face. He had censured the young man so low the window when I lit the lamp. Is he far as, in his opinion, his conduct merited reproof, and on that point his conscience was set at rest. "Yes; Marian is senior partner. That is the position, John," said he. "I am junior still."

he. "I am junior still."

For some moments Westcott pondered deeply. "Mr. Carter," he presently said, "I have no wish, as you must know, to dispute my uncle's will. He made me a generous offer, and I refused. Hail I fallen in with his views, instead of opposing them, I should have been his heir."

I should have been his heir."
"Unquestionably," said Mr. Carter.
"Fifteen years ago," continued Westcott,
"I was very young. I had no judgment. I
was all activity and impulse. But I have now—at least I hope so—arrived at years of discretion. I am 32; and I should like to settle down in life. Will you help me?"

Mr. Carter's face grew thoughtful. "Don't misunderstand me," Westcott ent on, "I will begin, as you did, at the foot of the ladder.

The merchant appeared surprised.

"Would you accept a clerkship," said he,
"in your uncle's old house?"

"Why not?" I wish to be guided entirely by you. I cannot ask you to make me a partner," said Westcott, with a slight smile. "I have little or no means. Though I ought to tell you," he added, somewhat neysteriously, "I am not without expectations."

Mr. Carter reflected a moment; then he

Mr. Carter reflected a moment; then he said: "I should indeed be ungrateful, John, if I refused to help you. Mr. Girdlestone was a true friend to me. And if I appear to hesitate," he added, "it is because I am thinking of you, not of myself. I will briefly explain my meaning." He seated himself opposite his visitor; and the careworn look, which Westeott had neited when he came in appeared to increase. when he came in, appeared to increase. "You must know, John, that your uncle was a great financier—how great, I did not realize until taken into partnership. I some-times doubt if I fully appreciated his genius even then. The amount of capital in the business was amazingly small. But such confidence was placed in Mr. Girdlestone as a financier, that had he drawn bills to the extent of £100,000 he would have had no difficulty in getting them accepted." After a short pause Mr. Carter continued. "When Mr. Girdlestone died, as you may imagine, the position was altered. With small capital and greatly diminished credit, I have had to sustain the reputation of an oldestablished city house. I have been doing my best; you will not doubt that. But I do not profess to have a talent for finance like my late partner. What has been the result? For a whole year I have een at my wit's end how to save the firm. It has been a hard struggle; affairs have gone from bad to worse. You have appeared, John, at a most trying moment. Had you arrived a few weeks later you would probably have found the old place locked up and in the hands of creditors. How, under these circumstances, can I help

John Westcott rose from his chair. There was a look of energy in his face. "Who knows of this?" 'No one," replied Mr. Carter, "except Marian."

Westcort reflected a moment. "What sum is required to save the house?" "Twelve thousand pounds."
The young man answered: "I scarcely ossess that number of shillings. But some-

hing-though one must not be too sanguine something may be done."

Mr. Carter appeared lost in thought. His face expressed deep despondency. It was not merely the dread of losing the position he had gained through close attention to business; it seemed to him that if the house failed—as it could never have done, in his opinion, while his old partner was alive—the catastrophe would throw a blot on Mr. Girdlestone's memory. Mr. Girdlestone had chosen him as a trustworthy and competent person, one most capable of upholding the traditions of the arm after his death, But independent of that, as Mr. Carter could not hide from himself, his daughter would suffer: if failamity. The gloomy prospect was almost overmastering. And now John Westcott, Mr. Girdlestone's one surviving relative, had come unexpectedly upon the sceneeleventh hour, of his serious responsibility. As Westeott stepped toward the door Mr. Carter recovered himself and said: 'You will be our guest? A room shall be prepared for you-your old room. Where

nall I send to for your luggage?"
"I left it in a coach at the cutrance to the The merchant hastened out to give the necessary instructions. When he returned, Westcott was standing with his hand on Mr. Girdlestone's door, a side door commu-nicating with Mr. Carter's room. "May I take another glance," said the young man, "at that portrait of my unele." It struck

"By all means," said Mr. Carter. "It is by a great master. Will you excuse me?" added, senting himself at his writing table. "I have a number of matters to see, about. We dine at 7 o'clock."

The candles in Mr. Girdlestone's room are still burning. Westcott takes up one of em and again looks intently at the portrait of his old uncle. "It is your secret"
—and his eyes still rest upon the picture—
"I will use it, as you would have wished me do, to save the house. He puts the candle on the bureau, and again he sits down in the chair facing the desk. He does not hesitate now. He places his hand into an apparently empty pigeon-hole, and the inner wall falls open. In a moment he has drawn forth an oblong paper. He glances rapidly at the inscription. It is the "Last Will and Testament of Jeremiah Girdlestone, of Fisher's Folly." And at the foot of the ocument, in a quaint handwriting, John Vestcott reads the following significant words: "For the key to the secret strong-room, wherein will be found fifty bags of hard cash, look behind the Golden Lamp." The room with the five windows, in the

center one of which stood the Golden Lamp, was an old dining hall. The oaken walls were hung with large and valuable paint-ings; and from the center of the ceiling was suspended a great chandelier. At one end of this room a fire was burning in the open chimney; and near the rug, in front of the fire, was placed a round dining table, laid for three. Leaning over this table, to arrange some exotic flowers in a center vase, was the beautiful lamplighter who had at-

ngo.

