from paper of the date I have mentioned: Wanted new boots for family of sever, good xchange given or arrangements can be made or instruction in bicycling and French.

By the side of the above comes this one: Wanted two or three party frocks for a girl of 15, immediately, Mrs. Doctor M. Now what can be more peculiarly British than such announcements. Here is a girl of only 15, whose parents evidently desire to make a splurge. She is to go to parties and two or three frocks are to be provided for these parties, all second-hand. Can anything be more ridiculously economical.

A STORY OF A DRESS BALL. A little lower down in the column the following advertisement speaks for itself: FANCY DRESS-Specialty-A showy yellow satin, short skirt, low body, made for gentleman's wear; handsome ballet skirt, deep lace, elaborately trimmed, open work stockings, 12-button kid gloves, size 7%; high-heeled patent leather boots, lacing extra high, fit tall man, waist 24 inches, with or without black satin corsets. The whole bargain for £5.5; or will take seen wister in syciance Accesses K Clapham, London.

This is too evidently a case of a young

gentleman who has almost ruined himself to appear at a fancy ball and now finds that he lacks the means to buy a thick overcoat for the very cold weather now prevalent in England. His indifference as to whether the black satin corners are taken or not is explained by the fact that the size of his waist is only 24 inches, and so he will proba-bly have no difficulty in inducing his mother or his maiden aunt to purchase or accept the useful garment at his hands. In another advertisement a tale of woe,

and feminine woe at that, is too plainly re-Heal sealskin jacket, newest style, Medici collar, puffed sleeve; fit tall, slight figure; just cost £12 (860). Will take £7 or typewriter's outfit in exchange. A PLOT FOR A NOVEL.

long sealskin cloak, price £60. No charge is made to novel writers for this sugges

"I am ill," plaintively exclaims a lady advertiser in her announcement of three lines. "Will anybody take my handsome quite new, dark grey velvet bonnet from me. It cost me 35 shillings. I will sell it for 12 shillings, or I will take two quarts of codliver oil, a packet of mustard plasters and 100 quinine pills in exchange." Poor

thing?

"Anything useful to the value of £1 will be gratefully accepted by a reformed young man who wishes to part with his dress coat and vest, plain cloth, new. Would suit a person of 5 feet 8 inches with cless of 37 inches. Do not care about offers of jewelry, billiard balls, or cigars." Almost a title armonic in the most a little sermon in this.

A BICYLIST IN TROUBLE. Another case of a young man who has allowed the cold weather to overtake him penniless. "I have a 54-inch bicycle," he ries; "balls in both wheels. In exchange I must have a warm overcoat, chest 44 inches." He is a big fellow anyhow, but evidently bicycling has been an expensive luxury to him, for the very next advertise-ment under the same initial and address intimates that he is willing to part with a new dress suit, rolled satin collar, for £3, or will take two flannel shirts and two pairs of tweed trousers in exchange. But here is a most unique announce

I have a complete set, dozen of each, of la-dies' underclothing, best make, carefully fin-ished, prettily trimmed, which I will give to any lady in exchange for a month's board and ledging in London; a comfortable bed most requisite, and a meat breakfast expected. And so I could go on quoting a dozen and one instances from the paper I have in front of me. At an evening party, given by a worthy and respectable inhabitant of one of the unfashionable suburbs, the stranger would be struck dumb with amazement at the magnificence and costliness of some of the dresses worn by the wives and daughters of men earning but the small wages paid to English employes in merchant and Govern-ment offices, until it was whispered to him that the gowns had been obtained through

exchange from the lady's maid of some wealthy or noble lady. But the English man or woman is never happier than when obtaining something in exchange for something else instead of paying for it.

MACLEOD.

A GAMBLER'S SUPERSTITION.

mokes Good Cigars When Losing and Poo

Ones When Winning. Philadelphia Inquirer.) There is a well known sport, whose face s a standing portrait in the gallery of Chestnut street habitues, whose is peculiarly heralded among his brethren of chance by the brands of cigars he smokes. If he wins heavily on the track all his friends know it by the terrific smell of the vile tobacco in his smokers. If he is a loser they are aware of it by the delicate perfume of the curling smoke from the wreaths of a fragrant Havana. What induces the follower of oddess chance to thus contrarily denote his financial condition never could be learned until a week ago, when the quality

