

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, MAY 10, PITTSBURG.



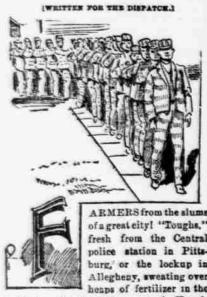
FARMERS OF THE SLUMS.

No Prison Cough for the Men Taken to Mr. Warner's Hostelry.

HE SOON LEARNS THE LAZY MEN. Will Produce Five Thousand Bushels of

Potatoes This Year.

HOW THE LAND HAS BEEN FERTILIZED



fresh from the Central police station in Pittsburg, or the lockup in Allegheny, sweating over heaps of fertilizer in the newly-plowed fields of the country! How it

did my heart good to see them work! But their bloated faces, their bleared eyes, their wicked scowls, their depraved visages, their sullen mien-bah! The freshly upturned earth, the green grass, the odorous blossoms, the pastoral surroundings, the delicious air itself, all are too pure for such contaminating men to labor amid.

"Does farming pay?" These prisoners of the Allegheny County Workhouse will have some practical ideas along that line when they go back to town, and it might not be a bad acheme to let a reporter meet them at the West Penn Bailroad depot and "interview" them. In the meantime, I will let readers decide for themselves whether the experiment of buying a big farm and operating it with convict labor has

been a profitable investment.

What the Land Is Worth The Workhouse Farm was only pur-chased three years ago. Prior to that time the entire property owned by the prison consisted of 50 acres lying between the river and the top of the hill back of the railroad and the top of the hill back of the rainroad at Chremont, and that is chiefly occupied by the immense building's necessary to house 700 persons. Those 50 acres were bought 21 years ago for \$500 per acre. The property now consists of 204 acres. It extends one mile back from the summit of the hill, and this beautiful piece of tableland, when purchased three years ago, cost \$225

sense of freedom makes them work better, 1 am told. may make Farmer Brown's head swim when he hears of them across in Fawn township. To Utilizo Unskilled Prisoners. "So, you see, we can raise crops here that are out of reach of the ordinary husband-man because of the large amount of labor required," explained Mr. Henry Warner, the Superintendent. "We have to keep these men here out of the way of society, and within come to us are unfitted for the mechan-ical toil inside our abops. If we did not have this farm they would have absolutely nothing to do. So we may as well make between the prisoners. "There are some people," continued Superintendent Warner, "who argue that in institution like this could invest its money at 6 per cent interest, and buy vege-the true. By the very reason of having to full some employment for the class of prisoners of whom I spoke we have been ables cheaper than it can raise them. It is not true. By the very reason of having to full some employment for the class of prisoners of whom I spoke we have been ables to obtain a higher perfection of fertil-y in our farm than farmers usually can takin. This enables us to grow our regetables easier. Again, with this sur-played negetables as farmers usually can do. These advantage, I imagine, would give us the bulge on other producers if we were to not the open market with our To Utilize Unskilled Prisoners. Laziness Always Crops Out. Yet, it would be a mistake to think that they all work willingly. If there is any laziness dominant in a man work on s'farm will fetch it to light. When a guard's back is turned for a few moments two-thirds of a gang of convicts have been known to in-stantly rest on the handles of their hoes. Left to themselves for ten minutes, it is not at all beyond the range of possibilities that they would relapse into that favorite amuse-ment of all farming humanity-swapping ment of all tarming humanity-swapping stories. Bill Blank would not work at hoeing this spring. He "sogered" until he got to de-moralizing the other men, and the guards reported him as n.g. He was then put at pushing wheelbarrow. That suited him no better, and the axie of the barrow got elogged up in a few hours. Next he was tried at unloading fertilizer and torking it over the ground. If any man under the sun, with sound olefactory organ, can re-pain stationary at this particular employ-ment, then he ought to be given the cake for laziness. Well, "Bill" practically went to sleep over this branch of the granger

"Send him down to the barnyard," advised the boss farmer. to go into the open market with our

to sleep over this branch of the granger

American Merchants Bave a Great Deal to Contend With In GETTING SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

IT IS UP-HILL WORK.

The Injustice of Freight Eates and Other

Discriminations.

WAR NEWS AND PRICES IN CHILE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, April 9.-Though President Balmaceda has only about four months more to serve, his most sanguine friends hardly think he will live to see his successor inaugurated. Should he succeed in. completely defeating his toes, which is not likely, he would surely fail by the hand of some revengeful assassin; and in the event of victory by the opposition, his fate is scaled. It is said that even the officers of the Chilean navy, many of whom the Presi-dent formerly loaded with favors, have signed a solemn compact never to lay down their arms till they have hauged Balmaceda in the Plaza Mayor of Santiago.