No antique room, with so lovely a figure placed there, would have better represented a former century; a period, one might so in which Fisher's Folly was the abode beauty and fashion. The girl was plainly dressed; the fair hair was drawn back from the broad forehead into a Grecian knot, and the dark velvet robe fitted closely to the tall and slender form. Her face was unde handsome; but there was something more than mere beauty in the large brown eyes and resolute month; each feature expressed that quick intelligence which awakens con-fidence. It was the face of a woman with character-a woman likely to exhibit resource in a difficult situation. Such was Marian Carter, the head partner in the old house. Having touched the flowers softly with her long expressive fingers-a touch of the butterfly's wing in tenderness-she turned away and moved through folding-doors into an adjoining room. It was a small room, but with paneled walls of dark oak, like the dining hall. In an armchair near the fire sat Mr. Carter with his more troubled in expression; since his interwith Westcott he appeared to have even more fully realized the magnitude of calamity which was pending. Marian approached him, however, he made strong effort to overcome his depression. "Is all ready, Marian" said he, with cheerfulness in his tone.

"Is the lamp lighted?" "Why, father, do you think I would neg et that? Would it not be too thought less," said she laughingly, "on an occasi-

"Everything.

As Marian seated herself beside him, he father said: "How strange that John West-cott should have returned to-night." "It is strange," said the girl, smiling. "And what is still stranger," she added, with a slight blush, "someone—I think it must have been Mr. Westcott—was standing be-

likely to prove a triend?"
"Ah! I was wondering," said Mr. Carter.
"He has the character of being an excellent and shrewd young fellow. But I fear," he went on, "that even if he had his uncle's financial genius, he would find it no easy matter to—" He stopped abruptly, for at this moment Westcott came in. The change in his appearance, now that the rough costume was gone was remarked. change in his appearance, now that the rough costume was gone, was remarkable.

Mr. Carter searcely recognized him; there was little of the sailor even in his face, and nothing in his manner. He had all the style of a refined gentleman. The merchant rose from his chair and formally presented him.

him.

Had she seen him, thought Westcott, when standing in the square below the windows? There was something in her look, something in her very attitude toward him, which made him doubt if he was an entire that the same standard him. stranger. He had recognized her; and he had conjectured, while in conversation with the merchant, that the beautiful "vision" at the Golden Lamp could be no other than Marian Carter. But he had no time for more than this passing reflection. The din-ner was announced; the folding doors were thrown open, and they passed through and took their seats at the table.

The first object that attracted Westcott's glance was the old lamp. Marian's look followed his. She smilingly asked him: "Do you remember it?" "No; I had forgotten the house," said he.
"I was seldom here."

"Ah! It is strange you should have forgotten that lamp," said Marian.
"So I am thinking," Westcott replied.
"The workmanship is exquisite. But," he

added, "is it not a lantern?" added, "is it not a lantern?"
"It can be used as such. It is called the Golden Lamp. It was called so long before I was born. It belonged, as you may have guessed, to Mr. Girdlestone. He used to call it mine. It has stood where it now stands, I believe, for nearly a hundred years. But the lantern." said the girl, "can easily be detached; it hangs from a hook, as you see, under the dome. I have forbidden any one to touch it. I trim and light it myself all the year round."

"No wonder," replied Westcott gal-lantly, "That it burns so lightly."
"Not for the world," Marian went on,
"would I miss doing so. It is to me a Westcott could not suppress a smile. "What reason can you have, Miss Carter,"

said he, "for being such a conscientious lamplighter?"

Marian looked serious. "It was Mr. Girdlestone's wish," said Marian, with a glance toward her father; and receiving no look of disapproval, she added: "As long as the lamp is lighted—it was a sort of superstition with him—luck will not leave the house."

As soon as the two men were alone over As soon as the two men were alone over their wine—though they could see and hear Marian at the piano, for the folding doors stood open—John Westcott turned to Mr. Carter and said: "There is some-thing about that lamp—and I hope you will not think me too inquisitive— which interests me. May I look at it more

The merchant readily acquiesced; and the The merchant readily acquiesced; and the young man, stepping across the room, bent over the lamp; and had not his back been turned to Mr. Carter, the expression of keen excitement which came over his face might have puzzled him. Seating himself once more opposite to his host, after a somewhat lengthy examination of the lamp, Westcott said: "There is a large key, I observe, hanging behind the lantern. Is there any tradition attached to that?" "I cannot tell you," said Mr. Carter.

"No one knows." "Do you mean, sir, that it fits no lock?"
A slight smile crossed the merchant's face.
"You know how curious women are,"
said he. "I need scarcely tell you, John, that Marian has tried every keyhole in the house. She has not solved the mystery." "Have you no theory, Mr. Carter, con-

"Has it never occurred to you that it might have been the key," said Westcott,

"to my uncle's financial genius?"

"Ah! that is a shrewd remark," said Mr. Carter, thoughtfully. "But let me tell you," he added, "something about that strange man. It will interest you. No one, Girdlestone more intimately than I did." That eager expression again passed over Westcott's face, but it escaped Mr. Carter's notice. After a short pause he began; and the low sound of music in the adjoining room added to the earnest tone of his voice "Through a long life, John, your uncle ad lived alone in his old house-alone

with his Indian. During office hours he often occupied his room down stairs—the room in which that fine portrait hangs; but he received no visitors there. All matters of business were arranged in my room-in the room, at least, which became mine when I was taken into partnership. There, in his magic way, he settled questions of finance No one was ever allowed to pass beyond the staircase. Even Marian, to whom he was greatly attached, never visited the upper stories except when Mr. Girdlestone took her to look at this lamp. A 6 o'clock every evening the great hall door was bolted be-hind us—that is, myself and the clerks—by the native servant; and never, under any circumstance, was it opened until 9 the next

"An odd character," said Westcott in an undertone.

"This eccentricity led to all sorts of rumors. It was generally believed that Mr. Girdlestone was a man of great wealth; and his excessive caution and secret ways gested a hoarding disposition. It thought that his gold was stored in heaps in the garrets. I often heard these tales. But I have since convinced myself that these rumors were unfounded." "You discovered nothing?"