"It's my only superstition, boys. If I win and should smoke a good cigar luck 'd go back on me so hard the next day I'd be in the poor house in a week. But if I am a loser—never very heavy, understand, and light two or three Conchas, d'ye see? I'll call the turn on bad luck. When I'm playing in great form then's when I draw on cigars made from cabbages. It's my ex-perience that bad cigars and good luck are friends and Havanas travel in the wake of

of his cigar was so execrable as to call forth

protest from his comrades, and then he

It is 51 years since one vote decided that Marcus Morton, and not Edward Everett, should be Governor of Massachusetts, says the Boston Herald. Judge Morton had been a candidate for office 13 successive years when he was chosen by this meager majority. The State cast just a trifle over 100,000 votes at that election. Two years later Judge Morton was elected Governor by one majority a second time. This one majority was, however, then the Legislature, the people having made no choice. These occurrences were very remarkable. They are called to mind by the one-vote majority just given in the Tenth Aldermanic district

The Way He Got It.

"How very stylish you are, Mr. Softleigh. You hold your elbow very high." "Ya-as. I got it from the Prince Wales.

"Did you meet him abroad?" "No; but Cholly Davis saw him meet a friend on the street one day." A BIG HOLE IN THE GROUND.

Wonderful Mine Proposed as a Feat

the World's Fair. Denver Republican. 1 There is a well-developed movement on foot here to make what will be the most original and unique attraction at the Worlds' Fair-the great mine-a successful undertaking from a monetary and advertising point of view. A company has been formed, to be known as the American Underground Mining Exhibit Company, with \$1,000,000 capital. It is proposed to raise half monster mine will be given to working plans of its different mines. The accompanying cut will give a clear idea of what is intended to be done. A shaft 50 feet by 12 in the clear is to be sunk a depth of at reast 500 teet. The sha't will be mounted an iron structure in which the vasious holsting appliances will be placed. Entry rooms to elevators and cages will also be structed. The shaft will be divided into eight compartments, six for the elevators,



pump will be constructed, and at the side of the shaft a pump room. A corridor in the form of an elliptic around the shaft 700 feet in length will be constructed, the floor to b of marble taken from the well-known quarof marble taken from the well-known quar-ries of the country, lined with plate glass and artistically decorated. On the inner face of the corridor will be placed a mu-seum, containing specimens of ore from every mine in the Union. Columns of Colo-rado marble and Vermont granite, with sandstone and quartzites, will be inter-spersed. Outside of this elliptical corridor will be the line or drifts reached by adits. From the outer circle of drifts different excavations will be made, so as to form exact representations of the famous mines. The carbonate silver ore of Leadville will be in This suggests almost sufficient for a dime novel romance. The daughter of the wealthy and haughty merchant buys herself a beautiful sealskin jacket, wears it twice, father fails, cuts his shroat, daughter has to sell all her expensive belongings one by one, finally parts with the much prized sealskin, and goes out to earn her living in a useful if humble capacity as a typewriter 'Months roll on, the rich young man who formerly danced with her in her ancestral halls accidentally discovers her pounding away at her machine for a miserable pittance, im-

mediately falls in love, marries her and re-places lost sealskin jacket, price £12, for THE SPIRIT WORLD,

A Six-Column Report From William Ellery Channing's Ghost.

REMARKABLE FOR 1TS OMISSIONS.

Some Things That Might be of Interest From the Land of Spooks.

AN ANALYSIS BY BESSIE BRANBLE WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Some very wild things are published in the interest of Spiritualism, but the wildest, extremest and absurdest lately heard of are found in the Progressive Thinker. This journal claims to have established the fact that spiritualists are the most moral people in the world, and now it proposes to supplement that statement by the further one that "they are the most liberal people on all of God's green earth." This fact is to be proved, as it says, by the tremendous cir-culation of the Thinker in the near future. This paper is to become the "Crowning Triumph" (in big, big letters) at 11/2 cents a week. Cheap enough when it is considered that for that small sum the subscriber will be favored with long weekly contributions containing the "spiritual ex-periences" of such men as William Ellery Channing, Robert Dale Owen, Andrew Jackson Davis, Bonaparte the Great, Judge Edmonds, Catharine Fox, Shakespeare, Abraham Lincoln, Red Jacket, Sitting Bull, and other eminent men who have passed into the "great beyond!" It may be that some of these mentioned have not yet "gone over," but most of them have got to the other end of the rainbow, and from what is claimed as to their belief

MANY CALLED, FEW CHOSEN. The remarks of William Ellery Channing are neither very profoundly impress-ing nor convincing. But this may only seem so to the few outsiders, whose minds are fettered by bonds of the physical nature. As judged by Mr. Channing's spiritual utterances, it would appear that Spiritualism, like Christianity, "calls" the many, but only few are chosen. Mr. Channing says, through his medium, of course: "There are very few minds sufficiently aware of spirit ite in the earthly existence to break the fetters of the senses, to be free in mind, free in spirit, while animating the physical

in spirits, and to their prominence in life at this end, it is quite likely they will be

"called" to appear upon the Progressive Thinker's rostrum, and relate as much of

their experiences in the spirit land as will benefit those still abiding in the physical

frame and in the darkness of unbelief.

