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carpenter. And up on a little wooded hill, above and beyond the Virgin's fountain you may hear at certain seasons of the year, if you lay your ear carefully to the

ground, a strange and a far off sound, a steady and monotonous stroke. Sometimes it is very low, sometimes more loud; but always harmenious and musical, albeit a bit sad. Sometimes it may be likened to the dull and stead stroke of a weaver's loom. Then it is like the stroke of a hammer. And the tradition runs that this is the stroke of the carpenter's hammer, coming down to us through more than 1800 years; coming down to teach man still that he is not better than his toiling Savior, but must still eat his bread in the sweat of his free; to teach poor tired woman of toil that wherever she bends er back in patient duty, Mary may lean in helpful pity from her loom in the heavens above. Ah, how much for man there is here in Nurareth still!

But the people seem weary, as if they had bardly yet rested from wandering in the wilderness. The low stone fences are stooping down into the earth, all brier-grown and den by bad husbandry amid rank weeds. The very camels seem tired as they groan-ing kneel in the dirt and dust before the 'irgin's fountain. Yes, they surely are very tired. Far from out the far dawn of time they have come down to us bearing their heavy burthens; with their everlasting lessons of patience and of peace, kneeling under all their loads,

CHAPTER III.

We had taken a small house at Nagareth In fact, you could take none other than a small house there. But by securing two good servants and some supplies and some furnishing for the little vine-hung house, through the help of an English friend in Jerusalem, we were more than comfortable. And as the quist and restful season passed on I saw to my delight that the roses of health were again blooming in her glorious face Indeed she was now almost entirely and she certainly now was the most divinely beautiful being that man ever be-

Yet, for all her beauty and tranquility I could see plainly that she still had on her mind no uncommon care. Surely something was about to transpire; and I felt that whatever it was she wanted in some way to wash her hands of it all and escape from it to hersel : to be herself entirely, to live her own Surely there was a battle in her great, brave beart between duty and desire, or rather between some sort of obligation or promise or covenant in the past and her dream of peace and quiet Christian practice in the future. And I knew this not entirely from intuition. For you must know that not one hour of our time had been wasted here. We read, wrote, talked or toiled on in the path we had undertaken to travel together constantly. She had made swift ad-vancement toward the light, once having beheld the stendy light of Christ's serene life and simple teachings before. And now as the flowers came back and the wood doves called from the woods on the hill, she seemed to be the most perfect Christian I had ever known. But it would be tedious to tell how or in what way these evidences of simple Christian duty manitested themanives. Let us go forward with the story o her life and work.

her life and work. And to what church did this thoughtful and serenely beautiful young convert incline? To none! To no church in existence on this earth did she look with favor, or even with perfect patience. Indeed, her creed was simply the Sermon

on the the Mount. And repeating and prac-ticing this day after day till it became her daily bread and part of her life, she had at last decided that it was simply impossible to follow the life and lessons of Christ, even sfar off, and at the same time belong to any organized church. She asserted that the Christian of to-day was simply compelled by his surroundings to be a hypocrite, and at everything around him helped to make him a Pharisee. In truth, she made it very clear that the mass of the professed followers of Christ are to-day exactly such "hypocrites and Phari-see" as the Savior described and denounced. But not in bitterness did she say all these things. A deep pity and earn-est sympathy lay in all she said. She did

cities of misery; each one a bell. And each one might easily have been a paradise. not blame now. She pitied now; but she the smallest part of a man when you talk God indeed had made each place a purgatory. "You will be a man, and like man go on Yet the misery was no whit more in this mild and fruitful clime of flowers than in with a man's work; for man's sake." "And I am to know you, see you no more? like little remote towns and cities through-out Europe, Asia and Africa. Indeed it is Hard indeed, bitter indeed will life be bear. I say again, what will I do?" safe to say that misery was much less consid-erable here. It was only in this newer world less adroitly hidden away; perhaps Her perfect face and whole manner changed, softened. She leaned over me where I sat. Her right arm fell about my neck and firmly fastened there. Her face drooped forward. My lifted lips met hers; more conspicuous also from contrast. I be-gan to spend my days amid the ruins of Technican that reach for miles and miles met hers for the first time. For she and I about the base of the vast pyramids reared had lived as the dead might live, if such a thing can be said, utterly unconscious of by the Astees to the sun and moon. This place is some 20 miles from the City of Mexico, beyond Tezenco, but as the trains pass almost hourly through these ruins I sex. Ah, indeed, weighty work and mighty thought had kept her holy and sacred. But now my strong arms were about her. I sprang up, put back her storm of hair, put was enabled to return each night; and to spend the night at the Hotel Iturbide; waitback her head, bent her supple body back-ward over the arm that held her, I bowed spend the night at the Hotel Iturbide; wait-ing, waiting, waiting for her. Great museums of antiquities are here in Mexico. Idols enough to build the walls of a city, some of them as heavy as ten tons, and all as hideous as heavy. The mighty and massive calendar stone, with the signs of the Zodiac, not notably different from our own, cut inches deep by the curious little Astec, who never knew what steel or iron was till he felt its force in the edge of the Christian's sword. myself abov. her heaving breast. I held her close and kissed her; kissed her and kissed her fondly, wildly, fervidly, passionately till her face was hot as flame. She tore away, angered, thrusting me from her as a fire that suaps and crackles and leaps through the topmost boughs of a forest with fierceness to destroy it. And then she suddenly turned away, but swiftly I fol-lowed. She turned about after a few paces, all calmness, and with that same stately But the largest idol ever seen lies out on the base of Popocatapetl, flat on its back in a wooded gorge, staring forever up at the sun and rain, and miles from the nearest habitation. It is of granite, the primitive stone of Mexico, says Sir Charles Lysie, and this primitive granite, is an orachid with composure and power that had marked her conduct from the first, she said: "Go to the City of Mexico and work and wait; go to the Hotel Iturbide there, and wait and work. I threw out my two bands. this primitive granite is so overlaid with lava now that granite is rarely found in all

And up on a little wooded hill, beyond the Virgin's fountain hear at certain seasons of the very foundation of all things for her great work. Her work was to be an example to the world.