"I will tell you," said Mr. Carter, "exactly what happened. During the years that I served Mr. Girdlestone-more than 20 in all—I never knew him to be absent for one day from his desk. There were times when he remained in the counting-house only an hour or two; those were what I called his restless days; for I could hear him pacing his room, which is just above the office, with a peculiar tread which I have never forgotten. It was the only exercise he took, and it always orehoded some new and frequently gigantic financial scheme. I sometimes fan I am very busy, that I can still hear him walking up and down."

Westcott looked about him. "In this room?" he interposed. "You believe it was

"So it sounded to me," was Mr. Carter's "So it sounded to me," was Mr. Carter's reply. "But it is a strange old house; and I have sometimes thought," he added, "that there might be rooms upstairs or downstairs of which we know nothing. But let me finish. One afternoon, toward the hour for locking up, I heard a groan. It came from Mr. Girdlestone's room. I went in, and found my old partner leaning forward upon his desk with his bend leaning forward upon his desk with his head sunk upon his arms. That was his last day in the counting house-he died that night Mr. Carter paused, with a distressed look on his face. The details of that painful incident were passing vividly through his mind. Presently he continued: "No sooner was Mr. Girdlestone dead, strange to say, than his Iudian servant absconded. No one knows where he has gone. He seemed to me like a man who had received some shock. I could make nothing of him. Doubtless, he possessed a great deal of information about his master. If Mr. Girdlestone was a hoarder of gold, he must have found it out. But I, who have lived here ever since my partner's death, have discovered nothing. And as to the mystery, John, about that key," he added, "who can solve it?" Westcott made no reply, but he sat watching the merchant attentively; and he soon noticed a look of drowsiness coming over him. The fatigue and anxiety of the last

came the more wakeful grew the expression Westcott's face.
[To be concluded next week.]

few days were beginning to tell upon his overwrought brain. The more sleepy he be-

The Tyrant Macbeth Was laid out cold by Macduff. Those tyrants, biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia, are defeated with no less certainty and completeness by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. That conqueror of disease also speedily overcomes malaria, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles, nauses and nervousness. TOURIST'S TRIALS.

OBSTACLES A LECTURER MEETS Taken in for a Twenty by an Expert in

Bill Nye Relates Some of His Experi-

ences and Adventures.

THE WAIL OF A GORGEOUS ALDERMAN

the Orthography Line.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] ONG ROOT, May 27. **OUTHERN** Missouri is one of the most prosperous sections

I must freely admit that I did not know it. It is a region built up almost entirely since the war, and, therefore, is peopled by a thrifty a n d cosmopolitan people who are not content to live upon their reminiscence and relatives. With

a two-story soil bearing untold wealth in grains and fruits at the surface, and beneath stored with lead and zinc for the whole world, it is not surprising that this section smiles at the pinching poverty and the shortcomings of other lands. Joplin is a thrifty town in the midst of

this fruit, grain and mineral belt. It is a good town, but the hall where we "obliged" was not a very pleasant one in some respects. It was a partially reformed rink. with an overshot stage entrance. We entered by means of a little side door, about eight feet above the street grade, in a bur-glarious way. I stood on Mr. Burbank's shoulders, and after sawing off the bolt of the door we managed to break in. Any-body who can get into the stage entrance of a theater will generally have very little trouble in getting into most any secret society.

It's a Wonderful Country.

Carthage is a very handsome and thrifty town, with almost every industry contribut-ing to it, from the sedentary methods of agriculture to the healthful toil of life insurance. The rock ribbed earth is filled with marble and beautiful building stone to which there seems to be no limit. The quarries are not even able to fill their orders for ries are not even able to fill their orders for St. Lonis alone, and every farmer has a zinc or lead mine back of his barn. I have been told that half the lead and more than half the zinc output of the United States comes from this region, and yet above it all the earth is rich in waving grain, the sky sheds health and vigor, the climate is cooler in summer than Minnesota, and in winter warmer than many Southers localities. Southern localities.

This opinion is given without hope of stock in a zinc mine or a choice corner near the postoffice at Carthage. Carthage is the most versatile town I have seen for many a day. I also showed there. The popcorn privilege was sold at this point for a good orice, and when the lecture was over the floor was white with this cheering but noninebriating vegetable. It was also at this place that we had the singular stage escape, which consisted of a scuttle hole at the back of the dais. One had to bow pleasantly to the audience, dodge a rafter over the door, the audience, dodge a rafter over the door, and scoot down a chute behind the American flag, which served as a dressing room. If you have never tried to look pleasant at an audience while you had a lump on the back of your head as big as the bump of self-esteem on the brow of a bantam, you cannot well understand the effort required at such a time in order to "oblige."

Bunkoed Out of a Twenty. thought I had seen him before, and so had. He spoke to me. "Yes." he said "you and I met in Clear." remembered it then. I was sitting in the reading room of the Weddell House, and this man was there. He was writing ter. Finally he raised his head and said



Getting Into the Hall,

How do you spell choir-a church choir? I knocked the ashes from my fragrant cigar and said, "C-h-o-i-r. "Thanks," he said; "but is it not spelled q-u-i-r-e?" "Oh, no. You are thinking of a quire

" I said, as I wiped my nice new high "Possibly; but, you know, I had the idea in my blame fool head that q-u-i-r-e was also correct for church choir. Are you sure that q-u-i-r-e is not admissible for church

"Oh, yes, sir," I said, as I wrote a few autographs for a delegation waiting in the anteroom. "I would stake my existence on

"Well, sir, I am probably wrong, but I am headstrong and I don't mind losing \$20—for I am a Standard Oil man—just to find out, and we will leave it to Webster." out, and we will leave it to Webster."

