What would you prove?"
"Much, if I knew how. Will you walk with me? It is very cold."

CHAPTER VIII.

They had been standing where they had met. As she spoke, Unorna looked up with an expression wholly unlike the one he had seen a few moments earlier. Her strong will was suddenly veiled by the most gentle and womanly manner, and a little shiver, real or feigned, passed over her as she drew the folds of her fur more closely around her. The man before her could resist the aggressive manifestation of her power, but he was for too courteous to refuse her request.

"Which way?" he asked quietly. "To the river," she answered.

He turned and took his place by her side For some moments they walked on in silence. It was already almost twilight. "How short the days are!" exclaimed Unorns, rather suddenly.

"How long, even at their shortest!" replied her companion.

"They might be short-if you would." He did not answer her, though he glanced quickly at her face. She was looking down at the pavement before her, as though picking her way, for there were patches of ice upon the stones. She seemed very quiet. He could not guess that her heart was beat ing violently, and that she found it hard to

say six words in a natural tone. So far as he himself was concerned he was in no humor for talking. He had seen almost everything in the world, and had read or heard almost everything that mankind had to say. The streets of Prague had no novelty for him, and there was no charm in the chance acquaintance of a beautiful woman to bring words to his lips. Words had long since grown useless in the solitude of a life that was spent in searching for one face among the millions that passed before his sight. Courtesy had bidden him to walk with her, because she had asked it, but courtesy did not oblige him to amuse her, he thought, and she had not the power that Keyork Arabian had to force him into conversation, least of all into conversing upon his own inner life. He regretted the few words he had spoken, and would have taken them back had it been possible. He

felt no awkwardness in the long silence. Unorna, for the first time in her life, felt that she had not full control of her faculties. She who was always so caim, so thoroughly mistress of her own powers, whose judgment Kevork Arabian could deceive, but whose self-possession he could not move, except to anger, was at the present moment both weak and unbalanced. Ten minutes earlier she had fancied that it would be an easy thing to fix her eyes on his and to cast the veil of a half-sleep over his already half-dreaming senses. She had fancied that it would be enough to say "Come," and that he would follow. She had formed the bold he would follow. She had formed the bold scheme of attaching him to herself by visions of the woman whom he loved as she wished to be loved by him. She believed that if he were once in that state she could destroy the old love forever, or even turn it

to hate at her will.

She was taken out of the world in which she was accustomed to rule and was suddenly placed in one where men are men, and women are women, and in which social conven-tionalities hold sway. She began to be frightened. The walk must end and at the end of it they must part. Since she had lost her power over him, he might go away, for there would be nothing to bring him to her. She wondered why he would not speak, and her terror increased. She dared not look up, lest she should find him looking at her. Then they emerged from the street and

stood by the river, in a lonely place. The blocks had been cut out in long strips. It was lighter here. A lingering ray of sunshine, forgotten by the departing day, gilded the vast walls and turrets of venerable Hradschip, far above them on the opposite bank and tinted the sharp, dark spires of the half-built cathedral which crowns the fortress. The distant ring of fast-moving skates broke the stillness. "Are you angry with me?" asked Unorns,

she said. The question had risen to her lips without warning, and was asked almost un-"I do not understand. Augry? At what?

Why should you think I am 'You were so silent," she answered, regaining courage from the mere sound of her own words. "We have been walking for a long time, and you said nothing. I thought you were displeased." "You must forgive me. I am often si-

"I thought you were displeased," she re-

"I thought you were displeased," she repeated. "I think that you were, though you hardly knew it. I should be very sorry if you were angry."

"Why would you be sorry?" asked the Wanderer with a civil indifference that hurt Unorna more than any acknowledgement of his displeasure could have done.

"Because I would help you if you would."

"Because I would help you if you would He looked at her with a sudden keenness. In spite of herself, she blushed and turned her head away. He hardly noticed the fact, and, if he had, would assuredly not have put upon it any interpretation up-

proaching to the truth. He supposed that she was flushed with walking.

"No one has ever helped me, least of all in the way you mean," he said. "The counsels of wise men-of the wisest-have been useless, as well as the dreams of women who fancy they have the gift of mental sight beyond the limit of bodily vision. "Who fancy they see!" exclaimed Unorna, almost glad to find that she was still strong

enough to feel annoyance at the slight.
"I beg your pardon. I do not mean to
doubt your powers, of which I have bad no

"I did not offer to see for you. I did not offer you a dream."
"Would you show me that which I al-

ready see, waking and sleeping? Would you bring to my hearing the sound of a voice which I can hear even now? I need no help for that." "I can do more than that—for you,"
"And why for me," he asked with some

euriosity.
"Because—because you are Keyork Ara-

bian's friend." She glanced at his face, but he showed no surprise. "You have seen him this afternoon, of course," he remarked.

An odd smile passed over Unorna's face. Yes; I have seen him this afternoon He is a friend of mine and of yours-do you

"He is the wisest of men," said the Wan-erer. "And also the maddest," he added thoughtfully.
"And you think it was in his madness

rather than in his wisdom, that he advised you to come to me?"
"Possibly. In his belief in you, at least."
"And that may be madness?" She was

gaining courage.
"Or wisdom—if I am mad. He believes in you. That is certain."
"He has no beliefs. Have you know!

him long, and do not know that? With him nothing between knowledge and ignorance. "And he knows, of course, by experi-

"By very long experience, as I know

"Neither your gifts, nor his knowledge of them, can change dreams to facts. Unorna smiled again.

"You can produce a dream—nothing more," continued the Wanderer, drawn at last into argument. "I, too, know some-thing of these things. The wisdom of the Egyptians is not wholly lost yet. You may possess some of it, as well as the undeveloped power which could put all their music within your reach if you knew how to use it. Yet a dream is a dream."