I had chanced in my youth, when in the employ of some Mexican horse drovers, to come upon an oasis in the heart of a great desert. It seemed to be the place above all curate a map of this uninteresting and alothers that she desired. I gave her as most inaccessible place as memory could produce, and it was soon more than half decided that this should be the scene of our first experiment after we had thoroughly studied and examined the work and the story of the Aztecs. It was something in favor of this sand-

surrounded oasis that a few of these primi tive people still survived there and tended the fields of corn in common. Indeed there was, as I remembered the place, some grand old overthrown rains under the great palm trees that gathered about the small moun-tain where an immense spring of water burst

from the bosom of the desert. Twice she had decided not to intrude her new order of things on anyone, least of all did she deem it wise to try and engraft the true Christianity on any of the Christian creeds of to-day. But these simple people of the desert were not Christians as yet, although we had to admit the possibility of some patient Catholic priest baving found his way to their isolated home. But all things considered, her heart turned to this one place above all others; and we began to

one blace above all others; and we began to speak of it as our "city in the desert." As she was now entirely well and strong, it was decided—for it had long been with her a holy sentiment—that we should ride down into Egypt by the way Moses had come with her people—with Christ's people —in his pilgrimage to the Promise Land. What a book might be written about that journey! about her and the things abe sold and did as we rede on down to Mount Siana:

and did as we rode on down to Mount Siana; the shores of the Red Seal Manna, the honey dew of the desert, the flight of quails, monks in sandals, men in rags with palmer's staff; many a good old man leading an ass with wife and babe; Joseph in his flight to Egypt. But now surely we must hasten on to the new world.

CHAPTER IV.

We reached Egypt in due time brown as berries from sun and sand. She was in splendid health and spirits and most eager to go forward and get on with her great work. It was decided that we should sail on the very first vessel from Alexandria. She was so eager to be gone that I began to fear the return of the old cast-off care to her face. Suddenly one night at Cairo, I think it was only the third night after we got to that city, she came hastily and excitedly back to where I sat alone on a little narrow balcony trying to get a breath of fresh air, for it was a hot and sultry night, and said: "Hush! You are not to seem to know me here! You have never known me! You are not to know where I am, or where I am

going! I go; that is all." I sprang to my feet. "But I will go with you; at least, as far as you will let me." She laid a hand on my shoulder and bore me back to my seat.

I had never seen her so excited before, and yet she was not excited as other women be-come excited. She was only intensified; a little in haste; her voice a little husky, that

ras about all. Leaning forward she said: "The Russian pies are here. I am perhaps this moment a prisoner. Alexander is assassinated." I started up once more, but she bore me back again to my seat; not with her hand this time but her soul.

"I must go. You must forget that you ver knew me. "But I, good heavens, what am I to do?"

She looked at me almost reproachfully, and said slowly, emphatically: "What will you do? Go build our city in the desert, and lay for its corner stone the sernesert, and my for its corner stone the ser-mon on the Mount." "Aye, Madame," I cried, "I am a child if you are not with me. I shall turn aside and fall by the way. The work is heavy,

hard, impossible for me without you." She stood tall and silently before me as I burst into tears, but did not speak. Finally I said: "I am not a man. I am not even I made journeys round about to the little

building at the city which she was to build away out in the middle desert, and sow the seed of reform where it might take root and grow to perfection before it could be choked and sapped of its young life by the deadly thistles, avarice and selfishness. Why, I said to myself, shall these men who are so eager to toil, be driven to this battling and this bitterness among themselves? Surely a government that compels this order of things is a government to be despised. Ride your mule up or down any of the little gulleys or ravines that lie dry and dusty outside the cornfields and irrigating ditches. outside the cornfields and irrigating ditches. You will hear something rattle, rattle as you ride along—clinck! clinck! clinck! This rattling something keeps clinking against your mule's hoofs and against itself as you ride along. This is the rattling and the clinking of the heads of little images, idols? gods? together! Get down and pick up a handful of these little hands. Then and fill the context and the source of t government that compels this order of things is a government to be despised. And yet it was no worse than London, Paris, St. Petersburg. Only in these more powerful cities the police were more numer-ous and vigilant, and hence the poor less violent and noisy. The cabmen, earriers of all sorts, were none the less bitter, destitute, desperate in those Old World cities. They were only more in subjection, they were all starving, straggling, robbing, lying alike. Ab, the misery, the misery! And yet, in all these places, as all know, there is a strata of misery still below even this; The weak at home in the alleys, in the cellars, anywhere that they may hide away, the bent old man, the pallid mother, heads. They are of terra cotta, not much bigger than walnuts, and are not unshapely. And now look closely at the handful which you have gathered from the dust of the dead. What do you see? A negro's head ! Whether he came by the way of buried Atlantis, how he came, or where he came, this is no time or place to say. I only say that here you have in your own hand

that here you have in your own hand, gathered from the dust of dead Mexico the face of the Sphinz. And I only desire for a single moment to sway, the bent old man, the pallid mother, the helpless, hungry little bones at a million breasts. All this shall be changed, I said; and strong and resolute with hope I has-tened to the hotel, ran up to the desk and call your attention to the fact that here lie the ruins of a city broader in area than any city to be found on the globe to-day; a city that was built by the people in common,

demanded my letters. Not a line. But the mails for that morn-Not a line. But the mails for that morn-ing had not yet been distributed. I waited. Not a word from her. I appealed to Hope. And like a banana tree that has been cut down in the warm and watered sands, Hope the creed of the Sermon on the Mount; no the creed of the sword and of selfishness. grew again from the same root, even befor

the sun had set. the sun had set. Another day went by—a week; a month. No Madouna for mel Many a battle in my heart had I fought all this dreary, weary time. Had I been entirely selfish in this consuming desire to see her glorious face again? No; it was a solid comtort to me every how row to reflect

solid comfort to me every hour now to reflect that I had, even as I walked from the sta-tion to my hotel, thought of the miserable signl