"All right," said I, wishing to buy a spring overcoat, of which I was greatly in need, "\$20 goes." I did not notice the grammatical construction, however, at the time. We got a Webster, and then I saw what I had not seen before—that "quire" was correct. I wish that I could sell the knowledge I have got for what it has cost me. I would take much needed rest in Europe for 85 years, and live well all the time.

Now in the Orthography Business Well, this man is now in the business, h Well, this man is now in the business, he told me. He has quit the road and gone into this orthography business, which nets him \$50 per day, with the aid of a young man who helps him start the argument. At least it did net him \$50 per day. Possibly after this ad. is published he may not do so well. His idea, however, was, when I saw him, to make about \$50,000 in three years, and then live in a large feudal lime kiln on the Rhine.

the Rhine.

At Dallas a traveling man the other day almost broke up the hotel where I stopped. He secured a raw potato as he passed by a grocery store, and when he got hiadinner order he concealed his baked potato in his pocket and substituted the raw one.

"What kind of a place is this?" he asked, as he called the head waiter unto him. "Do you think I am a Texas steer that you feed me on raw potatoss? Are you coing to

me on raw potatoes? Are you going to give me cut feed for dessert?"

The head waiter was entirely nonplussed. He went to the waiter and roasted him at a terrible rate. People all over the dining room got interested. It threatened to

break up the house. The proprietor came in. Business was paralyzed. Fresh roasted peanuts went up three points. Then it was explained, and peace returned to the cuisine and the breast of the waiter. I do not think that a man should do that way. It hurts the public confidence and shakes our faith in values.

This letter is peculiarly rambling, and so I venture to refer here to a singular circumstance which I witnessed in the cars last week. An elderly man got on at Jasper. He was going to Archy. The less people travel the more they are overcome and horrified with a short journey: From the fuss made over it you would have thought that this man was going to the Holy Land to visit the home of some of the broad humorists of the Old Testament. He stood in the door and kissed nine grown up women in an explosive way, and said goodby to them with real tears in his eyes. He was a kind old man, with a faded place on the back of his neck where the long hair had shaded it all winter, but where the barber had been at work and fixed him all up.

He was all excited with the prospect, and after he had kissed quite a large delegation of his neighbors he came in with his black enameled valise, containing his other vest and some doughnuts, and as the train started up he gave a lurch and sat down in the lap of a middle-aged lady who was holding a little bracket made of a cigar box with a jackknife. It took six long months in the uncertain light of the penitefitiary for her



The Alderman Read His Poem.

son to make this for his widowed mother, and when he was executed a fortnight ago he left it with many a bitter tear upon

Ancient Hearts May Beat as One The venerable widower crushed it when

he fell, and a mourn came up from the sore he fell, and a mourn came up from the sore heart of the boy's lonely mother. Quite a number of thoughtless people laughed when they heard the little bracket go by the board, but they would not if they had known its sorrowful history.

The farmer apelogized over and over again, and his tenderness made the widow weep a little more till she had to tell him the sad story, and then she showed him a

the sad story, and then she showed him a paper. He wiped off his spees eight times before he got through with it. Then he bought the widow a big red apple, and when the brakeman howled "Archy!" he did not get out, but went past with the widow toward her home. Possibly in the Indian summer of her life she will bless the day when the gentle hearted amateur traveler sat down on the poor little bracket, and he also will cease to regret it. Quien Sabe-as the feller says.

An Alderman Who Was Weary. Not long ago I met a wealthy ex-Alderman of New York in Colorado. He was of Celtic extraction, but American by instinct. He was traveling for his health in the fastnesses of the grand old Rocky mountains. He had made a fort ne in the beautiful city

of Denver by simply buying lots when other people felt like selling, and selling while the others were feeling like buying.

We were soon pretty good friends. He said that his greates: grief came to him now because with all his money he hadn't the keen zest for enjoying it that he had in the blessed old days when he had an appetite and no money! "Now," said he, "I have money and no appetite. I almost cry in the night for the smell of the sod and the spring night for the smell of the sou and the rain on the dusty road. I hate the smell of Broadway and the street sweepers, and the Broadway and the street sweepers, and the Van recollection of bad sewerage and the Van Twillers, who knew mighty little of good sanitary arrangemente. In fact, be Gob," says he, "I can't be a successful aristocrat. I want to go back agin, me boy, and belong wance more to the Hoy Polloy."

His Sorrow Poured Out in Rhyme Then he took from his pocket a soiled fragment of verse, which I will give below, and which I call The Wall of a Graco-Roma

Oh, I'm weary of doing the proper thing;
I'm tried of doing as I am told;
I want to hear the buhlfrong sing,
And smell the fresh, wet mould.
Oh, it's take me finger bowl away, And make me wance more a boy, With a sun burned wedge down the spine

me back, While I whoop with the nor rollor.

Oh, me swallytail hurts me under the arms,
And me patent leathers are hot and tight;
For Loo Loo MaCallister's lost his charms
And I'm homesick and weary to-night.
I sigh for the song of the katydid
When me heart was alive with joy,
When I bathed me feet in the long, wet grass
And belonged to the HOI POLLOL

I want to get shet of me manicure sett,
And dig in the dirt and the dew,
I want to eat onions, and then forget
All the whole world, me darlin', but you.
I'll put me feet on the escretoire;
And let no scallops me soul annoy,
I want to forget the days, you bet,
Since we shook the not rollol.
Bill NYE. INVENTOR OF THE MICROBE.

The Man Who First Used the Word as Name for Living Organisms. The word "microbe" dates from 1878. It

was born on Monday at 4:30 in the afternoon. in the assembly hall of the Academy of Science at Paris. It was in the month of February.

"I still remember the day," says the writer in The Great Divide, who makes the foregoing interesting statement. weather was cloudy and cold, and the gas had just been lit. I still see, as if I were there, Charles Sedillot, the surgeon of Strasburg, member of the section of medi-cine, slowly rise and read, with his heavy and unwieldly voice, the title of a memoir, 'Application of the Labors of M. Pasteur to

'Application of the Labors of M. Pasteur to Surgery.'