"Philosophers have disputed that," answered Unorna. "I am no philosopher, but I can overthrow the results of all their dis-

You can do this. If I resign my will into your keeping, you can cause me to dream. You can call up vividly before me

"I was not sleeping. Why do you reason? of my life. You can make me see clearly the sights impressed upon your own memory. You might do that, and yet you would be showing me nothing which I do not see now, before me—of those things which I care to

"But suppose that you were wrong, and that I had no dream to show you, but a She spoke the words very earnestly, gaz ing into his eyes at last without fear. thing in her tone struck him and fixed his "There is no sleep needed to see realities,

"I did not say that there was. I only asked you to come with me to the place where she is." The Wanderer started slightly and forgot

all the instinct of opposition to her which he had felt so strongly before. "Do you mean that you know—that you can take me to her—" he could not find words. A strange, overmastering astonishment took possession of him, and with it came wild hope and the wilder longing to reach its

realization instantly.
"What else could I have meant? What else did I say?" Her eyes were beginning to rlitter in the gathering dusk.

The Wanderer no longer avoided their ook, but he passed his hand over his brow,

as though dazed.
"I only asked you to come with me," she repeated softly. "There is nothing supernatural about that. When I saw that you did not believe me, I did not try to lead you then, though she is waiting for you. She had me bring you to her." as though dazed.

ade me bring you to her."
"You have seen her? You have talked

with her? She sent you? Oh, for God's sake, come quickly—come, come!"

He put out his hand as though to take hers and lead her away. She grasped it eagerly. He had not seen that she had drawn off her glove. He was lost. Her eyes held him, and her fingers touched his bare wrist. His lids drooped and his will was hers. In the intolerable anxiety of th moment he had forgotten to resist, he had

not even thought of resisting.

There were great blocks of stone in the desolate place, landed there before the river had frozen, for a great building, whose gloomy, unfinished mass stood waiting for warmth of spring to be completed. led him by the hand, passive and obedient a child, to a sheltered spot and made him sit down upon one of the stones. It was

"Look at me," she said, standing before him, and touching his brow. He obeyed.
"You are the image in my eyes," she said,

after a moment's nause. "Yes. I am the image in your eyes," he answered in a dull voice. "You will never resist me again, I command it. Hereafter it will be enough fo me to touch your hand, or to look at you, and if I say, 'sleep,' you will instantly become the image again. Do you understand

'I understand it."

"Promise!" "I promise," he replied without perceptible

"You have been dreaming for years. From this moment you must forget all your dreams." His face expressed no understanding o

what she said. She hesitated a moment, and then began to walk slowly up and down sefore him. His half-glazed look followed her as she moved. She came back and laid hand upon his head. "My will is yours. You have no will of

your own. You cannot think without me." she spoke in a tone of concentrated determination, and a slight shiver passed over "It is of no use to resist, for you have promised never to resist me again," she con-

place in your mind instantly, without opposition. Do you understand?"
"Yes," he answered, moving uneasily. For some seconds she again held her open palm upon his head. She seemed to be evok-

ing all her strength for a great effort.
"Listen to me, and let everything I say take possession of your mind forever. My will is yours, you are the image in my eyes, my word is your law. You know what I please you should know. You forget what I commind you to forget. You have been mad these many years, and I am curing you. You must forget your madness. now forgotten it. I have erased the memory with my hand. There is nothing to knew that it was Beatrice.

emember any more.

The dull eyes, deep set beneath the shadows of the overhanging brow, seemed to seek her face in the dark, and for the third time there was a nervous twitching of the shoulders and limbs. Unorna knew the symptom well, but had never seen it return Unorna knew the so often, like a protest of the body against the enslaving of the intelligence. She was nervous, in spite of her success. The im-mediate results of hypnotic suggestion are not exactly the same in all cases, even in the first moments; its consequences may be widely different 11 different individuals. Unorna, indeed, possessed an extraordinary power, but on the other hand she had to deal with an extraordinary organization She knew this instinctively and endeavored to lead the sleeping mind by degrees to the

ndition in which she wished it to remain. The repeated tremor in the body was the outward sign of a mental resistance which t would not be easy to overcome. The wisest course was to go over the ground aleady gamed. This she determined to do by means of a sort of catechism.

'Who am I?" she asked. "Unorna," answered the powerless man comptly, but with a strange air of relief.
"Are you asleep?"

"Awake?"

"In what state are you?"

"I am an image."
"And where is your body?" "Seated upon that stone."
"Can you see your face?"
"I see it distinctly. The eyes in the

ody are glassy." "The body is gone, now. You do not see it any more. Is that true?" "It is true. I do not see it. I see the tone on which it was sitting." "You are still in my eyes. Now"-she touched his head again—"now, you are no longer an image. You are my Mind."

"Yes, I am your mind."
"You, my Mind, know that I met to-day man called the Wanderer, whose body you saw when you were in my eyes. Do you know that or not?"

"I know it, I am your mind." "You know, Mind, that the man was mad. He had suffered for many years from a de-lusion. In pursuit of the fixed idea he had wandered far through the world. Do you know whither his travels had led him?" do not know. That is not in you mind. You did not know it when I became

"Good. Tell me, Mind, what was this man's delusion?"
"He fancied that he loved a woman, whom he could not find."