corgodaros who ran at my side and planned for their amelioration. And yet I had to confess in these baltles and debates that were being fought out to the end in my heart each day, that I alone had not the courage or the capacity to go on with the most mark. I have mail that T for another month. Life, a loosened and careless cord, tuncless and without music now was slipping fast through my fingers, with the great work. I knew well that I should faint and fall by the wayside, as I had confessed to her I should, and only con-tribute another failure to the discourage-

ment of good men. Another month-two-three-half a year Another month-two-three-half a year -and no Madonna. Indeed, I found my-self calling her not by the name of Madonna now, but simply Dolores. She would not save the world-she would not save even miserable me. For I felt myself growing hard, bitter. Yet a single letter, a single line-even one little word would save me from my baser self. She would not send me

even so much as one word. Strange that it did not occur to me that it might be impossible for her to come, or even so much as send the slightest message. Yet I had been so accustomed to think of her as so omipotent in all things at all times that it would have been entirely out of character to associate her with the impossible. I

would not surrender to the despair that was in me; be beaten as I might in these daily battles and debates. I finally, with supreme effort, said: "Let

me make myself more worthy; let me inform myself better concerning the mighty work before us; let my suffering make me not weaker, but stronget for the work; may be by the time I had torn up selfishness by the roots she will come."

roots she will come." • And I think my life began to widen out and to grow better from the day of this resolution. I gradually became a student, an observer, and soon I began to see that I was and had ever been not only very ignoran

and had ever been not only very ignorant and unobserving but very selfish; not only very selfish but very vain, and even silly. I took myself more severely in hand as I grew stronger in the fight with myself; and I not only never lay down at night without going over all I had said and thought through the day, but even laid down lines and laws for the day following.

for the day following. This made less con-fusion and exhaustion of forces. When I had a doubt about what to do, I turned back in my mind to the resolution formed the

night before in the tranquility of my entire self and following out what I had planned was usually satisfied with whatever result.

4, 1891. SUNDAY, JANUARY PITTSBURG DISPATOR

you something that yon have never known before, even though you be the most learned man living. The negro was not unknown to the pyramid builders here in Mexicol WHALEBONE IS HIGH

A Gross of Stays Worth More Than Their Weight in Silver.

THE CATCH SMALLER EVERY YEAR

Only Wealthy Women Can Afford the Old-Fashioned Corsets.

NO SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE MADE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH NEW YORE, Jan. 3 .- "Whalebone is getting scarcer and dearer every year," says

an oldtime menufacturer on Duane street. "I have been at this stand for 26 years, and my predecessor 25 years beyond that. We have seen the annual production of whalebone fall from 1,000,000 pounds under the

oldtime sailing vessels with ancient appliances, to some 200,000 pounds under the possessed by the people in common, owned and controlled by the people in common. Their creed, so far as we can find out, was the great of the second the second sec modern whaling steamers and guns. The oldtimers had to sail around the Horn, too going out and coming home with cargo. In those days the whalers laid the foundation for a successful American navy. They made the grand Republic possible. "This failing off of the whale trade has One month, two, three more; and no sign

greatly enhanced the price of bone. The price f whalebone from a mere triffe has gradually risen to from \$4 50 to \$5 per pound. Yes, we can now tell just how many whales are. taken, and can gauge the supply pretty ac-curately, but have never been able to regu-late either supply or demand. We count every Arctic whale worth about 1,500 pounds, though they will run as low as 500 and as high as 2,000 pounds of bone.

THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY.

"We depend upon the Arctic whale, chiefly, though about one-third of the sup-ply is the Japan whale. The catch is usual-iy about 100 of the former to 50 of the latter. Breaking away from my implied promise to wait for her to the end, more than the oaths of ordinary men, I set my face for the This last season only about 100 whales were taken in Pacific waters and but about 20,-Old World, and began to search and to search as eager and desperate men search the diamond sands of Africa for the one

reat treasure. No word or sign! I even stood on the ruins of the upper Nile; spent many nights there alone, hoping that at least a lion might come. A tomb and silence. That was all.

But man does not die so easily as he thinks; as he hopes. After a few more years of vain, and at

CHAPTER VI.

of Dolores. Wait a thousand years if need

I drifted down to Yucatan, studied th

ruins there for months, and then with wasted

trength returned, with but faint hope now,

I could not survive another year of this

o the City of Mexico. Not a line or

last hopeless, searching again and over again through St. Petersburg, Moscow, Jerusalem, Jairo and Alexandria, I came back to my wn country, gathered up the broken threads of my wasting life and resolved to provide for and make less miserable at least one citien-myself. Seneca advises that, if we are not per-

mitted to govern the State and make a province less wretched, we may perhaps be enabled to help the narrow circle of our own neighborhood; but deprived of this, we have the right, interwoven with a solemn duty, to at least make ourselves content and healthy a both mind and body.

Europe, meantime, was notably tranguil. No more bombs in the streets; no more besutiful women on the scaffold. Still that long black line in the winter snows of Rus sia, red now and then with human blood eached away toward the North Star. And the world wrote about it, and men read about it, and women wept about it-wrote and read and wept, but that was all.

I kept an eye turned to the East, however; waiting still, but waiting not at my post; and with dull and cheerless heart. I had my acre now, all in my own country, many acres; and had many people about me who worked, or rather rested. For reasonable work is the only real rest. And I worked with them, of course. That was my right; would you say duty? I had groves of olive trees, fruits of all sorts; and of my own planting. God at the first was a gardener, and He planted in His garden with His own hand "every tree that is beautiful to the sight and good for food." And is man better than God that he shall not plant with his own hand also?

my trees sunbrowned and serious, a broad-browed man, patient, serene, imperial almost in his equanimity and content, came to me and would not go away. I wanted to be alone. For somehow I had been thinking of her. I wanted to still think of her, and be alone to think. I had been thinking of her almost constantly for more than a month. Now here is something strange. I have learned to know-although I had have dearned to know-although had not learned so much then-that when I think of someone often and almost all the time that same person, dead or living, is and has been thinking of me! But as my serene and sunhurned viertor ould not go away, but kept at my side, helping to trim an olive tree now, then giving some solid and useful advice, I perunded him to enter one of my cottages and breakfast with me; for it was now past meridian. He was hungry, and eat gener-ously of bread and fruit; but he would not touch meat. We talked a little of the advancement of man, and a few of the higher themes. But he did not seem to me as a man who had a plan of salvation for the race to recommend, as so many others who came to me. He seemed to me rather in his vast serenity to be very well satisfied with the world as it was, and the present plan of

of a Texas steer, was shipped to France, madefinto an imitation whalebone and sent back here, paid duty and is sold to Ameri-**DEFYING OLD BOREAS.** can consumers, very often as real whale Electric Railroad People No Longer

Afraid of the Winter.

phone Facilities.