"Living organisms, coming in contact with sores," he said, "bring on serious complications. I am going to show this plainly, but in the first place I must say a word about atmospheric germs. These germs have been called by so many names that one gets lost among them. For example, they are called chizophytes, micrococci, chrococci, microshores, desmo bacteria, bacteridia, leptothrixes, clodothrixes, biggiatoa, micro-organism, mucedinea, aerobia, anacrobia, monads, bacillia, vibriones and other names which I pass by.

aerobia, anacrobia, monads, bacillia, vibriones and other names which I pass by.

"I believe it would be an advantage," added Sedillot, "to substitute for all these denominations a simpler generic name for current use. I, therefore, propose the general name microbe, from micros, small, and bios, life. I have consulted my friend Littre on this point, and he approves of my choice." Then during the whole lecture Sedillot exclusively used the word microbe.

Like all new things this word was much Sedillot exclusively used the word microbe.

Like all new things this word was much discussed. M. Pasteur used it once out of courtesy, a second time for the sake of convenience. This was all that was needed for microbe to gain ground, as it is,well known what progress it has made since 1878. Let us render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—the inventor of microbe to Charles Sedillot.

Fires Just the Same.

New York Continent.] Philanthropist-Is there a fire escape on the building you work in? Clerk—Yes, but it is useless. Fellows get

An Apologist for It Says It Has the Only Stable Government

ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. The Administrative Process Has Its Duplicate in Our Own Country.

WHY THE HEBREWS ARE PERSECUTED

NEW YORK, May 30.—"The destiny of liberalized Russia," said Colonel Charles A. de Armand, a Russian of great intelligence and wide information, "is the destiny of the Eastern Continent, just as the future of the United States is the future of the Western Continent. Russia will dominate the Old World; the United States will dominate the Americas."

This well-kuown Russian-American, gallant soldier and author, was found at his delightful summer residence at Carlton Hill, N. J. He has recently put forth a work which is attracting considerable attention, as being a sweeping and ingenious reply to the numerous attacks upon the Russian "I mean by this statement," he continued,

"that although the governmental forms of the two countries are widely different, they are best calculated, respectively, to most highly develop the commercial and political strength and general prosperity of the peo-ple. Nations reach the same ends through different means. The prosperity and power of any nation rests upon the approval of its governmental system by the masses of its

One Point of Similarity.

"Russia and the United States enjoy that confidence to a degree unknown to other leading powers. They are not in any case rivals; they are natural allies. This problem of government which engrosses the attention of modern Europe to-day has been my study for years. If you will closely examine the subject it will be apparent that the two nations have been and are still ad-vancing on parallel lines. They have long touched elbows in the extension of human freedom and in striving for the greatest good to the greatest number. I care not what sensational magazine and newspaper writers say of Russia, except so far as they mislead by inculcating erroneous ideas. They write for a supposed market demand.

"The present unsettled state of political affairs in Furna is caused mainly by the

affairs in Europe is caused mainly by the desire of selfish statesmen for personal power. The constitutional form of government—that is, parliamentary government— affords them greater scope, while dividing the country up into numerous parties and

The Cases of Italy and Germany. "Take Italy, for example. United Italy of to-day constitutes more nationalities and languages than its King understands. They have adopted the English system of ministerial responsibility and have therefore many warring factions, each striving to outdo the others in order to gain power through its individual representatives. Now how its individual representatives. Now, how long can this last before a crisis or a re-bellion which will be fatal to the Union?

"Then take Germany. Its young Emperor started in to rule a semi-Cesar, or semi-Napoleon. Finding an obstacle in the aristocracy he turned to the masses. He believed that Socialism was German strength lieved that Socialism was German strength and he lost the support of the conservative aristocracy. He is now assaulted in Germany by both parties. Seeing this he throws his strength with the army and tries to play the Cæsar. How long such a chaotic political state can exist remains to be seen. A crisis is looked for there also which will be fatal to German unity. Now let us look toward France. France also borrows her Parliamentary system from the English. I refer especially to that feature of the system urged (chiefly by outsiders) for Russian ministerial responsibility.

Our System Applied to France. "What do you think of the French Par liament? Party after party follows rapidle on each other's heels, not having the we fare of France at heart, but simply individ-ual gain. Surely the Republic of France under the present Ministerial Government cannot long exist unless reform is adopted and our own system here in the United States substituted. This system of ours, of a Congress elected by the people, responsi-ble simply to the people and not to the Chief Executive, adapted to the national wants and temperament, guided by a writ-ten Constitution. is working smoothly, while other nations are in a continual tu

"It is not a system and a Constitution presented suddenly to a great nation habit-uated to another and radically different form of government. It is a growth. It sprouted over a hundred years ago and has grown with the people and the people have grown with it until it and they are insepa-rable. It would take another century to up-root this growth; if, indeed, it could be torn up at all. This is progress.

The Parliament of Russia.

"Russia is progressing in the similar way and after the same safe and steady fashion. Its national institutions are adapted to the wants of its people—a people almost twice as numerous as the people of the United States, and distributed over an area considerably larger than this territory - and founded upon both a national and radical system. It, too, has a Parliament. That Parliament differs from our Congress and from the legislative bodies mentioned to sharpen this comparison. The Russian Par-liament fits into the national system, and is as much part and parcel of the Russian peo-ple as is the Congress of the United States identical with our political strength and hap-niness. It is a conneil appointed by the piness. It is a council appointed by the Emperor, with the Senate, for life, and as soon as its members have taken the oath of office they are wholly independent of the Executive. They legislate for Russia the same as Congress does for us. The people of Russia know well their strength and re-sources. They are protected by the strong arm of the law from the vicious elements. They enjoy as much freedom as is vouch safed to our people here under the Constitu tional Government of the United States.