The President has not once shown his face outside the Moneda during the last three months; but, having sent his family out of the country, lives in strictest retirement, eating and sleeping in the presence of an armed guard. As the close confinement is teiling upon his health, he is about to re-move to the Quinta Normal-a beautiful public garden near the outskirts of the capi-tal. One would think that an unwise plan for his personal security; but no place is



safe from the traitor, and nobody in Chile would be surprised at any hour to hear of Balmaceda's murder.

Five Dollars for a Chicken

At the best of times food is dear in Chile, because so much of the country is not agricultural; and now that supplies can no longer be brought in from abroad, prices are so tremendous that distress prevails. Think so tremendous that distress prevails. Think of paying \$5 for a small chicken, \$10 for a pound of tongh beef, \$20 a can for condensed milk, \$50 a sack for flour, and \$400 for a half-grown hog! There is no set standard of prices, but they range according to the ne-cessities of the people, and the figures above quoted have actually been, paid in Chile within the past fortnight. A few evenings ago the good citizens of Santiago were treated to a little soure. From private dispatches received by the

Knabes, etc. The United States furaishes Chile with lost of her cotton cloth; but until Unch Samuel makes some different arrangement From private dispatches received by the in regard to the tariff on wool, he can never government, trouble of some sort was apcompete with Europe in the manufacture of woolen goods. All the drugs, too, come chended, but the particulars were no ande public. The police force was largely from Europe, except a few pills, plasters, patent medicines and specialties. Many of the familiar pictures which grace the walls increased, and everybody sent home from the clubs, cafes and other resorts at an early hour. In the theatres, the second act was well under way, when it was announced at home are seen here—the big codfish which pertains to Scott's Emulsion, St Jacob with his bottle of oil in hand, the smirking phiz of that old humbug, Lydia Pinkham, etc., etc., the lergonds setting forth from the stage that by government order the people were required to quietly disperse. But nothing came of it, however-beyond considerable grumbling about "that tyrant, Pinkham, etc., etc., the legends setting forth their respective virtues being printed in the Balmaceda." Now that the Chilean steamers are all

The duties and high rate of exchange pre vent much importation of furniture, though a good many cane-bottomed chairs are rea good many cane-bottemed chairs are re-ceived. Ready-made frame work for the most expensive chairs and sofas is imported to be uphostered here, and "knock-down" articles, in trade parlance-that is, in pisces, to be put together when arrived. Excel-lent furniture is made in the country, but the exbinet woods, including mahogany, walnut, oak, cherry, etc., are all imported. Pianos come chiefly from France and Ger-many, and are commonly of the cheaper grades, though what with transportation charges, dulies and high rate of exchange, they cost more than the best at home. For these reasons there is little sale for fine pianos here, such as Chickerings, Steinwaya, Knabes, etc.

HORRORS OF MAY DAY. happens that he has to pay for things he has never seen, months before their arrival. The Return Cargo to Europe. Another inducement to European frade is the advantage to the shipper of being surs of a return cargo; while with the United States at the present status of commercial re-lations, the voyage one way is pretty sure-to be a dead loss. Another unfavorable cir-cumstance is that the heavier merchants in Chile are almost universally Europeans, and they naturally look for European goods, whereas, were Yankees engaged in business practicable. The ubiquitous commercial raveler, with his grip-sack, flirtatious pro-practicable. The ubiquitous commercial raveler, with his grip-sack, flirtatious pro-practicable. The ubiquitous commercial raveler, with his grip-sack, flirtatious pro-bout America as at the North; acither is advertising carried to any such extent. Many leading United States firms issue no-tives and price-lists especially for the South American trade, generally for the South American the local papers of these cities where their wares are little known, as at home where the public is familiar with the. The Return Cargo to Europe. Annual Moving in New York's Business and Flat Districts. THE ARAB AND HIS TENT OUTDONE. Elegant Furniture Always Stands Longest on the Sidewalks. FINANCES OF THE SECOND-HAND MEN

NEW YORK, May 8 .- "The first day of May is no longer the gigantic bugbeur it used to be," remarked an old New Yorker the other day. We were watching the lowering of a pair of heavy safes from a sixthstory window in the night preceding the great annual moving day. Nevertheless, there is sufficient picturesqueness in this

moving mania to interest almost anybody not to the manner born. Think of folding up your 1,000-pound safe in the night and silently stealing away. The Arab would give it up.

home where the public is familiar with them. But in spite of all drawbacks, Chile re-ceived from the United States last year about \$2,863,237 worth of goods. The last official statement I saw gave the total an-nual imports as approximating \$39,361,351 in value; and the exports \$60,519,827—the latter figures, of course, including guano, sall-peter and precious metals. The principal articles received from the United States are agricultural implements, machinery, cotton goods, lumber and para-fine. Our country now does a good business with Chile in the hardware line, though formerly England monopolized it. The screws used in Chili yet come from Great Britain, but all the nails from the United States. Wall paper is another item of con-siderable export. The cheaper grades come Those Arabs and Ishmaelites and Kititites who infest the nine-story beebives of the lower city can tell you something about this annual move that would make your hair curl. The attempt of late years to modify the evil by changing leases so they will expire in the fall instead of in the spring has been but partially successful. It was the offspring of the flat craze, rather than the result of a recognized besity inconvenience, the flat landlords realizing the importance of chaining their tenants down to New York during the summer.