THE THRILL ON THE WIRES A FRAUD

IPREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The conduct of the numerous electric

railroads in the Northern States as well as

of heavy snow, has been watched very

closely this year by electrical engineers and

street railway managers. Last winter the

weather was generally mild and open, and

hardly been given the new system; although

as electric roads have now been in opera-

tion in this country for five years, the re-

mark was not exactly pertinent. Still there

has been a desire on all sides to see the

large electric roads go through the severest

kind of ordeal that a sharp winter could

submit them to; and during the past month

It may be stated that the results so far re-

corded have been very satisfactory in the

main, showing that the electric cars, with

their 30 and 40 horse power of motor, will go

through any snow but such as would stop a

steam locomotive. Where the street rail-

ways are equipped with electric snow plows

and snow sweepers, and the tracks have

the wish has been amply giatified.

a seasor

herefore, it was argued, a fair trial had

ose in the Southern States, above the line

THE EXPERIENCE IN PITTSBURG. A Prospect for Cheaper and Better Tele-

can consumers, very often as real whale-bone. "The greater part of the export is of the raw material, although we manufacture considerable for the foreign market. They can really manufacture cheaper than we can, but the cost of manufacture is not of serious account. We have customers in Paris, London, Berlin and all the European capitals. Your fine Parisian corset or dress waist usually has Amgrican whalebone stays. The whales were killed in North Pacific waters, the bone shipped across the continent from San Francisco, split up here, shipped to a Parisian jobber, sold to a Parisian dealer, from him passed into the hands of a French modiste, sold to the American tourist millionaire and brought back to be worn in New York, Boston or Philadelphia—or, perbaps, San Francisco, where it was originally landed from the whaler. The man who puts his arm around a lady of any capital of the world generally rests it upon American stays from the month of the Arctic whale-though he probably doesn't think much about that at the time."

A RELIC OF EARLY HUNTING. On the office wall of the whalebone man hangs a carious memento of the old whaling days of 40 years ago. It is a "slab" of the bone about 6 test long on which is etched a series of scenes representative of the perils of whaling. There is a full rigged whaler under full sail, an attack upon a blower by the ship's boats, a counter attack of the whale upon the crews with the sumshing of the boats, and a wide stretch of "ugh sea fading away to a distant't. The whole thing seems to have been seen of artistic as well as practical knowledd been 'round the Horn many times flow Bed ford home. "That was in this office whan the flow Bed ford home." "That was in this office whan the flow is as they have been going during it will see the time who flow it if the last 25 years and I live that much longes to state will not make a fat woman a corset." CHARLES T. MUTRAY. On the office wall of the whalebone man

and snow sweepers, and the tracks have been cleared promptly, service has been maintained with remarkable regularity. The roads have, in fact, suffered less from snow than from the falling across their wires of the fragile telegraph and telephone circuits, which succumbs o quickly to wind and snow that in Pittsburg no fewer than 1,000 of the telephone wires went down at once. In Boston the electric car services was well kept up, heavy as the snow was, and in many other places the successful dealing with snow was found to be largely a question of energetic management and

THE SLATES OF CHIAPAS

THE SLATES OF ORIGANS. Placed in Bondigs by Parmus and Kept Ther. by Heavy Debt Philadelphis Time, j A system of peounge, or slavery; is ex-tensively carried on in Chispas, Mexico, and its workings are novel and interesting. The slaves nearly all dome from the middle class of Spaniardy, and are not Indians, as is gen-erally supputed. The usual contom is for a family who may have a boy or givel 10 or 14 years of age to take the child to some plan-tation over of samily or the first class and propose that it shall take a position as serv-ant on jondition that an advance of \$10 or 15 is inde to the parents. The contract also generally stipulates that ways, and the new shall be placed to its gread, when the child will again be have been free the shall will again be able to take on the start and the some has been free. As he child some the parents, so it happens in Besely every day, and the second able to the planet to the second able to the planet to ge it generally to more money, the planet of age it generally asks for money for its own personal use, and thus bound to its master it must continue in slavery until the debt is paid. been feeding in the stables, with full at-tendance, and earning nothing, the electric road plants under similar circumstances cost practically nothing, all the stationary machinery being at a standstill; and that it is also much more expensive to double up

machinery being at a standstill; and that it is also much more expensive to double up teams on less frequent horse cars than to keep all the electric cars going and to give them all the current they want for heavy work, by simply putting a few more hun-dred weight of coals under the bollers. Beasoning of this kind must be having some effect for December with all its heavy some the debt is paid.

REETS IN THE NORTHWEST. It Begins to Look as if Sugar Making Is the

Farmers' Selvation.

Of one thing the telephone subscriber may St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The time is coming when the West will he will see a very marked improvement in produce as much if not more sugar than the the telephone service, and probably, by and by, a reduction in the rates. The expira-South, and that sugar importation will absolutely cease. I was through Kansas this tion by 1893 of the earlier telephone patents 12 feet in length direct from the commission merchant who represents the vessel owners on the Pacific cost. The vessels are those than from corn. Since then I have been is beginning to agitate the minds of many than from corn. Since then I have been capitalists and others who know how rich through Nebraska and the Dakotas, and the the harvest of telephony has been, and as it in the ordinary manner. thousands of pounds of beet sugar produced was a genuine surprise. At one factory alone they are turning out over 200 barrels a day, and there other concerns nearly as large. The bests seem to take to the soil, and the product per acre is enormous, while the sugar is splendid. It has been successfully demonstrated again and again that the farmer cannot live by corn or wheat alone, or by the two combined for that matter, and it looks to an unbiased traveler as though in the West and Northwest hunds acres will soon be devoted to beet culture and that big money will be made by the men who make the venture.