The Russian System of Punishment. "In the punishment of criminals Russia is more humane than even we are. She simply substitutes banishment for the peni-

tentiary and the scaffold. To say tha system does not meet the approval of her people is to presume that 112,000,000 of peo-ple of the most warlike nation on the face of the earth can be kept in subjection by forces taken from themselves. It is ridicu-

been considerably harped upon by Amer-can writers recently in connection with the cock-and-bull stories from Siberia. We have abundant illustrations right here at have abundant illustrations right here as home of the 'administrative process.' The other day a woman was brutally murdered in a cheap lodging house in New York. The police authorities began arresting peo-ple right and left, until some 50 persons were thrown into prison 'on suspicion' of ple right and left, until some 50 persons were thrown into prison 'on suspicion' of having committed the crime. This system obtains in almost every city of the Union. On election days hundreds of innocent people are arrested in this country without warrants and incarcerated until the next day, when they are liberated without trial and set free without redress.

"As to the treatment of criminals, the records of the penitentiaries in the United States, the history of the Georgia convicts and the prevalence of lynch law put the worse abuses of authority in Russia in a humane sand orderly light. The Inte cold-blooded murder of defenceless prisoners, who had been acquitted of crime, in the city of New Orleans, finds no parallel in Russian annals. Yet shall we arraign a whole people for the lawless and inhuman acts of individuals? Shall we pull dewn an entire system of government because insig-We Should Not Throw Stones.

nificant members of it occasionally commit inhuman acts of cruelty and abuse their authority? Who wants to abolish the police force of New York because every now and then innocent citizens are brutally clubbed? Nobody but cranks and criminals.

"The policeman's club is the insignia of peace and the practical guarantee of law and order. It is personal liberty and national freedom. Those who cry out against it in this country are the same people who cry out against the governmental system of Russia—a system of law and order, and a system which protects the humblest individual. It is a system detested by criminals. This testimony from Siberia is the same testimony heard from every scaffold in America—I am innocent."

The Persecution of Hebrews.
"What of Russin and the Hebrews? I'll tell you. In the first place the people of the United States do not generally understand the economic desired in the control of the con the United States do not generally understand the economic and financial condition of Russia. They allow themselves to be misled by reports that are sent from Europe through interested motives. Most of the newspapers of England, Germany, France and Holland are in the hands of the Hebrews or controlled by them.

"It is no reflection upon the race to say that life to them is largely a question of dollars and cents. Russia has outstanding in Europe, mainly in England, Ger-

in Europe, mainly in England, Germany, France and Holland, perhaps a 1,000,000,000 of bonds and these bonds and mostly dealt in in the cities of Frankford, Paris and Amsterdam, and in the hands of Hebrews. They are the principal dealers in these agents. hands of Hebrews. They are the principal dealers in these securities. They can invent tales of the attempted assassination of the Emperor or spread abroad stories of anticipated national disturbances, and down these securities go. Then they buy them in. These canards are exploded. Up the securities go. It is a stock-jobbing operation constantly repeated and Wall street operations of this nature greatly aggravated making the Government a sort of ing the Government a sort of

Shuttlecock for Individual Gain.

The persecution of the Hebrews is merely the attempt to suppress such operations, which react upon the masses of innocent people just as they do here. The hostility of the Government toward these bankers and stock jobbers has nothing to do with re-ligious belief, only so far as the latter sustains and encourages such conduct."
"Then why are the poorer Hebrews run-

ning away, or being forced out of the coun-

try?" was asked.

"As to that," replied the Colonel, "I am willing to pledge myself to give so much money to anybody who can prove that they have been sent out of the country for religious belief. If religious belief impels men to commit offenses against the laws of the land, and such men were punished, would you admit they were punished because of their religious belief? Are the Mormons in the United States persecuted because of their religious belief, or is it because they violate the laws?

The Case of the Mormons. They have been driven from one section

of the country time and time again and yet the Government sought them out in their seclusion and treated them with rigorous laws enacted especially against them. The Mormons also call this persecution. We know better. They were hounded down by the civil processes and military forces of the United States because their so-called religious practices were inimical to the well being of society and subversive of the laws of the land. We have nothing against a Mormon because he is a Mormon, but a Mormon must not violate the laws any more than anybody else. Russia has noth-ing against the Hebrew because he is a Heorew, and there has been no act of the Rusian Government leveled at his class more arbitrary, laws more specially stringent, or that savor more of persecution, than this Government has visited upon the Mormons, Now, the Russian Hebrew is not the kind of man we know commonly as a Hebrew in this country. Not by any means. You can easily understand that by visiting certain quarters in New York.

Misled by the Rogues.

"It is the unscrupulous intriguantes and rogues who, under the garb of religion, in-duce these unfortunate people to sell out their small holdings in Russia and to leave their homes and associations for the purpose You'll find in Russia to-day hundreds of these sharpers, Hebrews from England and Germany, going among these ignorant He-brews, telling them about the riches that can be found in the Americas. They sell them their railroad tickets and steamship tickets and make money. The Government of Russia has nothing to do with it. It brews that time and practical experience in Russia have demonstrated as necessary to regulate and restrain a people whose racial characteristics would otherwise be a standng menace to the masses of the Russian laws are wise and beneficial. If they seem to be harsh in some respects it is because to be harsh in some respects it is because those who so consider them have little idea of the necessity for them. The attempted amelioration of the conditions of these people invariably results in a return to the enforcement of the laws. These periodical requirements are the so-called 'edicts' inst the Hebrews. These laws have been

> CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY. DISPATCHES TO THE NATIONS