Storing for the Hot Months,

If the leases expired in October the chances of renewals were greatly improved. At present it is a habit with this class of tenants to pull up May 1, store furniture for the hot months and return to flat life in the fall. Perhaps the habit would be more com-mon were it not rendered so disagreeable and expensive. Still, a proportion of about one in ten families go through this process every ten families go through this process every

year. They rip up carpets that will never fit any other possible combination of rooms, fay \$10 a load for transportation of their household goods from the flat to the storage warehouse, pay \$10 a month for storage, pay \$5 a load to have stuff sent to a new flat in the fall. to have stuff sent to a new flat in the full, buy new carpets or have old ones made over and pay liberally for repairs of furniture in-jured on account of handling. Any frugal woman who has a family can readily see that this is an expensive and a vexatious process. That ignis fatuos "country board" leads them on and on until they flounder in the quicksands of domestic misery. But the same party never, or rarely, makes the same mistake twice. same mistake twice.

What Happens on Stairways.

When the ripping-up and moving fever fastens upon two or more families of the same tenement at the same time it is dread same tenement at the same time it is dread-ful. This combination is not unusual on the first day of May. Everybody knows what working one pair of dark and winding stairs with furniture means. When the third floor tenant of an eight room flat is coming down with his household goods and the filth floor and the fourth floor joins him with their worldly possessions, you can bet there is enough to make Rome how!. Perhaps there are two or three other tenants out in the street with loaded vans waiting to gat in. This aggrevates matters to such an extent that some women faint at the very idea of such a combination of circumstances, and before coming face to face with them. There are usually from two to four able-bodied ruffians with each van, and they bear about the same relation to each other as the odd volunteer fire companies bore toward each

volunteer fire companies bore toward each other at a tire. If they don't break the furniture over each other's heads the owners are lucky. If the janitor gets boiling drunk on that particular day, and stalks up and lown the pavement howling like King Richard III. atter somebody's gore, who can blame bim?



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A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as

Standard Literature.

It was shameful, base, despicable, and she knew it. A moment ago she had longed to tear herself away, to silence him, to stop her ears, anything not to hear those words that cut like whips and stung like scorpions. And now again she was listening for the next, engerly, breathlessly drunk with their sounds and reveling almost in the unreality of the harpiness they brought. More and more she despised herself as the intervals be-

CHAPTER XXV

tween one pang of suffering and the next grew longer and the illusion deeper and more ike reality. Atter all, it was he, and no other. It was

Under another name, in a vision, with an-

he man she loved who was pouring out his own love into her ears and smoothing her hair and pressing the hand he held. Had he not said it once, and more than once? What matter where, what matter how, provided that he loved? She had received the fulfillment of her wish. He loved her now.

yet, if he had remembered, he would have seen where he was in the long time that had passed since his arakening. "Did you ever-in your long travels-hear the name Unormal" she asked, with a smile and a little besitation. "Unorma? No. I cannot remember. It is a Bohemian word-it means 'she of Feb-ruary.' It has a pretty sound-half famil-iar to me. I wonder where I have heard it."

"Call me Unorna, then. It will remind

"Call me Unorm, then. It will remind us that you found me in February." After carefully locking and bolting the door of the sacristy. Sister Paul turned to Beatrice. She had set down her lamp upon the broad, palished shelf, which ran all round the place, forming the top of a con-tinuous series of cupboards, as in most sac-risties, used for the vestments of the church. At the back of these, high presses rose half way to the spring of the vault. The nun seemed a little nervous, and her voice quavered addly as also spoke. It she had tried to take up the lamp her hand would have shaken. In the moment of dan-

would have shaken. In the moment of dan-



other face and another voice, yet still, she ger she had been brave and determined, but She turned



THE WHEELBARROW GANG.

produce, but of course, we do not. All we raise goes into the mouths of our inmates.