virons and pervades. Mr. Kennelly drew virons and pervades. Mr. Kennelly drew attention to the pregnant fact that the evi-dence in favor of the proposition that light is a vibratory disturbance in the ether of an electro-magnetic nature, is such that almost amount to demonstration. When this shall be generally accepted the whole domain of optics and radiant energy will be enrolled as one department and property of electro-magnetic physics. The prospect opening out is a brilliant one, and we may well believe that in sciences the same evolutionary process which has united electricity and magnetism, and welded both with radiation, will continue to magnify, simplify and unify. In arts

to magnify, simplify and unify. In arts electricity is destined, even apart from future discoveries, to take into its own hands the distribution of power. The tele-graph has conquered time, and the electric motor is born to triumph over space; but whether we match the vibration of the later. whether we watch the vibration of the teleg-raphic recorder that spells its message across the sea, or watch the electric car, urged by invisible hands, pursue its stealthy way, the rhythmic words of Ruskin rise into recollection: "Not in a week or a month or a year, but by the lives of many souls a beautiful thing must be done."

The Thrill Along the Wire.

Patrick B. Delany, the well-known telegrapher, is inclined to the belief that the "thrill along the wire" which a telegraph operator says has been felt when working with a certain operator, while with others it is absent, is very much a matter of imagination. In summing up the various considerations bearing on the subject, Mr. Delany ations bearing on the subject, Mr. Delany says: "I have been thinking backward over the many years and wires covered by my own experience as a telegraph operator, looking for 'thrills,' as it were, but I am unable to join in the liberal corroboration of this operator's experience which his story is this operator's experience which his story is said to have brought out. If he had said be was thrilled by a first-class lightning sender, and was able to take the sending and put it down, I would go a long way in his direc-tion, for there is glory in being able to tells great sender to 'go' when he inquires after an hour's silence on your part: 'r-u-tr?' But I was never thrilled, like the man who started this discussion, in working with an inferior operator. I have been strongly in-fluenced under such circumstances, but not in the way he describes-rather more in the line of murder."

Telephone Work in Japan.

dealing with snow was found to be largely a question of energetic management and quick grappling with the difficulty. Some of the roads that thought they could get along without snow plows have changed their minds, but act one of them re-ports any dissatisfaction with electric power. On the contrary, a road has just been started, in midwinter, as far up north as Winnipeg, in the firm belief that electricity is the only The telephone is making steady progress in Japan. An exchange in Tokio was started about a month ago, and the number of subscribers is rapidly increasing. The annual subscription is about \$32 in Tokio and \$28 in Yokohama, anywhere within the limits of the towns. These exchanges were established under the supervision of S. Oi, a Japanese electrical engineer, who visited this country last year. In a letter on the subject, hé says: "That I have been enabled to finish the exchanges successfully is prin-cipally due to the kind assistance I had remotive power that can do work there at such One strong point that has been borne in upon the minds of managers of snowed-up horse roads is, that while their horses have ceived in the States, in making investiga-

Telegraph Statistics.

tions in the various exchanges.

In view of the fact that the statistics on the use of the telegraph during the year 1890 in the various European countries will shortly be published, it is interesting to note that the number of telegrams for every 100 inhabitants during 1889 is as follows: Great Britain, 163; France, 88; Germany, 45; Italy, 26; Austria, 20; Hungary, 19; Russia, 9. For 1888 the figures are: Great Reasoning of this kind must be having some effect, for December with all its heavy snows and financial depression saw more activity in electric railway work than any month of the year. At the present moment over 100 new electric roads are to be built, several of which represent an outlay of \$1,000,000 a Britain, 140; France, 80; Germany, 42; Italy, 30; Austria, 22; Hungary, 19; Bussia, 9.

Cutting Veneers by Electricity.

The cutting of veneers is now done by electricity. The veneering machine, instead of cutting or shaving around the entire cirrest assured, and that is that from now on cumference of the log, as usual, takes a thin slice from the flat side of it. The logs are of any diameter, and are cut into lengths of ten feet. The veneering cutting knife is fixed between two parallel shifts, and the log is carried up and down in front of it with a circular motion by revolving cranks, and is fed against the knife by a ratchet and pawl,

Electric Light as a Protectic

The city of Appleton, Wis., is be lighted

taken in Facine waters and but about 20,-000 pounds of bone from the Atlantic catch. The latter is by English vessels of the Dun-dee fleet. You see it don't cut much of a figure in the supply, and that we must ex-port largely to fill the foreign demand. In fact, we export more whalebone now than we consume at home and the world's demand we consume at home and the world's demand has carried the price away up. Whalebone is probably higher priced, relatively, than any other product that enters into so few articles of commerce."

At this moment an employe brought down stairs and laid upon the high wooden counter, before the speaker, a small bundle of whalebone made for dress waists—about 36 inches long, for cutting to dress length. "You see this gross of bones? Well, they not inches 25 to be Wattan inches? cost just \$25 to the Western jobber. They will weigh less than so many silver deliars. These are the best, and there is only one house in the country that buys them and that is in Chicago. You could carry \$500

worth to the ferry under your arm without ttracting attention.

WHALBONE FOR WHIPS.

"No, the sperm whale has no whalebone. The Japan whalebone is coarser grained and The Japan whalebone is coarser grained and is chieffy used in whipstocks. Very little good whalebone goes that way now. Here is the kind that is used in the best whip-stocks," exhibiting a bone about 11 feet long and a quarter of an inch square. "That piece," continued the maunfacturer, "is worth \$1 60 as it is, and, consequently, the whip that is made out of it sells for a good price. Many so-called whalebone whips have only enough to make them

to swear by, not enough to make them really valuable. There has been no substitute anywhere near equivalent to the real whalebone article, because nothing has ever been discovered or manufactured possessing the same strength, lightness, flexibility and

"We get the whalebone in slabs from 5 to of the San Francisco Whaling Company,

blamed man's master: his organized so It was only now and then and through her flashes of singular observation on society and the Sermon on the Mount that I got a glimpse of the weight of care that surely lay upon her great soul and of which I have nore than once spoken. By reference to my journal I see that it

was on the evening of the 21st of March that she announced her final determination to leave the Old World to its idols and try to build up a model Christian city some where in he new.