They Are Received and Sent Out

Secretary Blaine's Office. All dispatches of international important are written by Mr. Blaine with his own and. Each communication of the sort he indites in the shape of a rough draft, which is apt to be, full of corrections and interlineations. This goes to a copyist, who reproduces it in fair and beautiful script on big sheets of fine linen paper. Next it is copied into the record books, after the Secretary of State has signed it; but if it is to be sent by telegraph, the pretty copy on linen paper is omitted, the record book only preserving a transcript of it for future ref-

A single wire connects the office Western Union, and an operator is always at hand to receive and transmit messages to all parts of the world at cut Governm rates. When dispatches arrive they are handed over by the chief clerk to the officials for whom they are properly in-tended, and such of them as require translation are given for that purpose to Mr.
Thomas, the polyglot official translator for
the department. There are others who assist him in this work, Sut he is responsible

Mr. and Mrs. AVilliam Derringer, of Watson, Clark County, Ind., are the parents of a boy two months old who weighs only two pounds and is but 16 inches tall. His head is 10½ inches in circumference. The child's face is wrinkled and resembles that of an old man, while thick fuzz covers the face and forchead. He enjoys good health.

CORNS permanently and quickly cured by Daisy Corn Cure. 15 cents; of druggists. BADGES for lodges, societies, etc. Fine and reasonable, at McMahon Bros. & Adams',

The Beautiful Alameda Where Her

FOUR MILES OF NATURAL BEAUTY.

How the Chileans Take Their Foaming Goblets of Fresh Milk.

THE FAMOUS CERRO DE SANTA LUCIA

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]
SANTIAGO DE CHILE, May 1.—A stranger in this splendid capital hardly knows where to begin a systematic round of sight-seeing, so numerous and varied are the points of interest. An all-day's excursion is but as a drop in the bucket, and after a month of diligent hunting he learns that there are "lions" yet unvisited.

For ourselves, let us commence with the famous Cerro de Santa Lucia, an illustration of which accompanied my last letter. For \$1 an hour one may secure as handsome a coach, coupe or landau as the city contains, with a smart jehu and pair of wellgroomed horses; or, if not particular about style and disposed to be economical, he may style and disposed to be economical, he may get one good enough for the purpose for half that sum. Our way lies along Santiago's greatest glory—the beautiful Alameda; and indeed, I doubt if any city in the world can show so fine a public promenade. It runs east and west through the heart of the city, from Santa Lucia to the Exposition Park, a distance of about four miles.

Six Hundred Feet Wide

broadest part, it is shaded by four rows of enormous poplars, whose roots are watered by noisy streams dancing along each side, which are confined in deep channels of brick and cement, crossed by in- surrounded at the base by a lofty wall,

PRIDE OF SANTIAGO.

The Beautiful Alameda Where Her People Love to Promenade.

FOUR MILES OF NATURAL BEAUTY.

friz the hair over their foreheads in a "bang," and whether the President should attend church in military uniform or the dress of a private citizen—he freed the country from the rule of Spain, averted threatened revolution, gave character and dignity to the National Government, and succeeded in uniting all the interests of the different factions. When at the zenith of his power, and recognized as the central figure of the country around whom all other his power, and recognized as the central figure of the country around whom all other leaders revolved, he resigned the Presidency, which he had held for six years, in order to appease the wrath of a few church dignitaries who threatened to bring on civil war. Oh for a Barney O'Higgins at this time, say we, to find some way out of the present political muddle! However, though now hated by half his subjects, President Balmaceda is as likely as anybody to have his image erected by and by in the Alameda.

Other Leading Men From Ireland

Speaking of Chileno-Irishmen, there was Patrick Lynek, who was the foremost sol-dier of the country during the war of ten years ago; and from old Ambrose O'Hig-gins, grandfather of the later patriot, down o the O'Learys and McGarrys, and scores

to the O'Learys and McGarrys, and scores of other families now prominent in politics and trade, a majority of Chiles leading men were descended from the Emerald Isle.

Fronting the Alameda are some of the most splendid palaces of this proud old capital. Casas which cost \$500,000 to build and as much more to finish are common here. Many are of carved sandstone, fully 200 feet square, with the inevitable central patio. Some have two, even three patios, one behind another, so that the vista of orange trees nalms and blossoming shrubs fount. hind another, so that the vista of orange trees, palms and blossoming shrubs, fount-ains, flowers and statuary, is most charming, as seen from the great arched doorway, which is usually closed by a high gate of gilded iron bars. We have visited a num-ber of these mansions, and will tell you something of their interior another time.

El Cerro de Santa Lucia is a strange, steep hill of solid rock, east by some voles freak into the center of the great plain which the effy stands, and rises abruptly to the height of nearly a thousand feet. It is numerable bridges. There are paved streets | which zig-zags like a battlemented fortres



on the outer edges, a driveway 100 feet wide, a street car line, paths for pedestrians, and numerous stone benches under the trees; while down the middle a line of statues and fountains is scattered at regular intervals all along the way, interspersed with platforms, whereon military bands, stationed perhaps half a mile apart, play nearly every after-noon from 3 to 5 o'clock.

The music calls the people out to walk or drive; and during the summer months these public concerts are given in the evening, when the uptown portales are deserted for this more extensive promenade. It is equally fashionable to come here at sunrise, but never in the middle of the day, except for los pobres.