But why only the "very few?" But why, as our churches teach, should the great ma-jority of this world's inhabitants go to everlasting destruction? Nobody knows, except one sect that says it is for the glory of God. Now somes Mr. Channing, down from the spirit world in Chicago, and tells us there are only very few who can break the fetters of the senses so as to become aware of spirit life. This would seem to support the conclusion o many that people have got to go out of their senses in some degree to take in the truths of spiritualism.

Spirits are ever with us, and around the dwellers of the earth, say Spiritualists. Augels are ever around us, say our orthodox teachers. Why then does the fact re-main that only the few are drawn in either ballot for the prizes and highest gitts? Mr. Channing put the blame upon the teachings of the theologians of the past, but he does not say why the countless good spirits, who people the unseen world, do not, by rap-pings and tumbling tables, and writing upon tied-up slates, and reading scaled letters, and materializing in earthly forms. and showing themselves through trances, and all the ways they have of making themselves known in this world of woe, block the game.

THEY MIGHT CONVERT PEOPLE.

Surely with the superior knowledge gained

by transition to the spirit world, and with

the power to come back and communicate they could easily demolish the theologians of the past and present as well. If a spirit came directly down from the heavens to St. Paul, why not to everybody, to convince him personally of the error of his ways? When William Ellery Channing has demwhen William Ellery Chaining has dem-onstrated that be can come as a spirit to this world, his old, Unitarian parishloners and temperance friends will doubtless think it rather hard that he does not come to them and convert them as easily as the "voice" or "vision" moved upon the soul of the man who was beathing out threatenings against the breathing out threatenings against the heathen, and yet, by that "voice" was in-duced to proceed unto the Gentiles to open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light. If spirits can come and do such work, the world might soon be changed from wickedness to righteousness.

When Brother Channing reached the world beyond the "beautiful river," as he says, he "found all his loved ones there waiting for him, as though they were aware he was coming, and were in attendance during the weeks and years of suffering, ministering, as it knowing every step and change, so that when one feels exultant in the change there is the sympathizing spir-itual friend, the companion, the father, the mother, all with whom one is allied beside the perception of the spirit itself." His remarks grow hazy at times and beyond the reach of mortal view, which rather detracts from their value. When Mr. Channing preached from his earthly pulpit he was considered a most eloquent man His style is said to have been clear, forcible and elegant. But his late spiritual oration could hardly be so described. Indeed it might be said to be considerably muddled. Such a speech, with even its spiritual essence added, would never by its clearness, force or eloquence draw any such audiences as were entertained by Henry Ward Beecher, or fill a house such as Ingersoll does,

SHADY ON HIS COMPANIONS. Mr. Channing, sad to say, declines to name those with whom he most frequently mingles in the spirit life-chiefly reason, as he remarked, that their names have been considered of too much value in the past. This will not seem to be a very satisfactory reason to those who would like to know whether he sauntered around the golden streets with the spirits of Shake spear and Wordsworth, whom he so much admired and loved when on earth. It would be pleasant to know whether he hobnobbed with Coleridge and talked over the "Ancient Mariner" and Cristabel; pleasant to know if in their spirit forms he and Lloyd Gar-rison, Gerritt Smith, John Brown and other rampaging abolitionists run around at nights discussing and devising raids upon the earth to root out the slavery that still It would be interesting to know if he dis-

enssed points in theology and transcenden-talism with Emerson and Theodore Parker and Margaret Fuller. It would be a real pleasure to know if he held frequent discourses upon philosopy with Socrates, Plate, Kant and Schopenhauer, John Stuart Mill and all that clique, or discussed theology with Cotton Mather and Jonathan Etwards, and doubly a delight to have a little of their heavenly talk. It would be pleasant to know whether he turned the pleasant to know whether he turned the cold shoulder upon Napoleon as they passed by, whom, before Channing left the form he looked upon as a despicable military despot, given only to his own glory and against whom he wrote so eloquently. It would interest many to know if he and Voltaire and Tom Paine and Jefferson and Franklin had reasoned together, or if he had attended a class meeting where the ex-periences of John Calvin, Martin Luther and John Wesley were related.