Of course there were days and nights of conversation now on this subject. She wanted to begin right down at the bottom. She wanted to teach men to listen to the Lord's Prayer: to say, to feel "lead us not into temptation." She felt that just so certain as that man is man, he must fall if tempted. If he should have the temptation of envy, avarice, ambition and all the untold sins before him, he would fall, and would continue to fall, as he has fallen for all the ages that he has been. She knew that history to the end of time would be only this weary round and repetition of the ful woes of men, the miserable follies of nchappy women, the endless toil of pale faced and feeble children if these temptations that man forces upon man torever remained Her noble resolution now was to "lead us not into temptation." Her one aspiration now was to make it possible for man, in one place on this earth at least, to live the life of a Christian instead of the life of a Pharisee and a hypocrite. "Ah, yes," she cried, "at last am I beginning to see the light! It is through pity that we can pray those who despitefully use us. For when a man wrongs another he wrongs him self teniold as much. And when we feel this we cannot but help pitying the man who does wrong. For no man can do wrong to his fellowman, no matter how bad he may be, without not only wronging his own soul but making himself more wretched tenfold than the man whom he has wronged. Therefore, should we pray for those who despitefully use ns. And yet the world will not arrive at this plane of thought and action till we have first removed the continual temptations to possess the property, the money of men, and even the dominior

over men. "Aud how shall this be done, Princess? "Simply by following Christ: 'Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor and follow

It was midnight. She arose and came up close to my side. I sat by a table, where lay our books and papers. Leaning over she laid her two worn hands on mine. Her heart beat audibly and her bosom made me warm as she spoke.

I shall abolish property; obliterate the lines that men have drawn around the things which they possess for their few days on earth, and thus with one stroke will cut off nearly all the 10,000 temptations that encompass the mass of men. This one thing alone will make true Christianity almost possible. Follow this idea far out and far on in every branch, and you can see peace, content, love, hovering like a dove all about in the dim and dreamful distance."

Having decided as said before to abandon the Old World and draw out to herself in the New such choice spirits as she desired the next thing was to choose the site of her contemplated city. She wisely decided to keep within the temperate thermal belt which has as a rule embraced civilization is its circuit of the globe, and her eyes were fixed upon Mexico and the adjacent desert regions of the Southwest Territories of the United States.

Fortunately, I knew more of the wild regions about which she now desired inmation than any man living. Maps were nade, charts were daily drawn now. The would gather what information we could for

"Princess, how long? How long shall I "brincess, how long? How long shall I were and wait without you?" Her lifted brow darkened. I had said too much-gone too far entirely with my outstretched hands. I held my head and my two hands handhed down head and

represent the 12 months. The head is hol-lowed, and flattened on top. I once spread my blanket in this hollow head and spent the night there slone, listening, listening! This idol once stood in a mighty temple, reared to the god of rain. The temple is entirely swept away now. Not a vestige, save this idol, remains. At and slong the base of the mountain here 17 churches were reared from the ruins, which the natives work and work and wait a thousand years,

And she was gone. Miriam, Judith, Magdaline, all Israel indeed, all poetry and all history sacred or profane, all my past, present and future seemed to go away with her as I stood back there in the shadow that night, not daring to take one step forward or daring to risk again the rebuke of her proud and reproachful face.

dow half the time, stood out on the platform

at every station, to see if by some good fortune I might get at least a glimpse of her. And finally, when I took ship, the first thing was to look for her, in the fervid hope

thing was to look for her, in the fervid hope that she might be among the passengers. And so on, all the way to my long journey's end; but no Madonna's isce for me. When we passed through the outer wall of Mexico City I could sit no longer, but stood out and leaned from the platform, peering left and right and looking ahead to get sight of the sistion. Surely she would be standing left and right and looking ahead to get sight of the station. Surely she would be standing somewhere there, waiting to welcome me. But no. An empty station; with a few dozen dignified and quiet planters, bankers, offi-cers of the army, and so on, with a thousand barefooted and half-naked corgadaros, howl-ing and fighting at the gates leading to the streets. That was all. No Madonna's face for me within the wells of Marine are to for me within the walls of Mexico as yet.

reflected that I had ever been known as a swift traveler. No man had ever quite kept up with me in my journeys about the world. Why, then, should a woman? Still,

this region.

my two hands humbly down now as she hastily turned away. But back over her shoulder she said coldly and bitterly: "A thousand years, if need be. Wait and

if need be, till I come."

CHAPTER V.

You need not be told that I was on my way to Alexandria by the very first train. Time enough to ask for the first outward bound vessel after I reach Alexandria. thought I, as we bowled on down the banks of the Nile. True, I leaned from the win-

temple where this ideal lies is a succession of terraces. To right and to left and far away, all a succession of terraces, once tilled, tilled and owned in common, by a contented and a happy people. It is all a desert now, save a few potato patches and hovels of missry that are gathered about the gloomy stone churches. No wonder that Columbus, even so far back as when he was Governor of Cuba, complained to his Queen that seven out of eight of the Indians had been de-

riests.

Cubs, compained to his Queen that seven out of eight of the Indians had been de-stroyed by the Spaniards. What of the Astecs temples or pyramids to the sun and moon? They are tremendous masses of cinders and volcanic stone gath-ered from the fields round about. That is

ered from the fields round about. That is all. These pyramids cover several acres; they are shapely, perfect in proportion, and are much larger, at least the one to the sun, than those of Egypt. But they are not of granite or any sort of hewn stone, as those of the Orient. However, the pyramid to the sun is topped by a magnificent block of granite with the figure of the sun engraved thereon. A similar block, though propor-tionately smaller, is found at the base of the pyramid to the moon. But this one on But hope is a brave and cheerful friend.

salvation also. But when I spoke to him of the mysterious disappearance of so many people from our great cities, especially of the learned and progressive people in Europe, his large serenity seemed to be touched.