"The man must be cured. He must know that he was mad and is now sane. You, my Mind, must see that it really was a de

"Yes. I see it."
Unorns watched the waking sleeper nar-

rowly. It was now night, but the sky had cleared and the starlight falling upon the snow in the lonely, open place, made it possi-ble to see fairly well. Unorna seemed as unconscious of the bitter cold as her subject conscious of the bitter cold as her subject, whose body was in a state past all outward impressions. So far, she had gone through the familiar process of question and answer with success, but this was not all. She knew that if, when he awoke, the name he loved still remained in his memory, the result could not be accomplished. She must produce entire forgetfulness, and to do this the must wine out every execution. this she must wipe out every association one by one. She gathered her strength during a short pause. She was greatly en-couraged by the fact that the acknowledg-ment of the delusion had been followed by no convulsive reaction in the body. She

was on the very verge of a complete triumph, and the concentration of her will during a few moments longer might win the battle. She could not have chosen a spot better suited for her purpose. Within five minutes' walk of streets in which throngs of people were moving about, the seens which sur-rounded her was desolate and almost wild. The unfinished building loomed like a rain behind her; the rough hewn blocks lay like

boulders in a stony heart; the broad gralay like a floor of lustreless iron before her under the uncertain starlight. Only afar off, high up in the mighty Hradschin, lamps gleamed here and there from the windows, the distant evidence of human life. All was still. Even the steely ring of the skates had

"And so," she continued, presently, "this man's whole life has been a delusion, ever since he began to fancy, in the fever of an illness, that he loved a certain woman. Is this clear to you, my Mind?"
"It is quite clear," answered the muffled

"He was so utterly mad that he eyen gave that woman a name—a name, when she had never existed, except in his imagination." "Except in his imagination," repeated

the sleeper, without resistance.
"He called her Beatrice. The name was suggested to him because he had tallen ill in a city of the South where a woman called Beatrice once lived and was loved by a great poet. That was the train of self-suggestion in his delirium. Mind, do you understand?" "He suggested to himself the name in his

"In the same way that he suggested to himself the existence of the woman whom he afterward believed he loved."

"In exactly the same way."
"It was all a curious and very interesting case of auto-hypnotic suggestion. It made him very mad. He is now cured of it. Do that he is cured ?"

The sleeper gave no answer. The stiffened limbs did not move, indeed, nor did the glazed eyes reflect the starlight. But he gave no answer. The lips did not even at-tempt to form words. Had Unorna been less carried away by the excitement in her own thoughts, or less absorbed in the fierce con centration of her will upon its passive sub ject, she would have noticed the silence and would have gone back again over the old ground. As it was, she did not pause. "You understand, therefore, my Mind,

that this Beatrice was entirely the creature of the man's imagination. Beatrice not exist, because she never existed. Beat-tice never had any real being. Do you un-This time she waited for an answer, but

one came. "There never was any Beatrice," she repented firmly, laying her hand upon the un-conscious head and bending down to gaze into the sightless eyes.

The answer did not come, but a shiver

ike that of an ague shook the long, graceful "You are my Mind," she said, fiercely.

"Obey me! There never was any Beatrice, there is no Beatrice now, and there never can The noble brow contracted in a look o genizing pain and the whole frame shook

like an aspen leaf in the wind. The mouth moved spasmodically. "Obey me! Say it!" cried Unorna, with assionate energy.

The lips twisted themselves, and the face was as gray as the gray snow.
"There is—no—Beatrice." The

ame out slowly, and yet not distinctly, as though wrung from the heart by torture.
Unorna smiled at last, but the smile had
not faded from her lips, when the air was rent by a terrible cry.
"By the Eternal God of Heaven!" cried the ringing voice. "It is a lie-a lie-a

She who had never feared anything earthly or unearthly shrank back. She felt her heavy hair rising bodily upon her head. The Wanderer had sprung to his feet. The magnitude and horror of the fulsehood spoken had stabbed the slumbering soul to sudden and terrible wakefulness. The out-line of his tall- figure was distinct against the gray background of ice and snow. He was standing at his full height, his arms stretched up to heaven, his face luminously pale, his deep eyes on fire and fixed upon her face, forcing back her dominating will upon itself. But he was not alone. "Beatricel" he cried, in long-drawn

Between him and Unorna something passed by, something dark and soft and noiseless, that took shape slowly—a woman in black, a veil thrown back from her forehead, her white face turned toward Wanderer, her white hands hanging by her side. She stood still, and the face turned, and the eyes met Unorna's, and Unorna

There she stood, between them, motionless as a statue, impalpable as air, but real as life itself. The vision, if it was a vision, lasted fully a minute. Never, to the day of her death, was Unorna to forget that face, with its deathlike purity of outline, with its unspeakable nobility or feature.

It vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. A low, broken sound of pain es-caped from the Wanderer's lips, and, with his arms extended, he fell forward. The strong woman caught him, and he sank to the ground gently in her arms, his head supported upon her shoulder, as she kneeled under the heavy weight.

There was a sound of quick footsteps on the trozen snow. A Bohemian watchman, alarmed by the loud cry, was running to the

"What has happened?" he asked, bending down to examine the couple.
"My friend has fainted," said Unorns, "He is subject to it. You must help me to get him home." " asked the man.

"To the house of the Black Mother of

[To be continued next week.]

MADE PARIS BEAUTIFUL. The Man Under Whose Direction the Grea

City Was Improved. Pall Mall Budget.)
The death of Baron Haussmann, at the

advanced age of 92, recalls many memories of what some people are apt to style the palmy days of the second empire. Al-though physically short of stature, the man who made New Paris overtopped the ma-jority of his cotemporaries by many inches; and one need have no special prophetical gifts to predict that his name will survive when most of those of the Third Napoleon's Ministers and



s but fair to add that the transformation o Paris, the sweeping away of all the old shanties and kennels, alleys and culs-de-sac, and the laying out of spacious boulevards and avenues lined with imposing houses of freestone, six and seven stories high, was Nepoleon's own idea; and, indeed, the work had already been in progress for some time, when in June, 1853, M. Haussmann was apwhen in June, 1803, 31, Haussmann was appointed Prefect of the Seine. But it was under the Baron's auspices that all the more notable improvements were effected, and if Paris is nowadays blessed with a larger allowance of light and air than is enjoyed by any other capital city in the world, she mainly owes it to the energy and industry of just passed away.