"But in addition to raising stuff cheaper than other farmers do, we have still the other advantace of having the stuff right here on our ground. To feed nearly 800 per-sons would require a tremendous amount of marketing if we had to buy the food. Just think of what ways and the stuff right think of what we are saving each year. E-ti-mating our fortheyming crop of 5,000 bushels of potatoes at 50 cents per bushel—

Saves Lots of Marketing.

to have, at 5 cents a head, will be the equiva-lent of \$750. The winter onions we are going to put in-250 bushels-will be worth \$1 25 per bushel. "Besides all these we are growing the 15,000 scallion onions and many hundreds

ves, I know they are worth from \$1 35 to \$1 45 per bushel now, but let's put it at a low figure-we will save buying \$2,500 worth of potatoes. Our 500 bushels of beans at \$2 per bushel, will be worth \$1,000. The 15,000 heads of cabbage which we are poing to have, at 5 cents a head, will be the equiva-

of beets and carrots, which you may estimate for yourself at lower than market prices. We raise enough of all of them to supply the prison all the year around. The vege-tables I have mentioned are all necessary for

An Experience With a Steer.

began to think he had struck a "snsp" at last. His thoughts wandered away to the "Point" in Pittsburg, and he grew drowsy in contemplating the fun he would have there after awhile. "Whoo!" and "Bill" was suddenly aroused by a kick that sent him flying back-ward over the pole. Before he could gather himself up the steer had again come around the circumference of the circle, and was now, with head low, aiming for him with a lunge. The ring in the bovine's nose had been pulling hard enough to make him bleed, and he was growing savage with the amell of blood. "Bill" was kept busy for the next hour, and after two or three days of such exercise he begged to be allowed to go back to hoeing. He is quite a farmer"

Ho was sent. There lives a steer, im-mense in his build, frightful in his appear-ance, ugly in disposition and hourse in voice, and there they had erected a pole which revolved in a circle in front of a roller to which every day the steer was har nessed, and compelled to go round and round

until some of the savageness was extracted from his temper. "Bill" was allotted the work of driving this wicked steer. For awhile it seemed easy enough, and "Bill" began to think he had struck a "snap" at

per acre. Now it is worth infinitely more for one very peculiar reason. That is that through the cheapness of convict labor it has been fertilized up to a higher degree than any individual farmer, or farming corporation either, could afford to do. It has become the finest garden, perhaps, in Western Pennsylvania. When bought it was only in average condition. One of the large flatboats owned by the workhouse is frequently floated down the river to Herr's Island. There it lies while Superintendent Emil Winters, of the live stock yards there, has

The Refuse of His Cattle Pens

dumped aboard. Then the boat is towed back to Claremont and the refuse taken by wagons, Griven by prisoners, back over the hill to the farm. There the convict farmers scatter it over the fields. Stable fertilizer is a valuable and scarce article in the country, and farmers usually can't get enough for a small farm. But thousands and thousands of tons of the best article have thus been distributed over the workhouse soil each season. The result is splendid fertility,

These pseudo grangers from the barrooms of the city accomplish what scarcely any individual farmer in Penusylvania would dare undertake, viz.; to raise 5,000 bushels of potatoes at one crop. There is money in potatoes, at least this spring, but the amount of labor involved in planting, nurturing and harvesting 5,000 bushels is so tremendous that it would scare any thrifty farmer out of the idea of such an experiment. It requires 40 and 50 men at the workhouse to do the seeding alone, and when the potatoes rinen they must be taken out of the ground at once or freeze. Where is the farmer who could employ the small army of employes needed to gather in the crop?

A Crop of Navy Beans.

Another thing that the specimens from the city slums propose to do this spring is to plant for 500 bushels of navy beans-something which no farmer in Allegheny or Westmoreland counties dare undertake. To buy these beans in the open market you



Guarding the Plowman.

would pay about 4 cents per pound, or \$2 40 per bushel (any commission merchant will you that is a low estimate), and yet farmers bereabouts do not raise them to any great extent. Why? Because it is too la-

The whole cost of the beans is in the labor that must be expended upon them. Few tarmers attempt more than a 20-bushel crop. But the worthy city grangers named above are actually preparing for a crop of 500 bushels, and when grown they will be picked, builed and cleaned by "Betsy" Moran, "Dirty Mag" and the myriad of other women who are sent to this institution from the dives of Pittsburg. This is no experi-It was the size of last year's crop at the workhouse. These scavengers of society, who must have the strongest drinks when they are on the turf, would naturally be ed to work easily among strong vegetable foods. So they are planting now for between 15,000 and 16,000 scallion onions, between 15,000 and 16,000 scallion onions. 250 bushels of big winter onions, and 15,000 head of cabbage. These are crops which he ides of making a break for liberty. The

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soups and cooking of a penal institution go back to hosing. He is qu like this. We grow none of the fancier grades of garden stuff like asparagus, peas, now.