WOULD BE GENUINE NEWS. Then who would not like to hear how Elizabeth of England was carrying on; how Isabella of Spain now regarded the establishment of the Inquisition and the expulsion of the Moors; how Catharine de Medici, who was responsible for the massacre of St.

Bartholomew, was looked upon in the spiri land! Who would not love to know what Letitia Landon and Mrs. Hemans and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the Brontes were about? News of them all would be wastly more entertaining than the twaddle Mr. Channing did utter in his spiritual

His reason for not mentioning any of the persons he associated with "over there"— that they were too much regarded down here —in short, overrated, is a very queer one. Does he mean that we have thought too much of our heroes, lavished too much glory upon Washington, Lincoln and Grant? Does he mean that Shakespeare and Bacon and Newton have been unworthy to their fame? But, as if Mr. Channing had suddenly remembered that such reason would fail to satisfy his hearers, or the world, he told them finally it was impossiworld, he told them finally, it was impossible for them to have a knowledge of the daily life of the spirits, because, he adds, "people criticise us." Well, for gracious sakel who would have thought that the spirits and that the spirits would care for the critici of the earthly worms below? Mr. Channing was not worried much by criticism when in his earthly form; why should it make him so sensitive "over there," where he is safe beyond the sorrows and the sighings, where the shalts of slander are pointless, and revilings, however rancorous, could give no sting. It seems especially strange for Mr. Channing to refuse to tell about the doings of our heroes in the spirit, in view of the fact that, famous as he was on earth, he was almost a pigmy when, upon entering the spiritual existence, he was measured by the height of others. So he says himself. DELIGHTFULLY UNINTERESTING.

Altogether this whole revelation of over six columns by Channing through a med ium is intensely uninteresting and wholly deficient in what people most want to know about the "great beyond." The world will be none the better or wiser from the fact of his coming down in the spirit for half a day in Chicago. It he wanted to nold on to his earthly laure's, he should have stayed at nome above the eternal vaults and played his harp and sung Hosannas with Jenry Lind and Malibran and Charles Wesley. In place of such discourse he would have been better employed learning spiritual truths from those whose minds were to him a light in his course. in his earthly career. Now he says they are his teachers, and they recognize him as are his feathers, and they recognize him as a brother. "I turn to them as guides for my strength; they hold out their hands to me as an equal." This is what he said in his speech—but he will not tell who these are. Perhaps it may be a matter that some will care to know from Mr. Channing, "that what may be the next great struggle in nations, or commerce, or society does not possess him so much as it does some of spirits he meets, but that which does interest and prevade him is the advancing

TIDE OF SPIRITUAL LIFE. and that wherever human lives are placed. under whatever different conditions, this knowledge is most valuable." This may be so; but the address that Mr. Channing gave during his recent descent in Chicago will do little, it is to be feared, to advance it.
We shall await the next spirit upon the

rostrum of the "Crowning Triumph" with impatience, and hope it will be some plain, sensible spirit, who will talk in good, sound English and give some reliable informa-While waiting, by the way, we should not perhaps omit to say that anyone—according to the editor—who does not subscribe 1½ cents a week for the Thinker will rank as a "small potato" in the spirit land. With this shocking state in view, it would plainly be saier to subscribe. It would be a stubborn

and perverse generation indeed who would turn a deaf ear to such inducements. BESSIE BRAMBLE

NICKNAMES OF RAILROADS. ome of the Popular Titles Betowed for Far or for Short.

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Chicago and St. Louis Railway. Nickel Plate-New York, Chicago and St. Louis. The Soo-Minnespolis, St. Paul and Sault

Ste. Marie. Panhandle - Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Queen and Crescent-Cincinnati, New Or-

leans and Texas Pacific. Monon - Louisville, New Albany and Chicago. Nypano-New York, Pennsylvania and

Maple Leaf-Chicago, St. Paul and Kan-Clover Leaf-Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City. Cotton Belt-St. Louis, Arkansas and

Blue Glass-The Kentucky Central Road. The Sunset-Southern Pacific Railway. The Consolidated-New York, New Haven Katie-Moussouri, Kansas and Texas.

Sandy - Elizabethtown, Lexington and Big Sandy. Banana Line - Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. Paddy Finnegan's Wife and Children-Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago.

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