BRUISES are cured readily by Salvation

Overcoat and trouser material, of the best quality at Anderson's, 700 Smithfield

Howard Fielding Gets Ashamed His Prosaic Nature and Tries a Little Bit of Sport.

HIS OFFICE BOY ACTS AS TUTOR

and a Muscular and Conscienceless Mar Who Could Hit Hard Takes Up the Role of Professor.

NUMBER OF CONTRADICTORY TIPS

on a Prize Fight That Fortunately Was Stopped the Majesty of the Law.

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. A deep absorbing interest in pugilisti matters had descended like a blight upon my moral nature. I hold my office bo primarily responsible for this. He started

me on the downward path. I entered the office one morning a little late. Ralph, the boy (called familiarly Sir Ralph the Rover, because he always goes ten or a dozen blocks out of the way when I send him on an errand), had attended to his regular duties in his usual fashion. He had dusted my desk, using my office coat for the purpose, had sorted my mail, read my postal cards, spilled my ink; and was sitting



with his feet on my private corresponden emoking a cigarette and glancing over the morning papers. He looked up from the sporting page as I came in, and remarked: "Say, I'm telling yer that Kid McSweeney's got a cold cinch." "Everybody is getting a cold of son

Everyoody is getting a cold of some kind," I said, symnathetically. "Who is Mr. McSweeney? A friend of yours?" "Who's Kid McSweeney!" exclaimed the Rover, "say, who is George Washington?" "First in war-"

The Rover Explains "So's de Kid. Say, Mr. Fieldin', it don't make no difference wid me because I know you're all right, see? But if you should you re all ight, see: But you sexpose your ignorance that way before some folks they wouldn' t'ink nothin' of yer afterward. Say, if you should make a break o' that kind in Judge Divver's saloon dey'd t'row yer out. Who's Kid Mc-Sweeney? Why he'de slickest an' gamest ''. The Royer's feel. bantam that ever—" The Rover's feelings overcame him at this point, and he arose and inflicted severe personal chastisement upon a messenger boy who has just entered in response to a call I had rung dur-

ing the previous week. "Dat's de way de Kid will do up Pats Lynch," said Sir Ralph, when he had fin-ished rebuking the tardy messenger. "Oh should like ter see that mill."

I did not think seriously of this incident intil about lunch time, when I noticed the Rover discussing my case with the agent of



firearm manufacturing company who has

a desk in the office. "Hasn't any sporting blood, eh?" said the agent, referring to me. Made Fielding Ash Later in the day I heard him telling a isitor that I had asked the office boy who Kid McSweeney was. The visitor was a young man who wore a scarf pin shaped like a horse's head, and nearly life size, and

he evidently didn't know whether to laugh at my ignorance or to be downright sorry But the subject interested me, Pugilism seemed to be the only profession in which there was a distinct standard of merit. While thousands of lawyers and almost all doctors have no equals in their lines, I could not find over a hundred recognized cham-

pions in any department of pugilism. In order to straighten out my ideas a little, I asked Sir Ralph one morning whether he thought that Kid McSweeney could "do" Jim Corbett in four rounds. Paralyzed Sir Ralpi Sir Ralph had an epileptic fit complicated with bronchitis, and when he recovered he gave me to understand that bantams and heavyweights did not as a rule, molest each

other. I was glad to learn that their rela-tions were so cordial, and I said so. "Say," said the Rover, "it's a pity you don't know outhin'. You're built just right for a scrapper."

I asked him if he really thought that I could learn to box.
"Sure," said he, "you ain't got no legs

an' you don't need any. It's de long, scrag-gly, ungainly-lookin' fellies that walk off with everything nowadays. with everything nowadays. Dey reach right over a fellie's guard an' bang him on e bugle, see?" Sir Ralph hit the wall two or three times o show me how it was done.
"Do you know any good teacher of

ing?" I asked.
"Do I know him?" exclaimed Sir Ralph. "Do 1? Say, you go ter see Dave Baxter on de Bow'ry. Is he good? Say, he sec-onded de Kid in his fight wid young Pike. He knows it all, see?" A Style That Is Taking. I have endeavored to do something like justice to the Rover's conversational methods, because that style (which might

be called the hysterical-interrogative) is slowly but surely creeping out of its birthplace like the odor of a Bowery eigar and corrupting all New York. There are members of the 400 who are detected in the use I called upon Baxter the next day. His office is between the sawdust box and the

form. I found him in. He took me into a farge bare room on the second story where he collected the price of a dozen lessons in advance. I did not notice anything unusual about the room at first but later I discovered that it had the hardest floor ever laid down by a earpenier. That was after Baxter had endeavored to instill into me the principles of the art of self-defense. It did not take me long to discover that one of the most important of those principles was to avoid the company of men like Baxter.

To Inspire Confidence. "If I just patted yer countenance gently like some o' these dude up town perfessors would do," said he, "you wouldn't think I amounted to nuthin'. De first requisite is ter convince de pupil that yer a good man; I admitted an earnest conviction.