Good Thing for the Inmates. "Here is another blessing that comes to the prisoner from raising our own stuff-we are ble to set aside one plot of ground for the

But the majority of the prisoners sent to the fields are fair sweaters, working com-paratively well under the lash-but few of them work without it-I mean, of course,

the rhetorical lash. Two Institutions Compared "Two years imprisonment in solitary con

finement," is the substance of a substance of the courtrooms. often heard echoing through the courtrooms. The man whom it is imposed upon goes to the manitentiary in Allegheny. When

finement," is the substance of a sentence

the State penitentiary in Allegheny. When his term is expired he comes out into the

world again pale and emaciated. The cough he has tells of the disease he found lurking

between those dark dungeon bastions. Sta-

tistics will prove that a larger percentage of the deaths in the Western Penitentiary are

from pulmonary consumption, the natural outcome of close confinement.

A pitch-fork is put in his hand, and he is told to use it. He laughs at the very idez-

he who never worked a whole week at any-

thing in town, except, perhaps, the light-fingered accomplishment of toying with

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27

A GANG IN THE FIELDS.

culture of tomatoes and green corn, which we would not buy if we had to go into the market for our produce. But with our ex-cellent farming at cheap labor we are able to raise enough of these two articles to feed to the men once or twice a week as so much of a treat thrown in. They wouldn't get them if we hadn't the garden. It makes the health of the inmates better.

A remarkable fact about the farm is that nothing goes to waste. It they didn't have the farm there would be no room for live stock and all the refuse of the kitchens would be wasted. At present the slops of the kitchen are enough to feed 100 hogs of the best breeds, and there is enough grain raised on the pince to feed the swine before

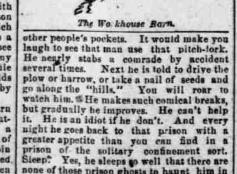
slaughtering time. With these 100 hogs are furnished the pork for the prisoners. Besides raising enough corn on the farm for these hogs, plenty of hay is secured for feeding the excellent pen of entile owned by the workhouse. Cattle could not be kept there if there was no farm. At present these cattle furnish the finest quality of milk to the prison, and bundreds of pounds of butter are churned from it monthly by the female convicts.

They Enjoy the Open Air.

Each gang of prisoners detailed for work in the fields is well guarded. The guardsmen are clad in bright blue uniforms with brass buttons, and carry two loaded revolvers in their pockets each. Thus far there have been very few escapes from this open employment. Many of the men regard

t as a treat to get out in the open air, with a stretch of vision unrestricted by prison walls. The view from the plateau on which the farm is located is commanding. It is a pretty picture in itself if you could not see up and down the Allegheny river for many miles. The whole farm stretching a mile

in each direction, is divided up into fields and orchards, checker board fashion, by white washed board fences. On the brow of the hill sits the great barn On the brow of the hill sits the great barn of the prison, surrounded by granaries, ent-tie-sheds, hog-pens, etc. A mile back a deep bit of woodland tringes the limits of the realm, in which there is a log-enbin lodge, from whose port-holes an armed guard keeps watch on the border. Between the barn and woodland lie field after field, and on a pretty sunny morning, like the one when I was there a visitor last week, a gang of convicts-tethered by no chain, nor his-dered by any iron balls-may be seen work-ing in this field, another sound in yon pas-



none of those prison ghosts to haust him in the quiet vigils behind bars and locks. the quiet vigits behind bars and tooks. When that man's term of so-called im-prisonment is over he goes back to Pitts-burg, brown as a berry, healthy as a child, and cheerful as a hird-how could be help it, when birds have been his constant com-panions among those orchard trees? And him "does forming may?" Ask him, "does farming pay".

Spanish language.

The Light and the Fuel. All the keroseue used in Chile comes from the United States. The coal is messly deg in the country-notably at Coronel, Lots engaged as war vessels, there is only the English line to bring mail down from Pan-mus; hence letters from the United States come less frequently than before. All postal matter going out of Chile, whether bound in the country-notably at Coronel, Lota and Punta Arenas, the latter place being the convist corony at the tip-end of the cou-tinent; and a little anthracite is imported from England. The United States fur-nishes most of the clocks, articles manu-factured from India rubber, refined sugar, lubricating oils, soaps, perfumes and "Yan-kee notions." Our silver-plated ware is in areast demand and much referred to that of for Europe or the Northern continent, must be sent over the Andes on mule back and across the Argentine Republic by rail, to the other ocean. Since the British S. S. Company has things all its own way in these waters, the travelers' lot is not a hap-The Inconveniences of Travel.

kee notions." Our silver-plated ware is in great demand, and much preferred to that of any other country. Chile makes her own freworks, and uses a great quantity of them: but gets all her gunpowder, as well as most of her munitions of warfare, from Europe. A few wagons are sent down from the United States, but not many finer ve-bicles as there are covered moving. It is a fact that one may journey from Valparaise to Europe, away around through the Strait of Magellan -- a voyage of 42 days --for less money than it costs to go up the western cost to Panama-- a run of 20 days, including aumerous stops, and which ought to be made in half that time. In other words, the monomilies charge in the neighborhood hicles, as there are several carriage manu-factories in the country. We supply most of the materials, however-hubs, springs, trimmings, and even the wood that is used; but as good carriages are made here as any where in the world. Harnesses, saddlery and stirrups are also manufactured in the country.