Milk One Knows Is Pure.

well-dressed gentry in every direction, or their morning constitutional and glass of milk. One of the oddities of the town is along the Alameda, where bare-footed women tether their cows from 5 till 9 o'clock every morning. Each four-legged mother is accompanied by a calf, which is effectnally prevented from seeking its natural sustenance by a leathern muzzle over its mouth, and is teased, dragged and driven by the numerous progeny of the two-legged mothers. To these milk stations come troops of nurses with babies in arms, ladies, rentlemen and children of the aristocracy each to purchase a drink, which they may be sure is fresh and unadulterated by seeing it milked before their eyes, directly from the cow into the glass. "A foaming goblet at 5 cents a gob," as an American facetiously

"But it is not strained," I said in horror to a Chilean acquaintance. "Why should it be strained?" was the astonished reply. "Would it really be made any cleaner by that process? Besides it would ruin the rich foam, which is to cows' milk what 'the bead' is to champagne or 'the cream' to

Don't Know What Straining Is. By 9 o'clock all traces of the milking

have disappeared, leaving the grounds clean and sweet as ever. But again at evening one may meet the venders going about the streets from house to house, followed always by the muzzled calf and a troop of less well-behaved human youngsters. There a stationary depots on other streets, where a cow is tied upon a platform and milked to order whenever a customer comes always. order whenever a customer comes along; and when one cow is exhausted it is sent home and another immediately take: its place. On a fable close by are measures, cans and glasses, and often raw eggs and a bottle of brandy too, so that those who desire can brew themselves a punch. But nobody in South America dreams of atmin-ing the milk, and if a foreigner ventures to hint that such is the custom at home, they stare at him in amazement, not unmixed with seorn, as one who would "paint the

Piled under a tree in the Alameda, close by a beautiful bronze fountain, is a vast but rapidly dimishing heap of watermelons, that luscious fruit being as highly relished here as among plantation negroes. Just beyond is a fine statue of the good Abbe beyond is a fine statue of the good Abbe Molina, who, by all accounts, was one of the purest men that ever lived. But being set up here in bronze or marble is no proof of that. Says one: "Chile has assassinated or sent into exile some of her noblest soas; but she never fails to perpetuate their mem-ory by graven images."

A Venerated Irish Patriot. The most venerated statue in the whole collection is that of General Barney O'Hig-

gins, who, as his name indicates, was not a Chilean. Here he appears in gorgeous uni-form, mounted on a prancing steed and pro-claiming liberty to the people. He is called the George Washington of the country, and lauded as the greatest man of his time. Liv-ing at a period when the nation was shaken to its depths by the momentous questions whether the clergy should or should not

some distance up the sides, having bartizans, towers and parapets, and an imposing gateway where a small entrance fee is charged. A wide, well-kept carriage-way winds around and around the stony hillside more than half way to the summit; while paths, bordered by shrubs and flowers, and steep stairs dug in the solid rock, lead to the very apex, which is topped with an octagonal observatory with a glass roof. A Mighty, Natural Monument.

All these embellishments were effected by the late Benjamin Vicuna Mackenna, an eminent Chilean editor, author, orator and statesman, who was Governor of Santiago for many years and one of the candidates for the Presidency in 1876. Being a publicing an unsightly mound which could not he moved into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. By the aid of private subscritions and using much of his own means, improved the natural resources of the bare rocks by all that money could compass and taste suggest. He designed it also own posthumous monument, and now lies buried on the side toward sunset, at the edge of a precipice 800 feet above the town. Here is a miniature eastle fronted by a

Here is a miniature eastle fronted by a lovely little chapel; and in a crypt of the latter Mackenna reposes. Tradition tells us that the King of the unconquerable Araucanians had a stronghold here centuries before the coming of white men; and from as far back as the Spanish invesion in Valdivia's time, down to a re cent date, it served as a fortress, command ing the entire valley with its guns. It was on Santa Lucia that the United States Astronomical Expedition, under Lieutemant Gilles (in 1852), made its observations. From base to summit there are winding walks and stairways, balconies, grottoes,

kiesks, groves, flower statues, belvideres, beds and vine draped arbors. Cupid's Favorite Little Nook.

The stairway leading to the summit is necessarily steep and narrow, requiring a tolerably strong head and steady foot to make the ascent, but mercifully, the dizzy heights are partially hidden by vines and overlapping branches. Following a winding path among dense shrubs and trees, the way grows narrower, wilder and more crooked. Here is a craggy grotto, within cold water drips, and one is startled to meet the wicked eyes of a horribly life-like ser-pent, its head raised as if to strike. All pent, its head raised he is to strike. An along the crooked path giant geraniums are growing, some ten feet hig, with trunks like saplings; besides roses in infinite variety, azaleas, honeysuckles, Indian pinks, panzies and forget-me-nots—apparently clinging to the bare rock, but in reality well

grounded in a coating of fertile soil.

Ever so far above the city's din and tumult is an obscure corner, which can be mult is an obscure corner, which can be reached only by zig-zng foot-paths, where rustic seats are set under sheltering trees; and it is safe to say that right here the sweet "old story," which is as new to-day as when told by the first man to the first woman in the Garden of Eden, has been repeated oftener than anywhere else in Chile. When the summit is attained, one feels well repaid for his time and trouble by the mag repaid for his time and trouble by the mag-nificent prospect spread out on every side. Directly at one's feet lies Santiago, in an almost perfectly level plain, surrounded on every side by the snowy Andes, and on clear days the white cap of giant Aconeagua can be distinctly seen. The air, blowing pure and cool from the mountain tops, comes laden with the fragrance of near-by flowers, while strains of music and snatches of song and language from below. and laughter float up from below.

Y York Herald.]

In the spring I've learned with sorrow That this proverb's not astray, Never put off till to-morrow Clothes you ought to wear to-day.

THE GENVINE IMPORTED ARTICLE MUST HAVE THE SIGNATURE OF JOHANN HOFF" ON THE MECK OF-EVERY BOTTLE. JOHANNHOFFS MALTEXTRACT

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES SOLD INDER THE NAME OF HOFE JOHANNIHOFFS MALT EXTRACT IS THE BEST NUTRITIVE TONIO BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES SOLD FOR THE SICK AND DEBILITATED.
EISNER & MENDELSON CO., New York Sole Agents