"Yer took yer medicine like a man," said he, "an' I think I can make something o yer. Do you want ter see der McSweeney-Lynch fight? I can get yer a ticket for \$15. Is it cheap? Say, dere sellin' for \$25 all over. I thought it might be a good idea to sav

\$10 by buying my ticket of Baxter, for I had made up my mind to see this fight for the sake of knowing what such affairs really were like. When Baxter sold me this icket he said that I ought to make a barrel of money on the fight, because he could give me a straight tip, and I could back it as heavily as I pleased. He mentioned in an off-hand reminiscent fashion that several gentlemen, whom he named, had given him \$50 or \$100 after winning on his tips I told him that I dion't suppose it would be possible to make a bet ou this fight because the Kid was sure to win.

of an unvouched man. I could sit in the "Sure to win?" said Baxter. "Say: he taproom parlor on the high leather-covered ain't in it. Lynch will have him four rounds."

Hunting an Ignorant Man Baxter went on to assure me that his warm personal friendship for the Kid was powerless to warp his infallible judgment. He was sorry that the Kid couldn't win; ate at the prospect of an all-night's tramp but, as long as he couldn't, there was no harm in my making a dollar on my knowl-edge of the fact. He suggested that perhaps we might find some ignorant person in the saloon below who was looking for a chance to lose his money on McSweeney. We went down and found the ignorant person. We found him without any trouble at all. He seemed to be waiting for us. I didn't care to bet, but I was afraid that Baxter would fate was in abeyance while he drank his nightly glass of gin and soda, and blinked at say that I hadn't any sporting blood, and thus give even wider publicity to my dis-grace than Sir Ralph and the agent had done. So I bet \$50 to \$45 on Lynch. A gentleman of unimpeachable honor held the stakes. I had Baxter's personal testimony When I got back to the office, the agent

for firearms and the young man with the horse head pin were there. The appearance of my left eye naturally led up to the sub-ject of pugilism. I told them that Baxter had given me the eye, and also a straight tip on Lynch. The horsey young man tingent. 'E might be a play-hactor, aughed.
"The fellow you bet with was a friend of

might be a mountebank, 'e might even con-sort with those houteasts of society, the 'orrid gypsies, but hagain it should never be said that Harnold-by-Notting'am refused the haiding 'and. "'Ear!—'ear!" roared the audience all. So, as some of the



Taught to Respect His Teacher. noney between them. They know that Mc Sweeney will win. It's all fixed up in ad-

"I'm going to the stakeholder and de mand my money back," said I. Only Way to Get Even. "You won't get it," rejoined the astute youth. "Go bet \$50 on McSweeney. That's the only way to get even."

He was so kind as to supplement this ad-

like suggestive chaffings were mingled with partings from the crowd at the "Lone Tree vice by telling me where I could find a man who was foolish enough to bet on Lynch. 1 lost no time in hunting him up. By this There were a half-score of carts; a score of butchers. Huge, awiul-voiced, kindly men they were, with wonderful hallooings and time I had begun to realize that I couldn't I was a poor man, and it was a duty which I owed to my family to win every time. So I bet \$75 on terrific speed down that broad stone road through the glistening, crispy night. Cot-tage and castle dimly appeared and as McSweeney.

A few days later I met the sporting editor instantly vanished. Copse and hedge seemed set in a mad pace the other way. On we spend to old Nottingham, frightening, belated cott gers

of one of the leading dailies. He is a personal friend who would not deceive me. He had positive inside information that Lynch with the rushing, clamor and song. There were some superb voices among these rollick would win. He put the case before me in such a lucid manner that a large quantity of my hair turned gray for fear that I shouldn't be able to retrieve my mistake by getting a bet down on Lyuch. I besought him to put up \$50 for me if he could find a more impressive to me, with my own head full of Robin Hood, than my perilous seat taker, and he promised to do so, but he warned me that he might have to give odds. on the edge of a bounding eart-box, was the character of the songs they sung. Every one identified the butcher's, or "flesher's," vocation with incidents in the life of Robin The next morning I had a long talk with Sir Ralph the Rover. That boy appeared to know more about fighting than the old ten minutes how utterly preposterous it was When I lett the office, I looked up a man an outlaw on account of a miserly maste who, I was aware, had been tipped by the sporting editor and I bet \$50 with him on McSweeney.

. Berrows and Bets Again. But, that evening, I happened to meet an old and reliable sport, a man for whose judgment I had the highest respect. In a few well-chosen words be convinced me that McSweeney was Lynch's natural food; that the Kid had no more show than Lo, the poor Indian; and that anybody who bet on the Kid was simply taking bread out of the mouth of his tamily. I borrowed \$50 and

bet it on Lynch. It had been arranged that the fight should take place in a barn in a remote corner of Staten Island. This is a newspaper euphemism for a back room in a house con veniently located in Jersey City. It was necessary to keep the authorities in ignorance, so one of the seconds went to the beat and told him not to be loafing around the door of the house on that particular night because his presence might be offen-

sive to the boys.

We assembled in the room about 11 o'clock. I had had several other changes of opinion by this time, and my memorand: of bets were a little mixed up. I handed them over to the sporting editor, and asked him what he thought of them. He figured over it a minute, and then he said: "You've been giving odds both ways. If McSweeney wins you lose \$45 and if Lynch wins you lose \$85. I advise you to holler for Mc-

Sweeney. Bets Declared Off. The men went into the ring and began to bound each other. Every time the Kid hit Lynch half the people around the ring yelled foul. When Lynch hit the Kid the ther half yelled foul. I didn't want to show partiality, so I yelled foul all the

In the fifth round both men in the ring were groggy. So was the breath of all the men outside the ring. A sport standing near me whispered in my ear that Me-Sweeney was getting the worst of it. he escaped from the room and whispered the same thing in the ear of a detachment of police, who were waiting in a neighboring saioon. They had all put up their money on McSweeney, and they lost no time in raiding the house.