Most of the materials used in photo graphy, including all the plates, come from the United States. Despite heavy duties thereon, the poor photographers manage to worry along by charging \$25 per dozen for cabinet-size photos. As the natives are ex-cessively given to having their pictures taken, the artists, as a rule, not only succeed in making both ends meet, but lay by something for rainy weather. The dentists, too, nine-tenths of whom are

pense of more than a week's stay on the fever-haunted Isthmus-when, at some seasons of the year, a few hours are quite long enough to give one his everlasting quietus. Freight and mails are subject to the same treatment, and it looks as if the whole thing were a scheme to divert South from the land of the Stars and Stripes, keep the wolf a long way from the door by charging outrageous prices, compared to which the \$10-an-hoar rule of Mexico is a mere bagatelle. I knew a lady who had the misfortune to loosen a false tooth from the America trade from the United States to front of her plate. She rushed to the near-est dental surgeon-and what do you think he charged her for sticking that same bit of

I have recently interviewed some m chants on this subject, and have gleaned the following facts: Half a contury ago Chile received more goods from the United States than from any other country; but now we come fourth on the list-Great Brit-ain sending by far the largest quantity, Ger-many second and France third.

Europe

What Manufacturers Must Contend With. The principal reason of our falling off is from lack of decent means of communica-tion. Shipments from the Northern Repubtion. Shipments from the Northern Repub-lie are generally made at New York or Bos-ton, although a few articles come from Philadelphia and others from Baltimore. They must either go away down around Cape Horn or be landed at Aspinwali, trans-ported by rail across the Isthmus and re-shipped at Panama. The freight charges from New York t. Valparaiso via the Isth-mus are more than double that from Euro-pean ports to the same destination: and it is pean ports to the same destination; and it is said to be about 30 per cent cheaper to ship goods from New York to Europe and thence

a South America than to send them by way of Panama. So very high are steamer rates of trans sortation from the United States that most portation from the United States that most goods are sent by sailing vessels around the Horn, occupying from four to six months in transit. One great reason why the Chilean merchant profers to trade with Eegland, is because the goods arrive in the same steamer with the bill of lading, and 50 days of grace being allowed on the latter, he has a chance to realize his profit before making transmit of from the United making payment. If from the United States, the bill comes by steamer in about 30 days, while the goods require nearly haif a year to be wafted by sails; and it eften

Must Go Through It Twice.

Add to the scene, if you please, seven to ten children who couldn't be kept out of the way with a club, and two or three half crazy servants and there you are. Multiply all of this by two, for there is a rising of the sun and a going down thereof; these people must settle down somewhere else before dark. Speaking about darkness brings me back

to the curious social phenomenon of night roving. There are several reasons that and fell a little, and rose higher again each time, till it washed the fragile feet of the roving. There are several reasons that might be given for moving in the night— one that it is cheaper to move than to pay rent; another that vans and men are less dear; and another, that it hides the pov-erty of one's possessions. The latter reason is a strong one. Nobody likes to have his kitchen table or parlor carpet criticised. Some people put a couple of thousand'dol-lars' worth of furniture and things into a flat where the next door neighbor across the hall had shout \$50 worth of stuff, all told. last good thought that lingered, taking refuge on the highest point above the waves. It is noticeable that the costly material is always moved with great deliberation, the most elegant portion being allowed to stand along the sidewalk for half a day, while other things are fixed; sgain, the other fellow goes in and comes out under cover of darkness. This tender diffidence is enough to make one blush. It is the weakness of the much loved and considerably abused ser. No matter-aobody else understands as they understand how women size up their could never weary of that voice. It had been music to her in the days when it had neighbors by a swilt, sweeping inventory of their furniture. been full of cold indifference-now each

One of the Lazarles Money Brings. vibration roused high harmonies in Altogether different is moving day in the more aristocratic quarters of the town. Those who live in the elegant and costly heart, each note was a full chord, and all the chords made but one great progression. She longed to hear it all again, wondering private residences rarely move. When they do the goods usually go to the deniers. The family take no part in the proceedings, and the male servants attend to the details. creatly how it could never have been not good to hear. Then with the greater temptation came the less, enclosed within it, suddraly re-vealed to her. There was but one thing she hated in it sil. That was the name. Would It is the business, or office part of the town, where things are made to hustle on the 1st he not give her another-her own, perhaps? She trembled as she thought of speaking. of May. While the leases expire and begin some