Yes, he knew all about this; "but there were monasteries, monkish retreats, all over This huge and hideous idol was the god of the rains. Twelve openings in the belly, from which waters were supposed to flow, represent the 12 months. The head is holthe world, to say nothing of such homes hidden away in the mountains like this one of mine, where men might easily go to get away from the world they could not make

And said he after a pause: "If the great Charles of Spain could lay down his scepter and take up the cords to do penance on his and take up the corus to an promotout and bare back, what wonder if worn-out and overworked men of to-day should disappear bundreds even thousands, from their by hundreds, even thousands, from tities and seek some humbler place?"

I saw little force in what he said, but did not answer. And now may I note one thing more in this train of dry and egotistic inci-dents already grown too long, before pro-carding further? reared from the ruins, which the natives were compelled to drag down the mountain for that purpose. Each one of these 17 Christian edifices stands in the midst of the ceeding further?

most piteous gathering of helpless, hopeless, dispirited and despairing human beings to As this man talked to me, talked to me in a very dull and indifferent way, too, as if he had no concern at all, nothing to care for, and above all nothing whatever to conceal, I saw, or felt or rather I knew he was thinkbe found on this continent. The bells toll regularly in each edifice, and so do the The idol can never be removed. It cannot

ing of her! Hours and hours before this screnely sat even be broken, by any modern appliances. It is too massive. All the earth below to Lake Terenco and isfied sun-browned man opened his mouth to speak of her I knew, knew as certainly as up the mountain to the site of the ancient temple where this idol lies is a succession of I knew of my own existence, that he not only was thinking of her but that he came from her to me; and that he had a message from her to me.

(To be Continued next Sunday.)

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HOW RATSINS ARE MADE

Those Dried While Still on the Vines Are the Best Quality.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

California is now making extensive experiments in the grape-growing districts to ascertain the best methods of drying grapes for raising. Two methods are now practiced. In one the banch-stem is cut about half through and the grapes allowed to dry on the vine; in the other the bunch is removed from the vine and the grapes dried

moved from the vine and the grapes dried in a drying house or in the sun. The former produces the best raisins, but a great many are lost through the breaking of the stem by wind, when the bunch falls and is damaged; by the latter a quality of raisin is produced which will compare favor-ably with any European or Asiatic product. When the bunches are don't dong then the nade, charts were daily drawn now. The lans of the great work were fast drawing oward completion. The civilization of the intees, wherein Cortex had found all lands ad all large properties held in common, ap-ealed to her. We would go there first. We would gather what information we could for he great new work; with an ere at the same into the procuring of a large tract of un-cupied land in some remote desert region her in Mexico or Arizona. She would wely choose the poorest lands. Her

have a fleet of some 40 odd ve That Company practically controls the whaling trade now, although there are New Bedford vessels in the business in the North Pacific also.

THE PRICE FLUCTUATES.

"A good many years ago the Massachu-setts Yankee had the whaling business all his own way. Instead of the long sailing voyages of those days the steamers land their product at San Francisco and it is brought here by rail. As I was saying, it more to us in subto of varying length prin-

brought here by rail. As I was saying, it comes to us in slabs of varying length, prin-cipally short and medium—the extra lengths being exceptional. We have to take it short and long, and pay to-day \$4 50 per pound, cash down. I say to-day, for last month it was \$5, and to-morrow it might be \$5 50 or \$6. The price fluctuates worse than the stock market, owing to the limited supply and export demand. "What is a slab? It is the natural divis-

ion of the whalebone in the whale's mouth. They are close together in the jaw, feather edge up-that is, this edge with coarse hair on it-and the whole forms a sort of an immense sieve, through which the water filters like the gills of other species of fish. There are about 300 of these thin plates or slabs in the mouth of a full-grown whale. Many people have an idea that whalebone comes

people have an idea that whalebone comes from the fins and tail, or from some particu-lar region of the body; but it doesn't, as they might, indeed, easily ascertain by a look at the unabridged. MONOPOLIZED BY THE LADIES.

"Perhaps the whalebone trade, aside from the fluctuations in price, is the simplest business in the world, considering that all the civilized world uses the article. There are but five manufacturers in New York and two in Boston. That is all in this coun-try. We are simply manufacturers—that is, we plank down \$10,000 for a ton of raw ma-terial, and split it up and prepare it for the market. The articles into which it enters are so few and the space the material occu-pies is so small, that the questions of ma-chinery, freight and storage do not enter into the business. "The bulk of the whalebone crop is mo-nopolized by the fair sex. It always has "Perhaps the whalebone trade, aside from

"The bulk of the whalebone crop is mo-nopolized by the fair sex. It always has been and always will be so. Outside of the slays we make this round, fine stuff you see here"—showing a small bundle of bones about the size of 22-gauge wire and quite as smooth and round—"which is 52 inches long, for use in silk mills where ribbon is manufactured. They use it for the edge of the ribbon in weaving. The same grade and finish is used in the best silk hats in the sweatbands. Both are new uses of the

sweatbands. Both are new uses of the whalebone. It is rounded thus by being drawn through a hole in steel, being split square and then put through a smaller sessonable and appropriate verses that ac

and smaller hole until perfectly round and smooth. When I add whipstocks you've got the whole business. SUBSTITUTES FOR THE BONE.

"Corsets? Yes, corsets and dress stays take up, practically, the whole supply. Yet fully 90 per cent of corsets are braced up with something else. The growing cost of whalebone has placed a first-class corset out ot the reach of most women. Add to the price of the raw material the manufacturer's noise the jobber's the retailer's and the price, the jobber's, the retailer's and the dressmaker's, and you will get what the cus-

"When I went into the trade, women used to wear hoop skirts of whalebone. Your sisters used to wear them? Exactly. Now

sisters used to wear them? Exactly. Now such a skirt would cost as much as a good dress. It was also largely used in um-brellas, and a good many other things. Pretty soon only rich women can afford whalebone corsets. The substitutes for whalebone are many, but none of them com-bine the qualities of the real article. One substitute is horn, and it is largely used be-cause the customer is deceived believing it

substitute is norm, and it is argety used be-cause the customer is deceived, believing it to be whalebone, or that one bone is as good as another. Here is a specimen. You see it is nearly of the same color, but is slick and limber and has no grain. You can't split it. Heat or cold will cause it to snap is ten in two.