The sports heard the police coming, and

out with them. A policeman reached out of the window and could just touch the tops of our heads as we stood in the area, while the advance guard was kicking the gate down. I was the only man who didn't wear his hair short. I never realized before why sports had themselves barbered in that way. The majesty of the law grasped my long flowing locks, and hauled me in through the window like a piece of rope.

I paid a considerable fine. I thought it

jumped out of the back window. I jumper

was more convenient to pay it to the police-man who arrested me than to wait for the formalities of the court. Otherwise my name might have got into the papers.

I read in the sporting editor's account of the fight next morning that all bets were off.

I was deeply thankful. I have no more sporting blood; no, sir, not so much as one red corpusele.

HOWARD FIELDING.

REAL ROBIN HOOD.

of Flesh and Blood.

OAKS UNDER WHICH THEY ROAMED

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE !

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, Jan. 28 .- 1

ad tramped from Newstead Abbey from

the drear region of Robin Hood's Hills, to

Arnold, on my return way to Nottingham.

train could be had to the ancient city. The

long, lane-like manufacturing hamlet pos-

sessed but two inns. These were "public

houses," roadside dramshops, rather than

hostelries. At one I had been refused en-

tertainment for the night and warned away.

pecause the old lady who kept it took a

good English oath I was a play actor or

other mountebank, and would, somehow

depart too early in the morning with more

than my reckoning. At the other, "The

Lone Tree Inn," the modesty of the two

maiden ladies in charge forbade the housing

settles until the closing, at midnight. Then

Utterly fatigued from a long day's wan

dering in Robin Hood's Land, and desper-

into Nottingham, how I longed for the wel-

come of some hedgeside Gipsy camp. Ex-

pressing this in humble protest only further

Arnold. Then, as I was being invited to

take the road, like a Gipsy indeed, a portly,

kindly-faced man came in. He owned the

largest mill in Arnold; was a more power-

ful man than the lord of the manor; and my

me, as mingled emotions of suspicion, per

plexity and hospitality played over his good

English face. The spinster barmaids, the

rough factory hands, and all the taproom

hangers-on of a mill town, awaited the great

Arnold Was Hospitable.

This was that it never, never should b

said that Harnold-by-Notting'am was in-

hospitable or discourteous to a stranger

great man's friends, some honest Notting-ham butchers, would be directly returning

home from Oxton way, by grace and shift I was to be got into one of their carts, and

thence to old Nottingham and an inn

Charging the crowd thus, and the score to

myself, which was gratefully expunged from the records of "Lone Tree Inn," the great man of Arnold went his way, while I

went to sleep.

How long I had been dozing I know not.

but when I awakened it was with a sense o

being shot through the earth's circumen

voolen sacks to their feet had tos

cient blue. Four huge fellows encased in

to one of their carts like a quarter of beef.

struck upon a pile of treshly-slaughtere

pork in a comfortable position at the edge of the cart-box, while "Ow ar' ye now, of

cockey?" "Nigh onto 16-stone weight!"
"The guv'nor's cold stiff with cheer!" and

Songs the Butchers Sang.

ing Nottingham butchers, as you will every where find among the lowly of all the mid

One of these songs told how Robin him

feeding him solely on lights and liver, and were the flesh from his bones with the un-

merciful address with which he was forced to scrape the fat from the bones of animals.

Another related the marvelous escape from death of a Nottingham butcher in the year

1323, when King Edward II. made his "progress" into the "north countrie." En-

aged at the dearth of meat in Nottingham,

eity hefore him, and ordered him, on pair

of death, to provide four-score of goodle kine, dressed for the turnspit, to be mad

Killed the King's Deer.

Passing from the King's presence the

soomed butcher encountered a beggar, who

as "a boon" asked only to know the nature of his misfortune, and immediately disap-

peared. The butcher passed the day and night in preparing for eternity, and, like a loyal subject set forth for the castle at dawn

banging in the market-place. Each had an

arrow wound in the side; and so it was known that Robin Hood and his men had

aved the butcher's life, and by the sam

token cleverly challenged a bout with the

Another, the most rollicking of all, went

o far as to assert that the unctuousness, the

red faces, the huge paunches, the general good cheer, as well as some other marked

friends, supplied his stalls with meat from the King's forest of Sherwood, and his butts with wine of which the neighboring monas-

teries and priories had been despoiled. Hence the clerical mold of form, face and

character, as the butchers say in raillery

and certainly as tradition has transmitted

A Nottingham Innkeeper.

ancient city pushed through the line of saf-frony night-light above it. Then the

or or closes, drew up with a crash in front of a curious old structure near the market place. After much shouting, pounding and ringing, an old servitor appeared. Then the butchers hoisted me from the cart, much the

same as they had shot me into it. Despite my protests that I was domiciled at an inn in Peck lane, I was under their charge. To

an inn of their choosing I must go; and with terrible threats of reprisal to the little old man to whom I was given in charge, should

slight be put on me, or reckoning be wrong, they departed with a rush and a roar; the huge inn door was locked and bolted, as i

ige cavalcade thundered along the cobstrange envalcade thundered along the co-bled streets, and, after traversing several

Soon the spires and chimneys of

of the jolly butchers of Nottingham.

officers of King Edward himself.

the King called the chief flesher

This was an impossible task.

land and northern English shires.

'Ear !- 'ear !" came from the taproom

respectful silence.

dictum regarding the intruder with

I must go.

It was late at night and no conveyance o

against siege; and we climbed the stone stairs to a quaint oid chamber, into whose tiny-paned gable window the first heatant light of day was faintly trembling from the He Still Lives in the Ballads of the Wholly in the spirit of the oddity of the night's adventure, I related the pretensions of the butchers' ballads, and asked the old servant if everybody in Nottingham was descended from Robin Hood, or some one of his noble victims. The old man's pride was Crofts at Nottingham. RETTER PROOF THAN THE BOOKS

touched. "Indeed, no, sir!" he answered indignantly. That the Merry Outlaw and Ilis Men Wer

"None comes o' that stock, save h'as as serves in public 'ouses!"