While the leases expire and begin some-where else on the same day, it is recognized by everybody as impossible for people to change pisces in one short 24 hours. As a rule the process of getting ready begins two or three days previously. For three or four days, therefore, the halls will be blocked with affice furniture, safets, books, etc. Danging from vindows in every direction for a week may be seen? black cubes of burglar-proof mon along the walks that tew people notice is a tal, and those who do generally go right along under the swinging sales without the trembling of an eyelist, and wholly regardless of these safes breaks how and wholly regardless of these safes breaks how and wholly regardless of these safes breaks note and emashes down form a top story to the addewalk, but as long as nobody is killed New Yorkers don't mind it. Harvests for Second-Kand Mes. Would she still have Beatrice's voice? Might not her own break down the spell and destroy all at once? Yet she had speken ouce before. She had told him that she loved him, and he had not been unde "Beloved..." she said at last, lingering on ivory back on the same old plate, at the ex-pense of perhaps a quarter of a cent's worth the single word, and then besititing. He looked into her face us he drew her to of plaster paris? Twenty dollars! Of course she "kicked," but in vain. He calmly told him, with happy eyes. She might speak, then, for he would hear tones not hers. her that nobody in South America touched "Beloved, I am tired of my name. a tooth for less than that sum, and that in many places she would have been obliged to

Harvests for Second-Rand Men. If you overlook the second-hand furnitur-hops at this second of the year you make If you destrook the second-hand furniture shops at this secon of the year you make a great mistake. Heavenst what a pile of house-hald coods poet into the institutie maw of the inddle man-and for a mere song. Downtown acter. When a rotten corporation starts out it must show up well in furniture. It must ho pick and span new and the best quality. When that staff grees to the second-hand dealer in the course of a couple of mon its or so, if it brings 25 per cent of cost the remittors are doing well. The next day the stuff in the dealers' hands advances to somewhere next 50 per cent at 75 per cent of original cost. The next of for SA if you strike one short on that line; or, you can hay cartago and let him close it out as a job lot on 10 per cent commis-tion. He will now stretriling in a flat as it in the in geodicondition, and rip it up and cast it is he in geodicondition, and rip it up and cast it if he in geodicondition and rip it on a flat as it us fir more thas it dee throm the fur-niture store. Such is the uncertainty of auc-tion by lag. CHARLES THEODORE MUERAY.

Father-Remember, my son, hens lay,

felt the reaction from the strain. As in a storm the thunder claps come to Beatrice and met her flashing black eyes. The young girl's delicate nostrils quivered and her lips corled fiercely. "You are angry, my dear child," said Sister Paul. "So sm I, and it seems to me that our anger is just enough. 'Be angry and sin not.' I think we can apply that to ourselyes." rashing through the air, deafening and appalling at first, then rolling swiftly into a far distance, fainter and lainter, till all is still, and only the plash of the fast-falling rain is heard, so as she listened the tempest of her pain was passing away. Easier and ensier it became to hear herseif called Beatrice, easier and easier it grew to take

"Who is that woman?" Beatrice asked. She was certainly auger, as the pun had said, but she felt by no means sure that she could resist the temptation of sinning if it that other's place, to accept the kiss, the touch, the word, the pressure of the hand that were all another's due, and given to presented itself, as the possibility of tearing Unorna to pieces. "She was once with ns," the nun an-swered. "I knew her when she was a mere girl-and I loved her then, in spite of her herself only for the mask she wore in his And the tide of the great temptation rose,

strange ways. But she has changed. They call her a Witch-and, indeed, I think it is the only name for her." "I do not believe in witches," said Beat-

rice, a little scorafully; "but whatever she is, she is bud. I do not know what it was that she wanted me to do in the church, non the aftar there—it was something Bor-rible. Thank God you came in time! What could it have been, I wonder?"

refuge on the highest point above the waves. On and on it came, recoiding and coming back, higher and higher, surer and surer. Had she drawn back in time, it would have been so easy. Had she turned and fied when the first moment of senseless joy was over, when she could still feel all the shame and blush for all the abasement, it would have been over now, and she would have been sate. But she had learned to look upon the advancing water, and the sound of it had no more terror for her. It was very Sister Paul shook her head sorrowfully, but said nothing. She knew no more than Beatrice of Unorna's intention, but she be-lieved in the existence of a Black Art, fall of eacrilegious practices, and credited Unorna vaguely with the worst designs which she could think of, though in her conducts, and she we not ship to impring any it had no more terror for her. It was very high now. Presently it would climb higher, high new. Freshity it would climb higher, and close above her head. There were long intervals of silence now. The first rush of his speech had spent itself, for he had told her much and she had beard coodness she was not able to imagine anything much worse than the saying of a Pater. Noster backward in a consecrated for no mad ton be the mists of her chang-ing moods. And now that he was silent, she longed to hear him speak again. She

place. But she preserved to say nothing, lest she should judge Unorns unjustly. After all, she did not know. What she had seen had seemed bad enough and strange enough, but apart room the fact that Bea-trice had been found upon the altar, where she certainly had no business to be, and that Unoran had acted like a guilty woman, there was little to lay hold of in the way of

"My child," she said, at last, "until we know more of the trath and have better advice than we can give each other, let us not speak of it to any of the sisters. In the morning I will tell sill I have seen in con-fession, and then I shall get advice. Perhaps you should de the same. I know nothing of what happened before you left your rosen. Perhaps you have somethin to represed yourself. It is not for me t ask. Think it over."