A TRICK OF THE TRADE. "That is made in France by some French process. It was once a part of the hora

ANCIENT PLAYING CARDS.

Curious Designs That Flourished at Beginning of the Century. . Louis Post-Dispatch,]

We are glad to give our readers, and particularly the card-loving public, an idea how cards looked at the beginning the present century. At the comof ing in of the new year cards of this kind were gotten up in the form

> of would-be competitors the popular cry against overhead wires. Concurrently with this local improvement, long-distance telephone wires are being extended everywhere, connecting these exchanges and their groups of sub-offices, so covers the most progressive parts of the Union. It is expected and predicted in some quarters that the Western Union Com-E J -000 a year, for which it does nothing abso-lutely but set still, it is not unreasonable to Julia V alluc Eight of Spader.

takes years to get a good exchange system in working order, one hears already of movements that tell of taking time by the forelock in this matter. A significent incident occurred a week or two ago in one of the inland towns of New York State, where, on the proposition being made to cut down some disused telephone circuits, the owners objected strenuously. They said that when the courts stopped them on the ground of infringement of patent they cut the wires at oth ends, so that there was no danger.

The Telephonic Situation

by electricity. In this there is nothing remarkable, but the reason given for the reso-Intion of the City Council on the adoption of the electric light, is an entirely novel one —being that better light than gas is required from the fact that at present so many women are insulted nightly in the streets. Moreover, as soon as the chance offered, and they were free by the lapse of the Bell pat-WHISKY OF THE CHINESE. ents, they would resume their work, start another exchange and give the people the

It is Served in Pots and Taken From Cups About Like a Doll's. New York World.1

benefit of lower rates. It is not to be supposed, however, that the telephone people anywhere are sitting still. The telephone ranks, when the business was Chinese whisky is a strong, yet not unpleasant liquor, distilled from rice-at least started, were largely recruited from the more pushing, ambitious and enterprising young operators in the telegraph field, and those men, experienced now and rich with money so the story runs. It is brown in color and not "heady," but you will find your spirits rising and will be inclined when you have they have won for themselves, will make a strong fight to hold the fort. They see that consumed a great deal of this fluid to make the most extravagant demonstrations of good feeling. You will be gay without knowing why, for your head will be as clear as a bell. even without patents, the telephone ex-change work is in one sense a monopoly, because it is silly and useless for a subcriber to be connected up with two ex-

criber to be connected up with two ex-hanges, when what he wants is one "cen-man usually drinks a pot of this with his tral" through which he can reach evely body. The local telephone companies all over the country are building fine new ex-over the country are building fine new ex-improving their facilities, and are dining the liquor is poured from the pot tral" through which he can reach every-body. The local telephone companies all out of a tall, earthern-ware, much be-pictover the country are building ane new ta-changes, improving their facilities, and putting their wires underground, so that putting their wires underground, so that into a large bowl, and dipped up as each feels inclined, in tea cups, which are about feels inclined, in tea cups, which are about the size of those generally found in a doll's tea set. Each holds about as much as the smallest pony glass, in which cordials are served, and there are a dosen of these to a potful

THE LUSHAIS ARE UNEASY.

English Troops Necessary to Repress Hostile Actions in Burmah.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] pany will be one of the first to jump into the ring, and it has many incentives to do

England has again found it necessary to so, but seeing that its old compromise with the American Bell Company brings it \$500,send a small force up to the highlands above Chittagong, east of the head gulf of the Bay of Bengal, to repress hostile demeanor on the part of some of the Lushai tribes in that suppose that some fine day or other another compromise will be tried. This, however, will not prevent very active outside compe-tition, and even if it did, there' is all the region in mountain and forest. The chief admitted that he had intended raiding the villages on the banks of the Tyao river, but endless work to be done in equipping fac-tories, offices, hotels and dwellings with telebeing told it was British territory, he promised to abstain from doing phones to take the place of the time-honored, universal but inndequate bell and speaking so. 1889 The situation of these tribes in was very different; they were

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A paper on "The Evolution of Electric and Magnetic Physics," recently read by A. E. Kennelly before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, contained in a condensed form much of the most advanced thought of

Late Scientific Theories.

hat even now one vast telephonic network

some of the foremost scientists of the day. Mr. Kennelly said that in electro-magnetic science the great schievement since Fara-day's time has been the determination of the fact that all electricity flows or tends to flow in closed curves or circuits, so that the electrostatic circuit, the galvanic circuit and the magnetic circuit, each resembling as it were, an endless chain or a bundle o endless chains, have all been defined, and the laws which control their respective types have been found to exhibit wonderful

types have been found to exhibit wonderful analogies. Another important landmark in the dos appreciation of the influence of the sther, while originally the electrical activity or cost ducting wires of a galvanic circuit, it is the due appreciation of the influence of the sther, while originally the electrical activity or cost now believed that the other surrounding in the process of conduction, so that the process of conduction, so that the store and responsive substance, the other. Once more in the evolution of thought the the other surrounding the store, the other. Once more in the evolution of thought the the other surrounding the dot that Torricelli, under some what altered premises, that "Mature shore a shore a store threates the properties of the ether almost the store surrounding the store of the shore the store and we hold that Torricelli, under some what altered premises, that "Mature shore a sone of the stores of the properties of the ether almost threates to surround in the influence and we hold that Torricelli, under some what altered premises, that "Mature shore a sone of the store altered premises that in interest and importance of the mature it as the dot the properties of the ether almost threates to surround the influence and we hold that Torricelli, under some and the properties of the ether almost the store almost the store at the store of the mature it as a south we are almost the properties of the mature it and the set thereates the properties of the mature it as the store of the store almost the store of the mature it as the store of the store almost the store almost the store of the mature it as the store of the sto

Seven of Clubs.

ompany the months in almanae editions of

company the months in almanac editions of the present day. To-day these card alma-nacs are great curiosities, and the exceed-ingly original samples which we have chosen for our illustrations show the taste of that period, and the predilication of the public for everything that was artistic in the way of a cua.

of almanacs, and upon each piece of paste-board was printed a suitable rhyme, some-what after the fashiou of the more or less