Then he stood there, candle in hand, his gourd-like nose flaming and paling with awakening spirit, while he reeled off sundry

other ballads of interminable stauzas and iteration, showing with undoubted historic accuracy and outlawed rhyme and rythm pretty nearly the same collection of inci-dents in Robin Hood's career, accounting for the prestige, rights and perquisites of serving men in English inns, as wer serving men in English inns, as were vouched for in the butchers' galaxy of song. The Ritson Collection.

All of which is related, because it suggested to me a new line of inquiry in the identification of Robin Hond with Robin Hood's Land; and hinted a universality of traditional linking of the actual personage of the famous outlaw to our own time, which literature gives but the faintest in sight. As is well understood, all the legends, tales and ballads known to literature as of ancient origin and founded on supposititiously authentic incidents in the life of Robin Hood were collected and published in 1795, by Joseph Ritson, High Bailiff of the Liberties of Savoy, of whom it was said: "He never appeared human except when he was pouring over Gothic He was undoubtedly one of the most crit-

ical and painstaking antiquarians of his time. The entire collection numbers scarcely more than 50 pieces. These were repro duced from ancient black-letter copi solutely authenticated. Yet, in this one night I had listened to one-third as many as the famous Ritson collection contained. If those, the work of writers from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, could outlawed me at the "Lone Tree Inn," at be regarded as possessing many inherent evi-dences of having been based on actualities, why should not those lingering among the masses be regarded with at least that strong presumption of an original source in fact, attributed to most of the traditionary lore handed down from father to son through many generations? And if but two classes, the butchers and inn-servers, were so fruitlar discoveries be made among others of their ilk? Ballads of the Crafts.

I pushed the investigation in Nottingham and shire with extraordinary results, Briefly, the members of every craft and vocation whose origin antedates, or is co-temporaneous with, Robin Hood's time, and retain with secret treasur ing and pride, very many of these ballads Each builds, in a warm and loving way, a relationship with the outlaw himself; v his deeds of cuaning, valor or chivalry; or with the unfortunate subjects of mad and merry pranks. I have certainly counted different ballads of this class to above 300 in number. I believe in Notting-hamshire alone, fully 1,000 distinct Robin Hood ballads could be secured among the lowly for printing. Nor do they comprise modern ideas and situations clad in ancient garb. In verbal garniture, simile, construc tion, incident, and in what may be termed their indestructible wholeness, they possess every evidence of great antiquity. But this is by no means the most interest

ing identification of actual or legendary hero with his haunts, afforded the patient pilgrim to Nottingham. In the ancient ooks of the old city and the ancient nooks of the old shire is much curious information to be du; up regarding Sherwood Forest, and abundant folk-lore, legends and super stitions, pointing as unerringly as the flight of an arrow from his own bent bow to the one-time existence of the unconquerable archer behind. But it was not until 1231, in the reign of Henry III., that the exact limits of Sherwood Forest were fixed oundaries were reaffirmed in 1672, and as late as 50 years since gave opportunity for continuing a horde of titled "Forest Officers;" and it is an interesting fact that Lord Byron, the poet, held office as one of the last "Bow-Bearers and Rangers" of this historic forest.

It has been frequently stated that all traces of Sherwood Forest had entirely dis-appeared. This is not true. I found near Newstead Abbey several groups of its original oaks. Some of these caks are supposed to be more than 1,000 years old. I found scores to be above 25 feet in circumference, and quite a number to exceed 35 feet. None are of great height; but all are tremendous in trunks and overarching limbs. Their scars, knots and gnarled growth are identical with the most ancient written descriptions of the

As with the Nottingham lowly of all an cient crafts, the peasantry of the entire dis-trict are saturated with Robin Hood legends and superstitions. Every simple farmer has customs or hall-superstition practices, origi-nating in some reputed thing Robin Hood did, or would not do. And there is not a housewife who has not some reward or punishment for dutitul or tractious child, in proverb or bugaboo from this exhaustless source. The books may fill you with wise doubts that ever a real Robin Hood played mad pranks in Sherwood Forest, If you get close to the lives and hearts of the Nottinghamshire lowly your own conviction that he once existed will strengthen, through innumerable evidences of fadeless memorial relies in custom, tradition and character. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN,

INTRODUCING A NOVELTY.

Yorkers Propose the Ere Kiosks a La Paris.

New York Herald.]

Alderman Harris presented a petition to the Board of Aldermen yesterday in behalf of a company who ask the privilege of erecting convenient booths-or, as they are termed in Europe, "kiosks"-on the public thoroughfares. The petitioners propose to pay \$25 annually for each booth, which is to of tasteful design and built of glass and



The booths, in addition to the conveniences, will be so arranged as to sell flowers and periodicals and be let to newsdealers, who will be charged not more than \$6 a year rent. In consideration of this low rental the lessee is to keep the booth clean and in perfect order, well lighted and free from objectionable characters. Such booths have proven a success in Paris, Vienda, Berlin and other foreign cities.

Brave With a Tin Horn. I soon discovered that while a Zuiu or Kaffir would throw a rifle away and take to his beels at the approach of a lion, he would take a tin born or gong and face a herd of elephants, says a traveler. Noise will frighten and turn any wild animal, and the natives rely more on this than on all the

BEAUX AND BELLES

Of the Featnered World and the Lesson Their Conduct Teaches.

MATING OF THE WOODPECKERS.

The Most Faithless of Lovers Are the Wild Turkey Gobblers.