"I will tell you the whole truth," Beatrice answered, resting ner elbow upon the polished shelf and supporting her head in her hand, while she looked earnestly into Sister Paul's faded eyes. "Think well my daughter. I have ne

right to any confession from you. If there Will is anything-"Sister Paul, you are a woman, and

was perplexed. "True. I will tell you. Sister Paul, I am

von call me by another ?" She spoke very must have a woman's help. I have learned something to-night which will change my whole life. No-do not be straid-I have oftiy. "By another name?" he exclaimed, surprised, but smiling at what seemed a strange

whole life. No-do not be strain-1 nave done nothing wrong. At least, I hope not. While my father lived, I submitted. I hoped, but I gave no sign. I did not even write, as I once might have done. I have often wished that I had-was that wrong?" "Yes. It is a sad name to me. It reminds me of many things-of a time that is better forgotten, since it is gone. Will you to it for me? It will make it seem as "Bat you have told me nothing, dear child. How can I answer you?" The num shough that time had never been."

"And yet I love your own name," he aid, thoughtfully. "It is so much-or has said, thoughtfully. "It is so much-or bas been so much in all these years, when I had nothing but your name to love." "Will you not do it? It is all I ask."

"Indeed, I will, it you would rather hav t so. Do you think there is anything that would not do, if you asked it of me?"

"True. I will tell you. Sister Paul, I am five and twenty years old. I am a grown woman and this is no mere girl's love story. Seven rears ago-I was only 18 then-I was with my father, as I have been ever since. My mother had not been dead long then-perhaps that is the reason why I seemed to he everything to my bather. Bat they had not been happy together, and I had loved her best. We were traveling-no matter where-and then I met the man I loved. He was not of our country-that is, my father's. He was of the same people as my mother. Well-I loved ham. How dearly, you must guess and try to understand. I I would not do, if you asked it of me?" They were almost the words she had spoken to him that night when they were watching together by Israel Kafka's side. She recognized them, and a strange thrill of triumph ran through her. What matter how? What matter where? The old, reckless questions came to her wind again. If he loved her, and if he would hut esli her CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY. A Bright-Child. Remember, my son, hens lay, but -A-aw, say-don't ships lay to? he loved her, and if he would hut estil her Unoraa, what could it matter, indeed? Was she not hersel?? She smilled unconscioually. "I see it pleases you," he said, tenderly. "I see it pleases you," he said, tenderly. "Let it he as you wish. What name will you choose for your dear seit?" She hesitated. She could not tell how far he might remember what was past. And

notion, well-1 loved nim. How dearly, you must gures and try to understand. I began gradually, for he was often with us in these days. My father liked him for his wit, his learning, though he was young, for his strength and maniloess, for a hundred reasons which were nothing to me. I would

pay even more. One hundred dellars for a set of "uppers," that elsewhere cost from \$5 to \$10, is considered cheap in Chile, and I know several dear creatures (in a double sense), who earry around in their mouths from \$500 to \$1,000 worth of gold in the orm of plugs and fillings. The instruments and materials, as well as those who use them, are mostly from the United States. The pleasure loving Chileans buy most of their billiard tables from us, and lately a good many Chicago elevators have been in troduced, they having become quite the fashion in private house -- a characteristic

extravagance where the casas are rarely more than two stories high. There are Edison telephones in every town and city; and natil recently the Brush electric light was used in Santiago-till, through mismanage-ment, the company failed disastrously and the city went back to gas. FANNIE B. WARD.

Brace Up.

There is a prodigious number of person who feel very much down at the heel jus now. All they really need is a dose of St Patrick's Pills to cleanse and recovate their avstem. It would do them more good than a dollar bottle of any blood purifyer. For sale by all druggists.

the monopolists charge in the neighborhood of 10 cents per mile for transporting you from Chile to the United States, either to California or via the Isthmus to New York; and only about 2 cents per mile to Europe. Not only that, but the English corporation which controls navigation on the west-ern side of the hemisphere, seems to have purposely arranged its time tables so as to miss connection with the New York steamers at the Isthmus. Nine times out of ten passengers are landed at Panama a day or two after the Pacific Mail has left Aspinwall for the north, and are compelled to endure the danger, annovance and ex-pense of more than a week's stay on the