BARLY ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. From the Bible we learn that the ant I typical of industry, the dove of gentleness and the serpent of wisdom in subtlety. But as a type of the perfect lives there is nothing equal to birds, or rather some species of birds. In the males we find not only the courtliness of a Lord Chesterfield and the primness of a Beau Brummel, but the trait of the fop and the "dude" as well. In the females we see not only lady-like modest and artless graces, but also the stamp of the soquette, the flirt and the jilt. We are now frawing near to the love-making season of the birds of our latitude, and nothing more interesting to the lovers of nature tha to watch the feathered beaux and belles in

the process of courtship. If you will go into the woods in the early spring days, you are pretty sure to finwoodpeckers flitting about among the dead trees in quest of food, But if you water them closely, when they first appear in th woods, you will see that something of mor consequence than the wriggling worm is engaging their attention. You will probably see a female suddenly alight on a tree nea you, and directly afterward several male will come sailing through the air. The latter will stop on a limb near the female, and then you will witness an amusing sight The males, one after another, will begin to exhibit their charms like beaux before the belie of the ballroom. They will spread their tails and shake out their handsome feathers as an actress fluents the train of her stage costume, in order that all its beauties may be seen and admired. Then they will dance and strut about near the female as if to show off their handsome proportion their graceful manners and their agile move

Selecting the Husband. The coy female is a highly intereste spectator while all this adoration is going on, and she is probably as greatly pleased as the ballroom favorite who is beset by as the ballroom favorite who is beset by a dozen admirers. But Miss Woodpecker a last finds that there is one adorer for whom she entertains a very tender feeling. The beauty, the grace, the activity and the de-votion of one particular lover have won he susceptible heart, and she suddenly spread her wings and flies to another tree. Whethes she first slyly winks at the accented suitor. she first slyly winks at the accepted suitor or blushes a little, or gives him "reason to hope" in some other way, known only to birds, would be hard to prove, but Mis Woodpecker has certainly intimated, it some manner, that she has made her selec-tion of a husband, for only the favorite follows her now. The other males, more less disconsolate, mope around for a while after the manner of a young swain with a lately acquired "mitten," and then they fly away, possibly with the coasolatory reflec tion that "there are as good fish in the ser as ever were caught." Anyway, they al try it again, and finally they are all, let u

hope, happily mated.

And there is no diminution in the affection of Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker after the wedding tour is ended. They buckle righ down to the cares and responsibilities of housekeeping. They first bore a hole in tree for their residence, taking turns at the work and encouraging each other with little love chirps as the chips fall, until the hour is completed. And when, after awhil little eggs appear in the nest, needing the constant warmth of the female body, the faithful spouse either scouts about after food for her or sits lovingly near her, prob ably relieving the tedium of her task with

tokens of sympathy and endearment, In many other varieties of our familia birds you will find equally interesting evidence of love and devotion both before an after marriage, but the rule is by no mean invariable. As a type of the fickle love and the faithless husband there is hardly anything of feathered kind that is mor striking than the wild turkey. All wh have observed our domestic turkeys know that the gobbler is a conceited old egotist who struts about apparently under the im pression that life is a perpetual dress parad

and that he is the drum major who head the procession. Well, the domestic gobble is only the descendent of a pompous and no is only the descendent of a pompous and no very reputable master.

The wild turkey gobblers put on all th airs of the human fop, as they strut about for admiration in the mating season. Some times the males will fight savagely for th tayor of a handsome female, and their lov making is always demonstrative and effusive But the fickleness of the gobbler is shown very soon after the wedding. He leaves he spouse to provide her own nest, and meval retuses to furnish food for her while she hatching the eggs. In fact, the old wrete would break the eggs if he could get the by the meager bits of tood she can scrape u near the nest while on the watch for h worthless husband. Soon after the eggs ar hatched the gobbler entirely deserts hi family, goes off alone to moult, and gets s

lean that he furnishes a simile for Indian and backwoodsmen-"lean as a gobbler summer."

The newspapers constantly keep the won ders of electricity in the public mind, any et nobody can give you a satisfactory an swer to the simple question. What is electricity? One physicist says "electricity is form of energy producing peculiar phe nomens, and it may be converted into othe forms of energy, and all forms of energy. may be converted into it." Other author ties say "electricity is a form of molecule motion." All this is about as clear as ver sive reply of another authority, who say "several theories have been advanced, bu

none of them are satisfactory."

The first death in the world, so far as know from artificially generated electricity was that of Prof. Richman, of St. Peters burg, an enthusiast on the new and capit vating science. He devised what wa practically the first lightning rod, and wa killed by it. From his laboratory he ran a killed by it. From his laboratory he ran a iron to the top of his house, in present light ning-rod manner, and then he waited for thunder storm. There was a terrific flash o lightning near the house, the Professor appliance worked too well, and he wa found dead by the side of it. But som most interesting and amusing electrical experiments followed. An Englishman pu on a pair of woolen stockings over his sill ones on a cold, winter day. At night h ones on a cold, winter day. At night pulled the stockings off without separati them and was astonished by the crac-ling noise and even the sparks of electricity which followed. When he drew the sil stockings out of the woolen ones the electr stockings would incline toward one another when held more than a foot apart. It has pened that the silk stockings were bloo and the woolen ones of light color, but when he tried the experiment with bot stockings of the same color there was electrical appearance. This stocking e periment soon got to be the fashionable "fad" in Eugland. Leydon jars well charged by the stocking process, and gre fun was had by giving light shocks to pe sous and domestic animals. The utility electricity, however, began with the co

STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland American and European plans.

struction of the first telegraph between Bitimore and Washington. J. H. WEBB. The Koch Lymph Will not be needed if you use Kemp's Balsar the best cough cure. Sample free; all druggist